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THE QUEST.



A GUESS IN ANTHROPOLOGY.

WILLIAM WATSON.

WHEN Man was yet so young upon the Earth
As to be just as lofty or as lowly
As other creatures, whether hoofed or taloned,
Feathered or scaled, that shared with him this orb ;
It chanced upon a day that he peered down
From his hid perch, high in some forest tree,
And saw beneath him on the ground a beast
Of alien kind, his foe. Then did he spring,
With something 'twixt a chatter and a screech—
Knowing not other language—toward his victim ;
And as from branch to branch he swung himself,
With long, thick, hirsute arms, down to the ground,
It so befell that the last branch of all
Broke off in his right hand. 'Twas his first weapon !
The father of all weapons wielded since !
Nay, more—from this, all instruments and tools,

Whether they be of war or peace, descend.
Thus, in that pregnant hour, that held within
All after ages—thus, and then, and there,
Took he the first tremendous step of fate
In the long task of making earth, stone, iron,
His servants. Thus his great career began.
Such is my guess—which whoso will may scorn,
And whoso will may ponder—as to how
Dawned through the darkness this our human empire
Over the beast and bird, this human sway
Of the earth and air, this governance and power
Whereby we bind to our hot chariot wheels
The captive world, and shall not pause contented
Until all nature bear the yoke of man,
Even as man beareth the yoke of God.

WILLIAM WATSON.

June 4, 1912.

TELEPATHY AND THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF NATURE.

SIR WILLIAM F. BARRETT, F.R.S.

SCIENCE is beginning to recognise that a purely mechanical and material philosophy is hopelessly inadequate to explain the evolutionary processes of nature. The survival of the fittest, natural and sexual selection, environment, and other known causes, are doubtless operative in modifying habit and structure; but beneath and beyond all external causes we find some inscrutable directive and selective force, ever at work *within* the organism. Purely mechanical and chemical forces tend to simpler not more complex aggregations of matter, to degradation and not to development, to disintegration not to upbuilding, to a downward and more restricted not towards an upward and ever-expanding life. But this latter is what all naturalists tell us has occurred in the past, and is still taking place around us. Higher, more complex, more and more wonderful and intricate forms of life have successively come into existence. And with this structural advance have come higher degrees of intelligence. Evolution as we see it going on is an *ascent* and not a descent. The lenticular mammalian eye is an instance of this, which the most ingenious evolutionary hypothesis, based upon a mechanical philosophy, has failed to explain.

Hence we are driven to recognise that behind all

known and material causes, some formative and directive force is working in and through the organism. A constructive, purposeful process is unfolding itself. A power ever immanent, operative and transcendent, appears to be revealing itself in the manifold forms of life.

As I have shown in a former paper¹ the best term we can apply to this unseen, inscrutable power is *Thought*. For thought ever seeks to express and thus realise itself, and ever transcends the clothing of the idea in the material symbols whereby it is manifested to consciousness. Evolution in organic life is thus indicative of the immanence of Thought, the manifestation and realisation through the creature of some power greater than the creature. In the lowliest wayside flower, in the most ephemeral insect life, as well as in the life and mind of man, we find incarnate the super-conscious, eternal, ineffable Thought. "The Deity," as Swedenborg said long ago, "is in each single thing, and this even to such an extent that there is in it a representation of the Eternal and Infinite." And this is the conclusion towards which reverent scientific thought is assuredly tending.

Why then have biologists not universally accepted this view? The argument that the interaction of mind and matter is inconceivable, is not an adequate reason for denying what is *prima facie* a fact. We might as well deny the existence of gravitation or of the ether, because we can form no satisfactory conception of the action of the one, nor of the structure of the other. The riddle of the universe which the agnostic and materialist regard as insoluble, arises from their point of view that the phenomenal world is self-

¹ 'Creative Thought,' THE QUEST, vol. 1., No. 4 (July, 1910), pp. 601ff.

sustained and is the only ultimate reality. But as a distinguished thinker, Dr. Ward, has truly said :

If the materialist would deign to listen to the plainest teachings of psychology and of epistemology, the riddle would seem no longer insoluble, for his phenomenal dualism and his agnostic monism would alike disappear. The material mechanism which he calls Nature would rank not as the profoundest reality there is to know ; it would rather become—what indeed ‘machine’ primarily connotes—an instrumentality subservient to the ‘occasions’ of the living world of ends ; and so regarded would cease to be merely calculable, and would be found intelligible as well. . . . According to this the two series, the psychical and the physical, are not independent and ‘closed’ against each other : but in certain circumstances,—*e.g.* in perception—physical changes are the occasion of psychical, and in certain circumstances—*e.g.* in purposive movements—psychical changes are the occasion of physical : the one change not being explicable from its psychical antecedents, nor the other from its physical. . . . Considering, as we have done, that mind and matter—as we may provisionally call them—do really interact, we naturally infer that organic structures are not the result solely of material processes, but involve the co-operation of mental direction and selection ; in other words, we are led to regard structure as partly shaped and perfected by function, rather than function as solely determined by structure, itself mechanically evolved.¹

Nevertheless, as Dr. Ward remarks, “the notion of life or mind as formative and directive has its difficulties.” For we have no generally accepted proof of the actual process of mind organising matter, however convinced we may be that this occurs. An unbridgeable gulf appears to separate free mind from gross matter. It is true that in our bodies we do see the interaction of mind on the material framework ; our words give utterance to our thoughts, our movements give expression to our will. But all this is

¹ *Enc. Brit.* (11th edition), Art. ‘Psychology.’

dependent on the material structure of brain cells and of nerve fibres being preserved intact. And the great difficulty which thinkers in all ages have encountered, and have been unable directly to surmount, is that no trustworthy evidence could be adduced of the interaction of mind and matter outside of nerve structure. *Psychosis* or mentation appeared inexorably dependent on *neurosis* or nerve change. Perception has been regarded as impossible without sensation, and the latter seems dependent on stimuli reaching the brain through the recognised organs of sense. Seeing without eyes was, and by many is still, regarded as a contradiction in terms. A direct exo-neural action of thought, that is to say thought transference independently of the channels of sensation, has been hitherto considered a foolish superstition by the majority of biologists.

If, however, as many of us now maintain, telepathy demonstrably exists, an exo-neural action of the mind is highly probable. Hence, if telepathy be conclusively demonstrated and accepted by science, the assumptions of a mechanical and materialistic philosophy would appear to be overthrown, and the direct influence of free mind on living matter would seem to be established.

To this, however, it may be replied that telepathy, even if adequately proved, is only a particular instance of similar phenomena occurring in lifeless matter. An electric or magnetic force can create electric or magnetic effects across space, without the intervention of any material medium, except the imponderable, insensible, hypothetical ether. Telepathy may be only a series of 'brain-waves' in the ether, like the electric waves in wireless telegraphy, which falling on a suitable receiver can create a response in a distant region.

Undoubtedly the discovery and use of wireless telegraphy has rendered telepathy more conceivable and more credible to the man in the street. But the theoretical importance of the fact of telepathy loses its enormous philosophical value if it could be shown that thought transference is analogous to radio-telegraphy. Is this however the case?

All radiant physical forces, such as the light, heat and gravity of the sun, or other sources, have their energy swiftly diminished as these forces travel through space in ever-expanding spherical waves. The intensity whether of light, radiant heat, gravitation, or wireless telegraphy, decreases as the *square* of the distance increases from the origin of the force. That is to say, upon a given surface the illumination received from a candle, or the warmth from a fire, or the gravitational pull of a body, or the electric resonance of a receiver of wireless telegraphy, etc., all these effects are reduced one-fourth when the source is at double the original distance. When the transmitting force is, say, a 1,000 yards away from the receiver, the effect produced on the latter is a million times feebler than it would have been at one yard apart. Hence to transmit a radio-telegraphic message across the Atlantic requires an enormous discharge of electric energy in the sending station and a very sensitive resonator in the receiving station.

If, then, telepathic transmission through space were analogous to physical transmission, if it were due to undulations in the ether, we should find its effects limited to within a very small radius, or we should notice that a prodigious mental effort was required to transmit a telepathic impact across a great distance. Now, long repeated and careful observation shows that

nothing of this kind occurs. Not the slightest difference in mental effort has been noticed whether thought transference took place in adjacent rooms or in adjacent countries. Nay, more, some of the most remarkable and evidential cases of telepathy have occurred when the agent and percipient, *i.e.*, the transmitter and the receiver, were thousands of miles apart, and moreover the mind that created the impression was, at the time, wholly unconscious of making any effort to transmit it.

Take, for instance, the following case among others, which appears explicable only upon one of two hypotheses,—either telepathy or an excursive action of the soul before death. For chance coincidence and mal-observation may be dismissed after the elaborate discussion given to these twin sources of error, in the Report of the ‘Census of Hallucination.’¹

The percipient, Miss Hervey, then staying in Tasmania with Lady H., had just come in from a ride in excellent health and spirits, and was leaving her room upstairs to come down and have tea with Lady H., when she saw coming up the stairs the figure of her cousin, a nurse in Dublin, to whom she was much attached. She at once recognised the figure, which was dressed in grey, and without waiting to see it disappear, she hurried to Lady H., whom she told what she had seen. Lady H. laughed at her, but told her to note it down in her diary, which she did. Diary and note were seen by the critical Mr. Podmore, who investigated the case on behalf of the S.P.R. The note ran as follows: “Saturday, April 21, 1888, 6 p.m. Vision of—— (giving her cousin’s nickname) on landing in grey dress.” In June news of this cousin’s unexpected death reached Miss Hervey in Tasmania. She died in a Dublin hospital from typhus fever on April 22, 1888. A letter, written the same day, giving an account of Miss Ethel B.’s death, was sent to Miss Hervey, preserved by her, and seen by Mr. Podmore. It states that the crisis of the illness began at 4 a.m.

¹ See my book on *Psychical Research* in the Home University Library, from which this case is quoted.

on the 22nd, but that Miss B. lingered on for twelve hours, dying at 4.30 p.m. As the difference of time between Tasmania and Dublin is about ten hours, the apparition preceded the actual death by some thirty-two hours. The kind of dress worn by the nurses in the hospital was unknown to Miss Hervey, and was found to be of a greyish tone when seen from a little distance. The phantom made so vivid an impression on Miss Hervey that on the evening she saw it, she wrote a long letter to her cousin in Dublin telling her about it. This letter arrived some six weeks after her death, and was returned to the writer.

This case is only one item in the bundle of evidence on behalf of telepathy, if such indeed it be, and it illustrates the impossibility of any known physical cause being concerned in the effect. Moreover the argument from the law of inverse squares is only one of several others which show that telepathy must be regarded as a transcendental and spiritual mode of communion, wholly distinct from the physical forces in its origin and mode of transmission. Therefore wireless telegraphy on the one hand and telepathy on the other belong to different orders, or as Swedenborg would say, are *discrete degrees*. Again if this case be regarded as illustrating an excursive action of the soul, it is then the direct influence of mind freed from the organism, upon another mind at the antipodes. In either alternative, taken in conjunction with the abundant other evidence that exists, we can no longer plead that we have no experience of the direct action of thought on living matter outside the organism. Hence the difficulties as to the possibility of a directive and formative action of the Supreme Mind, the super-conscious Thought, upon living tissue largely disappear. Doubtless that action takes place in and through the subconscious life of the organism. To that I will return directly.

If, then, telepathy belongs to the spiritual order it is the probable mode of communion of beings in a spiritual world and the link between that world and this. Swedenborg long ago declared "the speech of spirits among themselves is not one of words but of ideas, such as are those of human thought without the words, and therefore it is the universal of all languages," a remarkable anticipation of telepathy. And if telepathy becomes habitual in the evolutionary progress of the race, it must remove the restrictions of language and knit all races into a common brotherhood. Nay, more, may it not eventually lead to a community of feeling between all sentient creatures, animals and men as well as angels and men. Language is a rudimentary stage in the evolution of the race. How thought always outstrips and struggles with the slow muscular movements of the lips and tongue in speech, or of the fingers in writing! The roundabout, imperfect, slow moving mechanism we now employ to express our thoughts, we may well hope will be superseded if ever the conditions of telepathic transmission are known and able to be carried out.

Granting our ignorance of the proper conditions of telepathy, why, it may be asked, is the evidence for telepathy so rare and its demonstration so elusive? The answer, I believe, is that if telepathy were a process in the physical order, if conscious volition resulted from molecular movements in the brain and this molecular tremor created some physical disturbance, or 'brain waves,' in the ether, we should doubtless ere this have surmounted the initial experimental difficulties and have been able at any moment to demonstrate thought transference by a strong act of conscious volition directed to a passive subject. But we know

that this is not the case. For telepathy not only transcends the physical order but also transcends any conscious effort of the will.

In the Tasmanian case just quoted, it will be noticed that there was apparently no intense conscious effort to transmit an impression from the dying person. This will be found to be true in numberless other cases. In fact I have come to the conclusion, after a long and intimate acquaintance both with experimental telepathy and with sporadic cases, that thought transference is only *indirectly* the result of conscious volition. The intention to transfer an idea may exist, but it is, I believe, ineffective until it has stimulated that part of the personality of the 'agent' or transmitter, which lies below the threshold of consciousness, the subliminal self. Furthermore, in my view, the telepathic impact cannot arouse consciousness in the percipient, except through an impression first made upon the percipient's subliminal self. Hence for the emergence of a telepathic impression into a conscious perception, a favourable state on the part of the percipient may have to be awaited; the impression may, therefore, remain latent for a time or fail to emerge altogether.

This deferred emergence has frequently been observed in experiments on thought transference. Many instances of this occurred in my early experiments on this subject and puzzled me greatly. In the critical and conclusive experiments which Mr. Myers, Mr. Gurney and myself made with the Misses Creery at Buxton,¹ I find that several of the tests which we marked as failure in the note-books I possess, were

¹ I emphasise the value of these early experiments, because those who know nothing of them have impugned their value.

really only a temporary failure, the correct answer emerging after other experiments had been tried. This fact suggests the need of avoiding hasty conclusions, and the desirability of allowing more time in experiment and also of keeping a fuller record of the percipient's impressions.

Now it is our ignorance of the process by which the conscious self can excite subliminal activity and our equal ignorance of the reverse process that, in my opinion, renders the experimental demonstration of telepathy so uncertain. This, however, we are beginning to know, that prolonged efforts at thought transference are futile, and that anxiety to secure success is the most frequent source of failure; this, in fact, was noted and pointed out in our early experiments of thirty years ago. Success comes when you least expect it and when the conscious self is most inactive. Hence when the agent is dying, or in hypnotic trance, that is when the conscious self is partially or wholly in abeyance, we get the most frequent evidence of spontaneous telepathic transmission. We have, therefore, to discover the easiest method whereby the subliminal self can be stimulated, and the easiest channel whereby the percipient can reveal, and render sensible, the impression received.

Experiments in thought transference are usually made by attempting the transmission by the agent, and reproduction by the percipient, of some word or number. But the control of the organs of speech on the part of the percipient is a very complex muscular process. Some simpler muscular action would be preferable, such as the twisting of the forked dowsing-rod interpreted by a suitable pre-arranged code. The experiment is worth trying. A still simpler method

would appear to be the inhibition of muscular action or of sensation. In fact the experiments which are recorded in the earlier volumes of the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research show how very large a percentage of success was obtained by this mode of experiment.

The view that I have taken of the important part played by the subliminal self in telepathic transmission, receives support from a recent and able philosophical work by my friend Mr. Constable, entitled *Personality and Telepathy*. In this treatise Mr. Constable argues with much cogency that telepathy is inexplicable, except on the assumption that human personality is a partial and temporary manifestation in time and space of a transcendental and spiritual self. Telepathy he regards as the immaterial and spaceless communion between souls, or intuitive selves, temporarily embodied in a human personality. According to this view telepathy involves on the part of the sender, the transition of a conditioned idea or form of thought into the unconditioned, and a reverse process on the part of the recipient. If the subliminal be the indwelling of the Universal and Unconditioned Life within us, this view may well be the true one. The learned Dr. Sanday has said in a recent theological work: "The seat of all Divine indwelling or Divine action in the human soul is the subliminal consciousness." And this is not only true of the spiritual instincts and nobler aspirations of humanity; it is, I believe, true of all life, of the lowliest as well as of the highest.

The high capacious powers of the unconscious that lie wrapped up in the humblest human personality and that are operative in all life, are seen in the miracle of living growth and reproduction. The subliminal

activities can handle and rearrange into new forms the infinitely minute molecules of matter; can even take inorganic salts and convert them to part of the living tissue of bone and brain. The matchless skill of the subliminal instinct is beyond the highest effort of our conscious life. Moreover, these vital processes can be unconsciously arrested or modified by emotion or other mental act, and even by a telepathic impression from another mind.

Surely, therefore, it is no longer inconceivable that the Supreme Mind, the Super-conscious Thought, can exert a directive and formative power over living matter. Hence we find experience supporting both philosophy and religion as to the hopeless inadequacy of a purely mechanical system of evolution, and pointing to the high probability of a transcendent and purposeful power, working in and through the organism, for the development of higher and more complex types of life.

To many, of course, the phenomenal world appears to be self-sustained and the only reality,—to such, a spiritual world appears fanciful and unreal. But our senses give us no knowledge of the things in themselves, only of their appearance to the organs of sense. The world behind appearance is beyond our present apprehension, and because it is inscrutable it appears to be unreal. To the caterpillar on a cabbage leaf, in like manner, the only real world is the cabbage and the nutriment it affords: what conception can it form of the world of the bird, that soars to the heavens and migrates to the tropics and looks on the caterpillar only as a morsel for its food? On the other hand, to

the bacilli which may infest the caterpillar, the cabbage leaf and the garden is an unknown and unreal world, the only reality to these microscopic lines of life being the portion of the caterpillar's body they inhabit. To them the real world is the line along which they travel, practically a world of one dimension. To the caterpillar the real world is practically one of two dimensions, the surface of the leaf over which it crawls. To the bird the real world is that in which it can move hither and thither, up and down a world of three dimensions, such as we inhabit and call our real world also.

Hence all finite things regard as the only ultimate reality, the material world which is conditioned in the same space as themselves. They would regard as unreal and immaterial that which is beyond their limited cognition, a world of higher space dimensions.

Let us for example conceive it possible for a caterpillar to be endowed with human intelligence, curiosity and reason, whilst retaining its limited powers of cognition, and limited range of experience. If such a caterpillar were found wandering over a map of the neighbourhood, instead of a cabbage leaf, what would be its reflections, after its first disgust that the map was inedible and useless. It would observe the curious lines and markings on the map, but they would seem utterly meaningless, for the marks on the map would appear to have no inter-relation nor higher significance. The spirit of enquiry might lead to the foundation of a learned society of caterpillars for the purpose of studying these markings. Such a learned society, after laborious measurements, and erudite discussion, would be credited with knowing, or on the way to knowing, all about these markings on the map;

it would give the length and breadth and position of the lines, and probably refer them to a pre-historic age. And now suppose there came to the learned society a caterpillar possessed with reminiscences of its ancestral past, or with glimpses of its future stage of existence, perhaps with ideas telepathically derived from the human map-maker,—such an one would say to the learned body: “The markings you see on the map are pictures or symbols of the lanes and fields of a larger world which, as butterflies, you will one day inhabit; they have a deeper meaning than the interpretation you give.” Would not all the learned caterpillars laugh at such nonsense and call the seer a credulous spiritualist, or at best a silly visionary?

Thus we who live in space of three dimensions regard as pictorial and symbolical the representation of our world, or of anything therein, depicted in space of two dimensions, such as the surface of a sheet of paper. The spiritual world may be spaceless and timeless, or of higher space dimensions than the present. In any case the affairs of this life must appear to the inhabitants of a larger life, as bearing the same relation to reality as a map or picture of a landscape does to the real landscape. Now psychical research has in my opinion definitely established the fact that human personality has latent faculties that lie far beyond the range of our present sense-perception,—that a super-sensuous universe really exists. In fine, that there is a world which transcends the physical world as our world transcends that of the microbe or of the caterpillar. To us that world appears immaterial and unreal because of the limitations under which our thought is now conditioned; and necessarily conditioned for the fulfilment of the necessary duties and educative pro-

cesses which pertain to this life, and which it is perilous for us to disregard.

The varied phenomena of this world are not, however, illusions having no essential significance. Our sense-perceptions are the best apprehension we can at present gain of some relation we bear to a vaster unseen universe. Could we integrate all phenomena we should find in each the reality that lies behind all. The phenomenal world and the noumenal world, the world of appearance and the world of reality behind appearance, are not distinct and opposed to each other, they are both essentially and ultimately one. The correspondence of the two worlds is like that of thought and language; the latter, like the phenomenal world, having its source and meaning in the former.

"The sense world," as Mr. C. C. Massey has said, "in every stage of cognition is the representation of the real world on that plane, just as the lines of a perspective drawing on a surface represent the things of a higher dimension. [Nevertheless] the objects of our sense-perception are taken to be real units, . . . whereas they are real only in so far as they are integrational of a content, but unreal when conceived as being, or containing, units with an *esse* independent of essential relation. Our sense-perception,—presenting objects out of essential relation,—so far from giving, as is supposed, a concrete world of reality, allows only an external relativity; so that we cannot see why one object should be at all essential to another, or could not do without all the rest, or why the rest could not do without it." And thus we are led to conclude that what we now regard as externality "is that form of objectivity on this particular stage of cognition, which on a higher stage disappears in the

relationally enlarged self-expression of the subject in the world."

Life therefore is reality; life ever penetrating, abounding and expanding in fulness; life ever pressing upwards and developing into instinct and intuition on the one hand and into intelligence and reason on the other. Nor can we limit the evolution of the varied forms of life to the visible worlds and ponderable matter around us. If the imponderable matter of the ether exists through all space, it must be a more plastic and universal medium, as the vehicle of life, than the gross matter with which we are familiar. And what inconceivable forms and intelligence may not have evolved therein, though hidden from our present vision! But all life, whether in the instinct of ants and bees, or in the intelligence and intuition of men and angels, is the becoming, the self-realisation of the ineffable and superconscious Being, who dwells for ever enshrouded from our faintest apprehension.

Matter, Space and Time, the fundamental units of the objective physical universe, it may well be, are but mental states and the progression of those states in the spiritual universe;

" . . . but we that are not all,
As parts can see but parts, now this, now that,
And live perforce from thought to thought, and make
The act a phantom of succession; thus
Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow Time."

W. F. BARRETT.

THE MYSTICISM OF A RATIONALIST.

C. DELISLE BURNS, M.A.

THE downfall of the old heaven seems to have left us to an inglorious monotony of trivial existence between birth and death. The drab truths of science and history seem to be but poor substitutes for the more poetic beliefs which we can no longer accept. The vast majority are of course still as incompetent as they always were, and are quite unaware of any exact knowledge which may have been acquired within the past two thousand years. And even of those who have suffered what is called education, few have intelligence enough to distinguish appearance from illusion. In fact the so-called 'lower' classes provide to-day the most competent thinkers. But whatever the deficiency of intellect, however few those may be who really understand anything about science or history, doubt of ancient dogmas is in the air. Many are faced with the disappearance of creeds which were dear to their grandmothers and some reflect with regret upon the loss. For, they may complain, our grandmothers were good women and untroubled, why should we be troubled by disagreeable statements as to the nature of the world? What barren truth is this you offer us? Therefore some are persuaded to find a refuge for their souls in the old orthodoxies, which they preserve in some sort of repair by the assiduous use of allegory and metaphor.

The apocalyptic heaven with its golden pavement

and its jewelled gates could indeed attract only a diamond-merchant or a chorus-girl, but why should we not say that heaven is golden with virtue and jewelled with pain? Thus we might have at once the comfort of being orthodox and the luxury of feeling modern.

Indeed for those who are satisfied with such unpoetic license the best religion is a travesty of some old creed and ritual. Some people live upon revivals. Their posturing is not altogether ungraceful. They are the legitimate jesters of the civilised world and we should not drive them out of existence lest we also should take ourselves too solemnly. It is well for them, and not very harmful to us, that they should find their comfort in the pale shadows of a dead past.

But if we are to forfeit even the beauty of the world and the glamour of life in the interest of that which alone is true, we should do it. If indeed science and history reduce the world to an unmeaning succession of unimportant episodes in an eternal nothing, yet we cannot appeal against the facts on the ground that they are unbeautiful. We may therefore be excluded from joy and religious enthusiasm. We may have to give up all that seemed to make life worth living. But for the sake of having the truth we should make the sacrifice. So says a rationalist: and the majority of men are neither fools nor knaves, but cowards. They hear the words and they turn to flee: for there is not one in a thousand who has the courage to face evidence. And yet such courage is the beginning of understanding, for without it all formulæ of science or details of history are travesties of real knowledge. To dream is easy but to know demands effort; and the first and most essential effort is expressed in that honesty which alone prevents us from

being a slave to our desires. We must be prepared to know the worst if we would have the best that reason has to give. One so prepared may be called by many names, but the name rationalist, despite its evil associations, seems best to describe him. His devotion to reason as to a guide is his chief characteristic: and it is reason which seems to demand that he shall give up the comfort of old beliefs. Therefore he may be thought careless of everything but the truth.

It is not, however, true that the glamour of life is to be found only in obscure traditional dogmas. Rather it is true that we may find in science and history a splendour and a beauty which far surpass all the tinsel glories of the ancient gods. The pursuit of truth makes life more glorious and shows the world more splendid than the old mythologists imagined. If we are prepared to face the worst, we shall find the best.

We propose therefore to show that in the modern knowledge of the world can be found a real justification for religion or mysticism. The attitude which results from honest thought upon the evidence is no less valuable, no less enthusiastic, than that which has been based upon ancient creeds.

To-day unfortunately we are all troubled by the new meaning of old words: and it is difficult always to keep a word from evil uses—even one whose history is noble. There are certain things to be learnt from history but words may prevent our learning them. The word mysticism has come upon evil days. One cannot make the past the rule for the future: other things than those which have been are still possible. No thinker can dream of laying down rules for reality: but it is an important fact that mysticism has never

meant, what it seems to mean to some to-day,—sentimentalism. This sitting in a drawing-room, cuddling insignificant emotions, is far indeed from the mysticism of Demeter and Dionysus, of Augustine and Eckhart. For sentimentalism is only another form of drug-taking, and that is only a weakness of the diseased mind. We have heard of mysticism in the desert, in the cloister, in the study—never yet have we heard of it in the drawing-room. Yet one does not like to be prematurely sceptical. We do not believe that this is the best of all possible worlds, not because we can conceive a better but because we do not know what worlds are possible. We leave the future open: drawing-room mysticism may still be proved possible. In the meantime ordinary and normal life is quite beautiful and wonderful enough to be itself a mystery; and one does not need to be in quaint postures or to see coloured lights in order to be a mystic in the older and nobler sense of the word.

There are many to-day for whom the name mystic means a person with a diseased imagination. And indeed if one were to arrive at the meaning of the word from the habits and writings of most of those who claim the title, the connection with brain disease of some sort would seem more than likely. The word itself, however, has a reputable history; but, like the great words 'ghost' and 'spirit,' it may have fallen from its high estate. Therefore let us forget at present the unworthy connections of the word mysticism and remember only that it hints at a secret.

There is indeed still a secret, although it is now an open secret. There are men who are unaware of the power of music. Some cannot understand what happens to those who genuinely admire painting or

sculpture. And again there are some who do not care for poetry. Compared with these the lover of music, art and poetry is the possessor of a secret. Not that he is bound to keep silent about what he sees and hears : but he is as good as silent, for the man without appreciation of art cannot understand him. It is an open secret and yet a secret still. Now what we speak of here is just such a secret. We cannot convert anyone to our own attitude by talking about it. We can only hope that some rays of meaning will struggle through this mist of words.

For why are you reading this? Surely not to find out how much we agree or disagree. It has been said that you will hear praise and blame of the preachers when the congregations go out of the churches: and the highest praise is awarded in some such phrase as this—"He is a very fine preacher, he said exactly what I am always saying."

Agreement and disagreement do not matter. Rather we must think of words in this way: one hears, as it were, music played far-off, and for some time one's attitude is that of approval or disapproval. Then, perhaps on a sudden, a phrase strikes home; and where the speaker then may be does not concern us. For the phrase has led us off over the hills of memory, and we go wandering after the lilt of some old music of our own. Then we have caught the secret: for it can be told and yet remain a secret still. The sound has become for us a meaning, and in place of merely hearing we have life. That is to say a real understanding of this secret makes us live more fully: and that fuller life is the only proof of real mysticism. Thus even in the most ordinary sentence, in the midst of normal life, there may be a mystery.

Already we are aware of a secret. Now let us leave metaphors aside for the present and ask what the secret is. The secret of which we speak is the secret of reasoning. It is an open secret and yet not everyone knows it. A man may learn and study for years and never come upon it. Then again you will find men who say it is foolish to talk of any mystery, as though everything were not abundantly clear. They tell us that blue is so many vibrations of ether and red is so many vibrations more or less: and there are men who call that an explanation of red and blue. One cannot quarrel with the word: if that is the meaning of the word 'explanation' then we know what to say. But it is difficult to imagine that you have finished with the meanest fragment of experience when you have measured it. No painter will be satisfied if his picture is only measured by ether vibrations. There may indeed be some who refuse to believe in anything but the unnameable and they are shut out from the secret of the world. Of such men Edmund Burke wrote that:

A large liberal and prospective view . . . passes with them for romance, and the principles that recommend it for the wanderings of a disordered imagination. The calculators compute them out of their senses. The jesters and buffoons shame them out of everything grand and elevated. Littleness in object and in means to them appears soundness and sobriety. They think there is nothing worth pursuit but that which they can handle; which they can measure with a two-foot rule; which they can tell upon ten fingers.

Now the first part of my argument depends upon the idea that such calculation is not worthy of reasoning itself, that it is but the outer shell of that passion for truth which alone should be called reasoning.

In fact we have been unconsciously cheated by the

great thinkers. When they came to give an account of the process by which they reached the truths they discovered, they deluded themselves and us with formal logic. It is a popular legend that the discoveries of truth have been made by a process called induction: that many instances were collected and then a law was discovered. Or, the other way round, by careful deduction men are supposed to have reached conclusions. It is a scientific hoax. No truth was ever discovered by either method. Never yet have the premisses come before the conclusions anywhere but in the books of formal logic. Men have always come upon their conclusions and elaborately covered the tracks of their discovery by a series of carefully selected 'proofs.' All offered proofs are merely the methods by which the discoverer of a truth covers up his track and deceives the unseeing, or sometimes perhaps deceives even himself. No truth was ever discovered by proceeding along the lines offered in formal proof. We do not propose to state the new logic, even if we were able to do so. All we desire is to warn the reader against believing the thinker when he talks about the process he has used. Does anyone believe that Hegel began his thinking from Being and Not-Being? Does anyone imagine that Spencer started with First Principles? Even the crudest rationalist made his discovery first and then elaborated his proofs: for reason is never a mechanical adjustment of arguments. Even Spencer knew that reasoning is a passion, and Spencer was not a very complete rationalist.

But since he has represented for many in England the true rationalism, let a word be said about that ancient controversy which divided reasoning from mysticism. Very many people have discovered the

inadequacy of Spencer, and we certainly should be the first to admit that his philosophy by no means fits the infinite complexity of life. But it would be quite illegitimate to conclude that therefore the opponents of Spencer were right. If the choice must be made between the Spencerian and the theologians who opposed him, in the name of mysticism and religion as well as that of reason, let us support the Spencerian. If Spencer was inadequate, at any rate he was honest. But it is now no longer possible to confuse rationalism with the narrow outlook of nineteenth century industrialism. We can boldly and confidently assert that the best and noblest life has nothing to fear from a free use of reasoning. And in that sense we must reject the theologians even more than the Spencerians.

Reasoning is the setting forth of the processes of life and experience. Its purpose is knowledge of the truth. The truth which is known we call reality. But reality is not exhausted by being known. The stores of reality (to use a dangerous metaphor) are never exhausted and further the qualities of no single thing are ever exhausted when we have become acquainted with it. Consider a crowd of men and women. We may by observing some general characteristics, a head, two eyes and the rest, reach a conception of what we mean by 'man': or, if we go farther than the senses directly show, we may reach some scientific ethics of man. We should say then that man is a will power in throes between what is and what ought to be. Therein we should have a very exact and real knowledge of 'man,' and yet reality escapes us. Try to apply this description to any person in whom you are interested and see how weak all description sounds. The personal and the unique cannot enter directly into knowledge,

if knowledge means that which we reach by analytical reasoning alone.

Consider again the case of the shepherd with his flock. To us who are not shepherds, each sheep looks very like every other. They are all sheep and nothing more. But the shepherd knows them as individuals. The less we know about anything the more satisfied we are that we know enough. Reasoning lives upon rules. Reality is always an exception. Hence also we may admit the laws of morals and of science, and yet we always like to treat our own case as exceptional. And so it is. For it is the only case which we can view absolutely from within.

But we must not suppose that scientific reasoning is any less valuable because it is not a substitute for reality. Reasoning is like painting or sculpture or any other art. We know how glorious the vision is which we may intend to put upon canvas, to carve into stone, to express in melody. But have we ever succeeded? Has any great artist ever satisfied himself? Knowledge is exactly this picturing of reality. Always beautiful, always true, and always inadequate, but inadequate because it is *growing*, not because it is not reality.

The sense of this inadequacy in all the results of reasoning makes the rationalist a mystic. But it does not involve any repudiation or disdain of reasoning, for it is the nature of reasoning to be thus, and in fact it is hardly fair to say that reasoning is inadequate. It would be unfair to condemn the picture of a tree because it did not grow. Art does not pretend to be reality: it is no less great although it cannot take the place of reality. It is perhaps reality of a different kind. So it is with the fine art of reasoning. Its

purpose is indeed to express the truth, but also to indicate or to imply much more than could be put into any form of words. Reasoning may be stated, but the statement is not all that there is in reasoning.

Therefore we may be sure that reasoning is something more than the measuring of quantities and the weighing out of reality. Even if analysis and synthesis be its only methods, yet reasoning itself is something more. The man who really thinks about himself and the world is always something more than a calculating machine. He is already on the threshold of a mystery, already on the point of seeing what cannot be said.

But even if this be so, it is indubitable that many who use real reasoning can by no stretch of meaning be called mystics. We should not like to deny the title of thinker to those who are true to their reason even if they never go beyond it. A man may be really a thinker and yet never feel the deeper facts. What is it which divides these real thinkers from others, no less real thinkers, who have also a secret—a mystery? It is externalism. The outer world is so complex and so unending in its possibilities for thought that it becomes absorbing. The soul goes forth upon its journey into the maze of reality and finds no resting-place. For ever each horizon leads but to another, and the explorer is tempted further. So it is that a real thinker may never find time to appreciate the mystery that is always close to him and, going ever onward, he may never become a mystic because he employs all his force upon the journey and gives no thought to the houses which he may pass.

Do not imagine that we should decry the noble task of exploration. Do not imagine that there is anything deficient in the restless seekers after new

truth. Their journeys may end in deserts or may lead to new lands of promise. The pursuit of truth is the noblest quest and it may be that some never find it. That may be rationalism. It is not mysticism: but it is a noble quest and there is really more in common between the unseeing rationalist and the real mystic than is usually supposed. That which is in common may be the passionate desire for truth.

But there is another class of men who are mystics, and yet are no less rational than the explorers of the external world. They journey too. They go out to horizons, and they too feel the call of the unexplored; but they do not stay upon the frontiers of thought. They come back always to the central fount—to rest sometimes, to store their gain sometimes, but oftenest to revive their spirits for another journey, to strengthen their souls for a greater vision. They come back again to the common things of life, not in despair but because they have seen the land where no horizon bounds the view. They have explored and they have found what they hardly dreamt of when they began. They have found that truth which alone stills, though it does not quench, the nameless desire that first drove them forth.

In the old language of history, mysticism, the knowledge of mystery, depended upon what was called 'the inner light.' The return was always made to the shrine of the soul: and the one acknowledged way of entrance to that shrine was silence. So Sextus Pythagoricus has it: "Wise is the man who even in silence honours God, knowing why he is silent." Or in the language of the East: "He who says he knows God knows him not." Or as St. Augustine has it: "I searched through all the world and found not thee, O

God: I returned into myself and there I found thee." Thus at every step in the reasoning process it is possible to find in a sense what is the purpose of the whole process. This is paradox, because it seems to make laboured argument unnecessary: nevertheless it is true that although the unlearned may see God as truly as the philosopher can, we should never cease to think when we have it in our power to carry our thought further. Thus behind and about every word there are silences and there also dwells the truth.

What of the way—the noble path? What is the silence of which these men speak? Sleep is a silence, and there is a truth in that old saying: "He giveth to his beloved in sleep." But that is not the silence of mysticism. In the mystic silence one is most vitally awake. But the nature of that silence cannot be expressed so that those who have not experienced it may understand. We know how difficult it is to explain to one who has had no experience of it what a rough night on the open sea is like—out in the ocean where the vessel dives into the trough of the waves and the "wine-dark sea breaks into plumes." We may imagine again how difficult it is to understand what flying is like. It is possible to explain to oneself only by extending a personal experience. Nevertheless some vague idea may be given of the mystic silence which is reached by those who have used reasoning to the full. Therefore consider that this silence first means calm. As compared to the restless wandering of the reason, this return to the inner shrine, the mystic way, is calm, but not the calm of sleep—the calm rather which comes of very deep and very wakeful passion; like the calm in the depths of the ocean while the waves are moved by the storm, or the calm

of the upper air above the winds. For the return which seems to the unmystical rationalist to be a cowardly resort to a private and isolated self—a flight to an insignificant corner—is really a journey into the very core of life and all experience. More we shall not, indeed we cannot, say. The inner shrine cannot be desecrated with words; again to quote Augustine: "*Si dixi non est quod dicere volui.*"

But if we have made ourselves at all clear to those who understand, the implication as to rationalism will be evident. For it seems that the true rationalism is mystical. None knows better than he who loves truth above all things how strange a goddess she is. For she is always near and yet for ever beckoning from far off. Always she yields to those who love her and always gives herself not for themselves alone.

From no man is the inner shrine shut off. It does not require great intellectual knowledge in order to be at once rational and mystical. For these two exist together as possible elements in the narrowest experience. The amount of knowledge does not matter, the quality of knowledge certainly does—if you are to count as knowledge the repetition of formulas. It is well said that "a truth ceases to be true when more than one man believes it." For truth like experience cannot be gained by proxy. Complete rationalism, the passionate pursuit of reasoning, inevitably ends in a form of mysticism; for the perfect rationalist is a master and not a slave of the instrument he uses, the road on which he travels. He knows, as the man who despises reason never can, the true splendour of that truth which never is stated and yet which is always being clothed in new forms of words.

It follows that the farther we go with reasoning

the finer sense we shall have of the mystical truth. It is not right to put back the clock and to decry reasoning because some calling themselves 'rationalists' have been satisfied too soon. Let us urge them forward and when they have become perfect rationalists they too will 'see.'

All knowledge is symbolic. Our science is but the myth of life, the body which life inspires: and the life is not enclosed by that which it inspires. For all science depends upon insight and insight begins with the consciousness of our self as something greater than an episode in a transient world. The argument of the thinker is but a disguise for his passion: he is supposed to fear emotion, because he does not show it. When a wheel revolves fast enough it seems to be still: you cannot see the tide when you are on the ocean. So also the thinker is moved by passions even when he seems to be arguing most coldly.

Let us have done then with the nonsense concerning the limitations of reason. Such limitation is no ground for mysticism. To base our religion upon the mere absence of knowledge is an absurdity. Our ignorance is no ground for any action, and we must suppose that real religion is concerned with action: indeed there does not seem to be any ground even for a worthy emotion in mere ignorance. The attempt, therefore, to bolster up religion by scepticism is a mistake of incompetent thinkers.

Further it does not convince us that anything is unknowable if we find that much is unknown to us. Vague sentimentalising about the unknowable or the unknown leaves us cold. Imagine a pseudo-mystic exulting in the qualities of some unknown source of light, and imagine a callous engineer finding the source

of light to be something no more poetic than an arc-lamp! One cannot admire what is unknown, for it may turn out to be something quite objectionable: and as for the unknowable we are unable to conceive any reason for even respecting it; because we are convinced that there is no such thing.

Let us then base our mysticism upon a sane knowledge of the ordinary world. We know enough at least to be certain that the world is very full of a splendour unsuspected by the authors of the traditional creeds.

Now the reasoning process lives not merely upon the detail of normal life but upon the exceptional experience of certain crises in life. Real reasoning is much more active in the facing of death, in the stress of a deep emotion, than in the analytical labour of the study. And again some men are gifted with a very special rapidity or profundity of reasoning. A reasonable view of the world must depend just as much upon exceptional insight as upon normal experience.

What place is to be found for exceptional insight? Obviously the value of the artist's work cannot be tested by an appeal to the majority. The common agreement as to the nature of the world is always rather obstructive of what is really the truth. For example, at the time that Turner began to paint the majority would perhaps have said, "There are no such skies." Wagner's music was accounted mere noise. The people are not judges. And worse still the established authorities have been again and again proved wrong. We cannot appeal to the theological or scientific professors for judgment upon the genius.

If, then, any man says he has a special revelation, if he says he sees blue souls with pink eyes, we cannot

appeal either to the vote of the majority or to the opinion of the established officials in religion, science or philosophy. Must we then accept everything that any honest person says as fact?

No: for honesty is not any proof of the correctness of vision. Leave aside the question of convincing the seer himself. You cannot if you are sane trouble to argue with a man who is convinced that he is Christ or that he sees rats running up a wall.

There is, intervening between the experience which everyone admits as real and the experience which no one but the single victim will admit to be real—a very varied list of experiences which are not normal and yet cannot be summarily dismissed as illusion. No one is shut out from exceptional experience and no one is secure from illusion.

One may be an authority on biology and yet subject to illusion. The most cursory acquaintance with experimental psychology will know that illusion of every sort is part of our daily experience.

You cannot test by *the value of the life produced*. If a man saintly and thoughtful asserts that the sun goes round the earth, it is no less false, and if he says that he receives personal communication from a deity I find no more reason for believing him because of his virtue. Neither the quality of the life produced by the belief, nor the voice of authority, nor the vote of the majority, can prove the truth of a belief. How then can such a belief be tested?

The reasonable man will allow that there are many experiences which are not illusory, which are nevertheless incomprehensible to anyone but the subject of them. But he will not therefore be persuaded to admit the truth of every statement. He will politely,

but quite firmly, reject as illusion what cannot be given a meaning in reference to any experience of his own. He will be tolerant but not sceptical. The fact that other people have different convictions will not make him less convinced of his own knowledge. He will be undogmatic in so far as he is content to face disagreement and to make no forcible conversion. Persuasion he will attempt, but not coercion: and he will be certain, if not of much, at least of some few elements in his view of the world. And by a careful following of reason whithersoever she leads, he will attempt continually to readjust his view of the world and to correct the illusions to which he and all his fellows are subject.

Exceptional experience of his own will not be made the ground of his belief with regard to the universe: for he will feel that all exceptions are truths on trial. But such exceptional experiences as are comprehensible in view of the rest of his experience he will accept as true.

His view of the world therefore will be based upon the objective truths acquired and established by those whom he regards as competent thinkers,—such truths being appreciated by him in accordance with the extent of his own experience. He will not therefore make normal experience the test of the truth of exceptional insight; but of these two he will make a consistent and coherent whole which will be his real philosophy.

Now of what kind is the attitude which results from such a view of the world and human life? It is an attitude which may be called religious and mystical without any too great extension of the meaning of those terms. It is not the attitude of those who believe in the old dogmas of Christianity or Buddhism.

It is not the attitude of those who pretend to be exponents of Science and History. But it is more like the attitude of these latter than that of any other class: for it is based not on tradition re-interpreted by allegory or metaphor, but upon direct inquiry and honest individual thought. It may therefore be called the attitude of the perfect rationalist.

C. DELISLE BURNS.

PSYCHOLOGY AND TROUBADOURS.

EZRA POUND, M.A.

THERE sprang up in Provence, in the middle ages, a fashion of thought or of life which styled itself the 'love chivalric,' and through divers misunderstandings and parodies it is possible that the nature of this fashion has been completely or at least partially forgotten.

It is my intention here to set before the readers of THE QUEST one or two theories as to the inner significance of this thing—theories which may in some way promote an understanding of the poetry of the period, should one ever care to investigate it.

The 'love chivalric' is, as I understand it, an art, that is to say, a religion. I think that those modern authors who say that the writers of '*trobar clus*' taught obscurity for the sake of obscurity, are very silly indeed; and those who see in it a mere license and sensuality are equally stupid.

An art is vital only so long as it is interpretive, so long, that is, as it manifests something which the artist perceives at greater intensity and more intimately than his public. If he be the seeing one among the sightless, they will attend him only so long as his statements seem, or are proven true. If he forsake this honour of interpreting, if he speak for the pleasure of hearing his own voice, though they may listen for a while to the babble and to the sound of the painted words, there comes, after a little, a

murmur, a slight stirring, and then that condition which we see about us, and which is cried out upon as the 'divorce of art and life.'

The interpretive function is the highest honour of the arts, and because it is so we find that a sort of hyper-scientific precision is the touch-stone and assay of the artist's power and of his honour, of his authenticity. Constantly he must distinguish between the shades and the degrees of the ineffable.

If we apply this test, first, as to the interpretive intention on the part of the artist, second, as to the exactness of presentation, we shall find that the *Divina Commedia* is a single elaborated metaphor of life; it is an accumulation of fine discriminations arranged in orderly sequence. It makes no difference *in kind* whether the artist treat of heaven and hell, of paradise upon earth and of the elysian enamelled fields beneath it, or of Love appearing in an ash-grey vision, or of the seemingly slight matter of birds and branches,—through one and the other of all these, there is to the artist a like honourable opportunity for precision, for that precision through which alone can any of these matters take on their immortality.

"*Magna pars mei*," says Horace, speaking of his own futurity, "that in me which is greatest shall escape dissolution"; but in some strange way the *accurate* artist seems to leave not only his greater self, but beside it, upon the films of his art, some living print of the very man, his taste, his temper and his foible,—of the things about which he felt it never worth his while to bother other people with speaking, the things he forgot for some major interest; of these, and of another class of things, things that his audience would have taken for granted; or thirdly, of

things about which he had, for some reason or other, a reticence. We find these not so much in the words—which anyone may read—but in the subtle joints of the craft, in the crannies perceptible only to the craftsman.

Such is the record left us by a man whom Dante found ‘best verse-wright in the fostering tongue,’ the *lingua materna*, Provençal Langue d’Oc; and in that affectionate epithet, *materna*, we have no slight evidence of the regard in which this forgotten speech was held by the Tuscan poets, both for its sound and for its matter.

From Limoges to Avignon and through the south of France a poetry, that was not folk-poetry, had flourished for a couple of centuries before it came to its flower, roughly about 1180-1208.

We have a ‘dawn song,’ of the 10th century, and songs by the Count of Poitiers (1086-1127). Jaufrè Rudel lived 1140-70. But in 1190 there were alive: Bernart of Ventadorn, the first of the so-called great Troubadours of Limousin, son of a serving man who gathered brushwood for the castle; and, younger than he, Bertrams de Born, the most violent; and Girant of Bornelh, the popular singer; Vidal, Marvail, and the man I bring forward—Arnaut Daniel.

At this early date we find poetry divided into two schools; the first school complained about the obscurities of the second—we have them always with us. They claimed, or rather jeered in Provence, remonstrated in Tuscany, wrangle to-day, and will wrangle to-morrow—and not without some show of reason—that poetry, especially lyric poetry, must be simple, that you must get the meaning while the man sings it. This school had, and has always, the popular ear. The other school culminated in Dante Alighieri.

There is, of course, ample room for both schools. The ballad-concert ideal is correct, in its own way. A song is a thing to sing. If you approach the canzoni of the second school with this bias you will be disappointed, *not* because their sound or form is not as lyric as that of the canzoni of the first school, but because they are not always intelligible at first hearing. They are good art as the high mass is good art. The first songs are apt to weary you after you know them; they are especially tiresome if one tries to read them *after* one has read fifty others of more or less the same sort.

The second sort of canzoni is a ritual. It must be conceived and approached as ritual. It has its purpose and its effect. These are different from those of simple song. They are perhaps subtler. They make their revelations to those who are already expert.

My studies of Arnaut Daniel, his æsthetic merits, his position in the history of poetry, etc., either are or will be elsewhere available; it is not for his music, nor his verse, nor his style, nor even for the fineness of his observation and of his perceptive senses, that I bring him before the readers of THE QUEST, though all these things bear indirectly upon the case in hand. Besides, some careful consideration of the poems themselves would be necessary before one could weigh the evidence for and against the theories which I am about to set before you.

The crux of the matter might seem to rest on a very narrow base; it might seem to be a matter of taste or of opinion, of scarcely more than a personal predilection to ascribe or not to ascribe to one passage in the canzon '*Doutz brais e critz*,' a visionary significance, where (stanza iii.) he speaks of a castle, a

dream-castle, or otherwise—as you like—and says of the ‘lady’ :

She made me a shield, extending over me her fair mantle of indigo, so that the slanderers might not see this.

This may be merely a conceit, a light and pleasant phrase ; if we found it in Herrick or Decker, or some minor Elizabethan, we might well consider it so, and pass without further ado. If one considers it as historical, the protection offered the secret might seem inadequate. I have, however, no quarrel with those who care to interpret the passage in either of these more obvious and, to me, less satisfactory ways.

We must, however, take into our account a number of related things ; consider, in following the clue of a visionary interpretation, whether it will throw light upon events and problems other than our own, and weigh the chances in favour of, or against, this interpretation. Allow for climate, consider the restless sensitive temper of our Jongleur, and the quality of the minds which appreciated him. Consider what poetry was to become, within less than a century, at the hands of Guinicelli, or of ‘*il nostro Guido*’ in such a poem as the *ballata*, ending :

*Vedrai la sua virtù nel ciel salita,*¹

and consider the whole temper of Dante’s verse. In none of these things singly is there any specific *proof*. Consider the history of the time, the Albigensian crusade, nominally against a sect tinged with Manichean heresy, and how the birth of Provençal song hovers about the Pagan rites of May-day. Provence

¹ In this *ballata*, Guido speaks of seeing issue from his lady’s lips a subtle body, from that a subtler body, from that a star, from that a voice, proclaiming the ascent of the *virtù*. For effect upon the air, upon the soul, etc., the ‘lady’ in Tuscan poetry has taken on all the properties of the Alchemist’s stone.

was less disturbed than the rest of Europe by invasion from the north in the darker ages; if Paganism survived anywhere it would have been, unofficially, in the *Langue d'Oc*. Of the Oriental religions in decadent Rome, I will speak later. That the spirit was, in Provence, Hellenic is seen readily enough by anyone who will compare the Greek Anthology with the work of the Troubadours. They have, in some odd way, lost the names of the gods and remembered the names of lovers. Ovid and *The Eclogues* of Virgil would seem to have been their chief documents.

The question I raise, is as follows: Did this 'close ring,' this aristocracy of emotion, evolve, out of its half memories of Hellenistic mysteries, a cult? a cult stricter, or more subtle, than that of the celibate ascetics, a cult for the purgation of the soul by a refinement of, and lordship over, the senses? Consider in such passages in Arnaut as

E quel remir contral lums de la lampa,

whether a sheer love of beauty and a delight in the perception of it have not replaced all heavier emotion. See whether or no the thing has not become a function of the intellect.¹

Some mystic or other, I forget at the moment which one, speaks of the intellect as standing in the same relation to the soul as do the senses to the mind; and beyond a certain border, surely we come to this place where the ecstasy is not a whirl or a madness of

¹ Let me admit at once that a recent lecture by Mr. Mead on Simon Magus has opened my mind to a number of new possibilities. There would seem to be in the legend of Simon Magus and Helen of Tyre a clearer prototype of 'chivalric love' than in anything hereinafter discussed. I recognise that all this matter of mine may have to be reconstructed or at least re-oriented about that tradition. Such re-arrangement would not, however, enable us to dispense with a discussion of the parallels here collected, nor would it materially affect the manner in which they are treated.

the senses, but a glow arising from the exact nature of the perception. We find a similar thought in Spinoza where he says that "the intellectual love of a thing consists in the understanding of its perfections," and adds "all creatures whatsoever desire this love."

Now, if a certain number of people in Provence developed their own unofficial mysticism, basing it for the most part on their own experience, if the servants of Amor saw visions quite as well as the servants of the Roman ecclesiastical hierarchy, if they were, moreover, troubled with no 'dark night of the soul,' and the kindred incommodities of ascetic yoga, this may well have caused some scandal and jealousy to the orthodox. If we find a similar mode of thought in both devotions, we find a like similarity in the secular and sacred music. *Alba* was probably sung to *Hallelujah's* melody. Many of the Troubadours, in fact nearly all who knew letters or music, had been taught in the monasteries (St. Martial, St. Leonard and the other abbeys of Limoges). Visions and the doctrines of the early Fathers could not have been utterly strange to them. The rise of Mariolatry, its Pagan lineage, the romance of it, find modes of expression which verge over very easily into the speech and casuistry of Our Lady of Cypress, as we may see in Arnaut, as we see so splendidly in Guido's

Una figura della donna mia.

And there is the consummation of it all in Dante's glorification of Beatrice. There is the inexplicable address to the lady in the masculine. There is the final evolution of Amor by Guido and Dante, to whom he is in very truth a new and Paganish god, neither Erös nor an angel of the Talmud.

I believe in a sort of permanent basis in humanity,

that is to say, I believe that Greek myth arose when someone having passed through delightful psychic experience tried to communicate it to others and found it necessary to screen himself from persecution. Speaking æsthetically, the myths are explications of mood; you may stop there, or you may probe deeper. Certain it is that these myths are only intelligible in a vivid and glittering sense—are intelligible, vital, essential, only to those people to whom they occur. I know, I mean, one man who understands Persephone and Demeter, and one who understands the Laurel, and another who has, I should say, met Artemis. These things are for them *real*.

Likewise in this matter of Provence, I should seek my clue in the human composition. I shall speak of the nature of sex. I shall treat it as I should any other special manifestation of life or of the general energy of things,—as I should treat, for instance, a sub-species of electricity.

Let us consider the body as pure mechanism. Our kinship to the ox we have constantly thrust upon us; but beneath this is our kinship to the vital universe, to the tree and the living rock, and, because this is less obvious—and possibly more interesting—we forget it.

What I am driving at is the fact that we have about us the universe of fluid force, and below us the germinal universe of wood alive, of stone alive. Man is—the sensitive physical part of him—a mechanism, for the purpose of our further discussion a mechanism rather like an electric appliance, switches, wires, etc. Chemically speaking, he is, *ut credo*, a few buckets of water, tied up in a complicated sort of fig-leaf. As to his consciousness, the consciousness of some seems to

rest, or to have its centre more properly, in what the Greek psychologists called the *phantastikon*. Their minds are, that is, circumvolved about them and are like soap-bubbles reflecting sundry patches of the macrocosmos. And with certain others their consciousness is '*germinal*.' Their thoughts are in them as the thought of the tree is in the seed, or of the grass, or the grain, or the blossom. And these minds are the more poetic, and they affect mind about them, and transmute it as the seed the earth. And this latter sort of mind is close on the vital universe; and the strength of the Greek beauty rests in this, that it is ever at the interpretation of this vital universe, by its signs of gods and godly attendants, and oreads.

And in the *trecento* the Tuscans are busy with their *phantastikon*. And in Provence we may find preparation for this, or we may find faint *reliqua* of the other, though one misses the pantheon. Line after line of Arnaut will repeat from Sappho, but the whole seems curiously barren if we turn suddenly from the Greek to it.

After the *trecento* we get Humanism, and as the art it carried northward we have Chaucer and Shakespeare. Man is concerned with man and forgets the whole and the flowing. And we have in sequence, first the age of drama, and then the age of prose. At any rate, when we do get into contemplation of the flowing we find sex, or some correspondence to it, 'positive and negative,' 'north and south,' 'sun and moon,' or whatever terms of whatever cult or science you prefer to substitute.

For the particular parallel I wish our handiest illustrations are drawn from physics: 1st, the common electric machine, the glass disc and rotary brushes;

2nd, the wireless telegraph receiver. In the first we generate a current, or if you like split up a static condition of things and produce a tension. This is focussed on two brass knobs or 'poles.' These are first in contact, and after the current is generated we can gradually widen the distance between them, and a spark will leap across it, the wider the stronger, until with the ordinary sized laboratory appliance it will leap over or around a large obstacle or pierce a heavy book-cover. In the telegraph we have a charged surface—produced in a cognate manner—attracting to it, or registering movements in the invisible æther.

Substituting in these equations a more complex mechanism and a possibly subtler form of energy is, or should be, simple enough. I have no dogma, but the figures may serve as an assistance to thought.

It is an ancient hypothesis that the little cosmos 'corresponds' to the greater, that man has in him both 'sun' and 'moon.' From this I should say that there are at least two paths—I do not say that they lead to the same place—the one ascetic, the other for want of a better term 'chivalric.' In the first the monk or whoever he may be, develops at infinite trouble and expense, the secondary pole within himself, produces his charged surface which registers the beauties, celestial or otherwise, by '*contemplatio*.' In the second, which I must say seems more in accord with '*mens sana in corpore sano*,' the charged surface is produced between the predominant natural poles of two human mechanisms.

Sex is, that is to say, of a double function and purpose: reproductive and educational; or, as we see in the realm of fluid force, one sort of vibration produces at different intensities, heat and light. No

scientist would be so stupid as to affirm that heat produced light, and it is into a similar sort of false ratiocination that those writers fall who find the source of illumination, or of religious experience, centred solely in the philo-progenitive instinct.

The problem, in so far as it concerns Provence, is simply this: Did this 'chivalric love,' this exotic, take on mediumistic properties? Stimulated by the colour or quality of emotion, did that 'colour' take on forms interpretive of the divine order? Did it lead to an 'exteriorisation of the sensibility,' an interpretation of the cosmos by feeling?

For our basis in nature we rest on the indisputable and very scientific fact that there are in the 'normal course of things' certain times, a certain sort of moment more than another, when a man feels his immortality upon him. As for the effect of this phenomenon in Provence, before coming to any judgment upon it we should consider carefully the history of the various cults or religions of orgy and of ecstasy, from the simpler Bacchanalia to the more complicated rites of Isis or Dionysus—sudden rise and equally sudden decline. The corruptions of their priesthoods follow, probably, the admission thereto of one neophyte who was not properly '*sacerdos*.'

There are, as we see, only two kinds of religion. There is the Mosaic or Roman or British Empire type, where someone, having to keep a troublesome rabble in order, invents and scares them with a disagreeable bogle, which he calls god.

Christianity and all other forms of ecstatic religion, on the other hand, are not dogma or propaganda of something called the *one truth* or the *universal truth*; they *seem* little concerned with ethics; their general

object appears to be to stimulate a sort of confidence in the life-force. Their teaching is variously and constantly a sort of working hypothesis acceptable to certain people of a certain range of temperament—a ‘*regola*’ which suits a particular constitution of nerves and intellect, and in accord with which the people of this temperament can live at greatest peace with ‘the order,’ with man and nature. The old cults were sane in their careful inquisition or novitiate, which served to determine whether the candidates were or were not of such temper and composition.

One must consider that the types which joined these cults survived, in Provence, and survive, to-day—priests, mænads and the rest—though there is in our society no provision for them.

I have no particular conclusion which I wish to impose upon the reader; for a due consideration of Provençal poetry in ‘*trobar clus*,’ I can only suggest the evidence and lines of inquiry. The Pauline position on wedlock is of importance—I do not mean by that its general and inimical disapproval, but its more specific utterances; the Pagan survivals in Mariolatry; the cult of virginity;—whatever one may think of these things, it is certain that nothing exists without due cause or causes. The language of the Christian mystics, of the ‘bride’ and the rest of it; the ancient ideas of union with the god, or with Queen Isis;—all these, as ‘atmospheric influences,’ must be weighed; together with the testimony of the arts, and their progression of content.

In Catullus’ superb epithalamium ‘*Collis O Heliconii*,’ we find the affair is strictly on one plane; the bride is what she is in Morocco to-day, and the function is ‘normal’ and eugenic. It is the sacrificial

concept. Yet Catullus, recording his own emotion, could say: "More as a father than a lover." It is Propertius who writes:

Ingenium nobis ipsa puella fecit.

Christianity, one might say, had brought in the mystic note; but this would be much too sweeping. Anatole France, in his learned commentary on Horace's '*Tu ne quaesaris*,' has told us a good deal of the various Oriental cults thronging the Eternal City. At Marseilles the Greek settlement was very ancient. How much of the Roman tone, or the Oriental mode, went out from Rome to the Roman country houses, which were the last hold of culture, we can hardly say; and from the end of the 6th century until the beginning of the 12th there is supposed to be little available evidence. At least we are a fair distance from Catullus when we come to Pier Vidal's:

Good Lady, I think I see God when I gaze on your delicate body.

You may take this if you like *cum grano*. Vidal was confessedly erratic. Still it is an obvious change from the manner of the Roman classics, and it cannot be regarded as a particularly pious or Christian expression. If this state of mind was fostered by the writings of the early Christian Fathers, we must regard their influence as purely indirect and unintentional.

Richard St. Victor has left us one very beautiful passage on the Splendours of Paradise.

They are (he says) ineffable and innumerable and no man having beheld them can fittingly narrate of them or even remember them exactly. Nevertheless by naming over all the most beautiful things we know we may draw back upon the mind some vestige of the heavenly splendour.

I suggest that the Troubadour, either more indolent or more logical, progresses from correlating all these details for purpose of comparison, and lumps the matter. The Lady contains the catalogue, is more complete. She serves as a sort of *mantram*.

The lover stands ever in unintermittent imagination of his lady (*co-amantis*).

This is clause 30 of a chivalric code in Latin, purporting to have been brought to the court of Arthur. This code is not, I should say, the code of the '*trobar clus*,' not the esoteric rule, but such part of it as had been more generally propagated for the pleasure of Eleanor of Poitiers or Marie de Champagne.

Yet there is, in what I have called the 'natural course of events,' the exalted moment, the vision unsought, or at least the vision gained without machination.

As I have said, our servants of Amor, though they went pale and wept and suffered heat and cold, still came on nothing so apparently morbid as the 'dark night.' The electric current gives light where it meets resistance. I suggest that the living conditions of Provence gave the necessary restraint, produced the tension sufficient for the results, a tension unattainable under, let us say, the living conditions of imperial Rome.

So far as 'morals' go, or at least a moral code in the modern sense, which might interfere in art, Arnaut can no more be accused of having one than can Ovid. Yet the attitude of the Latin *doctor amoris* and that of the *gran' maestro de amor* are notably different, as for instance on such a matter as delay. Ovid takes no account of the psychic function,

It is perhaps as far a cry from a belief in higher affection to a mediumistic function or cult of Amor, as is the latter from Ovid. One must consider the temper of the time, and some of the most interesting evidence as to this temper has been gathered by Remy de Gourment, in *Le Latin Mystique*, from which I quote these scattered passages:

Qui pascis inter lilia
 Septus choreis virginum.
 Quocumque pergis virgines
 Sequuntur, atque laudibus
 Post te canentes cursitant,
 Hymnosque dulces personant.¹

(From 'Hymns to Christ.')

Nard of Colomba flourisheth;
 The little gardens flame with privet;
 Stay the glad maid with flowers,
 Encompass her with apple-boughs.

(From 'Ode on St. Colum.')

As for the *personæ* of the Christian cult they are indeed treated as Pagan gods—Apollo with his chorus of Muses, Adonis, the early slain '*Victima paschalis*'; yet in the *seculaire* of Godeschalk, a monk in the 11th century, we see a new refinement, an enrichment, I think, of Paganism. The god has at last succeeded in becoming human, and it is not the beauty of the god but the wonderful personality which is the goal of the love and the invocation.

The Pharisee murmurs when the woman weeps, conscious of guilt.

Sinner, he despises a fellow-in-sin. Thou, unacquainted with

¹ Who feedest 'mid the lilies,
 Ringed with dancing maidens.
 Where'er Thou runnest, maidens
 Follow, and with praises
 Run behind Thee singing,
 Carolling their sweet hymns,

sin, hast regard for the penitent, cleanse the soiled one, lovest her to make her most fair.

She embraces the feet of the master, washes them with tears, dries them with her hair; washing and drying them she anointed them with unguent, covered them with kisses.

These are the feasts which please thee, O Wisdom of the Father!

Born of the Virgin, who disdained not the touch of a sinner.

Chaste virgins, they immaculately offer unto the Lord the sacrifice of their pure bodies, choosing Christ for their deathless bridegroom.

O happy bridals, whereto there are no stains, no heavy dolours of child-birth, no rival-mistress to be feared, no nurse molestful!

Their couches, kept for Christ alone, are walled about by Angels of the Guard, who, with drawn swords, ward off the unclean lest any paramour defile them.

Therein Christ sleepeth with them: happy is this sleep, sweet the rest there, wherein true maid is fondled in the embraces of her heavenly spouse.

Adorned are they with fine linen, and with a robe of purple; their left hands hold lilies, their right hands roses.

On these the lamb feedeth, and with these is he refreshed; these flowers are his chosen food.

He leapeth, and boundeth and gamboleth among them.

With them doth he rest through the noon-heat.

It is upon their bosoms that he sleepeth at mid-day, placing his head between their virgin breasts.

Virgin Himself, born of a virgin mother, virginal retreats above all he seeketh and loveth.

Quiet is his sleep upon their bosoms, that no spot by any chance should soil His snowy fleece.

Give ear unto this canticle, most noble company of virgin devotees, that by it our devotion may with greater zeal prepare a temple for the Lord.

With such the language of the cloisters, would it be surprising that the rebels from it, the clerks who

did not take orders, should have transferred something of the manner, and something of the spirit, to the beauty of life as they found it? that souls who belonged, not in heaven but, by reason of their refinement, in some subtle plaisance, above, yes, somewhat above the mortal turmoil, should have chosen some middle way, something short of grasping at the union with the absolute, nor yet that their cult should have been extra-marital? Arnaut was taught in cloister, Dante praises certain '*prose di romanzi*' and no one can say precisely whether or no they werè such *prose* for music as the Latin sequence I have just quoted. Yet one would be rash to affirm that the '*passada folor*' which he laments (*Purg.* xxvi.) at almost the summit of the purifying hill, and just below the earthly paradise, was anything more than such deflection.

EZRA POUND.

ARCHAIC ROMANTICISM: THE DAWN OF NATURE PHILOSOPHY.¹

Professor KARL JOËL, PH.D., of the University of Basle.

God, Soul, Nature—all one Fire, one Life, in endless transformation! All flows, there is no being, but only becoming—such is the gospel of Heraclitus the Fire-spirit. For ever ‘becoming,’ too, are the Romanticists; they know it and would so have it. “You can only become a philosopher, never be one,” as Fr. Schlegel maintains, and praises Lessing’s “divine unrest,” and lays it down plainly that “Romantic poetry is still in the process of becoming; indeed its peculiarity is that it only becomes, it is never completed.” “In the whole universe of poetry nothing stops, all is in a state of becoming and of perpetual change.” Thus the Romanticists speak of the world of Poetry, and Heraclitus of the world of Nature. Are you proud of the difference? But the Romanticists declare precisely that Nature is a ‘poem,’ and teach: “If thou wouldst enter the inmost shrine of physics, then have thyself initiated into the mysteries of poesy.” “When we read and hear true poetry, we feel stirred to an inner understanding of Nature. Nature-searchers and poets have ever by their use of one and the same tongue shown themselves to be one and the same folk. Though the latter more than the former with nimble mind pursue

¹ See ‘The Romanticism of the First Thinkers of Hellas’ in the last number for the first part of this study.—ED.

after the Fleeting and the Fluid . . . still all the holy games of Art are but the distant copies of the one ceaseless world-play." And so Novalis speaks like a poet of the "primal sport of every nature," and feels himself able to understand that Nature which is the "one poem of the Deity," His "infinite plaything." All is play—such is the basal thought of the Romanticist, and appeal is made to the ancient lyricism of that Simonides, whose counsel is to take life as a game. But do you know who says it still more plainly? It was Heraclitus who compared human thoughts to children's games and the whole world-course to the play of a boy who moves pieces about on a draught board, and builds on the sea-shore sand castles which for ever fall to pieces.

All is play, thought and nature, soul and world, he teaches us, yet at the same time all is conflict. All is an Up and Down, change and alternation, an interchange of opposites—ebb and flow, the wave-play sweeps through soul and world. All is contrast, all changes from one thing into another, all becomes one in the interchange of contraries. Day turns into night, night into day; sleep and waking, death and life are one; all is at once cold and warm, young and old, good and bad. Such is the message of Heraclitus, and so the contrasts chase one another and fight together as relativities in the fluidic soul of Romanticism. "Between good and bad, joy and sorrow," Tieck counts "but one single second"; and for Novalis "man is in some way also woman and woman man," and "happiness and unhappiness are in perpetual balance." Fr. Schlegel lives "in a perpetual alternation of dejection and exuberance," in "waking dreams," and Novalis desires a blend of the tragic and comic and would be

ever at once asleep and awake. "Life is the beginning of death," "death and life are really one"; "death is life." And just like the Romanticists in this, so is Heraclitus at pains in an astonishing number of aphorisms to work out first the contrast and then the unity of life and death, sleeping and waking. "The living touches the dead, the waker the sleeper." Moreover for Heraclitus it is those without philosophy who are the sleepers, as for the Romanticists philosophising is "but a triple or double awaking." "Sleep itself is nothing but the inflow of that invisible world-sea, and waking the turn of the tide." Thus speaks Novalis, echoing—may it be?—the words of Heraclitus: "The dry soul is the wisest"; "the sleepers co-operate with the world-process."

Sleep and waking, death and life, give them the mighty wave-rhythm of the infinite life-process; for death, too, belongs to life. "Death is the means to life"; "through death life is enhanced." "Only in the midst of death does the flash of life eternal flame forth." "Death is transformation." Death and life are really one. So do the Romanticists proclaim. And Heraclitus, too, proclaims death as transformation, immortality, resurrection from the dead. For Hades and Dionysos, the god of death and the god of life, are one. "This nature-god," Novalis, as though it were, continues, "eats us, gives birth to us,—has himself eaten by us, conceived and engendered by us." The world is eternal change, a wrestling Up and Down; it must be stirred like barley-water, or else it forms a sediment—thus speaks the philosophic Bacchanal and *Mystēs* Heraclitus, as do also the early Orphics who interpreted in a cosmic sense the mixed chalice of Dionysos. The world is a wine-blend, a foaming mixture

of opposites, the world is strife, and the soul is also filled with strife. "For me polemics are the seal of the living activity of the divine in man," says Fr. Schlegel; and Romanticism fights against the "mob" with "holy passion," as indefatigably as Heraclitus the passionate combatant, the "mob-reviler," for whom war is the father and king of all things. The world is a battle and a play, a flood and a fire, an eternal transformation, an infinite life of pure passion.

Rhythm and harmony—that means music; peaceful harmonies soften the passions, impose rule on the infinite flux; fixed rhythm masters the stormy allegro of the Ionians. The Old Greek spirit speaks its second word in the Pythagoreans, yet not rudely. The Pythagorean chorus is early interwoven with the Ionian, as in canon-singing the bass joins in with the treble; and the Ionians let us hear as overtones what the Pythagoreans stress as melody. Already Anaximander hears behind the roar of the endless becoming the dull ticking of a world-clock—"Necessity," as "time-order"; and it is the foaming Heraclitus who speaks of the fixed masses of the becoming and of the world as a harmony of opposites. The world as a harmony of opposites, as order of the boundless—this the Pythagoreans also accept; but they lay more stress on order and harmony, while the Ionians lay more on the boundless and the struggle of contraries.

Our out-of-date manuals set a wide gulf here between the Eastern and Western Greeks. They forget that Pythagoras came from Ionian waters westward, that Ionian and Pythagorean principles, completing and conditioning one another and co-operat-

ing, are intermingled as matter and form, speed and check, time and measure, song and beat. Only from the sense of limit do we conceive the boundless, only from the barrierless the barrier, only from firm ground do we appreciate the stream and *vice versa*. One must first feel Pythagorically in order to think Ionically, and must first feel Ionically to think Pythagorically.

We can understand it only from lyric thought, from the nature of feeling. Can one then feel poetically without putting it into form? Let us take a poem: it is passion bridled by metre and rhythm. The Ionic flow hurries of itself into Pythagorean measure. The nature-philosophers are the contemporaries of the lyric poets. Feeling stands for a boundless living stream. Whither does its exuberance flow? Into harmony. Feeling is thus the impulse towards harmony. Music is the purest art of feeling. Pythagoreans and Romantics are equally musical fanatics. It is said that the Pythagoreans began the day with music, tamed their passions with music, spoke of philosophy as music, explained the nature of all things by music, and the whole universe 'according to' harmony. They taught the 'dance' of the heavenly bodies, and their eternal song as the 'music of the spheres.' All for them was harmony. The Romantics, too, would "expire in the great harmony of the universe." Novalis desired "that man might understand the inner music of Nature and have a sense of outer harmony," and he taught "how the stars had in a body joined the melodious choir." "We may say that Nature dances." "Nature is an Æolian harp, a musical instrument." "Musical relationships appear to me to be precisely the fundamental relationships of Nature." "Is it not true that rocks and woods obey music?" asks Novalis,

and he knows "the deep meaning of the old Orphic saga of the wonders of musical art and the secret teaching about music being a builder and tamer of the world." He claims the "philosopher as Orpheus." And the ancient nature-philosophers and especially the Pythagoreans are full of the Orphic spirit.

Pythagoreanism and Orphism have been called the male and female side of the same root-tendency; they seem as closely bound together as the Pythagoreans are bound up with women, whose names are given greater prominence in this school of philosophers than in any other ancient school, almost as much as among the Romanticists. Women submit to the authority of the sacred order. The Romantic longing "to become like unto God," and to make all life the "service of God," a "priestly service," was the conscious effort of the early Pythagoreans. Human life must be well ordered even as the universe is harmoniously ordered, a cosmos—a term first used by the Pythagoreans. Cosmos means adornment—to understand this one must listen to. Novalis demanding the pious contemplation of Nature, which seeks "to embrace" the world "in the full extent of its concatenation," not because of its dismemberment forgetting "the flashing circlet which binds her limbs together in due order and forms the holy, heavenly lustre, and finds itself blessed in gazing on this living ornament poised o'er the depths of night."

The world is order, therefore must life be order. The world is a harmony of opposites, according to the discovery of the Pythagoreans. In human life equilibrium can only be maintained through opposites, according to Fr. Schlegel and Wilhelm Meister. Human life consists of opposites, as Alcmaeon, who ranks with

the early Pythagoreans, discovered, and felt himself called upon as a physician to keep it in equilibrium. And thus we now understand Novalis: "Every illness is a musical problem; healing is a musical resolution. The shorter and more complete the resolution, the greater is the physician's musical talent. Should one not be able to cure diseases by diseases?" "All arts and sciences rest upon partial harmonies."

All is music, and therefore all is number—so taught the Pythagoreans from their old master onward who measured tone by the string-length. They are as ardent mathematicians as musicians. And so again will the Romanticists be. They sing the praises of mathematics precisely as a means of explaining the world, just like the Pythagoreans, and even beyond them. They demand not only "mathematical enthusiasm," but Novalis himself exclaims enthusiastically: "Mathematicians alone are happy." "The life of the gods is mathematics"; the "mathematician knows all." "All historic science tends towards mathematics; mathematical force is ordering force. All mathematical knowledge tends to become again philosophical, to become ensouled or rationalised; then to become poetical, moral, and lastly religious." It is a return; we can trace the transitional stages in the religious-moral - artistic - philosophical - mathematical Pythagoreans. And we see it in the Romanticists, how feeling, how music, seeks to settle into the measure and form of numbers. "Music has much in common with algebra," says Novalis; but that is saying too little. He hears everything as music, and hears number in all music; he hears everything as rhythm, and hears in rhythm the order by which we distinguish all. "Years and days, life and fate are all, strangely

enough, rhythmic, metric; they keep time. In all arts and crafts, in all machinery, in organic bodies, in our daily affairs—everywhere rhythm, metre, beating of time, melody; rhythm is everywhere.” “All method is rhythm; with power over rhythm one has power over the world. Every man has his own rhythm. Algebra is poetry; the sense of rhythm is genius.” In rhythm the Pythagorean Romanticist gets at the world’s meaning. He would put the world into verse; like those ancients, he would lay hold of the world to give it form, to bring it into harmony. Therefore he hears the sound of verse in Nature, and in verse he perceives the order of Nature. Rhythm vibrates for him as world-law. “When we read and hear real poems, we feel an inner understanding of Nature stirring—the natural philosopher and poet have one language.” And when in some brain “the great rhythm of the periodic hexameters, that inner poetical mechanism, has become a second nature, then the deep meaning of the secret teaching of music as fashioner and soother of the universe is revealed. Because the highest thoughts spontaneously associate these singular vibrations and meet together in the richest and most manifold order.”

Strange! The Pythagoreans listen to strains on the strings, hear music playing in all the world, tune all to harmony, yet do not sing themselves. The harmony is there; but it is the Elcatics and their successor Empedocles who are the first to wed words to melody. They introduce harmony with their Nature-epics; they really let “the inner sense of Nature,” as the Romanticist says, “have free play” in poetry, and let “the highest thoughts,” the thoughts of the universe, link themselves to the “mighty rhythm of

the hexameter." And what do they sing? They sing of the One in Nature. It may sound otherwise, as Fr. Schlegel sings:

"In our variegated earthly dream there sounds through
all the notes

A gentle tone struck for him alone who listens
secretly."

Yet even the ancient Eleatics listened for that One, and let the variegated colouring of earth pale into dreams, and die away into seeming. Wherever too I let my spirit stray, all is for me resolved into a unity; such is the thought put into the mouth of Xenophanes, the choros-leader of the Eleatics. And this world-unity is for him the godhead, and the godhead is eternal and unchangeable. I think here of Fr. Schlegel's 'centre' doctrine: God as the "person of the universe," as "centre," and "God eternal, like unto Himself and immutable"; so he expresses it in his *Ideas*.

Here I hear the objection: It is a far cry from the rigid monism of the Eleatics to the serene and pious enthusiasm of the Romanticists. Yet one must not think of the Eleatics as Indian penitents and grave-makers! Xenophanes, the ancient minstrel, strikes up his hymn to the world-divinity to the clink of the wine-cup, and Parmenides begins with a heaven-journey. From Xenophanes to Melissos the Eleatics preach a divinised world, the oneness of the world in God, as God, as pantheism. And does not Novalis speak of the Nature-god, who gives us birth and eats us, and whom we eat and bring forth; and is not Romanticism full of pantheistic and monistic craving? Romanticism would unify all things, even to the fusing together of all opposites. One says naturally: Unifica-

tion is not unity. Assuredly to the Eleatic unity is truth and reality, to the Romanticist ideal and longing. The latter seeks what the former found. And for this reason again I say the Eleatics are not Romanticists. They teach naïvely what Romanticism teaches sentimentally.

But one must not insist too much on the contrast as if there were no middle way. Even Romanticism at times pins down unity to dogma, and in the old Nature-epicists it soars at times to the ideal. Does not Xenophanes dwell more upon the unity of God than of the world? And to Empedocles is not unity only the state of bliss which this world has lost, but to which it will some day return? as at the end of Novalis' *Ofterdingen* all species and natural antitheses 'return' to unity? But how about Parmenides, the greatest, most stern of the Eleatics? Ah! let us gaze a little longer at those stern features and we shall find beneath them the tender smile of love! It is hard to believe; but is it easier to believe than that Parmenides saw nothing but an inflexible One, and would and could wilfully blind himself to the glorious fulness? He has indeed later on described the phenomenal world of the manifold, and dowered it with meaning and tendency towards true unity. Does not then unity also become for him the ideal? And does not unity drive the fulness of the world necessarily back into the ideal, whether that ideal be one of knowledge or of striving?

Unity as ideal, as longing, as Romanticism, is love; the restoration of unity to a divided world means love, and from that we understand what our manual-writers do not understand, why the fanatics of unity, why above all Parmenides exalts Erōs to be the first-

born god, and intentionally places the goddess of love who incites to birth and pairing, in the midst of the sense-world. Fr. Schlegel thinks that a primal love must have preceded the primordial generation, and extols Chaos which "awaits only the touch of love in order to develop into a world of harmony." "All life must spring from love"; "God is the source of love," the world "the hieroglyph of the one eternal love." W. Schlegel also sees "the ensouling spirit of primordial love" hovering "over the waters." And Novalis feels the "inner life of Nature" as "that mighty feeling for which there is no other name than love and lust as the focus of immeasurable, creative power," and he gazes at the "history of the generative power in Nature, and that fixed point deposited amid the infinite fluidity becomes for him a new revelation of the genius of love." And as Romanticism, and as did also Parmenides before him, so does Empedocles extol the world-building force of love; true he acknowledges the separating force of strife, but love is to him the higher force, the organically formative, harmonising, ideal force, and he feels repentant for having "trusted in strife," and praises the golden age when there was no god of battle, and indeed no god and king at all, but "only a queen—love."

"Only a queen—love"—did not the ancient sage herewith pronounce the motto of Romanticism? "Only the intellect separates women and love," says the Romanticist. Thence we may understand the peculiar feminism of Parmenides, who was himself conducted by maidens above to the goddess of truth, and announces from her as Pythia all wisdom, and who, like Fr. Schlegel, regards as the "world-centre" the goddess of love, the far-famed Aphrodite. Who

would have believed it of him, the stern Eleatic, before whose "icy abstractions" even Nietzsche shuddered? The deity of Nature who first created Erōs, is for him female, as for Novalis "the whole of Nature is indeed feminine, virgin and mother at once." And the erotic feministic tendency of Parmenides continues in Empedocles. Imploring the muse as the "white-armed maid," he represents the elements breeding as two pairs; and fixes his gaze on "the Earth-mother and the far-seeing Sun-maiden, blood-stained Discord and grave-eyed Harmony, Lady Beautiful and Lady Ugly, Lady Quick and Lady Laggard, lovable Truthfulness and black-haired Confusion"; and all the others also are female for him, "the spirits of growth and waning, sleeping and waking, motion and rest, of richly-dight splendour and of dirt, of silence and speech." He compares breathing to a maiden playing with a water-clock, and he believes himself in one of his transmigrations to have been a girl. Now Charis, now Anankē, is to him the mistress of the world, but above all Love or Aphrodite. She, "who excites thoughts of love and establishes concord between men, she it is also who whirls round in the elements; yet this is unknown to mortal man"

True, the immortal Empedocles who holds the world less than the soul, knows that but for love conflict is always being waged in it, equally necessary to the world's development; just as Fr. Schlegel in his *Lucinde* believes he feels and sees the "eternal discord by means of which all things come into being and exist," the "endless warfare down to the most hidden depths of existence." Yet still, as is said in the same *Lucinde*, "not hatred but love is the source of being." So also Empedocles describes in word-picture how love

conjoins earthly forms out of the elements, how all things yearn in love for one another, and from afar combine in a "world-order of love"; how Aphrodite waters the earth, and then gives it over to fire for solidification; how, "under the hands and with the love-nails of divine Aphrodite," the bodies of the animals are put together, and the eyes formed; and how the earth "has cast anchor in the perfect haven of Aphrodite." Aphrodite, Aphrodite, queen and creatress of the world — so is it echoed through many a fragment of Empedocles, reminding one of Fr. Schlegel's: "Whoever does not learn to know Nature through love will never know her."

At least not philosophically according to Romanticism. For, says Novalis, "dephilosophise science, and what remains? Earth, air and water," the isolated elements of Empedocles, which as philosopher however he binds together through love, that love which dwells in his own soul. He confesses it thus: "Only with our love can we grasp the world's love, and its hatred with our miserable hate," just as we "view the earth with our earthiness and the heavenly air with our air," etc. For like can only be perceived by like. So he teaches, as formerly did Parmenides, and as Novalis after him: "The eye sees nothing as eye; thought sees nothing as thought." They teach the attraction of like for like, in which the Magus is at home, as was Empedocles, who travelled through all the Grecian lands as a thaumaturgist, just such a Magus as again the Romanticist would like to be, and as Novalis yearns for as the ideal man. The 'Magus' knows the interrelation of Nature; he masters Nature through love. He knows, like Novalis, "how the world was brought forth by means of marvellous sympathy";

he sees with Empedocles "the earth tuned to harmony through love," sees also with him "the white bones formed and fitted together, divinely beautiful, with the mortar of harmony." And all harmony, says Fr. Schlegel, "is a gift of love."

Three words were spoken one after another at the birth of Greek philosophy. The Ionian said: I hear the world rushing like an infinite stream. The Pythagorean said: And I hear music in it and rhythmic harmony. The Eleatic said: And all is fused in love, and dies away into one. Out of the infinite through number and harmony to unity! The teachings follow one another; but do not think that they are therefore so very different and separate in origin. The Ionians teach also unity and harmony, and the Eleatics also teach harmony and infinity. And the same three doctrines return again united with the Romanticists. Is that so very wonderful? The world is for them at once infinite, harmonious, single. Theory may divide, intellect may even frame contradictions, but in life and feeling they are united. For what is our own experience of life? We feel life as a streaming fulness, which is at the same time rhythmical order in the circulation of our blood, in our breathing, in our pulse-beat, and at the same time also the whole and the unity of being. To live life means to feel, and in feeling all deliquesces, all is harmonised, all melts together. Feeling knows nothing of sharp divisions and fixed boundaries. All is for it at once infinity and unity, and both are merged together by harmonious symmetry. Feeling needs symmetry to equalise the flood of the infinite in the peace of oneness. It is a self-adjustment—or is the poet's highest feeling to clothe itself in rhyme

and metre and rhythm only according to his whim and fancy? His exalted feeling needs symmetry just as the tide needs the rhythm of the waves. To comprehend the world as infinite flux, as harmony and unity—means living it out, feeling it out. So did the great originators of Greek world-wisdom; and thus it behoves the beginner. First we must lay hold of the world with the living feeling of youth, before we bring it with experienced eye under the cold light of the scientific magnifying-glass. The youthful Romanticists wanted to begin again, and like the old ones they lived out and felt out the world. They wanted to remain youthful, and we must not blame them for that. But the world repeats its periods; if youth returns, the greybeard also matures. Doubtless there is immature science, but there is also over-matured, Alexandrian, scholastic knowledge. It may happen that the analyses of science grow sterile, its frontiers become fixed, that for it the organic cools down to the mechanical, to death. Then is the time to go back to the origins, and drink oneself young again at the sources of the old, ever youthful sages.

KARL JOËL.

THE MEANING OF TAOISM
AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE BOOK OF
LIEH TZŨ.

LIONEL GILES, M.A.

IN order to have a clear understanding of the philosophy of Taoism, we cannot begin with Lieh Tzŭ. The founder of this philosophy, or at any rate the first who clearly enunciated the doctrine of Tao, is the great thinker Lao Tzŭ, who is said to have lived 600 years B.C., and it is essential that the student of Taoism should equip himself for his task by making a thorough study of Lao Tzŭ's recorded sayings. These are to be found in the little treatise—only 5,000 words in all—known as the *Tao Tê Ching*, which has been translated over and over again into various languages. Unfortunately, this book is, to some extent, under a cloud. That is to say, it is suspected by some scholars of being a forgery of a comparatively late date (say, the first century B.C.), put together from various other Taoist writings, and only incorporating a few traditional sayings of Lao Tzŭ himself. This is an extreme view, which in my opinion is absolutely untenable. Though the work as we have it seems to be more or less of a patchwork, it is evidently an early patchwork, which took its present shape at least five centuries B.C. It appears to me to contain the reasoned system of a great philosopher who cannot by any possibility have come after the two famous writers Lieh Tzŭ and

Chuang Tzŭ. The philosophy of these writers presupposes, and indeed is wholly based on, the work of some great and original master-mind. They themselves make no pretension to be originators in any sense. On the contrary, they constantly acclaim Lao Tzŭ as their master. Now, the pregnant sayings of the *Tao Tê Ching* are undeniably the work of a master-mind, the like of which has never again been seen in China. What more natural than to accept the tradition which attributes the thoughts, if not the actual words, of the *Tao Tê Ching* to Lao Tzŭ? Taoism has been unmistakably modified, expanded and developed by the time we come to its next oldest exponent, Lieh Tzŭ.

But here again, it is necessary to be cautious. Until we have established the genuineness of Lieh Tzŭ's own work, it is obvious that no argument as to the development of Taoism can be based upon it. The scope of the present paper forbids me, of course, to enter into details, and I can only lay before the reader my conclusion on the subject, which is that the book of Lieh Tzŭ is genuine, in the sense that the major portion of it, at least, faithfully represents the thoughts and utterances of that master, as recorded by his disciples. The nucleus of the work, then, is to be assigned to the fourth century B.C., for we know on historical grounds that Lieh Tzŭ himself was alive at some date not long anterior to 398. Having once settled this point, we can see the immense importance for the study of Taoism which must attach to Lieh Tzŭ's work. It is an attempt to translate the lofty sentiments of Lao Tzŭ into terms of actual human life; and here for the first time we have an indication of the lines along which the Taoist system began to develop. The pithy maxims of the *Tao Tê Ching*,

containing thoughts more profound and original than are to be found in any other treatise three times its length, have been caught up, tested, illuminated, explained. The sayings of Lao Tzŭ are elemental in their naked grandeur, but they seem more fit to be chiselled in the living rock of some majestic mountain-side than to be written down as ordinary rules of conduct in a book. The atmosphere that Lao Tzŭ breathes is too rarefied for the common run of mankind. Turning from him to Lieh Tzŭ is like passing from Winter to Spring. The frozen buds have germinated and blossomed forth, there is warmth and vitality and colour; not that we cannot find sublimity as well. The account of the world's beginning in the first book is something after the style of Lao Tzŭ. But it is more lucid, more definite, more scientific. Lao Tzŭ was content to stand and wonder, confessing his inability to fathom the mystery of the Universe. Lieh Tzŭ has advanced a step, and thought out a regular cosmogony. Take this from the *Tao Tê Ching* :

Tao in itself is vague, impalpable,—how impalpable, how vague! Yet within it there is Form. How vague, how impalpable! Yet within it there is Substance. How profound, how obscure! Yet within it there is a Vital Principle. This principle is the quintessence of Reality, and out of it comes Truth. . . . There is something, chaotic yet complete, which existed before Heaven and Earth. Oh, how still it is, and formless, standing alone without changing, reaching everywhere without suffering harm. It must be regarded as the Mother of the Universe. Its name I know not. To designate it, I call it Tao. Endeavouring to describe it, I call it Great.

With this compare Lieh Tzŭ :

There is a Creative Principle which is itself uncreated; there is a Principle of Change which is itself unchanging. The Uncreated is able to create life; the Unchanging is able to effect

change. That which is produced cannot but continue producing; that which is evolved cannot but continue evolving. Hence there is constant production and constant evolution. The law of constant production and of constant evolution at no time ceases to operate. . . . Hence we say, there is a great Principle of Change, a great Origin, a great Beginning, a great Primordial Simplicity. In the great Change substance is not yet manifest. In the great Origin lies the beginning of substance. In the great Beginning lies the beginning of material form. In the great Simplicity lies the beginning of essential qualities. When substance, form and essential qualities are still indistinguishably blended together, it is called Chaos. Chaos means that all things are chaotically intermixed and not yet separated from one another. The purer and lighter elements, tending upwards, made the Heaven; the grosser and heavier elements, tending downwards, made the Earth. Substance, harmoniously proportioned, became Man; and, Heaven and Earth containing thus a spiritual element, all things were evolved and produced.

Discussion has been rife as to the origin of the conception of Tao, and the reason why that particular name should have been selected. Tao means way, path or road, and in very early times it was used as a figure of speech for the 'way' or method of doing a thing. Thus, Tao came to denote a line, rule or principle of conduct. Now, there are two Chinese words for 'God': *Ti*, 'Sovereign,' and *T'ien*, 'Heaven.' The latter was specially used for the Power which directs and controls the great visible forces of Nature, and causes the sun, moon and stars to shine in alternate day and night. The laws or principles governing these phenomena thus came to be summed up in the phrase *T'ien Tao*, 'The Way of Heaven.' Lao Tzŭ himself uses this expression several times:

Without going out of doors, one may know the whole world; without looking out of the window, one may see the Way of Heaven.

It is the Way of Heaven not to strive, and yet it knows how to overcome.

And the last sentence in the *Tao Tê Ching* reads :

This is the Way of Heaven, which benefits and injures not. This is the way of the Sage, in whose actions there is no element of strife.

He also plays upon the original meaning of the word :

If we had sufficient knowledge to walk in the Great Way, what we should most fear would be boastful display. The Great Way is very smooth, but the people love the by-paths.

Here we have a new and important step in the process of transition. *T'ien Tao*, the Way of Heaven, becomes *Ta Tao*, the Great Way; and by-and-by, dropping the word 'great,' we get simply Tao, 'The Way.' This derivation also throws a useful sidelight on the meaning and import of Tao, as used ultimately by Lao Tzŭ and his successors. We begin with *T'ien*, which is nearer in sense to 'God' than 'Heaven,' though it denotes a deity somewhat more impersonal, perhaps, than is usually implied in our word 'God.' Then comes the Way of God, next the Great Way, and finally the Way, without any qualification. God vanishes but the Way remains. What is the meaning of this remarkable transition? It means, in brief, that Religion has yielded to Philosophy, and that observation of Nature has taken the place of blind faith in the supernatural. 'God' is a term that tends to become less tangible and less definite as man's intellectual faculties grow clearer. The savage will worship as a god any human being whom he recognises as being stronger and more powerful than himself and other ordinary men. As he grows more civilised, his

ideas become less crude, and his God is no longer a man of the same shape and substance as himself, but something invisible, mysterious and awe-inspiring—a spirit. All the same, this spirit is still invested with certain human attributes. He may no longer wear the outward semblance of a man, but he retains most of the mental and moral equipment of one. Such, in a pre-eminent degree, was Jehovah, the cruel, jealous, irascible God of the Old Testament. But such also, we must remember, is the loving and merciful God generally accepted by modern orthodox Christianity. The early Chinese Taoists thus represent a step forward of incalculable importance, for in their philosophy the personal, quasi-human God begins to fade and sink into the background, while there emerges now the idea of an impersonal God, a Way, Working or Law, which takes the place of the deified Sovereign or the personified Heaven. This impersonal God, or Tao, is of course far more easily to be reconciled with the stern facts of Nature as they are vouchsafed to our senses. There is an inexorability, a blind impartiality, about the workings of Nature which seem in strange contradiction with the hypothesis of a benevolent Providence.

Nature (says Lao Tzŭ) is not benevolent: she looks upon all creatures in the same light as the straw dogs that are used in sacrifices.

And Chuang Tzŭ apostrophises Tao in a similar strain:

O my exemplar! Thou who destroyest all things, and dost not account it cruelty; Thou who benefitest all time, and dost not account it charity; Thou who art older than antiquity and dost not account it age; Thou who supportest the universe, shaping the many forms therein, and dost not account it skill!

Is Tao, then, synonymous with Nature? Not so,

if by 'Nature' we mean the sensible functions of things, the material operations of the Universe. Lao Tzŭ was no materialist, and conceived of Tao neither as material substance nor yet as a manifestation of active force. It is the first Cause, from which all substance may be said to arise, and all phenomena to flow; it is that which makes everything to be what it is. It is the power which underlies the forces of Nature. This distinction is very clearly brought out by Lieh Tzŭ.

On the one hand, there is life, and on the other, there is that which produces life; there is form, and there is that which imparts form; there is sound, and there is that which causes sound; there is colour, and there is that which causes colour; there is taste, and there is that which causes taste. The source of life is death; but that which produces life never comes to an end. The origin of form is matter; but that which imparts form has no material existence. The genesis of sound lies in the sense of hearing; but that which causes sound is never audible to the ear. The source of colour is vision; but that which produces colour never manifests itself to the eye. The origin of taste lies in the palate; but that which causes taste is never perceived by that sense. All these phenomena are functions of the inactive principle, Tao.

Tao, then, is the transcendental Principle of the Universe, which partially manifests itself in the workings of Nature; and through these workings we are able to gain some dim notion of its essence:

Thus it is that Tao, engendering all things, nourishes them, develops them and fosters them; perfects them, ripens them, tends them and protects them. Production without possession, action without self-assertion, development without domination: this is its mysterious operation.

To this quotation from *Tao Té Ching* we may add the following from Lieh Tzŭ:

That, then, which engenders all things is itself unengendered;

that by which all things are evolved is itself untouched by evolution. Self-engendered and self-evolved, it has in itself the elements of substance, appearance, wisdom, strength, dispersion and concentration. Yet it would be a mistake to call it by any one of these names.

This brings us to what is perhaps Lieh Tzŭ's outstanding achievement in the domain of philosophic thought. He was the first Chinese writer to show a clear appreciation of the law of perpetual evolution. Lao Tzŭ, it is true, has the following suggestive passage :

All things alike do their work, and then we see them subside. When they have reached their bloom, each returns to its origin. Returning to their origin means rest or fulfilment of destiny. This reversion is an eternal law.

But it was reserved for Lieh Tzŭ to point out that beginning and end, life and death, are really only relative terms, and that being and not-being follow one another in a never-ending cycle.

Without motion (he says) there is no generation. Being takes its rise out of Not-Being. That which has shape and substance must come to an end. Heaven and Earth, then, have an end, even as we all have an end. But whither the end leads us is unknown. The course of evolution ends where it started, without a beginning; it finishes up where it began, in Not-Being. That which has life returns again into the Lifeless; that which has substance returns again into the Insubstantial.

The commentary adds :

When there is conglomeration, substance comes into being; when there is dispersion, it comes to an end. That is what we mortals mean by beginning and end. But although for us, in a state of conglomeration, this condensation of substance constitutes a beginning, and its dispersion an end, from the standpoint of dispersion, it is void and calm that constitute the beginning, and condensation of substance the end. Hence there is perpetual

alternation in what constitutes beginning and end, and the underlying Truth is that there is neither any beginning nor any end at all.

Another remarkable passage occurs a little later on :

Evolution is never-ending. But who can perceive the secret processes of Heaven and Earth ? Thus, things that are diminished here are augmented there ; things that are made whole in one place suffer loss in another. Diminution and augmentation, fullness and decay are the constant accompaniments of life and death. They alternate in continuous succession, and we are not conscious of any interval. The whole body of spiritual substance progresses without a pause ; the whole body of material substance suffers decay without intermission. But we do not perceive the process of completion, nor do we perceive the process of decay. Man, likewise, from birth to old age becomes something different every day in face and form, in wisdom and in conduct. His skin, his nails and his hair are continually growing and continually perishing. In infancy and childhood there is no stopping nor respite from change. Though imperceptible while it is going on, it may be verified afterwards if we wait.

Even as there is no end to the process of evolution, so there can be no end or final cause which Nature has in view for our benefit or the reverse. There is no partiality in Nature, which is, as it were, the reflection of Tao. This point is humorously brought out in the following short anecdote :

Mr. T'ien, of the Ch'i State, was holding an ancestral banquet in his hall, to which a thousand guests were bidden. As he sat in their midst, many came up to him with presents of fish and game. Eyeing them approvingly, he exclaimed with unction : "How generous is Almighty God to man ! He makes the five kinds of grain to grow, and creates the finny and the feathered tribes, especially for our benefit." All Mr. T'ien's guests applauded this sentiment to the echo ; but the twelve-year-old son of a Mr. Pao, regardless of seniority, came forward and said : "You are wrong, my lord. All the living creatures of the Universe stand in the

same category as ourselves, and one is of no greater intrinsic value than another. It is only by reason of size, strength or cunning that some particular species gains the mastery, or that one preys upon another. None of them are produced in order to subserve the uses of others. Man catches and eats those that are fit for food, but how can it be maintained that God creates these expressly for man's use? Mosquitoes and gnats suck man's blood, and tigers and wolves devour his flesh; but we do not therefore assert that God created man expressly for the benefit of mosquitoes and gnats, or to provide food for tigers and wolves."

All the phenomena of this conditioned universe are subject to the law of causality, which appears in Lieh Tzŭ now as the 'theory of consequents,' and now in the guise of an allegorical figure called '*Ming*,' Fate or Destiny. In the course of a dialogue which Destiny has with *Li* (a term which is analogous to our Free Will, but is better translated 'Effort') it is made clear that the operation of human forces is not something independent and apart from the general scheme of Nature, but that it too has to bow before the greater law of Destiny which includes it. In other words, Lieh Tzŭ is a determinist, and refuses to exclude man from the universal law of causality. All the same, it never occurs to him that such a doctrine has anything very dreadful about it. On the contrary, true peace of mind, he thinks, is only to be gained by full recognition of this immutable law, by complete self-abandonment and resignation to the decrees of Fate.

For one who believes in Destiny, there is no such thing as longevity or early death. For one who believes in the Law of Nature, there is no such thing as right or wrong. For one who trusts to the instincts of his heart, there is no such thing as opposition or agreement. For one who trusts to inborn temperament, there is no such thing as safety or danger. Of such a one we may say that, trusting nothing, he places his trust in everything. There you have truth pure and undefiled. Why make a point of

going or of coming? Why be sorry or why be glad? Why act, or why refrain from action?

Death, in particular, is no more to be dreaded than any other stage in our evolution. Hence Lieh Tzŭ cannot countenance or approve the futile search for means whereby Death may be escaped.

The end (he says) can no more be avoided than the living creature can help having been born. So that he who hopes to perpetuate his life or to shut out Death is deceived in his calculations.

It is curious to think how completely the mis-called Taoists of the succeeding age, only a couple of centuries later, had forgotten this wise admonition, busying themselves as they did almost exclusively with alchemy and the fabled elixir which would confer immortality on its happy possessor.

So much for what may be termed the metaphysical side of Lieh Tzŭ's teaching. But the early Taoists were not content with rearing this new and imposing structure of transcendental philosophy; they aimed at carrying their speculations into the domain of practical conduct, and at laying down a set of new ethical rules for the guidance of mankind. So far, we have seen that their message can be condensed into the maxim: "Live without care, die without fear." We must now seek for further indications as to what they considered to be the best way of living one's life in this rough, work-a-day world. It will be found, as we should expect, that the ethics of Taoism are based on the conclusions already arrived at as to the nature of that Unseen Power which governs the universe. Tao is the great exemplar, and it is on Tao that the wise man will model himself, however great the difficulties that seem to stand in the way. What says Lao Tzŭ?

When the superior scholar hears of Tao, he diligently practises it. When the average scholar hears of Tao, he sometimes retains it, sometimes loses it. When the inferior scholar hears of Tao, he loudly laughs at it. Were it not thus ridiculed, it would not be worthy of the name of Tao. He who is enlightened by Tao seems wrapped in darkness. He who is advanced in Tao seems to be going back. He who walks smoothly in Tao seems to be on a rugged path.

The early Taoists certainly had the courage of their convictions, and having made up their minds to follow Tao, they did not shrink from accepting the necessary consequences of that decision. Let us see what 'following Tao' implies. Lao Tzŭ says :

All things in Nature work silently. They come into being and possess nothing. They fulfil their functions and make no claim.

The Taoist, then, must avoid ostentation and display; he must go about his work quietly, without fuss or worry, and take no credit for what he achieves. He must be content to renounce riches and rank, and live a life of the utmost simplicity, as independent as possible of external trappings, and finding his true happiness within himself. Above all, he must be modest, humble and yielding, free from self-assertion and pride.

He who is great (says Lao Tzŭ), must make humility his base; he who is high must make lowliness his foundation. (And again :) I have three precious things, which I hold fast and prize. The first is gentleness; the second is frugality; and the third is humility, which keeps me from putting myself before others. Be gentle, and you can be bold; be frugal, and you can be liberal; avoid putting yourself before others, and you can become a leader among men.

But these virtues, though more or less negative in character, and therefore safeguarded against the danger

of reaction, are not really an end in themselves, and are to be regarded rather as stepping-stones, as it were, on the road to true wisdom. We have seen that Nature is not benevolent; and, hard though the saying may appear at first sight, the Sage will not be benevolent either. The human mind is so fettered by its artificial distinctions, and the sharp antithesis of positive and negative, right and wrong, that it can hardly conceive of an absence of goodness being anything but evil. To its imperfect apprehension, the man who abstains from active benevolence must surely, in some degree, be actuated by its opposite. This is the fatal error which the Taoist philosophers strove to confute. The aim of the perfect Sage, they tell us, is to transcend all virtues and all vices, and taking Tao itself as his model, to preserve his mind in a state of harmonious balance, absolutely passive and quiescent, free from all disturbing influences and making no effort in any direction. In his favourite form of a dream, Lieh Tzŭ draws for us the picture of an ideal Taoist community:

The kingdom of Hua-hsü was without head or ruler; it simply went on of itself. Its people were without desire or cravings; they simply followed their natural instincts. They felt neither joy in life nor abhorrence of death; thus they came to no untimely ends. They felt neither attachment to self nor indifference to others; thus they were exempt from love and hatred alike. They knew neither aversion from one course nor inclination to another; hence profit and loss existed not among them. All were equally untouched by the emotions of love and sympathy, of jealousy and fear.

But, it will be objected, this implies nothing more nor less than a condition of mental vacancy bordering on stupor. Surely this is not the state of mind which Taoism advocates? It is true that Lao Tzŭ himself

does not press the point. He certainly enjoins us to "attain complete vacuity, and sedulously preserve a state of repose." But it would be easy to find other sayings of his which are inconsistent with this precept. On the whole, it seems either that Lao Tzŭ did not fully realise what the consequences of out-and-out Taoism must be, or that, realising it, he preferred inconsistency and common sense to a system which has only to be stated to be condemned as totally inapplicable to mankind. Those who came after him however, did not recoil from the strictest deductions from the premisses laid down by their Master. Lieh Tzŭ has several anecdotes which tend to show that nothing short of complete mental indifference and abstraction will satisfy the highest type of man.

Lung Shu said to the physician Wên Chih: "You are the master of cunning arts. I have a disease. Can you cure it, Sir?" "So far," replied Wên Chih, "you have only acquainted me with your desire. Please let me know first the symptoms of your disease." "I hold it no honour," said Lung Shu, "to be praised in my native village nor do I consider it a disgrace to be decried in my native State. Gain excites in me no joy, and loss no sorrow. I look upon life in the same light as death, upon riches in the same light as poverty, upon my fellow-men as so many swine, and upon myself as I look upon my fellow-men. I dwell in my home as though it were a caravanserai, and regard my native district with no more feeling than I would a barbarian State. Afflicted as I am in these various ways, honours and rewards fail to rouse me, pains and penalties to overawe me, good or bad fortune to influence me, joy or grief to move me. Thus I am incapable of serving my sovereign, of associating with my friends and kinsmen, of directing my wife and children, or of controlling my servants and retainers. What disease is this, and what remedy is there that will cure it?" Wên Chih replied by asking Lung Shu to stand with his back to the light, while he himself faced the light and looked at him intently. "Ah!" said he after a while, "I see that a good square inch of your heart is hollow. You are within an ace of being a

true Sage. Six of the orifices in your heart are open and clear, and only the seventh is blocked up. [It was an ancient belief that the Sage had seven orifices in his heart, the seat of the understanding.] This, however, is doubtless due to the fact that you are mistaking for a disease that which is really divine enlightenment. It is a case in which my shallow art is of no avail."

The energetic and practical Western mind can have little sympathy with teaching which, if put into universal practice, could have but one result—the total stoppage and stagnation of all human activity whatsoever. But Lieh Tzū goes even further than this. Lung Shu, in the anecdote I have just read, is told that his mental condition, so far from being diseased, as he himself had not unnaturally supposed, is the only one that, from the Taoist point of view, can be considered truly healthy. Suppose, however, that he *had* been suffering from a mental disease, which produced these symptoms of listlessness and indifference: then, Lieh Tzū maintains, that disease is positively preferable to the normal state of mind in which human beings live and pursue their daily avocations. And this, in brief, is the story in which he seeks to convey this extraordinary lesson:

There was a man named Hua Tzū who was afflicted in middle age by the disease of amnesia or forgetfulness. So absent-minded was he that, out-of-doors, he forgot to walk; indoors, he forgot to sit down. At any given moment, he had no recollection of what had just taken place; and a little later on, he could not even recollect what had happened then. After various remedies had been tried by his family in vain, a certain professor came along, who realised that the disease, being mental, could only be combated by influencing the patient's mind and turning the current of his thoughts. The treatment proved entirely successful, and one fine morning Hua Tzū regained full possession of his faculties. To everybody's astonishment, however, he immediately flew into a great rage, drove his wife out of doors, beat his sons, and snatching

up a spear, hotly pursued the professor through the town. On being arrested and asked to explain his conduct, this is what he said: "Lately, when I was steeped in forgetfulness, my senses were so benumbed that I was quite unconscious of the existence of the outer world. But now I have been brought suddenly to a perception of the events of half a lifetime. Preservation and destruction, gain and loss, sorrow and joy, love and hate have begun to throw out their myriad tentacles to invade my peace; and these emotions will, I fear, continue to keep my mind in the state of turmoil that I now experience. Oh! if I could but recapture a short moment of that blessed oblivion!"

Who, then, is the true Sage? He, and he alone, who, having succeeded in emancipating himself from the illusions of sense and all undue regard for the accidents of external form, has reached a pitch of mental abstraction and inward concentration which, from the outsider's point of view, is hardly to be distinguished from unconsciousness. To such a Sage we are introduced in Lieh Tzŭ's fourth book, where we must look for the crown and culmination of Taoist ethical doctrine.

When the Master Lieh Tzŭ settled down, disciples flocked to him from far and wide. Nan-kuo Tzŭ was his next-door neighbour, but for twenty years no visit passed between them, and when they met in the street they made as though they had not seen each other. [The commentator says: There was a mysterious harmony between their doctrines, and therefore they arrived at old age without having had any mutual intercourse.] The followers and disciples of Lieh Tzŭ felt convinced that there was enmity between their Master and Nan-kuo Tzŭ; and at last, one who had come from the Ch'u State spoke to Lieh Tzŭ about it, saying: "How comes it, sir, that you and Nan-kuo Tzŭ are enemies?" "Nan-kuo Tzŭ," replied the Master, "has the appearance of fullness, but his mind is a blank. His ears do not hear, his eyes do not see, his mouth does not speak, his mind is devoid of knowledge, his body free from agitation. What would be the object of visiting him? However, we will try, and you shall accompany me thither to see."

Accordingly, forty of the disciples went with him to call on Nan-kuo Tzŭ, who turned out to be a repulsive-looking creature. He made no show of receiving his guests, but only gazed blankly at Lieh Tzŭ. Body and soul seemed not to belong together, and to be unable to respond to the stimuli of the external world. [The soul had subjugated the body. The mind being void of sense-impressions, the countenance remained motionless. Hence it seemed as if there were no co-operation between the two.] Suddenly, Nan-kuo Tzŭ singled out the hindmost row of Lieh Tzŭ's disciples, and began to talk to them quite pleasantly and simply, though in the tone of a superior. [Fraternising with the hindmost row, he recognised no distinctions of rank or standing; meeting a sympathetic influence, and responding thereto, he did not allow his mind to be occupied with the external.] The disciples were astonished at this, and when they got home again, all wore a puzzled expression. Their Master Lieh Tzŭ said to them: "He who has reached the stage of thought is silent. He who has attained to perfect knowledge is also silent. He who uses silence in lieu of speech really does speak. He who for knowledge substitutes blankness of mind really does know. Without words and speaking not, without knowledge and knowing not, he really speaks and really knows. Saying nothing and knowing nothing, there is in reality nothing that he does not say, nothing that he does not know. This is how the matter stands, and there is nothing further to be said. Why are you thus astonished without cause?"

It is obvious that Taoism, pushed to its logical extreme, can only result in an *impasse*, and hence it need not surprise us that it failed seriously to endanger the supremacy of Confucianism in the State. As a matter of fact, there is a simple way out of the difficulty which appears to have suggested itself first to the fertile brain of Chuang Tzŭ, the most famous of Lao Tzŭ's successors. This is what he calls the doctrine of non-angularity and self-adaptation to externals. He insists that the Taoist shall avoid putting himself in antagonism with others, but on the contrary enter into a sympathetic relation with their mental stand-

point. Without abating a jot of his inmost convictions, he must "swim with the tide, so as not to offend others." He must adjust himself to his environment, and so far from violating the principle of Tao, he will thus be obeying the most important of Nature's laws. Now it cannot be said of a man who is incapable of performing the elementary duties of life, that he has properly adjusted himself to his environment. This doctrine of self-adaptation is not formulated by Lieh Tzŭ in so many words, as we find it in Chuang Tzŭ, but it is implicit, nevertheless, in much of his teaching. For it must not be supposed that Lieh Tzŭ is a visionary and nothing more. Very likely he himself would have deprecated the too literal interpretation of his fanciful, semi-allegorical tales. In any case, it is a fact that his writings are full of a practical wisdom of a high order, and he often appeals to the ultimate judgment of common sense. The political aspect of Taoism, so prominent in the *Tao Tê Ching*, has evidently less interest for Lieh Tzŭ, who only glances at it once or twice. Lao Tzŭ's ideal of government rested, of course, on the great principle of *laissez-faire*, which though it may easily be carried too far, contained a salutary corrective for the rulers of his day, who were constantly interfering, with deplorable results, in the affairs of their neighbours and of their own people.

As restrictions and prohibitions are multiplied in the Empire, the people grow poorer and poorer. . . . The greater the number of laws and enactments, the more thieves and robbers there will be. Therefore the Sage says: "So long as I do nothing, the people will work out their reformation. So long as I love calm, the people will right themselves. If only I keep from meddling, the people will grow rich." [Warfare, with its endless train of misery and evil, is especially denounced and condemned:] He who serves a ruler of men in harmony with Tao will not subdue

the Empire by force of arms. Such a course is wont to bring retribution in its train. . . . Where troops have been quartered, brambles and thorns spring up. In the track of great armies there must follow lean years. . . . Weapons, however beautiful, are instruments of ill-omen, hateful to all creatures. Therefore he who has Tao will have nothing to do with them.

These and similar sayings find but a feeble echo in Lieh Tzŭ. One cannot help feeling that there was much excellent material in Lao Tzŭ which his successors left untouched and undeveloped, while they devoted undue attention to certain morbid excrescences on the body of Taoist doctrine. I am alluding now to the magical side of Taoism, which contributed more than anything else to its ultimate degeneration and ruin. For the introduction of this fatal element it is hard to fix the responsibility. Lao Tzŭ, with all his profound mysticism, never descended from the serene heights of philosophy to the vulgar level of superstition and magic. But there are two mystic sayings in the *Tao Tê Ching*, whose very obscurity undoubtedly provided the germs of future trouble. The first runs as follows :

I have heard that he who possesses the secret of life, when travelling abroad, will not flee from buffalo or tiger; when entering a hostile camp, he will not equip himself with sword or buckler. The buffalo finds in him no place to insert its horn; the tiger has nowhere to fasten its claw; the soldier has nowhere to thrust his blade. And why? Because he has no spot where death can enter.

Here Lao Tzŭ seems to hint at some mysterious device which can guard the body from injury and even death itself; and this may have been the starting-point of the frantic and debasing search for the elixir of life, which was soon to absorb all the energies of the Taoist school. The other passage is also obscurely worded,

and there is some doubt as to the exact meaning of the Chinese :

The Sage looks upon his body as a great calamity. What is meant by these words? Our body is the instrument by means of which we are afflicted by calamities. Could we but attain to the point of having no body, what calamity could afflict us?

No reasonable man would, on the strength of these words, accuse Lao Tzŭ of having countenanced the belief that the body can be etherealised or spiritualised so as to be immune from external injury. All his argument amounts to is that, inasmuch as our pains and ills can only reach us through the senses, the less we have to do with the things of sense, the more fortified we shall be against attack. But it is easy to see how such a saying could be misinterpreted, and what a splendid opportunity it gave to the charlatan and the quack, who are always ready to take advantage of human credulity. As a matter of fact, they soon began to quote Lao Tzŭ as the authority for saying that it was possible for the man of Tao to rise superior to the ordinary laws of matter, to find no obstacle in solid bodies, to ride on the wind, to pass unharmed through water and fire, and so forth. We find all these marvels in the book of Lieh Tzŭ, as it has come down to us, but it must be noted that though he admits the possibility of transcending the laws of nature, he is still very far from the grossness of the superstition which held that the body could be transformed by the mere physical process of swallowing a certain mixture of drugs. His view is simply this: that objective phenomena having no real existence apart from the mind which perceives them, the mind has only to be in a state of perfect concentration and unity for all external obstacles to melt away.

The man of perfect faith (he says) can extend his influence to inanimate things and disembodied spirits; he can move heaven and earth, and fly to the six cardinal points without encountering any hindrance.

Faith only is requisite. There is no special secret to be learned. This point is well brought out in the story of an old peasant, who, hearing of the supposed magical powers of a certain Tzŭ Hua, set off at once to study Tao under him. Tzŭ Hua was only a brutal and ignorant impostor, but the old man had no misgivings whatever; and when one day his fellow-disciples thought to divert themselves by urging him to perform some perilous feats, as leaping from a great height, and diving for pearls in a foaming river, he astonished them by acting on their suggestions without the least hesitation, and followed this up by walking uninjured through raging flames. Tzŭ Hua and his disciples now had to confess that they had been deceiving him, and begged to be told what the Great Secret was.

Secret I have none (replied the old man). Even in my own mind I have no clue as to the real cause. Nevertheless there is one point in it all which I must try to explain to you. A short time ago, Sir, two disciples of yours came and put up for the night in my hut. I heard them extolling the power of Mr. Tzŭ Hua, and how he was able to make or mar people's fortunes, making the rich man poor and the poor man rich. I believed this implicitly, and as the distance was not very great I came hither. Having arrived, I unreservedly accepted as true all the statements made by your disciples, and was only afraid lest the opportunity might never come of putting them triumphantly to the proof. I knew not what part of space my body occupied, nor yet where danger lurked. My mind was simply One, and material objects thus offered no resistance. That is all. But now, having discovered that your disciples were deceiving me, my inner man is thrown into a state of doubt and perplexity, while outwardly my senses of sight and hearing re-assert themselves. When I reflect

that I have just had a providential escape from being drowned and burned to death, my heart within me freezes with horror, and my limbs tremble with fear. I shall never again have the courage to go near water or fire.

In this strange story, it is instructive to note that the ability to do the feats in question depended only on the state of the man's mind. Directly there is the least intrusion of doubt, Tao vanishes, and with it all miraculous power. I need hardly point out the very considerable substratum of truth underlying this idea, as the extraordinary influence of the mind over the body is being daily confirmed by the investigations of modern science.

In summing up Lieh Tzŭ's position in the history of Taoism, we may say that he is an enigmatical figure, in whose work two mutually inconsistent tendencies are discernible. On the one hand, he carried on and developed the pure philosophy of Lao Tzŭ; on the other, he was the first, so far as we know, to set foot in the morass of superstition which eventually choked it. It may indeed be argued that the treatise known to us as 'Lieh Tzŭ' is a composite work, in which later hands have had a share. This theory explains many anomalies, but it involves literary considerations which lie outside the scope of this paper.

LIONEL GILES.

CEREMONIAL GAME-PLAYING AND DANCING IN MEDLÆVAL CHURCHES.

THE EDITOR.

IN the October number of *THE QUEST* for 1910, there appeared an article on 'The Sacred Dance of Jesus,' which dealt with traces of ceremonial and liturgical dancing in the mediæval and early churches of Christendom. In it an attempt was made to connect the old English Christmaseve carol 'To-morrow shall be my Dancing Day,' which was still sung in West Cornwall in 1833, with the earliest extant Christian ritual (a dance combined with a mystery-drama or passion-play) known as 'The Hymn of Jesus,' in the second century Gnostic (Leucian) *Acts of John*. As this pioneer study in a little known, but instructive and, I venture to think, important subject, has aroused some interest, and as industry has since accumulated further data of not only sacred dancing, but also ceremonial 'game-playing' in mediæval churches, I propose to lay the evidence before the readers of *THE QUEST* in a set of papers. In these, specific cases will be dealt with for the most part; it being taken that the main outlines of the subject have been sufficiently sketched for the general reader, if but tentatively indicated for the scholar, in the article to which reference has been made.

THE PELOTA OF AUXERRE.

The most striking example of so-called game-playing in church is the famous Dance and Ball-play

known as the Pelota of Auxerre. The chief source of our information is an unsigned Letter by the Abbé Lebeuf, in the *Mercure de France* of May, 1726.¹

Lebeuf first of all erroneously connects this ball-dance with tennis (*jeu de paume*), roughly touches on the philology of the term *pilota* or *pelota*, and thinks that this peculiar custom was confined to a few of the French churches only, and is to be dated from the 12th or 13th century at earliest (p. 915); he then proceeds to put the reader in possession of the facts as recorded in the Auxerre cathedral archives.

First we have in Latin an ordinance of the Chapter, dated April 18, 1398, under the heading: 'Regulation for Making the Ball (*Pila*).'

It was resolved that Sir Stephen de Hamell and Master John Clementeti, the new canons, shall make a Pilota on Easter Monday . . . and [the Chapter] agreed that their first month [s stipend?] should be paid for the said Pila.

Here 'making a pilota' does not seem to mean

¹ *Op. cit.*, pp. 911-925; the Letter is dated from Auxerre, Feb. 5 of the same year. Jean Lebeuf was a learned and prolific writer of wide interests. As a philologist he was especially interested in late Latin terms, which were then being studied with much zeal in connection with Dufresne's (Ducange's) famous glossary. In the Challe-Quantin edition (2 vols., Auxerre, Paris, 1848) of Lebeuf's *Mémoires concernant l'Histoire civile et ecclésiastique d'Auxerre et de son ancien Diocèse*, will be found a biography and bibliography of this distinguished writer. His literary activity included 15 special works or collections of essays; 143 letters to the *Mercure de France* (from Nov., 1723, to July, 1740); 36 *Mémoires* in the *Journal de Verdun*, and 29 in *Acad. d. Ins. et B. Lettres*; 3 treatises on music, and other fugitive writings; in all 236 pieces. The title of the above Letter runs: 'Explanation of a Low Latin Term: A Letter written from Auxerre to M. D. L. R. about an ancient Ecclesiastical Dance abolished by Decree of Parliament.' The chief data of this Letter are reproduced in Dufresne's *Glossarium ad Scriptores med. et inf. Latinitatis* (1st ed. Paris, 1678; Bened. ed., Paris, 1733, etc.; last ed., emended by L. Favre, Niort, 1886, etc.). The Letter is also reprinted in C. Leber's *Collection des meilleures Dissertations, Notices et Traités particuliers, relatifs à l'Histoire de France* (Paris, 1826), tom. 9, under the title: 'Curious Letter on the Game of Pelote and the Dance of the Canons of the Chapter of Auxerre.' In his French Translation of Durandus' *Rationale Div. Off.* (*Rational ou Manuel des divins Offices de Guillaume Durand*, Paris, 1854), C. Barthélemy, with his habitual impropriety, 'lifts' almost the entire Letter verbatim, without the acknowledgment of quotation-marks (in Note 8; vol. v., pp. 447ff.).

the mere fabrication of a ball, but rather that these two newly-received canons were, as we shall see, to be responsible for the expense and provision of the whole ceremony or celebration called Pelota. This duty, it is true, did in part consist of the ceremonial presentation¹ to the company, *i.e.* to the canons, of a certain prescribed ball for the ceremony, and the new canon or canons had to provide it.

In the next place, it is to be noted that the ball was of considerable size, for under date April 19, 1412, we find among the statutes a regulation in Latin, which reads in English:

It was resolved that the *pilota* should be of smaller size than usual, yet so that it cannot be held or caught with one hand only.²

The 'usual' *pelote* or *pelotte* must thus have been very large; it certainly was no 'tennis ball,' and Lebeuf is on a clearly wrong track when he refers to our Pelota ceremony as a *jeu de paume*.³

¹ As we shall see (p. 96 below), this was technically called 'oblation,' in the legal documents.

² For text, see Dufresne (*s.v.* *Pelota*); Lebeuf does not give it.

³ Whatever may be the origin of the English term 'tennis,' the game itself was originally played with the palm of the hand (Fr. *paume* = Lat. *palma*), hence *jeu de paume*. It was only later that rough racquets (*retia*) began to be used. Littré (ed. 1863) tells us that tennis was defined in 1356, in Latin, as '*lusus pilæ cum palma*,' and that it was at this date that it 'came in'—a probable error, for, as a hand-game, its heredity may perhaps go back to classical antiquity, and the original of the game may have formed part of the important department of gymnastics known as spheristics. The archæologically worthless article on tennis in the last ed. (11th) of the *Enc. Brit.*, says that the game was first called '*luens* [*sic*] *pilæ*,' clearly a misprint for '*lusus pilæ*.' The late Latin term *pelota* or *pilota* was a generic term for a wound ball of any size, and derives from the classical Latin *pila*, of which also there were many sizes; the non-solid or inflated ball, however, was called *follis*. The *pelota* was thus a solid or stuffed ball. In French *pelote* means most generally a heap, and commonly a ball of thread, a pincushion, a round mass of anything, snow-ball, etc. It was also a term used by tennis-ball makers, but only for the inside of the ball before it was covered, and not for the completed article. Variations of the term *pelota* are found in all the Romance languages, and numbers of our readers must have seen the famous 'Basque' game of glorified and gigantic tennis, called *pelota* in Spanish, of which there are innumerable courts (*frondons*) in the Peninsula, and one also at Rome. The point of this lengthy note is

Lebeuf, with the full text of the above decree of the Chapter before him in the cathedral registers, which he, however, unfortunately does not cite textually, tells us, further, that it was decided that the *pelota* should be presented with the long-established solemnities; that it should be used in the customary manner, and that the president of the company (or, as we shall see later, the oblator of the ball) was empowered, if he thought fit, to lock it up in his own house, so that, apparently, it might not be used improperly or for a secular purpose. It was thus presumably regarded as a sacred object.

The first overt protest against this ancient ceremony was made, according to the registers, on Easterday, April 14, 1471. Lebeuf's account runs (in summary) as follows:

Maître Gérard Royer, Doctor of Theology of the University of Paris and a famous scholar, had shortly before been received as a canon of the cathedral. It was accordingly his turn for furnishing and presenting the famous *pelote*. The hour of the ceremony arrived. All the nobles, gentry and magistrates, and a crowd of citizens were assembled, together with all the clergy, in the nave of the sacred edifice; but there was no *pelote*. The recalcitrant canon, who was present, was incontinently taken to task. He excused himself on the plea that he had read in the *Rationale*¹ of Durand, that this ancient custom was not '*convenable*.' His objections, however, were over-ruled, and he had to go and bring last year's *pelote* from the house of the canon who had presented it and locked it up after the ceremony. Thereupon the murmurs ceased, and the Doctor presented it publicly and with great dignity to Mr. Dean, and to the other Messieurs of the Chapter, assembled in the presence of the governor of Auxerre and of the

to show that the *pelote* of Auxerre was a large stuffed ball and not a small tennis-ball, or even an inflated large hand- or foot-ball. Lebeuf, nevertheless, inconsequently calls it '*balle ou ballon*' (p. 916), and Dufresne also (*s.v.*) gives *balon* as a synonym.

¹ L. 6, c. 86§ 90, and p. 104 below.

other notabilities and chief magistrates, and of the crowds of citizens who had gathered in even greater numbers because of the rumour of the *contretemps*. And, the Latin register continues :

“Thereupon they [the clergy] began to execute the dance in the accustomed manner; and at the end of the ceremony they returned to the chapter-house for the repast¹” (p. 918).

Hereafter public opinion began gradually to change. But it was not till fifty years later that the crisis was reached, when Laurent Bretel, *curé* of one of Auxerre parishes, on being received as a new canon of the metropolitan church, flatly refused to take any part whatever in the *pelote* ceremony. A great outcry naturally arose among the defenders of antiquity, but the sturdy canon appealed to the civil court (*bailliage*) of Auxerre, which sustained him and not only found fault with the ceremony, but formally condemned it and ordered the Chapter to change the old custom into something of a more edifying nature. This judgment was rendered on April 22, 1521. The Chapter at once appealed to the highest court of the realm; but Canon Bretel, by no means dismayed, defended the case, and all the world of Paris was soon talking of nothing but the Pelote of Auxerre. Thereupon a commissioner was despatched to Auxerre for the Easterday ceremony of March 28, 1535. On his return his report was examined by four Councillors of Parliament, four Canons of Notre-Dame de Paris, and four Doctors of the Sorbonne, counsel for both sides being present. And the result was that the decision of the court of Auxerre was sustained in the formal judgment that :

“The plaint made by the dean, canons and chapter of Auxerre could not be accepted”; that the ceremony should be reformed,

¹ *Collatio*; the ‘sacred meal’ was one of the chief elements of such ceremonies; it will be dealt with in a subsequent paper.

omitting "any offering (*oblation*) of the *pelote* in the shape of a ball . . . or any repast."

Moreover the Chapter was ordered to pay all Master Laurent Bretel's costs, which must have amounted to a pretty penny (pp. 918-921). The repast was commuted into a sum of money which all the newly received canons had to pay, and which was called *pilota* up to 1789.¹

But what was the ceremonial ball-play which was danced in the cathedral of Auxerre, and of whose origin and import neither party, nor even the learned Lebeuf himself, seems to have an inkling? To the latter question a speculative answer will be attempted later on; meantime let us turn our attention to the ancient ceremony itself, at any rate so far as the dim memory of its old age will permit us to reconstruct its main features.

Lebeuf (p. 922) extracts the following description of it from a Latin MS. in the cathedral archives, which his vague reference² unfortunately does not allow us to date with any certainty.

When the ball (*pilota*) had been accepted from the newly received canon,³ the dean, or another in his stead (in former times with his head covered with his amice,⁴ and the rest [of the canons] in like manner), began to intone in antiphon the sequence (*prosa*), appropriate to the Easter festival, which begins: Praise to the

¹ See Barthélemy, *op. cit.*, pp. 449, 451.

² "*Un peu postérieur au temps de l'histoire.*" This probably means "shortly after the records begin"; for *l'histoire* can hardly refer to the famous trial.

³ "*A proselyto seu tirone canonico.*" *Proselytus* and *tiro* are evidently technical terms for the youngest (not in age, but in seniority of office, as *e.g.* among the Therapeuts) member of the company. *Proselytus* (*advēna*) may carry us back to the mystery-institutions, the term being found in the Isiac cult, for instance (cp. Apuleius), and of course to Jewry and the Therapeuts and Essenes of Philo; while *tiro* connects with chivalry, *tyrocinium* being the office of a new-made knight (cp. Dufresne, *s.v.*).

⁴ *Almutia*, a cape, hood or wrap, with which both head and shoulders were covered. It generally had two ends hanging down front or back.

Paschal Victim.' Then, supporting the ball with his left hand, he begins dancing,¹ in time with the rhythmical sounds of the chanted sequence, while the rest, holding hands, execute a choral dance (*chorea*) round the labyrinth.²

Meanwhile the ball (*pilota*) was handed or thrown alternately by the dean to the dancers,³ one by one or several at a time, wreath-wise.⁴ When the chanting of the sequence and the danc-

¹ *Tripudium*, generally a quick dance, but was also used of the dancing of the Angels by Patristic writers.

² *Dædalus*, so-called from the legendary builder of the famous Cretan labyrinth, which was supposed (probably erroneously) to have been a smaller copy of the great Egyptian 'maze' of 3000 chambers, the remains of which are still to be found 11½ miles from the pyramid of Hawara in the Fayyûm. It is said that of these 3000 chambers, 1500 were underground, and a like number above ground. Herodotus was not allowed to enter the subterranean part. Pliny's idea was that the number of the main halls corresponded with the nomes or divisions of Egypt, and that the general plan of the building was connected with that of the solar system; and indeed it is well known that the terrestrial topography of Egypt (and of other 'sacred lands' in antiquity) was supposed to be a replica of celestial or astral geography, or of uranography. It is more to our present purpose, however, that there was in classical antiquity a famous dance connected with the labyrinth and its myth. Of this dance Johannes Meursius gives us the following indications, in his *Orchestra sive de Saltationibus Veterum*. (See J. Gronovius, *Thes. Græc. Antiqq.*, ed. J. C. Bulenger, Lug. Bat., 1699, fol., col. 1245 B-D.) Plutarch, at the end of the first century (quoting from Dicearchus, a contemporary of Aristotle) hands on (*Vit. Thes.*) the ancient tradition that Theseus "sailing from Crete cast anchor at Delos; and having sacrificed to the god [Apollo] and dedicated a statue which had been given him by Ariadne, to Aphrodite, joined with the youth [of his company who had been rescued from the Minotaur] in a dance, which the people of Delos are said to keep up as a sacred service to the present day. This dance was a mime or mimicry of the circuits and passages in the labyrinth, and was executed by means of a series of ordered movements, including certain alternations and revolutions [or twistings, unrollings or unfoldings]. This kind of dance is called the 'crane' by the Delians." The Greek Sophist Pollux, writing about 175 A.D., tells us further that "the 'crane' is performed by a number of dancers, one over against the other in rows, the end of either file being taken by leaders, in imitation of Theseus and his companions, who were the first to mime the way out of the labyrinth, by dancing it round the altar"—*sc.* of the temple of the sun. It is further to be noted that Hesychius (*Lex. s.v. γέρανος*) speaks not only of 'running' or 'dancing' round the altar at Delos, but also of being 'beaten' or 'driven' (most probably 'scourged' or 'whipped') round it; and adds that it was a service or 'ceremony of thanksgiving' (εὐχαριστήρια), instituted by Theseus in gratitude for his escape from the labyrinth.

³ *Choribaudis*, in every text, including the most recent edition of Dufresne, but clearly a reiterated mistake from the first copyist, Lebeuf. As there is a middle Latin form *choriare* (to dance), I suggest *choriantibus* as the correct reading.

⁴ Lebeuf has '*serii in speciem*'; but *serii* is clearly a misprint for *serti*. It suggests the idea of weaving or intertwining a wreath (cp. Dufresne, *s.v.*).

ing (*saltatio*) are over, the band (or choir, *chorus*), after the dance (*chorea*) used to hurry off to the repast (*merenda*). There, all [the canons] of the chapter, as well as the chaplains and officials, together with certain of the more distinguished citizens, used to sit on benches in the 'corona' or in the orchestra.² And all, without exception, were served with [the repast],³ and white and red wine was also served but in temperate and modest quantities, that is to say the cups were filled once or twice. During the meal the reader intoned a festal homily from the chair or pulpit.⁴ Shortly afterwards when the larger bells rang from the tower for vespers, etc. (pp. 921, 922).

As it is highly probable that Lebeuf had before him other sources of information (either in the registers or other MSS. of the cathedral archives) besides the above Latin extract, it is of interest to see how he differs from the text in his glossing of the passage. It means, he says, that:

The canon who had been most recently received, stood ready, holding his ball (*pelotte*) in front of his chest,⁵ in the nave of St. Stephen's, about one or two of the clock in the afternoon. He then presented it formally to the dean, or to the senior dignitary present, who put what is termed the poke (*poche*) of his amice over his head in order to manipulate the ball with greater ease.⁶

¹ Probably the name of the chapter-hall; *corona* was also a title of distinction for higher ecclesiastics.

² In mediæval churches, and doubtless in more ancient ones as well, the *orchestra* was a platform or stage, or at any rate a raised place, in the sacred edifice, where the actors or executants (*mimi*) gave their performances (*actiones*).

³ The various dishes, cakes, etc., mentioned in the text will be dealt with in a subsequent paper.

⁴ *Cathedra aut pulpito*. This clearly shows that when the ceremonial repast was taken in the church itself, the pulpit was in the orchestra; this was probably an area in front of the choir raised above the level of the nave.

⁵ As it was too big to hold in the hand, he must have 'cuddled' it.

⁶ This is by no means an illuminating guess. People do not put their heads in a poke the better to play at ball! I hazard the suggestion that it may have been the dim relic of an ancient ceremony when the head was veiled or covered as in the mysteries. It is to be noted that all the dancers were thus covered.

When the dean had ceremoniously taken over the ball, he supported it, as the canon had done, on his breast with his left arm.¹ And thereupon he immediately caught hold of one of the canons by the hand and began a dance, which was followed by the dancing of the other canons in a circle or in another mode (p. 923). Then the sequence 'Praises to the Paschal Victim' was chanted, accompanied by the organ, in order to make the singing more regular and more in time with the dance-movement. The organ was within hearing of the actors or executants, as they played their parts almost underneath the organ-loft (or organ-case, *buffet*), at a place in the nave where, prior to 1690, was to be seen a kind of labyrinth, in the form of several interlaced circles, as is still the case in the cathedral of Sens.² But the finest part of the proceedings was the 'circulation' of the ball, that is to say the passing (*renvoi*) of it from the leader of the company to the several players, and repassing of it back by them to the president, who was probably in the middle of the ring clad in all his distinctive vestments and ornaments.

Lebeuf was not able to find any details in the registers as to the figures of the dance (see p. 923), and unfortunately he did not possess a full copy of the report which was submitted to the supreme court in the *cause célèbre*. His conjecture that the dance must

¹ I suggest that it was held breast high in front of the face on the curved left arm.

² Similar labyrinths were not uncommon features in mediæval, and perhaps also more ancient, churches. "Geometrical figures composed of various pieces of coloured marbles and so disposed as to form labyrinths were frequently found in the pavements of French cathedrals and so-called *labyrinthes de pavé*. [They were also common in Spain; where there is at least one still at Seville.] The finest remaining sample is in the centre of the nave of Notre-Dame, Chartres, and a person following the various windings and turns of the figure would walk nearly 800 feet before he arrived at the centre, although the circumference does not exceed thirteen yards. Similar labyrinths formerly existed at Notre-Dame, Paris, at the cathedral of Reims, and at Amiens. This latter was taken up in the latter part of the last century and the centre stone (which is octangular [cp. the ogdoad, p. 120 below] and was formerly inlaid with brass imagery) is still preserved in the museum of that city. These labyrinths are supposed to have originated in a symbolical allusion to the Holy City, and certain prayers and devotions doubtless accompanied the perambulation of their intricate mazes."—T. H. Poole, art. 'Labyrinth,' *The Catholic Encyclopædia* (London, 1910). The information with which the faithful are supplied is to say the least vague. As a matter of fact pilgrims to Chartres still practise the devotion of the rosary on the labyrinth.

have been a sort of lively *branle*¹ is, in my opinion, unsound. On the contrary, it must have been a comparatively stately measure, not only on account of the size of the ball, but also because it followed the chant of the sequence. All we can legitimately conjecture is that though the dance of the dean may have been trodden to a more rapid measure, the dance of the others was choral and presumably stately, at any rate originally.

Lebeuf is, therefore, I hold, somewhat extravagant when he proceeds (p. 924) to draw a comic picture of the grave church dignitaries breathlessly waltzing, with their violet cassocks tucked up to their waists, and the ends of their amices fluttering in violent agitation behind them. He starts with the false notion of a *jeu de paume*, a secular merry game and dance at best, and then falls into quite unnecessary difficulties and contradictions.

So much for what we can glean directly of the famous ball-dance of Auxerre itself. But this does not dispose of the general subject, for Lebeuf returns to it in a second Letter to the *Mercur de France* (March, 1727).² Lebeuf's former Letter, it appears, had made quite a stir; he therefore proceeds to give other instances of ecclesiastical ball-play. Auxerre's cathedral was not the only church in which the ceremony had been used; the distinction of St. Stephen's was that it had been the last chapter obstinately to cling to the ancient custom.

¹ "The *branle* or *branle gui* is the generic name of all the dances in which one or two dancers lead the others, who repeat the steps of the leaders. There are, or rather there were, also *branles sérieux*" (Littre).

² Under the title: 'Remarks on several curious Contributions to the *Mercur* of 1726, addressed to the Editors of this Journal'—dated from Auxerre, Jan. 2, 1727—*op. cit.* pp. 494ff.

THE PELOTA OF NARBONNE.

Lebeuf had been informed by a correspondent that at Vienne in Dauphiné, that is at Narbonne, the custom of 'throwing the ball' at the Easter festival had obtained in ancient times. When the records begin, however, the ceremony was no longer celebrated in the sacred edifice itself, but in the hall of the archbishop's palace, where all the clergy of the cathedral assembled on Easter Monday, while the bells were ringing for vespers. On such feast days the bells rang for a considerable time, during which the ceremonial repast was partaken in the prelate's palace, and after this meal the archbishop 'threw the ball.' A MS. of the 13th century, in the cathedral archives, contained the following rubric for Easter Monday in Latin:

While the bells are ringing for vespers, the whole chapter (*conventus*) is to assemble in the hall of the archbishop's house; there tables are to be laid, and the servants (*ministri*) of the archbishop are to serve [certain dishes¹] with wine to follow. Afterwards the archbishop is to throw the ball (*pelota*).

This custom must have been kept up for at least three centuries subsequently, for on the margin of the MS. there is the following Latin note in a handwriting that was judged to be two hundred years old:

And it should be known that the prefect² is to provide the ball, and is to throw it in the archbishop's absence (p. 495).

¹ The list will be dealt with in a subsequent paper.

² *Mistralis* = *ministralis* = *ministerialis*. Dufresne (s.v.) says that the *mistrales* were *majores urbium*, and adds that at Narbonne there were two of these 'mayors,' one for the Count of Vienne and the other for the Archbishop; the latter was chosen from the canons and filled the office of prefect of the city. Cp. Jean de Lièvre, *Histoire de l'Antiquité et Sainteté de la Cité de Vienne en la Gaule celtique* (Vienne, 1623), p. 414, who tells us that prior to the middle of the 15th century, the Archbishop had the sole jurisdiction, with his 'mistral' as judge in temporal affairs and his 'official' as spiritual judge in all matters concerning the church.

The prefect was: doubtless the most important official after the archbishop, and he accordingly led the ceremony in the absence of his superior. It is also evident that as in this instance the 'ball throwing' took place after the ceremonial repast, it must, originally at any rate, have been of a sober and dignified nature. It could not have been a simple game of hand-ball, as Lebeuf seems to imagine, when writing (p. 494) "*le Prelat s'amusoit à jeter la Pelotte*," for in any case people do not, if they are wise, play ball immediately after a meal. Lebeuf, however, cannot get tennis out of his head, and so proceeds to tell us that the *jeu de paume* was not forbidden by canon law, under chapter '*Clerici*.' He then hazards that this *pelota* probably resembled the hand-ball and 'balloon' games of the students in the Paris colleges, and makes some allusion to the fact that hand-ball was played in antiquity by the most distinguished personages, such as kings and bishops. In the latter unfruitful line of research, as far as the present study is concerned, we need not follow him; but as to the former it may be of interest here to note that, as I have been verbally informed, in seminaries on the continent some very ancient games are still played, and to suggest that an enquiry, with perhaps some fruitful results, might open up in this direction. Faint traces of originally 'ecclesiastical games' may still be preserved in such little suspected quarters.

THE PERCULA OF NAPLES.

That the ball-dance of Auxerre and the ball-throwing of Narbonne were not isolated phenomena, and that neither play nor dance was due to 'Gothic influence,' may be seen from the Percula of Naples,

which was played (and may have been danced also) well-nigh under the shadow of the Holy See itself. Dufresne equates *Percula* with *Pelota*, but is able to give us one reference only, *viz.* to the *Acta* of S. Pomponius.¹ Pomponius was Bishop of Naples from 508 to 536. He built and dedicated the church of S. Maria Major to the B. V. M. for her supposed aid in exorcising the devil who, as the legend went, had laid waste much of the city in the form of a boar. So at any rate it is recorded in the *Chronicum* of John, Deacon of the said church, who lived in the 9th century. After recording this '*factum*,' the worthy chronicler continues :

4. In memory of this event the Neapolitans celebrated every year in this church certain games of ball (*percula*) for the comfort and refreshment of the soul, amid a great concourse of the populace. An exhibition of these games was given to the people by the vassals of the Church of Naples, from the country-seats and suburbs, on the Feast of the Translation of S. Januarius, in the month of May, to wit on the third Sunday of the said month.

Though, unfortunately, no description of these games is given, the points to be chiefly noted are that they were ceremonial (*celebrarunt*), that they were played in the sacred edifice itself, and that they are specifically stated to have had a religious or spiritual purpose (*ad solatium atque animi recreationem*). As to the legend in connection with the founding of S. Mary's the Greater, the learned Jesuit editors are of opinion that it is a mythical or allegorical allusion either to the purification of a former Arian church by Catholic rites, for which they adduce evidence of similar phraseology in other cases, or to the fact that the site of the church had been occupied formerly by a house

¹ See *Acta Sanctorum* (ed. Henschen-Papenbroch, ed. nov. Carnandet, Paris and Rome, 1866), Maii, tom. 8, p. 372 b, 'De Sancto Pomponio Episcopo Neapolitano.'

of ill-fame. Though the *Percula* of Naples throws no new light on the *Pelota* of Auxerre, it proves that ball-games in church were not confined to French dioceses; indeed our quotation stands out rather as a finger-post pointing to a forgotten but widespread territory of ancient ecclesiastical custom in this respect.

THE TESTIMONY OF BELETH AND DURAND.

Further, Jean Beleth, rector of the theological faculty at Paris, in treating of the customs of the Church at Eastertide, tells us that in his day (c. 1165):

There are some churches in which even bishops and archbishops play with their subordinates in the convents (*cœnobiis*) stooping even to ball-play (*lusus pilæ*). . . . But although large churches like Reims keep up this custom of playing, it seems more praiseworthy not to do so.¹

Durand, Canon of Narbonne and afterwards Bishop of Mende, at the end of the 13th century, 'lifts' this passage from Beleth without acknowledgment, but with the interesting gloss that in some churches at Easter and in others at Christmas, the prelates and clergy play at dice, in the cloisters or bishop's palaces, and even go so far as playing at ball and dances and songs.² Both these writers connect these customs with what was called the 'December Freedom,' originally, of course, the Roman Saturnalia, but, as we shall see later on, with little probability that this '*libertas decembrica*' will satisfactorily solve the problem.

¹ *Divinorum Officiorum ac eorundem Rationum Explicatio*, c. 120; Migne, P. L., tom. 202 (Paris, 1855).

² *Rationale Divinorum Officiorum* (l. 6. c. 86 § 9), which first appeared in 1286; Migne, P. L., tom. 202 (Paris, 1855).

THE BRIDE-BALL THEORY.

The only writer of recent times who has attempted a solution is Wilhelm Mannhardt. In ch. v. §10 of his famous work, Mannhardt treats in detail of the widespread custom of the bride-ball; after referring on two pages¹ to the subject of ball-playing in church, he then sums up his evidence as follows:

The bride-ball must have had some close connection with the green foliage, the young vegetation (cp. the ball's being knocked to pieces in the green fir-wood); it appears to have been essential to the young married pair. I imagine the state of affairs to have been that the couple is supposed to have the privilege of the bride-ball for a year, and that the maidens then reclaim it, because the use of the privilege expired with the close of the year for that particular pair; another ball for another couple had then to take its turn (p. 479).² The matter would be clear if we ventured to conceive the bride-ball as a symbol of the sun-sphere—that fiery disk, of which the ‘ball of ashes, of gold’ (p. 472), the making of the shot red-hot in Klein-Mölsen, the shape of the notched ball given to the maidens in Ellichleben, etc. (p. 473), are probably not simply chance memories—and if we further ventured to think of the bride and young married couple as counterparts of the bride-pair of the spring. This interpretation is supported by the fact that they must be people who were married before Fire-brand Sunday (p. 473, *Dimanche de Brandons*)³ and also by the threaten-

¹ *Weld- u. Feld-Kulte* (zweite Aufl. besorgt von Dr. W. Henschkel, Berlin, 1904/05), vol. ii. pp. 477, 478. These pages repeat word for word the text of the 1st ed. (1875/77), and show not the slightest sign of ‘care’ of revision at the hands of the editor. M. has only a second or third-hand acquaintance with a few of our sources, and his quotations, at any rate in these pages, are exceedingly inaccurate. His puzzling reference is: ‘Fosbroke’s Brit. Monach bei Hone I, 215. Cf. Chambers I, 429.’ M. was dependent entirely on Hone = S. Hone, *Every Day Book* (London, 1866). Chambers = R. Chambers, *The Book of Days*. Fosbroke = Thomas Dudley Fosbrooke, *British Monachism; or, Manners and Customs of the Monks and Nuns of England* (3rd ed., London, 1843), p. 56. M. says that this ball-playing in church was an English custom. Fosbrooke says ‘probably practised only abroad.’

² The knocking of the ball to pieces, I would rather suggest, symbolised the birth of the child.

³ The first Sunday of Lent (*Carême*), the forty-six days from Shrove Tuesday to Easter.

ing of the young wife, in Arendsee, if she seem reluctant: 'We will take away from thee thy mate blooming like a green tree, and give thee instead a dry one.'¹ The decision of this question must of course depend on how we have to explain the widespread custom, in North Germany and England, of playing at ball on Shrove Tuesday, Easter and Christmas. At Landsberg on the Warthe, on the third day of Easter, they play at what is termed 'wise ball,' and the game ends up with a dance called 'keeping (or celebrating) the Easter ball.'²

At Kiez, near Köpenick, this still takes place on the first day of the Easter festival before sunrise, but at other places at other times of the day; neither rain nor snow-storm stops the play and dance. The English forms of these customs show that in these celebrations also, the seating of the newly-wedded opposite the unmarried played the chief rôle, that they were attenuated survivals of playing with the bride-ball, and that with the development of the ball-play in society they had undergone much modernisation. . . . The hurling the ball over the roof of the gateway or over the church resembles disk- (or quoit-) throwing. The importance of the custom of the Easter-ball is shown by the circumstance that the policy of the Church considered it necessary to consecrate it, or at any rate to Christianise it entirely, doubtless in the hope of being able to transform it, by appropriation to the divine service, into a symbol of Christ himself, the rising Easter-sun. Last of all, though not least, in support of our interpretation comes the fact that in Oldenburg the Easter-ball seems to stand in evident connection with the Easter-fire. Both children and grown-ups play at ball on the afternoons of both feast-days. At Ganderkesen the grown-ups indulge in ball-play at the Easter bonfire and afterwards go to the tavern to play *Klumpsack*,³ in which the young maidens are also allowed to take

¹ For the symbolism of the green and dry tree in marriage-customs and in mysticism, in the middle ages, cp. Prof. Franz Kamper's art. 'Dante and the Renaissance,' *THE QUEST*, vol. ii. no. 4 (July, 1911), pp. 725, 730.

² Is this the externalising of, or a conflation with, a Church ceremony? 'Wise ball' suggests, as we shall see (p. 108 below), the Ball of Wisdom.

³ I do not know the English equivalent for this game. *Klump* in *Klumpsack* (N. Ger. *Plumpsack*) refers to the knots in a handkerchief. The players apparently strike one another with their knotted handkerchiefs. Schmitz, *Sitten . . . des Eifler Volks*, i. 88: "The one has to whistle and the other, *Klumpsack* in hand, tries to strike the whistler." Muret-

part. In Westphalia this game is played on the bonfire spot, of course before it is lighted. And so ball-play may have formed part of the Easter-fire.

Or, in spite of all, has the whole ceremony of the bride-ball at Easter arisen from an ecclesiastical origin, from Christian symbolism? And is it consistent with this that the ball is frequently thrown over the church (p. 473), or that the play starts from the cross (p. 474)?

THE DIRECTION IN WHICH A PROBABLE SOLUTION MAY BE SOUGHT.

To this very important question Mannhardt gives no answer. But whatever may be the derivation and history of the folk-custom of the bride-ball and dance, which in its most general aspects belongs to the comparative science of folk-lore, I have little doubt myself that the ceremonial ball-dance of Auxerre and its ecclesiastical cognates should have their heredity traced to a tradition *within* the Church, and that, too, from early times. There are many customs of a superficially similar nature, it is true, that in course of time forced themselves on the Church *from without*, and which the authorities had very great trouble to keep outside the doors of the sacred edifice, and indeed some of these irregular observances frequently invaded the sacred precincts. But at the same time also some ceremonies, though fundamentally of non-Christian origin (for indeed few of the innumerable Church-observances were really original to the faith), were of early introduction and so to speak adopted into the sanctuary. I venture to think that the ball-dance of

Sanders quote as an alternative title of this game the tag: "*Dreh' dich nicht um, der Plumpsack geht 'rum*"—which I take to mean: If you don't keep on waltzing you'll be thwacked. This brings to mind the 'driving' or 'beating' round the altar at Delos (above p. 97 n. 2).

which Auxerre preserved the last dim memory, was one of these. It was a dance on a similar, if not identical, plan to the dance¹ in the second century *Acts of John*, between which and the carol 'To-morrow shall be my Dancing Day,' I endeavoured to establish a series of links in my previous paper on 'The Sacred Dance of Jesus.' That dance was, as I think I have shown, a mystery-ritual of regeneration or of the *unio mystica*. If Lebouf's conjecture (p. 99, above) is correct that there were two dancers within the circle or ring, of whom one was dancing the same dance as the leader of the rite, who was in full canonicals, while the rest danced a round dance of another order, this is in striking confirmation of my interpretation of the text of the *Acts* as in one of its elements the union of the Christ and Sophia. In any case, if Pliny's idea (p. 97 n. 2, above) of the plan of the Egyptian labyrinth is correct, it was a dance in imitation of the dance and harmony of the celestial spheres and starry host, a notion taken over from the sidereal cult or astral religion of antiquity.²

But what of the ball, the *pelota*? It will be remembered that one of the chief elements in the 'Hymn of Jesus' is the passion-play which was danced; it was the most sacred part of the mystery. Of the details we are unfortunately told nothing directly in the text of the *Acta*, but as I have suggested from the words of the ritual (*op. cit.* p. 74):

Hereupon . . . the mystery-drama, the Passion of Man, must have been shown (*i.e.* danced). What it may have been is

¹ For an introduction, commentary and notes, see the writer's *Hymn of Jesus* (*Echoes from the Gnosis*, iv., London, 1907), and for the text Bonnet M.), *Acta Apost. Apoc.* (Leipzig, 1898), II. ii. 197ff. (§§ 94-97).

² For the best account of this see Franz Cumont's just published *Astrology and Religion among the Greeks and Romans* (New York and London, 1912).

not easy to conjecture; it must, however, have been something of a most distressing nature, for the neophyte is 'moved' or 'shaken completely.' . . . Presumably he saw . . . [the representative of] the Master dismembered before his eyes . . . or in some way done to death.

The drama was symbolical of the mystery of the human soul, of its passion and the final union of the human with the divine; but it was chiefly typical of the 'passion' of the divine in human form, of the Logos made flesh. Now the ancient higher mystery-institutions had two main grades; in the lower were shown the mysteries of generation or physical birth and death; in the higher, the mystery of regeneration or of spiritual birth and life. The symbolism of marriage played the principal rôle in both grades. It is thus easy to understand that there was a close parallelism between the outward marriage ceremonies and customs and the inner spiritual observances and rites. In this connection it is of interest to note that the bride-ball was burst asunder or even knocked or torn to pieces, and it is very probable that there may have been a somewhat similar symbolic ceremony, typified by a ball, in such initiatory rites, of which the tearing in pieces of the 'god' is a well-known element. This, however, was not the case at Auxerre, for the *pelote* was kept intact after the ceremony. Nevertheless the 'play' seems to be clearly part of the same complex of ideas; the passing of the ball backwards and forwards, in the circular dance, in which every dancer also revolved on his own axis, so to say, may very well have been thought to typify the apparent path or dance of the sun in the heavens throughout the year, and so of its 'passion,' and of the corresponding 'passion' of the earth in its seasons, all of which was further

believed to be analogous with the 'suffering' of the divine soul in human incarnation. In any case the ceremony at Auxerre was in closest connection with the death, burial and resurrection of the Christ-sun at Easter.

How this sacred dance got to Auxerre,¹ and what are the historic links between the earliest-known Christian rites of this nature referred to in the subsequently deemed heretical *Acta*, and the not only tolerated but fully sanctioned ceremonies of a similar nature in the post-Constantine and mediæval churches, are subjects of research for the historian and archæologist of ceremonial. At present no one has attempted to solve the problem; indeed the present is the first clear definition of it which has been attempted, for Mannhardt's question remains but a query.

THE BURIAL OF ALLELUIA.

But the ball-play or dance was not the only symbolical ceremonial rite of this nature of which we can find traces in the mediæval churches. There was a still stranger and, for the student of ecclesiastical archæology, more instructive 'game' in connection with the Alleluia ceremonies. We owe our information again to the indefatigable Abbé Lebeuf,² who is, how-

¹ As it was played at Reims, according to Belet, and very generally in France, and as we know that the 'Hymn of Jesus' was in widest circulation among the Priscillianists, the last great Gnostic movement, of the fourth century, and that the Priscillianist propaganda spread from Spain throughout Gaul, and was centred at Trèves, it may be that here we have one of the links. Moreover the labyrinth-dance itself most probably found a still earlier stage of transition in the oldest forms of the Christianised Gnosis, for in the famous Naassene Hymn (*Hipp. Ref.* v. 10, D. and S. p. 174), the human soul is said to be "wandering in the labyrinth of ills," to free her from which, and to lead her out of the labyrinth, the Saviour descends bringing the Gnosis (*Mead, Fragments*, p. 205; *Hermes*, i. 191).

² See *Mercure de France*, Dec., 1726, pp. 2656-2673, for his unsigned communication, dated Aug. 16 of the same year, and entitled: 'Letter written from Burgundy to M. de S. R. about some curious Peculiarities of

ever, as in the case of the Pelota, entirely at sea as to its origin and significance.

The original Hebrew doxological formula Alleluia (Hallelu Jah=Praise Jah) has supplied the basis for a number of Latin substantival, adjectival and verbal forms, with which we need not trouble the reader. Not only so, but Alleluia or Alleluja had been personified as a feminine potency, and not only personified but made to suffer death, burial and resurrection (p. 2658).

In following up a previous essay on the Feast of Fools,¹ Lebeuf had looked through all the statutes of the cathedral chapters of which he could obtain copies or consult the originals. Among these he had examined a MS. copy of the statutes of the cathedral church of Toul in Lorraine (Dep. Meurthe), redacted in 1497, by Nicolas le Sane, Licentiate of Law and Canon of the cathedral (p. 2664).² In these registers, what was Lebeuf's surprise to find, at Art. XV., the strange heading 'Alleluia is Buried,' and thereunder the following curious ordinance :

On the Saturday of Septuagesima Sunday,³ at nones, the choir-boys are to assemble in the great vestry, in festal attire, and there to arrange the burial of Alleluia. And, after the last *Benedicamus*, they are to go in procession, with crosses, torches (*torciis*, Duf. *tortiis*), holy water and incense, and carrying a clod of earth as at a funeral, and are to proceed across the choir, and go to the cloister, wailing (*ululantes*), to the place where she [*sc.* Alleluia] is buried. And after one of them has

two MSS.—the one of Toul and the other of Sens.' Lebeuf asks the editor of the *Mercure* to hand on the information to the learned Benedictine editor of the new ed. of Dufresne's *Glossary* (Paris, 1733, etc.) which was then in hand.

¹ Cp. *Mercure de France*, July, 1725.

² In Lebeuf's time this MS. was in the Public Library of the City which had been founded in the previous year (1725) by M. Fenel, Dean of the metropolitan church (p. 2673).

³ That is, sixty-three days before Easter.

sprinkled the water and a second censed [the grave], they return by the same way. Such is the custom from of old.

Lebeuf conjectures that in this ceremony, which took place between nones and vespers, with the full sanction and approval of the Chapter, the boys must have carried a sort of bier on which was the representation of the deceased Alleluia who was laid in a grave in the cloister (p. 2659).

THE WHIPPING OF ALLELUIA.

But the burial and mourning for her were not the only rites of this nature in connection with the beautiful Alleluia office, which was of course celebrated in the sacred edifice itself, for Lebeuf was assured by an informant that in one of the dioceses near Paris, the following extraordinarily interesting ceremony took place in the cathedral itself. On the Saturday before Septuagesima one of the choir-boys used to bring to church a whipping-top (*toupie*), round which was painted in fair golden letters the name Alleluia. When the moment came in the service for bidding Alleluia farewell, the boy, whip in hand, scourged the top down the pavement of the church and out of doors. This ceremony was called 'Whipping Alleluia' (p. 2664). Lebeuf hoped to get some further information on what he calls '*cette bizarre comédie*,' from some antiquarian in the diocese, especially with regard to the ceremony of the resurrection and return of Alleluia on Easter-day, as to whether there was also a 'Whipping-back of Alleluia' but unfortunately I can find nothing more on the subject in the learned Abbé's voluminous writings. We are, however, not yet at the end of our resources, and shall first of all see what light can be

thrown upon these seemingly strange rites, from the 'Office of Alleluia' itself, as used in the dioceses of Burgundy in the middle ages.

Fortunately, the Benedictine editor of the 2nd ed. of Dufresne's *Glossary* obtained from Lebeuf an almost verbatim copy of this beautiful Office as it used to be practised at Auxerre, from the 13th century MS. Latin liturgies of the metropolitan church and its dioceses. It runs as follows:

THE ALLELUIATIC OFFICE FOR SATURDAY IN
SEPTUAGESIMA.

AT VESPERS.

Antiph. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Chap. Blessed, etc.

Hymn.

Alleluia, song melodious,
Voice of everlasting joy,
Alleluia, praise sweet-sounding
Even to the choirs on high,
Which they sing for ever dwelling
Through the ages in God's home.

Alleluia, joyful mother,
Zion's¹ fellow citizen,
Alleluia, voice of thy own
Citizens in blissful joy,
Of us exiles here the rivers
Of Great Babel² force our tears.

Alleluia, we unworthy are
To harp perpetually,
Alleluia, voice of rebirth³

¹ Lit. Jerusalem's.

² Lit. of Babylon.

³ *Renatus*, ? = spring, *i.e.* the lent or spring season together with its introductory days from Septuagesima onward.

Makes us intermit [thy use];
 For 'tis now the time when we must
 Mourn offences of the past.

Wherefore Thee we pray O blessed
 To-be-praised Trinity,
 That Thou grant¹ us vision of Thy
 Paschal feast in æther-height,
 Where to Thee we sing rejoicing
 Alleluia without break. Amen.

℣. Evening prayer, etc.

Antiphon at the Magnificat.

Tarry with us for this day, Alleluia, Alleluia; and on the morrow thou shalt set forth from us, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia; and when daylight shall have risen thou shalt go forth upon thy ways, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Prayer.

O God, who dost permit us to celebrate the solemnities of the Alleluiatic song by bringing it down [to earth], grant us that we may sing Alleluia in everlasting felicity, together with Thy saints who sing in blessed joy unending Alleluia. Through our Lord, etc.

AT MATINS.

Invitatory. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Hymn. Alleluia, song melodious, etc.

In the First Nocturn: Antiph. Alleluia.

℣. I call to remembrance my song in the night [*Ps.* 77c].

First Lection. In the beginning God created [*Gen.* 1].

℞. 1. Alleluia, while she is present they entertain² her, and they greatly long for her while she withdraws herself.³ *And for evermore [with head]⁴ encrowned she triumphs it before the Lord, Alleluia.

¹ Reading *des* for *det*.

² *Invitantur*. Such a deponent form is never found; it is evidently a mistake for *imitantur* (cp. Amalar), p. 117 below).

³ *Dum se eduxerit*; Amalar has *subduxerit* (*ib.*).

⁴ The inserted words are for the purpose of keeping the same number of syllables as in the Latin.

Ÿ. In the [blessèd] friendship of the Lord she finds her righteous pleasure, for as much as she is immortal in the sight of Him. * And for evermore, etc.

R. 2. May the number of thy years be increased by the Lord, Alleluia, mayest thou go forward by the road of wisdom. * And by the narrow way of righteousness mayest thou return to us, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Ÿ. For thou alone dost hold the preëminence in the presence of the Lord; because of this, therefore, return into thy treasures. * And by the narrow way, etc.

R. 3. Alleluia, alone thou hast the preëminence, etc. May [all] the angels sing thy praise. * For thou hast been well-pleasing to the Lord, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Ÿ. May the good angel of the Lord be thy companion and make good disposition for thy journeyings. * For, etc.

In the Second Nocturn: Antiph. Alleluia, Alleluia.

There follow the Lections from Genesis.

R. 4. May the good angel, etc., Alleluia, and make, etc. * That again with rejoicing thou mayest return to us, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Ÿ. May the number of thy years, etc. * That again by the narrow way, etc.

R. 5. Alleluia, return [therefore] into thy treasures. * May [all] the angels, etc.

R. 6. Alleluia, O thou [most] righteous pleasure in His handiworks, creations of the Lord. * Thou riches manifold, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Ÿ. Beautiful hast thou been made, and sweetly pleasant in many delights. * Thou riches manifold, etc.

In the Third Nocturn: Antiph. Alleluia.

Homily on the Gospel. The kingdom of heaven is like, etc.

R. 7. A good name is rather [to be chosen] than many riches [Prov. 22₁]. * [Yea,] beyond gold and topaz is good grace [to be reckoned], Alleluia, Alleluia.

Ÿ. Oh how sweet unto my throat are Thy utterances, O Lord, beyond honey and the honeycomb unto my mouth. * [Yea,] beyond gold, etc.

R. 8. Alleluia, [avenge thou,] avenge thou my cause and set thou me free, Alleluia, from them that calumniate me. * Alleluia.

Ÿ. Look thou upon my humility, and snatch me away, seeing that I have not forgotten Thy law. * Alleluia.

R. 9. Alleluia, tarry with us for this day, etc., Alleluia.
* And when daylight, etc., Alleluia, Alleluia.

Ÿ. May the good angel, etc. * And when daylight, etc.

AT LAUDS.

Antiph. We all are athirst, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Ps. The Lord is king. Rejoice. God.

Antiph. Let the earth give praise unto the Lord, and let all things that grow upon the earth utter a hymn, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Canticle. O all ye works, etc.

Antiph. Alleluia, thou alone dost hold preëminence, etc.; because of this return, etc.; may [all] the angels, etc. Alleluia, Alleluia.

Ps. Praise, etc.

Chapters, Hymn and Antiph. at Benediction as above at First Vespers.

[Nothing is indicated for Second Vespers and the other hours. The *Ps.* 'Praise,' etc., at Lauds was sung as follows:]

Alleluia, praise the Lord down from the heavens, sing praises of Him in the heights, Alleluia. Sing forth the praises of the Lord, all His angels; sing forth His praises, all ye virtues of the Lord, Alleluia, Alleluia. Sing forth praise of Him, both sun and moon; sing praises of Him, O ye stars and light, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.¹

But what was the meaning of this beautiful service? The following exposition of Amalar or Amalaire, Deacon of the cathedral church of Metz, in the 9th century, in his treatise on the Services of the

¹ Lebeuf informed the Benedictine editor of Dufresne's *Glossary* that this office was also used in the monastery of S. Germanus at Auxerre, in the 9th century, according to the saint's own statement, in his *De Miraculis* (l. i. c. 10), and also in the cathedral itself, as witnessed by a missal of the same date. In the antiphonaries of the 14th and 15th centuries, however, he found that the office had been transferred from Septuagesima to the Feast of S. Stephen, the patron saint of the cathedral (*i.e.* to Dec. 26).

Church,¹ addressed to Louis the Pious, may orient us to some extent in the right direction :

AMALAR ON THE OFFICE FOR SEPTUAGESIMA.

First we must note whose state has been celebrated from the Lord's Nativity up to Septuagesima, and from Septuagesima to the middle of Quadragesima [First Sunday in Lent]. Manifestly Christ's generation, and the nobility (or freedom, *liberalitas*) of the holy preachers have been celebrated from the day of Christ's Nativity to Septuagesima, and from Septuagesima the generation of those who long to be taken up out of bondage and from the straits of the present sojourning, until again the birth of Christ is renewed (*renascatur*) about the Paschal Sacraments. The generation of Christ and the nobility of his own [sons] have for the most part migrated from the present age to reign together with the angels in the presence of God. The time of this departure (*emigratio*) is called the night, as the Lord says in the Gospel: The night cometh when no man can work [*Jn.* 94]. The present Church which is in this sojourning, recalls to mind the glory that is celebrated among the citizens who have departed from it [*sc.* this sojourning on earth]. In the day, however, of those who are held down in bondage and who sigh to return again to freedom—among them, in sooth, who are fettered with the sadness of captivity, the Alleluia splendour is not celebrated. But among those who have passed forth [from bondage] Alleluia is celebrated, since they do not withdraw from praise of God. In the antiphonaries the first respond runs: 'Alleluia, while she is present, they imitate' her.'

The good Amalar is puzzled at the gender. Why, he asks, is Alleluia called 'she' when it is a neuter phrase? He, too, is ignorant, and yet he immediately proceeds to call Alleluia the 'chaste birth,' or generation, 'with splendour,' that is, of course, regeneration

¹ *Maxima Bibliotheca vet. Patt. et. antiq. Scripp. eccles.* (ed. Margarin de la Bigne, Lyons, 1577, fol.), tom. 14 (containing writers from 800 to 840 A.D.). '*Amalarii . . . de Eccles. Officiis*' (pp. 934ff.); *De Ordine Antiphonarii Liber* (pp. 1032ff.), cap. 30, '*De Officio Septuagesimæ*' (pp. 1047ff.).

² Evidently the correct reading; they sing (and dance) with Alleluia.

with glory or grace, the 'spiritual birth,' as he rightly says (p. 1043A), and again 'this is the fair and chaste birth' (p. 1047H). With the rest of Amalar's lengthy and pious exegesis we need not trouble the reader.¹

To attempt the lengthy task of tracing the origin and evolution of the liturgical use of Alleluia in the Christian Church is of course out of the question in this restricted paper. The translation, however, of a few quotations from prior authorities in the long disquisition of Cardinal Joannes Bona, '*De Alleluja*,'² may be of service.

The mystery of Alleluia is as it were a dropping of a gentle joy-rain from the riches of Jerusalem Above. . . . It betokens the eternal life-communion of the angels and of blessed souls. It is thus the proper expression of future beatitude, and is rightly used with greatest frequency at the time when the risen Lord gives us pledge and hope and promise of that beatitude. In uttering Alleluia we jubilate rather than sing, for we prolong a single syllable [*sc.* the final *a*] of this utterance into a number of neumes (*neumæ*) or distinctions of modulation, in keeping with the exultation of the saints in glory (pp. 471, 472—from Abbot Rupert of Tuiciæ in ancient Narbonne). Or more simply, the final *a* was prolonged to great length, to signify that the joy of the saints in heaven was unending (p. 474—from S. Bonaventura, and p. 475—from Richard of St. Victor). The modulation of the Alleluiatic chant expresses the thanksgiving of the faithful to God, and their sighing after eternal joys, for articulate human speech cannot express what the mind is unable to conceive, what God has prepared for them that love Him (p. 474—from Stephen of Burgundy). Jubilation that cannot be expressed in articulate speech breaks forth. The Church offers this oblation to God when

¹ It may, however, be of interest to note that the order of his responds is different from that of the Auxerre MSS.; that in *glossing* R. 'Tarry with us,' etc., he treats us to a very arbitrary exegesis of a disjoined sentence or two from the familiar yet strange old folk-tale in *Judges* 19, and in *glossing* R. 'May the good angel,' etc., to an equally arbitrary conflation of the Greek texts of *Tobit* 5 15, 16, 20, 21.

² *De div. Psalmodia . . . sive Psallentis Ecclesiæ Harmonia*, c. 16 §7 (ed. nov., Cologne, 1577), pp. 471ff.

she sings neumes (*pneumata*) or modulations without words in the sacrifice of Lauds. For by this 'vociferation' we represent those good gifts to come, after the dissolution of the flesh, which cannot be set forth in words (pp. 474, 475—from Luke of Tuy in Spain).

There is much more in the learned cardinal's disquisition for which we have no space; but from all of this later piety, interesting though it be in its own way, we do not get a single hint of the historic origin of the ideas associated with the use of Alleluia in Christian ritual; nor do we, as far as I am at present aware, get any direct indications from the Church Fathers. The phrase itself is of course Hebrew, and it was used in the temple-service. But did the Rabbis associate it with the joys of the New or Celestial Jerusalem? Of this I cannot as yet find any evidence. The traces must be sought for, if happily they can be found, in the influence of the astral lore of Babylon and of such ideas as dominated the Wisdom and Apocalyptic literature of Jewry. We thus enter the domain of Hellenistic religion and the widespread territory of the general Gnosis. In the present outline there is space to note only the most general indications.

The sidereal religion or astral cult that was a fundamental element of both Hellenistic theology and Gnostic ecstasis posited the 'harmony' (both song and dance) of the celestial spheres and the supposed 'correspondence' between the constitution and soul of the universe and the life and composition of man. In the soteriology or salvation-doctrine of the many cults of the Gnosis, the human soul was regarded as being in exile from its heavenly home; it was mythologised in the Christianised forms as the fallen Sophia or Wisdom, who was rescued or redeemed by the Saviour, the Christ, her heavenly spouse. Or,

again, the incarnated soul must dance in harmony with the stars and so rebecome a star, a god. On its way above it gradually shed its earthly tendencies, and so, reclothed with celestial virtues, or reëndowed with the movement of the celestial harmony, it rejoined the choirs above. The bride of the Christ was either the whole Church of the faithful or the individual perfected Christian soul. Now the Harmony of Generation or the supposed astral schematic determination of physical birth and death was called, in a number of systems of the Hellenistic and Christianised Gnosis, the Hebdomad,¹ and the Harmony of Regeneration or spiritual birth and life was termed the Ogdoad, Heavenly Jerusalem, Mother Above, and by various other names. To quote two passages out of many. First we have the request of the just illumined neophyte in the Trismegistic *Secret Sermon on the Mount* :

I would, O father, hear the praise-giving with hymn which thou didst say thou heardest then when thou wert at the Eight [the Ogdoad] of Powers.²

This refers to the following passage from the famous *Poimandres* or *Shepherd of Men* treatise :

And then with all the energizings of the [Lower] Harmony stripped from him, clothed in his proper power, he cometh to that nature which belongs unto the Eight, and there with those-that-are hymneth the Father!³

If we now turn to the ritual, called 'The Hymn of Jesus' in the *Acts of John*, we read :

The Ogdoad harps with us as one harp. Amen.

¹ See Wilhelm Bousset, *Hauptprobleme der Gnosis* (Göttingen, 1907), *Die Sieben und die Μητηρ*, pp. 9-58.

² *Corp. Herm.* xiii. 15 (Mead, *Hermes*, ii. 228).

³ *Corp. Herm.* i. 26 (Mead, ii. 16).

The Dodecad above doth dance [with us]. Amen.

The whole on high is a-dance.¹

And a line or two before, and most important of all: "Grace leadeth the dance." Grace is Wisdom, the Sophia, the Ogdoad, the Heavenly Jerusalem, the Mother, Glory, Splendour, Regeneration. Grace is Alleluia.

Here, I believe, we have an early link with the Alleluiatic Office of the middle ages—a link of enormous strength, of which the above rough indications will perhaps give the reader unfamiliar with the very extensive literature of the subject, but little idea. I point to it, however, with some assurance as one of the main moments in the heredity of Alleluia.

As to the ceremony of the burial and wailing for Alleluia, it is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the familiar rites of the cult of Osiris-Attis-Adonis, traces of the probable survival of which in other forms have been of late discovered in customs of the mediæval church.²

But what of the Alleluia whipping-top? What connection can a childish game possibly have with the sublimity of Alleluia? It will be remembered that in the Theseus labyrinth-dance, the dancers were driven, and probably scourged, round the altar (p. 97 n. 2, above). Now the whipping-top was one of the 'play-things' of the young Bacchus, or Iacchos, whose cult was syncretised with the famous Eleusinian Mysteries. There is no space here to labour the point; that would mean another article.³ Setting aside the rest of the

¹ *Hymn of Jesus* (Mead), p. 32.

² See J. G. Frazer, *Adonis Attis Osiris* (London, 1906), pp. 198ff.

³ For a preliminary sketch of the subject, see 'The Playthings of Bacchus,' in the writer's *Orpheus* (London, 1896), pp. 249ff.; the first and still indispensable scientific study is C. A. Lobeck's *Aglaophamus sive de Theologiæ mysticæ Causis* (Königsberg, 1829), i. 699ff., 'De Zagrei Crepundiis.'

‘playthings,’¹ which were all, I believe, regarded as symbols of the modes of the ever-young creative life, or of the ‘sport’ of the deity, a note or two on the whipping-top (ῥόμβος, *turbo*²) may be of special interest. The name *rhombos*, which in geometry was assigned to a body composed of two cones joined together on equal bases,³ was given to a number of similarly-shaped objects, such as a distaff, a spindle, a top (*toupie*), and what is now called a diabolo. In the mystery-playthings the *rhombos* or *turbo*, as a top which was whipped, must be distinguished from the spinning or humming top (στροβίλος).

I venture to suggest that the whipping-top of the mysteries was feigned to symbolise in its spinning the motion of the erratic spheres or seven planets, and the humming top that of the eighth sphere of the so-called fixed stars. This hypothesis is borne out by the famous myth of Plato known as ‘The Vision of Er,’⁴ where he describes the cosmic ‘Spindle of Necessity’ and its eight whorls (the harmony and music of the spheres), with the heaven pole or axis through the whole, on which it spins. I thus am emboldened to think that Alleluia could have very well been suggested

¹ It may, however, be noted that they included ‘dice,’ and that Durand (p. 104 above) tells us that the prelates and clergy used to play at dice at Christmas and Easter.

² Unfortunately the art ‘*turbo*,’ which is to deal at length with the subject, has not yet been reached in Derenburg and Saglio’s *Dict. d. Antiqq. grec. et rom.* There is, however, something to our purpose in E. Saglio’s art. ‘*rhombos*,’ though the special subject of the ‘Playthings of Bacchus’ is not referred to.

³ Fig. 3087, elsewhere in the Dictionary, reproduces a vase-painting of a girl whipping a top, which is formed of two truncated cones, with the smaller plane surfaces (not the bases) joined together; the top spins on a wooden peg in the centre of the inferior base.

⁴ *Rep.* x. 616 bff.; for a translation and notes see the Prolegomena in the writer’s *Hermes* i. 440ff.

by the 'sacred' symbol of the whipping-top.¹ Moreover the ceremonial top of Auxerre had Alleluia painted round it in golden letters. Now in antiquity the seven vowels were assigned to the seven spheres, and it was a widespread custom to use these vowels alone in liturgical chanting. Combinations and permutations of these vowels occur with the greatest frequency in the Magical Papyri and allied documents, and may in some cases be the remains of a very ancient musical notation. At any rate Demetrius tells us categorically :

In Egypt the priests hymn the gods by means of the seven vowels, chanting them in order ; instead of the pipe and lute the musical chanting of these letters are heard. So that if you were to take away the accompaniment you would simply remove the whole melody and music of the utterance (*logos*).²

There may possibly be some echo of this in the modulation of the final *a* of Alleluia, and a musical antiquarian may some day, perhaps by an analysis of the old modes of the Alleluia music,³ recover some of these ancient vowel-chants.

In any case, I venture to hope that the above suggestions have set up some finger-posts for further research, and that they may have brought the puzzles of the ball-dance of Auxerre and the Alleluia whipping-top one step nearer a probable solution. In the next paper I propose to deal chiefly with the Bergeretta of Besançon.

G. R. S. MEAD.

¹ It is here further to be noted that Lebeuf (p. 2667), in describing the MS. of Sens that contained the Office of the Feast of Fools, from which he quotes a very peculiar Alleluia, says that the diptychs which contained this extraordinarily beautiful MS. were inlaid with two panels of ivory, yellow with age, on which were to be seen the figures of Bacchantes, of the goddess Ceres in her car, of Cybele, the mother of the gods, etc. ; all of which is reminiscent of the Magna Mater mysteries and of the Eleusinia.

² *On Interpretation*, c. 71 (p. 20 Raderm.). Cp. the writer's *Mithriac Ritual (Echoes from the Gnosis*, vi., London, 1907), p. 14 *et pass.*

³ Cp. *e.g.* Lebeuf (who among his other accomplishments was sub-cantor of the cathedral), *Traité historique et pratique sur le Chant ecclésiastique* (Paris, 1741).

THE TRIPLE BAPTISM OF THE LAST DAYS: AN INQUIRY INTO THE ESCHATOLOGICAL ALLEGORISM OF THE FORERUNNER.

ROBERT EISLER, PH.D.

THE new Samaritan text which has been discussed in our last paper¹ identifies the second Noe with the Ta'eb or—to use the familiar term—with the Messiah. John's sermon, however, proves that in spite of his conviction of being the reborn 'Repentant' or 'Converter' Nōham, he did not believe himself to be *the* Messiah, the *final* Redeemer of Israel. A stronger one than he was to come after him, and to finish, with '*pneuma*' and *fire*, what the Baptist had begun with water.

This future baptism of fire has been rightly combined by many expositors with the preceding similes of the burned chaff and of the barren trees, which are cast into the flame; it has consequently been identified with the impending judgment of the world by fire, as it is described in many picturesque prophecies of the Old Testament, and as it was expected by Jesus, as well as by the earliest Christian Church. The reader will remember that in Luke's rendering of Jesus' sermon about the Last Days (Q), the comparison with the age of Noe is followed, in the characteristic corresponding

¹ See 'John the Baptist in the Light of a New Samaritan Document' in the last number.—ED.

rhythm of Oriental rhetoric, by the doubtlessly genuine sentence (17²⁸) :

Likewise also as it was *in the days of Lot* ; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded ; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom *it rained fire* and brimstone from heaven and destroyed all. *Even thus shall it be in the days when the Son of Man is revealed.*

Similarly in 2 *Peter* 3^{6f.}, the mention of the Noahic cataclysm of water will be found side by side with the prophecy of a future world-conflagration :

. . . in the water . . . the world that then was being overflowed with water perished. But the heavens and the earth which are now, by the same [divine] word are kept in store, *reserved unto fire*, until the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men.¹

The author of this Epistle admitted a cosmic inundation only in the past ; for the future his eschatology was satisfied with the prospect of a universal conflagration. He follows in this respect the Rabbinic theory,² that God was bound by his promise in *Gen.* 9^{11, 15},³ not to bring a second deluge on the world. Since, however, this same passage supports quite as well the restrictive interpretation that God promises not to exterminate *all* flesh, and not to destroy *the earth itself*, by any future flood which He is to send, that is to say, always to spare a *remnant* of life on earth in all future world-catastrophes, we shall not be astonished to see that Jesus

¹ Cp. 2 *Thess.* 1^{7f.}, "When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed . . . in flaming fire taking vengeance."

² Cp. *Sebūḥim* 116a below: When the revelation took place at Mount Sinai and when the thick cloud, thunders and lightnings were upon the mountain, the people in the camp trembled. Being afraid that a new deluge was threatening, they sent in the absence of Moses to the seer Bileam. They got the answer that they were not to fear a second deluge, on account of God's promise, *Gen.* 9¹¹. *A flood of fire, however, was not impossible.*

³ "I will establish my covenant with you: neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood, neither shall there be any more a flood to destroy the earth."

and his master the Baptist believed in an ultimate flood as well as in an ultimate conflagration, both being more or less openly described in the prophetic texts of the Old Testament.

To understand fully the ideas of the Baptist we shall only have to modify very slightly the current thesis, that the Messianic baptism of fire, foretold by John, is nothing else than the Last Judgment of humanity in the Day that cometh burning like an oven.¹ As his baptism in water is *not simply identical* with the final deluge, which is to purify the world, but a symbolic and, for the repentant ones, also an *apotropaic* and protective anticipation of it,² even so does he expect that the 'Mightier One' coming after him will purge the righteous remnant of Israel, 'like a refiner,' in a baptism of fire, so that then they shall be proof as gold against the last flame, which is to exterminate the sinners—the idea being evidently based on *Malachi* 3:3 :

Behold, I will send my messenger and he shall prepare the way before me . . . he is like a refiner's fire . . . and he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver and he shall purify the sons of Levi and purge them as gold and silver.

We have seen before³ that John considered—according to a familiar Rabbinic symbolism—*his* baptism in the miraculously 'vivified' water of the Jordan above all as a baptism in the 'water of the Sacred Law,' in the 'flowing righteousness' of the Divine Word. A similar spiritual conception of the 'baptism in fire' underlies the story of the first Pentecost after the crucifixion, in *Acts* 2f., which is obviously intended to be a record of the fulfilment of John's concluding prophecy. Fire descends and rests upon the chosen ones, but it is *not* the devouring fire of judgment;

¹ *Malachi* 3:19. ² Cp. QUEST, vol. iii. pp. 696f. ³ QUEST, vol. iii. p. 164.

quite on the contrary, the comparison of the narrative with its original model—Philo's description of the revelation on Mount Sinai¹—shows, that the 'tongues as of fire' are merely a symbolism for the 'Voice' or Word of God, derived from *Jeremiah* 23²⁹: "Is not my word like as a fire?" and *Isaiah* 30^{27, 33}, where the 'tongue' of Jahvè is said to be '*as a devouring fire*' and his breath kindling '*like a stream of brimstone*.'² Supposing that the interpretation of the Messianic 'baptism of fire' in *Acts* agrees with John's ideas about this miracle of the Last Days—and why indeed should it not?—we shall necessarily conclude, that the Baptist expected, even like Jesus (*Lk.* 17²⁸), a rain of fire and brimstone to destroy at last the stubborn transgressors of the divine Law, just as had once been the fate of the Sodomites; but the righteous chosen ones would only experience a marvellous descent upon them of the Logos or 'Voice' and 'Breath' of God, which is, according to the prophets, 'as a devouring fire' and 'similar to a stream of brimstone'; purged like gold and silver through this fire of divine grace, they will be proof against the destroying flames of the last cosmic conflagration. As the Midrash about the second Noe³ distinguishes, in the future deluge, on the one hand a

¹ Philo, *De Decalogo*, 9 and 11; vol. ii. 185f. 188, 295, ed. Mangey; P.'s Works, English translation by Yonge, iii., 146, etc. He says that the Law was given by means of God's Voice, which spread itself abroad; there went forth all over the earth an invisible sound, which became changed into *flame-like fire*; the flame became articulate in the dialect to which the listeners were accustomed. With this cp. the miracle in *Acts* 26, that every man heard those that spoke under the impulse of the fiery tongues, speak in his own language. The idea of a revealing 'Voice' of God, which is thus described by Philo, is familiar to the Rabbis under the name of the 'Bath Kōl.'

² Cp. *Enc. Bibl.* 611: "It is probable that the Hebrews like the Greeks (s. *Il.* xiv. 415, *Od.* xii. 417) and the Romans (Plin. *H.N.* 8515) associated the ozonic smell which often so perceptibly accompanies lightning discharges with the presence of sulphur. This may help to explain the passages which describe the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrhah as having been brought about by a rain of fire and *brimstone* from heaven."

³ *QUEST*, vol. iii. pp. 696f.

flood of perdition for the wicked ones, on the other hand a flood of divine favour (*raṣōn*) and of conversion for the repentant ones, and as John, looking to certain Old Testament prophecies, probably opposed the symbolic drowning in the salutary inundation caused by the Messianic spring from under the temple, to the 'wrath to come' in the shape of a universal cataclysm, even so the salutary baptism of the chosen ones in the fiery blast of God, which is to accompany the revelation of John's mightier successor, shall make them proof against the devouring fire of the Last Judgment.¹

Thus it remains only to see, whether the 'baptism in *pneuma*,'² which is mentioned by John alongside of his own 'washing in water' and of the Messianic purgation through fire, can be explained on the same lines as the two other purifications. An affirmative answer to this question will at once appear quite plausible if we remember, first, that the Baptist could find in *Isaiah* 44 (cp. 57¹³) the prophecy, that God will "*purge the blood of Jerusalem from the midst thereof by the wind of judgment and by the wind of destruction*,"³ and, secondly, that those very Old Testament passages, from which John has derived his simile of the 'mightier

¹ Cp. *Sibyll* ii. 252ff.: "And then (in the last Judgment) all will have to pass through the burning fire and the unquenchable flame. The just ones will all be saved but the ungodly will perish," etc. A good analogy is offered by the 81st chapter of the *Bundahish*—the Pahlvi translation of a lost section from the *Avesta*—where the ultimate purgation of the world by a fire that makes all metals melt, is expected to be most torturing for the sinners, but for the pure ones as mild as a bath in tepid milk.

² Cp. QUEST, vol. iii., p. 756, n. 4, on the word *haqiōi* (holy) being a Christian interpolation into the original text of John's sermon. There is no question here of the 'Holy Spirit' in the technical sense of this theological personification, no more than of a 'sacred' Water or 'sacred' Fire in the two other baptisms, although both elements, the water flowing down from God's sanctuary and the fire 'from Jahvè' (*Gen.* 19²⁴, *Dan.* 7¹⁰) could equally well claim the attribute of holiness in this connection.

³ The decisive word 'wind' in these two terms, which seem predestined for the use of eschatological speculations, is indeed '*pneuma*' in the Greek version, *ruah* (wind, breath; A.V. 'spirit') in the Hebrew original.

one' winnowing his harvest, speak expressly of the *wind*, which is to carry away the chaff and stubble¹; in doing so they even use the same Hebrew word *ruah*, which is translated by '*pneuma*' both in the Greek version of *Isaiah* 4, and of John's sermon.

Accordingly the Baptist's prophecy must be translated—as I have done before:²

I indeed wash you in water, but he that cometh after me . . . shall cleanse you with *wind* and with fire.

The foretold purging by means of wind is to be understood as the same eschatological trial which is described, in the next line of the sermon, as a fanning of the harvested grain against the wind; since in reality it is by no means the winnower's fan, but the wind itself, that separates in this procedure the grain from the chaff,³ and thus enables the harvester to 'gather the one into his garner' and to burn the other 'with unquenchable fire.' In *Isaiah* 27₁₂ the Baptist had read that "in that day Jahvè will thresh corn from the channels of the Euphrates to the stream of Egypt and *gather up the Israelites one by one*"; he had taken over this picturesque metaphor and enriched it by adding, from the other above-quoted texts, the idea of a winnowing of Israel, whereby the true sons of Abraham, that is the righteous ones, are to be separated from the chaff of the 'ungodly.' As in the case of the baptisms

¹ "Thou shalt fan them and the wind (*ruah*) shall carry them away and the whirlwind shall scatter them," *Isaiah* 41₁₆, cp. 40₂₄, and *Psa.* 83₁₄: "Make them as stubble before the wind (*ruah*)."

² QUEST, vol. iii., p. 156.

³ Cp. H. W. Hogg on the modern Syrian method of winnowing, *Enc. Bibl.*, 84: "The winnowers stand to the east of the heap and toss the *daris* (mixed mass of grain, chopped straw and chaff) *against the wind* or straight up, or simply let it fall from the inverted fork, *according to the strength of the evening west breeze*. While the chaff is blown away some ten to fifteen feet or more, the straw falls at a shorter distance; the heavy grain . . . falls almost where it was," etc.

by water and fire, both the good *and* the wicked ones will be subject to the trial; but the one will remain unharmed and be gathered into the kingdom, the other will be tossed by the wind, the breath or wrath of Jahvè,¹ into the fire of condemnation.

The beneficent effect on the chosen ones of this 'mighty wind rushing down from heaven' is described in the Pentecost-story of *Acts* 2, as we are told by the author himself in the discourse of Peter (2¹⁷), with regard to the prophecy of *Joel* 2²⁸⁻³² (3¹⁻⁵):

I will pour out my breath (*ruhi*) upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions; and also upon the servants and the handmaids in those days will I pour out my breath—

a prodigy, which is to precede the other signs and miracles that herald the Day of Judgment. The reader will notice, that the introduction of this text, in order to explain mystically the 'wind of judgment' (*Isaiah* 4⁴) as the 'breath of Jahvè' and the 'spirit' of prophecy, perhaps also as the 'new spirit' which God is to put into the interior of the believers after having them cleansed with water (*Ezek.* 36²⁷, cp. QUEST, vol. iii. p. 148 n. 1), is exactly parallel to John's alleged identification of the Messianic life-giving water with the sacred Law of God, and of the fire with the Voice and Word of the Divinity, on the basis of other scriptural passages.

As to the general 'destruction,' which the same avenging blast is to bring upon the impenitent sinners, the necessary explanation is to be found in certain Midrashic traditions that mention *a third cosmic*

¹ Cp. *Ezod.* 158,10: "With the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together . . . thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them"; *Ps.* 18¹⁵: "The foundations of the world were discovered, O Lord, at the blast of the wind of thy nostrils."

catastrophe, to wit a *deluge of wind*, along with the watery cataclysm which befell the generation of Noe, and with the deluge of fire that destroyed the contemporaries of Lot; we read, *e.g.* in the Syrian Apology of Pseudo-Melito (*Corp. Apol.*, ed. Otto, ix. 432) :

There was once a *deluge of wind*, and the men who had been reserved for it were killed by a tremendous storm from the north, and only the just ones were left to witness the truth. Another time there was a deluge of water, all the men and animals perished but the righteous ones were preserved in the wooden ark by order of God. And just so in the Last Days, there will be a flood of fire, and the earth with all its mountains, and men with all the idols they made unto themselves, and even the sea and its islands will be set aflame, but the just ones will be saved, as their like were saved in the ark from the water of the cataclysm.

The *Book of the Bee* (ed. Budge, p. 40f.) and the *Cave of Treasures* (ed. Bezold, p. 32) inform us that when this catastrophic 'ventilation' of the world occurred, after the deluge of water, the men of Babylon decided to build a tower as high as the sky itself, and to live on top of it in order to be safe from any future inundation of the earth. But God opened the store-houses of the winds and overthrew by fearful storms all their buildings. *Only Abraham who had left the land before by a divine commandment was saved from the universal destruction.*

Consequently a 'seeker' like John, who eagerly collected all possible information about the Last Things from the scriptures, and who knew this story of an aerial cataclysm overthrowing the tower of Babel, could not fail to complete the terrible series of threats, "As it was in the days of Noe" and "As it was in the days of Lot so shall it be in the days of the Son of Man," by the prophecy: As it was in the days of *Abraham*, so shall it be when the Messiah comes. They continued in their

evil works and would not repent, until God ordered Abraham to leave the land, and then a storm from heaven destroyed the town, and a whirlwind scattered the rebellious people helpless all over the world.

The resulting idea of three subsequent complementary purgations of the world through elemental catastrophes, the last of which is to be one of fire, could then seem to correspond in a striking way with the sentence of *Zechariah* 13^{sq.} :

It shall come to pass, saith the Lord, that in all the land *two parts therein shall be cut off and die* ; but the third shall be left therein. And *I will bring the third part through the fire* and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried ; [thus] they shall call on my name and I will hear them. I will say : This is my people, and they shall say : The Lord is my God.

Of course I do not mean to pretend that this highly complicated eschatology, which expects the Last Judgment to consist in an ultimate flooding, a last ventilation and a final fiery refining of the world, and believes that these three equally necessary purifications can be anticipated by the repentant true Israelites, in the shape of three symbolic baptisms, in water, spirit and fire, could have been independently evolved by any thinker, however speculative his mind may have been, merely from those Bible texts on which the system is based *à posteriori* ; on the contrary, it is easy to see that the theory of three correlative elemental purifications and of three elemental world-catastrophes betrays a strong influence of extra-biblical ideas.

First of all, the belief in the efficacy of complementary purgings of the soul through the hostile elements of water, air and fire is common to all the Hellenistic mysteries. Before the initiate of Apuleius (*Met.* xi. 23) is deemed worthy to approach the divinity,

he has to '*travel through all the elements.*' On the other hand, in Virgil's mystic description of the underworld (vi. 739ff.), we hear that some of the souls are *purified by being exposed to the winds*—even as Paolo and Francesca in Dante's purgatory; the wickedness of others is *washed away by water*, while still others are *purged through fire*. To this passage Servius, the learned commentator of the *Æneid*, adds the following instructive words:

Every purgation is effected either by water or by fire or by air; therefore *in all the mysteries* you find these three methods of cleansing: they either disinfect you with (burning) sulphur,¹ or wash you with water, or *ventilate you with wind*; the latter is *done in the Dionysiac mysteries*—

a statement that evidently alludes to the well-known use of the mystic sieve or *winnowing-shovel* (*liknon*) by the Bacchic initiates. Accordingly, the Orphic underworld was believed to contain rivers of water, air and fire,² through which the souls had to pass subsequently on their pilgrimage to their final abode. Nobody can overlook that a more or less distinct knowledge of such Hellenistic ideas seems to underlie John's idea of three complementary baptisms.

Still more obvious are the foreign influences on the development of the above-analysed scheme of three cosmic catastrophes, at the end of the present world's duration. We know from the Gospels (*Matt.* 19²⁸) that the contemporaries of John and Jesus were quite familiar with the idea of a total destruction of the world, to be followed by an equally total 'renewal' (*apokatastasis*) or 'rebirth' (*palingenesia*) of the cosmos (cp. *Is.* 66²²). I have shown elsewhere how this belief in a

¹ Cp. above, p. 127 n. 2.

² Cp. my *Weltenmantel u. Himmelszelt*, p. 480 n. 8.

plurality of subsequently revolving worlds developed as an essential element of the Irano-Babylonian and Old Ionian astro-mystic religion of the Æon (Zrvanism), and how intimately it is connected on the one hand with the mystic notion of Eternity, on the other hand with the astrological idea of 'great,' 'divine,' 'cosmic' or 'world'-years which was so familiar both to Old Ionian cosmology and to Stoicism, the leading philosophy of the Hellenistic age. It is indeed to Stoic authors that we owe the principal fragments of the Babylonian priestly writer Berossos, concerning the duration of the 'world-years' and the final catastrophes which divide one 'æon' from the next.¹

This essentially astrological theory presupposes a certain position of the stars at the beginning or creation of the world, which is called the '*thema mundi*.' As soon as this position is repeated through the eternal revolution of the sky, the world-process has reached its natural end and begins again, proceeding precisely in the same way as in the first age.² *Every* such cosmic revolution or world-year *has its tropical points*, just as a single solar year. When the sun, in its annual course, reaches the Lion or the Crab, we note the summer solstice of each year, with its dry 'fiery' weather; on the contrary, when the sun passes through Capricorn, the 'Fishes' or through Aquarius, the ancients experienced the 'watery' rainfalls of a southern winter. Consequently, says Berossos, when once *all the planets* meet in the watery part of the zodiac, a universal deluge is bound to come over the

¹ Cp. Bidez, *Bérose et la grande Année*, Mélanges, Paul Frédéricq, Bruxelles, 1904, pp. 9-17.

² Thus it comes about, that the future Messiah could be believed to be the repetition or rather reincarnation (Samarit. *ta'eb*=*redivivus*) of some hero of the past, a new Noe or Joseph, a new Moses or Joshua, a new David or Jonah, a new Elias, etc.

world; if they all congregate in the opposite part of the zodiac, the result is the dreaded '*ekpyrōsis*' or world-conflagration, etc.¹ It is obvious that these speculations offered a plausible explanation both for the biblical accounts of past catastrophes, such as the cataclysm of Noah's generation or the conflagration of Sodom and Gomorrha in the days of Lot, and for the prophetic descriptions of the ultimate judgment, whether it was expected to be brought about by water or by fire. Of course it depended on rather arbitrary suppositions, about the '*thema mundi*' and the probable length of one 'great year,' whether the cataclysm of the present world was foreseen as a conflagration or as an inundation, an uncertainty which is clearly reflected by the Rabbinic legend, that Noah was asked by his contemporaries, whether the flood he foretold to them would be one of fire or water, or by that other curious tradition, that the Noahic flood was one of *boiling* water. But the decisive feature of these speculations for our present purpose is the fact, that the watery and the fiery deluge do not exhaust the circle of possibilities. For the usual division of the solar year among the ancients was neither one of summer and winter, which is used by Berossos, nor the now common scheme of four seasons, but a tripartite one that distinguished spring, summer and winter. The climatic character of each of these seasons was explained, by the astrological doctrine, on the principle of a predominance of either the watery element—in winter—or the fiery one—in summer—or finally of the air in the spring, which is in fact regularly characterised by the great equinoctial storms all around the Mediterranean.

¹ Cp. on the belief in recurring world-catastrophes and the corollary notion of world-years, Hugo Gressmann, *l.c.*, p. 167ff., where however the third, aerial, deluge is not considered.

Consequently the third elemental world-catastrophe, *an overthrow of the cosmos by gigantic storms, was also held necessary once in the course of each æon.*

It is this system which John seems to have used—whether for the first time or not, we cannot say—in order to harmonise the different and apparently contradictory prophetic descriptions about the Last Judgment of the whole creation, which was to be brought about, according to one opinion through the ‘flowing scourge’ of a deluge, according to another through the ‘wind of judgment’ and ‘destruction,’ according to a third through an unquenchable fire. The resulting scheme, which he expresses both openly in the words “I sprinkle you with water, He will cleanse you with wind and fire,” and allegorically through his agricultural similes, means to convey the impressive notion of *a triple elemental ‘baptism’* and purifying ‘*apokatastasis*’ of the world, that is to precede its renewal and final ‘rebirth’ for eternity, in order on the one hand to destroy gradually and completely the sinners, and to serve on the other hand as a sacramental ‘regeneration’ for the chosen remnant of true, repentant Israel, even as God had purified the world through water, wind and fire in the primeval days of Noe, Lot and Abraham.

ROBERT EISLER.

BUDDHIST AND CHRISTIAN ORIGINS : AN APPRECIATION AND A PROTEST.

R. F. JOHNSTON, M.A.

It is only very recently that students of religious problems have begun to take a serious interest in the various ways in which advanced religious thought in the West is affecting the methods and teachings associated with Christian propaganda in the East.

A large number of earnest missionaries, it is true, not only hold themselves rigidly aloof from all theological controversy (in which no doubt they are well advised), but sometimes even affect an attitude of scorn or pity towards the labourers in the field of what they often contemptuously refer to as 'the so-called higher criticism.' They are keenly suspicious of all tendencies in modern scholarship that seem to threaten the stability of the orthodox Christianity of the Bible and ecclesiastical tradition, and they profess to be in no way disturbed even by the admissions of conscientious theologians like the Dean of St. Paul's, who has borne frank testimony to the 'notorious inefficacy' of Christian apologetics.

There is, however, a small but growing body of cultured and clear-sighted missionaries who fully realise that many of the ideals, motives and purposes which inspired the best efforts of the pioneers of Christian evangelism are now to a great extent moribund or dead; that a Christianity which is incessantly

undergoing metamorphoses in western Europe, should not be allowed to present itself in its discarded embodiments before the eyes of the wondering East; and that if the work of Christian missions is to be continued at all, it will be necessary to set up new ideals in place of those which are worn out, and to substitute new sources of inspiration for those which are fast drying up. No longer is it possible for educated men to believe that Christianity is wholly from God and all non-Christian religions wholly from the Devil. No longer can honest men justify foreign missions on the ground that each individual convert to Christianity means one more angel for heaven, one more soul snatched from the jaws of hell. No longer can it be taught that the heathen are necessarily devoid of healthy moral qualities, or that such virtues as they possess are but 'splendid vices.' Far more falteringly than of old do Christians assert that the Old and New Testaments constitute the unique and incomparable depository of divine wisdom. On all these matters, and many others, the cultivated modern missionary has but little in common with his pardonably-ignorant predecessors of yesterday or with his unpardonably-ignorant fellow-workers in the missionary field to-day.

There are two main causes which have contributed to the remarkable change which is coming over the spirit of missionary dreams: one is the gradual disintegration of dogmatic Christianity at home, the other is a growing appreciation of, and sympathy with, the so-called heathen religions abroad. It is the second of these causes that is our chief concern in this paper; but it is well to remember that the two are closely inter-related. An appreciation of the good things to be found in the sacred books and doctrines of the great

non-Christian faiths was an utter impossibility so long as the Bible and the dogmas of Christianity were firmly believed to embody the unique divine revelation. To the devout Christian of our grandfathers' days it was a blasphemous absurdity to suppose that the childish babblings of the blindly-groping heathen could be worthy of a moment's comparison with the sublime utterances of the divinely-inspired and infallible Scriptures of Judaism and Christianity. Not till Western scholars found themselves obliged in the interests of truth and honesty to make at least a partial surrender of the uncompromising claims of dogmatic Christianity, were they able to inspect the sacred books of other races without a display of ignorant contempt, pious horror, or patronising condescension; and not till the healthy modern science of comparative hierology had begun its victorious march through the religious realms of the whole world was it possible for Western students to approach the classics of the Eastern faiths in a spirit of humble enquiry and emancipated sympathy.

It is natural that the most successful workers in the field of what is usually but rather clumsily described as Comparative Religion have hitherto been independent lay students, who are untrammelled by theological prepossessions and are not professionally tied to any foregone conclusions. It is worthy of notice, however, that in the work of examining and appraising the documents and traditions of non-Christian faiths a few highly-qualified missionaries have begun, of late years, to take an honourably distinguished part. Among these (to confine ourselves to the Far East) are Dr. John Ross of Manchuria, Dr. Timothy Richard of China, and the Rev. Arthur

Lloyd of Japan. These men have earned the thanks of all seekers after truth for their large-minded and appreciative scrutiny of various non-Christian cults, and for the courage and honesty with which they have corrected the grossly unfair and misleading caricatures of 'heathen idolatry' that disfigure the pages of innumerable missionary records.

Concerning Dr. Ross's able and accurate little work on *The Original Religion of China*, I do not propose to say anything in this paper, beyond advising everyone who takes an intelligent interest in the early religious history of the Chinese people to make himself master of its instructive contents. I venture, however, to offer a few critical observations on those published writings of Dr. Richard and Mr. Lloyd which deal with the important subject of Buddhist and Christian origins; and though I feel obliged to call attention to, and protest against, certain errors and over-statements by which—if my judgment is correct—their work is rather seriously marred, I hope it will be understood that I write in no spirit of querulous fault-finding. On the contrary, I welcome and appreciate their sympathetic treatment of subjects which many of their fellow-missionaries, past and present, have rarely been able to mention without passionate outbursts of indignation against what one of them has been pleased to term 'the desolating horrors of paganism.'

The two writers I have mentioned, have worked independently along parallel lines of research, and have been led to somewhat similar results. Both have found much that is noble and inspiring in the doctrines of the Mahāyāna Buddhism of China and Japan; both are of opinion that this form of Buddhism contains teachings which are identical with or similar

to teachings which are regarded as essential to Christianity (as for instance those concerning Salvation and Redemption and Divine Love) and which are commonly but erroneously supposed to be inculcated by Christianity alone; both agree that in its origin or in the early stages of its growth this Buddhism—which in some important respects is irreconcilable with the Hīnayāna Buddhism taught by Gotama Sākyamuni in the 6th and 5th centuries B.C.—was in direct or indirect contact with primitive Christianity or took its rise from the same sources as those which produced the Christian Faith.¹

If the object of these writers were merely to prove that all the good things in Buddhism have been copied from Christianity, their work would scarcely merit the attention of serious students. But such is not the case.

It is getting clearer every year now (says Dr. Richard) that these common doctrines of New Buddhism and Christianity were not borrowed from one another, but that both came from a common source.

His conclusion is that this common source was Babylonian, and that

From this centre these great life-giving inspiring truths were carried like seeds into both the East and West where they were somewhat modified under different conditions.

Elsewhere he has told us that

¹ The writings of Dr. Timothy Richard to which I refer in this paper are mainly the following: (1) Introduction to *The Awakening of Faith*; (2) Preface and Introduction to *The Guide to Buddhahood* (Shanghai, 1907); (3) Abstract of a Lecture on New China, published in the *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan* (Vol. XXXVI., Pt. i., 1908); (4) Introductions to *The New Testament of Higher Buddhism* (Edinburgh, 1910); (5) Article in *The Chinese Recorder*, June, 1911, pp. 353ff.; (6) Letter in *The Chinese Recorder*, July, 1911, pp. 419ff. The publications of the Rev. A. Lloyd to which I refer are: (1) *The Wheat among the Tares* (Macmillan & Co., 1908); (2) *Shinran and his Work* (Tokyo, 1910); (3) Article in *The East and the West*, July, 1911, pp. 293ff.

There was hope for China if she could recognise that the best fundamental principles found in Confucianism and Buddhism are in perfect accord with the principles of Christianity. Let the adherents of each of the three religions rejoice in the high ideals possessed by the others, and let each one help to promote the common good of their fellow-men.

Even when he refers to the state of decay into which Buddhism has fallen in modern China, Dr. Richard carefully abstains from joining the bulk of his brother-missionaries in ascribing such decay to the inherent vileness of a heathen creed. It is partly due, he says, to the failure of the hopeless attempt to harmonise the teachings of the old Buddhism (Hīnayāna) with those of the new (Mahāyāna), and partly to the failure of the leaders of the Buddhist Church to establish and maintain a proper system of religious education.

The prodigious difference between the liberal-minded attitude of men like those whose writings we are now considering, and that constantly assumed by missionaries of a narrow type, can be realised to the full when we remember how in less enlightened days than these, a prominent preacher of the Christian gospel in China could stigmatise the rites of Buddhism as 'the orgies of idolatry' and denounce a great Buddhist monastery in that country as 'the infamous seat of abomination.' Those days are passing, or have passed; but we must not suppose that all missionaries move forward at the same rate. The views courageously put forward by exceptional men like Dr. Richard and Mr. Lloyd will not be accepted without a long and painful struggle by those who still believe that in fighting Buddhism they are at war with the forces of Satan. The new theories are already causing

great perplexity and anxiety in various missionary quarters. In *The Chinese Recorder*¹, Bishop Moule quotes, apparently with pained surprise, certain statements made by Dr. Richard to the effect that Buddhism preaches "a Gospel of great hope to the greater part of the Eastern Asiatic continent"; that it is, in fact, "an adaptation of Christianity to ancient thought in Asia . . . an Asiatic form of the same Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," and thus furnishes "the deepest bond of union between the different races of the East and West, namely, the bond of a common religion."

Little wonder is it that in the same issue of *The Chinese Recorder*,² the editor feels called upon to make the following comments:

Into certain of the writings of the Mahāyāna school Dr. Richard reads the tenets of the Christian gospel to so great an extent that he feels justified in the use of Christian terminology when translating these terms into English. . . . So far as we are at present acquainted with the position, or are able to follow it, we cannot find upon grounds either of philology, history or theology sufficient warrant for so momentous a departure. . . . If these apologists of the Mahāyāna school are right, what then results? Suppose it possible that these students justify in a scientific manner their use of Christian terminology in dealing with certain Buddhist books, and show conclusively that the New Buddhism is Christianity writ with a Buddhist pen:—What next? Have they not then to proceed to convince both the Church and the world that Christian missions to non-Christian lands have not thereby become a work of obvious supererogation? The essence of our Gospel and the justification of our presence lies in the New Testament teaching of salvation through the Divine Man, God's Son, Christ Jesus. If this essence of Christian Gospel teaching is already enshrined in Buddhist literature, what remains to demand the work of the Christian missionary on religious grounds? . . .

¹ See issue of June, 1911, pp. 347ff.

² See p. 313.

If Christianity as the essential and final Gospel is not unique, its missionary programme is set upon an unsound and mistaken basis.

Personally, I am inclined to concur with the editor of *The Chinese Recorder*, though for reasons widely different from his, when he objects to Dr. Richard's extensive use of Christian terminology in translating from the Mahāyāna scriptures. After all, such a practice is hardly consistent with Dr. Richard's own theory that both Christianity and the 'Higher' Buddhism sprang from a source which was neither distinctively Christian nor distinctively Buddhist, but contained elements which caused the two religions to develop certain similar characteristics. The free use of Christian terminology in English translations would inevitably lead the unwary reader to the erroneous supposition that whatever good things Buddhism contains were simply plagiarised from developed Christianity: a supposition which (though their language is sometimes a little ambiguous) is very properly rejected by both Dr. Richard and Mr. Lloyd.

I must also confess to being in sympathy with some of the criticisms made by Bishop Moule, though their value is impaired by the too obvious spirit of Christian partisanship by which they are inspired. He admits that he long ago "felt the fascination of the historical greatness of Buddhism as a wonderful effort of the human mind to solve the problem of life and death, and, on the practical side, to relieve human misery by self-restraint and active benevolence."¹ But he goes on to state that his Buddhist studies (largely based, it is significant to note, on the works of Christian clergymen) have convinced him that "*the essential characteristics of revealed religion* are conspicuously

¹ *The Chinese Recorder*, June, 1911, p. 348.

wanting in Buddhism, primitive or developed." The use of such language as this obviously precludes all possibility of profitable discussion, inasmuch as no man really knows whether any religion has ever been 'revealed,' in the theological sense of the term, and we are therefore quite unable to say what would be 'the essential characteristics' of such a religion.

The bishop draws attention to another grave omission on the part of Buddhism, in that it fails to teach the doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body. That is true. Official Christianity is tied to this belief, no doubt, but in how many non-professional Christians is the belief an active one to-day? Dr. Moule further points out that in Buddhism "creation is unknown or frankly denied. As a substitute we find emanation, permutation, evolution under the persistent influence of the chain of causation." This statement is fair enough as far as it goes; and I leave it to experts to declare whether the Christian doctrine of 'creation' or the Buddhist doctrine of 'permutation' and 'evolution' is the more easily reconcilable with the doctrines held and taught to-day by reputable men of science.

Both Dr. Richard and Mr. Lloyd seem to regard it as a truth which hardly requires demonstration that the Mahāyāna or Great Vehicle is immeasurably superior to the Hīnayāna or Small Vehicle. As Christian missionaries, indeed, they can hardly be expected to take any other view, for it is only the Mahāyāna that contains doctrines bearing any similarity to the beliefs of Christianity. The Hīnayāna teaches, among other things, that man must be 'a light unto himself' and his own saviour, and that the universe is ruled by inexorable law and bound by the

chains of cause and effect. Christianity and the Mahāyāna, on the other hand, teach that man's welfare and salvation chiefly depend on 'faith' in a divine Redeemer or Saviour, who in the one case is the Christ, in the other a Bodhisattva such as Kuan-yin or Tītsang.¹ They teach that this Saviour is an incarnation of the supreme Godhead,—Jahveh, the God of the Jews, in the one case, the glorified Sākyamuni or the Lord Amitābha (Jap. Amida) in the other; and that this Divine Being has voluntarily condemned himself to undergo a life (in the Mahāyāna a countless series of lives) of toil and anguish in the world, in order that he may thereby lessen men's woes and bear their burdens, and bring them at last to eternal felicity.

As to the 'good tidings of great joy' of which Christian missionaries proclaim themselves to be the bearers, it is worth noting that the Christian evangel can hardly be compared in respect of its joyousness with the message conveyed by the 'Higher' Buddhism; for the ordinary Christian doctrine is that only the elect few are to taste the joys of heaven, while the rest of mankind are to be damned to an eternity of woe; whereas the far more merciful teaching of Mahāyāna Buddhism is to the effect that every living being (not man only) that has ever existed in the past or may come into existence in the future, throughout the whole universe, is destined to enter at last into the ineffable state of Buddhahood.

Whether the theory (common to Christianity and the 'Higher' Buddhism) of salvation through faith in a divine Saviour really connotes a loftier ideal or adumbrates a profounder truth than we find associated with

¹ The Japanese sounds for these Chinese names are Kwannon and Jizō. They stand for the Sanskrit Avalokitesvara and Kṣhitigarbha.

the teachings of the Hīnayāna, is open to very grave doubt. The Mahāyāna—implicitly if not explicitly—assumes, like Christianity, that man's nature is innately depraved, or, to use the Christian formula, tainted with the corruption of 'original sin'; that man can only hope to raise himself to a higher level, or to 'save his soul,' by throwing himself on the clemency and pity of a supernatural Redeemer; and that he can only expect to escape the punishment due to his native sinfulness by establishing correct relations with the unseen and more or less unknown God. The old Buddhism—the Hīnayāna—may have had its defects; there is little doubt, at any rate, that its way to popularity among the masses of mankind was barred by the severity of its self-discipline and its uncompromising insistence on the universality of the reign of law. But there is this to be said for the Hīnayāna—that it took a nobly optimistic view of the intrinsic worth of man's moral nature. It did not teach men that they were the 'children of wrath' and had no right to expect anything better than eternal perdition. It taught them that they could attain blessedness only by their own individual efforts and not by reliance on any external support; but it assured them at the same time that their own natures were endowed with the potentialities of ultimate success, that they possessed an inborn capacity for good, and that no one need give way to despair by the contemplation of his own apparent vileness.

This, however, is by the way. A full discussion of the relative merits of the two Buddhisms would lead us far from our present subject, which is concerned not with the deeply interesting philosophic doctrines taught by the historical Gotama, but with the origin of that

remarkable system of the Mahāyāna, of which — it is safe to affirm—Gotama knew nothing and which he would certainly not have approved of if he had known it.¹

It is undoubtedly a very interesting fact that the Mahāyāna—whatever its mysterious origin may have been—began its victorious march through central and eastern Asia just about the time when Christianity, turning reluctantly away from the unresponsive East, was beginning to direct its hopes towards the less baffling West.² It is quite impossible, however, in the light of our present knowledge, to assign a definite date or a definite place of origin to the first beginnings of either Mahāyāna Buddhism or Christianity. With regard to the former, Dr. Richard is perhaps inclined to attribute too much importance to the part played by the patriarch Aśvaghoṣa. Moreover, he has not thought it necessary to warn his readers that there were, apparently, several Buddhistic writers who bore (or adopted for literary

¹ I am assuming the historicity of Gotama the Buddha, and I think, *pace* Mr. J. M. Robertson, we are justified in doing so. After all, Gotama was only one of a long succession of Hindu philosophers. The Gymnosophists of Alexander's time, of whom Plutarch tells us, were far from being the first of their kind. It can hardly be seriously contended that all the old philosophers of India were figments of the imagination, and it seems irrational to deny the real existence of one of them simply because his name is associated with the origin of one of the great world-religions.

² "Sākyamuni is the *Pleroma*, the *Mandala*. He, Begotten before all worlds, is the sum-total of all that is divine or that is worshipped in the whole Universe. . . . This Sākyamuni is to the Buddhist exactly what Christ is to the Christian; and it is passing strange that these two Figures so strikingly similar should appear on the world's stage at almost the same moment. I am not referring at this moment to the Indian sage and Jesus of Nazareth, but to the glorified Sākyamuni of the *Saddharma Puṇḍarīkā*, and the risen, glorified and exalted Christ of whom St. Paul constantly speaks. 'It is impossible,' says the Christian; 'there cannot be two Christs.' 'It is impossible,' says the Buddhist; 'there cannot be two Sākyamunis such as described in our great Sūtra. We can accept your Christ as a partial manifestation: we cannot find room for two Pleromas in one Universe.' It is, however, possible that the two may be found to be intended as variant pictures of One and the same Divine Person, and my aim in this book is to try and establish that identity; for I feel sure that if I can do so, the world, Christian and Buddhist alike, will be the gainer." Lloyd's *Wheat among the Tares*, pp. 94-5.

purposes) the name of Aśvaghoṣa. It is by no means certain that the author of *The Awakening of Faith*—which Dr. Richard rather rashly describes as “one of the great books of the world”—was the Aśvaghoṣa who wrote the *Buddha-charita* and was contemporary with king Kanishka. Mr. Lloyd, again, is far too ready to adopt the view that certain of the characteristic teachings of the Mahāyāna were implicit in the actual teachings of the historic Gotama and were derived by him from a Jewish source.

If in attempting to trace the Mahāyāna doctrines to their source we are confronted by the extreme difficulty of settling the dates and authorship of the principal Mahāyānist books, we are not much more favourably situated with respect to the origins of Christianity. The popular view that the Christ-cult began with the birth of a certain babe in Bethlehem, or with the discovery of an empty tomb at Jerusalem, can no longer be sustained by educated people. To go into the many unsolved problems of Christian origins would be to embark upon the wreck-strewn ocean of religious polemics; but I may perhaps confess to a feeling of surprise that neither of the writers whose theories we are discussing have thought it necessary to refer to the well-ascertained fact that there were many Oriental cults of dying and reviving Saviour-gods long before Christianity was heard of, or to the less verifiable but by no means negligible theory that there was a Jesus-cult in Palestine before the days of the Prophet of Galilee.¹ There is no reference, moreover, to the deep

¹ For the evidence relating to the suspected pre-Christian Jesus-cult, see J. M. Robertson's *Pagan Christs* (2nd ed., 1911), pp. 162ff., and Prof. Arthur Drews' *Christ-Myth*. The theory is beginning to gain ground not only among lay students but also among the clergy and professional theologians. The articles by the Rev. Dr. Anderson and the Rev. W. Wooding in *The Hibbert Journal* (January, 1910, and July, 1911) contain interesting contribu-

debt that Christianity undoubtedly owes to Stoicism—not only on its ethical side but also on its doctrinal side. In illustration of this point it is only necessary to mention the Christian acceptance of the Stoic doctrine of the Logos, and Seneca's unconscious adumbration of the dogma of the Trinity. In the teachings of Paul the influence of Stoicism is clear and strong, and indeed when we consider that Paul himself belonged to a city which was a stronghold of Stoicism we cannot be surprised that such is the case. Between Stoicism and Buddhism it may be impossible to trace a direct connection, but we should not forget that the Stoics were to a very considerable extent the heirs of the Cynics, and the Cynics, in their turn, seem to have been the debtors of the early Buddhists.

Let us turn to a few matters of detail. There are several unsupported and questionable statements in Dr. Richard's prefaces and introductions and other writings. It would be interesting, for instance, to

tions to the discussion. Mr. Wooding concludes thus: "According to such evidence as we have, Jesus was an object of worship (as a representative of God) before the great prophet of Galilee appeared on the scene. The worship of the latter has thus been due partly to accident, partly to the pre-eminence assigned to him in the Church, and partly to the ignorance in which the actual man was shrouded from public knowledge. Christian worship thus began with a divine person at its heart and centre, which worship was transferred to a man who in some way or other became confused with the divinity." Dr. T. K. Cheyne, whose opinion undoubtedly deserves respect, has recently written thus: "In my opinion Prof. Drews and his authorities are right in the main. Strong as I once thought the arguments on the other side to be, I now think that in certain Jewish circles the idea of a suffering divine-human being must have been current both in the age of Jesus and in earlier times. . . . As the evidence now stands, I think that Paul most probably knew a little about a great teacher called Jesus, and that he identified him with the pre-existing Christ from an intuition that only so could the precious doctrine of the Christ be made a practical power among mankind" (*Hibbert Journal*, April, 1911, pp. 662, 663). Dr. Cheyne also writes as follows: "That the God-man, whose cult in certain Jewish circles was probably pre-Christian, was called by a name which underlies Jeshua, has become to me, on grounds of my own, very possible, and it is to me much more than merely possible that Jesus of Nazareth was not betrayed or surrendered to the Jewish authorities, whether by 'Judas' or by anyone else. The 'Twelve Apostles,' too, are to me (and I should think to many critics) as unhistorical as the seventy disciples" (*Hibbert Journal*, July, 1911, p. 891).

know on what grounds Dr. Richard identifies Ta-shih-chih (Mahāsthāma) Bodhisattva with Bhaishagya-rāja or Yo-shih Fo, the so-called Eastern Buddha.¹ Kuan-yin and Ta-shih-chih are, of course, associated with Amitābha in the Western Heaven, and their images are often seen on Amitābha's left and right; but where does Dr. Richard derive his belief that Ta-shih-chih is the same as the ruling Buddha of the Eastern Heaven? Again, in his useful little compilation entitled *The Calendar of the Gods*, Dr. Richard suggests (though with a question mark) that Ti-tsang may be the same as Yama (the Chinese Yen-lo-wang). This is not so. Ti-tsang (Kshitigarbha) is a Bodhisattva whose rôle it is to rescue the damned from the tortures of hell. He is the Jizō of Japan. Yama, on the contrary, is chief of hell's stern rulers and judges, and though a far less 'diabolical' personage than the Devil of Christian mythology, he is by no means to be classed among the saviours of men, like the merciful and tender-hearted Ti-tsang. That Yama and Ti-tsang are quite distinct personages, with distinct functions, anyone who can read Chinese may discover for himself by perusing the passage in the *Ti-tsang Pên-yüan Ching* (not translated into English) which describes how Yama, partly by the gracious aid of Ti-tsang, is enabled for special purposes to pay a short visit to heaven.

These things are of small account, but there is another point which deserves more detailed examination. In Dr. Richard's introduction to his *Awakening of Faith* are to be found the following words:

In the Diamond Sūtra, which is one of the most popular of all the Buddhist Sūtras and most widely used throughout China,

¹ See Dr. Richard's letter in *The Chinese Recorder*, July, 1911, p. 420.

there is a very remarkable passage attributed to Gautama Buddha in the sixth chapter. It is to this effect: "Five hundred years after my death there will arise a religious prophet who will lay the foundation of his teaching, not on one, two, three, four or five Buddhas, nor even on ten thousand Buddhas, but on the Fountain of all the Buddhas; when that one comes, have faith in Him, and you will receive incalculable blessings." Now since it is well known that Jesus Christ and Asvaghosa did appear some five hundred years after Buddha, this is one of the most remarkable prophecies in the whole range of sacred literature.¹

Every reader will be quite ready to agree with Dr. Richard that the prophecy—if authentic—is of a very remarkable and even sensational character; but is it authentic? Unfortunately, the only possible answer is a negative one. Indeed I have no hesitation in suggesting—grave though the statement be—that neither Dr. Richard's translation of the passage to which he refers, nor the alleged prophecy itself, will survive a critical examination.

The *Diamond-Cutter*, from which the passage in question is culled, is a metaphysical Mahāyānist work which, as internal evidence should convince any student, cannot possibly have come into existence during the age of primitive Buddhism. It is more than probable that hundreds of years elapsed between the date of the Buddha's death (about 483 B.C.) and the date of the composition of this sūtra. Further than that, Dr. Richard seems to have taken his prophetic passage not from the Sanskrit original but from a Chinese translation. Now the first Chinese translation of the *Diamond-Cutter* (known in Pekingese as the *Chin-kang-ching*) was that of the famous Indian

¹ The prophecy' has been reprinted by Dr. Richard in his recent *New Testament of Higher Buddhism* (pp. 47, 48), and it appears once more, with some alterations, in a letter which he has published in *The Chinese Recorder*, July, 1911, p. 419.

monk Kumārajīva, who did not arrive in China till the last quarter of the fourth century after Christ—nearly a thousand years after the age of the Buddha. I have before me two editions of this translation, one of which is annotated by no less than fifty-three commentators. I regret to say that neither the text of this translation as it stands, nor the explanations of the commentators, bear out the very remarkable interpretation of the sixth chapter with which Dr. Richard has furnished us. There are several other Chinese versions of this well-known sūtra, all of a later date than that of Kumārajīva. Of these I have consulted three, all of which were written in the sixth century of our era. In none of these versions is Dr. Richard's interpretation of the 'prophetic' passage justified.

But what the Chinese translations contain or do not contain is, or should be, a matter of minor importance. The obvious course for anyone who wishes to probe the question of the mysterious prophecy is to go direct to the Sanskrit original. This need be a matter of no difficulty, for it was edited and published by Max Müller in the *Anecdota Oxoniensia*, 1881. Those who, like myself, are not Sanskrit scholars, may turn to the *Sacred Books of the East*, where they will find an English version (also by Max Müller), of the Sanskrit text.¹ I feel sure that anyone who reads the passage which forms the subject of our present enquiry—no matter whether he reads it in Sanskrit or in Chinese or in the English version of Max Müller—and compares it with the so-called translation offered us in the introduction to the *Awakening of Faith*, will be struck with astonishment at the ingenuity with which Dr. Richard has extracted from a wearisome Mahāyānist description

¹ See *S.B.E.*, vol. xlix., Part ii., pp. 115-118.

of the merits and characteristics of future Bodhisattvas a prophecy of the coming of the patriarch Asvaghosa or the founder of Christianity.

The case, to put it briefly, stands thus. No passage in any of the well-known Chinese translations of the *Diamond-Cutter* can properly be made to bear the interpretation put upon it by Dr. Richard. Even if such an interpretation were possible, the 'prophecy' would be unworthy of a moment's serious consideration unless it could be traced to the Sanskrit original. But even if it were found in the Sanskrit original it would still be beneath contempt, as a 'prophecy,' unless we had good reason to believe that the sūtra in which the prophetic passage was contained was an authentic production of the fifth century B.C. Not a single one of the necessary conditions is fulfilled; and the 'prophecy' which Dr. Richard has pronounced to be 'one of the most remarkable in the whole range of sacred literature' thus melts, like Prospero's insubstantial pageant, into thin air, leaving not a rack behind.

Turning to Mr. Lloyd's *Wheat Among the Tares*, we find that this is a suggestive and attractive little book in more ways than one, and is pervaded by a spirit of earnestness and sincerity with which we cannot but sympathise. There are passages, however, which seem to indicate that Mr. Lloyd is as eager a searcher after 'prophecies' as is Dr. Richard, and with somewhat similar results. It is quite true that the imaginary personage known as Maitreya is believed, in a large part of the Buddhist world, to be the 'Coming Buddha,' and there are Buddhist works, mostly of a very late date, in which the advent of this Buddha, at some period in the remote future, is said to have been

foretold by Sākyamuni. But the only passage in the Pāli canon which contains this prophecy is to be found in the *Dīgha Nikāya*, which was not compiled earlier than the first century after the Buddha's death ; and "it is impossible," Dr. Rhys Davids remarks, "to say whether tradition was, at that time, correct in attributing it to the Buddha."¹ At any rate there is no evidence worthy the name, so far as I am aware, that the historical Gotama ever uttered the prediction that five hundred years after his decease a 'perfect Buddha' would appear on earth 'to make perfect the Law.'² That the verification of the authenticity of such a prophecy would be a source of immense gratification to the Christian missionary goes without saying ; and it is possible, perhaps, that here we have an interesting case of the wish being father to the thought.

A similar criticism seems warranted in respect of Mr. Lloyd's oft-repeated assertion that the Buddha is believed to have appeared again on earth during the life-time of Aśvaghoṣa,³ the Buddhist patriarch who is assumed to have lived in the first century of the Christian era. "It is impossible," says Mr. Lloyd, "for a Christian not to draw his own conclusions from this strange coincidence." Perhaps so ; but why are we referred to no authorities ? Mr. Lloyd only mentions 'some Japanese and Chinese writers,' whose names he withholds. Indeed, after remarking that to his mind the statement is 'one of the utmost importance,' he confesses that he is unable to refer us to the original source from which it is taken. Surely in a serious matter of this kind our author should mention a more

¹ See 'Maitreya' in *Encycl. Brit.*, 11th ed., vol. xvii., p. 447.

² *Wheat among the Tares*, p. 69.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 6-7, 101, 102-3, 121.

trustworthy guide than the *Bukkyō Mondō Shū*. On such a subject, indeed, no uncorroborated Japanese book can be regarded as of authoritative value; and it would be well if Mr. Lloyd had given us the names of the 'ancient Chinese books' which, he tells us,¹ assert that Sākyamuni reappeared on earth during Aśvaghosa's life-time—that is, in the first Christian century.

Again, while admitting that the Mahāyāna sūtras as we now have them were of late date, much posterior to the time of Gotama Buddha, Mr. Lloyd assures us of his belief that "the teaching concerning Amida [Amitābha] was actually given, *in germ*, by Sākyamuni himself during one of the last years of his life (say 485 B.C.)"; and after giving us some reasons for this theory he concludes that "the Western Buddha-field presided over by Amida was an echo of the spiritual teachings of the Jewish prophets of the Exile."²

The arguments upon which Mr. Lloyd bases these important statements are highly unsatisfactory, and it is doubtful whether a single Buddhist scholar of repute will find them convincing or even plausible.

Perhaps the most astonishing paragraph in Mr. Lloyd's book is the following:

Very early in the first century A.D., a rumour spread among the people of North China to the effect that the Queen of the Western Heaven had given birth to a Divine Son, and it was only with great difficulty that the people were prevented from migrating westwards in shoals to worship at the cradle of Him that had been born. There is nothing impossible in the story. China, at the dawn of the Christian era, was a great military power, and her armies penetrated as far as the Caspian Sea. Returning soldiers may easily have heard of the Birth of Christ, and have brought the news back to their Eastern homes.³

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 101.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 59-63.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 102.

The first obvious comment to be made on this very remarkable passage is that Mr. Lloyd seems to accept as historical facts those strange events associated with the Nativity of Christ which the soundest Biblical scholarship now recognises to be mere legends; otherwise, what can there have been to interest Chinese soldiers in the domestic occurrences of an obscure Jewish family in Palestine? It would almost appear that Mr. Lloyd regards as literally true the picturesque stories in the so-called Gospel of Matthew, and in the Gospel ascribed to Luke, concerning the birth and infancy of Jesus. That Mr. Lloyd does not seem to have kept himself abreast of recent New Testament criticism (possibly because he rashly despises it) seems to be indicated in other passages besides this.

It is the fashion now (he says), amongst the more advanced sort of rationalising critics, to cast a slur of doubt on the veracity of the accounts of Christ as given in the Four Gospels, and I have heard even a missionary (who surely ought to have known better) declare that there was no trustworthy material in existence out of which to construct a biography of Jesus of Nazareth. I do not believe the charge.¹

The question that is likely to rise to the lips of many a reader will probably be: "Has he investigated the charge in which he so resolutely affirms his disbelief?" Professor Harnack is one of the bulwarks of what is called Liberal Christianity, and certainly he deals as reverently as possible with Christian traditions and evidences; yet even he, as an honest critic, has been obliged to admit that "the tradition as to the incidents attending the birth and early life of Jesus Christ has been shattered." And the views of the missionary who, Mr. Lloyd tells us, 'ought to have known

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 22.

better,' are shared by a large and increasing number of critics within as well as outside the Christian Churches.¹

But to return to our passage about the Queen of the Western Heaven. According to Mr. Lloyd, the people of North China, early in the first century of our era, were so much excited by the news that this lady had given birth to a Divine Son that it was difficult to prevent them from migrating westwards 'in shoals' to worship at the cradle of the holy infant. It is almost inconceivable that Mr. Lloyd should have ventured to make this astounding statement without giving us a single clue as to his authorities; yet such is the case. At the risk of causing bitter disappointment to many of Mr. Lloyd's readers, I must regretfully inform them that the story has no basis in fact. Possibly Mr. Lloyd may have had in his mind the well-known story of Ming Ti, who sent ambassadors westwards to look for a 'Golden Man' (interpreted by his soothsayers to mean the Buddha) concerning whom he had had a strange dream. It seems more reasonable, however, to assume that Mr. Lloyd's story refers to the famous Hsi-wang-mu—a kind of Fairy Queen of the West who plays a prominent part in a large number of Taoist wonder-stories. She held her court in a marvellous palace somewhere in the K'un-lun mountains, and owned a garden of miraculous peach-trees which conferred the gift of immortality but only bore fruit once in three thousand years. She is supposed to have paid several visits to China—the

¹ "Nowhere do we get back to a historic Jesus. Not only have we not a biography of Jesus, we have not the materials out of which to make one. The words Jesus is represented as speaking were put into His mouth by a community or church who worshipped Him. We have no absolute certainty that any single saying in the Gospels was uttered in that precise form by Jesus." Rev. K. C. Anderson, D.D. For a discussion of the whole subject, see *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, by Albert Schweitzer (Eng. trans. by W. Montgomery).

sacred mountain of Hua in Shensi was one of the favoured spots—and is also said to have entertained a Chinese potentate at her own palace in the seventh century B.C. There is a little Chinese book which describes his visit to this mysterious lady, and one of the foremost of living Chinese scholars¹ believes that it is an authentic work of that early age.

The eighteenth-century Jesuits in China suggested that the Hsi-wang-mu was no other than the Queen of Sheba, and a recent supporter of this view has appeared in the person of Prof. A. Forke of Berlin. Still more lately Prof. H. A. Giles has made the ingenious suggestion that she was the Greek goddess Hera. It seems that for Mr. Lloyd alone, however, has been reserved the honour of identifying the Hsi-wang-mu with the Virgin Mary!

It should be hardly necessary to say that there is absolutely no sound reason for supposing that this last identification is correct. The Hsi-wang-mu is mentioned in Chinese books that go back to a period long anterior to the Christian era; for even if the account of king (or duke) Mu's journey is not as old as it purports to be, it is scarcely possible to deny the authenticity of all the pre-Christian books in which the Hsi-wang-mu is mentioned. Dr. Giles, to whose valuable notes on the subject I am indebted, points out that she is referred to by Chuang Tzŭ, who died in the third century B.C., and by the poet Ssŭ-ma Hsiang-ju, who died B.C. 117. There are also references to her in such books as the *Shan-hai-ching* (of doubtful date) and in the various Chronicles of the *hsien-jên* or mountain-

¹ M. Chavannes. According to an earlier but less credible theory the events described in the book, and the book itself, should be assigned to the tenth century B.C.

ri^hshi. Mr. Lloyd would have hesitated, perhaps, to identify the Hsi-wang-mu with the Mater Dei if he had read the description given us by the *Shan-hai-ching*.

Her appearance is that of a human being. She has a panther's tail and a dog's teeth, and can howl loudly. Her hair hangs loose and she wears a coronet.

In justice to the Hsi-wang-mu, however, it must be added that appearances were sometimes deceitful in her case, for she usually presented herself before mortal eyes in the shape of a young woman of surpassing beauty. Whoever she may have been, there is not the slightest valid reason for believing that the birth of her son (if she ever had a son) caused excitement among the people of North China or inspired them with the desire of migrating westwards in shoals "to worship at the cradle of Him that had been born."

We see, then, that the writings of Dr. Richard and Mr. Lloyd contain a good deal that is questionable, and much that they themselves, on further consideration, would perhaps be glad to withdraw or modify. All students of religious origins, however, owe them no small debt of gratitude for their freedom from any trace of the *odium theologicum* and for the candour and fearlessness with which—much to the dismay of some of their less open-minded missionary brethren—they have pursued their enquiries into the early history of two great religious systems. Their example, we may confidently hope, will tend to hasten the day when not only religious intolerance and the narrow bigotries of creeds, but also the deeper racial enmities and prejudices that have so long disgraced mankind, will have transformed themselves into a world-pervading spirit of sympathy and enlightened appreciation.

Since the foregoing pages were written, I have

learned with deep regret of Mr. Lloyd's unexpected death, which took place in Japan immediately after his return from England in the autumn of 1911. One of the principal objects of his visit to England had been to supervise the publication of his new book *The Creed of Half Japan*; but by the time this work had come into the hands of its readers, its scholarly and sympathetic author had already passed away.

It is a cheerless task to find fault with a work which is fresh from the hands of a writer who has now laid down his pen for ever, and who undoubtedly bestowed upon its preparation all the anxious thought and loving care which have always characterised Mr. Lloyd's published work. But while the book is certainly of great interest, and in some respects perhaps of permanent value as a record of certain changes and developments in Mahāyāna doctrine and of the relations between Church and State in Japan, these merits must not blind us to the fact that the book contains many defects similar to those which have been pointed out in connection with Mr. Lloyd's earlier writings. There is the same tendency to jump at conclusions which the facts do not warrant, the same ready acceptance of alleged miracles and prophecies, and the same mediæval credulousness which is but fitfully corrected by an honest desire to get at the truth. We find, for instance, an almost breathless eagerness to snatch at any fact that seems to indicate, however vaguely, the presence in China of early Christian missionaries who may have exercised some influence on the development of Buddhist theology. Mr. Lloyd supports the theory that the Buddhist missionaries Mañga and Gobharaṇa, who according to the well-known Chinese story came to China in the seventh decade of the first Christian

century, were not Buddhists but Christians. The evidence given in support of this fanciful hypothesis is extremely weak, and is largely based on the fact that a 'white horse' is mentioned in the Buddhist legends dealing with the two missionaries just mentioned and also in the *Book of Revelation*. The further suggestion that the *Sūtra of Forty-two Sections*—a Buddhist manual translated by Mañga and his colleague—was really a collection of Christian *Logia*, is absolutely unsupported by anything that can properly be called evidence.

An adequate examination of the views set forth in this book, however, would take us far beyond the limits of these few pages. Nevertheless, with all its imperfections, *The Creed of Half Japan* is a work which will be read and prized by all who are interested in the evolution of religion. Its main contention is that

The two faiths (Christianity and Buddhism) came into actual contact with one another in many points during the first and second centuries of our era, and that each contributed something to the success and failure of the other. (See p. 4.)

Those of us who have learned something of the rise and growth of religious thought in different ages and in different parts of the world, and have realised that the threads which connect one religious system with another are innumerable and often impalpable, will not be prepared to deny that Mr. Lloyd's main thesis may contain a large element of truth. Perhaps, however, his book will be valued most of all for the revelation which it gives us of a singularly attractive personality. We cannot be surprised to learn that Arthur Lloyd is mourned not only by a host of Western friends and admirers but also by a large circle of

Japanese students and fellow-workers. The strongest testimony to his sympathetic nature and his tolerance of alien beliefs is to be found in the fact that he was on intimate terms with staunch Japanese Buddhists as well as with earnest Japanese Christians, and that difference of creed made no difference to the warmth and sincerity of his friendships.

R. F. JOHNSTON.

THE CRUX OF SIN

HAROLD WILLIAMS, M.A.

ORTHODOX Christian thought, when it turns to look upon the road it has travelled during the past fifty or sixty years, finds itself at an incredible distance from the journey's beginning. One by one positions regarded as vital to Christian belief have been vacated or explained as matters in themselves unimportant to its essential character. Among more liberal theologians emphasis is almost entirely laid upon the moral appeal of Christianity to the aspirations of men in their attempt to arrive at a synthesis of life which shall provide them with a substantial working basis. The dogmatic assertion which formerly was regarded as the true presentation of Christianity to external or anti-Christian thought is gradually being relegated into a more and more misty background. "Doctrines is hazy," as Hardy's sexton says.

The battle without quarter upon either side, which raged a few decades ago, has, in a large measure, subsided into an amicable and polite interchange of opinion; and this happy result has been attained by the retirement of theology, the queen of sciences, from her outworks, and, to a certain extent, by the recognition on the part of scientific men that there are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in their early philosophy. But, in the midst of this calm, there are signs of a gathering storm, perhaps more disturbing, because it touches more closely the practical

expression and outward form of religion, than any which the Church has recently met.

James Anthony Froude, when he was faced with the probable eventuality of laying aside his clerical orders, came to the conclusion that Calvin was the one logical theologian, and this at a time when Calvinism was regarded as little better than a blasphemy, and its system characterised by the impetuous Kingsley as 'demonology.' Now Calvinism is merely determinism in Christian dress. Some men, said Calvin, are destined in the mind of the Supreme Being to salvation and others to eternal perdition; for this the former should praise Him for ever, and the latter have no reason to complain; for God owed nothing to either when it pleased Him to create them. The system certainly has the merit of logic; although it could hardly foster those gentler virtues which it is the glory of Christianity, as a factor in the education of the world, to have imparted. For most minds agnosticism were far preferable to a gnosticism of so forbidding and gloomy a character. The logical result of Calvinistic theology as concerns the relationship of human beings to their Creator is, of course, that they cannot be held accountable for their character or their actions. In a word, the position is in direct antagonism to the cardinal Christian doctrine of sin.

What do we mean by the word sin? Its significance in present-day usage may be regarded as wholly a product of Christian thought. It rests upon two assumptions or hypotheses: (1) a personal God, (2) the complete freedom of the will in man. The idea of sin, in its full meaning, owes its origin to Hebrew thought developed by Christianity; it was hardly, if at all, seized upon by the Greek philosophers. "The

sense of short-coming, and moral self-cultivation," says Sir Alexander Grant, "is familiar to us in the Psalms of David and afterwards in the writings of S. Paul, but it was not to be found in the conversations of Socrates, nor in the dialogues of Plato, nor in the *Ethics* of Aristotle. It was alien indeed from the childlike and unconscious spirit of the Hellenic mind, with its tendency to objective thought and the enjoyment of nature."¹ In actual words this implies too much. Plato distinctly asserts that the will is free, and that we can have a consciousness of short-coming. With Socrates indeed he maintains that no one is voluntarily bad, but only in the sense that no one does evil with the consciousness that it is evil for *him*. This ignorance of good, however, is the man's own fault; and blame lies upon him for neglecting the means of moral education. The Platonic schools always distinctly and emphatically claimed a freedom of the will, and, so far, Greek philosophy may be said to have reached one aspect of the idea of sin.

The Christian doctrine of sin, however, may be said to begin at a stage far removed from the scarce-formed concepts of the Greeks. Its theology has always asserted that sin consists first and lastly in the moral perversion of a will-power which a Creator has left free to choose and act; and, further, that the choice of evil in the creature merits the anger of the Creator. I do not think it is easy for theologians to escape this position. The very essence of the Christian idea of sin is that we are not only responsible for our actions to ourselves and to our fellow-men, but also to the power which has placed us here. "I have sinned against heaven and before Thee."

¹ *Ethics of Aristotle*, Vol. I. p. 308.

It is at this point that many find a serious difficulty in accepting the position of the Christian Churches. Even those who are imbued with a deep sense of the need of prayer and worship for the full development of their lives, who might otherwise find in that national heritage, the Prayer Book of the English Church, the most ample and adequate expression of their devotional feelings, are repelled by the abject and servile supplications with which a Creator, who is regarded as sustaining and supporting his creatures at every moment, is entreated to have mercy upon them. If the potter wished the pots otherwise formed, he should have made them differently. There can be no question, say many, of individual responsibility to the Creator either for ourselves or our actions. We ourselves, the tools we employ, and the material we work upon, come from the same source, and lie entirely beyond our power to control or modify.

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes ;
And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,
He knows about it all—He knows—he knows !

The quatrain of Fitzgerald exactly expresses that general tendency toward the acceptance of a vague determinism, which hovers about the regions of thought and distinguishes the present hour. Many men and women, who would be the last to deny their moral responsibility, would, nevertheless, so far as their responsibility toward a creator is concerned, utter the words Fitzgerald himself was fond of quoting—"He made us and not we ourselves."

This, it seems to me, is the frontier, where the battle of theology with scientific and philosophical thought will be fought in the future. The world at

large cannot see its way to accept that attitude toward sin, with its necessary corollaries penitence and contrition, which Christian theology demands. Even scientists, like Sir Oliver Lodge, whom the Church has welcomed as an important independent ally, break with orthodox theology upon the nature of sin in relation to human life. The higher man is not looking back upon his past with useless contrition; he does not plead with a Creator to forget and forgive; he remembers that he is no longer his past but his future.

From whatever point of view we approach the question, Christian theology, in its presentation of sin, certainly as expressed in its ordinary formularies, is incompatible with a logical reading of facts. "To my mind," says Sir Leslie Stephen, "the one insuperable difficulty is the difficulty of reconciling determinism with ordinary theology."¹ "But," says the theologian, "determinism is not true." Very well—let us attempt a brief summing up of the length and breadth of the question, and we cannot do better than quote Sir Leslie Stephen once more: "Identify freewill with the occurrence of chance, and the conception of merit becomes contradictory and repulsive. Exclude chance and you are virtually a determinist."² Christian theology postulates a personal God who creates us with absolute prescience of our future. This is determinism, and it is impossible to believe that we, if so constituted with relation to our Creator, can be considered to merit punishment or reward, blame or praise. If, upon the other hand, any element of chance enters into the order of things the conception of merit becomes meaningless.

The answer to this will probably be that the

¹ *The Science of Ethics*, p. 279.

² *Ib.* p. 284.

relationship of human free-will to the absolute fore-knowledge of God is none the less true because it is a mystery transcending our finite intelligence. The word mystery has a true and valuable meaning, but it is often, as in this case, used as a convenient dust-heap into which all antagonisms and paradoxes of thought are tossed, when we are compelled to resign them as incapable of solution. And the question is left where it was; the man who prefers to go as far as a reasonable logic will take him and no further, has received no satisfaction. For him the formularies of the Church remain meaningless; he is not lacking in moral sense, but he cannot see his way to confess as wrong in himself that which has been immutably pre-ordained from all time.

Does Determinism destroy the possibility of all Ethic? Those whom we may call Ultra-Determinists would answer this question in the affirmative, in so far as Ethics are regarded as a theory concerning the principles of moral responsibility. Every effect has its antecedent cause, and all causes and effects spring ultimately from the Final Cause. If, therefore, blame or responsibility for the course of events is to be laid anywhere it must be laid to the charge of that Final Cause. Actions may be regarded as reprehensible; but to blame the agent for anything lying beyond his personal control is utterly unreasonable. From this extreme point of view we cannot regard a man as morally worthy either of praise or blame. But are we necessarily compelled to adopt so extreme an attitude? Are we to cut away as an illusion that moral consciousness which we cannot help but feel is the highest emotion of which we are capable? The whole history of the human race is a commentary on the truth, that

not only is the moral sense in man valid, but that it is his greatest glory.

Beyond the action itself is the motive indicated by the action; and it is here that, if we feel ourselves compelled to adopt a deterministic attitude toward the world, we find a positive answer to the question: Can we be regarded as morally accountable for our actions? The relationship of our free-will to our actions has been well described as a sum in proportion. We are endowed with a certain quantity of will-power which enables us to resist temptation up to the point where the temptation becomes stronger than our will, and we break down. If the strength of the temptation never reaches that point we remain firm. Our life and the content with which it deals is determined beyond our control; but this does not necessarily mean that praise or blame are logically meaningless in their application to a man and his course of action. "The criterion of merit or responsibility is the dependence of conduct upon character." That is to say, behind the action lies the motive of the agent; and the standard by which we judge a man is his motive, the relation of his conduct to the character with which he is endowed. The character of men necessarily varies in a thousand different ways with birth, race, training, environment; and the moral standard will vary to the same extent. Every one will admit that our criterion must be different for the child of the slums and the gentleman's son who has been educated at Eton and Cambridge. Over their character and the causes which go to shape and modify it neither have any control; but by the dependence of their conduct upon their character, by their motive, we can hold them responsible and morally accountable. Determinism does not

destroy the validity of the ethical basis in life ; but it is certainly incompatible with any sense of debt to a Creator.

The attitude of the Christian Church toward the question of sin seems the point at which the battle of the near future will be sorest. To many men and women, who not only admit a moral, but passionately believe in a spiritual principle of life, to whose deepest consciousness the ethical and spiritual voice of Christianity speaks in imperative accents, the confession of sin appears unworthy of and incompatible with a pure and inspiring conception of the nature of a Supreme Being.

“What ! did the Hand then of the Potter shake ? ”

HAROLD WILLIAMS.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

TAOIST TEACHINGS.

From the Book of Lieh Tzŭ. Translated from the Chinese, with Introduction and Notes, by Lionel Giles, M.A. Wisdom of the East Series. London (Murray). Price 2s. net.

THE editors of this useful and instructive series are to be sincerely congratulated on being able to include in it an addition to Taoist philosophical literature of the best period in English dress, from the pen of Mr. Lionel Giles of the British Museum. Though Lieh Tzŭ in point of time comes between Lao Tzŭ and Chwang Tzŭ, it can hardly be said that in point of excellence he comes nearer the Old Master than the ever-delightful Chwang Tzŭ, that most humorous of sages. Nevertheless in his own way Lieh Tzŭ is excellent and his humour also is great; so that we are most grateful to Mr. Lionel Giles for his sympathetic and very readable translation of the substantive part of this once famous book, hitherto unknown in the West, and very little known even in the China of to-day. The treatise bristles with points of very great interest, as may be seen from the instructive article of the translator in our present issue. Of these space compels us to select only two on which to remark briefly; these are the principles of harmony and of so-called inaction (*wu wei*). At the end of his very simple scheme of imaginative cosmology, which may be compared with the simplest elements of the Old Orphic, Early Hermetic, and Sethite Gnostic (*i.e.*, Chaldeo-Magian) world-views, Lieh Tzŭ concludes: "Substance, harmoniously proportioned, became Man; and Heaven and Earth containing thus a spiritual element, all things were evolved and produced" (p. 20). This might very well be added to the list of parallels in the study of the Anthropos-doctrine of the pre-Christian Gnosis. Lieh Tzŭ also applies the idea to the microcosm, as when he humorously remarks: "You are stealing the harmony of the Yin [= Earth] and Yang [= Heaven] in order to keep alive and maintain your bodily form" (p. 34). The second point is the doctrine of 'in-

action.' It is certainly difficult to get the hang of it, and though we make no pretension to have done so, we venture to think that commentators who would equate *wu wei* with complete inactivity are mistaken, and most of all when they would identify the mysterious Tao itself with the 'inert and unchanging' (p. 22). This suspicion seems to be justifiable by the following quotations from Chwang Tzū in Prof. Giles' version.¹

"If you would attain peace, level down your emotional nature. If you desire spirituality, cultivate adaptation of the intelligence." And Legge's version continues: "When action is required of him, he wishes that it may be right; and it then is under an inevitable restraint. Those who act according to that inevitable constraint pursue the way (*tao*) of the sage" (2312). Thus inaction is an inner attitude, not an inhibition of external activity: "By inaction we can become the centre of thought, the focus of responsibility, the arbiter of wisdom. Full allowance must be made for others, while remaining unmoved oneself. There must be a thorough compliance with divine principles, without any manifestation thereof." The last sentence is translated by Legge as: "He fulfils all that he has received from Heaven [= the heavenly or self-determining nature], but he does not see that he was recipient of anything" (76); for his activities are all spontaneous and immediate. It is by means of this inner inaction that the true man is able to adapt himself to the natural conditions of existence. This inner inaction, however, is not will-less passivity; for on the contrary it supplies the condition for bringing about an enormous expansion of sympathy, so that we find it written that he alone "who respects the state as his own body is fit to support it, and he who loves the state as his own body, is fit to govern it" (112). The secret of the whole matter seems to us to be set forth very clearly in the passage: "The true sage looks up to God [Legge—Heaven] but does not offer to aid [sc. Heaven].² He perfects his virtue, but does not involve himself. He guides himself by Tao but makes no plans. He identifies himself with charity, but does not rely on it. He extends his duty towards his neighbour, but does not store it up. He responds to ceremony, without tabooing it. He undertakes affairs, without declining them. He metes out law without confusion. He relies on his fellow-men and does

¹ We have already attempted to bring out this point in a paper on 'The Doctrine of the True Man in Ancient Chinese Mystical Philosophy,' *THE QUEST*, April, 1911; cp. pp. 484ff.

² That is, it is Heaven that acts through the man.

not make light of them. He accommodates himself to matter and does not ignore it." Thus "while there should be no action, there also should be no inaction" (117). There should be no action of the inner self-referencing or selfish egoity, and yet no inaction in affairs. Indeed the life indicated is one of full activity, but it is self-less. This last phrase of Chwang Tzŭ is a paradox, but yet a subtle or even self-evident truth for those who believe that God works through the perfected man, according to the saying: "Work out your salvation . . . but know that it is God who works in you." Though the doctrine of *wu wei* is not formally brought forward into any great prominence in the book of Lieh, it is inherent in it throughout, and the ground-conception of the philosophy is difficult to understand without an adequate idea of this doctrine. In any case Lieh Tzŭ is one of the great triad of sages of Taoism in its best period; and as we have reason to believe that some of the readers of THE QUEST are already admirers of this Way, which was indubitably one of the greatest philosophical efforts of activity, as it is exemplified in the sayings of Lao Tzŭ and writings of Chwang Tzŭ,¹ we need hardly add that the book under notice is deserving of the closest attention, for they will be only too anxious to add to their knowledge of the subject.

INTELLECTUAL AND POLITICAL CURRENTS IN THE FAR EAST.

By Paul S. Reinsch. London (Constable). Price 8s. 6d. net.

THIS is a most timely and useful volume by a keen and impartial mind which has been privileged to be in constant correspondence with many observers on the spot. It is a book that may be read with interest and profit from the first to the last page; and, best of all, it is free from dogmatism. As the Preface says: "No attempt has been made to lay down hard-and-fast conclusions, nor to make any political prophecies; [these essays] are merely thoughts and notes of one who has watched from day to day with the deepest interest the marvellous unfolding of a new life throughout the East. In forming for himself a picture of what is going on in the intellectual life of the Far East, the author has made constant use of the Oriental periodical press and contemporary literature, but he has also been assisted by numerous

¹ For the latter see 'The Way of the Spirit in Ancient China,' THE QUEST, January, 1911, based chiefly on the admirable translation of our veteran sinologist, Prof. Herbert Giles, the distinguished father of Mr. Lionel Giles.

correspondents, who have kept him supplied with translations, with significant accounts of contemporary ideas and happenings and with commentaries." The result is a volume that, in our opinion, stands out by itself as the most useful survey of the general ground that has yet been issued. If only our leader-writers and our politicians would study what Mr. Reinsch has to say, they would be saved from many a pitfall and absurdity, and be in a better position to remove some little of the huge mass of popular ignorance of the East that prevails even in circles that should know better. The chapters into which the author has divided his vast subject, are respectively entitled: Asiatic Unity; Energism in the Orient; Intellectual Leadership in Contemporary India; Intellectual Tendencies in the Chinese Reform Movement; The New Education in China; A Parliament for China; Intellectual Life in Japan; and Political Parties and Parliamentary Government in Japan. On the whole, it appears to us that the author is not quite so good in his review of the Indian problem, but that may be because we are more familiar with many of its innumerable phases than with the still more incalculable factors seething in the Far East. After reading the book with deep attention, in turning over the pages we find that we have noted so many passages of special interest that cannot be lumped together or summarised, that we must be content to record a strong general recommendation of the book to all studious readers of *THE QUEST*, and would ask them to take it, that it is not owing to lack of material that a longer review is not given, but rather because of the *embarras de richesses* which confronts the reviewer.

AN EXAMINATION OF PROFESSOR BERGSON'S PHILOSOPHY.

By David Balsillie, M.A. London (Williams & Norgate). Price 5s. net.

'BERGSONIANA' are multiplying apace. The battle is waxing furious, and numerous writers are having a bout with the brilliant swordsman who has scored so many points against the pretensions of intellect to cover the whole field. Mr. Balsillie goes laboriously to work to show that Bergson has changed as he has evolved. Is it so surprising that the protagonist of change should have exemplified his root-conviction in a thought-growth of thirty years? In our opinion the fundamental mistake of Mr. Balsillie's criticism is that he insists that Bergson has a 'system'—precisely the very

thing that the 'French' philosopher has repudiated consistently in all that he has written. He has a critique, and he champions a new 'method,' for which he is endeavouring to clear the way; he would inaugurate a vital reform of the method of approaching the problem, and for that very reason he has no formal 'system.' Bergson is not yet crystallised. Mr. Balsillie, however, will have it that Bergson has a formal system, accuses him of inconsistency in what he supposes that system to consist of, and proceeds, with occasional ability, to 'either—or' Bergson's utterances as though he were always a superior master of logic and philosophic erudition. The fact is that Mr. Balsillie is throughout holding a brief for Hegelianism, which, by the way, has been dealt some severe blows of late. In seeming politeness, but in almost 'God almighty to the beetle' style, Mr. Balsillie concludes (p. 179): "The questionable assumptions and inconsistencies in Prof. Bergson's system of philosophy are held in solution in a style of remarkable clearness and charm, which has probably kept their objectionable character concealed even from the author himself. It needs only a few drops of common sense to be put into the solution to precipitate them and make them visible in their real nature to a less gifted observer. There is little likelihood that this new philosophy of intuition will accomplish what all philosophic systems hitherto have failed to do, by solving the enigmas of experience either by satisfying or silencing the ever-recurring questionings of the human mind." But Bergson says explicitly that it will require generations of philosophers of intuitive ability, co-operating and checking their intuitions with the most drastic reference of them to the ever-accumulating facts of objective research, before the new method can be justified. That there are numerous lacunæ and weaknesses in Bergson's extraordinarily suggestive speculations, he would doubtless himself be the very first to admit, for he has the modesty of the true philosopher. But we must remember that he is not formulating a dogmatology; he is showing where the unaided intellect fails; he is pleading for giving life and spirit a chance. So far we have had his prolegomena only; he has not ventured beyond the *élan de vie*. He has not yet touched on religion; but when he does, as we all hope he will, we doubt not that it will be found that he has the root of it as deep in him as it is in any of his critics. Meantime Bergson, as so many of the best before him, is naturally obnoxious to the thoughtless charge of 'atheism'; what he does not say is taken by many to be a denial of what they would like him to say.

BARDAISAN AND THE ODES OF SOLOMON.

By Wm. Romaine Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania.

Reprinted from the 'Journal of Biblical Literature,' Vol. xxx., Part ii. (1911). Philadelphia, U.S.A.

THE QUEST was the second periodical which was privileged to secure, from the fortunate discoverer a description and estimation of the, in some ways, priceless document known as the 'Odes of Solomon.'¹ Since the appearance of the *editio princeps* (1909), a 'literature' has been gradually evolved and is now grown to considerable dimensions. We should ourselves have been pleased to keep the readers of THE QUEST informed of the ever-changing fortunes of this important subject on the battle-field of criticism, but have not had the space to devote to any special line of research, no matter how important it may be. The historic religious interests involved in the appreciation of this ode-collection are very great, and it must be confessed that a strong subjective element enters into the controversy. If one may venture an opinion while the subject is still *sub judice*, we are inclined to think that the honours of the day so far verge to the side of Harnack's contention, which argues for an early Jewish original over-worked by Christian redaction. The alternatives are an original early Judæo-Christian hymn-book, or a collection of early baptismal hymns, or a Montanist (end of 2nd century) ode-book, or, finally, Professor Newbold's theory of a Bardaisanist (first half of 3rd century) collection, even the famous Psalms of Bardaisan himself. In spite of the ability of the exponents of the last two views, we remain unconvinced of either theory. The Odes, we feel confident, are neither Montanist nor Bardaisanist; they lack the special characteristics of either movement, though naturally they have certain 'gnostic' elements in common with both movements. As to the Bardaisan hypothesis, the fact that the Odes are translations from the Greek, and not Syriac originals, should sufficiently dispose of it. The ground-work of the Odes is distinctly early, and strongly Jewish though of fine mystical beauty. Nevertheless we would urge all who are interested in this fascinating work of high

¹ See 'An Early Judæo-Christian Hymn-Book,' by Prof. J. Rendel Harris, M.A., D.Litt., THE QUEST, vol. i, no. 2 (Jan., 1910); also the Editor's review of Dr. Rendel Harris' *editio princeps*, in the April no., 1910, and of Harnack's suggestive study, 'Ein jüdisch-christliches Psalmbuch aus dem ersten Jahrhundert,' in the October no., 1910.

accomplishment in the deepening of spiritual insight, to read Prof. Newbold's essay, for though they may not be persuaded that he has discovered the key to unlock the historical problem, they will find in it many side-lights of a highly suggestive character. In conclusion, it may be mentioned that Prof. Burkitt has discovered in the British Museum another MS. of these Syriac Odes.¹ There it has been all the time, for 70 years, and not only so but duly recorded in Wright's catalogue for 40 years, and yet no one has thought of it! This MS. is far older than Dr. Harris's, being most probably of the 10th century; the variations, however, are practically unimportant. As the MS. is Nitrian, Prof. Burkitt is of opinion, and most probably rightly, that the place of origin was Egypt and not Palestine. This confirms our own impression that in the original Odes we *may* have to do with the outcome of Therapeut or closely allied literary activity. Prof. Burkitt is further of opinion that the Odes were first published "as an enlarged and Christianised edition of the Solomonic collection"—i.e. of the earlier eighteen Solomonic Psalms. Nevertheless he thinks that as the Odes 'prophecy' doctrines, just as the Psalms 'prophecy' events, the religion of the Odes may be described as "the Greek Mystery-religion, transfigured by the historical event of the Incarnation, an event which brought the life-giving *πνεῦμα* to men and thereby gave them salvation and a foretaste of apotheosis." But, in our own view, the ground-work of the Odes is so Jewish and so independent of theological Christianity, that we incline to think it arose in circles quite uninfluenced by any belief in a unique historic Incarnation. The redaction of the Odes in the latter sense does not appear to us to have improved matters.

THE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIAN TRADITIONS ABOUT JOHN THE BAPTIST.

By Lic. D.D. Martin Dibelius of the University of Berlin.
Bousset and Gunkel's *Forschungen z. Rel. u. Litt. d. N. u. A.Ts.*, No. XV., Göttingen, 1911, pp. vi. + 150.
Price 5s.

IN 1908, when a conservative Catholic theologian, Dr. Innitzer of Vienna, produced a very heavy, very edificatory and very worthless book on John the Baptist, his fairly complete bibliographical list included only a few items of a really scientific nature, among them

¹ Cp. *Journal of Theological Studies*, April, 1912.

the pertinent chapters in Schürer's monumental work on Jewish history in the age of Jesus and in M. Friedländer's book on the religious movement in Judaism during the same period, and finally T. K. Cheyne's article on the Forerunner in the *Encyclopædia Biblica*. Dr. Martin Dibelius now gives us the first part of a monograph on the last shining light of Jewish prophetism, which contains a critical discussion of the sources, especially the early Christian texts, from which the history of John and the Baptist movement will be deduced by the author in a forthcoming book. Although, as he says in the preface, the main bulk of his present publication was completed as early as in 1909, he has been able to utilise W. Brandt's exhaustive monograph on the Jewish Baptismal rites (1910), which also devotes a chapter to John the Baptist; he has, however—a very pardonable shortcoming—overlooked the reviewer's paper '*Die Taufe des Johannes*' (*Süddeutsche Monatshefte*, December, 1909), a short preliminary sketch of the theories which have been developed in this and three previous issues of THE QUEST. I shall therefore profit by the occasion to state as briefly as possible the divergencies that exist between my own views and those of the author, who may be considered as representing on the whole the present opinion of the leading Protestant critical school, while summing up for the use of English readers the contents of this recent publication.

Dibelius begins very appropriately with an analysis of the extant sayings of Jesus about the Baptist, as they are preserved in *Matt.* 11⁷⁻¹⁹, *Lk.* 7²⁴⁻³⁵. Yet, in dealing with the enigmatic words about the 'reed' and those 'luxuriously clad' he has unfortunately omitted to consider the very plausible hypothesis of W. Brandt (*Evang. Gesch.* 459²), approved by T. K. Cheyne (*l.c.* 250²), that *Matt.* 11⁷⁻¹¹ was connected in the original source with 12⁴⁰⁻⁴²,—a testimony of Jesus to Jonah having been converted into one of Jesus to himself. (Cp. QUEST, vol. iii. pp. 478f. on the original correspondence of the 'reed' with 'Jonah' and of the 'luxuriously clad' with the wise king; *ibid.* also a new hypothesis on the correct succession of the now transposed verses *Matt.* 10¹⁰⁻¹³.) As to *Matt.* 11¹¹, D. has convinced me that the restriction "he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than John" is a later Christian addition to the words of Jesus and not—as I have erroneously supposed in 1909—a criticism of John's limitations by Jesus. I cannot, however, believe that D.'s explanation of *Matt.* 11¹², "from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence (?) and robbers take it by force," as

equivalent to "from the days of John until now the kingdom of heaven exists, although it suffers oppression *on the part of the evil demons*," the Pauline 'rulers of this present world' (1 Cor. 2⁶⁻⁸), comes near the truth. To me it seems obvious (cp. QUEST, vol. iii., p. 164, vol. ii., p. 287) that this most important saying contrasts the attitude of patiently awaiting the fulfilment of the Messianic prophecies with that of deliberately and actively hastening the arrival of the kingdom by carrying out what was believed on certain testimonies in the scriptures to be the eschatological plan of the deity. Besides I cannot admit that the word should be so isolated in the context, as D. supposes on p. 23, since I believe it fits very well in the place which I have assigned to it in my reconstruction of this sermon (*ibid.*, iii. 479). Indeed the author seems too easily disposed to disconnect elements of 'sayings,' 'sermons,' etc., which are linked together by our tradition—a method which is in many cases quite legitimate, but which must not by any means be employed too freely. A good instance of this is offered by the fragments of John's sermon in *Matt. 3*, *Lk. 3*, which have wrongly been thought to be devoid of unity, because the accidental transposition of one verse has broken the natural sequence of thoughts (QUEST, vol. iii., pp. 155 and 156 n. 2). On pp. 45ff. the author brings forward very acute arguments in support of his plausible theory that the words "may thy holy spirit come down and hallow us," which are read in certain Gospel manuscripts as a second petition of the Lord's prayer according to *Luke*, have been added in order to emphasise the difference between the Christian Church and the so-called disciples of John, who ignored according to *Acts* 19² the theological notion of a 'Holy Spirit.' In spite of the new corroboration which is thus gained for the express statement of *Acts* 19², and in spite of the fact that T. K. Cheyne (*E. B.* 2504) has already seen that *Acts* 19² is in flat contradiction with the traditional text of *Matt. 3*¹¹, in spite finally of the incongruous connection between the charismatic gift of the 'Holy Spirit' and the judgment by fire in John's sermon, which D. himself has well observed on pp. 50 and 56, he does not hit on the simplest critical solution of this puzzle, namely that the word '*hagiōi*' has been interpolated by the Christian author of Q. into his rendering of the Johannine document (QUEST, vol. iii. pp. 156 n. 4).

As to the different accounts of the baptism of Jesus, I agree with D.'s remark that in *Mk. 1*¹⁰, "he saw the heavens opened and the spirit descending," the author does not intend to characterise the event as a 'subjective,' that is illusive, 'vision' in the

modern sense of the word, on the other hand also he does not describe the public manifestation of a miracle. An 'apparition' is meant which is visible only to him whom it concerns. I do not therefore think it unjustifiable to extricate—with J. Weiss and others—an historic kernel from this miracle-legend. I consider the 'vision' to stand in an immediate relation to John's sermon: the Baptist prophesies the future baptism through the cosmic storm, the breath of God (above, p. 128f.); Jesus, moved by John's powerful speech to the highest degree of spiritual excitement, beholds the fulfilment of the prophecy as accomplished; he sees the [gates whence the winds come (*Enoch* 75s) from the] heavens opened—just as the windows of the sky are opened to pour down the deluge in *Gen.* 7¹¹—and the *ruah* descending upon him; and immediately (*Mk.* 1¹²) this powerful divine blast 'driveth him into the wilderness,' as the storm aroused by Jahvè had scattered the men from Babel all over the face of the earth and as the final 'ventilation of the world' foretold by John (above, p. 131) will disperse the whole of humanity to the ends of the world. I am even quite ready to believe that Jesus beheld the *ruah* descending 'like a dove' since the same ecstatic saw 'Satan as lightning fall from heaven' (*Lk.* 10¹⁸), and since the 'wind' of God brooding peacefully upon the face of the watery abyss (*Gen.* 1²) during the great primeval halcyonic calm was indeed pictured by the Rabbis in the shape of a dove or an eagle. Dibelius (p. 65) thinks it improbable that Jesus should have told his disciples anything about such a personal experience; if such a saying of Jesus had existed in the tradition it would have been handed down to us in the form of a 'saying,' just as *Lk.* 10¹⁸. This supposition is however as arbitrary as it is gratuitous, since the alleged communication of Jesus would have taken place at a much later date, so that an insertion of the 'saying' in its original wording into the account of *Mk.* 1 was in itself precluded by the general style of the narrative. Or should we expect the Evangelist to state the matter in the more documentary form: and it came to pass, *what Jesus told Peter on that and that occasion, saying 'I saw the heavens opened,' etc.?* As to the 'voice coming from heaven' and the words uttered by it in *Mk.* 1¹², D. has correctly observed that it betrays an Adoptionist theology in *every* one of the extant variations; accordingly there is not the slightest doubt that this verse is an unhistorical addition to the primitive account of *Urmarkus* or whatever other source we may suppose for it. The fact however of Jesus having been baptised by John is one of

the most certain data in the biography of the Nazarene, because it would never have been invented by a generation of followers of Jesus, who had to defend in a secular controversy the superiority of their master to the founder of the Baptist's sect (D., p. 65). This is indeed so convincing an argument, that *Mk.* 19 should have been added as a tenth or rather as the first pillar to Prof. Schmiedel's famous 'nine pillars.' In the chapter on the infancy of the Baptist in *Luke*, D. gives us a very good critical analysis, mostly on the general lines that have been laid down by the modern critical school (as to *Lk.* 159 'they called him Zacharias,' a new hypothesis has been put forward, QUEST, iii. 481f.); so also in his chapter on the Baptist's death. I would only add that the 'motive' of the 'head on the salver' (*Mk.* 629) is (as I have observed in the *Südd. Monatshefte*, 1909, XII.) a product of lunar mythology: it belongs to the same circle of ideas as the Talmudic legend about the Baptist's head floating on the water (the same is also said of the heads of Osiris and Orpheus); as the tale that John had twenty-nine and a half (namely one female) pupils¹; as the Oriental custom of celebrating the feast of the '*inventio capitis Joannis baptistae*' on the 26th day of each month (which is, in a lunar calendar, the beginning of the dark new-moon nights); and finally as the celebrated saying 'He must wax, I must wane' in the fourth Gospel, which points, as does the space of six months in *Lk.* 126, to the celebration of John's birthday on midsummer day, and of Jesus' nativity at the winter solstice. All this shows how early the same persons in the rising Christian Church who identified Jesus with the '*Sol invictus*' and the 'Sun of Righteousness' in *Malachi*, began to think of John under the symbol of the 'lesser light.' Pp. 90ff. are devoted to the problems involved in the story of Apollōs and of the twelve other 'disciples' baptised only with the baptism of John in *Acts* 1824-197, questions which enjoy just now an undeserved prominence on account of the incredible abuse of the passages in question in the works of W. B. Smith and Arthur Drews as witnesses for the existence of persons in the earliest Church who—as these authors want us to believe—"taught exactly everything about 'the' Jesus, yet knew only the Baptism of John," that is to say, according to our docetists, knew nothing of the alleged Nazarene Rabbi's life and deeds, although they were thoroughly acquainted with 'the doctrine of *the* Jesus.' In his refutation of these exegetical hallucinations D. allows too much to this unsound

¹ Cp. on the contrary the *twelve* apostles of Jesus.

interpretation; for even if *Acts* 18²⁵ were to be explained as Smith invites us, it would by no means prove the existence of a *pre-Christian cult* of 'the' Jesus in Alexandria. Since Merx has shown from Samaritan texts (QUEST, iii. 695n. 2, cp. *Sibyll.* v. 256-258; 257 is an interpolation) that the Jews *expected* their Messiah to be a reincarnation of the Old Testament Joshua (LXX: Jesus), it would be possible to explain *Acts* 18²⁵, "he taught in every detail that [which was believed] about Joshua" (=Jesus in Greek)—namely that this hero was to return at the end of the times, that the reincarnated Joshua would again be, as the first one was, a descendant or 'son' of Joseph, that he would lead the Jews through water into the 'good land' (above, p. 697), that he would suffer from his enemies, etc., "yet knew [of all the fulfilments of the Messianic prophecies in the Scriptures that *had already occurred*] only of John and his baptism." When Aquila and Priscilla heard him preach, they took him aside and explained to him more perfectly the way of the Lord, namely that the expected Joshua (Jesus) *had indeed reappeared* soon after John had preached his 'baptism of repentance.' Then Apollōs believed them and went forth and tried to convince the Jews from the Scriptures—that is *from the correspondence of Jesus' life with the prophecies*—that this (reborn) Joshua (Jesus) was the Messiah. Again, Smith's explanation of *Acts* 18²⁵ is impossible, if Schmiedel (*Enc. Bibl.* 263) is right in attributing 18^{25c, 26bc} to another hand than 18^{25ab, 26a}, a theory which ought to have been discussed by D. As to my own opinion, I believe that in reality 19¹⁻⁷, the story illustrating the difference between the Johannine baptism and that rite which is throughout the whole of *Acts* described as the Christian baptism 'in the name of Jesus' or 'in the Holy Spirit,' gives us also the clue to 18²⁵. Apollōs, a contemporary of Paul and of the first apostles, must not be expected to have known more than the much later authors of the first two gospels, who both appear to ignore in the original form of their writings (QUEST, iii. 495n. 1) the existence of any peculiarly Christian baptism, instituted not by John but by Jesus. Could it not be said of 'Mark' and 'Matthew,' just as well as of Apollōs, that they teach every detail about Jesus, yet know only the 'baptism of John'? All this is precious evidence for the fact that until the end of the first century there was a party *inside the Church of Jesus* (not only among the so-called 'disciples of John') who knew only one baptism, that of repentance, which had been administered by the Baptist, by his disciples, before and after they had become

followers of Jesus (*Jn.* 135, 40, 41, 42) but never by Jesus himself (*Jn.* 42). What could be called a baptism of Jesus, namely the down-pouring of the '*ruah*,' which had been foretold by John as the work of the 'Mightier One,' and which was therefore attributed to the risen Jesus in heaven by those who had experienced a gift of prophecy and glossolaly as foretold in *Joel* 32, was considered for a long time as a kind of miraculous divine grace, which could descend or not descend before or after the baptism of water, until finally with the development of ritualism and the decay of eschatological enthusiasm in the Church, the once mystic and wonderful experience was supplanted by a fixed ceremonial of 'invoking' the Holy Ghost or Jesus or the Trinity upon the baptismal water or upon the neophyte.

In his last chapter on the Baptist according to the fourth Gospel a difficulty, which D. has himself felt on p. 111, n. 2, is easily removed, if the highly important and quite trustworthy parenthesis *Jn.* 42 is not attributed to the Evangelist (cp. the flat contradiction with 322) but to a well-informed very early reader, who intended to correct 'John' from better traditions.

An appendix treats of the passage concerning the Baptist in Josephus' *Jewish Antiquities*; the gratuitous hypothesis of Graetz, which has been recently repeated by Drews, that this text is a Christian forgery, is rejected by D., as it must be by everyone working on the lines of sound historical criticism. The book ends with a short sketch of the Baptist's history, as D. proposes to reconstruct it on the basis of the foregoing critical analysis of the texts; this *résumé* is lucid, but does not differ in any perceptible detail from the *communis opinio*. On the whole the book is well worth reading, though it has left some of the most important problems unsolved, or even unnoticed.

R. E.

THE STRATEGY OF NATURE.

By Marshall Bruce-Williams. London (The Association of Standardised Knowledge).

MR. BRUCE-WILLIAMS is a man of ideas and a poet who would fain catch some vision of the world-process and guess at its purpose. For him the strategy of nature ensures the exfoliation of ever higher types of conscious life. The life-process is not to end with man: "What the gas was to the saurian, the saurian to man, man is to that which follows man." But how is this to be when "all

was of the ether and all returns to the ether" ? What again does the author mean when he writes : " The ether is the common soil ; the cosmos, the tree ; the planets, the fruit of the tree ; and man, the seed of that fruit. As the fruit ripens, the seed matures ; as the fruit loses, the seed gains, vitality and power. As the fruit prepares to pass into, the seed prepares to triumph over, dust " ? It means, according to Mr. Bruce-Williams, that everywhere the genius of nature works through a similar method to a common end, and that we are justified in believing that endless analogies link that which will be to that which is, as they link that which is to that which has been. His faith is in the creative life, the vital impulse, exemplified in the seed, as it were the ' spermatic logos' of the Stoics and of Plotinus. This idea encourages him to write enthusiastically : " Spiral flows into spiral, degree into degree, species into species, will into will, but ever at the head of the fluid tide of inherited life, which, gathering strength as it goes, fulfils the purpose of the creation, the advancing wave of conscious life breaks in foam over the seas of space and time. Worlds fail and systems crumble, galaxies exhaust themselves and the far-shining planets of the vaulted heavens become dust in the high-roads of Nature's purpose ; but ever from the vast deeps of her creative necessity, new galaxies evolve and similar seed is shed *from* these planets, into the common soil, the primitive ether of space." This sequence of ideas leads the author to look forward to an interstellar species of beings as a probable successor to man. Now throughout the design of Nature in form the principle of degree reigns supreme. Over the vaster degrees, such as the birth and cooling of planets, the development of species and the rank and order of species with species on the planets, man has, of course, no control. But " over the infinitely small degrees of this social and individual life, the fine issues of his conflict and circumstance ; the shaping of his ideals out of the raw materials of the planets, man has through his science and art, some control." With regard to this social and individual life of man, Mr. Bruce-Williams has elsewhere much to say, for he holds that great advance can be effected by proper organisation, which, he contends, should be a science based on the axiom that society is an extension of the individual, and on the three principles—of degree, of a universal duality and of the line of least resistance. The line of least resistance is the constant attempt to maintain a proper balance between the opposites. For instance, " if there is a spiritual equality of all the forms of nature, there is a fundamental,

varied and practical difference between the values of form and form, as they scale in the individual life, society and the design of the Absolute in time and space." Mr. Bruce-Williams holds that upon this "law of equality of all forms as Absolute" is founded the theory of Democracy and "the equal rights of all," as upon the balancing "law of the inequality of the Absolute in each form" is based the theory of Aristocracy and "the unequal reverence, title, authority and consideration due to each form." As to the Absolute itself, of course nothing can be known, but "the Absolute in Nature conceals itself in Nature," and as such is spiritual and unfathomable; it is in this aspect, as it were, an infinite Presence permeating all things. We must therefore suppose that when Mr. Bruce-Williams speaks of "the law of equality of all forms as Absolute," he means "as the Absolute in Nature," that is as spiritual. Setting aside the question of nomenclature, it may be doubted how far any consistent analogy between the mental device of a formless Absolute and an Absolute in form and the notions of democracy and aristocracy can be carried out. The use, however, that the author makes of the analogy is suggestive, as when he says: "Upon the law of equality is founded the idea of our right to personal happiness, and upon the law of inequality is founded the idea of our individual, social and religious duty. Each law is the check and counter-balance, complement, off-set, sanative and restoring influence of the other. In the due and harmonious action of the two, conditioned as to their relative influences by the time and circumstance of their action, lies the spiral line of least resistance, of growth and exfoliation in individual man and society. Either the one or the other, unduly estimated and made the spring of legislation or conduct, is fatal in the long run to both society and the individual. As the law of equality, if pushed to an extreme of estimation or action, issues in anarchy and the immorality of weakness; so the law of inequality, if pushed to a like extreme, issues in despotism and the immorality of violence." By the spiral line of least resistance Mr. Bruce-Williams means the ever-varying readjustment of the balance between the two opposites, which he symbolises as a serpent moving in a dense medium. Here as elsewhere Mr. Bruce-Williams tries to convey his meaning by the use of graphic analogies rather than by the employment of a systematic philosophical or scientific nomenclature. If this is borne in mind the little volume under notice will be found to be very suggestive.

INTRODUCTION TO SCIENCE.

By J. Arthur Thompson. Regius Professor of Natural History, Aberdeen University. Home University Library. London (Williams & Norgate). Price 1s. net.

THIS is in many ways an admirable *Introduction* and chiefly because Prof. J. Arthur Thompson has such warm sympathy for art, philosophy, and religion, as well as enthusiasm for the faculty of which he is so distinguished an exponent in one of its most alluring departments. A writer of such catholic interests and deep feeling for the life of things is pre-eminently suited not only to address a large audience but also to set his subject before them in just perspective. It is absurd to expect from Science an explanation of the 'why' of things; its proper function is the description of the 'how' in the simplest terms. "The aim of Science," Professor Thompson writes, "is to describe the impersonal facts of experience in verifiable terms as exactly as possible, as simply as possible, and as completely as possible. It is an intellectual construction,—a working thought-model of the world. In its 'universe of discourse' it keeps always to experiential terms or verifiable derivatives of these. It is as far on one side of common sense as poetry is on the other. It deals with 'facts' which have no dependence on man's will, which must be communicable and verifiable. It is descriptive formulation, not interpretative explanation. The causes that Science seeks after are secondary causes, not ultimate causes; effective causes, not final causes" (p. 57).

Professor Thompson is accordingly no believer in the dogma of radical mechanism; he does not hold that there is but one science of Nature, and that the category of mechanism covers the whole ground. On the contrary he believes that "there are *several* sciences of Nature, and that other than mechanical categories are required in two of these." He thus holds that: "(1) There is the physical order of Nature—the inorganic world—where mechanism reigns supreme. (2) There is the *vital* order of Nature—the world of organisms—where mechanism proves insufficient. (3) There is the *psychical* order of Nature—the world of mind—where mechanism is irrelevant. Thus there are three fundamental sciences—Physics, Biology, and Psychology—each with characteristic questions, categories and formulæ" (p. 163). With this view we are in entire agreement; it does not deny the unity of nature,

but solely the insufficiency of mechanism to deal with life and mind; in biology mechanism may have much to say about organic matter, but the secret of even the simplest organism escapes it. Science in its own realm is magnificent, but it is by no means capable of satisfying the whole man. Thus in treating of 'Science and Art' Professor Thompson writes: "We are enthusiastic believers in the value of Science in furnishing descriptive formulæ which facilitate both our intellectual and our practical grasp of Nature. But we do not feel that the generalisations of Science are by themselves satisfying to us. Rightly or wrongly we share the ordinary human longing for explanations, and we are not affected by being told that it is an unhealthy appetite. We believe that nature-poetry and religious feeling are alike complementary to Science. Both aim at getting beyond Science by other methods, intuitive and instinctive rather than intellectual—and *we do not think that they fail*" (p. 192). The italics are those of the original, and show how strongly Professor Thompson insists that intellect must be complemented with feeling before there can be any real satisfaction for the whole man. But equally so must feeling be balanced by intellect, or there will be failure. This is brought out clearly in the following passage of the chapter on 'Science and Religion.' "Even if the answers [of Science] were as complete all round as they are already in parts, and if there were also answers to all the scientific questions which we do not yet foresee nor know how to ask, yet they would not be of a kind to satisfy the whole nature of the ordinary man. We get hints of complementary answers in poetic and religious feeling, and we see no reason to believe that the only approach to Truth and Reality is by the scientific method. The satisfaction we reach in poetic and religious feeling is transcendental, on a different plane from scientific satisfaction. It is unverifiable, incommunicable, mystical, but—for ourselves—true. In its mystical character there is danger, but the safeguard is in steadying the mind with Science and Philosophy—with which our poetry and religion must be harmonious. Apart from this, another test of the validity of our mystical feelings and transcendental constructions, is their value in our life" (pp. 218, 219). The little volume is stimulating throughout, and makes an excellent introduction for the general reader.

ASTROLOGY AND RELIGION AMONG THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.

By Franz Cumont, Ph.D., LL.D., Member of the Académie Royale de Belgique. American Lectures on the History of Religions. New York and London (Putnam). Price 6s. net.

IN these instructive lectures (translated for delivery in America by Mr. J. B. Baker of Oxford) Professor Cumont sums up in semi-popular form the result of his own laborious researches and those of other scholars (*e.g.* Boll, Bezold, Kugler, Kroll and Morris Jastrow, Jr.) in a field of great difficulty but of high importance for the understanding of the history of the evolution of religion in Western antiquity. Though on the one hand he dismisses the "learned system of divination" called astrology as the "most monstrous of all the chimeras begotten of superstition" (p. xvi.), yet when he is immersed in the astral religion of antiquity, which can be treated of quite apart from horoscopy, he is constrained to speak of "this coherent and magnificent theology" (p. 133), and of its sidereal eschatology as "the purest and most elevated doctrine which can be put to the credit of ancient paganism" (p. 178); and to add that "the doctrine of sidereal immortality is certainly the most elevated that antiquity conceived" (p. 201). Nevertheless, to dispose of astrology once for all, and at the same time to destroy the old eschatological ideas, Prof. Cumont thinks that it was sufficient simply for Copernicus and Galileo to overthrow the geocentric system of Ptolemy, and therewith "bring down those heavens peopled by bright beings, and . . . open to the imagination the infinite space of a boundless universe" (p. 202). It is true that modern research has disposed of the astral schematology of antiquity, and made fluid what was regarded as fixed; but though in the closed solar system the centre has been shifted from the earth to the sun, the mutual relations of the constituent bodies remain the same, and the divinatory art goes merrily along in spite of science and ridicule and denunciation. It is a remarkable fact that the twentieth century is witnessing an ever-increasing renewal of interest in astrology. The astrologers, it is true, are less than ever able to say *why* their scheme works; their apology is simply that it works in a way beyond the possibilities of mere coincidence. It is all very puzzling; and though we sympathise with Professor Cumont's annoyance, we should have liked to see the subject of horoscopy thoroughly tackled instead of being dismissed in a few contemptuous paragraphs. Meantime

from the point of view of scholarship Professor Cumont has supplied us with a very valuable sketch of the history of the development of astral religion. The scheme of his six lectures shows "how oriental astrology and star-worship transformed the beliefs of the Græco-Latin world, what at different periods was the ever-increasing strength of their influence, and by what means they established in the West a sidereal cult, which was the highest phase of ancient paganism. In Greek anthropomorphism the Olympians were merely an idealised reflection of various human personalities. Roman formalism made the worship of the national gods an expression of patriotism, strictly regulated by pontifical and civil law. Babylon was the first to erect the edifice of a *cosmic* religion, based upon science, which brought human activity and human relations with the astral divinities into the general harmony of organised nature. This learned theology, by including in its speculations the entire world, was to eliminate the narrower forms of belief, and by changing the character of ancient idolatry was to prepare in many respects the coming of Christianity" (p. xxiv.). Not only so; it was continued into Christianity right up to the Renaissance. Indeed it is impossible to understand the mind of antiquity without a sufficient acquaintance with its world-view, which fundamentally remained the same from 600 B.C. to the days of Kepler and Galileo. We moderns, who have peopled the heavens with infinitudes of stars unknown to antiquity, and yet are at present without any means of co-ordinating the vast treasures discovered by stellar research by any fruitful hypothesis, can never again confine ourselves within the ideal schematology of the mind of antiquity, with its very definite plan of sidereal order. But the 'cosmic emotion' that antiquity felt in contemplating the majesty of the heavens was an ennobling passion, and can never be crushed out of the human heart. It is indeed because the old schematology has been found to be insufficient when applied to the vast fields of the starry realms that it has been rejected, not because of the death of 'cosmic emotion.' Nevertheless there has been too much secularising of late, too much of the lay view to the exclusion of the religious. The pendulum must inevitably swing back, and in swinging back we shall doubtless invent new modes of greater subtlety and elasticity in the form of a sympathetic device for the accommodation of the mind to the present baffling complex of stellar phenomena. And then perhaps we shall find that the ancients were not fundamentally altogether wrong, simply because they thought that the sun went

round the earth instead of the earth round the sun and the rest of it; we shall doubtless find that they were really 'after something' of a very vital nature, though they failed to find adequate means of expressing their 'cosmic emotion.'

ADAM MICKIEWICZ.

The National Poet of Poland. By Monica M. Gardner. London (Dent). Price 10s. 6d. net.

WE are glad to welcome Miss Gardner's praiseworthy attempt to make the life and works of Adam Mickiewicz better known in a country so ill-provided as our own with the means of becoming acquainted with Polish literature. If the enthusiasm of its admirers is well founded, Polish is one of the richest and most plastic of languages, and its best poetic literature is filled with word-painting of such great beauty that it is almost impossible to reproduce it in translation. Miss Gardner repeatedly regrets that the English can at best give but a slight notion of the beauty of the original, and we remember the same complaint from a Polish friend who was moved to great enthusiasm when he declaimed the masterpieces of his native poets. Miss Gardner's prose renderings of some of Mickiewicz's best things, however, have a distinction of their own, and we get the substance of them from her in excellent English. The masterpieces of Mickiewicz are human documents of a nation, rather than of an individual, written, as has been said, in 'tears and blood,' and it is not difficult to believe the poignancy and avidity with which they were first read by his long-suffering compatriots in smuggled copies at the risk of prison and banishment. But the works of the poet are more than the expression of the tragedy and the hopes and fears of a noble race struggling for liberty. The life of Mickiewicz exemplifies the stages of transmutation of a political fight for freedom into what is at last an inner struggle for regeneration which gives birth to that extraordinary movement known as Polish 'messianism.' As Miss Gardner phrases it: "In the midst of misery and oppression there arises, for a nation's consoling, the great Polish national mysticism, known under the name of Mesyanism, casting its strange unearthly radiance over that saddest of poetry. . . . From unheard-of pain will result glory in like measure. For many millions one must die. Poland, therefore, is passing through the furnace of suffering that, purified by its flames, she may

become the leader of Christian, and more especially Slavonian, nations, and usher in the spiritual revolution of the universe, the higher epoch of humanity, when all races and governments will be united and will rule in brotherly love." The Poles thus began to regard themselves as a holy race, of which the greatest prophets were Adam Mickiewicz and Zygmunt Krasinski and in a less degree Julius Słowacki. Poland looked to Mickiewicz as her greatest poet and inspirer, as almost to a spiritual leader. But though the poet could put heart into his compatriots, he did not feel that he had the commanding power really to lead them. The Poles had been balked of success time and again by the internecine quarrels of their leaders. Poland wanted a leader, a saviour. This Mickiewicz thought he had at last found in Andrew Towianski, whose influence unfortunately changed the poet into a fanatic and obscured the rest of his life. Mickiewicz left the ways of sane mysticism and fruitful poetic creation to follow blindly a visionary. The story is of extraordinary psychological interest. Towianski claimed to be no less than the chosen Divine instrument for the salvation not only of Poland but of the human race. This was to be effected by spiritual means. Seven messengers were to be sent on earth by God to complete the work of Christ, and Towianski claimed to be one of them; they are presumably the 'columns of light' referred to in the following summary of the means to be employed, according to the Towianists. "Upon each man's interior travail depends the shedding forth once more of the light. One just man who is under the dominion of the 'columns of light' . . . can, by his moral strength alone, save a city and a nation from destruction. The spirit only is all powerful. Reason, the intelligence, are not to enter into the spiritual life. Man's duties are threefold: to raise his spirit, to conquer the body, to raise the body to the height of the spirit." It thus came about that the whole effort of the followers was concentrated on not only attaining to ecstasy, but on trying to maintain themselves in a state of ecstasy, called 'moving of the spirit.' Combined with a revelation of a 'Gnostic' nature and a belief in transmigration was an extraordinary cult of Napoleon, to whom the Poles had once looked as their deliverer. The canonisation of Napoleon was carried to such extravagance that he was considered the greatest man since Christ and the man nearest to Christ. Towianski professed to be in personal communication with Napoleon's spirit and to be under its guidance. Believers spent the night on the field of Waterloo to enter into communication with the

soul of their hero. Dreams and visions became the order of the day, and Mickiewicz beheld the spirit of Napoleon, as a brilliant star, distributing to the faithful bread-crumbs and bullets from Waterloo, because the spirit of the hero dwelt in these remains. Behind all stood Towianski, whose lightest word was law. Mickiewicz positively worshipped him and addressed him as 'Master and Lord'; for him he was the 'incarnation of the word.' The natural result followed: promises and prophecies unfulfilled, and a spiritual tyranny that shattered friendships and severed husband and wife. Towianski became more and more imperative in his demands and wore out Mickiewicz with ceaseless labours for the 'cause.' The 'révelation' and the 'cause' were the only things in life for the silenced poet, and obtruded themselves in all his work, even in his lectures at the Collège de France, till finally he was forced to give up his chair and with it his only means of livelihood. But Towianski was insatiable; he for ever was reproaching Mickiewicz with not doing enough for the 'cause'; until finally, prematurely aged and broken, in despair, the poet ventured to write frankly that it was better to let each one strive in the way best suited to his own nature, and not to compel them; whereupon Towianski deposed Mickiewicz from the leadership, and gradually communications broke off between them. Later on Towianski tried to win Mickiewicz back, but in vain. A paragraph or two from the letter which Mickiewicz wrote in reply, and in which he still addresses Towianski as 'Master and Lord,' is eloquent of the sorry pass to which things had come under the spiritual tyranny of the strange visionary who cut short the career of Poland's greatest singer and obscured his original high nobility of soul:

"When God did not give us this grace that our very spirit, our very face, should summon others to gather around us, to exaltation, to reverence of us, we sought to supply our physical lack by reproaches, by outcries; and whom we could not frighten into it, we proclaimed behind their backs as criminals and rebels. For every one, whenever and however he did not agree with us, or rather was not our echo, was given out as a rebel. We exercised the saddest power that there is on earth. . . .

"We were fain to justify that power by uniting it to spiritual power. Therefore, we reiterated that we spoke and commanded by the spirit within us. Each moment we terrified the brothers, stupified with such commands, by threatening them with Divine punishments. We invoked those punishments. We rejoiced when

grief or misfortune befell a brother. We repulsed him, we trod him down. We became like a pack of wolves who tear and devour their wounded comrade."

It is a sad story but highly instructive for those who have studied similar cases in the obscure history of 'esoteric' sects. But in spite of this, the works of Mickiewicz have still a powerful influence on his countrymen, and Miss Gardner is deserving of our thanks for a sympathetic and judicious biography of a loveable character and great poet.

THE MASK.

By J. Redwood Anderson. Oxford (Thornton). Price 4s. net.

MR. REDWOOD ANDERSON has already shown in his *Legend of Eros and Psyche* and *The Music of Death* that he has not only much skill in verse-making but also a gift of vivid description and an insight into life. His third volume contains some very good work, and exemplifies a maturer stage of his art. *The Mask* is a collection of twenty-one pieces designed to disclose the mystery of womanhood, the 'eternal feminine' hidden in many forms—the reality behind the appearance, the face behind the mask. The pieces cover a very wide range, from the blending of the Mother-goddesses in the Blessed Virgin to torturing tales of mean streets; from a pæan of perfect marriage to the lowest depths of prostitution. Whether Mr. Anderson sings of the mother, or the nurse, or the nun, of the butterfly, dancer or suicide, the same purpose is with him, as expressed in Tennyson's lines:

"Our meaning here,
To lift the woman's fall'n divinity,
Upon an even pedestal with man."

The diction is simple and we are thus fortunately spared the shock of new conceits and strange devices of speech. We do not however like 'closelier' and think that 'chance' for 'perchance,' which frequently occurs, is not felicitous.

ON MAETERLINCK.

Notes on the Study of Symbols, with Special Reference to 'The Blue Bird,' to which is added an Exposition of 'The Sightless.' By Henry Rose. London (Fifield).

MANY who appreciated Mr. Rose's recent sympathetic study of the 'Blue Bird' will welcome a similar volume from his pen. This

time he deals in the form of a supplement with the theme of his previous work, but from a more extended point of view, introducing much interesting matter on the subject of symbolism in general, and entering with much minuteness into the meaning of the 'Blue Bird' symbol in particular. Only in one instance does his reading of Maeterlinck's imagery strike one as far-fetched, and that is when he states the 'grass that sings' to be the symbol of scientific truth. 'Grass' may very well stand for material nature as dealt with by science; the trouble lies with the qualifying phrase, for in no sense can we conceive of scientific knowledge under the imagery of a song. The reading which seems to get nearer the truth is that of a critic of Mr. Rose, to whom the passage in question means 'the joyous aspect which nature presents to the happy mind.' If we take the 'Blue Bird' to represent the spiritual consciousness which is Bliss in the word's most transcendental sense, the above interpretation justifies the Fairy's remark: "I can do without the grass that sings at a pinch but I absolutely must have the Blue Bird." In other words, all lower forms of happiness can be dispensed with by one whose face is towards the finding of Bliss at its source. The concluding article on 'The Sightless' is already known to readers of **THE QUEST**.

C. E. W.

A LAYMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

By Alexander Davis. London (Kegan Paul).

LIKE the prophet of old Mr. Davis went out into the wilderness in search of God and as the result of much reflecting arrived at conclusions which a good many people have also arrived at in the midst of bricks and mortar. That Religion and Science work in different ways and on different natures, that the pronouncements of the former are lacking in universality and are all too often overlaid with dogma; that ethics and religion are not identical, and that parsons are 'neither much worse nor much better than the disciples that sit at their feet'; that materialists are apt to be objectionable people; that after death there is either something or nothing; that, whichever is the case, a man's influence will extend beyond his own lifetime; that Cromwell was an Idealist and Plato wasn't; that Religion will have to give place to Philosophy; that happiness is possible only to the out-and-out believer, and the out-and-out disbeliever; that, if men have souls

we have no right to deny that the lower animals may also have them; that life is the product of 'certain combinations of inorganic matter'; that health conduces to happiness, but that to 'achieve absolute happiness a high measure of wisdom is necessary'—such are a few of the conclusions at which the author has arrived. But is it really worth while to write a book of 182 pages of far from impeccable English, when one has so little light to throw on these mighty problems? By all means let people write, let them write all they know and all they think—for only so will they find out what that is—but why, why must they print it?

C. B. W.

POWER WITH GOD.

By the Ven. Basil Wilberforce, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster,
Chaplain of the House of Commons. London (Elliot Stock).

BECAUSE the author of a volume of sermons is for the most part content merely to stereotype the Sabbath drawlings of a number of very old saws, the perusal of this class of literature is often avoided by readers in search of originality and suggestiveness. They know that the best sermons are mostly successful in proportion as they reflect a popular personality, and that to the majority of sermon-readers *substance* matters but little. It has been said of Archdeacon Wilberforce, however, that he is one of the few modern preachers whose discourses deserve to be published. Broad, progressive, mystical, closely reasoned, there is yet about them a singular Evangelical fervency, born of a direct appeal to the spiritual in his hearers, which many a 'Liberal Christian' might imitate to advantage. Even where he does not entirely convince he is always suggestive, invariably logical, and sometimes almost cunningly subtle. In the present volume the last-named quality is less apparent than in some of his previous publications; we note in its place a great increase of the intuitive and experimental side of religion. The preacher is aiming to awaken in his hearers a *first-hand* realisation of the great truths of Divine Sonship and Universal Immanence, and incessantly urges the need of transmuting theory of God into vital, growing participation in His very Life and Being. A passage in the fine sermon on the 'White Stone and the Hidden Name' allows us a glimpse into the arcana of personal experience.

"Inasmuch as thought is always creative in proportion to its

grasp and intensity, there comes a change, an expansion of your God-conception without loss of definiteness. A truth that was before merely an accepted proposition, becomes, by degrees, an active influence. What was before an acknowledged, though unrealised, omnipresence, becomes a thrilling Fatherly nearness. What was before a rather timid guess, becomes a radiant assurance. The Eternal is feeding you with the hidden manna, as an ember is fed with the hidden oxygen. Spirit with spirit is meeting. He says, 'I will give unto him a white stone, and upon the stone a new name written which no one knoweth but he that receiveth it.' That is, you shall become the recipient of deeper experiences, so truly of the spirit-world that there is no earth-language in which to express them. Your thought of God shall become so profound, so all-embracing, that, though you cling to the Father-conception, no accepted name is sufficient to contain it, and yet you yourself are conscious what it means. You cannot tell it, you cannot describe it, any more than you could show another man the action of the valves of your heart; its hidden testimony is the greatest verity of your being, while its public demonstration is impossible."

In 'Cosmic Consciousness' the preacher strays far from the beaten track in his endeavour to show that in nature is "something akin to a hidden, pervading Cosmic Consciousness"; that the "marvellous movements of the natural world" are not the workings of unconscious machinery, but the intelligent obedience of atoms of matter to that method of the Divine activity which is described as the 'Voice of the Lord'; so that "even the dust on which we stand . . . can hear, and hearing obey." This thought is central to all the Archdeacon's teaching. For him, as for every mystic, the 'Word' is immanent in Nature from atom to Archangel, and to respond, to open inner doors to that glowing Vital Intensity pervading all things, is the whole duty of the universe, whether macrocosmic or microcosmic.

C. E. W.

HISTORICAL STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHY.

By Émile Boutroux, Member of the Institute, Professor of the University of Paris. Authorised translation by Fred Rothwell, B.A. London (Macmillan).

THE five studies contained in this volume are devoted to Socrates, Aristotle, Böhme, Descartes and Kant. They give the gist of

series of lectures, delivered by Professor Boutroux at the École Normale and Sorbonne, without the detailed analysis of texts and methodical criticism which usually accompany such studies. They are a *résumé* of conclusions, and are issued in this form by request as time has not served to set forth the details. Professor Boutroux is somewhat apologetic for this mode of presentation, but he need not be, for the volume is all the more readable on this account, and his reputation is such that we are assured beforehand of scrupulous care in the preparation of the matter. It is a pleasure to read his sympathetic summaries, which testify to the care he has taken to enter into the mind and spirit of the great thinkers he has made the subject of his study. What for many of our readers will make the book specially remarkable is that we have included in a volume devoted to philosophy a brilliant appreciation of the works of Jacob Böhme; a mystic is found standing-room in a group of the most famous philosophers. Though, of course, the main substance of Böhme is of a religious, theological and edificatory nature, nevertheless the root of philosophy may be found in him. Thus Professor Boutroux sets out seriously to ask himself the question whether Böhme does not deserve the name of 'Philosophus Teutonicus,' and leaves us with a strong impression that he has answered it on the whole in the affirmative. Though it is difficult to find any exterior link between the seer of Görlitz and the German philosophers, nevertheless "they are united to him by a stronger and closer bond than mere influence, they are his brothers at least, if not his sons, children of one and the same genius, expressions of one and the same aspect of the human mind" (p. 233). This is a remarkable conclusion, but as students of Böhme literature are aware, it is not altogether new, for it has been claimed that the influence of Böhme was indirectly so great that he may well be regarded as the pioneer of what used to be called the 'new philosophy' in Germany. Still Böhme was no philosopher in the ordinary sense of the term; not only so, but he repeatedly declares that when he was not in the state of inspiration he could not himself understand what he had written. Nevertheless what he wrote frequently verges on philosophy chiefly because his mysticism includes a world-view. His illumination is in kind of the same nature as the mode of 'revelation' once called 'gnostic'; and we know that in this country Mansel, under the strong influence of German philosophy, would have it that the 'gnosis' was an attempt at philosophising, and criticised it entirely from that standpoint. It is true that the Dean had not got the right perspective in which

to view this movement, as subsequent study has shown, but there is no doubt that certain forms of philosophy march closely on mysticism and gnosis. Thus in Germany such philosophers of belief and religion as Herder, Jacobi, Schelling and von Baader are nearer to Böhme than the more strictly intellectual Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte, and Hegel. Nevertheless we might almost think Professor Boutroux was speaking of Hegel when he writes that Böhme's task was "to posit spiritualism as a thesis, and realism as an antithesis, and, in a synthesis, to reconcile the reality of the objects of experience with the supremacy of spirit" (p. 282). Here, as in many another brilliant translation of Böhme's intuitions into the language of philosophical concepts, Professor Boutroux answers his own initial question: "Is it possible that from such a work [*The Aurora*] anything can be gleaned by the historian of philosophy, unless by an arbitrary interpretation he transforms into concepts what, on the part of the author, is pure intuition and imagination?" (p. 172). The answer is that there is nothing *philosophical* to be gleaned *unless* the transformation is made, and provided it is *not* arbitrary. Professor Boutroux would have it that Böhme was not the simple and ignorant man he says he is, but was on the contrary not only open-minded but also possessed of a keen intellect. He also states that besides his constant study of the Bible, Böhme read the writings of 'many masters' of mystical lore. He can mention, however, only Schwenkfeld, Paracelsus and Valentin Weigel. Now it has always been a puzzle to students of Böhme to discover what he really had read on the subject; it seems, however, to have been very little, and we thus think that 'many masters' is too strong an expression. The thing came to him, drove down upon him; he was not taught nor even prepared by study. Nevertheless Böhme's illumination was not entirely novel; much that he writes can be paralleled in the literature of mysticism. And of course the *form* of his writing was determined by what little he had read, chiefly the Bible and a smattering of Alchemy and perhaps a little Kabbalism. As to the content, Böhme is a brilliant example of mystical rebirth or regeneration. The method of it, as Böhme conceived it, is well set forth by Professor Boutroux: "A living method, alone, enables us to penetrate into the mysteries of life. Being, alone, knows being; we must generate with God in order to understand generation. Therefore the true method consists in witnessing, or rather taking part in the divine operation whose end is the blossoming and dominion, the rule of personality; it is

knowledge as consciousness of action : a method, indeed, which proceeds from cause to effect, whereas any purely logical method, limited to the working out of the data of experience, is and can be nothing more than a vain effort to rise from effect to cause. But, then, how can man thus place himself at the standpoint of God? It is impossible for him to ascend to God : there is no transmutation of creature into creator. Still, though man cannot ascend to God, God can descend to man. Not that God can be invoked or materially constrained, as it were, by the practices of false magic or outward devotion, but rather that God descends into man, when man dies to his corrupt, inborn nature, to give himself up to divine action" (p. 180). Böhme sets forth at great length this process of divine birth or generation of God, as he calls it ; but at the same time he warns us that it is really no process, though human language is compelled to treat of it as process. But still Böhme does speak of the generation of God, and on this Professor Boutroux rightly remarks, that we must forgive Böhme if when he thinks he is speaking to us of the history of the Trinity or the begetting of God, he is really speaking to us of ourselves, and that with much sagacity. "The great principle that will is the basis of life and existence, and that, in its turn, life finds in freedom its end and *raison d'être*, will lose none of its interest by being concerned only with the created world instead of being applied to the creator as well" (p. 204). We should, however, not forget that the Böhme who wrote was not the normal shoemaker of Görlitz. It was an overmastering influence that wrote through him. Nevertheless we must still believe that it was the transcendental self writing of itself rather than an immediate revelation of the mystery of deity. It thus is possible to transpose many of Böhme's intuitions not only into the terms of mystical philosophy, but also into the more formal terms of general philosophy ; and Professor Boutroux has summarised very ably the main moments of Böhme's '*Erleuchtung*' and brought out the philosophical aspect of many of his ideas. The study will be of distinct service to students of Böhme, in whose works there has been of late in this country a marked renaissance of interest.

THE QUEST.



PRESENT-DAY MYSTICISM.

WILHELM WINDELBAND, PH.D., Privy Councillor of the
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A STUDIOUS observer of the most recent moods and movements in the intellectual life of our age cannot fail to notice the influence of two main impulses: a yearning towards an ultimate unity and a tendency towards a deeper spiritualisation of our world-view. Out of the boundless variety of activities and productions into which our civilisation disperses its stream of energy, arises again with ever-increasing intensity the passionate desire to reach that one universal principle of life which will alone be able to endow that wealth of work and performance with a true meaning and a real value. In view of the imminent danger of being definitely enslaved to corporeal reality—its scientific analysis and its technical mastery—by the magically overwhelming impression of the present immense transformations of our outer life, we begin again to ask anxiously whether in conquering the world we do not suffer injury to our souls.

For both these reasons we easily understand from the conditions of modern life that its nervous restlessness is due to strong religious feeling. This feature will be best understood when it is realised that perhaps in no other period in the history of civilised nations, have the principles of value as to life been so much in a state of transition, dissolution and reconstruction as in our time. The spread of cultural communication over the entire globe, with the consequent friendly or inimical intercourse of all races, has withdrawn every nation from the peaceful development of its former isolated sphere; moreover the rapid transformation of all social relations has everywhere begun to break up the established forms and customary standards of value. However true it is that, happily, the 'revolution of all values' is not quite so violent and rapid as the inspired prophets of such changes would have us believe, yet no deception should be allowed on one point: namely, that this unprecedented upheaval of all forces will prepare the way for such changes as will affect the deepest foundations and the innermost elements of human life. Now the periods of such agitations are necessarily always impregnated with strong religious impulses, which are ever ready, owing to ineradicable tendencies inherent in human nature, to assume new forms or to force old ones into new garbs, especially in conditions of accelerated evolution.

Thus, in our age, too, the necessity of preserving a spiritual unity of life, in opposition to the forces of disintegration in material, external civilisation, frequently assumes a religious form; and all the more since the historical law of antithetic compensation necessarily requires a reaction against the prevalence of materialism during the second half of the last

century. Indeed the quest of a world-view is nowadays pushed far beyond the narrow boundaries which were laid down by the one-sided metaphysics of natural science, under the impulse of the rich diversity of interests that agitate our modern life. At the same time another antagonism makes itself strongly felt. We are at present experiencing to a certain extent, though with entirely different personal motives, the same change in our mode of thought which occurred about the year 1800, when Romanticism superseded Encyclopedism in the whole of Europe, but more especially in Germany: namely, a change from rationalism to irrationalism. Whenever the modern spirit has failed in its theoretical attempts to fathom the deepest depths of reality with the conceptions of the intellect, and in its practical endeavourings to fashion its world entirely according to the principles of reason, it invariably withdraws within itself, there to seek salvation in the vague movements of emotion and in the unbroken original momentum of the will. That is the reason why now once again the irrational is proclaimed as the innermost sacred mystery of all reality, and as the substance of life that transcends the reach of all possible knowledge; and therefore the religious impulse underlying our craving for a world-view, once again readily assumes the forms of mysticism.

That mysterious something which refuses to fall into line with the known, or supposedly known, causal relations of material reality, has at all times possessed the charm of arousing a mildly-awed curiosity; and it is just those men and those ages that are most proud of the power and achievements of their knowledge and reasoning in all other respects, who are most liable to this fascination. Periods of progressive

enlightenment are by no means proof against superstition. They appear on the contrary to require it as a kind of mental complement, as we can see in the Renaissance period as well as in the 18th century. It is, therefore, unnecessary to be overmuch alarmed, when every now and then a searchlight reveals within its sphere of observation the extent to which 'occultism' has succeeded in making its influence or, if you prefer, its seduction felt among us, affecting without exception all strata of society. Although it is mainly for practical purposes that the extolled mysterious expedients are resorted to, owing to the failure of the open paths of experience to lead to the desired objective, yet on the other hand (and it is here that we first enter the sphere of mysticism proper) it is a theoretical necessity which, in the struggle after an ethico-religious world-view, carries us beyond all knowing towards an immediate intuition of primal spiritual reality, and towards an inner experience of the connection between the soul and the ultimate essence of all things. The rank growth of religious sects on both sides of the Atlantic, the numerous theosophical societies and associations carrying on an active propaganda, and further the astonishing increase of Buddhistic communities, not only in the capitals of Europe but also in numerous ramifications, during the last decade, is evidence of the fact that the religious need for a world-view is seeking to force its way outside the frame of Church-teaching. Everywhere the individual is striving to find direct access to the mysteries of spiritual reality, and to make them his own by free personal experience. This, however, is the decisive tendency of what we call mysticism, in the historical meaning of the word.

Our philosophy too has not remained immune to this tendency of our time. It has first of all been influenced by it in its historical values. As formerly the forgotten Jacob Boehme was brought into deserved prominence by Romanticism, even so has the father of all philosophical mysticism, the great Neoplatonist Plotinus, presently arisen as a new star in the historical firmament of philosophy. Ever since Eduard von Hartmann's affectionate and congenial rendering of his system vindicated him his right place in the history of metaphysics, Plotinus has become the subject of renewed study.¹ The mysticism of the middle ages, more particularly that of Germany, has likewise attained to a more intelligent recognition owing to Adolph Lasson, who has dedicated to it a searching analysis in the new edition of the Ueberweg-Heinze Handbook.² We no longer onesidedly characterise the philosophy of the middle ages as scholasticism, but rather place mysticism beside it as of equal rank, and even as being the more fruitful and promising movement. Moreover, since the revival of Romanticism has become the leading intellectual fashion, its 'mystic disclosure of deep life-giving springs,' as its prophets phrase it, has resulted in enrolling again disciple after disciple.

It was, however, agnosticism that proved to be the point of irruption of the mystic impulse into philosophy itself. The thought-movement of the 19th century had been dominated by agnosticism in the most varied ways. When the knowledge of the true world-essence and of the ultimate foundations of all

¹ Cp. QUEST, iii. 561, on a new German translation of the *Enneads*.—ED.

² Cp. QUEST, iii. 565f., on new editions of the main texts published by Eugen Diederichs, Jena.—ED.

reality is withheld from rational cognition, the metaphysical impulse receives a free hand to satisfy itself with all the expedients of irrationalism. This was the experience of Kant. The often quoted and much misapplied saying, 'I had to abrogate knowledge to make room for belief,' is a somewhat dangerous utterance. Kant himself as a strong rationalist, possessed, as such, of a keen eye for the limits of all kinds of 'rational' procedure, would tolerate beyond the boundaries of knowledge only a belief that was thoroughly rational, intellectually formulated, susceptible of generally and necessarily convincing proof. Yet he was unable to prevent Jacobi from readily accepting the critical doctrine of the inability of science to comprehend essential being, which the latter did only with an express view to supporting the claim of a capacity of direct apprehension of the supersensuous and of the higher truth of individual experience. It was in vain that Kant, in one of his most brilliant smaller writings, entitled *What do we mean by Intellectual Orientation?*—withstood the enthusiastic extravagance of those visionaries who thought to find their bearings in the night of the supersensuous, where knowledge is of course unavailing, by means of a certain specific personal feeling, instead of trusting for their guidance to practical reason, plain sense of duty, and the strict imperative of morality. With all this Kant failed to prevent Romanticism from revelling in the luxuriant exuberance of the experiences of genius on the very field which he desired to keep clear for belief. It was Romanticism itself, however, by which the danger of such a situation was clearly brought to light. Its development and the gradual twisting round of its tendencies from Schleiermacher and Novalis onwards

to Friedrich Schlegel and Adam Müller have proved that the final result of the mystical movement was more profitable for the churches than for religion.

The special form of agnosticism which was conditioned by Kant's theory of knowledge, must also have favoured the development of mystical tendencies. Scientific cognition in the strict sense of the term was identical, according to Kant's system of categories, with mathematico-physical theory. Even the living organism constituted in itself a limitation of comprehension: the subjects of inner experience were thought at best only susceptible of description and not of conception or explanation. If thus the claims of science were confined to nature as to a system of mechanical causation, it was self-evident that reality, as conceived by such a science, could never satisfy the requirements of metaphysical tendencies. And the more Neo-Kantism proclaimed for a certain period this self-imposed limitation of knowledge to be the sole wisdom of philosophy, the wider became the margin for all the different demands of belief and immediate experience, whose object was to establish the entire independence of the certainty of their contents from the secondary conditions, whether these contents were possible or not on the principles of *intellectual* cognition. They even allowed themselves willingly to be forced into the position described by the ancient adage: *Certum est, quia impossibile est*—it is certain, *because* it is not dreamt of in your philosophy.

The development of psychology, which within the last decades has frequently attempted to supplant philosophy, has been a further occasion for forcing out, by way of antithesis, fresh impulses towards mysticism. The starting-point is in this case the widely-spread

theory of psycho-physical parallelism. It is common knowledge that this theory attempts, with Spinoza, to avoid the difficulties involved in the idea of a reciprocal causation of bodily and mental states, by asserting that we have before us in both cases simply two sides of one and the same fundamental process, which are similar in all corresponding respects, differing, however, in content. This theory seems indeed to safeguard the independent status of the psychical as opposed to the physical; but in its conception of phenomenal data it cannot escape a certain leaning towards materialism. Though the main argument for the adoption of psychological parallelism is at present usually that psycho-physical causation would be irreconcilable with the principle of the conservation of energy, yet we have to face the unavoidable consequence that the causal succession of bodily states will, apparently, in the last instance, be intelligible according to physical and chemical laws, and that then the corresponding psychic phenomena will be degraded to the level of accessory symptoms accompanying the fundamental *physical* process. Such a world-view would drag the entire psychic life into the sphere of mechanical causation, and the consciousness of activity, the one decisive self-experience of individuality, must needs appear to such a psychology as a miracle which has to seek its self-evidence outside the domain of scientific theory. If then, in accordance with the habit of thought of philosophy which has shrivelled into psychology, the attempt is made to satisfy this need only by means of individual experience, we find ourselves unavoidably on the road to mysticism. Classical German idealism has once elaborated—and that most magnificently in Hegel's system—the

concrete values of spiritual reality out of the ideal relations in the process of history. As long as philosophers reject this historical method and insist on the standpoint of individual experience, they will invariably evaporate into a mystic religiosity or into a religious mist that spiritual content of life, which ought to be preserved for physical reality out of the original complex of spirit and matter.

The doctrine of psycho-physical parallelism contains a second inadvertently mystical feature, since this hypothesis cannot be given effect to as a general metaphysical theory without the presupposition of a mass of unconscious psychical states. If it is necessary to associate a psychical function with each material process, it follows that the greater part of psychical reality must be of an unconscious kind. The sphere of conscious life then forms merely a small and thin superstratum over the wide field of the unconscious, in which the true psychical events function in such a manner, that only their most salient peaks succeed in penetrating into the light of conscious experience. But the hypothesis of the subconscious demands also that of the superconscious as its correlative, and as the boundaries of consciousness are fluid with regard to the former, they will probably not be impenetrable with regard to the latter. However widely they differed as to their respective starting-points and methods of thought, Fechner and Eduard von Hartmann both sought to teach the mystic unity of the subconscious and the superconscious in the 'unconscious.'

If, finally, we consider the activities of consciousness from the point of view of the empirical objects or ends of life, there is danger of what we call our know-

ledge once more forfeiting the value of connection with true reality. From the evolutionist point of view ideation can be understood as the highest form of transmutation of sensible into motor states of the organism. Then their end would simply be the purposive determination of action. Our conceptual thinking would extract from the rich complexity of individual realities merely the bare external and regular forms, as far as they recur continually. It is not life that we are enabled to understand by means of the categories of scientific cognition, but merely its petrified forms or the corpse of Nature, as Pierre Poiret, an old-time French mystic, calls it, in opposing the mechanistic natural philosophy of Cartesianism. The essence, however, of phenomena, as well as that of our own selves, cannot be comprehended by means of a conceptual system, but only experienced by direct intuition. This bond between biological pragmatism and mysticism has been proclaimed by Henri Bergson, and to it is due the extensive and intensive action of his, in this respect, specifically modern philosophy.

The necessities of mysticism are deeply rooted in human nature and the limitations of our knowledge. They, therefore, assume at different periods those very forms which are specially assigned to them in each age by the realisation of the tasks incumbent on knowledge, and of the possible measure of their fulfilment. The scientific mind, while recognising itself these limitations, will always respect them. It will revere the inexorable with quiet dignity, and will resist the temptation to tug impatiently at the veil concealing it. The mystic, on the other hand, believes in his ability, through quite exceptional experiences of his own, in spite of all to snatch a fleeting vision of the beyond.

No one will deny him this, but he stultifies himself when, returning into the world of common consciousness, he attempts to reduce his visions into theory and practice. The forms of speech are those of thought, and these again are identical with those of cognition. When, therefore, the pure intuition of the mystic seeks expression, it can find it only in the very categories which it has itself rejected as insufficient and misleading. Hence, however inspiring its speech may sound, it can, from its very essence and on its own admission, only prove to be mere stammering.

The mystic may enjoy his blessed vision as a rare sabbath-peace ; but for ordinary life, even he requires an inner and an outer world capable of being apprehended, the relations of which are intelligible and susceptible of rational realisation. Mysticism is possible as the intuitive experience of the individual ; as a scientific doctrine it becomes impossible. It may at best be called so in its negative critical aspect, but not when it attempts to speak positively.

If, however, philosophy relinquishes thought to science, retaining for itself only transcendental vision, it thereby abdicates its position as a science. Many will consider this to be of no importance, provided philosophy thereby adequately expresses the spiritual situation of our time. But the question, whether it is not possible to find a way out of this situation, possible for philosophy to uphold its character of rational thinking and as an intellectual science, becomes the more justified. For the most important task will ever be to raise our life out of the sphere of vague, half-realised impressions into that of lucid consciousness and well-defined morality.

WILHELM WINDELBAND.

THE TRAGEDY OF EDUCATION.

EDMOND HOLMES, M.A.

THAT great educationist Maria Montessori, in a book which has recently been translated into English, tells the following story :

Once in our public park in Rome, the Pincian Gardens, I saw a baby of about a year and a half, a beautiful smiling child, who was working away trying to fill a little pail by shovelling gravel into it. Beside him was a smartly dressed nurse, evidently very fond of him, the sort of nurse who would consider that she gave the child the most affectionate and intelligent care. It was time to go home, and the nurse was patiently exhorting the baby to leave his work and let her put him into the baby-carriage. Seeing that her exhortations made no impression on the little fellow's firmness, she herself filled the pail with gravel and set pail and baby into the carriage with the fixed conviction that she had given him what he wanted. I was struck by the loud cries of the child and by the expression of protest against violence and injustice which wrote itself on his little face. What an accumulation of wrongs weighed down that nascent intelligence! The little boy did not wish to have the pail full of gravel; he wanted to go through the motions necessary to fill it, thus satisfying a need of his vigorous organism . . .; he wished to co-ordinate his voluntary actions, to exercise his muscles by lifting; to train his eye to estimate distances; to exercise his intelligence in the reasoning connected with his undertaking; to stimulate his will-power by deciding his own actions. . . . His unconscious aim was his own self-development; not the external fact of a pail full of little stones. The vivid attractions of the external world were only empty apparitions; the need of his life was a reality. As a matter of fact, if he had filled his pail he would probably have emptied it out again in order to keep on filling it up until his inner

self was satisfied. It was the feeling of working towards this satisfaction which, a few moments before, had made his face so rosy and smiling; . . . and she who loved him, believing that his aim was to possess some pebbles, made him wretched.

This simple story is pregnant with meaning. The little tragedy which it describes is symbolical of the great tragedy of education, and may even be regarded as the First Scene of its First Act. In his dealings with the child the adult makes at the outset one fundamental mistake. Himself the victim of a misdirected education which has given him a false outlook on life, he is apt to assume, in proportion as he is kindly and sympathetic, that the child shares that outlook, that he too is an externalist, a lover of outward things for their own sakes, that he too wants playthings of various kinds, toys, gauds, prizes, possessions, distinctions, and the like. But in very truth, the child, before he has been corrupted by education, wants none of these things. He wants to energise and to grow.

The adult in Madame Montessori's story was a favourable specimen of her kind. More often than not, the adult's misunderstanding of the child goes deeper than hers. More often than not, he abandons, in part at least, his initial assumption as to the child's outlook on life, and straightway falls into a graver error. For having been convinced by experience that after all the child's outlook differs in many ways from his own, he assumes offhand that his outlook is entirely right, and the child's entirely wrong. He assumes, in other words, that the child ought to desire and aim at the ends which he—the adult—desires and aims at, and that the child's failure to do this is proof of some defect in his nature (due no doubt to his immaturity)

which education must correct. But all the while the child's outlook on life, before it has been perverted by education, is fundamentally right, while the adult's is fundamentally wrong.

Sometimes, indeed, though more rarely now than in former days, the adult's misunderstanding of the child goes deeper still, goes to the very roots of human nature. In such cases the child's inability to share the adult's outlook on life is regarded as proof of the innate corruption, the original sinfulness, of his fallen nature, and the task assigned to education is that of eradicating, or at least of starving, this corrupt nature, by bringing the life of the child under the control of a set of formulated commandments which are to take the place of Nature's tendencies and laws. The kindly nurse of the Pincian Gardens thought in her innocence that her baby wanted to *possess* a pailful of gravel; and so she carried him off, in spite of his tears and protests,—baby, pail, gravel and all. Had she been sterner and less sympathetic she might have ascribed his reluctance to come with her to the inborn stubbornness of his rebellious soul, and the tears with which he requited her well-intentioned blunder, to the inborn ingratitude of his hardened heart.

But whatever may be the depth of the adult's misunderstanding of the child, his mishandling of him, when he begins to educate him, is always, in principle at least, complete. For he instinctively adopts towards him an attitude of dogmatic direction to which he expects the child to respond with an attitude of passive and mechanical obedience. In adopting this attitude of dogmatic direction the adult is true, not only to his own false philosophy of education, but also to the tradition of thousands and tens of thousands of

years,—a tradition which has affected education, but only as one of many aspects of human life. What that tradition is we are learning to-day in and through the very efforts that we are making to emancipate ourselves from its influence. The desolating waves of discontent and unrest which are sweeping over the whole civilised world and threatening to bury its civilisation under the primal mud of social chaos, are symptomatic, as it seems to me, of an immense and far-reaching change. An old order of things is passing slowly away, and a new order is ‘still powerless to be born.’ The old order of things is the *régime* of dogmatism; the *régime* of dogmatic direction on the part of A, and of mechanical obedience on the part of B. This *régime* has had its work to do, and has done it,—and will no doubt long continue to do it. It has kept order—of a kind, and has thus enabled social life to evolve itself—after a fashion. But a heavy price has been paid for this service. For everywhere and at all times dogmatism tends to deaden life.

The dogmatist is one who says to another, or to others: “Such and such a thing seems good to me; therefore it must seem good to you; in other words you must practise it. Such and such a thing seems true to me; therefore it must seem true to you; in other words you must believe it. Such and such a thing seems beautiful to me; therefore it must seem beautiful to you; in other words you must admire it. Such and such a thing seems desirable to me; therefore it must seem desirable to you; in other words you must pursue it. Such and such a thing seems expedient to me; therefore it must seem expedient to you; in other words you must do it.” Stated more briefly the dogmatic attitude amounts to this: “My

part is to issue orders and directions. Your part is to obey them and carry them out."

The dogmatic pressure emanates sometimes from an individual, sometimes from a corporation, sometimes from a community, sometimes from a class or social stratum, sometimes from a stream of tendency, sometimes from a mob. As a rule the few dogmatise and the many obey. But this is not always so. A society, such as a church, or a profession, or a trades-union, may find it necessary to subject each of its members to strong dogmatic pressure. And there are times when the individual has to confront the dogmatism of an overwhelming majority of his fellow-men, as expressed in public opinion, or in established custom, or even in the fashion or convention of the day.

There are three things which dogmatism does, or tends to do, to him who yields to its pressure :

In the first place, by externalising his life, it tends to despiritualise and even devitalise his nature.

In the second place, by forbidding his higher faculties to energise, it tends to arrest his growth.

In the third place, by substituting drill for self-discipline, it tends to demoralise his life.

When I say that dogmatism externalises man's life, I mean that it draws him away from the main business of life, the business of living and growing, and makes him devote himself to matters of minor importance, to doing (in the sense of producing outward and visible results), to seeming (in the sense of making an outward show and being valued accordingly), to acquiring, possessing, enjoying, spending.

The reason why it produces this effect is not far to seek. Outward action is the only kind of action

which the dogmatist can control and appraise. His business is, first, to give directions; next, to see that they are carried out. To give directions is easy enough. To see that they are carried out is not so easy. By bringing pressure of various kinds to bear on his victim, the dogmatist may be able to secure the semblance of obedience to his directions. But he cannot go beyond this. He may be able to regulate and even control the outward action of those who are dependent on him; but he can neither regulate nor control their inward activities. For example, he may direct the faithful to believe such and such a dogma; he may compel them to profess belief in it, and even to give ceremonial expression to their professed belief; but he cannot compel them to believe it. If he is an officer—naval or military—of the martinet type, he may compel his subordinates to obey all his orders with due precision, but he cannot command their loyalty. Even while they are carrying out his directions, they may, for aught that he knows, have rebellion and hatred in their hearts. In other words, the dogmatist is doomed by the very conditions under which he works to look outward instead of inward, and to exact mechanical obedience to the letter of his commands instead of vital obedience to the spirit of them. And the more insistent is his demand for obedience the more does he tend to devitalise the directions that he gives and to externalise his victim's whole outlook on life. For if he is to test the degree of obedience he must see that 'results'—things which can be accurately weighed and measured—are duly provided, and he must therefore so formulate his directions that measurable results can be produced in response to them. And to this vicious interaction

between dogmatic direction and literal obedience there are no limits. The greater the demand for literal obedience, the greater the need for dogmatic direction; and the greater the need for dogmatic direction, the greater the need for accurate formulation and therefore the greater the demand for literal obedience. In fine, the stronger and more thorough the pressure to which the victim of dogmatism is subjected, the more does he tend to look outside himself for success, for well-doing, for well-being, for prosperity, for happiness; and the more formal and mechanical and the less vital does his conduct of life tend to become.

I am speaking to the same general effect when I say that dogmatism forbids man's higher faculties to energise and so tends to arrest his growth. Our faculties, one and all, grow by being exercised. To this rule there are no exceptions. We learn to walk by walking. We learn to talk by talking. Our digestive organs would become atrophied and enfeebled if we were habitually fed on semi-digested food. Whatever be our trade, or profession, or craft, or art, or game, or sport, we evolve the appropriate faculty or set of faculties by exercise, by practice, by constantly trying to do things by and for ourselves. Thus we learn to row by rowing, to ride by riding, to draw by drawing, to model by modelling, to make chairs and tables by making them, to talk French by talking it, and so on. And the higher the faculties the more essential is it that we ourselves should exercise them if they are to make any growth. Our reasoning faculties would not grow if we were never allowed to puzzle things out for ourselves. Our speculative faculties would not grow if we were never allowed to think things out for ourselves. Our imagination would not grow if we were

never allowed to picture things to ourselves. Our moral sense would not grow if we were forbidden by 'spiritual directors' to solve our moral problems for ourselves. Our æsthetic sense would not grow if we allowed our tastes and preferences to be dictated to us by art-critics or other 'experts.' Our religious sense would not grow if our instinctive feeling for reality, our spontaneous 'intuition of totality,' were blighted before it began to open by the chilling breath of formal system or despotic creed.

Now it is of the essence of dogmatism to encroach more and more on personal freedom, and in doing so to prevent our higher faculties—mental, moral, æsthetic, and spiritual—from being exercised. It is of the essence of dogmatism to tell us in the fullest detail, not merely what we are to do, in the narrower sense of the word, but also what we are to see, to feel, to think, to believe, to admire, to aim at. So far as it allows us to exercise our higher faculties, it makes that exercise almost wholly mechanical. In every case and at every turn it gives us isolated commands and minute directions which save us the trouble of working out the problem, whatever it may be, for ourselves. But just so far as we exercise our higher faculties mechanically, we do not really exercise them at all. If we believe what we are told to believe, because we are told to believe it, we are not really believing. If we think what we are told to think, we are not really thinking. If we conclude what we are told to conclude, we have not really reasoned. If we admire what we are told to admire, we have not really responded to the supposed appeal. Whenever one's higher faculties are being exercised the source of the activity is in oneself. If it is not in oneself, if some other person's self is the real

agent, then, however outwardly busy a man may be, he is not really exercising his higher faculties, he is energising as a machine, not as a 'living soul.'

With arrested growth comes egoism. There is a healthy egoism which accompanies the earlier stages of healthy growth, and which may therefore be said to provide for its own ultimate extinction. But the egoism which comes with arrested growth is an unhealthy, and may well become a malignant, type. The true self evolves itself in and through the exercise of the higher faculties; and when these are forbidden to energise, the growth of the man is arrested, and the outgrowth of the true self comes to an end. The word 'arrested' is perhaps too strong. "In no respect to grow is to cease to live." The growth of the man is not actually stopped; but it is perverted, distorted, stunted, confined within the narrow limits which his individuality, as he calls it, prescribes. For the individual self is now given its fatal chance. The true self—the 'true manhood' of Froebel's noble philosophy—is the same for all men in the sense in which true oakhood, the perfection of oak-nature, is the same for all acorns and saplings. But when the higher faculties cease to energise, and the higher nature ceases to grow out, the forces which make for growth, and which are still struggling to operate, come under the control of the individual self—the provisional self (for such it really is) which first distinguishes and then tends to separate each of us from all his fellows; and this self, with its hard lines and ugly angles, begins to prescribe the limits within which such growth as is henceforth possible is to be made.

This is egoism, and it is the source of most of the evil and misery that disfigure human life. With its

ways and works we are only too familiar. In the early days of his adult life the average man arrives, as he fondly imagines, at the maturity, not of his physique only, but also of all his mental, moral and spiritual powers. This prematurely ripened, and therefore stunted and distorted nature, he regards as his real self; and in obedience to a natural instinct he spends the rest of his days in trying to aggrandise it, to make it great. But as the path of inward aggrandisement, the path of growth (and outgrowth) is closed to him, he must needs take the outward path—the path of competition, of ambition, of selfishness, of greed; the path of dishonesty, of hypocrisy, of self-deception; the path of envy, of jealousy, of hatred, of ‘all uncharitableness.’ He must take this path in order that he may minister to the supposed desires of the individual self, in order that he may enrich it with ‘results’ of various kinds—with wealth and all that wealth can buy, with pleasures, possessions, honours, distinctions, and the like; in order that he may labour unceasingly for its material advancement, for its outward prosperity, for what the ‘world,’ or his own petty section of the ‘world,’ will applaud as its success.

Yet we all condemn the flagrantly selfish man; and many of us bemoan our thralldom to self and sigh for deliverance. If we sigh to no purpose, the reason is that the solution of our problem—the greatest of all practical problems—is too obvious to be readily discerned. There is but one way of escape from self,—the way of growth, a way which leads at last to outgrowth, to the suppression of a lower type by the evolution of a higher. When this way of escape is barred by the deadening pressure of dogmatism, the doors of the prison-house close on us automatically,

and externalism finds its natural counterpart in egoism of mind and heart and soul.

The constant tendency of dogmatism is to substitute machinery for life. I have dwelt on two aspects of this tendency. The third is of almost equal importance. The *raison d'être* of dogmatism is to keep order; and the dogmatist and his victim—both of whom live in an atmosphere of delusion and make-believe—may be excused for confounding discipline, which is the only true and unfailing source of order, with drill. But in point of fact drill is the negation of discipline. For discipline, in the real sense of the word, is imposed by a man on himself, whereas drill, in proportion as it is systematic and successful, makes the man a machine and so incapacitates him for imposing anything, except the chains of habit, on his numbed and devitalised self. The discipline, if we must call it so, of forced obedience differs by the whole diameter of man's being from the discipline of self-control. The former may generate a habit or set of habits, and may do this so thoroughly that action at last becomes automatic and the man becomes a puppet, whose movements are controlled by wires which are worked by another man's words of command. When this point has been reached the source of the man's activity has been transferred from his own will to the will of another, and he has lost the power of controlling himself. This is the discipline which is imposed on slaves and domestic animals, a discipline which is enforced by a system of external rewards and punishments, and the object of which, when applied to free agents, is to make a whole group of human beings, —a school, an army, a body of employés, a church, or whatever it may be—dependent on the will of a

master, be that master an individual, a board, or a clique.

Discipline of this kind may not affect the whole or even the larger part of a man's life; but so far as it does affect it, and so far as it is strong, thorough, and successful, to that extent it substitutes the will of another for the will of the man himself, and in doing so weakens his power of self-control. To this general conclusion there are two corollaries. The first is that the discipline of forced obedience acts injuriously on all or most of the higher faculties, and not on the will alone. For the will is but a vital aspect—one of many—of the man's higher self. The government of a country has many branches—deliberative, legislative, executive, and so forth. At their highest level these are not separate entities, but sides or aspects of an organic whole. It is the same with the government of a man—by himself. The man who wills to do a thing, must summon reason, thought, forethought, imagination, and other vital faculties to his aid. If he is forbidden to use his will, he is to that extent forbidden to use those higher faculties, which therefore tend to share in the enfeeblement of his will and of his self. One sometimes meets with a stern parent or teacher who boasts of having broken a child's will. He might as well boast of having broken the child's heart, which indeed he has probably gone some way towards doing. He might almost as well boast of having broken the child's soul, or at least of having wounded it to the verge of death.

The second corollary is that, in weakening a man's power of self-control, the discipline of forced obedience tends to demoralise his life. If malignant egoism is the source of most of our evil and misery, the sensual

passions are the source of nearly all that remains. I am using the word 'sensual' in its widest sense. The sexual desires, the quasi-animal passion of anger, intemperance in eating and drinking, the craving for intoxicants and drugs, are sensual passions, which, if not controlled, may easily wreck a man's life. For the control of the passions a strong will is needed, and for the strengthening of the will a long course of self-discipline is indispensable. The discipline of drill, the discipline which is imposed upon a man from without, though it forms habits and may, in some cases, form good habits, tends, as we have seen, to incapacitate the man for self-discipline, and to that extent to make him a prey to the passions that are waiting to assail him. It happens, again and again, that a boy who has been over-strictly brought up, plunges, when he becomes his own master, into a vortex of dissipation and folly. That he should do this is due, partly to curiosity, partly to a not-unnatural reaction against the rigidity and narrowness of his early life. But that, having plunged into the vortex, and realised that it is a quicksand of shame and horror, he should be unable to extricate himself from it, that he should—too often—be sucked down into its deadly depths, is due to the fact that the discipline of forced obedience which dogmatism had imposed upon him, has fatally weakened his will.

The evils on which I have dwelt are evils which dogmatism, *as such*, tends to produce whenever it encroaches and just so far as it encroaches on a man's higher life. To what extent does dogmatism, in the age to which we belong, encroach on the higher life of the adult man? Not, I think, to any very serious extent, if we limit our inquiry to the direct pressure which the man has had to endure since he arrived at

what are called 'years of discretion.' But if we look back to his childhood and ask ourselves what dogmatism did to him then, we shall have to give a widely different answer to our question.

I have said that the tumultuous unrest of the present age is symptomatic of a growing reaction against dogmatic pressure. This reaction has been long in progress; but it is only in recent years that man has become conscious, however dimly and doubtfully, that his arch-enemy is his own dogmatic self. Little by little, first in this direction and then in that, he has emancipated himself from much of the dogmatic pressure which had so long retarded the growth of his soul. The movement towards democracy, which has made so much headway in our time, is in its essence a struggle on the part of those who, being poor and dependent, fall easy victims to dogmatic pressure, to make good their demand for access to the air and the sunshine, for freedom to breathe, to live, and to grow. And much of the pressure which man still endures is the pressure of a dogmatism which he has voluntarily and with good cause imposed on himself, and which for this and for other reasons in no way encroaches on his higher life. When I take a ticket on an Atlantic liner I voluntarily submit myself to the dogmatic direction of the captain. When I take my seat in a train I voluntarily submit myself to the dogmatic direction of the Railway Company and the guard. When I become an employé in a factory or a house of business I voluntarily submit myself to the dogmatic direction of my employer and his deputies. Dogmatism of this harmless and necessary kind confronts me wherever I go, and I cheerfully submit to its pressure. I also submit, though not in all cases quite so cheerfully, to

the legislative and administrative pressure of what is called 'the State.' Some of the laws of the State and some of its dealings with me I may perhaps regard as despotic and unjust; but I submit to them, partly in the interest of public order and partly because it is open to me as a citizen to take action to have them changed. In the sphere of religion the official pressure which would once have sent me as a heretic to the stake has ceased; and though—apart from the dogmatic direction of creed or church, to which, if I am a believer, I voluntarily submit myself—there is still much informal pressure exercised by religious opinion, the force of this pressure is lessening from year to year, and in any case it is open to me to disregard it. The pressure exercised by ethical opinion is considerable; and on the whole it is well that I should submit to it; and I do so the more readily because ethical opinion admits of being modified—the past thirty years for example have seen considerable changes in it—and because it is open to me, in my small way, to try to modify it. The only pressure on me which is really serious is that of the externalised and materialised society in which I live—a pressure which controls or tends to control my ideals, my aims, and my standards, and which, being transmitted to me by the whole of my social environment, meets me, I might almost say, at every turn. Yet even this pressure, though intrinsically sinister and even fatal, will not necessarily do me much serious injury, for in the first place I can to some extent evade its influence, and in the second place I am (so to speak) 'past praying for,' being an externalist, a materialist—an egoist, in a word—myself. And if I am asked why I am now past praying for, and to that extent past being harmed by the dogmatic pressure of false ideals

and false standards, I can but answer that my education, in the widest sense of the word, that my upbringing during the earlier years of my life, arrested my spiritual growth.

Here we come to the root of the whole matter. The tragedy of human life—the fact that in his very efforts to secure the externals of progress, Man makes progress itself (in the true sense of the word) impossible—centres in and is almost absorbed into the yet darker tragedy of education. It is difficult and perhaps impossible to compare one's own with other ages, and the age in which we live, the age of the Congo and Putumayo atrocities, has such a very high opinion of its own humanity as well as enlightenment that it would be impatient of any attempt that might be made to compare it with any bygone age. But if we go back to the middle of the Eighteenth Century—to the year, let us say, when the rank and fashion of Paris flocked to see an unsuccessful assassin tortured to death—and then go back from this yesterday of our to-day to the dawn of civilisation in Egypt, India and China, we shall probably conclude that in the intervening ages little or no progress, other than material, was made. Morally, spiritually, and even (in the larger and deeper sense of the word) intellectually, man stood in the Eighteenth Century where he had stood I know not how many thousands of years before, his advance in some directions having been balanced by retrogression in others. Such sayings as 'Man is the same in all ages,' 'You cannot change human nature,' are the outcome of a wide and prolonged experience; and though in themselves these sayings are unfathomably false, it must be admitted that they are superficially true. And the reason why the spiritual progress of the human race

has lagged so far behind its material progress—the gap between the two being perhaps at this moment wider than it has ever been—is that in each successive age a fresh generation of externalists, egoists and sensualists, over-drilled and therefore under-disciplined, is turned out upon the world,—turned out by the well-meaning dogmatists who control the bringing up of the young. It is in childhood and adolescence that dogmatism, for obvious reasons into which I need not now enter, exerts its strongest pressure and does its deadliest work. And this systematic application of dogmatic pressure to the child and the adolescent is what we call education.

EDMOND HOLMES.

TWO OTHER-WORLD EXPLORERS : DANTE AND SWEDENBORG.¹

REV. ARTHUR E. BEILBY.

WHETHER careful study confirm the conclusion or not, most students of Dante and Swedenborg would incline to classify them as contrasts rather than comrades, so separated they seem, chronologically and psychologically :

The one a figure of the 14th century, and the fine flower of mediævalism ; cast by destiny to play his part in the age of romance and chivalry, called by some the age of faith, himself, moreover, a devout son of that church whose rulers he so bitterly denounced ; born, too, in the sunny south, amid the olive, the vine, and the fig, where the sad, sweet notes of the nightingale are heard.

The other a man of the prosaic and complacent 18th-century, with Pope and Paley, and Johnson and Voltaire as contemporaries, though not as compatriots or companions ; born and bred, moreover, not only in a chilly age, but in the frozen north, amid the snows and pinetrees of Scandinavia, and in the icy atmosphere of Swedish Protestantism.

The former an impassioned poet, whose mightiest thoughts were clothed in his own melodious Italian ; the latter a calm unimpassioned scientist, philosopher and theologian, who wrote consistently in Latin and,

¹ The substance of a Lecture to the Dante Society.

so far as his theology is concerned, in a Latin not distinguished for classic grace.

We recognise in the Tuscan a herald, if not the fount and origin, of the Renaissance, the real inwardness of which was the worship of beauty, of sensuous grace of form; though he, it is true, had little in common with the after unfoldings of that great movement. The Swede, on the other hand, I would suggest, was a harbinger of the new Renaissance, which emphasises duty rather than beauty.

Contrasts, like yawning chasms, part the two men asunder. Their private biography tells the same tale, and even accentuates the aloofness. To realise the sharpness of the contrast one only needs for a moment to

Look here, upon this picture, and on this.

Born at Florence in the year 1265, sprung from the privileged class, and showing early signs of genius, Dante—or Durante—Alighieri seemed pre-ordained to a life of ease, affluence and success. And, for a while, all went well and according to the fairest auguries; for he rose to high dignity in his native city, towering over all contemporaries. Then the scene changed; he was driven from power, his name proscribed and himself exiled in perpetuity from the city he loved as only he could love. Wealth, honour, even the means of subsistence—all were gone. Thenceforward, for many years, he could but wander aimlessly from one petty court to another, eating the bitter bread of dependence, and followed by the execrations of a turbulent and fickle people. His last act—the attempt to extort terms of peace from the Venetian government on behalf of Ravenna, where he had found hospitable refuge—ended in hopeless failure, and he returned to his generous

patron, Polenta, a dying and defeated man. No wonder that the cast of his countenance is saturnine and world-weary as none other ever was amongst those that have served mankind. But out of all this welter of misery was born the *Divina Commedia*.

And now glance at the other picture. Emanuel Swedenborg, or Svedberg, was born at Stockholm in the year 1688, like Dante of the privileged class, his father being a dignitary of the Swedish Church, afterwards bishop of Skara in Gothland. At the close of a distinguished university course at Upsala, the young man did the grand tour, visiting many cities, including London, Oxford, Cambridge, and other centres of commerce and culture. Everywhere he sucked in knowledge as a sponge water. The English capital kept the youth enthralled for a year or two, but not, as might have been surmised, for its social attractions, though these were exceptionally brilliant. Queen Anne was on the throne, and, whether our Emanuel noted the fact or not, Pope, Addison, Handel, and Sir Christopher Wren were breathing the same London air with him. He probably never met them, though he himself could play at versifying, was something of a musician, and refers with interest to the completion of St. Paul's. Science almost wholly absorbed him—at this stage mainly mathematics and mechanics. Yet he does not appear to have encountered Sir Isaac Newton, then an old man, living a stone's throw from Leicester Square; though he assiduously studied the great physicist and wished to see him. He knew Halley, however.

In due course he returned home. There followed years of laborious study, crowded with plans and projects, including inventions and devices startlingly

anticipating modern knowledge—even to outlining a flying machine, a submarine boat, and a method for curing smoky chimneys. This is not the place to dilate on them. Suffice it to say that he rose to eminence in the service of his country, was intimate with Charles XII. of Sweden, and, later, with other members of the reigning house. His family being ennobled he sat in the Swedish Diet, and more or less throughout life was active in the nation's best interests. This, too, in spite of the fact that during nearly thirty years, down to his death in 1772, his whole soul was centred in the fulfilment of his great mission as a seer and a theologian. For though he began as a student of nature, passing on from science to philosophy, he stayed not till he had scaled the empyrean.

Thus it will be preceived that the life of the Norseman, outwardly at any rate, was happy, placid, and prosperous ; appreciated by his contemporaries and the petted favourite of royalty, his course ran in an even flow. From youth to extreme old age the world smiled on him. Such social success as he cared to claim was his without fighting for. And though he died in obscure London lodgings, and was buried in humdrum fashion, 140 years ago, in the Swedish Church, Radcliffe Highway, yet his remains, quite recently, gained a kind of apotheosis, being dramatically transported through the city streets and over the sea, to rest in Upsala Cathedral. Even his dust was privileged and pampered !

What a contrast with the tragic career, the broken heart, and the sad funeral of the illustrious Italian !

Yes, it is a far cry from Florence to Stockholm. No two temperaments, no two careers, could well be more divergent. In Swedenborg's life-story, as compared

with Dante's, is almost a suggestion of smugness. His only love-affair, for example, was a futile flash in the pan, and, side by side with the Beatrice idyll, which rings through the ages still, seems hardly more than a comic interlude. A young girl, Emerentia Polhem, acting under paternal persuasion, signed a document promising Svedberg to be his wife. He treasured the precious paper and dreamed over it. She, however, imperfectly appreciated the honour of being united to a budding philosopher, and pined and wept in secret. Her brother, therefore, like a knight-errant up to date, purloined the contract! The distracted lover, discovering that the maiden's heart was not his, magnanimously withdrew his claim and retired from the field. And so, exit Emerentia, and with her the sole romantic episode of Swedenborg's life—at least, as the *Windsor Magazine* would reckon romance.

Here, however, it may be incidentally observed that though the scenic circumstances of Swedenborg's career may lack colour or romance, thus showing somewhat drably against the vivid tones of his mediæval predecessor, yet the personality of the Norseman—the man himself—will bear the exposure of any comparison without shrinkage. The character of Dante, indeed, visibly wilts when placed beside Swedenborg's. We must all have been pained, especially in accompanying him through his *Inferno*, with the poet's egotism and petty resentments. Often—as when, for instance, he refuses to remove the frozen teardrop from the wretched Alberigo's eyes—we feel that the man who tells the story need not have sought outside for his hell, or any further than his own breast. His great nature, we are glad to know, mellowed and softened before the end. But in Swedenborg we are never so offended. In youth he

was eager, impulsive, desirous of fame, but always sweet and pious, resigned and humble.

None the less, and after thus allowing for all that place, time and temperament can do in parting asunder, there still remains cause enough for comparison of the two men and their mission. There are indeed startling resemblances between the northern philosopher and the southern poet. External and obvious points of contact first strike us. Both were ahead of their age and in deadly earnest; both, as their works, at any rate, claim, were other-world explorers; and they agree in seeing and describing that world as consisting of three main divisions, Hell, Purgatory, or a Middle State, and Paradise, whilst recognising in all three an indefinite variety of lot with the good and with the evil. Both were philosophers and theologians as well as seers. The term 'seer' is, I think, admissible, even though the things seen are suspected in one or both instances to be subjective rather than objective.

It is not, however, only in incidental ways that Dante and Swedenborg belong to the same goodly company; in the expression of many fundamental facts of life and destiny, here and beyond, the Florentine anticipates the Swede, and they respond as two tuning-forks to one another. Turning to the Italian we find such truths in what may be called the out-buildings of his works as well as in the main structure. There is no doctrine more insistently taught by Swedenborg than that of man's dependence on revelation for the knowledge of things divine and spiritual. And Dante (as in *Il Convivio*, 2nd treatise, chap. vi., and elsewhere) makes the same confession of faith. Therein, of course, the Tuscan did but teach the dogma of his day; but a dogma of the Church can be true as well as false. Sometimes

the affinity between these two widely separated *savants* is of the kind to arrest a reader, and confirm the conviction that there is nothing new under the sun. And nowhere are we more likely to meet the two of them linked arm in arm than in the by-paths of their philosophy.

We might pause at this point to remember that both Dante and Swedenborg were severally influenced by and indebted to Aristotle. That the former should be so was inevitable; not even supreme genius could ignore the Schoolmen. Roughly speaking, the ages of faith, so called, had but one laurel-crowned poet—Virgil, but one master-philosopher—Aristotle, but one early Father—St. Augustine. Dante, therefore, was perforce Aristotelian. But the 18th century seer drank at the same still, cold fount; though, in his case, it is rather for certain verbal vehicles of expression than for any essential truths, that he is under obligation to the Stagyrte. Both he and Dante adopt and freely employ such Aristotelian terms as, stated in English, ‘general,’ ‘end,’ ‘homogeneous,’ ‘form’—implying by the last-named not shape merely, but function, use, a thing’s own native quality. Hence, a disciple of Swedenborg, who, justly or unjustly, regards his guide as the herald of a New Church and a new age, need not perhaps be surprised, though he will certainly be interested, to find traces of the Swede’s distinctive teachings embedded in a 14th century treatise—only traces, or hints, but unmistakable. Such is the case with Dante’s Latin Work, *De Monarchia*. Stuffed full though it is with almost incredible sophistries, this strange book is wonderfully stimulating. Look, for instance, at his allusion therein (I., iii.) to the ‘*intellectus possibilis*,’ or ‘potential intellect’:

The specific capacity which differentiates man is not merely *being*, taken without qualification, for this he shares with the elements; neither *compound being*, for this we find in the minerals; nor *animated being*, for this is in plants; nor *apprehension*, for this is shared by the brutes; but *apprehension by means of the potential intellect*, which mode of being is not competent to any other save man, either above him or below. For though there are other beings which have intellect, as man has, yet theirs is not potential intellect, as is man's. . . . That same potentiality cannot all be reduced to actuality at the same time by one man.

By a 'potential intellect' Dante means an intellect with a limitless latent capacity, a reserve power always stored up, and thus in excess of all possible realisation by any one person at any given time. Such potentiality rather than any actual surplus of power—so Dante suggests—is what differentiates the mind of man from that of every other creature. The idea is distinctly Aristotelian in origin. Here we seem to recognise the nucleus, or, so to speak, the nest-egg, of Swedenborg's hypothesis of the existence in man of certain 'human internals,' constituting the inmost chamber of his soul, in which God dwells. These, as he teaches, are only finite in character, discretely distinct from the Infinite, yet above the plane of our consciousness, and therefore never sensibly perceived by man, though they are what essentially distinguish him from the beast. Are not the modern psychologists on the track of the same truth in *their* hypothesis of a sub-consciousness, or sub-liminal self? Such theories, however, or such facts, fall far short of the doctrine as Swedenborg unfolds it.

Somewhat akin to the conception of a 'potential intellect' is the Dantesque dogma that the creatures below man receive their life and form from God *through* the interposition of the heavenly spheres; and

that thus the lower animals are only mortal, and bound instead of free. Man, on the contrary, is in the direct line of the divine approach.¹ Arbitrary as the hypothesis may seem, and barren as it probably was of immediate fruit, yet it re-appears, as ideas are apt to do, in a later age—this time after a lapse of four and a half centuries. A re-birth or re-incarnation rather than a re-appearance; for Swedenborg's doctrine of mediate and immediate Influx is by no means the same as Dante's, still less an echo or amplification thereof, but a full-fledged philosophy, waiting a long-deferred recognition. That subject, however, is too complex and far-reaching to be pursued within the present limits.

The comparison, so far as it has gone, shows, I think, a certain kinship in common. Italy and Sweden may look as coldly aloof from one another as China and Peru. But so do two Marconi stations on opposite sides of the ocean; yet mystic messages pass between them and bridge the void. And if we turn from the metaphysical to the emotional sphere we shall find even more surely that the North and the South salute each other across the centuries. In that great theme, for example, which was the inspiration of Dante's muse, running like a gold thread through the *Divina Commedia*, subtly present even in the *Inferno*—I mean the Beatrice love-idyll—he is in heart-sympathy with the finest strain of Swedenborg's teaching. Surely nothing in the literature of romance is more idyllic than the Beatrice episode, whether we linger over its early stages in the *Vita Nuova*, when our lover trembles to meet the maid, and feels charity to all men bubble up in him from the fountain of his love for her, or lose

¹ *Paradiso*, canto xsix. 1-81.

ourselves in the passionate outpourings of the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, in danger of being dazzled by the 'splendid laughter' of the lady's eyes. How charming she is, in contrast, for instance, with Milton's Eve, such a mere echo of Adam, or with that tame Griselda, Patmore's 'Angel in the House'! There is nothing subservient about Beatrice—in her apotheosis, at any rate; she takes the lead without an instant's hesitation, and even lectures her lover, not to say sermonises him, in a rather alarming way. Yet how tenderly feminine she is, almost coquettish, as when she warns her worshipper:

These eyes are not thine only Paradise!

Swedenborg's somewhat heavy prose, compared with Dante's melodious rhymes, is as a lumbering wain to a light carriage with 'C' springs, and cannot be expected to carry a story of deathless passion. Neither does it, nor indeed is the purpose of the preacher that of the poet. But the Swede's doctrine of Marriage Love, though not dramatic or idyllic in form, contains the summed-up sweetness of all the romances ever written or acted, besides being buttressed about with truths of the reason usually lacking in erotic poetry. After all, the play is more important than the scenic setting thereof. Yet, even in the latter respect, an incident or two might be quoted from Swedenborg rivalling the *Divine Comedy* in richness of colouring. One occurs to me that is strikingly like a scene in the *Paradiso*. Beatrice tells her lover, during their ascent, that as yet she dare not smile upon him, lest, being unprepared for so great joy, he should, like Semele, be turned to ashes. That is a flash of real inspiration. And now place this other picture by the side of it:

There appeared a chariot descending from the highest or third

heaven, in which was seen an angel; but as it came near I saw two therein. The chariot from a distance glittered before my eyes as a diamond, and to it were harnessed young horses white as snow; and they who sat in the chariot held in their hands two turtle-doves, and cried to me: "Do you wish us to come nearer to you? But then beware lest the gleaming radiance which is from the heaven whence we have descended, and is flame-like, penetrate too interiorly." . . . And I answered "I will beware; come nearer." And they came; and behold! it was a husband and his wife. And they said: "We are a wedded pair; we have lived blessed in heaven from the primal age, which is called by you the Golden Age, and in the same perpetual flower of youth in which you see us to-day." . . . The husband appeared of an age between youth and young manhood; from his eyes shone forth sparkling light from the wisdom of love. . . . He was clad in an upper robe down to his feet, and under the robe was a vesture of hyacinthine colour, girt about with a golden belt. . . . But with the wife it was this: I saw her face, and I did not see it; I saw it as beauty itself, and I did not see it because this was inexpressible: for in her face was a splendour of flaming light, such light as is with the angels in the third heaven, and this dimmed my sight; wherefore, in a manner, I was stupefied. She, observing this, spoke to me, saying: "What do you see?" I replied: "I see only wedded love and the form thereof; but I see, and I do not see." At this she turned herself obliquely from her husband, and then I was able to view her more intently. . . . Her beauty was such that it would be impossible for any painter to emulate, and present it in its form, for there is not in his colour such brilliance, nor is such beauty expressible by his art. . . . What struck me with wonder was that the colours [of her attire] varied according to her aspect to her husband, and also according to it were now more glittering, now less. . . . At length they said: "We are recalled, we must depart." And then they again appeared conveyed in a chariot as before, and went by a paved way between flower beds, from which rose olives and trees laden with oranges; and when they were near their own heaven, virgins came forth in the way, and received and welcomed them back.¹

Curiously enough, however, it is as other-world explorers that Dante and Swedenborg most noticeably part asunder. They set out from different starting-points, and certainly do not arrive at the same goal. The disparity between them is always glaring, and frequently fundamental. Nevertheless, here as elsewhere, a real relationship may be recognised—cannot, indeed, be ignored. With the Tuscan, for instance, as with the Swede, belief in immortality is no mere formal creed, but a living faith. Both sound the note of absolute certainty. Dante does so betimes in his *Il Convito*; for instance:

Among all brutalities that of him who believes that after this life there is no other, is the most stupid, vile, and dangerous. . . . I believe and affirm that I shall pass after this life to a better.¹

Such confession was by no means unanimous in the 'ages of faith.' Scepticism of any life beyond this was known to be very rife in the Church itself—as much so, probably, amongst educated people, as in the oft-abused 18th century.

Swedenborg, in the *Heaven and Hell*, as in all his works, is even more emphatic than his forerunner, treating of the immortal life always as a present and conscious fact. Whether their disclosures of the Hereafter were experiential or imaginative is a question to be resolved by inherent evidence. Dante's most ardent devotees usually admit that the poet rather than the seer produced the *Divina Commedia*, and we should probably endorse that assumption. Yet it is but fair to the Florentine to remember that he himself, in one of his letters, explicitly claims seership, thus actual experience of things seen and heard, many

¹ *Il Convito*, II. ix.

of which he could not relate. In case his witness be challenged he appeals to Scripture, to the prophets and to Paul, for verification of such visions; he instances the mystics, among them Richard of St. Victor, Bernard, and Augustine, as confirmatory authority.¹ If, however, we nevertheless incline to regard Dante as a poet rather than a prophet, the case of Swedenborg will not be so easily disposed of. His consistent assertion that, intermittently, for many years, while still in the flesh, his spiritual senses were open to perceive the realities of another world, is a claim that careful students of his revelations generally find it impossible to doubt. But that is by the way. The point of immediate importance is the homeliness and actuality of the things described by both writers. The world that each of them pictures, widely as it differs from the other, is no half-lit realm peopled by shivering shades or gibbering ghosts, but real, human, sensible. Dante's disembodied spirits, good and evil, like Swedenborg's, have carried their memory, with their whole mind and disposition, across the border-line from one world into another. Nothing is missing from their make-up that properly constitutes themselves. Indeed, it is an obvious criticism that Dante's other-world folk are so realistic as to be open to the reproach of provincialism. They are Florentines, or they are Pisans, or Paduans, or Siennese, and their talk is still steeped in the gossip of their native city. The same fault might be found, and has often been found, though with much lighter provocation, with Swedenborg's excursions within the veil. The objection is less legitimate than it looks, for the other world, in the nature of things, cannot be wholly alien to this, nor

¹ *Epistolæ*, X.

could any witness to the supernatural make a report from which his period, his temperament, his religion and nationality were eliminated.

Not, however, in their realism only do they suggest comparison as other-world explorers; in a limited degree they share in common certain general principles of justice governing retribution. A disciple of Swedenborg rejoices to find in the *Inferno* some glimmering recognition of penalty attaching to sin as an effect to its cause. Still more reassuring is it to know that the author of that amazing work unflinchingly asserts the doctrines of free will and human responsibility. Therein the two strangely contrasted teachers are in entire agreement, and afford a welcome relief from the enfeebling determinism so popular to-day. Man as the sport of the gods, foredoomed and helpless, is never dreamt of in their philosophy. The Prometheus chained to the rock and sullenly submissive; the Laocoon struggling vainly against the serpents of fate that tighten round his limbs; Œdipus, powerless to resist his dismal destiny—these frightful phantoms, which so haunted the ancient world, have no place in our authors' scheme of things.

Swedenborg's grading of the lot of the lost, in circles of ever-deepening direfulness, is not unlike that of the *Inferno*. Sins of passion, for example, are comparatively mild, but deceit, treachery and cruelty are a millstone round the necks of their victims. Swedenborg declares that adultery, in the central core of it, is cold, not hot; and Dante, with magnificent insight, describes the inmost heart of hell as an arctic world, where the wretched lie frozen in eternal ice.¹

Both our seers recognise, moreover, that the

¹ *Inferno*, cantos xxxii., xxxiii., xxxiv.

humblest and outermost circles of heaven are wholly blessed, the redeemed in every state being rapturously content, their cup full, so that it can carry no more.¹

And yet, brother-explorers in the unseen though they be, with many interests and sympathies in common—what a difference! Admitting a certain general affinity in faith between these two theologians, the fact remains that they are sundered by uncrossable chasms of contrast. Let us look at some of them.

Dante's religious doctrines, including his other-world lore, are just the accepted beliefs of his age, a great body of tradition, amongst which it is easy to trace a large amount of alloy from pre-Christian sources, mostly sanctioned, however, by the Church. One need only briefly instance his dogma, expressly stated, of Three Persons in the Godhead;² his unquestioning assumption that God the Father inflicts the torments of hell;³ his acquiescence in the popular notion that angels and devils are a race apart from humanity, of prior creation; and his confident expectation, according to the current eschatology of the time, that all souls will some day be reunited to their cast-off bodies.⁴ Not one of the poet's three divine Persons, it may be observed in passing, is ever really an inspiring presence in any part of the *Divine Comedy*. Christ, who Dante perfunctorily accepts as the Saviour, is certainly not the presiding Divinity of the *Paradiso*. Beatrice is! Swedenborg brushes aside these mediæval imaginings. No housemaid ever attacked cobwebs with less ceremony.

He recognises but one God in one divine Person, who is Jesus Christ, the incarnate God-man; and he teaches

¹ *Paradiso*, canto iii. ; *De Cælo et Inferno*, nos. 349 and 350.

² *Paradiso*, canto xxiv.

³ *Inferno*, canto ix.

⁴ *Inferno*, canto vi. ; *Paradiso*, canto xiv.

men to worship Him alone. He declares that God is pure love, and in no sense the author of pain or punishment; that there are no angels or devils but were at one time men and women on this or some other planet; that these, moreover, have no need of the earthly vesture once worn, and will never wear it again.

In short, the doctrines and disclosures of the Swedish seer broke abruptly away from tradition, and began again *de novo*. They are a new revelation. They are not an echo, but a voice.

It is Dante's imaginative other-worldly lore that especially exposes the curious limitations of his outlook. There is, of course, nothing surprising in his geographical and astronomical ideas being those of the Middle Ages; the course of history cannot be anticipated or forestalled. But when he projects his pre-Copernican prejudices into the great Hereafter a modern man begins to feel oppressed and put upon, and, like the worm, is inclined to turn. Dante's Heaven, Hell and Purgatory are merely localities in space; they are under the earth, or on the other side of the earth, or in the Empyrean above and around—as definitely material and mechanical as Jamaica or Timbuctoo, or as the eligible building-lots round about London. Heaven rocks at anchor in the sky. His successor, on the other hand—if so we may fancifully regard him—lifts the veil of a realm that is neither material nor spatial, and yet incomparably more real and substantial than any *these* eyes could see, or these ears hear. It is a *spiritual* world, the wide, wide world of the human mind, and has nothing in common with matter or space, or any mechanical measurement. You do not *travel* anywhere to reach it; you have only

to become consciously aware of it; for it is here, *here*,—
closer . . . than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

The superiority of the conception needs no demonstrating.

Armed with this truth, and realising that man after death is every inch a man, Dante's crude contributions to psychology can only excite a smile. We learn¹ that Virgil, who conducted him through Hell, is no longer a *man*: "Now not man, man once I was," we are assured. Divested of his fleshly envelope he has ceased to be a man, and is only a spirit. Similarly, Dante himself, in his wanderings, is suspected to be *alive*, consequently not yet a spirit, because he is observed to *breathe*.² We naturally wonder how Dante's immortals got along without breathing, and wish he could have understood that the soul is the man himself, an organic human form, and therefore lives and breathes and fulfils every function more fully after death than ever before. Dante, however, is only crude when he relies on himself as a theologian instead of a poet. After all, his disembodied spirits seem to be solid enough, and, whether they breathe or not, certainly contrive, somehow, to *talk* at considerable length!

But the Florentine's philosophy, defective though it be, is less hurtful than his sometimes inhuman ethics, which again are but a reflection of his mediæval environment. It offends one to the soul to hear that Virgil, the poet's revered guide, Homer, Socrates, Plato, and all the great worthies of the ancient world, with just a few negligible exceptions, are in hell, without hope of reprieve. They knew not Christ—that suffices.

¹ *Inferno*, canto i.

² *Purgatorio*, canto ii.

Nor is the situation improved by the assurance that all infants and children who died unbaptised are keeping the noble pagans company (canto iv.). True, their allotted place is a toned-down, diluted hell—a sort of ‘mitigated department’ in a vast mourning establishment. Here is no actual pain; no shrieks or lamentations rend the air, only sighs break the sad silence. How they succeed in sighing without drawing breath had better not be asked. They do not suffer—except from the entire absence of all hope (canto ix.). The exception, one cannot avoid feeling, is rather a big fly in the ointment.

It is impossible to condone the callous logic of a creed that condemns the righteous, while acquitting scoundrels such as Manfredi, who is set on the high road to heaven.¹ In vain does our poet lavish terms of endearment and veneration on his Roman ‘guide, counsellor and friend.’ Love and reverence notwithstanding, he calmly leaves him in his Limbo; and we can only hope that the author of the *Æneid* and his illustrious companions in tribulation (not forgetting the babies) may find life worth living in their quiet West End quarter of the metropolis of woe. Or perhaps we shall prefer to lean upon Swedenborg’s assurance that all the heathen who have lived well, of whatsoever age or nation, and all children everywhere, of pious or impious parents, and irrespective of baptism or any other test, are saved by the Lord and raised into heaven.²

Speaking of the ethics of the *Divine Comedy*, the most popular and poetic scene in the *Inferno* impresses one as the most painful—I mean the perfectly presented little episode of Paolo and Francesca (canto v.).

¹ *Purgatorio*, canto iii.

² *De Cælo et Inferno*, nos. 321 and 329.

These ill-starred lovers have violated the seventh commandment, and are doomed therefore to be blown along for ever on the accursed air—together, but damned to all eternity. Yet, according to tradition, and as the poet himself implies, they were true lovers, and but for the hollow and artificial marriage customs of their community, might have lived without sin. Marriage in the Middle Ages, especially among the Latin nations, was little else than an instrument of parental tyranny. Such a fact cannot be left out of count. And here the seer of the North would intercede for this hapless pair. For though his system of morals, like Dante's, is based on the Decalogue, yet he recognises, as all teachers of insight must recognise, that the state of the heart is infinitely more important than any outward act. Purity is not destroyed by one slip. May we not then appeal from the harsh verdict of Catholic dogma, and suggest that Paolo and Francesca are probably not in hell, but in a bower of wedded bliss among the angels?

One turns with relief from the lurid world of the lost to the more idyllic, though less convincing, *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*. The all-pervading genius of these spheres—a sort of feminine prototype of Prospero—is Beatrice the blessed. It is in her and in Dante's conception of pure but passionate love that a devotee of Swedenborg finds most contentment. Surely there is nothing in literature so inspired and inspiring as this romance of two worlds, hinging on the love of a man for a maid! Yet, deathless though it be, it is a wofully disappointing affair. The sequel makes one sick. For what is the end of it all? The end is that they part to meet no more. Nothing so intimate as a tender farewell takes place between them. He sees

her afar off in the empyrean, a receding figure, enthroned by the side of Rachel. . . . She smiles at him. . . . And that is all. . . .

So, then, this deathless passion, that sets us all aflame, is platonic, after all! Modern romance, which in the future will look more and more to Swedenborg for inspiration, recoils from so tame and tedious an anti-climax. We will have none of it. Such a passion, we are persuaded, could not be platonic, nor would heaven be heaven on those terms. We picture our lovers not gazing at one another across a gulf, but together in their own home of love, husband and wife, to be parted no more for ever.

ARTHUR E. BEILBY.

CEREMONIAL DANCES AND SYMBOLIC BANQUETS IN MEDIÆVAL CHURCHES.

THE EDITOR.

CONTINUING our researches into the subject of ceremonial dancing in church in the late middle ages,¹ we pass to a consideration of the *Bergeretta* of Besançon, of which our chief source of information is an anonymous Letter to the *Mercure de France* of September, 1742.²

THE BERGERETTA OF BESANÇON.

Bergeretta was the name not only of a potion or cup of spiced wine, but also of a ceremonial dance which was celebrated in the canonical churches of the diocese of Besançon on the afternoon of Easter-day up to 1738.³

The writer of the Letter is correct in thinking that the repast or sacred meal, at which the cup was drunk, and which was associated with this dance, derived from the pious festivities of earlier centuries.

¹ See the article on 'Ceremonial Game Playing and Dancing in Mediæval Churches' in the last number, and for a general introduction, which includes a rapid survey of liturgical dancing in the early centuries as well as in the later period, see 'The Sacred Dance of Jesus' in *THE QUEST* for October, 1910.

² *Op. cit.* pp. 1930ff. The title reads: 'Letter written from Besançon on a late Latin Term and on an Ecclesiastical Dance which was performed there on Easter Day.' This communication is dated from Besançon, July 4 of the same year. I have not been able to identify the learned writer, but he was indubitably one of the canons of the cathedral.

³ Or indeed even later, for some vestiges of it still existed in 1742 in the collegiate church of S. Anatoile de Salms (p. 1930).

These had been preserved most conspicuously in the Church of Rome, as witnessed in its 12th century *ordines*; and the writer thinks that Besançon had derived its custom from Rome owing to the general similarity of its old ordinaries with the ancient Roman rituals (p. 1931). As for the dance, however, the Letter becomes apologetic and ascribes its introduction to the degeneracy of later times. Such dancing, it thinks, was a total misconception of the originally dignified motions and gestures of joy of the Israelites after the Passage of the Red Sea or of David before the ark, which were, it supposes, not dances but spontaneous expressions of rejoicing (pp. 1938, 39). The insufficiency and historical inaccuracy of this apologetic view, however, have been already pointed out in the previous two papers, and so we may pass on. The Letter continues:

Yes, MM. the canons and chaplains of our canonical churches used to foot it together in round dances in the cloisters, and even in the sacred edifices themselves when bad weather did not allow them to dance on the paths or turf of the cloisters—a performance which could not have failed to provide the spectators with an entertainment of the most comical and ludicrous kind.

These dances, however, could not have been of so comical a nature, for they are recorded without apology of any sort in the ancient rituals of Besançon, and chiefly in those of the collegiate church of Ste. Marie Magdaleine. For instance, in a book of rites of this church dated 1582, in the chapter on Easter-day, we have the following statement in Latin:

After dinner (*prandium*), at the end of the sermon, and when nones are over, there are dances (*choreæ*) in the cloister, or in the middle of the nave of the church if it is rainy weather; they are danced to certain airs contained in the processional [chant-books]. After the dance . . . there follows the repast (*collatio*) in the chapter-house (p. 1939).

In another ordinary, written only some eighty years before the Letter to the *Mercure* was penned, *i.e.* about 1662, we read almost in the same words in Latin :

After dinner, and when the sermon is over, MM. the canons and chaplains, holding hands, perform a dance in the cloister, or in the middle of the nave of the church if it is rainy weather. Afterwards they go to the chapter-house, and there follows the repast (p. 1940).

The Letter then proceeds to contend that the Latin term *bergeretta* (Fr. *bergerette*) was originally the name of this dance and not of the cordial or beverage (*liqueur ou boisson*) that was served at the repast or banquet which followed. It was only later on that the term *bergeretta* was extended to this ceremonial drink. For in a ritual written about 1400, this cup is called *pigmentum* and not *bergerette*, as in the passage :

After singing they go to the chapter-house to the repast which consists of *pigmentum* and wine.

Now *pigmentum*, the writer continues, was used in late Latin for a sort of hippocras, a cordial made of wine, sugar and different spices, which was not only in great favour at jollifications among the laity, but also a special beverage of the clergy, who were regaled with it on certain feast-days (p. 1940).¹ But a repast that consisted of nothing but hippocras and wine seems on the face of it a somewhat strange meal for sober folk. I suggest, therefore, that though there certainly was a ceremonial cup on Easter-day, in the above passage *pigmentum* may mean something else, namely, as we

¹ For instance, he tells us, at Ste. Marie Magdalcine's on Christmas-day a quantity of hippocras was served out to the canons who had taken part in the Mass of the Aurora, according to the following *item* in the ancient accounts of the said church : " For Christmas hippocras served out to MM. the canons who attended the Mass of the Dawn, 36 sous."

shall see later on from other examples, spiced bread or cake.

In any case, the writer is evidently right in contending that the term *bergeretta* was first of all the name of the dance. What, however, is its derivation; how did it come to be so used? Here we are left to conjecture. It may have been originally, the author supposes, the name of the airs to which certain hymns (or rather certain rhymed and cadenced or trilled sequences) were sung, while the clergy were dancing. These airs, he further conjectures, were probably the tunes of rustic songs of the period called *bergerettes*,¹ which were adapted to the text of the hymns. Or again, the term may have come, he hazards, from the name of the composer of the airs. All this is very unsatisfactory, and I should myself conjecture that the sound-association with *berger* (shepherd) has unconsciously (for no direct derivation is even hinted at by the writer or the dictionary) suggested the whole of the rustic pastoral idea. However, the writer makes a point of the fact that, in the above-quoted ordinary of 1400, the hymns are called 'songs' in the rubric:

After nones the choir goes to the lawn (*pratum*) of the cloister, and there are sung the songs (*cantilenæ*) of the resurrection, etc. (p. 1941).

Of these dance-songs or airs there were four; each consisting of several couplets, with repetitions arranged to suit the dance. These songs were preceded by an anthem or antiphon of the seventh mode which served as a prologue; it was, however, sung to a most eccentric air, as foreign (*barbare*) to the words as were the following 'hymns,' one of which was also of the seventh mode. That we may be left in no doubt, the

¹ The later editions of Dufresne's *Glossary* (s.v.) adopt this speculation, and gloss *bergeretta* as a 'pastoral song.'

writer proceeds to give us the words and music of one of these Latin songs, which he found in a MS. service book upwards of 300 years old (p. 1943).¹

They are as follows :

si	si	la	sol	la	ut	ut	ut	ut	si	la	si
<i>Fi</i>	<i>de</i>	<i>li</i>	<i>um</i>	<i>so</i>	<i>net</i>	<i>vox</i>	<i>so</i>	<i>bri</i>	—	—	<i>a.</i>
si	si	la	sol	la	ut	ut	ut	ut	si	la	si
* <i>Con</i>	<i>vert</i>	<i>er</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>Si</i>	<i>on</i>	<i>in</i>	<i>gau</i>	<i>di</i>	—	—	<i>a.</i>
si	si	la	sol	la	ut	ut	ut	ut	si	la	sol
<i>Sit</i>	<i>om</i>	<i>ni</i>	<i>um</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>na</i>	<i>læ</i>	<i>ti</i>	<i>ti</i>	- -	- -	<i>a</i>
ut	re	re	sol	la	ut	ut	si	la	sol	fa	sol
<i>Quos</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>ni</i>	<i>ca</i>	<i>re</i>	<i>de</i>	<i>mit</i>	<i>gra</i>	<i>ti</i>	—	—	<i>a.</i>
si	si	la	sol	la	ut	ut	ut	ut	si	la	si
* <i>Con</i>	<i>vert</i>	<i>er</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>Si</i>	<i>on</i>	<i>in</i>	<i>gau</i>	<i>di</i>	—	—	<i>a.</i> ²

The notation of the MS. was in the usual form used for plain-song; the arrangement of the air, however, was in keeping with a *branle* or dance in pairs, one pair leading the rest.³

Apparently the dance bore no distinctive name in the service books; but Jean Millet, in his *Mémoires*,⁴ compiled in 1653, in dealing with the Easter-day ceremonies, states categorically that the 'procession' (that is to say the 'three turns' in the cloister to which, as we shall see, the dance had at that date been degraded) was called *bergerette* (p. 1944).

But Besançon was not the only place where dances

¹ This MS. had been presented to the cathedral by a canon named Hugh de Vilète, a member of a well-known Besançon family, at the beginning of the 15th century.

² Let the sober voice of the faithful sound.

*Turn round and about O Sion with joy.

Let there be but one rejoicing of all

Who have been redeemed by one only grace.

*Turn round and about O Sion with joy.

³ Cp. QUEST, vol. iv. no. 1, p. 100 n. 1.

⁴ These dealt with the ceremonial which was still in force in the cathedral up to 1742. Millet was canon and sub-cantor of the cathedral and a great *connoisseur* of church music.

of this or a similar nature were practised. For, after referring to the already-quoted statement in Durand's *Rationale*,¹ our Letter (p. 1944) reproduces part of a passage from the section on the observances at vespers on the Day of Pentecost by 'Dom Martenne,'² the full text of which reads :

In former days in some churches after vespers there were dances (*choreæ*) on the lawn (*pratellum*), as at Limoges. The ordinary of Châlons [sur Saône] makes the following reference to this dance: "After complin the dance (*chorus*) on the lawn takes place. The dean sings the first chant: 'Come Holy Ghost'; the rest [of the clergy] are allowed to sing their own [songs] if they like, but in Latin."

From this we learn presumably the first words of the introductory 'anthem' at Besançon, and that the dance song and ceremony was a fairly wide-spread custom, but whether or not it was generally called *bergeretta*, as at Besançon, we have no means of ascertaining. At Limoges, moreover, in addition to this general dance, there was also a famous special dance in the choir of the Church of St. Martial, the apostle of Limousin, which was kept up till the middle of the 17th century. Of this service of dance Pierre Bonnet gives us the following information:³

[On the feast-day of the saint] the people performed a round dance in the choir of the church, and at the end of every psalm, instead of chanting *Gloria Patri*, they used to sing in the vernacular: "St. Martial pray for us, and we will dance for you."⁴ The custom was subsequently abolished.

¹ Cp. QUEST, *loc. sup. cit.* p. 104.

² That is Ed. Martène, *De antiquis Ecclesiæ Ritibus*, l. 4, c. 27, § 18; (ed. nov., Venice, 1788), vol. 3, p. 195b.

³ *Histoire générale de la Danse sacrée et profane* (Paris, 1724), p. 45. This single passage is the parent authority for all subsequent statements on the subject.

⁴ I have noted several variations of the original words; the most authentic reading, however, is to be found in Gaston Vouiller's *La Danse* (Paris, 1898), p. 37: "*San Martiou, pregas per nous et nous ébingaren* (or *espingaren*) *per bous*."

But though the writer of our Letter begins his account with evoking a picture of the comical and ludicrous, and proceeds to stress the secular nature of the airs of the songs accompanying the dance, he shows himself later on very jealous of the reputation of Besançon, and contends that the *bergeretta* was always danced in the sacred edifices with becoming modesty, for the records clearly showed that from of old the metropolitan chapter was very particular and quite a model to other dioceses in such matters (pp. 1945, 46). In any case, as he conjectures, after the strong condemnation of abuses connected with these and similar ceremonies in the churches, by the councils of Vienne and Bâle in the 15th century, the Easter-day dancing in the actual churches themselves of the diocese of Besançon ceased.¹ Nevertheless the old custom had such strong hold that it could not be entirely eradicated; it was accordingly reduced to making several circuits (*tours*) in the cloisters only, and instead of the dance (*branle*) airs the hymn of Lactantius, 'Hail Festal Day,' etc., was used. For in a book of rites, written in French, about the beginning of the 16th century, in use at St. Stephen's, we are told:

After nones, the clergy assemble in the cloister, with the singers to chant the music. The choir begins *Salva Festa Dies* and MM. respond *Qua Deus*, going [in procession] round the cloister. Then the choir sings again [*Qua Deus*], and MM. sing back the other verse *Salva Festa Dies*. Thus these two verses are sung alternately by MM., who make the circuit of the cloister three times.

¹ That this, however, was not the case in all the churches of the diocese, may be seen from the fact that, in spite of the most vigorous synodal diocesan decrees, of 1585 and 1601, which threatened the severest penalties against the enthusiasts who ventured to keep up the ancient custom, the dance was still in full force at Ste. Marie Magdaleine's, and danced in the nave in rainy weather, up to at least 1662 (p. 1947 and cp. p. 251 above).

Other somewhat earlier ordinaries of the same cathedral church, in Latin, are to the same effect. An ordinary in French, however, of the year 1647,¹ fortunately gives us some further interesting details of the remains of the ancient custom, which lead the writer of the Letter to suppose erroneously that the dancing had at that date been 're-established.' Nevertheless though this account gives us no direct information about the famous dance, it does indirectly, I think, allow us to conjecture how one or more of its figures may have been formed. For in the article headed 'For the Easter Dances,' in the chapter on 'The Easter Festival' of this ordinary, we read:

Nones are said, and then all go to the cloister, and take hold of one another; the small[est] choir-boy walks first and holds the cope² of the oldest canon, and thus following one another they make three circuits round the cloister (p. 1948).

So they walked it at St. Stephen's, in 1647, by which time the dance had become a simple procession; but even this procession was suppressed in 1738 (p. 1953). This relic of the old custom was performed for the last time in 1737, and as the writer of the Letter was probably an eye-witness of the ceremony, the description he gives of the last vestiges of the ancient rite are of additional interest. He writes:

At one o'clock in the afternoon the ceremony was announced by the ringing of the smaller bells and of the great bell in peals. A lesson was read in choir consisting of the rest of the homily for matins. Nones were then sung, and after this the *bergerette*

¹ Edited by Nicolas Billaret, who was canon and sub-cantor of St. Stephen's.

² As to this, we learn from a note appended to the Letter that: "The canons of the metropolitan church of Besançon have the privilege of wearing in choir the alb [or surplice] and violet cope [generally a richly embroidered mantle] like that of bishops. They call it *cappe* from the Latin *cappa*. In winter it is lined with ermine and in summer with crimson taffeta. This privilege was granted them by Pope Paul V., by a bull dated July 1, 1609."

began in the following order. The oldest dignitary walked first by himself, followed by a choir-boy who carried the end of the former's cope. All the other canons came next, one after the other, each of them followed by a little page bearing the train of his cope. [Then] after the sub-cantor came two chaplains who walked together. They all passed into the cloister, of which they made three circuits—in rainy weather under the arches. Meantime, the musicians, grouped in one of the corners of the cloister, played and sang a kind of Latin canticle, beginning: 'On this day of God, let the Galileans now say how the Jews did to death their King,' etc.¹ The two chaplains repeated the same couplets in plain-song. On completing the three circuits, they sang the 'Rejoice, Queen of Heaven,' and intoned the psalms *Miserere* and *De Profundis* for [the soul of] a canon of St. Stephen's, named Hugues Garnier, who was the founder of the repast² (pp. 1953, 54).

If these two accounts of the relic of the ancient ceremony are compared, it will be seen that they differ somewhat from one another. In the later description the company is divided into couples, canons and choristers, paired in inverse order of dignity or seniority, the oldest and youngest leading. It is possible, I suggest, that this procession from choir to cloister may be the remnant of one of the figures of the original dance in the choir itself; for, as we saw in the last paper (p. 97 n. 2), Pollux tells us that the labyrinth-dance, or at any rate one of its figures, was danced by two rows of performers one over against the other, the end of either file being taken by the leaders. Moreover, as the privilege of the cope was not granted to the canons of Besançon till 1609, the train-bearing

¹ This must have been a very ancient piece, for it was only in the earliest centuries that the Christians were called Galileans.

² This cannot mean that Hugues Garnier originated the repast, but that he was a benefactor who had left a certain sum of money for defraying its expenses. Prior to his bequest the expense of the *bergerette* banquet had most probably been defrayed in the same way as that of the *pelote* of Auxerre, as described in the last paper, namely by the last newly-received canon for the time being.

most probably formed no part of the original ceremony. As, however, we know from the *pelote* dance at Auxerre that the canons there covered their heads with the poke of their amices during the ceremony, as described in the last paper, and as the amice had two ends hanging down behind, it may be that originally the choristers took hold of these 'streamers' in the dance. If we now turn to the earlier account, we may at first sight interpret the 'taking hold of one another' as meaning simply that the choir-boys took hold of the copes of the canons, and the walking first of the smallest chorister as simply noting the reversal of the usual order of procession of the choir-boys among themselves. But as they do not 'take hold of one another' until they get to the cloister, this account may possibly refer to a different arrangement from the train-bearing procession composed of couples. That this is not purely conjectural is seen from the ordinary of 1662 (p. 251 above), where it is distinctly stated that the canons 'held hands' in the dance. If then the canons held hands, they were grouped together in some figure, and this could have been none other than a ring or circle, as we have previously learned, and as in the dance in the 'Hymn of Jesus' in *The Acts of John*. I even venture to think that the vague phrase 'holding hands' may stand for a still more elaborate figure of the original dance: The canons held hands in a ring; behind them was a second ring composed of choir-boys, each paired with a canon, while in the centre was the chief dignitary, the senior in rank, with the smallest chorister in attendance. After this the circle broke up, and the oldest and youngest led the way in a serpentine or labyrinthine dance, which had finally degenerated into the three circuits of the cloister. If

these conjectures are in any way legitimate, we should thus recover traces of three figures of the ancient dance of the *choros*, or dancing-band or company, in the *orchestra*, or dancing place, in the church itself.

As to the probable nature and origin of the *bergerette* or ceremonial dance of Besançon, therefore, I see no insurmountable difficulty in classing it generally with the *pclote* of Auxerre, and assigning to it the same conjectural heredity.

The ball-dance of Auxerre, the ball-throwing at Narbonne and elsewhere, and the round-dance at Besançon and in other dioceses, however, were severally parts only of an ancient Easter rite, for they were all closely associated with a ceremonial repast or sacred meal. And as this essay would not be complete without some account of its nature and probable origin, we will begin with a description of the *collatio* or *merenda* (or *commessation*) at Auxerre and Narbonne which was omitted from the previous paper.

THE GROLIA OF AUXERRE.

The Latin MS. from which Lebeuf¹ extracted the oldest account of the *pelota* ceremony, informs us that at the repast or banquet :

All the canons of the chapter, as well as the chaplains and officials, together with certain of the more distinguished citizens, used to sit on benches in the 'corona' [? the chapter-house] or in the orchestra [in the cathedral itself], and all without exception were served with wafers,² altar-breads,³ sweetmeats,⁴ and cakes,⁵

¹ *Loc. cit.* p. 922; cp. *QUEST*, vol. iv. no. 1, p. 98.

² *Nebulæ* (Fr. *nieules* or *niules*), very thin cakes or biscuits.

³ *Oblatæ* (Fr. *oublées* or *oublies*), used both for the consecrated hosts and for similar very thin breads. In feudal times, on certain days, such oblates were offered by vassals and subordinates to their lords; this custom was subsequently changed to the payment of a small sum of money. Cp. Dufresne (*s.v.* 'oblata'), quoting from Martinus (*Tract. de antiq. Eccles. Disciplina in div. Officiis celebranda*, p. 311), who, in treating of the Lord's Supper, refers

and the rest of the pastries, together with a stew of minced and seasoned boar, venison and hare; and white and red wine was served, but in temperate and modest quantities, that is to say, the cups were filled thrice. During the repast the reader intoned a festal homily from the chair or pulpit [according as the meal was taken in the chapter-house or nave].

It further appears that this banquet was known as *grolia* or *la grolée*.¹ For a Latin statute of 1553, in the cathedral archives of Auxerre, ran as follows²:

Seeing that it has been the custom at the yearly solemn festivals . . . that the repast (*refectio*) called *la grolée* should be provided, and seeing that this custom has been omitted by certain, it was resolved that a newly-received canon who has not yet provided the said repast of bread and wine, called *la grolée*, shall be required to make arrangements for it and supply the said refection, which shall consist of at least bread and wine, and if he likes of more provisions.

From this we learn that the repast was a feature not only of the famous Easter *pelota* ceremony, but also of the great feasts of the year; that it had been neglected, probably on the score of expense, if the account of the good fare in the above-quoted Latin MS. is typical, and that the reform threw back to the minimum, the original simplest custom of partaking together of bread and wine in common, in which connection it is important to note the phrase in the MS. "all without exception were served." Now in the case of the *pelota* ceremony this common meal was

to an ancient custom in the cathedral of Besançon as follows: "Meantime, while a hymn is being sung, unleavened breads, wafers and oblates are brought in and blessed by the bishop or dean, thus: 'Bless, O Lord, this creature of bread,' etc."

¹ *Bellariola*, small sweets or confectioneries.

² *Fructeta*, a word of uncertain meaning; may be tarts.

¹ Barthélemy (*op. cit. loc. cit.* p. 451, n. 1) says that there was a dainty called *grolée* or *roulée* still in vogue in Burgundy in his day, *i.e.* 1855.

² See Dufresne (*s.v.* '*grolia*' = Fr. *groslée*, *grolée*), who gives the reference *Probat. Hist. Autiss.* p. 221, col. 1.

served in the church itself; it was, therefore, originally not a lay banquet, but a sober, though festive, ceremonial repast; modesty and sobriety were strictly enjoined, and the age-long custom of the community-meal (*cœnobium*), from the days of the Essenes onward, was kept up with the lection of the homily of the day (originally a portion of scripture), during the meal, from the MS. Homiliary, as we are told by Lebeuf, who probably had had the very volume in his hands. Lebeuf concludes by saying that in his day (1726), not only the very name *pelote* was unknown to the people, though still in use among the clergy for a certain annual money payment made to them, but that the public had lost all memory of the original meaning of the term *roulée* or *grolée* as well, though it was still in use for certain presents given to the children at Easter (p. 925).

THE EASTER MEAL AT NARBONNE.

The Latin rubric in a 15th century MS. of Narbonne¹ unfortunately gives us but a meagre account of the Easter Monday banquet which was at that date celebrated in the archbishop's palace, but anciently in all probability in the cathedral itself. The pertinent sentence of this rubric reads:

There tables are to be laid, and the servants of the archbishop are to serve spiced bread² with other dishes, and wine to follow.

Here the Latin *pigmentum* which I have translated

¹ Cp. QUEST, *ibid.* p. 101.

² *Pigmentum*, lit. simply any kind of spice. In late Latin, as we have already seen, the term was also used for a sweet and fragrant drink made of wine, honey and different spices (cp. s.v. Maigne d'Arnis, *Lex. ad Script. med. et inf. Lat.*, Paris, 1858). But, as has already been pointed out in another case (p. 251 above), *pigmentum* can scarcely mean a drink or cordial or hippocras in this instance, for it is classed with other *dishes*. *Ypocrasium*, hypocrass or hippocras, was originally a medical cordial of wine and spices, called after the famous physician Hippocrates. *Pigmentum* is here most probably simply *pain d'épices*, later with us the homely gingerbread.

by 'spiced bread' is a difficulty; it seems to me, however, to be supported by a comparison with the 'dishes' of the Auxerre *grolée* and further reinforced by the following information.

THE EASTER REPAST OF NEVERS.

In the 15th century ordinary of the church of Nevers, the following interesting regulation was to be read :

On the second Easter festival [*i.e.* Easter Monday], before vespers as on Easter-day. On the return of the procession, 'Say unto us, Mary' is sung at the font. And if there be any newly-received canons, they have to provide good wine and pastries¹ in the chapter-house for the whole choir [*i.e.* presumably canons, chaplains and choristers], and it is then [*i.e.* after singing at the font] that the procession goes there.²

What these 'pastries' were is somewhat of a puzzle. Lebeuf (p. 496) thinks that the term *chenetellus* is deserving of a place in Dufresne's *Glossary*, and conjectures that it was a 'dainty,' something like an oblate or waffle (*gaufre*) of the same shape as what in several places were still called *échenots* or *échenex*; what this shape was, however, he does not say.

THE ASCENSION DAY COLLATION OF TOUL.

The Latin statutes of the chapter of Toul, on the Moselle, however, which enumerate the meals ('colla-

¹ *Chenetelli*. The forms *chenetrellus* and *chenellus* are also found.

² *Lebeuf, ibid.* p. 495. In the archæology of the processional, the 'pomp' or 'procession' of the *choros* played a prominent part, both in the theatre and also in the mysteries. Processionals, that is processional dances, were one of the technical terms of choral dancing, as may be seen from the list which Philo gives of the sacred dances of the Therapeuts (Philo, *D.V.C.* xi; P. 902, M. 484, Conybeare, pp. 127ff.). In this connection it is of interest to note that Dufresne (*s.v.*) gives as one of the meanings of *chorea* (dance) the "tour (*ambitus*) of the choir [or company] generally to the different chapels and shrines," and also of "the procession made round the choir"—*i.e.* originally the dancing-place,

tions') the canons still took in common in the 15th century, though recording nothing distinctive for Easter, give the following note on the repast that was taken at the bishop's palace on Ascension Day:

At this meal in former times they drank out of cups of madre, and large hosts, *chenetrelli* and apples were eaten.¹

Now if, as we shall see later, the shape of some of these eatables was most probably symbolical, seeing that the hosts were round and the apples spherical, the remaining and distinctive cakes or pastries, confectioneries or tarts, should pre-supposedly also have had some special shape. This conjecture is justified by an item of information in the later editions of Dufresne (s.v. '*chenetrellus*'), where we are told that a triangular or three-cornered pastry (or tart), called *échaudé* in French, was still (i.e. in the forties of the eighteenth century) known as *canesteau* in Belgium.

THE EASTER REPASTS AT BESANÇON.

We now return to Besançon and to the Letter to the *Mercure de France* of September, 1742. The ritual of Besançon was of comparatively early date. Though the earliest existing form was a redaction of the 11th century when Hugo I. was archbishop (p. 1946), the original rite was said to go back to the days of St. Protadius, the twenty-fourth bishop of Besançon, c. 612—624 A.D. (p. 1935). In this 11th century ritual it is stated that:

On Easterday the archbishop used to invite his clergy to dinner² (not only the canons of the cathedral, but also those of

¹ *Lebeuf*, loc. cit. p. 496.

² Originally, doubtless, in the cathedral itself. The far-off echoes of this ancient custom still continued at Besançon in 1742, and the writer of the Letter regards them as the vestiges of the common life which was formerly so religiously observed in the ancient chapters of the diocese. At all the pontifical feasts, the archbishop invited the canons of the cathedral to dinner.

the other collegiate churches who had in those days to assist at the episcopal mass). When all were seated at the table, the first ceremony was the blessing of a roast lamb.¹ Thereafter the vicar-general enjoined the verse, 'Let us feast with unleavened bread,' etc., and all continued [with him in this grace] with much modesty. Then dinner was served and eaten while they listened to the lection. After dinner they went to church to return thanks and sang nones. After nones they went to the cloister and there washed their hands, and each was given to drink (pp. 1935, 86).

It was after this, as we have seen above (p. 251) that the ancient *bergerette* dance took place, and therefore we have to distinguish between this dinner (*prandium*) and the repast or supper (*collatio*) that followed. With regard to the latter, it is to be noted that the Latin ritual of Ste. Marie Magdaleine's, dated 1582, states that this repast was then served in the chapter-house—

together with red wine and claret² and apples called *carpendus* in the vernacular (p. 1989).

In another Latin ordinary of the same church, dated about 1662, we are told that at this banquet:

They drink thrice and *carpendu* apples (*poma carpendorum*) are distributed (p. 1940).

Though in the MS. Latin ritual of about 1400 (cp. p. 251 above) there is mention of spiced bread and wine only, it is evident that, as at Toul (p. 262 above), the

At four of these festivals, namely Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, and the feast of St. John the Evangelist, the prelate had to give a dinner to the music master and eight choir-boys. On the same occasions the dignitaries and canons had similarly to give a dinner to the chaplains, who were at Besançon called *familiers*, and to the musicians. These latter repasts were called *les hôtes*; but in the writer's time they had for several years been commuted into a sum of money.

¹ This custom was long after continued, though in a modified form, when a roast lamb was blessed at the altar, and then cut up for distribution to the clergy. At the time of writing, however, even this modified rite had been discontinued, and instead of the blessing and dividing up and distribution of the lamb, the celebrant, before post-communion, blessed small lamb-patties which were distributed among the clergy at the end of mass.

² *Rubro et claro*. This may mean simply 'red and white wine.' But *clarum* most probably stands for *claretum*, and claret, as we shall see later on (p. 267), originally meant a spiced drink,

distribution of apples was one of the chief features of this ceremonial collation; moreover, in addition to the wine, there was a special beverage, probably as a loving-cup, called *clarum* in the 1582 ritual of St. Mary's, but *bergerette* in an ordinary of 1662 of the same church, for there we read:

On completing the three turns [in the cloister], all the clergy, together with the singers, go to the chapel of St. Martin, and there take supper, at which they drink *bergerette* three times, and wine twice, namely, first of all and last of all. And before drinking, one of the choir boys bears a silver cup filled with wine to the oldest canon, either in length of service or senior in rank, saying in a loud voice: '*Benedicite*'; and the chaplains (*familliares*) respond in the same loud voice [in French]: 'God preserve the city.' And then the said senior canon says [in Latin]: 'May the King of angels bless the cup of His servants'; and the said chaplains answer: 'Amen!'

The number of times of drinking the cup clearly signifies a ceremonial and, most probably, symbolical observance.

THE EASTER BANQUET AT ROME.

Whether the writer of the Besançon Letter is correct in his surmise that the origin of these ceremonial meals must be traced solely to the Church of Rome, is quite an open question, for they may have been quite 'catholic' in the early church. But however that may be, most interesting and detailed evidence of the Paschal ceremonial common supper is to be found in the old Roman ordinaries, and most clearly in the 12th century *Ordo Romanus XII*.¹ The

¹ See Mabillon (J.)—Germain (M.), *Museum Italicum* (Paris, 1687), pp. 186, 187; Migne, *P. L.* tom. 78, coll. 1079, 80. J. Kisters, *Studien zu Mabillons römischen Ordines* (Münster i. Westf., 1905), says that the text is printed in Migne 'unaltered,' but this is not correct, as may be seen by referring to Fabre (P.)—Duchesne (L.), *Le Liber Censuum de l'Eglise romaine* (Paris, 1910), pp. 298ff., where the text is reproduced from the still extant original MS. preserved in the Vatican.

author, or rather redactor, of this Ordinary was Cardinal Cenci (Cencius de Sabellis), who was Papal Treasurer under Celestin III. (Pope 1191-1198), and wrote his MS. in 1192. In it, under § xv., 'What the Lord Pope has to do on Easterday,' we read as follows:

ORDO ROMANUS XII.

When mass, however, is over [the Pontiff] is crowned, and returns with the procession to the palace. . . . And after receiving homage from the cardinal of St. Laurence's, he is conducted, by the first and second notaries, wearing his mitre, into the great Basilica Leoniana,¹ which is called Casa Major. There eleven seats are set ready, round the Pontiff's table, for five [cardinal] priests, five deacons, and the archdeacon, and there also the couch of the Pontiff himself, according to custom, in the figure of the eleven apostles reclining round the table of Christ. The Pontiff crosses the church and enters the treasury. Thence, after the donative has been received by the treasurer in a silver cup and distributed as on the day of the Lord's Nativity, he rises and is conducted by the head seneschal and the butler to the place which is called [the Place] of the Couches.² And there a roast lamb is blessed by the junior cardinal priest; and thereafter [the Pontiff] returns to the couch made ready for him at the table. Thereon the Pontiff, taking a morsel of the lamb, offers it

¹ Built by Leo III. (Pope 795-814).

² '*Cubitorum*,' lit. 'elbows.' Fabre-Duchesne, p. 315 n., say that this place seems to have been the 'hall' of the eleven couches (*accubita*), which was built, like the basilica itself, by Leo III. (*L. P.* t. 2, pp. 11 and 40 n. 52). It was, they conjecture, an additional banqueting hall, for the Pope could not have entertained either in the basilica or in the dining-room (*triclinium*) of Leo III. all the dignitaries and corporations which were by custom his guests on the days of high festival (*coronationes*). They, therefore, suppose that after a brief appearance in this 'Hall of the Couches,' he returned to the *triclinium* proper, at which only personages of the highest quality had a seat. Now though Maigne d'Arnis (*Lex. s.v.*), following Dufresne, does say that *accubitus* or *accubita* were anciently called *triclinia*, and that they were adjuncts of the larger sacred edifices in which the Pontiffs, after the sacred rites were over, used to banquet the most distinguished of the clergy and laity, the text before us most clearly states that the 'table' was *in* the church itself. There is, therefore, no question of a 'dining-room.' There was a certain spot in the church known as the 'Place of the Couches' where the 'table' was set. Most probably, as we shall see later on in another instance (p. 271 below), the 'table' was in the shape of the ancient *triclinium*, that is it consisted of three tables, two parallel ones joined by a third.

to the chief treasurer sitting on a bench facing his own couch, saying: 'What thou doest, do quickly; as he [sc. Judas] took it for damnation, do thou take it for remission.' The rest of the lamb he distributes to those [i.e., the eleven] sitting at table, and to the others standing round. In the middle of the banquet one of the cardinal deacons rises, at the bidding of the archdeacon, and reads at table. And when the banquet is over, the singers chant a sequence suitable to Easter, at the bidding of the Pontiff. Thereafter he goes down to the Lateran church to vespers, as is set forth in the antiphonary. After the three vespers have been celebrated—in the basilica of the Saviour, and at the font and at the holy cross,—he returns to the portico of St. Venantius. There he takes his seat, together with the cardinal bishops and the rest of the orders [of the cardinalate] and others both of the clergy and laity sitting on the ground on a carpet. Thereafter claret and wine¹ are served to him and to all those standing round by the major-domo and butlers.

Meanwhile the choir-master rises together with the singers and chants the following sequence in Greek²: 'To us this day a sacred passover has been displayed, a new passover, a holy passover, a mystic passover—most august passover of Christ the Redeemer, blameless passover, great passover, passover of the faithful, a passover that openeth to us the gates of paradise, a passover that makes all mortals new. Christ guard the new Pope!'³ And when this has been chanted they all return to their various occupations.

In order the better to check the details of this extraordinarily interesting Easter ceremony at Rome, we will quote the parallel passages of Ordo XI.,⁴ which

¹ The later printed texts have *claretum vinum*, but the original MS. reads quite clearly *claretum et vinum*, and this is confirmed by comparison with Ordo XI. Now 'claret' was originally 'a sweet or spiced wine, hippocras' (Maigne d'Arnis—Dufresne). Here then we have again the characteristic drink of two kinds as at Besançon.

² The Greek of the MS. is decidedly barbarous in parts; but the fact that the sequence was still sung in Greek at Rome is a most interesting relic of high antiquity.

³ Papa (Πάπας), originally an onomatopœetic word for 'father.' For the gods and saviour-gods who bore this title in antiquity see Höfer's art. 'Papae' in Roscher's *Lex.* The high priest of the god, e.g. of Attis, generally bore the same title.

⁴ For text see Mabillon, *op. cit.* p. 141 Migne, *ibid.* coll. 1044, 45 (also printed apart in tom. 179, coll. 751, 52).

was redacted, some fifty years previously (namely in 1143), by Benedict, canon of St. Peter's, in the pontificate of Celestin II. In it the Easter Banquet is described as follows (§§ 48, 49):

ORDO ROMANUS XI.

After mass . . . the notaries . . . conduct the Pontiff on that day to the great Basilica of Leo, to the treasury. There [sc. in the church] are set ready eleven seats and one chair, round the table of the Lord Pontiff, and his own couch is also fitly made ready—in the figure of the twelve apostles round the table of Christ when they ate the passover. There there recline on their elbows at supper, five cardinals [sc. cardinal priests] and five deacons and the archdeacon, after the donative has previously been distributed in the treasury, together with the 'hands,'¹ as on the day of the Lord's Nativity. Thence he rises and comes to the place called [the Place] of the Couches, where a roast lamb is blessed. He blesses it and returns to the couch made ready for him at the table. The chief treasurer is seated on the chair in front of the couch. Then the Lord Pontiff cuts off a portion of the lamb, and first offers it to the chief treasurer, saying: 'What thou doest, do quickly; as he took it for damnation, do thou take it for remission,' and he puts it into his mouth, while the latter takes and eats it. The rest of the lamb he gives to the eleven sitting at table and to any others he pleases, and thus all eat it up. Half way through the banquet, on the direction of the archdeacon, one of the deacons rises and reads the lection. Then, on the bidding of the Lord Pontiff, the singers chant a sequence suitable to Easter, to the accompaniment of the organ.² When the sequence is finished, they go and kiss the feet of the Pontiff,

¹ Cp. § 22: "On that day of the Lord's Nativity the Lord Pope gives to all the senior ranks a 'hand' (*manus*), that is a double donative—namely to the prefect 20 pounds and a 'hand,' to the chief of the notaries 4 pounds and a 'hand,' " etc.

² *Modulatis organis*. The writer of the Besançon Letter, who quotes part of the above, comments that this phrase probably refers to the simple contrapuntal accompaniment of those days, which consisted of little else than chords in thirds and fifths. In this he follows the explanation given to the term *organa* in Lebeuf's *Traité* (Paris, 1741). Lebeuf was apparently the first to explain the correct meaning of the term when used in chanting (p. 1933 n.).

who gives them a cup filled with a potion. This they drink and receive from the treasurer a gold piece.¹

When the banquet is over, the Pontiff goes down to the basilica of the Saviour, to the sacristy, where he rests for a space. Thence rising, after nones have been said, he enters [the Lateran Church] for vespers, in the order set forth in the antiphonary. When the three vespers are finished—in the basilica of the Saviour, and at the font and at the holy cross—the Lord Pontiff returns to the portico which has been made ready for him. He seats himself on the faldstool which has been set there, with the other orders round him. Then the majordomo, with the other servitors, in due order, prepares the potion before the Lord Pontiff; and [while this is being done] he drinks wine himself and all the others drink it. Meanwhile the singers rise and chant this sequence in Greek: ‘To us this day a sacred passover.’² When the sequence is finished, they go and kiss the feet of the Pontiff and he gives them the cup of the potion to drink. So all depart in joy.

The cup was evidently something more than a relic of the passover-cup, for that consisted simply of wine; it was apparently a loving-cup. How then had it become a *potio* (*ypocrasium*, *bergeretta*, *clarum*, *claretum*)? It at once recurs to the mind that in the more primitive forms of the mysteries intoxicating draughts were frequent; in the higher forms also potions and philtres were used. May there, however, be here a contrast or transference of symbolism, as in the eating of the lamb, a contrast between the draught given to the crucified and the loving-cup given to the faithful? Is it possible even that we have here an early conflation of the Jewish passover-cup with the soporific potion given to crucified criminals in Roman times and to those condemned to stoning in Rabbinical days, to ease the pain of their sufferings, of which we

¹ The two last sentences seem to be a ‘doublet,’ judging by what follows.

² The first words only are given in Latin transliteration, namely, ‘*Pascha ieron imin simeron.*’

have a reversal or complement in the 'prophetical' cup of gall and vinegar of the evangelists? This speculation may be very much of a drawing of a bow at a venture; still the contrast of *damnatio* and *remissio*, in eating the lamb, is suggestive.

In any case the Easter Banquet at Rome in the 12th century is significant enough in other respects, and doubtless goes back to a very high antiquity, though of course in a less elaborate form. There is no space, unfortunately, in the present paper to carry these researches back to the early middle ages in detail, or to the still earlier centuries. But before leaving the subject we may record an interesting example of the practice of the 10th century in Germany. St. Ulric was bishop of Augsburg 966-977, and this is how he kept Eastertide¹:

THE EASTER FEAST OF ST. ULRIC.

After the solemnities of the masses had been performed in the customary manner at eventide, and when the Body of Christ had been distributed, and the sacred vestments laid aside—on that day, the table being laid for refectio[n], [St. Ulric] took his seat together with a large number [of his monks]; and when all had been copiously refreshed, he let them return with joy to their cells.

When then the greatly-longed-for and holy Paschal day is come, after prime he went into the church of St. Ambrose² (where on Good Friday he laid the Body of Christ, with a stone placed over it), and there with a few clergy he celebrated the mass of the Holy Trinity. When this mass had been celebrated, he headed the procession of the clergy, who had meanwhile assembled, in the portico adjoining the same church, wearing their vestments of

¹ See *Vita Udalricii Augustani Episcopi* (by Gerard the priest), c. 4; Mabillon, *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis S. Bened. Sæc. X.*, p. 11); Migne, tom. 185, coll. 1020, 21. The text is somewhat barbarous.

² It used to stand near the cathedral but has long disappeared from memory.

highest ceremony. And himself carrying the Body of Christ and the Gospel, and with tapers and incense, accompanied with an appropriate salutation of verses sung by the boys, he proceeded through the court to the church of St. John the Baptist, where he sang terce. Thence, with antiphons composed most fitly in honour of this day, he finally came to the cathedral¹ to celebrate mass, in most handsome procession, the clergy walking two and two according to rank. And so after mass had been most devoutly and religiously sung, while all are receiving the sacraments of Christ and returning to their homes, he went to meat (*cibus*). There he found three tables laid with every adornment—one at which he was wont to sit with his guests, another for the clergy of the cathedral and a third for the congregation of St. Afra.² Accordingly, when the food had been sanctified, he distributed to all pieces of lamb and morsels of bacon,³ which had been blessed during the solemnities of the masses, and then only did he himself partake of food with them with all joy. Moreover, at the appointed time the musicians and singers arrived (there were so many of them that they almost filled the space between the nave and choir⁴ standing in ranks), and performed three measures in concert. And thus, with joy increased by the music, the canons, meanwhile at the bidding of the bishop asking for and receiving the loving-cup,⁵ chanted the first respond about the resurrection of the Lord. And when this loving-cup had been drunk, the congregation of St. Afra at the second table⁶ did likewise. But when evening drew on, he bade them give cups to himself and those sitting with him [at the chief table], and asked all to drink the third loving-cup in charity; and when that cup had been drunk, all the clergy together, with joy, chanted the third respond.

¹ Lit. 'to the dome'—*ad tuomum* (Old Ger. *Thuom*, the current *Dom*).

² The regular clergy of those days occupied the church of St. Afra, now the church of St. Ulric.

³ At Auxerre also boar's flesh entered into the *menu* (p. 260 above).

⁴ *Intercapedinem aulæ*. If this is the correct translation, it confirms the conjecture in the last paper (p. 98 n. 4) that the orchestra was between the choir and nave. It follows that the banquet was held in the church.

⁵ The writer of the Besançon Letter, who quotes this paragraph, translates *charitas* as a 'gift' (*donne*) simply; but G. Grandauer, *Das Leben Oudalrichs* (Berlin, 1891), p. 33 n. 1, says it was a measure of wine, as a love gift.

⁶ The third really. The three tables were most probably arranged in the form of a *triclinium* as at Rome.

And when this had been sung, the canons rose for the singing of the hymn, that thus with fit preparation they might go to vespers. And when vespers were over, the bishop with his guests and guards used to return to his own house amid general rejoicing.

THE PROBABLE ORIGIN OF THE BANQUETS.

Here the term *charitas*, which the context compels us to translate as loving-cup, at once reminds us of its Greek equivalent *agapē*, and we have at last found a direct link with early antiquity and custom. The mediæval Easter Banquets were evidently in part ceremonial and elaborate relics of the primitive Love-feasts. It would be far too lengthy an undertaking to attempt here even an outline of the history of the famous Agapæ in the early church, concerning which there is great difference of opinion. But before closing the present sketch of these interesting remnants and vestiges of ancient custom in the mediæval churches, it may be of service to point out that as some of the things eaten at these repasts and banquets were of peculiar shapes, they were probably of a symbolical nature originally. Some other element, therefore, must be sought for in these syncretic customs, besides those of the Jewish passover and the original simple love-feast. This other element, as we might expect, is in highest probability to be traced to wide-spread sacrificial folk- and mystery-customs. Nothing was more common in antiquity than the eating of symbolical food and drinking of symbolical drink on feast days. For the victims or their special organs were gradually substituted pastry models or cakes of many kinds (see Lobeck, *Aglaoph.*, 1060-85). Also among the symbols of the Orphic and Isiac mysteries, for instance, we find mention of a number of sorts of cakes,

including sesame cakes, pyramid cakes, globular and round cakes covered with 'knobs' of some kind, and also mulberries and apples.¹ It may, therefore, not be owing purely to coincidence that we can at once parallel the sesame cakes with our spiced bread, and, more strikingly still, the characteristic shapes of the mystery-cakes with those with which we are already familiar—namely the round hosts or wafers and the three-cornered pastries, for if globular and round go together so equally do pyramidal and three-cornered, the pyramid being on a triangular base.²

But most interesting of all, perhaps, was the chief of the Bacchic cakes, representing a heart, for according to the mystery-legend, when the young god (Iacchos) was torn to pieces and eaten by the Titans, his heart alone was saved by his divine sister, and from this centre of immortality the god came again to life and birth. The thin crust of the 'cakes' representing this *sacrum* was made of cheese, honey and flour, and these 'dumplings' were stuffed—probably with minced meat.³ Now as a round pine-cone also symbolised the heart of Bacchus, I have wondered whether the apples⁴ may not also have borne the same significance; and if so, whether they were of any special colour—say dark red. In that case, if we also knew what the 'carpendu' apples of Toul and Besançon were, we might have another very striking parallel. In any case, we have the direct parallel of the apples.

¹ Clem. Alex. *Protrept.* ii. 22 (P. p. 11); Arnobius, l. 5, c. 19.

² It is, however, to be noted that the ancients themselves were in dispute over the derivation of this cake-name, some thinking that it means simply 'wheat-cake' (ἐκ πυρῶν). It was certainly made of wheat and honey, but probably Athenagoras (xiv. 647B) is right when he says we must distinguish between the 'pyramís' and the 'pyramoûs.'

³ See M. Höfler's communication on 'φθοῖς,' in Wünsch's *Archiv für Religionswissenschaft* (Aug. 1912), xv. 4. 638-641.

⁴ Generally connected with the apples of the Hesperides.

Finally we have mention of a certain spiced bread and drink in the mysteries of Bacchus.¹

All these symbolic objects were concealed in the mystic boxes, chests or caskets. And not only were there cakes, and even 'iced' or sugared cakes, but also sweet-meats (*bellaria*=*τραγήματα*) in peculiar shapes, with which we may parallel the sweet-meats (*bellariola*) of the Auxerre *grolée*. Such pastries or sweet-meats, for instance, in the shape of a lyre, of a bow or of arrows (the distinctive symbols of the god), were used in the Apollinian mysteries and offered in little boxes; these were all called 'oblation'² sweets or cakes, and this tempts us to compare them with the 'oblates' of Auxerre, Besançon, and elsewhere, and even finally, perhaps, in some indirect manner, with the donative 'hands' at Rome, for Dufresne refers to a certain '*manus Christi*' that was made of sugar. All this cannot, I think, be due entirely to coincidence; it is, on the contrary, sufficiently striking to deserve further investigation.

G. R. S. MEAD.

¹ Cp. Lidd. and Scott s.v. *τρίμμα*, and Hesychius s.v. *ἐντρίτον*.

² *Ferta* (cp. Lobeck, *Aglaoph.*, p. 705).

THE POETRY OF F. W. H. MYERS.

T. S. OMOND.

IN the great days when Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne were issuing volumes annually, other singers did not easily attract attention. Work which at present would win fame passed almost unnoticed. Only thus can be explained the small heed given to the poems of Frederic Myers. He is remembered chiefly as the author of *St. Paul*—a piece written in competition for a prize open to Cambridge graduates—and as the unwearied seeker, in his later years, of evidence for a future life. *St. Paul*, however, represents but a small part of his poetical achievement. That is best studied in a volume entitled *The Renewal of Youth, and Other Poems*, published by Macmillan in 1882. Not all the pieces contained in an earlier volume (1870) are reproduced in the one named, but we may presume that it contains those which the author deemed most worthy of preservation. To them, at any rate, on the present occasion reference will be limited.¹

Six years younger than Swinburne, Myers was evidently much influenced by the music of *Atalanta in Calydon* and its successors. This shews itself, not in servile copying, nor in imitation of outlook, but in a certain Corinthian luxuriance of style and metre, as

¹ A posthumous volume, *Fragments of Prose and Poetry* (1904), adds a few new pieces, and reprints some previously omitted, as well as some that appear in the 1882 book. It contains an interesting fragment of autobiography, and several prose articles, but does not add anything of importance to his poetical output.

different as possible from the Wordsworthian simplicity and directness which his admiration for the Lake poet might have been expected to foster. His weightiest pieces are in 'heroic' couplets, but the movement of his lines is not that of Pope's, and the richness of their embroidery finds no parallel in any writer prior to 1850. He is fond of introducing extra syllables, as in the latter of these two lines :

Come shine or storm, rejoice thee or endure,
Set is thy course and all thy haven is sure.

Many readers will think that this line would have been better without the second 'is,' and undoubtedly there is a certain risk in such departures from norm, but there is also the chance of great gain. How triumphantly the risk has been overcome by our best singers needs no proof, and it is with the substance rather than the form of these poems that the present article is concerned. The examples which follow will speak for themselves, and enable readers to judge how far the epithet 'Corinthian' is justified, though it may be premised that this luxuriance seems to have grown with the poet's growth and is less conspicuous in the earlier pieces than in the later.

The first of these longer poems is concerned with a Meeting of the Vatican Council at Rome in January, 1870. Though the Meeting is described, it serves mainly as a peg on which the poet hangs certain fancies, and one passage will illustrate both the texture of his earlier verse, in which alliteration and repetition already play a considerable part, and the vividness of his imaginative vision.

Last in the midst of all a patriarch came,
Whose nation none durst ask him, nor his name,
Yet 'mid the Eastern sires he seemed as one

Fire-nurtured at the springing of the sun,
And in robe's tint was likest-hued to them
Who wear the Babylonian diadem.
His brows black yet and white unfallen hair
Set in strange frame the face of his despair,
And I despised not, nor can God despise,
The silent splendid anger of his eyes.
A hundred years of search for flying Truth
Had left them glowing with no gleam of youth,
A hundred years of vast and vain desire
Had lit and filled them with consuming fire ;
Therethrough I saw his fierce eternal soul
Gaze from beneath that argent aureole ;
I saw him bow his hoar majestic head,
I heard him, and he murmured, " Faith is dead."

What follows is equally fine, but finest of all is the conclusion :

And first the conclave and the choir, and then
The immeasurable multitude of men,
Bowed and fell down, bowed and fell down, as though
A rushing mighty wind had laid them low ;
Yea, to all hearts a revelation came,
As flying thunder and as flying flame ;
A moment then the vault above him seemed
To each man as the heaven that he had dreamed ;
A moment then the floor whereon he trod
Became the pavement of the courts of God ;
And in the aisles was silence, in the dome
Silence, and no man knew that it was Rome.

Surely this is verse that should not be let die.

Another poem written a few months later is entitled *Ammergau*, and dated August, 1870. This hardly rises to adequate handling of its theme, though 'the fair fresh beauty of the mountain morn' is well depicted, and it may suffice to quote the characteristic outburst of sympathy with 'that Iscariot man' :

O brother ! howsoever, wheresoe'er
 Thou hidest now the hell of thy despair,
 Hear that one heart can pity, one can know
 With thee thy hopeless solitary woe.

Equally characteristic are the Virgilian references later,
 the sudden vision of his childish days at Keswick—

There were the ferns that shake, the becks that foam,
 The Derwent river and the Cumbrian home—

and the majestic though still indefinite ending :

For in mine ears the silence made a tune,
 And to mine eyes the dark was plenilune,
 And mountain airs and streams and stones and sod
 Bare witness to the Fatherhood of God.

The poet has found his materials—passionate human sympathy, passionate spiritual yearning, openness to cosmic emotion ; but he has not yet learned to fuse these into a complete and convincing unity.

Between these two pieces, in the 1882 volume, comes *St. John the Baptist*, a companion poem to *St. Paul*, written under the same conditions, but in blank verse ; there is nothing in it that need detain us. Leaving it aside, we come to an undated poem on *The Implicit Promise of Immortality*, where for the first time argument and expression seem equally matched. There are lines pregnant with meaning, as in this couplet :

Oh dreadful thought, if all our sires and we
 Are but foundations of a race to be—

deft adaptations from classical authors, as in the ironical ejaculation “So hard a matter was the birth of Man,” and in another phrase presently to be quoted—wonderful weavings of words, which will not please lovers of Saxon plainness, such as :

Imparadised in sunset's ænomel.

But, without lingering over details, it will be best to give in full the culminating passage of this poem, hoping that it may send readers to study the remainder for themselves.

If thou wouldst have high God thy soul assure
 That she herself shall as herself endure,
 Shall in no alien semblance, thine and wise,
 Fulfil her and be young in Paradise,
 One way I know; forget, forswear, disdain
 Thine own best hopes, thine utmost loss and gain,
 Till when at length thou scarce rememberest now
 If on the earth be such a man as thou,
 Nor hast one thought of self-surrender,—no,
 For self is none remaining to forgo,—
 If ever, then shall strong persuasion fall
 That in thy giving thou has gained thine all,
 Given the poor present, gained the boundless scope,
 And kept thee virgin for the further hope.

This is the hero's temper, and to some
 With battle-trumpetings that hour has come,
 With guns that thunder and with winds that fall,
 With closing fleets and voices augural;—
 For some, methinks, in no less noble wise
 Divine prevision kindles in the eyes,
 When all base thoughts like frightened harpies flown
 In her own beauty leave the soul alone;
 When Love,—not rosy-flushed as he began,
 But Love, still Love, the prisoned God in man,—
 Shews his face glorious, shakes his banner free,
 Cries like a captain for Eternity:—
 O halcyon air across the storms of youth,
 O trust him, he is true, he is one with Truth!
 Nay, is he Christ? I know not; no man knows
 The right name of the heavenly Anterôs,—
 But here is God, whatever God may be,
 And whomsoe'er we worship, this is He.

I have altered one word in the foregoing quotation,

substituting 'at length' for 'at last,' to avoid a slight cacophony. Tennyson would not have tolerated 'boundless scope,' and unless such a concatenation of sibilants has onomatopœic value it is certainly better avoided. But trivial blemishes are hardly noticed amid the swell of this grand passage, which shews our author's earlier style at its best, "Ah, friend, I have not said it" is his own criticism. He may not have said all he wished to say, but he has said something which will not be soon forgotten, something which sounds like a clarion-blast to those that have ears to hear. If this passage stood alone in his poetry, it would justify his claim to remembrance.

This poem is followed by one *On Art as an Aim in Life*, dated 'Florence, January, 1871,' which is too consciously didactic, and is redeemed by no splendours of inspiration, though it contains such felicitous couplets as

Watching the beautiful ensanguined day
From Bellosguardo fade and Fiesole.

The subject, too, is more efficiently handled in a later utterance. We may, therefore, pass it by, as for the present we must do with the shorter pieces that come next, so as to reach at once the two longer poems which begin and end the Second Part of this volume, and which are entitled respectively *The Passing of Youth* and *The Renewal of Youth*. The first of these is dated 1871-2, and is little different in style or thought from its predecessors. There is the familiar Italian background, the lament over joys that pass, the murmurs against Fate.

Crushed, as by following wave the wave before !
To have lived and loved so little, and live no more !
Call this not sleep ; through sweet sleep's longest scope

Runs in a golden dream unconscious Hope ;
 Hope parts the lips and stirs the happy breath,
 And sleep is sleep, but endless Death is Death.

There is the refusal to accept progress of humanity as a sufficing ideal, while "the slow Race develops in its pain," and the craving for a faith to which as yet he has not attained, and in default of which he can but fall back on courage and determination—

Thus let thy life through all adventure go,
 And keep it masterful, and save it so.

Stoicism is still his creed, and words from Latin poets conclude his meditation, which throughout has been ready to wail over

Youth wasted, hopes decaying, friends untrue,
 Life with no faith to follow or deed to do,

and ends with mere will to be brave rather than with any shewn reason for being so. But when we turn to the second of these poems, we enter a different atmosphere.

This poem, the last in the book, and that from which it takes its title, shews growth in style as in thought. The former is now fully elaborated into a richness of music like the following :

Say, by what grace was to Columbus given
 To have pierced the unanswering verge of seas and heaven,
 To have wrung from winds that screamed and storms that fled
 Their wilder voice than voices of the dead ;
 Left the dear isles by Zephyr overblown,
 Hierro's haven and Teydè's towering cone,
 And forth, with all airs willing and all ways new,
 Sailed, till the blue Peak melted in the blue ?

And in the thought, too, there is a note of confidence and certainty which was absent before. The creed of *Human Personality* is not obscurely foreshadowed.

Even the opening lines, designedly re-uttering the old unrest, ring with a new tone of assurance.

Ah, could the soul, from all earth's loves set free,
Plunge once for all and sink them in the sea!
Then naked thence, re-risen and reborn,
Shine in the gold of some tempestuous morn,
With one at last to lead her, one to say—
Come hither, hither is thy warlike way.

The presage of victory which speaks here inspires this poem throughout. Faith has come to the poet, not perhaps in such shape as would satisfy teachers of orthodoxy, but with a definiteness of conviction that leaves no more room for doubt. Light, 'brighter than day,' has opened on his gaze. He shrinks from describing it in words, but the gladness which it brings irradiates his thinking. Pain and death no longer cause dismay; he can

Welcome the toss for ease, the gasp for air,
The visage drawn, and Hippocratic stare.

In the rapture of his new belief they even seem unreal, mere phantom-foes, and his beloved Virgil furnishes him yet again with a parallel.

So,—round his path their lair though Centaurs made,
Harpies, and Gorgons, and a Threefold Shade,—
Yet strove the Trojan on, nor cared to stay
For shapes phantasmal flown about his way;
But with sword sheathed in scorn, and heart possest
With the one following of the one behest,

went on till he reached the 'folk Elysian.'

The results of this faith, though not the processes, may be described in the poet's own words, which will have a familiar sound to readers of his later prose teaching.

. . . could aught else content thee? Which were best,
 After so brief a battle an endless rest,
 Or the ancient conflict rather to renew,
 By the old deeds strengthened mightier deeds to do,
 Till all thou art, nay, all thou hast dreamed to be
 Proves thy mere root or embryo germ of thee;—
 Wherefrom thy great life passionately springs,
 Rocked by strange blasts and stormy tempestings,
 Yet still from shock and storm more steadfast grown,
 More one with other souls, yet more thine own?

.
 And wouldst thou still thy hope's immenseness shun?
 Shield from the storm thy soul's course scarce begun?
 These shattering blows she shall not curse but bless;
 How were she straitened with one pang the less!
 Ah, try her, Powers! let many a heat distil
 Her lucid essence from the insurgent ill;
 Oh, roughly, strongly work her bold increase!
 Leave her not stagnant in a painless peace!
 Nor let her, lulled in howso heavenly air,
 Fold her brave pinions and forget to dare!

But along with this welcoming of combat and
 exultation in suffering, there is also a peace beyond
 expression, a 'passionate repose.' Its advent is de-
 scribed in lines which glorify familiar objects with a
 lustre that never was on sea or land.

For to one heart her bliss came unaware
 Under white cloudlets in a morning air;
 Another mid the thundering tempest knew
 Peace, and a wind that where it listed blew;
 And oped the heaven of heavens one soul before
 In life's mid crash and London's whirling roar;—
 Ay, and transfigured in the dream divine
 The thronged precinct of Park and Serpentine,
 Till horse and rider were as shades that rode
 From an unknown to an unknown abode,
 And that grey mere, in mist that clung and curled,
 Lay like a water of the spirit-world.

The poet has joined the mystics, taken his place among those

Who are set wholly and of one will to win
Kingdoms the spirit knows but from within.

He aspires to union with the

. . . living Love, that art all lives in one,
Soul of all suns, and of all souls the sun.

He does not scruple to make religious words his own :

Live thou and love ! so best and only so
Can thy one soul into the One Soul flow,
Can thy small life to Life's great centre flee,
And thou be nothing, and the Lord in thee ;

or to proclaim that he takes as his guide

. . . the child's heart and trust as of the child.

It is a child of unusual growth, however, who can not only "name the stingless names of Eld and Death," but can engage to remain undaunted,

Though thy sad path should lead thee unafraid
Lonely through age-long avenues of shade ;
Though in strange worlds, on many a ghostly morn,
Thy soul dishomed shall shudder and be forlorn ;

can remind itself that even when

all suns that shine, together hurled,
Crash in one infinite and lifeless world,

the soul shall survive all changes, shall

endure, and quicken, and live at last,
When all save souls has perished in the past ;

and can hope to preserve, amid 'counterchanging heaven and avatar,' memory of its earthly abode,

Whereat the vow was pledged, the onset sworn.

This note of peace, none the less, runs through the

whole poem from which these necessarily brief extracts are taken, and culminates in the closing lines which depict the security of those who have learned life's true lesson.

Their peace no kings, no warring worlds destroy,
No strangers intermeddle and mar their joy ;
These lives can neither Alp on Alp upborne
Hurl from the Gloom or the Thundering Horn,
Nor Nile, uprisen with all his waters, stay
Their march aerial and irradiant way ;—
Who are in God's hand, and round about them thrown
The light invisible of a land unknown ;
Who are in God's hand ; in quietness can wait
Age, pain, and death, and all that men call Fate :—
What matter if thou hold thy loved ones prest
Still with close arms upon thy yearning breast,
Or with purged eyes behold them hand in hand
Come in a vision from that lovely land,—
Or only with great heart and spirit sure
Deserve them and await them and endure ;
Knowing well, no shocks that fall, no years that flee,
Can sunder God from these, or God from thee ;
Nowise so far thy love from theirs can roam
As past the mansions of His endless home.

While this poem undoubtedly touches the high-water mark of Myers's poetical striving, it must not be supposed that the volume contains nothing but eloquent prelections on the loftiest of themes. In the shorter pieces as yet unmentioned is variety enough to suit all tastes. There are love poems, light or serious :

—O, Nora knew it, Nora knows
How Love lies hidden in a rose.

—Ah ! not like this they wooed me,—
'Twas gamesome girl and boy ;—
Sometimes I half was willing,
And often I was coy.

—And while she spake her cheek was flame,
 Her look was soft and mild ;
 But when I kissed her, she became
 No stronger than a child.

There is even *A Cry from the Stalls*, hymning a dancer, and a more consciously artificial effusion entitled *The Ballerina's Progress*. There are descriptive poems, one about the Canaries and Madeira :

Atlantid islands, phantom-fair,
 Throned on the solitary seas,
 Immersed in amethystine air,
 Haunt of Hesperides ;

and a *Letter from Newport*, which tells how

The crimson leafage fires the lawn,
 The piled hydrangeas blazing glow.

There are epitaphs and epithalamiums, and one piece of high passion, whose rushing 'anapæsts' well express over-mastering emotion :

I had guessed not, did I not know, that the spirit of man was so
 strong

To prefer irredeemable woe to the slightest shadow of wrong.

It is impossible here to enumerate all the subjects taken up, or to give an idea of the way they are handled. Perhaps, however, the poems that remain longest with one are those where things of the spirit are dealt with, such as the two early sonnets *Would God it were Evening* and *Would God it were Morning*, or the tender reflections *On an Invalid* :

Albeit through this preluding woe
 Subdued and softly she must go
 With half her music dumb,
 What heavenly hopes to her belong,
 And what a rapture, what a song,
 Shall greet His Kingdom come !

But different readers will seek different enjoyments, and there is provision enough here for all.

One piece in this volume, being in the metre of *St. Paul*, may have been meant to form part of that poem.

Lo if a man, magnanimous and tender,

Lo if a woman, desperate and true . . .

The cadence is unmistakable. Much has been said about the constitution of this metre, but it seems hardly questionable that it is simply the familiar 'English Sapphic' line—not the true Greek five-foot line, but the four-accent rhythm to which schoolboys recite "*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus*," and to which most of us repeat "Needy knife-grinder, whither are you going?"—altered, of course, by the monosyllabic rhyme at the end of every other line, and indeed by the introduction of rhyme at all. It was to much the same rhythm, though with greater irregularity of syllables, that Charles Lamb wrote his

I have had playmates, I have had companions.

How little it differs from a possible 'heroic' line may be seen by comparing the short piece which immediately follows that above cited:

O for one minute hark what we are saying!

This is not pleasure that we ask of Thee.

Readers may consider for themselves how far it is possible to identify this with the other, how far it merely repeats the familiar cadence of 'decasyllabic' verse.

But this paper was not to deal with metre, and must not end on a note of metrical criticism. The poet has gone from us—gone, eagerly expectant of a life to come, and firmly resolved, at whatever cost, if it were in any way possible, to attempt communicating with

those left behind. Whether or no he has succeeded in this attempt is a matter about which expert opinion is understood to be at variance. However this may be, his poems remain a storehouse in which students of life as of verse will find material rewarding search. To rescue these from undeserved oblivion has been the sole object of this inadequate sketch; its aim will have been fulfilled if it sends some readers back to study for themselves "*The Renewal of Youth, and Other Poems*;" by Frederic W. H. Myers" (Macmillan, 1882).

T. S. OMOND.

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

C. T. EWART, M.D.

THE existence of a Creative Mind transcending the visible universe and standing in relation thereto as its almighty Author and Architect has been debated for long ages, for as to the ultimate reason of things we have no method whereby we can reach the attainment of truth, and the belief of each of us depends on the standpoint from which he views the question. The dweller in the interior of a sphere cannot view his dwelling from the outside; still speculations as to the debatable borderland between the territory conquered by science and the dark realms of the unknown, although they do not interest the average busy man, appeal not only to those who have stood by the grave of loved ones, but also to others who, stricken with fatal disease, must have ever present before them some such thoughts as these of Abbott when he sings :

Some time at eve when the tide is low
I shall slip my moorings and sail away,
With no response to the friendly hail
Of kindred craft in the busy bay.
In the silent hush of the twilight pale
When the night stoops down to embrace the day,
And the voices call as the waters flow—
Some time at eve when the tide is low,
I shall slip my moorings and sail away.

Through purple shadows that darkly trail,
O'er the ebbing tide of the unknown sea,
I shall fare me away with a dip of sail

And a ripple of waters to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyager, sailing away
To mystic isles, where at anchor lay
The craft of those who have sailed before,
O'er the unknown sea to the unknown shore.

This question of questions appeals to many human hearts with the same strength that it did in the days of old, and although many solutions of the problem have been offered, yet it ever and ever repeats itself.

What is life? Haeckel assumes that life is nothing more than the result of the units of which it is composed; consequently there can be no thought without matter and the existence of a spirit or soul within that matter is not worth considering. He denies the existence of God and states that immortality is a myth. According to him the universe is the result of purely mechanical causes due to chance, and he would have it that there is no good argument which can support the theory of a conscious and divine will creating a world whose pageantry of beauty and order, after all, appeal profoundly to most of us. Has science then crushed the fundamental teachings of religion and are these two to be everlastingly antagonistic? Is science to be the messenger to show religion the true and lasting method of ameliorating the miseries of mankind during its occupancy of earth?

Now as to life, science teaches the unbroken continuity from generation to generation, from age to age, of the germ-plasm. This marvellous embryonic substance is eternally young, eternally productive, eternally forming new individuals to grow up and to perish, while it remains in the progeny, always youthful, always increasing, always inexhaustible. Thousands of generations arisen in the course of ages

have been its products, but it lives on in the youngest generations with the same power of giving origin to coming millions. The individual organism is transient, but its embryonic substance which produces the mortal tissues preserves itself, imperishable, everlasting and constant. All living things, animal and vegetable, have to die; but although they are mortal, life is maintained through reproduction, and it is at this point we meet with the doctrines of 'evolution' and 'special creation.' Were all living forms belonging to the animal and vegetable kingdoms created once and for ever in the forms we know them, and have these forms been maintained through parenthood, like begetting like, or have the different kinds of vegetables and animals developed from one another, the higher from the lower? Not many in these days believe in the special creation of the different species, and evolution may be said to hold the field. Still in travelling backward we eventually reach the most primitive form of life, and the questions naturally arise:—Whence did this come? Was protoplasm, the physical basis of life, specially created by the supreme Designer? Can living beings be produced from lifeless matter? Can the inorganic produce the organic? Can there be 'spontaneous generation'?

To meet these difficulties, it has been suggested that life on this earth may have originated through the break-up of some old world containing life, and that this life was conveyed hither by meteorites. This solution, however, merely transfers the question to 'another world' and does not settle the problem. If it is assumed that the Godhead created atoms and forces so wonderful and divine that an amœba can evolve into a Shakespeare, it does not require a much

greater amount of faith to believe that the very lowest form of living tissue might have been evolved from the 'not-living.' It is possibly true that even to-day life is developing from non-life, the organic from the inorganic; but even if this theory is a mistaken one, it does not necessarily follow that under the conditions of the remote past the germ of life did not arise from the 'not-life.' It may be that in bio-chemistry the bridge will be discovered which will link the living with not-living matter; there is nothing absurd in believing that the Creator may have originally created a link between inorganic and organic matter; and in any case it has to be taken into consideration that the most primitive form of life in those far-off days may have been more simple than in these days.

Science assumes the existence of a 'something,' called the 'ether,' which is supposed to permeate the cosmos. Cannot religion also justly assume that this ether responds immediately to the will of the Divine Creator, and that in this manner the material world becomes linked with the spiritual? It would then be this which mediates to man consciousness of the eternal truth which reposes in the depths of the soul, and so enables it to shake itself free of the shackles of matter and dive deep into the mysteries of the ultimate reality—the spiritual life. Man stands at the cross-roads where the animal and the spiritual meet. He is the culminating point of animal evolution and has reached a height far beyond that attained by any other flesh and blood; he alone of all living things stands on the threshold of the spiritual world, and the great object of his life should be consciously to develop his higher self into an immortal personality. Thus we may hold the view that when life first dawned in the proto-

plasmic slime of some primal polar ocean, it was impressed with the power of giving birth, when in the course of time man became evolved, to the germ of a spiritual self. In investigating the problems of human life we must not ignore the records of the past, for in them we become aware of things that appear to be of the nature of eternal truth—that something, independent of time, which links together past, present and future. Why is it that throughout the thought-history of all ages we find always an attempt to reach some higher ideal? What is the power that is for ever pressing on behind the varying forms of this ideal? Is it not the Divine implanted in man? As Eucken teaches, the material world is incapable of inculcating a higher end than the obtaining of pleasure and the avoidance of pain, therefore that which gives man great and lofty ideals must be the Spiritual.

It is impossible to conceive the universe as having been created by chance. One might as well imagine that by placing in the open a number of letters of the alphabet, the winds would be capable of bringing them together in such a state of ordered arrangement as to beget a glorious poem. Not only living things but the inorganic phenomena of the universe show evidence of design and require us to draw the inference of a Creative Mind. Terrestrial life, we may well believe, must have been contained in the womb of the earth even when that earth was in a condition of whirling fire-mist or clashing meteorites, and at the appointed time life was born. This life may have been for ever thrusting upward clamouring for more life and fuller, hence was born the 'struggle for existence,' the 'survival of the fittest.' Nature has given all her types a chance for the sovereignty of the world. In

primeval days incomparable man battled against the sabre-toothed tiger, the cave-bear and the mastodon; now his fight is against microscopic enemies which know no fear of him.

If a man die, shall he live again? Does death hold for us but the menace of the same unfathomable gulf of blackness out of which we came at birth? Is the eternal future to be for us the same as was the eternal past? Is life but a temporary abode on a peak that is touched by the fingers of light for a day, while all around yawns an infinite shoreless gulf of impenetrable darkness, from one side of which we appeared and to whose other side we hurry our steps to meet our destiny? Is each human brain a mere machine attuned to different keys capable of being acted upon by some universal Mind? Does the interpretation of the separate messages received depend on the constitution of the ancestral germ-plasm which goes to the making-up of the individual? Does each machine possess the power of 'free-will' and separate intellectual action? Does this represent the ego, the 'ourself' which differentiates one person from another? May dreams of terror-stricken cries be due to the intercepting of messages meant for others?

M. Blondelot of the University of Nancy has recently announced that he has discovered a new kind of radiation which he has termed 'N-Rays,' and for this discovery he received 50,000 francs from the Paris Academy of Sciences. M. Charpentier has corroborated the discovery and declares that these rays are emitted from the human brain. If these statements are found to be true a scientific basis for 'thought transference' might be established objectively. The efficacy of prayer, the call of a soul in dire distress, a message from the

human mind to the Divine, could then, analogically, in some fashion be understood. Nevertheless no one who believes in a Divine Mind can ever associate that mind with matter. Matter, although indestructible, may be transformed and transmuted, but we can never conceive the Supreme Mind, whatever the irrevocable ruin that takes place in matter, as ever anything else than supreme and everlasting. Therefore, if we also possess mind, it is natural to assume that it also is eternal and that our bodies are given us merely to materialise our mind.

Now as the cosmic scheme never works backward any future life should be on a higher plane than this, so that it is unnecessary to contemplate such a 'black cap' theology as that any soul can be condemned to eternal damnation. Purgatory or some scheme of education—yes, as there must be purification and sanctification for new conditions. Indeed it is possible that at death a new sense may be developed which would cause new thoughts, new aims, new powers to awaken. Take a man who has been born blind, place him in some scene of majestic beauty, let his eyesight be suddenly given him, and I take it he would feel as if the golden sunshine of another world had entered into his soul, the drear dark land of darkness would vanish and the whole universe would break into bud and leaf and light.

As the knowledge of error is possible only by reference to an implicit standard of truth, so the sense of the insufficiency of the finite is due to an implicit consciousness of the infinite. The mind—the spirit—says to itself:

There is a substance beneath these shadows, a something that is, and that underlies all these fleeting phantasmal forms that only

seem to be. I seem to myself to be dimly conscious of a reality which neither the heavens nor the earth, nor anything which the whole complex of nature, the whole sensible world in its most overwhelming aspects of power and grandeur, can reveal to me. When the eye has wearied itself with seeing and the ear with hearing and the imagination with the effort to gather up into one, all the scattered glories of the visible world, I feel, I know, that that after which I am seeking, is something ineffably greater (Caird).

Thus has come about religion, which means the communion between a worshipping subject and a worshipped object, a human being and a Divine Being. This probably applies to all religions, however rude and degrading or however spiritual and ennobling. Religion and morals, however, occupy different compartments in life, and the arguments with which some are endeavouring to shatter dogmas and creeds, have no effect against those moral concepts which have been proved to be not only beneficial but indispensable to human progress. What is permanent in all religious truths is not the form of those truths but the spirit; and so far as I can see the essential truth is the doing of good works. It may be summed up in the words of the prophet Micah :

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God ?

From Buddhism, a religion which at this moment is the sole source of spiritual inspiration to five hundred millions of the human race, a population greater than the whole population of Europe and more than half that of Asia, we also learn :

This is the sum of religious instruction, that it should increase the mercy and charity, the truth and purity, the kindness and honesty of the world.

A treasure that is laid up in a deep pit profits nothing and

may easily be lost. The real treasure that is laid up through charity and piety, temperance, self-control or deeds of merit, is hid secure and cannot pass away. It is never gained by despoiling or wronging others and no thief can steal it. A man when he dies must leave the fleeting wealth of the world, but the treasure of virtuous acts he takes with him.

This, I would believe, is the religion of humanity ; it means not merely the giving of a few pounds to different charities, but personal service.

It must not, however, be forgotten, that this altruistic law does not necessitate the abandonment of other laws which make for the happiness of the individual and the continuance of national life. In the struggle for life, be it social or individual, every organism of every race has to maintain itself against the competition of the rest of the organic world ; and Mercier has shown that to enable man to consummate this end Nature has equipped him with three instinctive desires : the conservation of the individual, the perpetuation of the race and the security of society. While the three harmonise to some extent, there is a certain amount of antagonism, and each can be obtained only by the sacrifice of a portion of the others. Although social conservation, which rests on social conduct, is historically of later origin than racial or self-preservative conduct, it now ranks in urgency before either of the others, and when in opposition it should always prevail, for if the community is destroyed the individual members must either perish or be absorbed in some other community. However shocking to the moral sense this constant competition of man against man, of nation against nation, may be, this state of things does exist, and so long as man increases and multiplies, so long as evolution continues, so long will

there be a struggle for existence as sharp as any that has ever gone on under the *régime* of war; and thus it follows that every step must be taken to create citizens who shall be healthy, thrifty, sober, industrious, loyal to the society to which they belong and capable of withstanding the rude shocks of a tempestuous world (Whetham).

If the Divine Providence created protoplasm as the basis of all living things and at the same time endowed it with the power of evolving upward, is it not reasonable to assume that when created its constituents were pure? May we not also believe that in the case of man, because of his intellectual power, the charge was laid on him that this purity should be maintained and that failure on his part to obey these commands would entail destruction? A theory of this nature would explain the sweeping away of all those past empires which fell because they took no steps to prevent the increase of the 'unfit.' What possible chance would Nature have of evolving had she but the protoplasm of the degenerate weakling to work upon? A fundamental law of the universe would have ceased to act, and to prevent this happening Nature blots out those who rebel against her decrees. The Jewish religion is largely founded on the laws of national health, and hence, through obedience to the laws laid down by their prophets, the Jews, while they have seen the decline and fall of mighty civilisations, have survived and are to-day powerful in the councils of the world.

The postulates on which science rests are tentative hypotheses, some probably untrue; therefore, in matters of religion, the wisest course is to accept the teachings of poets and prophets rather than that of scientists, for the latter have no inspiration

and the former have. Science aims at being unemotional and impersonal, it is cold; whereas imagination and inspiration glow and provide an unstinted amount of food for aspiration to feed on. To tie ourselves down to what we know, and to be blind to what we do not know, is to commit a sort of suicide. It is like grubbing for edible roots and forgetting to notice the flowers on the earth, the stars overhead. The practical and the ideal should be complementary, and the one mood should not elbow us from the emotional window of the other. Just as the great mathematicians represent the aristocracy of the human intellect, so do the great religious geniuses represent the aristocracy of human emotion. Nature lies near the roots of science but she will always be the bedrock of religion. She is so overpowering in her manifestations that her grandeur is too great for our humanity, and thus at the limit of his emotional tension man feels compelled to worship at the feet of some almighty power. Religion endeavours to get beyond science by intuitive and inspirational methods. It fills the soul with the mysteries of faith and with the honour of God; it implants a belief in the existence of an unseen order of some kind in which the riddles of the natural order may be found explained. Religion develops in man because in the very essence of man's nature as a spiritual being, there is that which renders it impossible for him to rest content with the things that are seen, which forces him to rise above the world of finite and transitory experience and to seek after an infinite reality which underlies and transcends them; and so in religion we give expression to that latent consciousness of an absolute power which is bound up with man's very nature.

Modernism does not accept the theory of the old theologians that Christian revelation ceased after the Apostolic age and the composition of the sacred writings. To think otherwise would be to believe that for the present and the future we must live on the heritage of a Golden Age lying behind us. It would seem reasonable to hold that as mankind progresses, so must the religion of Christ evolve not because of any change in the nature of the Spirit—that being of the Godhead which is eternal and unchangeable, but because of the improvement of the material on which the Spirit acts, so that as the ages roll on we gradually tend to realise the higher ideal represented by Christ.

Tyndall has pointed out that, “bounded and conditioned by co-operant reason, imagination becomes the mightiest instrument of the physical discoverer.” Frequently imaginative brooding suggests a solution in some way we do not understand. It may be there is a subconscious cerebral experimenting, but at any rate by letting the mind play among facts, solutions have been reached before proofs have been forthcoming, and this can be seen in the lives of Newton, Tyndall, Kelvin, Faraday, and others. Science, we are told, has come to know the ins and outs of the stuff (matter) of which the world is made, and also the power (energy) that is resident in the universe. But has it? There are ‘conceptual formulæ’ such as ‘ether,’ ‘atom,’ ‘electron,’ but these are mere counters used in intellectual discussions. It knows nothing as to the ultimate truths of Nature; for just as there are mysteries in the spiritual world so there are corresponding mysteries in the natural world. The inorganic world is staked off from the organic by barriers which have never yet been crossed, and as science can but speculate about this

borderland, so in like manner it can but speculate as to the pathway which leads from the natural to the spiritual world. In this debatable frontier, while science is analysing and measuring, the human soul is speculating and creating, stretching feelers into the dark and building castles of splendid hopes and desires; and although possibly it will never attain the truth and be for ever a beggar on the threshold of the Temple of the Great Unknown, still one can say: "Away O Soul; hoist instantly the anchor! Cut the hawsers, haul out, shake out every sail! Sail forth, steer for the deep waters only. Reckless, O Soul, exploring, I with thee and thou with me; for we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go, and we will risk the ship, ourselves and all."

What then happens to a man when he dies? The dragon-fly begins his conscious life in the waters; at the fit time he climbs into a new world; and as a perfect insect he rests till his wings are fit for use, and then launches himself into the air:

To-day I saw a dragon fly
Come from the wells where he did lie,
An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk. From head to tail,
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
He dried his wings; like gauze they grew;
O'er crofts and pastures, wet with dew,
A living flash of light he flew.

Does man pass through a somewhat similar change? Born in a shell do we grow until we reach its limits, and to shatter the shell is death necessary? Is this the destiny of life? Can it be that at every point the growing soul presses against the prison of flesh until at last it begins to crack?

Beams of strange light shoot here and there across the darkness; liquid notes break upon the silence. I am ripe for metamorphosis, and before me lies the solitude of the vast unknown, above me shine the eternal stars whither I am bound. But my way is over the mountain. Have I the courage to climb? Earth to earth, dust to dust, let the body drop back to the pit. But the soul has wings and on the summit mine spread hers. For there at last I fronted the Sun and the New World. The other world has vanished, I know not how or whither. Before me stretches an ocean unplumbed, and sheer from its waters rise afar, cliffs of rosy snow, the sun streams down and in my ears more loud and more clear sounds the marching music, to which I move and with me all creation. (Lowes Dickinson.)

At death the atomic body slips off and its work having been done it disintegrates and forms new combinations by nourishing animal and vegetable life; but the spirit of the man, that which distinguishes the living from the dead, being a simple entity and therefore indestructible, retains its conscious personality and passes into some higher world—perchance an ether-body in an ether-world. There must have been a certain amount of contamination, the result of its life on earth, and the nature and depth of this contamination should vary in different individuals; but ultimately each spirit should lose this staining and be translated into a region of perfect bliss. Our vocation, we may believe, will be that for which our bent and education have prepared us, and during this continued existence there will be a never-ending development and unfolding of the good which is within us. Memory will, doubtless, be our scourge and there will flash into our spirit all the meanness of its past life, and we shall see what the greatness of it might have been. The remembrance of our evil deeds perchance will for a time act the part of spiritual ulcers and these will

blister our imaginations. And so Death may be looked upon as God's Angel who will some day disentangle the essence of our body from its prison-house, and at his touch the last frail thread which holds the soul in bondage will snap and we shall view the radiant glory of a new dawn, flooding with golden tints the pageantry of our new home :

Palace-roof of cloudless nights,
 Paradise of golden lights,
 Deep, immeasurable, vast,
 Which art now, and which wert then !
 Of the present and the past,
 Of the eternal where and when,
 Presence-chamber, temple, home,
 Ever-canopying dome
 Of acts and ages yet to come !

Glorious shapes have life in thee--
 Earth, and all earth's company,
 Living globes which ever throng
 Thy deep chasms and wildernesses,
 And green worlds that glide along,
 And swift stars with flashing tresses,
 And icy moons most cold and bright,
 And mighty suns beyond the night,
 Atoms of intensest light. (Shelley.)

C. T. EWART, M.D.

THE CHRISTMAS MIRACLE-PLAY OF MONFERRATO.

LUCIA GARGINI.

THE shapes of joy and woe,
The airy clouds of long ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore
That have been, and shall be no more.

A MIRACLE-PLAY! One's thoughts go back to the far-off middle ages, when these crude manifestations of dramatic art were acted by the clergy for the edification of the multitude; to those strange times when mysticism held in some slight check the barbarity of people who combined refined cruelty with ardent faith in the religion of love and goodwill, and who would turn immediately from the representation of one of its sacred mysteries to witness the public torturing of petty malefactors. Now-a-days we can hardly conceive the delight and awe which these rude and primitive dramas excited in the simple spectators; for the fantastic medley of angels, demons, saints and sinners, whose quaintly stilted language we read in the few copies still extant of these forgotten plays, strike us as being too lifeless and wooden to provoke the slightest interest in so plain a rendering of an oft-told tale. At Ober-Ammergau, we have one of the few survivals of

these representations, modified, however, by the suppression of all supernatural apparitions; elsewhere, except for the Passion-plays in Spain and the South of France, we find scarcely any traces of these religious dramas.

In an out-of-the-way Italian region, hidden among the vine-clad hills of Monferrato, however, a Christmas miracle-play is still sometimes acted, and always read, with the regularity and solemnity of a religious rite, on the vigil preceding Christmas Day, and each succeeding evening, till over Epiphany. In the dark old raftered granges, with ox and ass close by, in surroundings that closely recall the traditional stable of Bethlehem, the peasants gather round the oldest member of the family who can read, and while women work and men smoke, a steady old voice reads out, with the accuracy of long custom, the well-remembered drama of Christ's birth, the shepherds' prompt belief and the massacre of the Innocents. The deep shadows, the occasional lowing of the cattle, the intense silence of the surrounding snow-bound hills and the droning voice carry one far away from our bustling modern days, while the reverent attention of the listeners makes possible belief in the ready faith of the shepherds of old.

The play is of great antiquity; it was first handed down by oral tradition from generation to generation, till an unknown scribe gave it shape in manuscript, and finally printing made it accessible to all. It is peculiar to Monferrato, a hilly country on the northern declivities of the Appenines that divide Liguria from Piedmont, and is founded on the local conceit that the shepherds, awakened by the angelic choir singing: "Glory to God in the Highest," were the shepherds of Monferrato, who left their flocks and miraculously

travelled to Palestine to render homage to the new-born Messiah. It is written for the greater part in the patois of Monferrato, which is scarcely understood in Piedmont, and quite unintelligible to other Italians. The drama is in five acts, and the only bond between them is the principal personage Gelindo, the shepherd, who appears in all, and in whose shrewd common-sense, rustic guile and simple unquestioning faith, the leading characteristics of the Monferrato peasant are well depicted.

ACT I.

First of all, we shall rehearse
In our action and our verse,
The Nativity of Our Lord
As written in the old record.

An angel recites the prologue in verses, which summarise the subject and beg the audience to pay the greatest attention to what follows. The scene opens in Rome, where the Emperor Augustus Cæsar, attended by two courtiers, discourses in grandiloquent language on his determination to have a numbering of all the population of the Empire, introducing the subject with a long-winded sketch of Roman history from Romulus to his own day. The courtiers, in pompous prose and execrable rhymes, offer the most fulsome flatteries.

The scene is then rapidly changed to a wood, and the audience assists at a dialogue between the grumbling Gelindo, who is starting to enroll his name for the census and pay the tribute, and his wife Alinda. Low (at times very low) comedy effects are

reached in some of the jokes, which are naturally adapted to the tastes of the audience. The broad wit, however, is rarely really offensive, and must have seemed quite chaste to the early hearers, accustomed as they were to the very unrestrained jocularities of the vulgar of mediæval times.

Gelindo and Alinda depart on their separate ways, and the scene is shifted to the outskirts of Bethlehem. (The scenery was probably left to the imagination of the public; there is no thought of unity of time and place, and Monferrato, Bethlehem and Rome succeed each other in quick succession and rapid change.) Joseph and Mary are discovered resting after their unsuccessful search for shelter in the crowded town; the aged Joseph leaves her to seek again for some refuge, while Mary sleeps from sheer fatigue. An angel appears and in very poor verses announces to her that this very night will witness the birth of the Saviour. While Mary is divided between joy at the great event, and sorrow for the comfortless surroundings awaiting the Holy Child, Gelindo arrives. He is struck by the celestial beauty of the expectant mother, and suggests to Joseph, who has now returned from his fruitless quest, that they should repair to a deserted hut at no great distance; he deplores the difficulty poor wayfarers have in finding a lodging in Bethlehem and regrets he cannot offer them hospitality himself, owing to the great distance of his own homestead. He is so struck by the patience and resignation of the two strangers under such trying circumstances that he salutes them with a set of verses which, though involved and obscure, are remarkable for their simple fervour. The first act closes with the scene of Mary and Joseph in the hut, in expectation of the Divine Birth.

ACT II.

The angels of the planets seven,
Across the shining fields of heaven
The natal star we bring.
Dropping our sevenfold virtues down
As priceless jewels in the crown
Of Christ, our new-born King.

The second act is entirely taken up with the Nativity and the adoration of the shepherds. An angelic herald appears, announcing the birth of the Messiah; the infant Jesus is laid in the manger and worshipped by Mary and Joseph with tender love and wistful deprecation of the poverty-stricken surroundings; angel choirs appear in the heavens and sing the Christmas anthem of peace and goodwill.

Gelindo, after losing his way in the woods, so absorbed is he in thinking of the saintly patience of Mary in such trying conditions, and contrasting it with what would have been the temper of his own wife had she been placed in similar circumstances, arrives at his own door and is received with the amazing news of a celestial visit paid to his own home. Alinda, their daughter Aurelia, and Maffeo, the hired shepherd, a simpleton whose rustic artlessness provides some of the humour of the play, repeat the message of the apparition: "The Messiah is born to-night, and they will know him who seek a tiny babe, lying in a manger near Bethlehem." They are all eager to go, and Gelindo feels sure he can guide them to the spot. Preparations are made to leave the house and all the shepherds crave leave to go with their chief. They take with them gifts; each carries some offering—

Gelindo the best lamb of his flock, Alinda swaddling clothes, Aurelia eggs. Maffeo is entrusted with a capon and is ordered to see that none of his comrades goes with empty hands.

The arrival at the hut, the timid apprehension of the defenceless wanderers at sight of so numerous a band in such a desolate spot, the bashful reverence of the shepherds, their artless attempts to express their adoration in rude verses, their awkward presentation of their rustic offerings, and above all, their absolute and undoubting belief in the divinity of the Infant found in such abject destitution, is a beautiful picture of pure religious feeling which one can only conceive as possible "when the world was young." Gelindo, Alinda, Aurelia and Maffeo alone dare kiss the Babe's tiny feet, the others give vent to their feelings with a pastoral serenade on their bagpipes, in remembrance of which the 'Pastorella' is played all Christmas time in the Catholic churches. The Child is clothed by Alinda with due reverence and Aurelia begs from Mary the poor rags in which he was first wrapped, vowing she will treasure them for evermore. Amid repeated promises of a speedy return, the shepherds take their leave, with the thanks and blessings of Mary and Joseph.

ACT III.

Shepherds at the grange

Where the Babe was born

Sang with many a change

Christmas carols until morn.

The third act is of a more ambitious nature. In Rome, we find the Emperor, with his favourites, Mecænas and Marcus Agrippa, discussing the wonderful

prodigies of the preceding night. The statues of the gods lie shattered, Vesta's sacred fire is put out, and the temple of Peace has fallen in ruins. Erudite discussions are held on the significance of these portents, and it is decided to invoke the divinatory power of the Sibyls to interpret the signs, which the Emperor considers as omens of evil, while his courtiers, with ready ingenuity, construe them as foreshadowing great and happy events for their master.

The scene is again abruptly brought back to Bethlehem, where the returning shepherds meet some friends and neighbours seeking the new-born Messiah, who has been announced to them also by an angel while they were tending their flocks.

Another rapid change to Rome follows, and we find Augustus refusing the honours of the altars decreed him by the Senate because of the response of the Sibyls that a sovereign has arisen to whom the whole world must pay homage. The obsequious courtiers try to induce the Emperor to accept his translation to the comprehensive Pagan Olympus, by recounting new wonders of the marvellous night: a fountain of pure oil has gushed forth in the City and is now overflowing into the Tiber; trees are bearing fruit in mid-winter; milk has fallen in showers, and a resplendent cloud has changed night into clear day.

But before one can judge of the effect of these fabulous events on the Emperor's mind, the scene again returns to the hut, where the second party of shepherds present their gifts and adore the Holy Babe with the same ingenuous faith as that of Gelindo and his companions.

The act closes with Augustus' refusal of the Senate's offer on the grounds of a vision he has had of

a Virgin nursing a Babe, of a Voice saying: "*Hic est ara Cæli*," and of his feeling impelled to adore the Child, while the Voice added the fateful words: "*Ille major te est*."

ACT IV.

Three Kings travelled from far away,
Melchior and Caspar and Balthazar.

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Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows
Of bells, and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond trees.

The fourth act would be the despair of a modern stage-manager, as the scene perpetually shifts between a wood near Jerusalem, the hut at Bethlehem, the palace of King Herod, the Imperial Court at Rome, and a street near Jerusalem.

It introduces us to the three kings, the Magi, presumably therefore Persians, though Balthazar is described as of 'black complexion,' agreeably with popular tradition, which makes him King of Saba or Abyssinia.

Great care is bestowed on the character of Herod, whose appearance at last supplies the stage villain. His wickedness acts as a foil to the celestial holiness of Mary and Joseph, the simple goodness of the shepherds and the Pagan rectitude of Augustus. Our play quite revels in the description of Herod's iniquities, and endeavours to paint the workings of his mind in soliloquies of great length.

The three kings open the act. During a brief rest which they give their dromedaries in a wood near Jerusalem, they speak of their impatience to see the new King of Judea and of their faith in their guiding

star, which, however, had disappeared as soon as they came in view of the city. Their dismay at this is increased by the absence of any signs of public rejoicings. Gelindo, moreover, who appears at this moment, assures them that the reigning sovereign is quite an old man, and says he has not heard of any royal infant. But as he is a stranger to these parts, he bids them inquire of a native. Gelindo here supplies the comic element by his rustic wonder at the strangely dressed foreigners; he imagines them at first to be part of a carnival masquerade, which he cannot understand as it is mid-winter. This anachronism is followed by Gelindo's comparing Balthazar's swarthy complexion to a sweep's, and so on.

While the Magi continue their journey to Jerusalem, Gelindo returns, bitterly bewailing his stupidity for not remembering that the Holy Babe, the King of Kings, must be the object of their search. His lively regrets at the loss of the probable reward, however, show a curious cupidity hardly consistent with his lavish generosity towards the destitute occupants of the Bethlehem hut.

Gelindo departs, lamenting the disappearance of the strangers, and the scene changes to the royal palace, where Herod is discovered in troubled soliloquy, relating the domestic discord which the murder of his wife Mariamne has brought on him. He regrets nothing, however, apparently considering her suppression quite justified as she had disapproved of his policy in matters of state. His anxiety is due to her two sons, whom he has banished; they are now in Rome, laying their grievances before the Emperor. His distress is further increased by the news of the arrival of stranger potentates, seeking the new-born King of

Judea. Herod hastily summons a council of Rabbis and Elders to ascertain where the Messiah is expected to be born; meantime he passes in review the many lives he has destroyed to consolidate himself on his usurped throne, only to find that a new and most formidable rival has arisen to dispute it. He has the Magi invited to the palace to 'extract from them a promise to tell him, on their return, the whereabouts of the threatened competitor. The scene between the eastern kings and the wily tyrant is cleverly managed, with dignified openness on the one side, and diplomatic duplicity on the other.

At this point, the interest is suddenly shifted to Rome, where Augustus is found listening to the bitter complaints of Herod's sons against their father. The chief accusation is the threatened loss of their share in their father's kingdom; the murder of their mother is a minor reproach, just touched upon with true oriental indifference to the value of a woman's life. The Emperor also seems to regard this regrettable, but not too unusual incident, as of minor importance, but promises to summon Herod to Rome to defend himself.

The scene next changes to Bethlehem. The approach of the Magi is foretold to Mary by an angel. They arrive and express their wonder at the destitute condition of the King they have travelled so far to honour, and whose advent has been heralded by so rare a portent as the guiding star long prophesied and expected. But when Caspar reminds his companions of the humble surroundings in which such great Israelites as Moses, Saul and David were born and of the star's shedding its radiance over the lowly hut, their doubts are set at rest, and they express, in the most involved metaphors the author can command,

their joy at having seen the new-born King. Their faith, although less prompt than that of the shepherds, is not less absolute, and they return to their realms, avoiding Herod, owing to an angelic vision of warning.

Herod's impatience at their delay, his dismay at the urgent summons he receives from the Emperor to repair to Rome, and his hesitation at leaving his kingdom at this critical moment, are depicted in the next scene. He at last decides to obey his liege lord, fearing more the certain danger of incurring Augustus' displeasure, than the threatened usurper whose tender age assures him of a respite. Time and distance are here as usual set at naught by the author, less than ten days passing between the audience accorded in Rome to Herod's sons, and the arrival of the Emperor's messenger in Jerusalem.

In the last scene Mary and Joseph decide to sell part of the gifts received from the three kings, to defray the expenses of the journey back to Nazareth, and the act ends with the expressions of grief and disappointment of Gelindo and his daughter at finding the hut they have come to revisit as on a sacred pilgrimage, deserted and forsaken.

ACT V.

In the street the armed band
The little children slay ;
The Babe just born in Bethlehem
Will surely slaughtered be with them
Nor live another day.

The last act is the most tragic and involved of the drama. An angel appears to the sleeping Joseph—who has just been expressing his delight at finding

himself back in his own home—and warns him to fly to Egypt, to save the Holy Child from Herod's murderous intentions. Mary and Joseph with their sacred charge leave for the land of exile with tremulous haste.

Herod gives a long and detailed account of his journey to Rome, and consequent two years' absence from Judea. He now orders his captain of the guard, Ptolemy, to destroy all the children under two years of age to be found in and around Bethlehem. The tragedy is now verily 'steeped in gore.' Antipater, Herod's eldest son, conspires against his half-brothers; he succeeds in bringing them under the easily aroused suspicion of the tyrant, who promptly causes them to be strangled. Antipater then tries to poison his father, but is discovered and condemned to death by the incensed Herod; he is 'devoured by dogs or torn by vultures.' Ptolemy's graphic account of the massacre of the innocents excites in Herod a complacency that is quite ogreish in its fiendish appreciation. Gelindo puts in a fugitive appearance to describe the slaughter in his homely way, and the pitiful details of the soldiers' cruelty sound even more harrowing in the crude dialect of Monferrato. At this point Herod's wife rushes in, bitterly railing at the king for the murder of their son. The scene closes on Herod's rage at a new summons from Rome to answer Augustus' indignation at the news of the massacre of the children. Apprehending his probable fate, he determines to ensure the nation's mourning at his death by a devilish device. He leaves behind him orders that in case of his demise all the chief nobles of Judea are to be executed, so that every family throughout the land may be plunged in tears and woe.

Though the abrupt ending and bloodthirsty character of the last act is in such marked contrast with the arcadian peace of the earlier scenes that the suspicion is aroused of its being an addition of a later date, the earlier acts bear the seal of such deep earnestness and primitive fervour, that when the play is recited by the simple strolling players now so rarely met with even in these out-of-the-way villages, their native simplicity and utter ignorance of all dramatic art make the acting more appropriate and adapted to the unadorned record of miraculous lore. Although few can see this mystery-play represented now-a-days, in every village of Monferrato during the Christmas-week vigils (*veglie*) the play is read, and the adventures of Gelindo, the blood-stained record of Herod, and the saintly virtues of Mary and Joseph are the theme of young and old, a rare spectacle in these days, when so many

Peck out and discuss and dissect and evert and extrude to our
mind,

The flaccid tissues of long dead issues offensive to God and
mankind.

Orsara Bormida.

LUCIA GARGINI.

WHO WAS NUMENIUS ?

KENNETH S. GUTHRIE, PH.D., M.D.

It is one of the tragedies of civilisation that we should be able to put into a single sentence all accessible information about many great men ; and such is the case with Numenius of Apamea in Syria, who, in the second century of our era, philosophised along Platonic and Pythagorean lines, midway between Philo and Plotinus.

But even this misfortune would not, in itself, have been fatal to the propagation of his works, shared, as it is, by some other really great and widely known names ; one fine day the restlessness of some ardent student would have rescued his fragments from unmerited oblivion, and have done justice to his philosophical significance ; and the world would gratefully have received the discovery. The trouble has been that Numenius has long lain under the impenetrable veil of confessional prejudice, for several reasons.

Numenius lived some two millenniums too early ; or rather, he lived at a critical time when the clock of international philosophical progress was put back for eighteen hundred years. His practical efforts at comparative religion were in direct opposition to the direction of contemporary changes, when confessional apologists captured comparative religion, and turned its guns against its authors. The political establishment of these confessional interests then made tolera-

tion seem anarchy. Their exclusiveness raised not even a murmur, a protest, a challenge, and for many centuries postponed our modern attempts in this direction. In the meanwhile Numenius's share therein has been forgotten. Again, it is well known that most men love least those to whom they owe the most; and so we are not surprised that those same confessional interests, having not disdained to absorb from the school of thought to which Numenius belonged, no inconsiderable part of the philosophy that justified their belief, found it to the advantage of their claim to exclusive originality to ignore their no longer championed antagonists.

Such then were some of the reasons why Numenius has been allowed to slumber in the musty archives of the past. But if we take the trouble to listen to his own voice we shall be charmed by the great personality of this thinker, teacher, prophet and helper.

A. NUMENIUS'S PERSONALITY.

If we pause a moment to contemplate this great personality that impresses itself upon us as we peruse his fragmentary thoughts, we find ourselves compelled by his individuality, inspired by his poetry, lured by his humour, and thrilled by his knowledge of the world.

1. *Numenius's Individuality.*

Judge how great his individuality must have been to extort quotation of his very words, not only from friends like Porphyrius, Jamblichus, Proclus, Nemesius, Chalcidius, Olympiodorus, Æneas Gazæus, and Johannes Philoponus, but also from such foes as

Clement of Alexandria, Origen and Eusebius of Nicomedia; and the seal of greatness is given him by recognition in the philosophical history of Diogenes Laërtes, the reveries of Macrobius, and the classic anthology of Stobæus. His, therefore, was no narrow, sectarian touch with life; like other great men his soul was a mirror in which were reflected all aspects of truth.

2. *Numenius as Poet.*

Poetry is not constituted by versification, as is witnessed by the libraries of forgotten rhymesters, while some of the greatest poems of the world are in prose. If, however, claim to poetic temperament is held to depend on acquaintance with the great recognised wells of classic literature, Numenius, quoting often from Homer, is not debarred, although mere quotations have not rescued any poet from oblivion. But may we not briefly summarise poetic quality as that which is memorable? For instance, when we think of Plato, we think of two immortal parables—that of horse and driver, which illustrates the proper relation between soul and body; and that of the cave, which explains his doctrine of ideas. When we think of Plotinus we think of his famous parable of the man standing with his feet immersed in water, which so wonderfully represents the submersion of the soul in the physical world. So, when we think of Numenius, our imagination will hark back to his picture of the Logos as pilot of the world—safely steering the cosmic ship committed to his care by turning his gaze upwards to track his way through the interstellar space of the universe (3₂). Still more original, perhaps, is his picture of the flight of the soul to ecstatic union under

the form of a boat tempest-tossed on the waves of the senses, until it reaches its haven which suddenly breaks on the sight of the faithful pilot (10).

3. *Numenius as Humorist.*

Not versatility alone, not poetry alone will endear a person to the public; he needs also that touch which makes the whole world kin—humour. Numenius was no star-gazing Palinurus or Thales, to stumble overboard, or fall into a well. None better than he realised the humorous aspect of the philosophy he professed. He was not afraid of injuring any truth it might contain by discrediting the foibles of its professors, or even disclosing its weak points. Not malice certainly can we read into his risible epic of Lakydes, but the keen understanding of human nature that would remove from the sparkling diamond the external scratches and opaque flaws; we see in it, rather all that is legitimate in the proverb, ‘laugh, and the world laughs with you.’

4. *Numenius as Man of the World.*

Why is humour the touch that makes the whole world kin, if not that it is based on a knowledge of human character and social conditions, if not, in short, the genuine element in knowledge of the world? Truth has certainly been only heightened by Numenius’s separation of it from the personal motives, the oratorical ambitions, and the sophistical escapades of an Arcesilaus, a Zeno, or a Carneades; and we read his dissection of these worthies with breathless interest, for, unfortunately, their tribe has not yet died out entirely, nor bids it fair to do so in the near future.

Much of this work of Numenius has, therefore, permanent value as a human document; it also rescues him from dry-as-dust mustiness, and ensures him a welcome to our modern family of real flesh-and-blood heroes, who can so clearly see their own failings that they may the more be trusted as teachers, counsellors, and guides. Numenius was no anchorite, whose experiences of deserts would make his advice worthless for any but prospective anchorites, and would produce only incompetence for human affairs. The amusing feuds our philosopher loves to narrate, show an extraordinary insight into the motives that, even to-day, animate thinkers, ministers, politicians, orators and leaders,—and possess the advantage of being ‘out of harm’s way.’ It is impossible to read these palpitating sketches without benefit, so rarely do men even to-day look beneath the surface, and realise that words and professions must inevitably be claims, pleas, pretences, advertisements and concealments rather than confessions, or self-betrayal. Wise would be he who would profit by Numenius’s dissection of problems similar to our own, and his preference for deeds, rather than words.

As individual, as poet, as humorist, and as man of the world, therefore, Numenius’s personality will deservedly be welcomed to the international world of letters and comparative religion.

B. NUMENIUS AS A THINKER.

But Numenius’s personality does not suffice for us here. We wish to know his importance as a thinker. To ascertain this in the most impartial and authoritative way, we may turn to Ueberweg, whose *History of Philosophy* (i. 245) tells us that :

Philo of Alexandria, the Jew, had introduced the distinction between God and his world-building forces, which latter together constituted the divine Logos; Plutarch of Cheronea had treated of God as unknowable in his essence, and cognisable only in his world-constructing activity; Numenius of Apamea had hypostatized God himself and the Demiurge into two different beings, with whom the world was to be classed as a third; and Plotinus went further in the same direction. With Plato he styled the supreme essence 'the One,' the Good *per se*, but denied to it—which it still retained in the doctrines of Philo and Plutarch—the epithet of Being, for he taught that it transcended Being; he also denied to it the faculty of thought—in opposition to Numenius—affirming that it was also exalted above the rational nature.

The most noteworthy deviation of Numenius from Plato (but which was not recognised by him as such) consists in this, that he—following, perhaps, the precedent of the Christian Gnostics, especially the Valentinians, and indirectly influenced by the distinction made by the Jewish-Alexandrian philosophers between God himself and his power working in the world (the Logos),—distinguished the world-builder as a second God, from the highest deity. The first God is good in and through himself; he is pure thought-activity, and the principle of being. The second God is good by participation in the essence of the first; he looks towards the super-sensuous archetype, and thereby acquires knowledge; he works upon matter, and thus forms the world, he being the principle of genesis or becoming.

The world, the production of the Demiourgos, or World-builder, is the third God. Numenius terms the three Gods, respectively, Father, Son, and Grandson. Numenius ascribes this doctrine not only to Plato, but also even to Socrates. Harpocrates also followed Numenius in the doctrine of the three highest Gods. He also calls them Father, Doer and Done (Creator and Creation).

C. NUMENIUS AS A THEOLOGIAN.

1. The above quotation from Ueberweg shows that it is to Numenius the thinking world, in the Greco-Roman sphere, owes the philosophical conception of a

group of three Gods, all connected in foundation, office and function. It is true that the Egyptians had taught and worshipped many triads, and had interpreted them philosophically also. Nevertheless the medium and time of transmission is not so clear; their teachings may have been 'philosophised' in the Hermetic writings, and through Gnosticism entered into vogue. No doubt such teachings had influence on Philo, who, as Ueberweg shows, started the movement that culminated in Numenius.

The philosophical need for a Saviour, as leader of the world-development, or evolution (12), is also expressed by Numenius. Moreover he considers this goal of evolution as an 'only eternal salvation which hovers over all' (30₂₁), while the Logos is the mediator thereof (19). Further, Numenius teaches that God is the Standing One (30₂₀), thus keeping in line with the familiar references thereto. Moreover we find in Frag. 48 an explanation of the striking phrase 'that God may be all in all.'

2. Predestination and election appear in very familiar form in Numenius's writings. Human progress, it seems (27₉), streams down from the Divine Reason, who gives largesse of his benefactions to all—that is, to all who were appointed to share it. Again (33₆), he communes with them that commune with him, even only in thought. So we see a philosophical basis of salvation which is so genuine that it appeared before the development of doctrines.

3. The purpose of incarnation was quite distinctly purgatorial—a beneficent incarnation (43). For Numenius's psychology was two-fold: the soul was both reasonable and irrational; the former immortal, the latter mortal, or of this world (53). It was

the former part, evidently, which descended from its incorporeal pre-existent condition into the body, and which did so in order to be able to expiate former moral delinquency. Kronius, who is often mentioned in connection with Numenius, and is by Porphyry described (54) as his friend, seems to have shared in these opinions. Salvation and incarnation were therefore closely connected, and applied to every man the truth later retained only in restricted, exclusive application.

It is fascinating to read into ancient writers adumbrations of our modern standpoints, even though not always quite safe. It would be tempting them to attribute to Numenius the genetic method which we are nowadays applying to psychology, metaphysics, and other studies. As a matter of fact, however, Numenius does look upon a process of growth or development as the only practical solution of the old Eleatic and Heraclitic puzzles of existence.

D. NUMENIUS AS PROPHET.

When we speak of a 'prophet,' we mean not a predictor, but a teller of truth, in the best sense and history of the word. It has already been seen above that even, in the sense of prediction, Numenius might be considered a prophet of our modern comparative religion; he was a sort of Greek Max Mueller. It is indeed true that a comparison between systems of religion and philosophy had not been unheard of,—Philo, for instance, had read Greek philosophy into the Hebrew Scriptures. Then it is also true that a sort of confessionalised comparative religion for apologetic purposes survived Numenius; Clement of Alexandria,

Justin, Irenæus, Tertullian and all the apologists had not hesitated to 'spoil the Egyptians,' by claiming that the Greek writers had stolen from Hebrew and Christian. But the standpoint of Numenius was very different. Even in purely Greek philosophy he was an eclectic. He combined Pythagorean and Platonic opinions, so that while conceding to Pythagoras the highest authority, and while asserting that Plato borrowed the essential part of his teachings from him, he gave predominance to the Platonic element. Further, he does not scruple to trace the philosophy of the Greeks back to the wisdom of the Orient, and calls Plato an Atticising Moses (13), and this, be it noticed, without leaving purely philosophic ground, or rather, while remaining a believer in all good everywhere—the proper standpoint for the study of comparative religion.

E. NUMENIUS AS HELPER.

One of the most striking convictions of the reader of Fragg. 2-9 will probably be that reason alone, without facts of experience to go on, had in the later Greek ages reached its limit; all that was left were personalities and over-refinements. Numenius apparently tried to escape these vicious circles, by gathering what facts he could from other religions; but even so, he seemed to feel the vanity of further effort. Like the Jewish Rabbis, like Philo, in fact, he took refuge in reading moral meanings into Homer, myths, legends and tales—biographical details of Jesus, the Atlantean legend, the myths of Plato,—everything served as grist for his metaphysical mill.

Thus he earned the golden name of mystic by

handing down the great method of allegorical and mythical interpretation from Philo down to Origen, and ultimately to Swedenborg. But Numenius was more catholic than these. Philo had applied spiritual interpretation only to Hebrew scripture; the Christian mystics, including Swedenborg, to the Bible only. But following the lead of the Stoics, like Porphyry and Jamblichus, Numenius applied it to all great writings—chiefly to the Homeric library, the bible of the Greeks. This was only a glimmering of the eternal truth that the spiritual language of the universe is symbolism, interpretation, and significance. But Numenius stood alone in applying this interpretative method to both the Christian and Homeric writings, and made practical use of this interpretative method for his own purposes. With him, therefore, the method first became unsectarian and self-conscious—something that was to lie dormant for well-nigh two millenniums.

In the second place, Numenius's first fragment, on the reason why the Academicians forsook Plato, seems yet to stand alone in any literature as a philosophic exposition of the '*disciplina arcani*,' to which Bishop Bull and Liddon make such valorous appeal to explain the seeming heresy of some Ante-Nicene fathers, who were supposed to keep their orthodox views sacredly reserved for privacy. Indeed, after Numenius's careful treatment, Bull's and Liddon's claims lose their preposterousness, although the adoption of so circumstantial a policy by so many and so different writers, at different times and in different lands, does not become any more probable. Nevertheless, it is the first and only psychological study of such methods, and being out of 'harm's way' (in touching only Plato, who nowadays has no

official champions) is quite accessible for general consideration, without wounding any susceptibilities. To Numenius, therefore, belongs the palm of being the first and chief scientist of mysticism.

In the third place, Numenius claims the golden name of mystic for the best reason of all—by teaching that contemplation of the Good was the chief purpose of life (10); sharing this on one hand with Plotinus, and on the other with Clement of Alexandria, Origen, St. Bernard and St. Teresa, and the whole host of latter-day mystics. The methods of tranquillity and meditation he also teaches, and thus, in every aspect earns the title of helper to immediate beatification and ecstasy, the flight of the alone to the Alone, which expression, therefore, should not be credited to Plotinus solely (10).

CONCLUSION.

In saying farewell to Numenius we are, as it were, dazzled by the convergence of these various rays—his personality (individual, poetic, humoristic, worldly-wise), his originality as a thinker, his suggestion of doctrines that have swayed the world for centuries, his creation of comparative religion, his scientific and practical mysticism—any of which alone, would entitle him to a permanent and prominent place in the world's history—when all these glories converge, they create nothing less than a splendour, a great light to cheer, console and guide us; and we cannot help being grateful that at sundry times and in divers places God has not left himself without witnesses to his presence in his world.

KENNETH S. GUTHRIE.

(The references are to the Fragments of Numenius, the text and a German translation of which are being published by Teubner of Leipzig.)

THE MADONNA OF PONTMAIN.

JESSIE L. WESTON.

ON February 19, 1911, I was present in the church of Saint Roch, Paris, when Père Barbedette, '*le Voyant de Pontmain*' (as my neighbour, a priest, explained, on my enquiring the name of the preacher), related to a crowded congregation the details of the Apparition of the Blessed Virgin, which heralded the close of the Franco-Prussian war, and of which he, as a boy of ten, had been an eye-witness.

Apart from the fact that the story was a record of personal experience, there were certain features which impressed me as of unusual interest, and on returning home I wrote down a full account of the sermon, and, the next day, verified the statements by reference to the printed accounts accessible in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

The following is an accurate transcription of the story as related by Père Barbedette; the introductory section can, of course, have been known to the reverend Father only at second-hand, and the incident may not have occurred precisely as he told it.

Pontmain is a small village in Mayenne, the department which formed the Western limit of the Prussian invasion, and on the 17th of January, 1871, a detachment of German soldiers was told off to occupy the position, as an advance guard of the invading army. The officer in command was a Catholic (probably the troops in question were Bavarians), and when they

had nearly reached their objective he suddenly halted his men, exclaiming: "We can go no further; there is a Madonna there I do not know!" (*"Il y a là une Madonne que je ne connais pas"* were the Father's words). He wheeled the troop round and marched them back to camp, where they were met by the news that an armistice had been concluded, the war was practically at an end, and the village was never occupied.

Now this is what, on the evidence of an eyewitness, was at that very moment happening in Pontmain. On the evening of that 17th of January, when the school closed, the two Barbedette boys, Eugène, aged 12, and Joseph (the preacher), aged 10, went, as usual, on their way home to the barn (*grange*), where their father was at work. The elder boy, Eugène, after a little went to the door, and stood there for some time, 'to look at the weather,' he said. An old woman, one of the neighbours, who had received news of the eldest Barbedette son, who was with the army, came in, and remained some time; as she was leaving Eugène came to the door with her, and asked if she saw anything above the roof of the cottage opposite; she answered in the negative. Eugène then called his brother, Joseph, and asked him to look in that direction; whereupon the boy at once cried out: "*Oh! la belle dame!*" As he explained to us he saw a beautiful lady, standing in the sky, her feet a little above the line of the opposite roof, looking straight at the two boys, and smiling. Eugène said that was what he saw too. In great excitement the boys called their father, who, however, could see nothing; but as the children insisted, he went off to fetch their mother.

While he was absent three stars appeared, one above the head, one above each shoulder of the Figure.

"They were far brighter than ordinary stars," the preacher assured us. On the return of the parents the mother, like the father, saw no Figure, but both saw the brilliant stars. The mother, evidently believing that the children saw something, expressed her conviction that the vision, whatever it might be, portended the death of her soldier son, and calling the boys into the barn she closed the door, and recited the Prayers for the Dying, a proceeding which, as the Father frankly told us, bored them exceedingly!

After this, she marched them home to supper, disregarding their entreaties to remain. The home was round a curve of the village street, and the apparition was not to be seen from there. During the meal the children could talk of nothing but their '*belle dame*,' urging their mother to allow them to go back to the barn. She asked: "How tall was the Figure?" They answered: "As tall as Sœur Timothée," the Sister who taught them the Catechism.

This seems to have suggested to Madame Barbedette the advisability of consulting the Sister in question; and after supper she took her boys back to the barn, where, to their delight, they saw the Lady, standing in the same place, and regarding them with the same friendliness.

Leaving them, the mother went off to the Convent at the further end of the village, quickly returning with Sœur Timothée, who, like all the adults on that memorable night, saw nothing beyond three brilliant stars. The idea, however, occurred to her of fetching some of their '*pensionnaires*,' for the Sisters kept a school for girls of a superior class. Hurrying back to the Convent she returned with a party of her pupils. At once two of the children, girls of 11 and 9, broke

into exclamations of delight, and from their words it was evident they saw precisely the same Vision beheld by the two little brothers.

Sœur Timothée now seems to have grasped the fact that the children were being vouchsafed a genuine Apparition of the Blessed Virgin, and hurried off to fetch the parish Priest. The news spread, and in a short time the whole population of Pontmain, old and young, were gathered together in the village street; but of all the newcomers only a boy of six, in delicate health (he died a few months later of consumption), and a baby girl in her mother's arms, who stretched out her arms toward the Figure, laughing, and crying out, "*Jésus! Jésus!*" saw anything beyond the stars.

The Priest now ordered the recitation of the Rosary, during which the robe of the Figure became studded with stars. Then a white scroll appeared beneath the feet, on which an inscription formed itself, in capitals of gold, appearing stroke by stroke, so that, as Father Barbedette said, the children amused themselves by guessing what each letter would be.

The first word formed was '*Mais*'; but when the children announced this, the Sister, who probably expected something like "*Je suis l'Immaculée Conception*" of Lourdes, objected: "The Blessed Virgin would not begin a sentence with *Mais*." Whereon the little girls retorted: "If we are naughty, Sister, you say '*Mais soyez sages, mes enfants*,' and if you begin with '*Mais*' why should not the Blessed Virgin?" When completed the inscription finally read thus: "*Mais priez toujours, mes Enfants, vous serez exaucés. Mon Fils se laisse toucher*," the last phrase being underlined in fire. (It seems that during the whole of the war

special intercession had been offered on behalf of the men who had gone from Pontmain to the front.)

During all this time from sixty to eighty people were on their knees in the street; and as they knelt thus a charcoal burner from the forest came up and announced: "You have much need to pray; but it is too late; the Prussians are here!" As we have seen, however, they never arrived.

Presently, in the hand of the Figure there appeared a crucifix, in glowing crimson light. The preacher mentioned also certain other details, such as a wreath of light, like lighted tapers, surrounding the Figure, but these elaborations may have been due to suggestion, by familiar Church decorations, when the children once realised what they were beholding.

Gradually all the popular devotions in honour of the Blessed Virgin, the Magnificat, Litanies, the 'Ave Maris Stella,' had been sung, and, as the cold was becoming intense, the Priest began the *Prière du Soir*. As he did so a cloud, like a white veil, rose from beneath the feet, and gradually obliterated the Figure. The whole period covered by the Apparition was from four to five hours, the boys saw it first about 5 p.m., and from 6.15 to 9 the whole population was out in the street, listening to the description given by the excited children.

Subsequently an Ecclesiastical Enquiry was held, the evidence of the four elder children taken, and the authenticity of the Apparition officially proclaimed. Pontmain is now a place of pilgrimage, a fine church has been erected with a tablet recording the fact of the Apparition, and its official confirmation, and outside the church is a statue, designed from the description given by the children, a simple, dignified figure of the

Blessed Virgin, in flowing dress and mantle, a crown on the head, and a crucifix in the hand.

In the above story there are some really remarkable features. As a well-attested record it seems to me immeasurably superior to the more famous Apparition of Lourdes. It was seen by six children, including the two who were judged too young for their evidence to be officially taken, in the presence of from sixty to eighty adults, who certainly were in no doubt as to the genuine nature of the children's delight, and excitement; Père Barbedette said they were 'jumping for joy.' The Vision of Lourdes was seen by one child alone. The whole detail of the inscription, the manner in which it appeared, stroke by stroke, letter by letter, with the characteristic little passage of arms between the Sister and her pupils, bear the stamp of authenticity. The manner in which the preacher described it left no doubt that the good Father absolutely believed in the reality of what he saw.

Whether the children actually beheld 'a beautiful lady,' or whether they were the witnesses of some brilliant celestial phenomenon, which the 'suggestion' of their elders translated for them into this particular form, it is impossible to say, but that the village of Pontmain was, on that January evening, the scene of a remarkable spiritual manifestation I, for one, have no manner of doubt.

For those interested in such manifestations the record possesses, as I have said above, certain unique features, and it seems to me to deserve to be more generally and widely known than it is at present.

NOTE.—The detail of the German officer suggests

certain questions. One would like to know precisely the hour at which the march was stopped, and compare it with the record of the various stages of the Apparition. Again, was the impression visual, or mental? Did the officer *see* the Madonna or only *feel* her proximity? How near did they get to the village? That the enemy were close at hand seems evident from the words of the charcoal-burner; it is equally certain that they never carried out the intended occupation. It seems probable that the influence of the manifestation was really felt beyond the immediate witnesses; but here, of course, we have only second-hand evidence.

JESSIE L. WESTON.

THE LAKE OF HIGH HOPE.

FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

A MAN stood watching a primrose dawn. There was a cloud upon his face; none on the wide expanse of light-suffused sky beyond the dim distance of the world. At his feet lay, stretching far, irregularly, into the grey mistiness of morning, a great sheet of water. The dawn showed on it as in a mirror, save where tall sedges and reeds sent still-shining shadows over its level light. Unutterable peace lay upon all things; they seemed still asleep, though the new day had come, bringing with it good and evil, rest and strife.

And then, suddenly, there was a change. The man turned swiftly at a light footstep behind him to see a woman, and in an instant passion leapt up, bringing with it joy and despair; for the woman was another man's wife.

But something in her face made him open his arms and take her close to his clasp. It seemed to him as if he had been waiting for this moment ever since he was born.

She was a little bit of a woman, frail and fair, who looked over-weighted by her dark riding habit, but both seemed lost in the man's hold, as, vibrating with tense emotion, he stood silent, their mingled figures forming a swaying shadow against that further light.

"At last," he said in tender exultation, "at long last!"

She threw back her head, then, and looked him in the eyes, hope and fear and joy and sorrow showing in her face.

"I couldn't stand it—at the last," she almost sobbed, "when it came to going away, and leaving you here—alone——with that awful risk—for no one can say—what mayn't come——with cholera. *He*"—her voice trembled over the small syllable—"started earlier—I am to meet him by and by—so I came round—just to see you—and now." She buried her face again, and the sobs shook her gently. He tightened his hold.

"I'm glad!" he replied in a hard voice. "It was bound to come sooner or later—you couldn't go on for ever—an angel from heaven couldn't go on standing—it all. But now—" his voice changed—"now you and I—" He broke off and raised his head to listen.

It was a wild weird cry, that echoed and re-echoed over the wide stretches of water, that rose in one long continuous melodious wail from every reed-bed, every thicket of sedge, every tuft of low tamarisk and bent rush; for it was the dawn-cry of the myriad wild fowl which haunted this low-lying *jheel* of Northern India; and, swift as thought, with a thunderous whirr of wide wings, the birds, teal and mallard and widgeon, white-eye pochard and green shank, purple heron and white, rose in ones, in twos, in threes, in flocks, in companies, in serried battalions.

The primrose dawn was half effaced, the coming day was darkened by wheeling, veering, eddying flight, and the peace vanished in the strife of wings.

"By George! what a shot!" cried the man excitedly, even passion forgotten as a trail of whistling teal swooped past unconscious of them to settle on the

still water, then, recognising unlooked-for humanity, veered at sharp angle to rise again into the troubled air.

But the woman clung closer. To her the interruption was terrible. The soaring birds brought home to her what she had done, and before that knowledge compelling emotion stopped abruptly.

"It is very foolish of me," she murmured brokenly, "and very wrong—though I don't know!—I don't know! It was your danger—and I was so tired—besides it—it need make no difference."

"No difference?" he echoed in joyous, incredulous exultation. "Why, of course, it makes all the difference in the world, little woman. You and I can never go back again, *now*! We can never pretend again that we don't care! No! when this cholera camp is over, and I have time, we must think over what is to be done—but it's final. Yes! it's final, my darling, my darling!"

His kisses rained on her face, his heart encompassed her. So they stood for a while oblivious of the wheeling, veering, eddying wings above them, oblivious of all things save that they were lovers, and that they knew it.

Then she left him. 'He' would be wondering why she was so late; but Suleimán, the Arab pony, would soon carry her over the sandy plain. The man remained watching the slight figure on the bounding grey till it was lost in the "azure silk of morning." Then he returned slowly to the *jheel* again, lost in thought. There was a good deal whereof to think, for she was a mother; by ill-luck the mother of girls. Why had she worn those tiny presentments of their sweet baby faces in the double-heart brooch which

fastened her folded tie? She had not thought, of course; but it had somehow come between him and his kisses after he had noticed it.

Well! it was unfortunate; but that sort of thing had to be faced, and he *would* face it after he had seen his cholera camp through; for he was a doctor, and the thought of what might lie before him was with him as a background to all others. He had chosen a good place for the camp yonder among the low sandheaps, which were the highest point in all the desert plain, and if that did not kill the germ they could move on.

Meanwhile — — —. He drew a long breath, and looked out over the water. The primrose dawn had passed to amber, the amber was beginning to flame, the whirring wings had carried the birds to distant feeding grounds, only a flock of egrets remained fishing solemnly in a distant shallow.

"The Huzoor is looking for God's birds," said a courteous voice beside him. "They have gone, likely, to the Lake of High Hope, for it nears the time of transit to a Higher Land."

The speaker was an old man, seated so close to the water that his feet and legs were hidden by it. He had a simple pleasant face, which over-thinness had refined almost to austerity.

The doctor took stock of him quietly. His speech proclaimed him a down-country man, his lack of any garment save a strip of saffron cloth around his loins suggested asceticism, but his smile was at once familiar and kindly.

"Mānsarovar?" replied the Englishman carelessly, "is that what you mean? I am told the birds really do go there during the hot weather. I wonder if it is true. I should like to see it." He spoke

half to himself, for he was somewhat of an ornithologist, and the tale of the great West Tibetan Lake of Refuge for God's dear birds—that lake far from the haunts of men amid the eternal snow and ice, into which so many streams flow, out of which come none—had caught his fancy.

“The Huzoor can go when he chooses,” remarked the old man placidly; “but he must leave many things behind him first; the *mem sahiba*, for instance.”

The doctor felt himself flush up to the very roots of his hair, and his first instinct was to fall upon the evident eavesdropper. Consideration natheless condemning this course, he tried cool indifference.

“You have been here some time, I perceive,” he said calmly.

“I have been all the time behind the *shivala*,” acquiesced the other with beautiful frankness, as he pointed to a large black upright stone set on end by the water. “The Huzoor was—was too much occupied to observe this slave.”

“So that is a *shivala*, is it,” interpolated the Englishman hurriedly; “it doesn't look much like a temple.”

“We pilgrims call it so, Huzoor, and we worship it.”

“Then you are a pilgrim—whither?”

“To the Lake of High Hope, Huzoor,” came the answer, and there was a tinge of sadness in the tone. “I have been going thither these twenty years past, but my feet are against me. God made them crooked.”

He drew them out of the water as he spoke, and the doctor's professional eye recognised a rare deformity; recognised also that they were inconceivably blistered and worn.

"You will not get to Mānsarovar on those," he said kindly; "they need rest, not travel."

The old man shook his head, and a trace of hurry crept into his voice. "I give them such rest as I can, Huzoor. That is why I sit with them in Heaven's healing water; but I must get to Mānsarovar, or my pilgrimage will be lost—and it is not for my own soul, see you." Then he smiled brilliantly. "And this slave will reach it, Huzoor. Shiv's angels tell me so."

"Shiv's angels?" queried the doctor.

"The birds yonder, Huzoor," replied the old man gravely, pointing to the flock of fishing egrets. "Some call them rice birds, and others egrets, but they come from Shiv's Paradise—one can tell that by their plumes—perhaps that is why the *mems* are so fond of wearing them."

A sudden memory of her face as he had first seen it beneath a snowy aigrette of such plumes assailed the doctor's mind, but it brought a vague dissatisfaction. "*Herodias alba*," he muttered to himself, giving the Latin name of the birds; "more likely to have something to do with dancing away a man's head!" Then a vague remorse at the harshness of his thought made him say curiously: "And why must I leave the *mem* behind if I want to reach the Lake of High Hope?"

"Because she is a mother, Huzoor," came the unexpected reply, followed by deprecating explanation. "This slave has good eyes—he saw the child-faces on her breast."

Once again the doctor felt that unaccustomed thrill along the roots of his hair. What right had this old man to see—everything—and to preach at him?

A sudden antagonism leapt up in him against all rules, all limitations.

"Well! I don't mean to leave her behind, I can tell you," he said almost petulantly. "When a man has found Paradise—"

"Shiv's Paradise is close to the Lake of High Hope," interrupted the suave old voice.

"D—n Shiv's Paradise!" cried the doctor; then he laughed. "It's no use, brāhmanjee, for I suppose you *are* a brāhman. I'm not going to be stopped by snow or ice. Look here"—his mood changed abruptly to quick masterful protest—"that would be to give up happiness. Now! what makes you happy? Holiness, I expect! being a pilgrim! high caste! one of the elect! Give that all up, brāhmanjee—and—and I'll think about it. And if you'll come over there," he pointed to the low sand-hills as he spoke, "this evening, I'll give you an ointment for those blistered feet of yours—you'll never get to Mānsarovar otherwise, you know."

"I shall get there some time, Huzoor," came the confident reply.

Perhaps the old man came; perhaps he did not. The doctor was far too busy to care, since before daylight failed he found himself face to face with the tightest corner of his life. The promise of the primrose dawn passed before noon. Heavy rain clouds massed themselves into a purple pall, dull, lowering, silent; until with the close of day, the courage of the coming storm rose in low mutterings.

And then, at last, the rain fell—fell in torrents. It found the regiment—seeking safety from the scourge of cholera—on the march, and disorganised it utterly. With baggage-waggons bogged, soldiers already dis-

couraged by dread, all drenched and disordered, there was nothing to be done but keep cool and trust that chance might avert disaster, since no man could hurry up tents that were miles behind.

"There's another man in G company down, sir," said the hospital sergeant, "and the apothecary reports no more room in his ward."

"There's room here," replied the doctor, setting his teeth. "Orderly! put a blanket in that corner, and lift Smith to it—he's getting better—he'll do all right."

So yet one more man found a cot and such comfort as skill and strength of purpose could give him, while the thunder crashed overhead and the pitiless rain hammered at the taut tent roof like a drum.

One had to shout to make oneself heard.

"Lights! I say! Lights! I've been calling for them these ten minutes. Why the devil doesn't some one bring them? I can't see to do anything."

The doctor's voice rang resonantly; but the lights did not come. The waggon with the petroleum tins was hopelessly bogged miles away; in the confusion no one had thought of lights.

"Thank God for the lightning," muttered the doctor with unwonted piety, as with awful blinding suddenness the whole hospital tent blazed into blue brilliance, putting out the miserable glimmer of the oil lantern that had been raised from somewhere. In that brief luminous second he could at least see his patients—thirty of them or more. It was not an encouraging sight. The livid look on many faces might be discounted by the lightning, but there was an ominous stillness on some that told its tale.

"Gone! Bring in another man from outside,"

came the swift verdict and order, after a moment's inspection with the oil lantern.

"Beg pardin, sir," almost whined a hospital orderly, "but Apothecary Jones have sent to say he's took himself, an' can't go on no more; an' beggin' your pardin, sir, I'm feeling awful bad myself."

The doctor held up the lantern and its bull's eye showed a face as livid as any in the tent; a face distorted by justifiable horror and fear.

"Go into the quarantine tent, it's up by now, and tell them to give you a stiff-un of rum with chlorodyne in it. You'll be better by and by—I've no use for you here."

And he had no use for him—that was true. Shaking hands and trembling nerves were only in the way in a tight corner like this. So, one by one, men fell away, leaving the one strong soul and body to wrestle with a perfect hell.

For the rain never ceased, the thunder went on crashing, the lightning was almost incessant. Thank God for that! Thank God for the three inches of running water on the floor of the tent that swept away its unspeakable uncleanness, for the thunder's voice that drowned all other sounds, for the blessed light which made it possible to work.

The very sweepers disappeared at last. No one was left save that one strong soul and body, and even he stood for a second dazed, irresolute.

"How can this slave help the Protector of the Poor?" came a courteous voice beside him, and he turned to see a smile at once familiar and kindly.

"How?" echoed the doctor stupidly, then he recovered himself. "You can't. You're a brāhman—high caste—all that."

"This slave has come to help the Huzoor so that he may be able to reach Mānasa Sarovara," was the quiet insistent reply. "Where shall he begin?"

A sudden spasm almost of anger shot through the strong soul and body as vaguely, dimly, it realised and recollected—then, as rudely, as roughly, gave no choice save the most menial work. But instant obedience followed, and the doctor, dismissing all other thoughts, plunged once more into the immediate present. The rain pelted, the thunder roared, but every time that blue brilliance filled the tent, it showed two men at work, both doing their duty nobly.

A born nurse! thought the doctor almost remorsefully as he saw the old man moving about swiftly, and remembered those blistered, bleeding feet.

"They must hurt you—awfully," he said at last.

"God's healing water cools them, Huzoor," replied the old man with a radiant smile. "I shall not be delayed in reaching the Lake of High Hope."

So the long night drew down to dawn once more, and dawn brought peace again, even to the cholera camp. An hour and a half passed without one fresh case, and the doctor, realising that the crisis was over, found time to notice the grey glimmer of light stealing through each crack and cranny of the tent. He set the flag aside and looked out. The primrose east was all barred with purple clouds, the distant *jheel* lay in still shining shadow, but there was no concerted dawn-cry of the wild birds, and the flights of whirring wings were isolated, errant.

"The call has come to them, Huzoor," said the suave old voice beside him. "They have gone to Mānasa Sarovara, leaving all things behind them."

The Englishman turned abruptly, almost with an oath, and began to count the costs of the night. Thirty-six dead bodies awaiting burial; but no more—no more!

With the mysterious inconsequence of cholera, the scourge had come, and gone. Seen in the first level rays of the sun, the camp looked almost cheerful, almost bright. A couple of doctors had ridden out from headquarters—there was no more to be done.

“I’ll go out for a bit, and shake off the hell I’ve been in all night,” said the doctor to the chief apothecary, who was recounting his past symptoms with suspicious accuracy. So he went out, and wandered round the *jheel* watching a flock of egrets—*Herodias alba*—that still lingered in its level waters. Were they really Shiv’s angels?—or did they dance away men’s brains — — ?

The sun was already high when he returned to camp, looking worn and tired. The hospital orderly, whom he had sent to bed with rum and chlorodyne, was standing, spruce and alert, at the canteen.

“Feeling better, eh Green?” he said kindly, as he passed, then added: “All right, I suppose. No more cases or deaths?”

“No, sir,” replied the orderly, saluting somewhat shamefacedly, “leastways, not to count. There’s a h’old man as they found dead outside the camp about quarter of an hour ago, but not being on the strength of the regiment ’e don’t count.”

Five minutes afterwards the doctor, his face still more tired and worn, was looking down on the body of his helper. It must have been one of those sudden cases in which collapse comes on from the very first, for no one had seen the old man ill. They had simply

found him lying peacefully dead, with his blistered deformed feet in a pool of water.

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The doctor wrote a letter; it was rather a wild letter about plumes and egrets, and the difficulty of distinguishing *Herodias alba* from the stock which brought babies. For the strain of that night in hell, and the subsequent fever brought on by wandering about the *jheel* land when he was out-wearied, had told even upon his body and soul.

So they sent him to the hills when he began to recover, and being a keen sportsman he did not stop in the Capuas of smart society, but made straight for the solitudes seeking for something to slay, for he felt a bit savage sometimes. And ever, though he did not acknowledge the fact, his route brought him nearer and nearer to that high Tibetan land where ice and snow reign eternal. Through Garhwāl and up by Kidarnāth, where the new-born Ganges issues from a frost-bound cave, until one day he pitched his little six-foot hunter's tent on the other side of the Holy Himalaya, and looked down into the wide upland valleys of Naki-khorsum, and up beyond them to the great white cone of Kailās, the Paradise of Shiva.

A mere iceberg cutting the clear blue sky. How cold, how distant, how utterly unsatisfactory! He stood looking at it in the chill moonlight after his two servants were snoring round the juniper fire on their beds of juniper boughs—looking, and smoking, and thinking.

He had thought much during his three months of solitary wandering, and now the time was coming when thoughts must be translated into action, for his

leave was nearly up. Should he go backwards or forwards? Go on to Mānasa Sarovara or set his face towards lower levels? Should Hope of the mind take the place of Hope of the body. Bah! he was a fool! He would be a sensible man and return. That was his last thought as he rolled himself in his hunter's blanket and lay down to sleep.

But the dawn found him plodding on in front of his two coolies towards that compelling cone of snow. He left the tent at the foot of the next ridge, and that night the last thing he saw was Orion's sword resting upon the summit of Mount Kailās.

Yes! he would go on. He would see if it were true that *Herodias alba* disported its plumes on the waters of the Lake of High Hope.

During the latter part of his wanderings he had, partly owing to the unsettled and hesitating state of his mind, diverged from the pilgrim track; but here, on this last day, he rejoined it, and in more than one place the bones of some one who had fallen by the way, showed amongst the flowers which carpeted every rent in the world's white shroud of snow; showed like streaks of snow itself, so bleached were they by long months of frost.

But the flowers! what countless thousands of them—low, almost leafless, hurrying in hot haste to blossom while they yet had time. And yet how pure, how cold, how colourless had not this mountain-side looked from afar. Almost as cold as Kailāsa which, viewed from the height of the pass, seemed barely more significant.

But every foot of descent made a difference, and soon over the rocky ravine it rose stupendous, its great glacier shining cold, inaccessible. Before long it would

over-top the sky and reach High Heaven. No wonder men thought of Paradise !

Down and down, through a mere cleft in the rocks that closed in, shutting out all view. . . .

Then, suddenly, he gave a little gasp and stood still.

So that was the Lake of the Soul's Hope—Mānasa Sarovara ! The pure beauty of it sank into him, its rest and peace filled him with content.

A wilderness—a perfect wilderness of bright-hued flowers between the snow slopes and the lake, whose blue waters gleamed like sapphires between the diamond icebergs that drifted hither and thither on its breeze-kissed waves.

But not one sign of life ; no movement, no noise, save every now and again a far-distant thunderous roar, and a puff of distant white smoke upon some mountain-side telling of a falling avalanche.

Cradled in snow yet wreathed in flowers ; solemn, secure, unchangeable !

It was a marvellous sight. He was glad he had come, for it was a place where one could think—*really* think.

So he stood and thought—*really*—for a while ; and then he took out his watch. Time was waning, for he had to re-climb the pass and rejoin his tent ere sundown. Still there was enough left for him to reach that jutting flower-set promontory, whence, surely, the best view of the whole would be obtained.

Yes ! decidedly the best ! Shiv's Paradise rising from the water's edge showed from hence equal-sided, serene, unassailable, a pure pyramid of ice.

Truly a sight never to be forgotten ; a sight well worth a pilgrimage. . . . Pilgrimage ?

And then some swift remembrance made him glance downwards and he saw before him the bleached skeleton of a man. Something in the attitude of it, the feet hidden in the lake, made him stoop curiously to see what that sapphire surface covered.

What was it?

He stood for some time looking down into the rippling water that whispered and whispered to the flowers ceaselessly; then he turned and climbed the hill again.

But, even if he had taken anything with him to Mānasa Sarovara he left it behind him there beside the skeleton of a man with curiously deformed feet. But the blisters had gone.

FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

NEC SCIRE FAS EST OMNIA.

HAST thou in thy vicissitudes of being
Pondered these questions: What thou art, and Wherefore?
Prised at the cunning locks of hidden purpose,
Or probed the heart of life to find its meaning?
Or read the riddle thy ambition sets thee?
Can'st thou from parchments of a dry philosophy,
Or symbols of occult prophetic lore,
Divine what goal awaits thy forward striving?

Like to a city set within a valley
Whose denizens, by primal needs enslavèd,
Seek not to scale the giant hills that shut them
From the wide vistas of the far horizon,
But daily circle the worn path of habit,
Harnessed to custom and by usage driven:
So is the soul which, set for boundless spaces,
Shuts out the vision of the spirit's peak-lands;
And, in the manner of the brutes that perish,
Crops the lush herbage of the valley pastures,
Content to browse and chew the cud in comfort,
Save when Calamity's sharp whip shall drive it
To the sparse fodder of the rocky hill-side.

Across the chequered dial of existence
The great Ordainer moves His flaming signals,
Unread of him who seeketh phantom pleasure,
Unseen of him whose gods are power and lucre;
He only, the tense thinker, forward seeing,
Reads them, interpreting their meaning rightly,
As with the soul of Nature he communeth,
Or with the deathless dead holds sacred converse.

If science with her searching lens inverted
 New worlds in space can find, their distance measure,
 Label each planet's speed and mass and orbit,
 Accounting why the rebel meteor falleth,
 Timing the advent of eclipse and comet,
 And see the cyclone shadowed in the sun-ray :
 Why, in the nebulae of incompleteness
 Which hangs portentous round thy brooding spirit,
 Can'st thou not in thy eager quest discover
 Some star in God's soul-firmament to capture,
 Wed it to thine and solve the dark enigma ?

Ah ! what dead legions long to dust resolvèd
 Have argued as thou arguest, done as thou do'st ;
 Fretted around the knees of Mother Nature
 And vexed her with incessant childish questions,
 Tugging her apron in the vain endeavour
 To draw some new elixir from her bosom,—
 Then, when she cuffed them in her hot resentment,
 Crept to a corner, chastened, though still curious.

Hast thou not read how late a mighty vessel
 Whose like was never seen on any ocean,
 Leapt like a carven wonder o'er the water,
 With crew outnumbering many an ancient army
 And speed which threw a gauntlet to the storm-cloud ;
 Whose caverned depths were turned to gilded harbours
 Vibrant with melody, where beauty dallied ;
 Whose polished decks were paths for kings of commerce ;
 Whose pulsing cargo was the wealth, wit, wisdom
 Which binds the daughter to the mother nation ?
 Didst thou not hear her glories echoed widely,
 What time the sons of Vulcan wrought upon her,
 While from the Thames, the Tyne, the Tees, the Mersey,
 Huge store of metal poured into her bowels ;
 And how with ancient woods from Indian forests
 To furnish her a thousand craftsmen fashioned,
 And laboured her with twice five hundred hammers ;
 Until, with luxury and science fitted,
 While beauty o'er her shoulders broke the wine-jar,

She hailed the ocean with a giant's challenge ?
 Science proclaimed her unto shock impervious ;
 The bartering money-changers high appraised her ;
 The ' Fourth Estate ' of adjectives stood beggared ;
 As grandly past the Lizard cliffs she glided,
 A blazing city, garnished to repletion,
 Bearing two thousand humans as her tally.

Then the rude shock, the doubt, the dread, the panic,
 Neptune's Inferno, while his tritons jested
 At Man's discomfiture. Ah ! how the sea-gods
 Laughed as Leviathan, a plaything broken,
 Split on the spear of the wave-ambushed iceberg.

What said the scribes unto this grim reprisal ?
 Shrill sped the voice of science o'er the chaos,
 Full of belated wisdom, void of comfort ;
 The stoic shrugged a shoulder, saying, ' Kismet ' ;
 The frenzied pulpit-zealot flung his dogma,
 Prating of Rome, of Babylon, of Carthage,
 Probing the wounds of widow and of orphan
 To plant the gangrene of his graceless gospel ;
 The poet wailed his threnody of passion ;
 Ten thousand choirs repeated solemn dirges ;
 While two vast continents in sackcloth shrouded
 Sat in the shadow of a mighty sorrow.

Then, when the crash had dwindled to a tremor,
 When cause and blame had busied the world-jury,
 And the last requiem died with the departed ;
 Subdued though undeterred by Fortune's checkmate,
 Man, yet undaunted, sat him down, all curious,
 With more pretentious plans beneath his finger,
 Boasting that air and sea are but his bond slaves.

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When blood is coltish and the judgment callow,
 We spurn the counsel of events and elders,
 And for each aim and act of our hot nature
 We deem the impulse an excuse sufficient,

Unseeing that restraint would leave us stronger
 To bind our object with the cords of reason.
 Then flesh puts blinkers on the soul's perception,
 As slow we travel through the lanes of habit,
 Until convention has become our gaoler,
 And never boast we half so loud of freedom
 As when we hug the links of our soul-shackles.

When comes the hurricane, the plague, the tempest,
 When fevers rage, when with lean, grinning visage
 Death crouches, lusting for his tardy toll-pence,
 And the great end we dreamed of is forgotten ;
 When outworn creeds shall mock us from the chaff-heap,
 And in the crash our cherished props are shaken ;—
 Then learn we that our wisdom is but boasting ;
 That we are feebler in our foolishness
 Than the despised beasts ; that in the issues
 Dividing all the seeming from the real,
 Not gold, nor creed, nor science can equip us
 With the all-conquering talisman ; that here
 All reverend instructors are as we,
 Naked of knowledge and to error prone.
 And from the depths, alone in our soul-starkness,
 We see beyond the day-mist and the cloud-wrack,
 The clockwork of the Infinite Eternal ;
 And as our vision grows, so grows the marvel
 That we so long have travelled bound and blinded.

Full oft the brain recoins the ancient questions :
 —What is the thing for which the world is waiting ?
 —Why are such multitudes incessant toiling
 Through the short three-score cycles of existence ?
 —Why does one man bear burdens like the oxen,
 Complaining not, although another goads him ?
 —Why, since like midges o'er a stagnant marsh-pool
 We dance our little hour amid the sunbeams,
 Should we be fretted with the dull foreboding
 Of what is waiting for us in the shadows,
 Or what shall happen to the other midges

Who rise from out our dust to buzz as we do ?
Shall we for æons ever keep ascending
To higher plains with loftier peaks above them,
And ever up in ceaseless grades progressive ?
Or, when the sunlight o'er the pool has darkened,
Shall we cast off this chrysalis of matter
And find the next phase void and a negation ?

Let not these dolours make thy wisdom poorer,
For, if it can give comfort to thy spirit,
Know that these doubtings have perturbed a myriad
Who now have reached a dizzier height of wonder,
And in new states are asking the old questions,—
But unto thine can give nor ear nor answer !

Fain would we know ourselves immune and deathless—
Oft in our pride we act as though we knew it—
And, while the red blood warms our untrained pulses,
We fling upon Life's table every hazard,
And reck not what we risk or how the game goes ;
Then, as the lights burn low and the grim croupier
Rakes in the counters of our spendthrift heyday,
We mark the follies that have foiled our chances
And—in our stubbornness, still unrepentant—
We grieve more for the failure than the folly,
And stand in trembling awe to wait the fiat :
Thus at the ending as at the beginning
We linger round the skirts of life in wonder.

Let not such broodings bring thee to disquiet
Or fasten on thy zeal their chilly fingers !
Doth not the very talent of thy reason
Prove thy equipment for a sphere immortal ?
Not fenced like fattened bees in a dull pasture,
Or as a caterpillar on a narrow petal ;
But as the lark leaps upward to the sunlight,
As soars the eagle through the distant storm-cloud,
Or as the darkness changes into daylight,
And the thin crescent moon to a clear circle,

So is the order of thy evolution.
 Reflected even in thy limitations,
 Thou mayest see sweet Mercy's purpose mirrored;
 All the pulsations of thy pain and passion,
 All the advantage of thy garnered knowledge,
 Thy small attainments and thy oft reverses,
 Are not chance ends, but epochs in thy struggle.

Fix, then, thy thought on manhood strong and generous,
 On sacred womanhood, exalted, hallowed,
 On life grown purposeful and full of meaning,
 Assured that none shall gain success with evil,
 And that no good thing is at last a failure.
 Blend thou a wise experience of things human
 With the high notes of God's diviner music,
 And know that though thy feet tread dusty levels
 Thou art but little lower than the angels.
 And of thy clean endeavour make a ladder
 By which thyself shalt climb, and ever climbing
 Shalt find the ladder growing as thou goest,
 'Till, when the topmost rung thy feet have trodden,
 Thou know'st it for God's eternal stairway.

GEO. H. NETTLE.

NOTES.

A NEW-FOUND MANICHÆAN TREATISE.

Un Traité manichéen retrouvé en Chine. Traduit et annoté par
MM. Ed. Chavannes et P. Pelliot. Extrait du 'Journal
Asiatique' (Nov.-Déc. 1911). Paris (Imprimerie Nationale).

QUITE recently there has been a marked revival of interest in the study of the most desperately ascetic faith the world has perhaps ever seen—the religion of Mani. Manichæism was one of the most bitterly persecuted religions on the face of the earth; so that in spite of its extraordinary vitality it was finally wiped out, and we were left till recently with nothing but the writings of its opponents from which to form any notion of its tenets. Some ten years ago, however, by a strange turn of the wheel of fate, a large number of fragments (some 800) of authentic Manichæan writings was disinterred by several scientific missions in the district of Turfan, in Chinese Turkestan, and at last we have in our hands the means of controlling some of the statements on which all previous studies of this religion have been based, and thus of revising to some extent our knowledge of a movement of very great importance for the comparative history of religion. The decipherment of these fragmentary MSS. has been of very great difficulty owing to the otherwise unknown scripts and dialects of the languages in which they are chiefly written—such as Pehlvi, Sogdian and Turki. In old Turkish we have preserved the translation of a most important document, no other than the *Confession of the Hearers* (*Khuastuanift*), the inferior grade of the Manichæan *Adepti*, the higher degree being called the Elect. Of this important document we have now two translations—namely by M. Radlov (1909) and Dr. von Le Coq (1911). Some of the Pehlvi and Sogdian pieces were translated by Dr. F. W. K. Müller as early as 1904; while in 1908 Prof. Franz Cumont, encouraged by the revival of interest in this subject, published a remarkable study of Manichæan cosmology, based chiefly on the Syriac account of Theodore bar Khôni, whose *scholia* were translated for the first

time by M. Pognon in 1898. The roundabout way in which this new knowledge has come to us reads more like fiction than sober fact; and yet the strange tale is not yet fully told, for we have now before us a French translation of a Chinese version or paraphrase of an important Manichæan treatise, found in the same district, in the caves of Tuen-huang, and now preserved in the National Library at Peking. The work is without title; but as the Chinese purports to be the instruction of the Messenger of Light himself, who is assuredly Mani, to a certain A-t'o (A-do), it may possibly be that it originally goes back to the collection of writings circulated among the Manichæans under the name of Addas in Greek (Syr. Addai), as Photius tells us, whom the *Acts of Archelaus* speak of as the apostle of the faith to the East. The Chinese verse-version itself is tentatively assigned by its translators to about 900 A.D. How far it correctly represents the (? Iranian) original, and whether it is translated from the original or from some intermediate version, is of course impossible to say. As it lies before us its style is manifestly approximated to that of the Chinese Buddhist sūtras. This, however, does not necessarily oblige us to conclude that it departs so very widely from the original in its essentials, for Buddhism was one of the three elements—later Masdaiism and Gnostic Christianity being the other two—out of which Mani conflated his doctrine. Though it is impossible for a layman to appreciate at its true value the admirable scholarship displayed on every page of this remarkable pioneer translation, its excellence must be evident to anyone acquainted with the obscurities of Manichæan studies; and even astonishment may be justly expressed at the industry and ingenuity that have been used to overcome the enormous difficulties of an entirely new nomenclature that is now added to the list of our 'sources.' To one unacquainted with the dialects of the languages of the new-found Manichæan MSS., which strain the acumen of the best-equipped philologists, the work that has been already done seems well-nigh marvellous. All this, nevertheless, the translators appear to have at their fingers' ends, so that their notes are of the greatest value.

But apart from questions of philology, the importance of the new treatise as a new source for controlling many still puzzling details of Manichæan cosmology and soteriology, in spite of the great advance recently made by the correction of a multitude of errors, is at once evident. And it is not only within the territory of Manichæism that these studies are of importance; for the more

clearly we can define the forms that this cosmological and soteriological mythology assumed in the religion of Mani the better position shall we be in to trace their genesis in pre-Manichæan traditions, and especially in that Mago-Chaldæan complex which was so predominant a factor in many systems of the pre-Christian and Christianised Gnosis, and which influenced the cosmological myths of Mithraism so profoundly. Together with the genesis of the religion of Mani must be discussed the origin and development of the extraordinary Syrian Gnostic movement that is known to us as Mandæanism, and at the same time the question of relationship between Manichæism and some of the so-called Coptic Gnostic works (that is Greek Gnostic works in Coptic translation), such as the *Pistis Sophia*, has to be considered. Did the latter, for instance, precede or not the teaching of Mani; did either borrow from the other, or are the similarities to be traced to a common source? However we decide, it is certain that the 'Persian' tradition exercised a very strong influence on all these movements, especially in the forms of the myths. Meantime, whatever we may think of the schemes of the Manichæan cosmology and soteriology, whatever opinion we may hold as to the exaggerated dualism of this religion, it is very manifest from the *Confession of the Auditores* that the ethics of the faith was one of the loftiest ever preached. This conclusion is strengthened by a perusal of the translation of the new-found treatise, which deals largely with the unceasing struggle between the two natures and the necessity of the most strenuous and scrupulous purification. The whole treatise purports to be an answer to the question: "Is the primitive nature of the carnal body single or double?" The 'sacred discourse' that follows is put in the mouth of the Light-Messenger, the Saviour, clearly Mani himself as the inspired revelator. He sets forth the graphic history of the mighty drama of the coming into existence of things by means of the awful conflict between the principles of Light and Darkness, Good and Evil, Love and Hate, and their successive forth-sendings. It is, however, to be noted that the power of the Demon is not equal to the majesty of the God; but that, just as in Christianity, the Light will eventually be victorious after certain times. Not only then is there no radical or absolute dualism in the religion of Mani, according to this treatise, but we find expressly that the Venerable of the Light of the World of Pure Light is to be identified with the Supreme Father of Greatness of Theodore bar Khôni's description of the Manichæan cosmogony and with the Zarvân of the

Pelhvi and the Äzrua of the Turki fragments from Turfan (p. 543 n. 2). Manichæism was then, like Mithraism, Zervanist, that is to say there was one origin, the spaceless and timeless Ineffable, from which both Ahura Mazda and Ahriman manifested, or in other words a unique supreme principle transcending opposites. Nevertheless the ceaseless struggle between the powers of Light and Darkness is for us here and now a most terrible reality, which in the case of the Manichæans was all the more sharply accentuated because they held—and this is rightly considered to be their fundamental error—that the carnal, that is for them physical, body was the work of the Demon of Lust, and evil in every way. The first part of the treatise tells us how this was believed to have been brought about, when at a certain moment of the great battle, following on the ever alternating fortunes of the fight, the stage of man was reached. In revenge for the cosmic imprisonment, by the Pure Spirit, of the five classes of demons in the pure bodies of the Light, the Demon in his turn imprisons and chains the light-man of the five members, called the 'five light-bodies' or elements, in the carnal body. This last the Demon has made into a little universe corresponding in all respects with the dark forces in the great world (p. 528).

In order to imprison and enchain the five light-natures in the carnal body, the Opposer made use of the thirteen dark forces (p. 528) corresponding with the thirteen supernal light-forces, which are made up of the five supernal light-bodies that constitute the prison in which the five classes of demons are chained, of the five watchers or magistrates that rule this supernal prison, of two great watchers, one who hears and one who answers, and of the thirteenth, the king and judge (p. 523). Here we have thirteen powers or thirteen æons, and at last a parallel and clue to the otherwise unique and puzzling 'thirteenth æon' of the *Pistis Sophia*.

When the light-man or luminous nature was thus imprisoned he lost his primal intuitions or primitive feelings, and became as one who is mad or blind drunk. How the Manichæan teacher tried to arouse in his hearers some vague notion of the awful and desperate fate of the luminous nature shut in and weighed down by the dark body, may be seen from the fantastic yet terrible figure employed in the text. The reader is bidden think of a cage woven together of intertwined serpents with their heads turned inward; within this living mass of writhing serpents the wretched prisoner hangs head downwards, while the

serpents on all sides spit their venom at him. How can such an one, it is asked, think with right reason or recall his manhood? He is overwhelmed with terror and out of his mind. So is it with the light-man when first shut in the carnal body. He forgets all; he forgets his supernal father and his mother, and his relatives, and all that formerly constituted his bliss (pp. 530, 531).

Now it has been said that Mani very probably got his knowledge of Christianity through the famous Syrian Gnostic Bardaisan. It is also conjectured that the beautiful Hymn of the Soul, as it is usually called, or the Hymn of the Pearl, or Hymn of the Robe of Glory as it has been named, was, if not written by Bardaisan himself, at any rate due to his school. In it we have the supernal father and mother and relatives, we have also the serpent of desire that guards a pearl, and the struggle to overcome the serpent and rescue the pearl. Curiously enough our Chinese treatise knows not only of one pearl but also of seven pearls, hidden in the labyrinth of the impure city of the Demon of Lust, probably once again the carnal body (p. 557). Perhaps these pearls may be the transcendental virtues; in any case our treatise elsewhere compares pity or compassion with the luminous nature that dwells in the dark body, and also to the precious pearl called 'moon-light,' which is the first among all jewels (p. 563).

It is well known that in both the cosmology and soteriology of Mani, the moon and sun, under the figure of luminous vessels or light-ships, play an important rôle. In the soteriology they are connected with the purification, respectively by water and fire, and the transportation of the souls of the righteous deceased across the ocean of the æther. Thus a sentence of our new-found treatise reads: "The Pure Spirit (or the Spirit of Purity) had made two luminous ships which he set upon the sea of life and death, to make it traversable for men of goodness and to bring them into their original domain, so that their light-nature might be perfectly calm and blessed" (pp. 531, 532).

In this connection the translators in a note significantly point out that, whatever may have been the various conceptions originally connected with the figures of the solar and lunar boats, in our Chinese text there is a distinct echo of the Buddhist idea of *Samsāra*, or the ocean of birth and death, and the saving passage there-over in order to arrive at the 'other side,' namely *Nirvāṇa*. The idea of the 'ships of salvation,' however, is probably not to be attributed to Buddhism originally, though the idea was sufficiently widespread in the East to find it in the Nestorian inscription

of Si-ngan-fu: "He caused the boat of compassion to be rowed forward for the ascent to the palace of light." The figures of the two light-boats must have existed from the beginning in Manichæism. It is natural at once to think of Egypt and the *baris* of the sun and the rest of the celestial ships, and especially of the picturesque description of the solar and lunar barques in the *Pistis Sophia*. Nevertheless, though in the latter document there is in some parts a strong Egyptian colouring, it is more probable that the idea of these two celestial vessels is of immediate Mago-Chaldæan derivation.

Speaking of the exfoliation and efflorescence of the saints, of the Pure and Elect, of their virtues and gnosés, and of the signs or characteristic marks of these virtues, our text says: "Such signs show that the twelve trees of the twelve forms of the Beneficent Light cause their first buds to put forth; on those trees a mass of precious flowers, unsurpassable, is for ever opening; when they burst open their radiance floods all things with light. Within each of these flowers countless Buddhas of transformation [*Nirmāṇa-kāyas*], one succeeding another without cessation, give birth unto their countless persons by means of transformations" (pp. 571, 572).

If this is not an expansion or the poetic license of the Buddhist translator, if it in any way gives us even a fair paraphrase of the original, then we have here a far closer parallel with Buddhism than we have previously met with in any Manichæan document.

As to the twelve trees of life (a conflation of the 'Persian' symbolic Paradise with the sidereal signs) and the twelve forms, in speaking of the mystic eschatological Day of the New Man, our text has the following interesting reference to the exalted Jesus: "Its twelve hours are the twelve light-kings of successive transformations; they are also the wondrous vestures of the conquering form of Jesus (Yi-chu, Yīšō) which he bestows upon the light-nature; by means of these wondrous vestures he adorns the inner nature so that it lacks nothing; he causes it to mount aloft and go forward and separate itself for ever from the fouled earth [*sci.* the carnal body]" (p. 566). The reference is to the transcendent Jesus, as the Light-Messenger, the Saviour, the Buddha, the Conqueror or Jina. As to the twelve forms of the Beneficent Light, the text tells us:

"The first is the great king; the second is wisdom; the third is victory perpetual; the fourth is joy; the fifth is perseverance

in practising the precepts; the sixth is truth; the seventh is faith; the eighth is endurance of wrong; the ninth is right thought; the tenth is meritorious action; the eleventh is purity of heart; and the twelfth is the totality of the light of the interior and exterior nature." These twelve great light-hours, when they enter into the five realms, which are Thought, Perception, Reflection, Intellect and Reasoning, "cause to ray forth in each of them one after another a boundless light; each of them successively manifests fruits which in their turn are boundless. These fruits are manifested in the assembly of pure adepts" (pp. 568, 569).

Here it is of interest to note that the five 'realms' of Thought, etc., are practically the same as the five æons in several of the Christianised systems of the Gnosis; moreover, the elaborate doctrine of the twelve trees of life which dominates the whole of the symbolic ethic may be paralleled in the early system now passing under the name of Justinus, and in the Coptic Gnostic works, where we have the seven trees and the five trees, just as we have them figured in the Mithra monuments. In the Coptic Gnostic works, moreover, we have the twelve saviours as a probable parallel to the twelve kings.

But whatever we may think of all this elaborate mythology and æonology, in the religion of Mani ethics held the chief place, and the whole 'revelation' was directed to the arousing of the most strenuous efforts for moral purification of a most rigidly ascetic nature. Apart from immediate revelation, the hearing of the doctrine from the mouth of one who had achieved union, was considered to be the most effective means of rousing the inner nature to its final struggle for freedom. This may be seen from the conclusion of the Chinese treatise, which, though exhaling a strongly Buddhistic atmosphere, can hardly be taken to be an appendix of the translator entirely without warrant of any kind from the original Iranian (?). The final paragraphs run as follows:

"Then, when in the assembly the masters and the others had heard the sacred discourse uttered, they stamped with joy and cried out that never had there been such teaching. The gods and the good spirits, the limited and the limitless, and also the kings of the [? five] realms, the multitude of the ministers and crowd of the four classes, both men and women, infinite and numberless, when they had heard this holy sermon, all rejoiced greatly. They all were enabled to conceive the desire of transcendent perfection, like unto plants and trees that on the coming of life-giving spring, swell and sprout without exception, cover themselves with blossoms

and bear their fruits which come to ripeness. It is their plucked-up and damaged roots alone that can no longer grow and increase.

"Thereon the masters and the others cast themselves down before the Messenger of the Light and worshipped him; they sank upon their knees and with joined hands thus addressed him:

" 'There is none but the great Holy One, the one and only worshipful in the three worlds, who is for the multitude of living beings universally a father and a mother replete with compassion; he is also the great Guide of the three worlds; he is also the great Physician for those who have in them a soul; he is also the wondrous Space that can contain all forms; he is also the supreme Heaven that encompasses all things; he is also the great Sea of deathlessness for all living beings; he is also the perfumed Mountain, vast and great, of all the jewels; he is also the precious Diamond Column that supports the multitude of beings; he is also the skilful and wise Pilot on the great sea; he is also the Hand of succour and compassion in the depths of fire; he it is also who in death gives Life Eternal; he is also the Central Nature that links the luminous natures of all living beings; he is also the Door of Light that sets us free from the dense prisons of the three worlds.'

"Further the masters and the others spake unto the Messenger of Light these words: 'The one and only Worshipful of the Great Light alone can sing the praises of the holy Virtue; it is not for us, with the paltry knowledges of our tongue of flesh to celebrate the merits and the wisdom of Ju-lai [the *Tathāgata* = He who thus comes]; of the thousands of ten thousands of the portions that he embraces, we know but few. Now have we roused our feeble virtue and our feeble knowledge, we have raised our poor little thought and we have sung the praise of the vast benevolence of the Holy One. We would desire that the great Holy One should cause his compassionate Heart to descend upon us to blot out the grievous crimes of the darkness which we have committed for countless ages (*kalpas*) unto this day, so that they be destroyed. Now, now no more will we let ourselves be neglectful; for ever will we take care to tend the precious unsurpassable trees in order that they may have all that they need. By using this water of the law we shall wash away all our impurities and our deep stains, so that our luminous nature may forever be pure. We will make use of this remedy of the law and of the great supernatural utterances in order to exorcise and cure all our mortal maladies of numerous ages so that they may be

entirely abolished and cured. We will make use of the strong armour of wisdom and we will gird ourselves therewith, to best these evil foes and win in every fight a crushing victory. We will make use of the wondrous vestures and head-dresses of all the forms, and we will adorn ourselves therewith, so that we may attain contentment in every circumstance. We will make use of the luminous types issued from the primal nature and we will stamp them upon us so that they may not be lost. We will make use of the various kinds of drink and food of this excellent nutriment to satisfy ourselves and banish from us hunger and thirst. We will make use of these wondrous and countless harmonies to give us joy and banish sorrows from us. We will make use of these rare jewels of every kind to dower ourselves with their bounties and so become rich and wealthy. We will make use of this net of light to cast it in the vast sea in order to gather ourselves together, to save ourselves and put ourselves aboard the precious boats. Now by the blessed help of this higher thought we have been enabled to see the rare distinctive marks of the great Holy One; moreover we have heard the Door of the wondrous Law, and he has put an end to our torments and impurities; our heart has been able to open and understand; it has received into itself the royal splendour of the pearl which causes all desires to be fulfilled; we have been enabled to walk in the straight path. The saints of the past in countless numbers have all been enabled, thanks to this Door, to overcome the four obstacles, and all beings possessed of [? light] bodies have entered into the realm of the Light, where they have rejoiced in boundless joy. Our one desire is that in the future all the light-natures may meet with a like Door of Light; if they see him and if they hear, then, as the saints of the past have done and as we have done ourselves, in hearing the Law may they rejoice and may their hearts open and understand; and in deep veneration and bowing down before him may they accept this doctrine without a thought of doubt or anxiety' " (pp. 585-589).

G. R. S. M.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE TIMES AND TEACHING OF JESUS THE CHRIST.

By the Author of 'The Great Law.' London (Longmans). Price 12s. 6d. ; pp. 453.

YET one more volume on an inexhaustible subject. 'W. Williamson' divides his book into three parts. He first treats of the historical and political background, and then gives a sketch of the social and religious environment, in four chapters devoted to the Jewish sects, the Messianic hope, the Neoplatonists and the Gnostics; the last half of the work is taken up with the life and teaching in six chapters, which are assigned to the historical Jesus, Jesus the Christ, the mystic Christ, the words and acts, and the doctrines of re-birth and union with God. A feature of the book is the well-chosen selection of elucidatory passages from reliable authorities. 'W. Williamson' thinks that Jesus must have been an Essene (a by no means improbable belief) who went forth to preach to the people under the impulse of a spiritual authority greater than that of the order, and to its consternation. Though he leans to the persuasion that there may be a genuine historic element in one or two of the main features of the Jewish Talmud legends, so that the date may be considerably earlier than the received chronology, he frankly admits the great difficulties of such a conclusion, and urges his readers to keep an open mind on the question. Though, then, he is quite emancipated from traditionalism, he is by no means of the school of 'liberalism' which would give us a life shorn of all miraculous elements without exception, and a rationalised ethical teaching reduced to a very narrow compass. Indeed in his chapter on the words and acts, in which he presents a sort of modified diatesseron of the synoptics and the fourth gospel, he gives so much that, if he on the one hand inclines to the earlier date and on the other to the first quarter of the second century for the present forms of the four gospels, it is difficult to see how he can persuade himself to do so on any ground of historical literary probability. Here it is that his dominating belief in the spiritual and mystical element

decides for him. He would have it that the account of the life handed on in the documents is largely determined by the necessities of the spiritual and mystical elements, which in the life of one spiritually regenerate were essential facts of their own order, accompanied however, and naturally, with corresponding facts of the historical order, though it may be that the latter have been gradually transformed from what they appeared to be to the unillumined consciousness of the rigidly objective observer. Thus the 'life' now stands for the typical process of spiritual consummation, an evolution the main moments of which are the Birth, Baptism, Transfiguration, Death and Resurrection, and Ascension, five stages in the mystery of Regeneration, or the Divinising of man. The historical interest thus becomes secondary for those who believe in the ever-present spiritual possibility of Regeneration as the next natural grade in human ascension of which the deepest teachings of all the great religions tell. For the man, however, who has reached the threshold of this great conscious change here on earth, the birth alone, the Christ-child state, is all that he can aspire to. The growth into the consummation of the stature of the perfect Christ, through trials and glories that are superhuman, is to be seen only in the case of the very few, those who are fully conscious of their ministry in the great œconomy of our world-order; of such was Jesus the Christ. 'W. Williamson,' therefore, holds firmly that, as stated by many early writers, there was not only post-resurrectional teaching conveyed in a spiritual way by the Master to his disciples, but also that there was further spiritual instruction in the days of the ministry which has not come down to us in the record of the popular preaching. Moreover, with regard to the general belief in the destiny of the human individual finally to burst his bonds of unknowing and consciously to enter into an ever-deepening consciousness of spiritual realisation here and now, the author holds that the doctrine of re-birth is a necessary presupposition, and not a belief in pre-existence only. By re-birth is meant re-incarnation or transcorporation, to which a chapter is devoted with very lengthy quotations from Professor M'Taggart and others. Finally we have an arresting chapter on the supreme end or union with the Divine, which fitly concludes a volume on which we offer our old friend our hearty congratulations. It is the work of a man filled with a sincere conviction and deep reverence, while at the same time most of the leading ideas are supported by a crowd of reputable witnesses. As, moreover, there is no parade of learning

and the whole is set forth in a straightforward and clear style, it ought to be a useful vehicle for conveying the ideas to a wide circle of readers.

A MATHEMATICAL THEORY OF SPIRIT.

Being an Attempt to employ certain Mathematical Principles in the Elucidation of some Metaphysical Problems. By H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc., F.C.S. London (Rider). Price 2s. 6d. net.; pp. 125.

By 'spiritual' Mr. Redgrove understands the 'mental,' the 'psychical,'- the 'ideal' (p. 18). It might be argued that the spiritual is none of these things, but we have no desire to dispute about words, and so simply note the meaning intended by the author. Next we note that Mr. Redgrove accepts the doctrine of correspondence between the spiritual and material worlds as formulated by Swedenborg. "The doctrine of correspondences states the constancy of the ratio between matter and spirit, a ratio which is inexpressible in terms of experience, for spirit perceives only that which is spiritual. and the physical senses are affected only by the things of the physical world,—a ratio which, from a certain point of view, may be said to be unreal" (p. 38). Things which correspond have analogous uses or functions with reference to their respective planes of being. Thus "just as various foods are necessary for the nourishment of the body, so are various knowledges or ideas necessary for the psychical nourishment of the mind. The body is built up of the foods eaten, but the body is not merely a conglomeration of foods: consisting of the various elements of food, the body is made up of these elements, woven into a new form—the body is a harmonious unity, a living organism. So also is the mind built up of ideas, and yet the mind is not merely a collection of ideas, for the ideas within the mind are woven in a (more or less) harmonious unity—the mind is a living spiritual organism" (p. 20). Mr. Redgrove's book is an attempt to cast this law of correspondence into a mathematical mould so that it may gain in precision and usefulness (p. 40). The mathematical part of the book is simple and clear and should deter no one who has an elementary knowledge of mathematics. It leads up to Mr. Redgrove's 'mathematical theory of spirit,' which he formulates as follows: "Just as 'real'

numbers may be used symbolically to express the various things of the physical world, so, in a similar manner, 'imaginary' quantities may be used symbolically to express the various things of the metaphysical or spiritual world" (p. 106).

So-called 'imaginaries,' which are regarded as 'reals' of their own order, are such quantities as cannot be regarded as positive or negative; though we can form no *mental image* of them, we can yet have some *idea* of their functions. Some of the deductions that follow from this application of mathematical symbols (which fundamentally represent the processes of symbolic logic) to metaphysical problems are of great interest. Thus it follows that: "Spirit must not be regarded (as seems commonly to be the case) as a sort of attenuated matter—matter deprived of its substance—nor must matter be thought of as a gross form of spirit" (p. 113). These two concepts are separated by what Swedenborg calls a discrete degree, and are not continuous degrees of one and the same substance. "Matter and spirit are not continuous with one another; the difference between them is neither of magnitude nor of quantity, nor of intensity, but of an entirely different nature" (p. 114). We quite agree. The following is also highly suggestive:

"The appearance of what is spiritual is represented by a different sort of quantity from that which represents spirit itself; for, whilst the things of the spiritual world are represented by 'imaginary' quantities, the appearances of such things for spiritual senses, symbolised by the ratio between two such quantities, are represented by 'real' numbers. From this we may conclude that appearance and reality in the spiritual world are, so to speak, of a different order—that the connection between them is spiritual, not physical, since the relations between the quantities symbolising appearance and reality in the spiritual world are represented by 'imaginary' quantities. To understand such appearances aright it is not sufficient merely to eliminate any errors due to the view-point of the percipient, but further to interpret such appearance by the law of correspondence. . . . It also follows that the appearance of spirit for spiritual senses is like that of matter for physical senses; and further . . . that the appearance of a material object for the senses of the body is the same as the appearance of the corresponding spiritual existence as perceived by the senses of the spirit" (p. 120).

This is all very suggestive indeed, but we should prefer to call 'psychic' what Mr. Redgrove calls 'spiritual,' and keep the latter term for a still deeper phase of consciousness which is a 'discrete'

degree removed from the psychic and yet the vehicle of immediacy when physical, psychic and mental are in just correspondence, or equilibrium.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LIFE OF GEORGE TYRRELL.

Vol. I. Autobiography, 1861-1884, with Supplements, by M. D. Petre. Vol. II. Life, 1884-1909, by M. D. Petre. Illustrated. London (Arnold). Price 21s. net; pp. xiv. + 280 & 512.

MISS PETRE is to be warmly congratulated on carrying out a very difficult and delicate task with a large measure of success, and with a courage and honesty that do her high credit. To extenuate nothing and set down naught in malice is difficult in any circumstances; it is still more arduous in a case of present poignant religious controversy of vital issues, in which new and old, spirit and letter, youth and senility, modern progressive enterprise and the age-long monopoly of vested interests are at death grips. To review the fortunes of the day with complete detachment is well-nigh impossible when one is of those who for the time have been worsted in the fight, and when the beloved leader of the party of what appears to the outsider to be but a legitimate and very moderate programme of reform is scarce cold in his grave, crushed, broken, and excommunicate, his body cast out for burial in alien ground without even the small grace of a legal prayer permitted by the communion he loved so dearly, and clung to so desperately in spite of all. And yet Miss Petre shows a rare detachment; she blames the rigour and rigidity of the system, and not the human puppets that are the cogs in the machine.

The dream of Tyrrell's life was to hasten the day for the realisation of a truly spiritual Catholic Church that would answer the deepest needs and satisfy the intensest aspirations of the present age. Moving entirely within the Christian idea, he believed that of all the churches Rome was the rightful guardian of the deposit of spiritual riches bequeathed to the world by the Christ; but with the way in which that trust was being carried out, he (like many others in that Church) was gravely dissatisfied. The duty of such a trustee, he urged, was to use every means to increase the value of this wealth for humanity. It was not to be wrapped up in the napkin of an outworn

scholasticism and buried in the obscurantism of a long-past mediævalism; it was not a mineral deposit, but a seed-store of incalculable value which should be boldly planted in the finer and better worked and more fertile ground of modern culture, that it might bring forth fruit a thousandfold. Spiritual truth was no static thing, no tight-packed bale of stuff or roll of substance which needed solely to be unfolded or unwound mechanically; it was spermatic, dynamic, vital, creative, imperatively demanding growth and expansion, and ampler expression in ever new forms of greater beauty, while at the same time maintaining the continuity of orderly natural development. To such aspirations Rome did not simply turn a deaf ear. The very suggestion that anything was not perfect in the management of her trusteeship was such an intolerable outrage to her pride, that she hastened angrily to strike down with the cruellest of her weapons all who were in sympathy with a measure of reform, and would not, because they could not, deny the spirit of truth that had forced them to say aloud what so many were thinking, and are still thinking, in secret.

A Pope incapable from lack of training of understanding modern needs, and blind to present actualities, surrounded with a reactionary Curia, issued the order that the hated 'Modernistæ' should be exterminated; and it is one of the most remarkable facts of the twentieth century that such a ruinous mandate should have been carried out with scarce a protest. An anti-modernist oath has now been exacted from a subservient priesthood on pain of suspension, and meekly taken almost without exception; but who can believe that such a result has been brought about except at the expense of honesty in many cases?

For Modernism was never a radical revolution, but simply a moderating or mediating force. Whatever Tyrrell might have become had he lived and been still further driven, he was never revolutionary in his suggested programme; he fully admitted the value of traditionism and the authority of the Church. He desired to retain this authority, but at the same time to win it for the cause of vital and necessary, though very moderate, reform within the Church itself, that so the Church might of itself with ready goodwill more effectively deal with the spiritual and intellectual needs of the time, and so more fully serve humanity and Christ. He stood for a very small measure of corporate reform, poles apart from the freedom of private judgment, and far distant even from the moderate corporate liberty of Anglicanism.

Though sorely tempted to return from the Church of his adoption, and find peace and rest within the Church of his birth, he refused to do so to the bitter end. The terrible pain he suffered was because he whole-heartedly loved his adopted Church, and believed its sacraments to be privileges of inestimable value. To be excommunicate from that Church, to be deprived of the right of saying Mass, and finally, to be cut off from all approach to the Eucharist, was to him the most poignant torture of the soul. It broke him in pieces, and tore his heart with excruciating pains. Many have said that Tyrrell never really belonged to Rome; that as he was born and brought up, so he remained Protestant; while some have declared that at heart he was even a 'free-thinker.' But no one could have suffered as he did, if he had not been absorbed in and loved the Church of his adoption with all his heart; while, as for rationalism, much less 'free-thinking,' he would have nothing of it. Others who are content with private devotion, and the free exercise of personal religion, and do not experience the need of corporate worship, will perhaps feel some surprise that one in whom the mystical spirit was strong, together with a powerful intellect and a rare detachment from self, should have continued to anguish when a ready door of escape stood open in the thought that no man, nor body of men, nor even hierarchy of principalities or powers, can ever come between the naked soul and God, and least of all, cut it off from receiving the grace and benefit of spiritual gifts, the only true and valid *divina*. But the fact stands out, and it is the chief contradiction in Tyrrell's very contradictory but very human character, that he did feel this deprivation most keenly. It was the greatest hold that Rome had over him, and she used the power of hurting which it gave her, to the last. As ever, her demand was for nothing short of absolute obedience, submission of soul and body, intellect and spirit, the denial of himself and his whole life-work. What wonder, then, if the deepest self in him, and that loyalty to truth, as he saw it, which he dared not deny, even when the rest of him was racked past bearing, should make him answer as long as he could speak: "*Ich kann nicht anders.*"

But if Tyrrell was fearless in the outspokenness of his protest against what he felt with all his soul to be abuses in his Church, and dared to call into question the pretensions of the Vatican to represent the corporate voice of that Church, he was also a merciless critic of himself, and strangely eager that all men should know his faults. He has now made his confession to the

world, and stands stripped and naked before us. Few could dare so much, and this will for ever put a seal upon his courage. The autobiography that fills the first volume is one of the most ruthless self-dissections of character that has ever been written. To continue the narrative and write the sequel of a document of such an intimate nature, yet so curiously impersonal and detached in its judgments, was a task of the utmost difficulty. In the second volume, however, Miss Petre, with transparent honesty, an honesty all the more hard to exercise when the subject is not oneself, but a dearly beloved friend whose self-confessed faults would be readily exaggerated by those seeking an excuse for their hard usage of him, and with commendable self-restraint of statement and judgment, allows this stream of confession to flow on and permeates her narrative with a wealth of quotation from Tyrrell's private and most intimate correspondence. We have then before us a human document of extraordinary interest, as well as the history of a momentous religious controversy; and are thus permitted to see the inmost workings of a noble soul, as well as the chief moments in the public struggle of a strenuous fighter against overwhelming odds, of one who accomplished, in spite of seeming failure, a great work, of which the last has by no means been heard—the record of a race well run in spite of severest handicaps within and without; for Tyrrell had not only to battle desperately with himself to bring into harmony and balance the strongly contrasted elements of his inner nature, but had all his life to fight against ill-health and the overwhelming prostration of constant cruel headaches. In all this earthly turmoil the inmost strength that bore him bravely up, found its right complement in that which made him so beloved—his selfless sympathy with human suffering—and these together dowered him with his extraordinary understanding of intellectual difficulties, and his wonderful power of alleviating the tortures of doubt in those on the brink of losing faith in spiritual verities. Tyrrell gave help and comfort to thousands when the system and its officials failed; he was a true healer of souls, though not as laid down in the regulations, and that perhaps was at bottom his unpardonable sin in the eyes of the orthodox doctors of the Vatican. But if it be true that "him whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," then we must believe that the Lord loved Tyrrell very dearly, for though good, he was chastened and chastised exceedingly.

FLOWERS OF A MYSTIC GARDEN.

From the Works of John Ruysbroeck. Translated from the French of Ernest Hello by C. E. S. London (Watkins). Price 2s. net. ; pp. 139.

THOUGH Ruysbroeck is one of the most virile of the mediæval Christian mystics, he is known in this country by reputation rather than by acquaintance, for we have even at this late date no version of his works. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the present revival of interest in mystical studies may encourage a competent translator to undertake this pressing task; for we need all the virility we can get as a healthy corrective to the overweight of the purely feminine virtues, and the accompanying tendency to sink at best into the negative raptures of quietism, or, still worse, to the lower level of the vapourings of a pietistic sentimentalism, or, worst of all, to the degradation of a corrupting psychic eroticism. What Ruysbroeck would have said of the last two evils may be imagined from his stern condemnation of the first, when treating of 'False Peace':

"In the spiritual life it is necessary that we should recognise, that we should renounce and destroy in ourselves, quietism; for the quietists seek quiescence, and that they may the more tranquilly enjoy this false peace of the spirit they refrain from both interior and exterior activity. This peace is an outrage on God, it is the crime of lese-majesty. Such quietism blinds man, and plunges him into a state of nescience which is below, not above, knowledge; and the man remains immersed in himself, effortless and useless; his repose is idleness, his tranquillity the forgetting of God, of himself, and of his neighbour. It is the opposite of the Divine peace full of activity, full of love, full of desire and of knowledge; that burning and unsatiable peace that is sought the more ardently the more it is found. Between this high serenity and quietism there is just the difference that exists between God and one of His deluded creatures" (pp. 92, 93).

Though on the one hand Ruysbroeck is of course free from the cramping shackles of a narrow dogmatism, on the other he has still the limitations of his theological heredity, as, for instance, when he speaks of the river of compassion which flows towards earth and embraces, not all sentient things, nor even all men, nor

even all the righteous of mankind, but only at its very widest "the whole Christian world" (p. 113). But where indeed shall we find in distinctive Christianity, even when purged by mystical love, that truly universal spirit of unstinted charity and mercy and compassion that embraces all creatures?

C. E. S.'s translation from Hello's French version is well done. But we want badly an English poet to do for Ruysbroeck what Maeterlinck has done for him so finely in French in his unsurpassed renderings from the original.

THE SPIRAL WAY.

Being Meditations upon the Fifteen Mysteries of the Soul's Ascent. By John Cordelier. London (Watkins). Price 2s. net.; pp. 182.

'JOHN CORDELIER,' who has already written a striking little volume of meditations on the 'Stations,' under the title *The Path of the Eternal Wisdom*, now attempts a further series of similar spiritual exercises, in which the chief incidents of the Gospel-story, rounded out to fifteen with two from the Apocryphon of the Virgin, are treated as symbolic indications of stages in the Mystic Anodos or Ascent of the Soul. The Way Above is not to be thought of so much as a Scala Sancta, under the familiar symbol of a ladder, but rather conceived of as a spiral ascent. The Mystic Way is an inner transmutation, and not a heaven-journey, or even a steady climb of joyful ascension. But rather as in the Christian Year, the heavenly story of our growth in God which runs from Advent to Assumption-tide, spirals "through the joyful mysteries of Christmas and Epiphany, and the sorrowful mysteries of the Passion, to the triumphant mystery of the Resurrection, and of that transcendent and eternal life of the deified Spirit which is heralded by the Easter fact" (p. 16), for "*gyrans gyrando vadit spiritus*." We are sure that many will be helped by this little volume, and especially women, for indeed no one but a woman could have written of the virgin-motherhood so intimately as 'John Cordelier' does. But why, we ask, should a book of mystical devotion have gone out of its way to disturb our meditations with such an historical nightmare and so rude a shock to even the credulity of our dreams as: "St. Louis brought the Crown of Thorns to Paris, and installed it . . . in the centre of her seething life" (p. 93)?

THE CREED OF MY HEART.

And Other Poems. By Edmond Holmes. London (Constable).
Price 3s. 6d. net.; pp. 69.

WE are very pleased to welcome this most recent small volume of Edmond Holmes' poems, following at a lengthy interval on *The Silence of Love* and *The Triumph of Love*. Readers of THE QUEST in particular, will be delighted to renew in it their acquaintance with 'Call me not Back,' 'The Secret of the Sea,' 'Nirvana,' and, above all, that exquisite and deeply mystical confession 'The Creed of my Heart,' which brings us so near the source of that beauty, insight and goodwill which so many have recognised in *The Creed of Buddha* and *The Creed of Christ*. Of the other poems perhaps the finest is 'To the unknown God,' which first appeared in *The Spectator*. But 'Amor Fons Amoris' is very fine, the first stanza especially:

"I love all men the better, O love! for loving thee:
The dear ones whom I cherish are dearer still to me:
Each stranger is my kinsman; and ever, for thy sake,
Belovèd! at love's bidding, new springs of love awake."

YANG CHU'S GARDEN OF PLEASURE.

Translated from the Chinese by Professor Anton Forke, Ph.D.,
etc. With an Introduction by Hugh Cranmer-Byng.
Wisdom of the East Series. London (Murray). Price 1s.
net; pp. 64.

YANG CHU, the philosopher of Liang, flourished in the first half of the third century B.C., perhaps the most brilliant epoch of Chinese philosophy, when the problems of existence were being attacked from many contradictory points of view, and controversy waxed fierce and furious over the value of the solutions championed in deed as well as word by a number of subtle thinkers. Yang Chu has been called the Chinese Epicurus, and it is certainly remarkable that contemporaneously in East and West there came to birth a somewhat similar phase of thought. But whereas in the West we have a fair knowledge of the dogmas of the philosopher of Gargettus, and a large literature on the development and influence of his school, in China there exists only a fragment of the sayings of the philosopher of Liang, quoted

in the seventh book of the Taoist sage, Lieh Tzŭ, and a few vague indications of his life, while the West is blissfully unconscious of his very existence. Nevertheless, Yang Chu stood for a distinct point of view and way of life, and the editors are justified in including the little we know of him in their educative series. Professor Forke's excellent version is reproduced from the *Journal* of the Pekin Oriental Society, and Mr. Hugh Cranmer-Byng, the brother of the senior editor, has written an exceedingly clever introduction, in which he says all that can be said for a philosophy that in our opinion falls far short of the authentic doctrine of Epicurus, which has perhaps been more travestied by the misrepresentations of posterity than any other phase of Hellenic thought. We must, however, not forget that Yang Chu is known to us only by incidental quotation in a Taoist work, and that we may do the old philosopher grave injustice by generalising too freely from such scanty particulars. Yang Chu appears to have been a smiling, careless, loveable personality. His philosophy, however, was of the senses entirely; happiness consisted in renouncing nothing, yet striving for nothing. In Mr. Hugh Cranmer-Byng's somewhat too favourable estimate: "The keynote of this philosophy is disregard of life, disregard of death. Those things exist, and are to be accepted. From them are to be taken what to each one is good. Only strife, insatiability, greed, anxiety, false striving for virtue and fame, are to be avoided as unnecessary and disturbing. The primary and the only gift of man is his individuality. That is all that he inherits, and with him it perishes. It is for him to preserve this single gift to the ultimate moment, neither striving to exceed nor to renounce. All those things that have ministered to this development of individuality are good, all those things that have warped or retarded it are bad, whether they be virtue, the desire for fame, for power, for regulating the affairs of others, or the regulation of one's own conduct in conformity with the views of others. . . . Within each one are born certain desires, certain appetites, certain wishes. These things are normal and natural. They are in themselves the ultimate means whereby personality is fostered and preserved. The philosopher, viewing life clearly, neglecting nothing, fearing nothing, regarding nothing, pursues his way. True to himself, disquiet does not touch him. For him the simplest pleasures will suffice, for contentment is an axiom of his philosophy."

What is here to be remarked is that Yang Chu had behind and around him the noble traditions of Taoism and Confucianism,

and the high examples of the life-conduct of their leading sages. Whether they respectively preferred the natural spontaneity of the original goodness of man, or the strenuous and purposed practice of charity and duty to one's neighbour as the basis of right living, both these life-systems had brought about a lofty standard of conduct. If Yang Chu had not been born in such an environment, had he had nothing but his crude 'philosophy of the senses' to help him, we fear that he could never have been included in the 'Wisdom of the East' series.

DREAM-SONGS FOR THE BELOVÈD.

By Eleanor Farjeon. The Orpheus Series: No. V. (3, Amen Corner, E.C.). Price 2s. 6d.

THERE is much beauty to be found in this little volume. Miss Farjeon is possessed of the true poetical temperament. Indeed, she may be said to have it in excess, for at times her art is hardly equal to her instinct. The greater number of these songs are lyrical snatches filled with light and air. It is when sterner themes are dealt with, as in 'The Last Week in September,' or a dramatic theme as in 'Weland and the Swan-Girls,' that the art is in some measure lacking. But who would find fault with a volume containing such delightful things as the 'Dedication,' 'Silence,' and 'Poplars at Night'? From the latter we quote:

"Their talk is of such high strange mysteries
They must commune in whispers lest weak men
Ere they are ripe for knowledge snatch again
The secret God has given to the trees."

And that certainly is emotion very happily remembered in tranquillity. C. F.

THE SISTERS AND GREEN MAGIC.

By Dermot O'Byrne. The Orpheus Series: No. VIII. (3, Amen Corner, E.C.). Price 2s. 6d.

THE power expressed in these two stories is not to be denied; Mr. Dermot O'Byrne handles prose in a manner always capable, and at times masterly. Indeed, if pity and terror are to be taken as the sole ends of tragic art, this volume is of high value. But the reader, turning the pages with growing interest, may be inclined to wonder whither the author's talent would lead him. The quite

extraordinary desolation of the first story in particular might well cause a shudder to the most hardened optimist, so ably has the barren remote life of the West been depicted. And yet even but one gleam of a kindlier beauty would be very welcome. After all the whole question turns upon Arnold's famous definition that great poetry needs great action. In the present instance both the situations and the method of the author may not unreasonably be described as over-painful. 'The Sisters,' by reason of its fine construction, strikes us as more successful than 'Green Magic,' the latter being a little lacking in substance.

C. F.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL
RESEARCH.

Section 'B' of the American Institute for Scientific Research.
Vol. VI., May, 1912. Published by the Society, 579 West
149th St., New York City, U.S.A. Price \$8.00; pp. 976.

FOR long the Proceedings of the English S.P.R. have been filled, to the exclusion of almost every other topic, with the 'cross-correspondence' studies. While the amount of energy put into the scrupulous care in recording and the dextrous but far-fetched ingenuity of analysing and interpreting this chaos of automatic scripts has been prodigious, the results appear to be somewhat exiguous. It seems to the onlooker for the most part the breaking of a butterfly on the wheel, and the travail of mountains with the proverbial outcome. Many keenly interested observers have been thinking that if only such care and ability had been exercised in the many other directions that could easily have been opened up, had the official attitude of the Society been more catholic and sympathetic, and less certain that its restricted means and methods of experiment were the best to be had, the progress made would have been more rapid and more satisfactory. We are, therefore, glad to see that Dr. Hyslop, the leading spirit in the American Society, is fully alive to this state of affairs, and has the courage not only to advocate a reform in psychical research, but to give us an example of the lines on which it can be more successfully conducted, in a very long and painstaking report of two series of sittings he has had with a couple of sensitives—Mrs. 'Smead' and Mrs. 'Chenoweth'—who were chiefly used for automatic writing while they were in a state of trance. The best

results were obtained through the latter psychic, and the major part of the report is given up to the record and analysis of her script. There has been an infinity of 'communicating' of a similar nature, but it has seldom been recorded with the precision necessary for the purposes of scientific study. The chief thing to remember, in this kind of work, is that *everything*, even the most trivial details, should be accurately and scrupulously registered; it is just these apparently unimportant details and casual trivialities or absurdities that are frequently the very things that give the most important clues to the skilled experimenter and trained psychologist. Moreover, given the necessary patience and the capacity for taking pains on the part of the experimenters, there is a large number of genuine and honest sensitives that could form the nuclei of research centres conducted on these lines, if only they were encouraged to do so and felt really assured that they would not be treated as criminals by inquisitors who have not the faintest conception of the nature of the psychological states into which such sensitives pass or the conditions necessary for genuinely scientific psychical research. Some of the results obtained by Dr. Hyslop, owing to a better understanding of these conditions, are of such a nature that he is entirely convinced that the survival of personal identity beyond death is established, while as to the contents of the record in general, he is of opinion that they are excellent evidence of the supernormal. Those who dissent from this judgment are advised to do their own experimenting themselves. Indeed so satisfied is Dr. Hyslop, after his many years of patient and careful work, that survival is established, that he thinks the time has come for moving forward to attack some of the more complicated and perplexing problems connected with the conditions of such survival of personal identity. With his present experience behind him, Dr. Hyslop is of opinion, and we agree with him, that "the average Philistine is no more qualified to carry on experiments than a child. We have deferred to his judgment until it has been wellnigh impossible to get intelligent study of the facts, and now it is time to ignore that class and make progress. . . . It is now our duty to organise into a civilised government and not any longer to cower before those who never construct but always destroy" (pp. 14, 15). As for the various theories put forward to account for the vast complex of facts to be studied, the 'spirit' hypothesis, he thinks, most easily and naturally accounts for the main mode of communication. And if this is so, the problem is fundamentally a psycho-

logical one, and any attempt to solve it by purely physical methods is doomed to failure: "We may approach the problem through physical science and its results, but in the last analysis we must recognise that spirit implies consciousness and only psychological methods will establish the existence of that phenomenon" (p. 18).

What comes out most clearly in this record and in many another of a similar nature is that the problem of the survival of personal identity is extraordinarily complex. In our material embodied state we are very definitely shut off from one another; mutual externality is the law of our existence. But whatever may be the nature of the 'body' of excarnate entities, it is quite evident that the chief characteristic of the borderland state which separates our present normal consciousness from that of the deepest personality of the excarnate, that is of the psychic as distinguished from the really spiritual state, is that it is of a fluid nature. It is, therefore, best conceived by the help of the analogy of water, or of an ever-flowing stream in which are no fixed forms, but everchanging intermingling currents. It is *via* this medium that the vast majority (if not all) of such communications have to come, and the chances of distortion and error are enormous. The execution of a determined purpose, the holding on to a selected sequence of images, visual or audile, is a matter of great difficulty, when currents flow into currents, and complexes of thought and feeling interpenetrate one another; where the state of 'one with another' is the general condition, it being of course understood that 'birds of a feather flock together' according to their psychic affinities, which may be very different from their incarnate associations. In this connection it is of interest to note Dr. Hyslop's remark: "The communicator can neither inhibit . . . his own marginal associations and their transmission nor the intrusions of other minds and their thoughts when they are near, aiding" (p. 56). It is also to be remembered that it is far more difficult to obtain satisfactory individual data to establish personal identity in the case of thinkers and men of science than in that of the ordinary person who thinks and remembers in sensuous images, with which this psychic realm is almost wholly concerned. Moreover, it would appear that, as a rule, after death, the man who has lived a life of thought rather than of sense, goes rapidly to his own in the spiritual state. In like manner those who have led lives of integrity and aspiration, the genuinely religious souls of high moral worth, move swiftly to their own. While even for the mass of mortals, provided they have not been entirely centred

in external things and so chained themselves to their own selfish and material hopes and fears that they become what is termed 'earth-bound,' the absorbing interests of the new life are so great that, except for the memory of the deepest ties of affection, their attention is turned away from their past, and has to be gradually re-awakened before they can take an effective part in any endeavour to communicate in the organised manner that is now being attempted in such experiments as those under review. It should also be remembered that this fluid psychic state which holds together largely through sympathetic feeling and affection, is easily upset by intellectual energy, and that "intensity is or acts as a disintegrating influence" (p. 427). Indeed so great is the difficulty of immediate communication 'earthwards,' for it is really unnatural, that a complex organism or machinery of communication has frequently to be employed. Those who have had experience in such research need hardly be reminded in this connection of the psychic complexes called 'spirit bands' which are so common a feature, and of the frequent use of 'we' in the communications. In the case of Mrs. 'Chenoweth' this is brought into special prominence. There are what are called the 'controls' and the 'communicators.' The controls are intermediaries in the attempt to prove the identity of the communicators. The usual machinery in the case of Mrs. 'Chenoweth' consisted of the communicator, two controls, and the entranced psychic. The communicator, Dr. Hyslop tells us, supplied the incidents and sent them in the form of mental pictures to one of the controls, who interpreted them and sent them to the second control, who acted as amanuensis for the writing, using the automatic organism or subconscious of the entranced psychic (p. 23). This particular combination was called 'driving tandem.' Dr. Hyslop is thus convinced that telepathy plays a most important rôle in all such cases; but it is telepathy between the excarnate. The chances of telepathy among the living influencing such communications he would reduce to a minimum. Though, again, he admits that "it is fundamental to the problem that the subconscious of the psychic is a factor affecting every transmitted incident" (p. 37), he is not inclined to admit that the subconscious of the sitter plays any fundamental part in the matter. Now the most convincing evidence of personal identity in the record is in the case of his own father, with regard to which Dr. Hyslop seems to have forgotten the distinct statement in the record: "Here is your father . . . bidding me to tell you that he forgets not . . . his

past and *relies on your memory to make himself clear in his identification of his past existence* " (p. 812). The italics are ours, and we think that it goes far to show that the memory of the details of the past life very rapidly fades out, if it is not, so to speak, artificially awakened. Not only his normal power of recollection but also the complex streams of memories of his father stored in the subconscious of Dr. Hyslop, which were not strong enough to emerge into his normal consciousness, were all there to be utilised by the hyper-sensitive organism that had been constructed. It is true that the identity question was by no means entirely dependent on Dr. Hyslop's own memories in this case, but the sentence we have italicised above shows that they did play a part in the recovery of memory by the communicator.

We have also to take into account what in our opinion is the very extensive order of phenomena that fall under the heading 'impersonation'; nevertheless, when all is said and done, it must be admitted there is deep interest in the report owing to "the consistent and persistent claim on the part of a group of personalities that they are aiming to prove personal identity in their work and so endeavouring to satisfy the true scientific conditions of the problem" (p. 20). It must be remembered that this was the one object of the very numerous sittings that Dr. Hyslop had with the two sensitives. It is, therefore, improper to seek in the record for indications of many other things that are of the greatest interest, though here and there is proof that Dr. Hyslop might have had a very good time with his sensitives, instead of persistently shutting out everything that did not bear on the single point of his special scientific enquiry. For instance, there is a straightforward common-sense statement about the conditions of communicating and the care that should be exercised with regard to the sensitive on pp. 440ff., which seems to be of value, and also we note that the unnatural position in which both Mrs. Piper and these other two ladies have been kept in trance has been a great handicap owing to the strain on the organism, and therefore prejudicial to the continuous flow of the automatic script. - As is stated, and as we have long been aware ourselves, the best position for an entranced automatist is lying flat on the back on a couch. There are hundreds of other interesting points in this long record that could be dwelt on, but for this we have no space and must refer interested readers who have some experience themselves in these matters, to the text itself.

Convinced as we are on philosophical, religious and moral

grounds of the immortality of the soul, in the spiritual meaning of that many-faced and much-abused vocable, and at the same time believing that the survival of the personality as character is not the same problem as the reviving of the complexes of sensuous memories of the past existence, to which it is generally confined by those who cling desperately to such memories as though they alone constituted identity, instead of it being a blessed thing that we can be quit of most of them at any rate, retaining only the reminiscence of those crises in which we were greater than or rose superior to ourselves,—we feel nevertheless bound to admit the great value of researches into the intermediate state of ‘digestion,’ to use figurative language, in which the confused memories are transformed into spiritual sustenance on the one hand and expelled into the psychic draught on the other. In this intermediary state, the dramatic life of Hades as adumbrated by such methods of communication, has every appearance, especially to those content solely with naïve realism, of being a continuation, but of *its own order*, of our present existence. Taking all things into consideration, therefore, Dr. Hyslop is easily understandable when he writes:

“For me the only rational hypothesis of such facts is the spiritistic. It may not be proved, if you wish so to contend, and I would not ask that these facts alone be accepted as adequate proofs. To me it is the collective experience of the race that proves it, and all that this body of facts does is to present better credentials than usual for the genuineness of the facts that are as old as the human race and as plentiful as those for the doctrine of evolution” (p. 40).

“We may have accessory problems to solve like that of impersonation, mistakes and confusion, the influence of the subconscious upon the phenomena, the fragmentary nature of the communications, the ethical relation of the present and the future life, the character of a spiritual world; in other words the intelligibility of the whole process involved in the acquisition of the evidence,—but these are purely subsidiary to the main question whether the facts do not require the hypothesis of survival to explain them, and we can prosecute our inquiries for the solution of concomitant problems without implying that the whole complex system shall be intelligible before we admit the territory that has been gained. We have perplexities enough still to be removed, but they are not a part of the question of survival” (pp. 40. 41).

THE GREAT INITIATES.

Sketch of the Secret History of Religions. By Édouard Schuré.

Translated by Fred Rothwell, B.A. London (Rider). Price, 2 vols., 7s. 6d. net.

PARTS of this work have already been translated into English, and we have noticed them from time to time. The whole is now published in Mr. Rothwell's version, which is capable, except that he has too frequently retained the French spelling of Indian names. The themes of Mons. Schuré's eloquent romances are: Rama, Krishna, Hermes, Moses, Orpheus, Pythagoras, Plato and Jesus. That he has obtained a large circle of readers is evident by the facts that his work has reached its twenty-fourth edition in French and has been also translated into German, Italian, Spanish and Russian. This further proves that there is a wide interest in his theme. People like to be told that this and that actually took place with regard to matters on which the greatest *savants* are at a loss. Where we can control Mons. Schuré we not infrequently find that he is hazy as to his *data* or has relied on authorities that are no longer to be trusted. It would be of no advantage to criticise these sketches as scientific treatises; indeed we regard them as romances rather than even historical novels. They are finely written in French, but the French style of treatment does not suit very well the more restrained manner of dealing with such matters in English. Nevertheless there are some eloquent passages and, as could not be avoided, in dealing with such great traditions, some admirable ideas.

THE CLASSICAL PSYCHOLOGISTS.

Selections illustrating Psychology from Anaxagoras to Wundt.

Compiled by Benjamin Rand, Ph.D., Harvard University. London (Constable). Price 10s. 6d. net.; pp. 734.

THE chief utility of this fat volume is that the student of psychology will be able to read for himself in one language either versions or the originals of many passages that have become so 'classical' that they are generally assumed by later writers to be already familiar to the reader; they are usually 'taken as read,' whereas in reality not one student in a hundred has any knowledge of the context in which the ideas were first enunciated. With this useful summary in chronological order before him, however, the intelligent reader is given furiously to think; he realises how

tentative and how contradictory most of the hypotheses are; he can no longer be content to swear in the words of any 'master,' and least of all to be satisfied with any academical manual on the subject. Another item for which we have to thank Dr. Rand is that thirteen authors appear in his work in selections translated for the first time into English. Though of course the choice of selection is one of very great difficulty, we think that more space might with advantage have been given to ancient and mediæval authors; for if we are not mistaken some of their speculations, and especially those which Dr. Rand has omitted, march more closely on the most recent fields of psychological and psychical investigation that have been opened up, than any of his other classical authorities. Another fact that comes out in this historical survey, is that the ancient, patristic and mediæval writers on the whole seem quite as much alive to the fundamental reality as the modern. With all our boasted science we moderns are still in a psychological chaos; for in the evolution of modern psychological speculation we have by no means as yet arrived at the survival of a fittest type even of hypothesis; the struggle for existence still goes on merrily between the most contradictory types, though for the most part and for the moment the comedy of a psychology without a soul seems to be the favourite amusement in most academical circles. This, however, we believe to be a passing phase, and there are signs in many directions that the physiological psychologists who recently thought they had gained control of the whole market, are faced with a considerable slump in their fancied securities. The final victory, we believe, will lie with none of the extreme parties, but with those who are willing to welcome the possibilities not only of extended states of consciousness but also of an immediate spiritual realisation in physical conditions.

In conclusion it may be of service to note that Dr. Rand's volume includes selections from the following thinkers: I. Ancient Writers — Anaxagoras, Empedocles, Democritus, Protagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, Epicurus, Lucretius, Plotinus (pp. 1-115); II. Patristic and Mediæval—Tertullian, Gregory of Nyssa, Augustine, Thomas Aquinas (pp. 116-146); III. Modern—Hobbes, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Wolff, Locke, Berkley, Hume, Hartley, Bonnet, Condillac, Reid, Thomas Brown, Herbart, Beneke, Drobisch, Maine de Biran, James Mill, Bain, Spencer, Joannes Müller, Lotze, Weber, Fechner, von Helmholtz, Hering, Mach, Stumpf, William James and Wundt (pp. 147-726).

BURNING AND MELTING.

Being the *Sūz-u-Gudāz* of Muhammad Rizā Nau'ī of Khabūshān.
Translated into English by Mirza Y. Dawud of Persia and
Ananda K. Coomaraswamy of Ceylon. London (Luzac).
Price 6s. net.

THIS 17th century Persian poem was written at the request of Prince Dāniyāl, son of the famous Mogul Emperor Akbar. It is a highly artificial production, celebrating in the most florid style the self-annihilating love of a Hindu maiden who, in spite of every effort to dissuade her, and the most tempting offers from the highest in the land, insisted on being burned to death on the pyre of her betrothed, who had been killed on their very wedding-day. Here we have a Muhammadan poet, at the request of a Muslim prince, singing the praises of a supreme act of self-sacrifice made by a woman of an alien faith,—a proof of the extraordinary religious sympathy of the court of the great emperor who stands as a model of tolerance. Nau'ī himself was a Ṣūfī, and doubtless saw in the act an exemplification of the power of the longing for union begotten of the supreme passion of love. The religious element, however, is not brought into prominence, and the poem is an example of Mogul realism rather than of mystical imagery. The book is artistically produced and contains photographic reproductions of three of the paintings illustrating the British Museum MS. from which the text has been taken, and Dr. Coomaraswamy assures us out of a ripe experience that these illustrations are of good Mogul type. He has further put Mr. Dawud's translation into very readable English, and has added an introduction and some simple notes. In the former he tells us that the purpose of the work "is to make real to those to whom they have been incredible, the perfection of the Indian woman's ideal, and the unifying truth of the religion of Love in whatever form it appears." Now it is well known that the Satī has been prohibited in India by the Government, and rightly, for the custom had degenerated from suicide to murder, with numbers of unwilling victims. For this forced Satī Dr. Coomaraswamy has, of course, nothing but condemnation; but in the case of voluntary Satī, he would ask us to believe that "it is the same desire of union, the same impatience of separation, that leads the Sannyāsī to the forest and the Satī to the flames. We cannot talk of right and

wrong, because this call, when it comes, is irresistible. To quarrel or misunderstand is to rate the material life above the freedom of the spirit." The whole suggestion here is that Satī is a religious matter, a mystery of spiritual union, connected with a certain view of the 'divine marriage'; at any rate we have heard it thus interpreted in a mystical fashion. In the rare cases of a perfect union of husband and wife the two are really one soul; it is the fire of spiritual love that consumes the bonds of flesh that retain the one still left on earth. But the Satī does not die of a 'broken heart'; the *physical* fire consumes her. On this mystical apology we offer no further criticism; but we doubt very much that the poem under consideration will win much understanding from a public whose traditional view of suicide, for any motive whatever, is so different; the law of the land goes to such extravagance that it makes attempted suicide a criminal offence, and successful suicide the act of an unsound mind if at any rate the slain body is to receive burial in consecrated ground. Because of this and also because religiously it is held that our life is a gift of God and it is impious to do violence to such a gift, the idea even of noble suicide as practised by the Stoic of old, or by the Chinese or Japanese of to-day, is beyond our general understanding. The recent *hari-kari* of General Nogi and his wife, however, forced many to think 'furiously' on this deep matter. It is a pure question of feeling and not of reasoning. Dr. Coomaraswamy, seeing it all from a different ground of feeling, believes that voluntary Satī goes to show the perfection of the Indian woman's ideal; and as to this ideal he denies that "the character of the Indian or the Oriental woman generally, is a man-made thing, or a thing *made*, in any sense of artificial shaping at all; it is the essential character of women, as it finds expression wherever a sufficiently serious, religious and æsthetic culture permits it." It should thus be rather a woman's business than a man's to appreciate the feelings that have led to the practice of voluntary Satī; yet we would venture to believe that most women would say that it was harder, and therefore nobler, to live than to die in the case of such a supreme bereavement. But if Satī was not a man-made custom but the outcome of an over-mastering spiritual impulse, it is very difficult for us in the West to understand why the bereaved husband also did not immolate himself on the funeral pyre of his deceased wife. Is the custom based on spiritual belief in the strictest monogamy for both sexes; or is there one law for the man and another for the woman?

THE PROBLEMS OF PHILOSOPHY.

By Bertrand Russell, M.A., F.R.S., Lecturer and Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Home University Library of Modern Knowledge. London (Williams & Norgate). Price 1s. net.

A LOT of excellent work is being put into these small volumes of what the French would call 'vulgarisation.' In the case of the present volume, however, it can hardly be said that the general reader will have altogether an easy time of it. It is not so much an introduction to the general problems of philosophy as a very interesting exposition of the author's view of these problems as set forth chiefly in his important work *The Principles of Mathematics* (1903). The Hon. Bertrand Russell thinks that the new mathematics and logic of Cantor, Frege and Peano are opening up a fresh era of philosophical thought. In this connection he writes:

"Formerly it appeared that experience left only one kind of space to logic, and logic showed this one kind to be impossible. Now, logic presents many kinds of space as possible apart from experience, and experience only partially decides between them. Thus, while our knowledge of what is has become less than it was formerly supposed to be, our knowledge of what may be is enormously increased. Instead of being shut in within narrow walls, of which every nook and cranny could be explored, we find ourselves in an open world of free possibilities, where much remains unknown because there is so much to know" (p. 231).

It is thought by some that this school with its doctrine of 'infinite collections' and continua will largely dispose of the criticism of Bergson as to the incapability of mathematics to deal with the life-flux. In philosophy, the school of neo-realism or Platonic realism, to which Mr. Russell belongs, has also a very good word to say, under the term 'universals,' for the now so commonly discredited theory of ideas. This is perhaps the most interesting part of the present summary as it also is in its details in Mr. Russell's *magnum opus*. The view set forth is distinctly novel, especially in its analysis of language, or what Mr. Russell elsewhere calls 'philosophical grammar'. Finally, as to the value of philosophy, Mr. Russell writes enthusiastically, though with studied moderation: "The impartiality which, in contemplation, is the unalloyed desire for truth, is the very same quality of mind which, in action, is justice, and in emotion is that universal love

that can be given to all, and not only to those who are judged useful or admirable. Thus contemplation enlarges not only the objects of our thoughts, but also the objects of our actions and affections: it makes us citizens of the universe, not only of one walled city at war with all the rest. In this citizenship of the universe consists man's true freedom, and his liberation from the thralldom of narrow hopes and fears.

"Thus to sum up our discussion of the value of philosophy: Philosophy is to be studied, not for the sake of any definite answers to its questions, since no definite answers can, as a rule, be known to be true, but rather for the sake of the questions themselves; because these questions enlarge our conception of what is possible, enrich our intellectual imagination, and diminish the dogmatic assurance which closes the mind against speculation; but above all because, through the greatness of the universe which philosophy contemplates, the mind also is rendered great, and becomes capable of that union with the universe which constitutes its highest good."

THE SACRED SHRINE.

A Study of the Poetry and Art of the Catholic Church. By Yrjö Hirn, Professor of Æsthetic and Modern Literature at the University of Finland. London (Macmillan). Price 14s. net.

PROFESSOR HIRN is already favourably known in this country for his able psychological and sociological study on *The Origins of Art* (1900) and for his article on the same subject in Hasting's *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*. Though a Swedish edition of the present work appeared in 1909, it does not bear the marks of translation, but is laid before us in excellent English. The original intention of the book, Professor Hirn tells us, was to serve as a commentary on the pictorial representations of religious subjects, but its execution has entirely changed that intention; for instead of an essay in æsthetics pure and simple, we have before us rather a useful inquiry into "that state of mind which, unaltered in its main features through the ages, has lain at the foundation of the æsthetic life of believing Catholics." In other words, the author, who is outside the Roman communion, has endeavoured to prepare himself for a deeper appreciation of the religious art-work of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, by a study of the mediæval conception of life and especially of the legends and poems which are illustrated in mediæval works of art. Though Professor Hirn calls his book a "synthetic treatment

of the æsthetic characteristics of Catholic mentality," it is mainly a summary of the evolution of certain dogmas, with the concomitant growth of legend, and their æsthetic representation in art and poetry. The chief subjects treated of are: the veneration of relics and the development of the art of the reliquary; the mystery of the Mass and the furniture and implements connected with it; and chiefly the origin and development of the cult of the Virgin Mother of God, the Sacred Shrine *par excellence*. These subjects are not treated in a controversial spirit, although the author reserves to himself the liberty of applying to all religious conceptions a strictly scientific method of investigation. For the time being, however, criticism is laid aside, and the argument is allowed to proceed without disturbing interruptions. Such a method, Professor Hirn confesses, would be improper in a philosophical or an ethical appreciation, but "in an *æsthetic* interpretation of the art-life of the Church," he contends that it cannot but be advantageous. In this we are inclined to agree with him. The business of the art-lover is not dogmatology nor the criticism of dogma; it is rather æsthetic satisfaction. It is certainly true that the religious sculptures and paintings and poems of the Middle Ages and Renaissance must remain largely a closed book to those who have no knowledge of the chief motives which produced them, and it is also true that they must have more to tell us, even from an artistic point of view, if we endeavour to look at them as they were looked at by the faithful. Thus Professor Hirn's book will be of wide service to Protestants who admire the great masterpieces of the old artists, but who find much that is difficult in them to understand without some such introduction as the book under notice supplies. The notes which are placed at the end of the volume contain some good material, and there is a very useful bibliography. The title, however, is not very descriptive of the contents, and the sub-title inverts the order of treatment; indeed, the poetry of the Church is for the most part relegated to the notes.

PAN'S GARDEN.

A Volume of Nature Studies. By Algernon Blackwood. With Drawings by W. Graham Robertson. London (Macmillan). Price 6s.; pp. 530.

THERE are many writers of nature-stories, but few, if any, of them have the genius of creating such a subtle yet overmastering atmos-

phere of suggestion as Algernon Blackwood. For him the soul of Nature in her ever-changing moods and hidden intimacies is possessed of a gigantic and amazing intelligence of its own order. Call this animism if you will, with the patronage of a soulless anthropology, but it is an animism of a non-human and grandiose type, and not the phantastic projection of the shadow of man's little soul, with all its narrow, vulgar, sordid, ignorant hopes and fears, on to the irresponsive screen of a purely material and mechanical environment. The art of Mr. Blackwood enables us, momentarily at least, to respond, if falteringly, to the pulse of a greater life, allows us, if fleetingly, to catch a glimpse of a vaster order of ensouled existence that laughs to scorn our self-complacent satisfaction with the bourgeois limitations of our intellectual conventions, and permits us to feel, however feebly (as though it were an unborn child dimly aware of its mother's emotions) some touch of the passions of the great Mother. In this industrial age, when man has become almost entirely estranged from communion with Nature, when he despoils her beauty, contaminates her virtue and reviles her wisdom, the true worshippers of the Lady Goddess, the Eternal Feminine, are few, for true devotion worships in acts and is not content to sing praises in words alone. It may be that in the future, when we tire somewhat of our present over-busy smithwork, the contempt that has been poured out on Nature-worship, the sneers of Man-adorers at the cult of Our Lady, may be found to be not only undeserved, but the symptoms of a deep-rooted disease, of a sin against our deeper selves, for which we have unconsciously been paying all the time.

Those who still believe that what is now contemptuously dismissed as 'paganism,' has its proper and sanative virtues, that man, with his anthropomorphic theology on the one hand and his material and mechanical natural science on the other, is at best but a halting creature, a shut-off thing, wilfully depriving himself of the joys of an intenser life with which he is ever surrounded, and of wider powers of expression than his intellect can ever compass, will revel in Mr. Blackwood's nature-stories. They adumbrate admirably the greater order of things, and take the reader out of himself into the land of romance and faëry, but faëry and romance of Nature herself and not simply the creation of an anthropomorphically limited human phantasy. We have read them with unmixed pleasure, and recognise in them a quality that is rare and an art that shows every sign of maturing rapidly.

THE MYSTICISM OF COLOUR.

By Finetta Bruce. London (Rider). Price 3s. 6d. net.

IT can hardly be said that this book enlightens us as to why colour should be considered mystical, nor is it adorned with a scientific understanding. One part of colour reflection is to be absorbed by the visionary subject, while the other component parts of the spectrum are left entirely out of all consideration. That the colour reflection is not in bodies, but is in the light, seems not to have been recognised. Ordinary faculty of comparing and judging is apparent, but this is of little use without the power to knit the structure together. The frontispiece gives a plate called the 'colour scale.' This we are told to practise in thought, as it is productive of true harmony. To concentrate the thoughts, devote one minute to each colour-mood, one long breath in and out. The author here offers the reader a flattering hope of enjoying a pleasant feeling, and even of being freed from unhappiness. What would take place if these and similar instructions throughout the book were followed may be seen in many mediums and psychics. The tension and strain on the nerve currents permit an increase of toxin conditions which affect the mental outlook. Now light in its component colours when rightly applied to the body reduces and removes congestion; it therefore has a direct relationship with the emotion of pleasurable feelings. But fix the eyes on a reflected colour, for a definite purpose, and it results in producing the physical effect of its complementary colour. Consequently it is probable the activities of the author's 'colour scale' if put into practice would be reversed.

• H. J. M.

HYPNOSIS AND SUGGESTION.

Their Nature, Action, Importance and Position amongst Therapeutic Agents. By W. Hilger, M.D. (of Magdeburg), translated by R. W. Felkin, M.D. With an introduction by Dr. Van Renterghem (Amsterdam), translated by A. Newbold. London (Rebman). Price 10s. 6d. net.

NOT the least interesting part of Dr. Hilger's treatise and of Dr. Renterghem's introduction to the Dutch edition of it, is the history of the war of opinion about the nature of hypnotism and suggestion as a therapeutic agent during the last sixty years or so. If it is

true that it is imagination which forms the bridge between the physical and mental realms (p. 48), it is equally true that we at present know little about the nature of imagination, and still less what suggestion really is. For how, for instance, can we agree with Vogt's definition that "under the denomination of suggestion we understand the occurrence of such psycho-physical phenomena as are induced by expectation of extraordinary intensity" (p. 59), when we are confronted with cases where no extraordinary intensity of expectation, nor indeed any expectation at all, can be detected? Nor are we any further advanced when Hilger writes: "Suggestion is, in fact, that form of speech which at one and the same time is used to awaken a definite idea and to define a certain expectation that the idea will become manifest, and will gain the supremacy over any counter idea" (p. 78).

As to health of body and mind, it is manifest on almost every page that Hilger identifies it with the maintenance of the normal, the ordinary, the average; any extension of sensation is regarded as morbid, and the whole effort of the physician is to restore the organism to normality. The possibility of sane extranormality is not considered. Apart from the very interesting and instructive cases selected from the note-books of a hard-working general practitioner who supplements his treatment with psycho-therapeutical methods, as set forth in the last part of the treatise, the main content of the book covers the following ground as summed up by the author.

In dealing with what he calls reflex life, Hilger says: "We found that external irritants, for example, influencing the nerves of taste, would bring about a reaction in our nervous system, which, amongst other things, was demonstrated by the secretion of saliva. In a similar way, rays of light thrown on the retina of our eyes result in a movement of the pupils, etc.

"Further we considered the fact that the external irritants, acting on our central nervous system, left a trace of memory behind in our brains, and that to excite a reflex, not only was an external irritant not necessary, but the mental activity requisite for again awaking this trace of memory is able to cause the reflex in question to be set in action. We compared the function which the central nervous system exercises in this *mental reflex* with that of a phonograph disc, which, engraved by external impressions, is set in motion by the same effect as those external irritants can set in action (*sic*). Similarly to the phonograph disc, our central nervous system calls up reactions in an infinitely perfected

manner, which correspond exactly to those produced by the original external irritants if the traces of memory, the memory pictures, are again awakened.

“ We then considered the conditions under which it is possible to again arouse these traces of memory, these recollected hallucinatory pictures, in a specially vivid and effective manner. We examined the action of *pathways* (*associations*), and also considered the effect of *custom* (*exercise*), of *prefiguration* (*contemplation, visualisation, example*), of *expectation* (*suggestion*).

“ [Next] we found that not only are there great variations shown in the intensity of the recollected hallucinatory picture re-lived in our mind, but also that external irritants, while the physical strength remains the same, may be realised more strongly one time, more weakly another, and, under some circumstances, not at all, according to the mental condition in which we are at the time. We found that here *attention* was of decided importance.”

This is all of psychological interest, but hardly novel; indeed it is on the whole somewhat pedestrian. As to the translation, though, unfortunately, in this country, we do not require any standard of literary ability in works of science, even when written in our mother tongue, we do require clearness of expression. The version under notice, however, is by no means clear; indeed no few sentences are exceedingly obscure even if the reader is acquainted with German and can get back to something like the original from the very literal rendering.

UNIVERSALISM.

By a Believer. London (Elliot Stock); pp. 103.

AN interesting and concise examination of the grounds of Universalism by appeal to scripture and philosophy. The outcome of the first confirms the innate belief that the Love of God needs no justification from texts, and that if ultimate loss *can* fall within that Love, the mind may rest content that such loss is really the highest gain. Personally we do not think it can. But the whole question turns on whether the Divine Love is really illimitable, and the Divine Immanence really irresistible. These points affirmed, we can defy the most astute theologian to deny Universalism without self-contradiction. After all is said, however, may not the question as to *what* is lost legitimately come up

for discussion? We should all acquiesce in the losing for ever and ever of a great deal of what now seems to be ourselves. Let us hope that there may be a very true undermeaning to the doctrine of the destruction of the wicked. How indeed *can* they eternally persist *as wicked*? An admirable summary of the position of the Church with regard to this subject from A.D. 90 to A.D. 1500 concludes the volume.

C. E. W.

VIŚVA KARMA.

Examples of Indian Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Handicraft.
Chosen by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, D.Sc. Pts. I. and II.
London (Luzac). Price 2s. 6d. each.

THESE are the first two parts of a proposed first series of one hundred examples of Indian sculpture. They contain twenty-four satisfactory photographic reproductions. Dr. Coomaraswamy's reputation as a scholar of Indian art is a guarantee that the selection of subjects is and will be judiciously made. The series is opportune, for the acquaintance of the art-public of this country with the best specimens of Indian sculpture is very limited, seeing that our museums and galleries are ill supplied with specimens or reproductions of what is best in Indian art. It is a serious omission, however, that no explanatory letter-press accompanies the reproduction.

RAYS OF THE DAWN.

Fresh Teaching on Some New Testament Problems. By a
Watcher. London (Kegan Paul).

THOUGH obviously written from the popular standpoint, this book contains much that is suggestive. Its frankly 'inspirational' method will be a stumbling-block to many who may rightly consider those portions which are the normal production of the author to be superior both in style and matter to the later chapters which have been produced 'automatically.' For those who care for psychic 'explanations' of Scripture narrative, however, this book is not without interest.

C. E. W.

THE HISTORICITY OF JESUS.

A Criticism of the Contention that Jesus never lived, a Statement of the Evidence for his Existence, an Estimate of his Relation to Christianity. By Shirley Jackson Case, of the Department of New Testament Literature and Interpretation in the University of Chicago. Chicago (The University of Chicago Press). London Agents: The Cambridge University Press.

THE chief object of this book is to combat the extreme position of radical criticism that Jesus never existed. It is written with good temper and the author is at some pains to state fairly the chief points of the position he attacks. He is well acquainted with the literature; and his own point of view is wider than that of the 'historical Jesus' school of modern criticism, which he generally refers to as 'liberal' in inverted commas. The notes contain valuable bibliographies as indications to enable the student to follow up the various phases of the subject in detail, while the book as a whole is addressed to the general reader. Those who desire to get a general view not only of what is known in Germany as the Christ-myth controversy but also of the main positions of what has been called, since the translation of Schweitzer's remarkable review of a century of research, the 'quest of the historical Jesus,' will find much to interest them in Prof. Case's book. We may add that his attempt to estimate 'Jesus' Significance for Modern Religion' has the merit of bearing in mind "that modern scientific ideas, the evolutionary interpretation of the world, the comparative study of religions, and the present complex conditions of society, must of necessity enter into the making of any vital type of modern religious thinking. One who goes to history to discover an infallible christological dogma to be made normative for all men in modern times must expect to be disappointed in his search" (pp. 327, 328). On page 39 I find myself included among those who have advanced doubts about Jesus' existence; but in my enquiry into the Talmud Jesus-stories and the Toledoth Jeschu, which set forth the strange legends in circulation among the Jews in Rabbinical days and in the Middle Ages, and into some very curious statements of Epiphanius, I characterised the denial of the existence of Jesus as a very extreme view in which I did not share. In this enquiry—called *Did Jesus Live 100 B.C.?*—I contented myself with setting forth

this traditional medley of Jewish legend with all its contradictions, and showing that in spite of these there was in it a persistent tendency to throw back to an earlier date, at the same time reviewing the *data* of the received chronology. I, however, came to no conclusion of my own, but left it to the Jews to explain their own traditions. Prof. Case treats briefly of the strange statements of Epiphanius to which I drew attention, but hardly disposes of the problems they raise by saying that the Church Father's interest was doctrinal rather than historical. Nor is Prof. Case correct in saying that the pre-Christian Joshua-Jesus cult-god theory has been argued by me, even when he qualifies the statement with 'hesitatingly' (p. 44); I have never treated the subject. In this connection Prof. Case denies that there is any evidence of a pre-Christian Jesus in the last lines of the Gnostic Naassene Hymn (quoted by Hippolytus), as claimed by W. B. Smith and repeated by Drews, on the ground that the document is clearly not pre-Christian. The reason he gives is by no means indisputable as the document is composite; but he may be right as to fact, for in the only MS. we possess, the name is only conjectural, the letters being too indistinct to be read with certainty. But in the same Naassene document in which the hymn appears, there is a piece of evidence that *might* be adduced in favour of Smith's contention. Reitzenstein (*Poimandres*) has analysed this interesting document into Pagan and Christian elements, but I have endeavoured to carry this analysis still further (*Thrice-Greatest Hermes*), and to show that there are *three* successive strata—Pagan, Jewish and Christian. In the Jewish Gnostic overwriter's stratum, which I believe to be far earlier than the Christian Gnostic final embellishment, there is reference to a mystic Jesus (*i.e.* LXX. for Joshua) who caused the 'waters of the Jordan to flow upwards'; this is mystically the checking of the down-flowing waters of generative life, and causing them to flow upwards in the spiritual life-giving stream of regeneration. For according to the original Pagan writer the down-flowing of the ocean of life was the generation of men, while its up-flowing was the birth of gods. Though this clearly indicates that the type of the hero-saviour Joshua was used by the Jewish allegorists to exemplify the mystery of spiritual birth, it does not, however, necessarily follow that there was a distinctive pre-Christian Joshua cult. But what it does seem to me to show (as it is only one of a large number of indications of the doctrine of spiritual birth in pre-Christian and early mystic communities) is that *part* of the secret of the origins of Christianity must be looked for among

such communities. It pertains, however, to the religious historical treatment of the origins and not to the purely historical question of the existence of Jesus.

G. R. S. M.

INVOLUTION.

Lord Ernest Hamilton. London (Mills & Boon). Price 7s. 6d.

BY 'involution' Lord Ernest Hamilton means practically moral or spiritual evolution, the key-note of which he distinguishes by that somewhat unlovely word altruism. His essay is for the most part an excursion into what may be called neo-buddhism or rather neo-theosophy, though the cant terms of the latter are not used. At the same time Lord Ernest thinks for himself, and has digested what he has read; he is also a vigorous writer and at times a coiner of graphic phrases. The first part of his book is frankly polemical, and especially critical of the crude conception of Divinity in the older strata of the O.T. documents, which persisted in the material bloody worship of Yahweh down to the destruction of the second temple in A.D. 70, and the spirit of which has dogged the history of Christianity as an evil haunting from the past which still obsesses the mind and feeling of many. Of course there is nothing new in this polemic. It began with the later prophets and was with early Christianity brought to its clearest expression in Marcion,—all within the tradition itself; while from without it has had to stand the assaults of innumerable unanswerable criticisms. The author in general deplures the imposition of Semitic views of God on Aryan peoples, and goes so far in his opinion as to adopt Haupt's suggestion that Jesus, being a Galilean, was most probably not a Semite, and to contend that Paul of Tarsus also was most probably not a Jew, but a Jewish proselyte. As to the constructive side, for one so familiar with the main subject of the essayist's exposition as is the present writer, a full review would mean a note of some kind or other on almost every page. In general, however, we may say that the book is worth reading, but it requires to be read with discrimination. Though we have spoken of the frequent vivacity of the style, we must enter a word of protest against Lord Ernest's neologisms. If we can possibly abide Protarch for the cosmic originating principle, we refuse to accept Centrosome. Nor do we love Morion as a label for the transcendental ego or higher self; it is feeble and misleading and materialistic; the Greek

morion, a little piece, part, portion, section, a particle, a fragment (*sc.* of the Divine), is a poor modern expression for the spiritual self, in spite of some ancient figurative precedents. But what we object to most, and what we cannot stand at any price, is the horror, 'altruology'!

THE PROBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE.

As viewed by the Great Thinkers from Plato to the Present Time.

By Rudolf Eucken, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Jena. Translated from the German by Williston S. Hough and W. R. Boyce Gibson. London (Unwin). Price 10s. 6d. net.

THE fact that eight editions of Eucken's *Die Lebensanschauungen der grossen Denker* have appeared, is sufficient testimony to the high appreciation with which this instructive volume has been already received. Eucken's history of the spiritual development of the Western world as it may be traced in the works of the great thinkers from Plato to our own times is of special importance for students of the philosopher's other works, as it is intended to form the essential complement of the rest of his studies, and to present the historical confirmation of his main thesis that "conceptions are determined by life, not life by conceptions." Such is its main purpose, and the hope of the author, as stated by himself in the Preface to the English Translation, is that he has so treated this spiritual development that its several phases, and, above all, its great personalities may be "brought nearer to the personal experience of the reader" than is usually the case. In other words, the chief object of Eucken is to bring out the living present value of what is to be found in the dead past. The chief phases of this development are subsumed under Hellenism, Christianity and the Modern World, and the main plan of the work is accordingly divided into three parts, and these again sub-divided into methodical groupings of movements, designed as much as possible to exemplify the point of view "that it is both possible and useful to represent to ourselves in a living way the various philosophies of life as they have taken shape in the minds of the great thinkers" (p. xix.), for it is they who can "make the past live again for us, put us in possession of all that human effort has achieved, and transplant us from a present of mere immediacy into a present that transcends our time experience" (p. xxiii.). Such an attempt can of course be carried out only on the basis of a spiritual

philosophy of history, and in spite of the great difficulties which even then attend the undertaking, Eucken believes it is possible to recognise that the great thinkers are not only organically related to each other but also linked together in an unbroken sequence. Thus though, on the one hand, Eucken firmly holds, as he has frequently stated, that the world needs to-day more than ever a new system of life, towards which his own view of spiritual activism is intended to aim, in order to counteract that 'devitalising rationalism' which is beginning to eat its way into the masses of the people; nevertheless, on the other hand, the past cannot be abandoned, but the best in it must be gathered up and taken along with the evolutionary stream. The plan and intention of the work are excellent and the generous nature of the philosopher is exemplified in his manifest anxiety to estimate sympathetically the spiritual value of the views of the great thinkers who are so ably passed in review. With such a method of treatment perhaps it is inevitable that there should be a certain sameness about the book; in any case the dominant impression with which we are left after perusing its 570 pages is that we have been the greater part of the time with Eucken rather than successively with the great thinkers themselves in their characteristic individualities. Nevertheless it is a great thing to be possessed of the conviction "that human destinies are not decided by mere opinions and whims, either of individuals or of masses of individuals, but rather that they are ruled by spiritual necessities with a spiritual aim and purport." For it is only this conviction that enables us "to assign to history any positive meaning and to extract from all the efforts and errors of different men and different ages some definite and permanent result"—namely the reality of the world of the spiritual life, which is perpetually dawning as a new world and transcending the purely natural domain. It is ever new, creative and vital, and yet we also stand in need of the past and of history. For "though we may not cravenly seek refuge in the past from the perplexities of the present, we can yet make it live again within us in close communion with our inmost soul, and thus complete its labours by our own. . . . History cannot, indeed, be a substitute for our own endeavour, but it can, and must, serve to guide it in the way of righteousness and truth" (pp. 566, 567). It only remains to add that the names of Professors Hough and Boyce Gibson are the guarantees of an excellent translation.

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THE QUEST.

THE MOUNTAIN TOMB.

Pour wine and dance, if manhood still have pride,
Bring roses, if the rose be yet in bloom ;
The cataract smokes upon the mountain side.
Our Father Rosicross is in his tomb.

Pull down the blinds, bring fiddle and clarionet,
Let there be no foot silent in the room,
Nor mouth with kissing nor the wine unwet.
Our Father Rosicross is in his tomb.

In vain, in vain ; the cataract still cries,
The everlasting taper lights the gloom.
All wisdom shut into its onyx eyes,
Our Father Rosicross sleeps in his tomb.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

THE ESSENCE OF SÛFISM.

REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON, M.A., LITT. D.

I PROPOSE in this paper to bring out the central doctrines of the religious philosophy of Islam, and to illustrate them in what seems to me the most instructive way, by letting the Sûfis speak for themselves—not of course, in Arabic or Persian, but in English translations which I have tried to make as accurate as possible. In the first place, however, I must say a few words on the meaning, origin, and historical development of Sûfism, its relation to Islam, and its general character. Not only are these matters interesting to the student of comparative religion, but some knowledge of them is indispensable to any serious student of Sûfism itself. It may be said, truly enough, that all mystical experiences ultimately meet in a single point; but that point assumes widely different aspects according to the mystic's religion, race, and temperament, while the converging lines of approach admit of almost infinite variety. Though all the great types of mysticism have something in common, each is marked by peculiar characteristics resulting from the historical and religious environment in which it arose and flourished. Just as the Christian type cannot be understood without reference to Christianity, so the Mohammedan type must be viewed in connexion with the outward and inward development of Islam.

The term 'Sūfi,' which first came into use about 800 A.D., is derived from *sūf*, an Arabic word meaning 'wool,' and was originally applied to those Moslem ascetics who, following the example of Christian monks or hermits, clad themselves in coarse woollen garments as a sign of penitence and renunciation of worldly vanities. Attempts have been made by European scholars to identify *sūfi* with the Greek *σοφός* in the sense of 'theosophist,' and the Sūfis themselves prefer to derive it from an Arabic root which conveys the notion of 'purity,' but there can be no doubt that the least flattering etymology is the correct one. The oldest Sūfis of whom we have any record were fanatically pious men. Their overwhelming consciousness of sin, combined with a dread—which it is hard for us to realise—of Judgment Day and the torments of Hell-fire so vividly painted in the Koran, drove them to seek salvation in flight from the world. And salvation, as the Koran warned them, depended entirely on the arbitrary will of Allah, who guides aright the good and leads astray the wicked. Their fate was written in the eternal tables of His providence—nothing could alter it. Only this was sure, that if they were destined to be saved by fasting and praying and doing good works, then they would be saved. Such a belief ends naturally in quietism, complete and unquestioning submission to the divine will, an attitude which is characteristic of Sūfism in its earliest form.

So far, there was no great difference between the Sūfi and the orthodox Moslem pietist, except that the Sūfis attached extraordinary importance to certain Koranic doctrines and developed them at the expense of others which many Moslems might consider equally

essential. It must also be allowed that the ascetic movement was inspired by Christian ideals and contrasted sharply with the active and pleasure-loving spirit of Islam. In a famous sentence—*lâ rahbâniyyat fi 'l-islâm*—the Prophet denounced monkish austerities and bade his people devote their lives to the holy war (*jihâd*) against unbelievers; and he gave, as we know, the most convincing testimony in favour of marriage. But in the third century of the Hegira—the ninth of our era—Sûfism passed beyond asceticism, became decisively mystical, and advanced well on the way towards pantheism. Not that Sûfis ceased to mortify the flesh and take pride in their poverty, but they now began to regard asceticism as only the first stage of a long journey, the preliminary training for a larger spiritual life than the mere ascetic is able to conceive. The rapid growth of mysticism throughout the Mohammedan empire at this time was due to a number of co-operating circumstances. One very important fact is the influence of Hellenistic speculation and, in particular, of Neoplatonism. Many philosophical and theological works were translated from Greek into Syriac and from Syriac into Arabic: for example, the writings attributed to Dionysius the Areopagite and the so-called *Theology of Aristotle*, which is really the theosophy of Plotinus, Porphyry, and Proclus. Six years ago, in an article published in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society, I stated the conclusion to which my researches had led me, namely, that Sûfism on its theosophical side is mainly a product of Greek speculation, while the extreme pantheistic ideas, of which a celebrated Persian Sûfi, Bâyezîd Bistâmî, is said to have been the first exponent, were probably derived from India. To that opinion I still

adhere, but without detracting from the paramount influence of Greece I should now assign to Buddhism a more extensive share in the development of Sūfism than I did formerly.

You may wonder how a religion based on the Koran could tolerate this new doctrine, much less make terms with it. It seems obvious that the transcendent Personality of Allah, enthroned in majestic isolation from His creatures, could not possibly be harmonised with an impersonal omnipresent Reality, which is the very life and soul of the universe. Yet Islam has accepted Sūfism. The Sūfis, instead of being excommunicated, are securely established in the Moslem church, and the Legend of the Moslem saints records the wildest excesses of Oriental pantheism.

Let us return for a moment to the Koran, that infallible touchstone by which every Mohammedan theory and practice must be proved. Are any germs of mysticism to be found there? The Koran, as I have said, starts with the notion of Allah, the One, Eternal, and Almighty God, far above human feelings and aspirations—the Lord of His slaves, not the Father of His children; a judge meting out stern justice to sinners and extending His mercy only to those who avert His wrath by repentance, humility, and unceasing works of devotion; a God of fear rather than of love. This is one side, and certainly the most prominent side, of Mohammed's teaching; but while he set an impassable gulf between the world and Allah, his deeper instinct craved a direct revelation from God to the soul. There are no contradictions in the logic of feeling. Mohammed, who had in him something of the mystic, felt God both as far and near, both as transcendent and immanent. Allah, in the latter

aspect, is the light of the heavens and the earth, a Being who works in the world and in the soul of man. So we read in the Koran: "If My servants ask thee about Me, lo, I am near" (2182); "We (God) are nearer to him than his own neck-vein" (5015); "And in the earth are signs to those of real faith, and in yourselves. What! do ye not see?" (5130-21.) It was a long time ere they saw. The Moslem consciousness, haunted by terrible visions of the wrath to come, slowly and painfully awoke to the significance of those liberating ideas.

The verses which I have quoted do not stand alone, and I think most will agree that they provide some basis for a mystical interpretation of Islam. This was worked out in detail by the Sûfis, who treated the Koran in very much the same way as Philo had treated the Pentateuch. But they would not have succeeded so thoroughly in bringing over the mass of religious Moslems to their side, unless the champions of orthodoxy had set about constructing a system of scholastic philosophy that reduced the Divine nature to a purely formal, changeless, and absolute unity, a bare will devoid of all affections and emotions, a tremendous and incalculable power with which no human creature could have any communion or any personal dealings whatsoever. That is the God of Mohammedan theology. That was the alternative to Sûfism. Therefore, "all thinking, religious Moslems are mystics," as Professor D. B. Macdonald, one of our best authorities on the subject, has remarked. And he adds: "All, too, are pantheists, but some do not know it."

I have sketched in imperfect outline the historical relationship of Sûfism to Islam, and I now come to the

greater questions: What is Sūfism in itself? What constitutes a Sūfi?

Well, many Sūfis have tried to answer these questions categorically. You will find in their books innumerable definitions of the words 'Sūfi' and 'Tasawwaf' (which is the Arabic for Sūfism), but I am sure that if you went through the whole series from beginning to end, you would be little the wiser. In the *Masnavi* of Jalāluddīn Rūmī there is a story about an elephant which some Hindoos were exhibiting in a dark room. Many people collected to see it, but as the place was too dark to permit them to see the elephant, they all felt it with their hands, to gain an idea of what it was like. One felt its trunk, and declared that the beast resembled a water-pipe; another felt its ear, and said it must be a large fan; another its leg, and thought it must be a pillar; another felt its back and declared the beast must be like an immense throne. Similarly, those who define Sūfism can only express what they themselves have felt, and it is impossible to invent a formula that should comprise every shade of personal and immediate religious experience. The Sūfis are not a sect, they have no dogmatic system, the *ṭarīqas* or paths by which they seek God are not the same, though a family likeness may be traced in them all. It will be convenient, then, and also, I think, more satisfactory, if in writing of the essence of Sūfism I put in the foreground one fully developed type. The type which I have chosen is that represented by the great mystical poets of Persia. None appeals to European readers so movingly as this, combining, as it does, literary excellence with the rapture and glow of feeling that finds its natural expression in poetry. Here, if any-

where, we may hope to read the secret of Sûfism, no longer encumbered with theological articles or obscured by metaphysical subtleties. To translate these wonderful hymns is to break their melody and bring their soaring passion down to earth, but not even a prose translation can altogether veil the love of Truth and the vision of Beauty which have inspired them.

The first principle of Sûfism, as of Islam itself, is the Divine Unity (*tawhid*). Both the Moslem and the Sûfi declare that God is One, but the statement bears a different meaning in each case. The Moslem means that God is unique in His essence, qualities, and acts, that He is absolutely different from all other beings. The Sûfi means that God is the One Real Being which underlies all phenomena. This principle is carried to its extreme consequences, as we shall see. If nothing except God exists, then the whole universe, including man, is essentially one with God, whether it is regarded as an emanation which proceeds from Him, without impairing His unity, like sunbeams from the sun, or whether it is conceived as a mirror in which the Divine attributes are reflected. But surely a God who is all in all can have no reason for thus revealing Himself—why should the One pass over into the many? The Sûfis answer (a philosopher would say that they evade the difficulty) by quoting the famous Tradition: “I was a hidden treasure and I desired to be known; therefore I created the Creation in order that I might be known.” In other words, God is the Eternal Beauty, and it lies in the nature of beauty to desire love. The mystic poets have adorned this theme—the self-manifestation of the One—with a profusion of splendid imagery. Jâmi says, for example :

From all eternity the Beloved unveiled His beauty in the solitude of the Unseen ;

He held up the mirror to His own face, He displayed His loveliness to Himself.

He was both the spectator and the spectacle ; no eye but His had surveyed the Universe.

All was One, there was no duality, no pretence of ' mine ' or ' thine.'

The vast orb of Heaven, with its myriad incomings and outgoings, was concealed in a single point.

The Creation lay cradled in the sleep of non-existence, like a child ere it has breathed.

The eye of the Beloved, seeing what was not, regarded nonentity as existent.

Although He beheld His attributes and qualities as a perfect whole in His own essence,

Yet He desired that they should be displayed to Him in another mirror,

And that each one of His eternal attributes should become manifest accordingly in a diverse form.

Therefore He created the verdant fields of Time and Space and the life-giving garden of the world,

That every branch and leaf and fruit might show forth His various perfections.

The cypress gave a hint of His comely stature, the rose gave tidings of His beauteous countenance.

Wherever Beauty peeped out, Love appeared beside it ; wherever Beauty shone in a rosy cheek, Love lit his torch from that flame.

Wherever Beauty dwelt in dark tresses, Love came and found a heart entangled in their coils.

Beauty and Love are as body and soul ; Beauty is the mine and Love the precious stone.

They have always been together from the very first ; never have they travelled but in each other's company.

In another work Jâmi describes the relation of God to the world more philosophically as follows :

The unique Substance, viewed as absolute and void of all

phenomena, all limitations and all multiplicity, is the Real (*al-haqq*). On the other hand, viewed in His aspect of multiplicity and plurality, under which He displays Himself when clothed with phenomena, He is the whole created universe. Therefore the universe is the outward visible expression of the Real, and the Real is the inner unseen reality of the universe. The universe before it was evolved to outward view was identical with the Real; and the Real after this evolution is identical with the universe.

The phenomenal world in itself is nothing, a mere illusion of the senses, like the fiery circle made by a single spark whirling round rapidly.

Man is the crown and final cause of the universe. Though last in the order of creation he is first in the process of Divine Thought, for the essential part of him is the Primal Intelligence or Universal Reason which emanates immediately from the Godhead. This corresponds to the Logos—the animating principle of all things—and is identified with the Prophet Mohammed. An interesting parallel might be drawn here between the Christian and Sûfi doctrines. The same expressions are applied to the founder of Islam which are used by St. John, St. Paul, and later mystical theologians concerning Christ.

For instance, Mohammed is called the Light of God, he is said to have existed before the creation of the world, he is adored as the source of all life, actual and possible, he is the Perfect Man in whom all the Divine attributes are manifested, and a Sûfi tradition ascribes to him the saying "He that hath seen me hath seen Allah." In the Moslem scheme, however, the Logos-doctrine occupies a subordinate place, as it obviously must when the whole duty of man is believed to consist in realising the unity of God. The most distinctive feature of Oriental as opposed to European

mysticism is its profound consciousness of an all-embracing unity in which every vestige of individuality is annihilated. Not to become *like* God or *personally* to participate in the Divine nature is the Sūfi's aim, but to escape from the bondage of his unreal selfhood and thereby to be re-united with the One infinite Being. Let me cite the translation of an ode by one of the earliest Sūfi poets, Bābā Kūhī of Shīrāz, who died in 1050 A.D.

In the market, in the cloister—only God I saw.
In the valley and on the mountain—only God I saw.
Him I have seen beside me oft in tribulation;
In favour and in fortune—only God I saw.
In prayer and fasting, in praise and contemplation,
In the religion of the Prophet—only God I saw.
Neither soul nor body, accident nor substance,
Qualities nor causes—only God I saw.
I oped mine eyes and by the light of His face around me
In all the eye discovered—only God I saw.
Like a candle I was melting in His fire:
Amidst the flames outflashing—only God I saw.
Myself with mine own eyes I saw most clearly,
But when I looked with God's eyes—only God I saw.
I passed away into nothingness, I vanished,
And lo, I was the All-living—only God I saw.

Strange as it may seem to our Western egoism, the prospect of sharing in the general, impersonal, immortality of the human soul kindles in the Sūfi an enthusiasm as deep and triumphant as that of the most ardent believer in a personal life continuing beyond the grave. Jalāluddīn Rūmī, after describing the evolution of man in the material world and anticipating his further growth in the spiritual universe, utters a heartfelt prayer—for what?—for self-annihilation in the ocean of the Godhead.

I died as mineral and became a plant,
 I died as plant and rose to animal,
 I died as animal and I was man.
 Why should I fear? When was I less by dying?
 Yet once more I shall die as man, to soar
 With angels blest; but even from angelhood
 I must pass on: all except God doth perish.
 When I have sacrificed my angel soul,
 I shall become what no mind e'er conceived.
 Oh, let me not exist! for Non-existence
 Proclaims in organ tones, 'To Him we shall return.'

The Nirvana of the Sûfis is designated by the term *fanâ*, which means literally 'passing away.' I shall have something more to say about it before I have done, but let us first consider the method of attaining it.

Mystics of every race and creed have described the progress of the spiritual life as a journey or a pilgrimage. Other symbols have been used for the same purpose, but this one appears to be almost universal in its range. The Sûfi who sets out to seek God, calls himself a 'traveller' (*sâlik*); he advances by slow 'stages' (*maqâmât*) along a 'path' (*tarîqa*) to the goal of union with the Absolute (*fanâ fi 'l-haqq*). Should he venture to make a map of this interior ascent, it will not correspond exactly with any of those made by previous explorers. Such maps or 'scales of perfection' were elaborated by Sûfi teachers at an early period, and the unlucky Moslem habit of systematising has produced an enormous aftercrop. The 'path' expounded by the author of the *Kitâb al-Luma'*, the oldest Arabic treatise on Sûfism, consists of the following seven 'stages,' each of which (except the first member of the series) is the result of the 'stage' immediately preceding it: (1) repentance, (2)

abstinence, (3) renunciation, (4) poverty, (5) patience, (6) trust in God, (7) satisfaction. These 'stages' constitute the *ethical* discipline of the Sûfi and must be carefully distinguished from the so-called 'states' (*ahwâl*, plural of *hâl*), which form a similar *psychological* chain. The writer whom I have just quoted enumerates ten 'states'; namely, meditation, nearness to God, love, fear, hope, longing, intimacy, tranquillity, contemplation, and certainty. While the 'stages' can be acquired and comprehended by one's own efforts, the 'states' are spiritual feelings and dispositions over which a man has no control: "They descend from God into his heart, without his being able to repel them when they come or to retain them when they go." The Sûfi's 'path' is not finished until he has traversed all the 'stages,' making himself perfect in every one of them before proceeding to the next, and has also experienced whatever 'states' it pleases God to bestow upon him. Then, and only then, is he permanently raised to the higher plane of consciousness which Sûfis call 'the Truth' (*haqîqat*), where the mystery of the Divine Oneness is revealed to the eye of contemplation and the 'seeker' (*tâlib*) becomes the 'knower' or 'gnostic' (*ârif*).

I have sketched, as briefly as possible, the external framework of the process by which the Sûfi arrives at his goal, and now let me try to give some account of its inner workings. Of course I cannot do more than indicate a few points which seem to me specially important.

In every list of 'stages' the first place is occupied by repentance (*tawbat*). This is the Moslem term for 'conversion' and marks the beginning of a new life. While ordinary men repent of having committed a sin,

the Sûfi repents of having ever forgotten God and 'turns to Him again,' according to the literal meaning of the word, with his heart and soul. It is the custom of Moslem converts to submit themselves to the guidance of a Sheykh or Spiritual Director whom they regard with the utmost veneration. Says Hujwiri:

The Sûfi Sheykhs observe the following rule. When a novice joins them, with the purpose of renouncing the world, they subject him to spiritual discipline for the space of three years. If he fulfil the requirements of this discipline, well and good; otherwise, they declare that he cannot be admitted to the 'Path.' The first year is devoted to service of the people, the second year to service of God, and the third year to watching over his own heart. He can serve the people, only when he places himself in the rank of servants and all others in the rank of masters, *i.e.* he must regard all, without any exception, as being better than himself, and must consider it his duty to serve all alike. And he can serve God, only when he cuts off all his selfish interests relating either to the present or to the future life and worships God for God's sake alone, inasmuch as whoever worships God for any thing's sake worships himself and not God. And he can watch over his heart, only when his thoughts are collected and every care is dismissed, so that in communion with God he guards his heart from the assaults of heedlessness. When these qualifications are possessed by the novice, he may wear the *muraqqa'a* (the patched frock worn by dervishes) as a true mystic, not merely as an imitator of others.

I need not dwell on the details of this ascetic training—the fasts and vigils, the vows of silence, the long days and nights of solitary meditation, the breaking of all ties with the world, the striving after poverty of spirit, all the weapons and tactics, in short, in that battle against one's self which the Prophet declared to be more painful and meritorious than the Holy War; nor have I time to weigh its good and evil results, and without extenuating the grave abuses for

which it was responsible, to show on the other hand, what a noble ideal of saintliness it aimed at and achieved. But among the positive elements in the Sūfī discipline there is one that not only bears directly on the *fanā* theory but is also regarded by Moslem mystics as the keystone of practical religion. I refer to the *dhikr*, an exercise well known to Western readers from the careful description given by Edward Lane in his *Modern Egyptians*, and by Professor D. B. Macdonald in his recently published *Aspects of Islam*. *Dhikr* signifies 'mentioning,' 'remembering,' or simply 'thinking of'; in the Koran the Faithful are commanded "to remember God often," a plain act of worship not implying anything mystical. The early Sūfīs, however, made a practice of repeating the name of God or some religious formula—*e.g.* "Glory to Allah" (*subhān Allāh*), "There is no god but Allah" (*lā ilāha illa'llāh*)—accompanying the mechanical intonation with an intense concentration of every faculty upon the single word or phrase. Ghazālī describes this *dhikr* and its effects in a passage which Macdonald has summarised as follows :

Let him reduce his heart to a state in which the existence of anything and its non-existence are the same to him. Then let him sit alone in some corner, limiting his religious duties to what is absolutely necessary, and not occupying himself either with reciting the Koran or considering its meaning or with books of religious traditions or with anything of the sort. And let him see to it that nothing save God most High enters his mind. Then, as he sits alone in solitude, let him not cease saying continuously with his tongue, '*Allah, Allah*,' keeping his thought on it. At last he will reach a state when the motion of his tongue will cease, and it will seem as though the word flowed from it. Let him persevere in this until all trace of motion is removed from his tongue, and he finds his heart persevering in the thought. Let him still persevere until the form of the word, its letters and shape, is removed from

his heart, and there remains the idea alone, as though clinging to his heart, inseparable from it. So far, all is dependent on his will and choice; but to bring the mercy of God does not stand in his will or choice. He has now laid himself bare to the breathings of that mercy, and nothing now remains but to await what God will open to him, as God has done after this manner to prophets and saints. If he follows the above course, he may be sure that the light of the real will shine out in his heart. At first unstable, like a flash of lightning, it turns and returns; though sometimes it hangs back. And if it returns, sometimes it abides and sometimes it is momentary. And if it abides, sometimes its abiding is long, and sometimes short.

Another Sûfi puts the gist of the whole matter in a sentence thus:

The first stage of *dhikr* is to forget self, and the last stage is the effacement of the worshipper in the act of worship without consciousness of worship, and such absorption in the object of worship as precludes return to the subject thereof. This is the state of 'passing away from passing away' (*fana al-fana*).

The quotations which I have just given will recall to many the Eightfold Way of the Buddha with Nirvana as its goal. No one who studies the evidence can deny that the theory and practice of Sûfism have been influenced by Buddhism to a considerable extent, and though the historical connexion of Nirvana and *fana* has not yet been established beyond doubt, it is at least highly probable. Moreover, the method of Sûfism, so far as it is one of ethical self-culture, ascetic meditation, and intellectual abstraction, owes much to Buddhism. But the features which the two systems have in common only accentuate the fundamental difference between them. In spirit they are poles apart. The Buddhist moralises himself, the Sûfi becomes moral only through knowing and loving God.

How shall men obtain knowledge of God? Not by the senses, for He is immaterial, nor by the intellect,

for He is unthinkable. Deductive reasoning cannot reach Him, argument proves nothing, book-learning fosters self-conceit and obscures the idea of the Truth with clouds of empty words. Jalâluddîn Rûmî, addressing the speculative theologian, asks scornfully :

Do you know a name without a thing answering to it ?
 Have you ever plucked a rose from R, O, S, E ?
 You name His name ; go, seek the reality named by it !
 Look for the moon in the sky, not in the water !
 If you desire to rise above mere names and letters,
 Make yourself free from self at one stroke.
 Become pure from all attributes of self,
 That you may see your own bright essence,
 Yea, see in your own heart the knowledge of the Prophet
 Without book, without tutor, without preceptor.

This knowledge comes by illumination, intuition, inspiration. "Look in your own heart," says the Sûfî, "for the kingdom of God is within you." He who truly knows himself knows God, for the human soul is a mirror in which every Divine quality is reflected. But just as a steel mirror when coated with rust loses its power of reflexion, so the inward spiritual sense, which Sûfis call the eye of the soul, is unable to feel or see the celestial glory until the dark obstruction of the phenomenal self, with all its passions, lusts, and vices, has been wholly cleared away. The clearance, if it is to be done effectively, must be the work of God, but it demands a certain inward co-operation on the part of man. Those who sink into complete passivity and quietism should remember the Prophet's maxim : "Trust in God and tie the camel's leg." Action is false and vain if it is thought to proceed from one's self, but the enlightened mystic regards God as the real agent in every act, and therefore takes no credit for his good works nor desires to be recompensed for them. His

prayers, devotions, and austerities spring from the moral transformation that is wrought in him by Divine grace and love.

REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON.

(The July number will contain a paper on 'Ecstasy in Islam' by Dr. Nicholson.—ED.)

THE SONG OF THE BEECH TREE.

LISTEN! It is whispering in the woods at evening,
 In a language that no man can understand,
 Save Him who knows.
 Only now and then is heard a low soft sound—
 An elusive murmur incommunicable by mortal speech.
 All is still. It stands aglow in the gold of the sunset,
 Its young green all afire with the glory which brought it to being.
 And it rises straight and high, of marvellous grace and majesty,
 Its delicate tracery clear 'neath the blue of the evening sky.
 From a seed it sprang,—from the infinite Life which gave birth to
 all humanity ;
 Into a stripling it grew, tender and immature,
 Blown by the winds, dashed by the rain, yet ever growing,
 Till now it stands, with its hint of the past and the future.
 Hush! It is whispering as the west wind passes by and kisses it,
 Its leaves a-tremble at the touch of the mighty power which breathes
 on it ;
 And its innermost nature awakes with the first faint stirring of
 passion ;
 Its boughs sway and bend, all softly responsive,
 And a tenderer green flushes the leaves in the shadow,
 As the life rises within them, dew-moist, like the lips of an infant.
 Is it prayer? is it speech, as they bow and rustle and quiver
 together ?
 Hush! Did it speak? . . . A faint inarticulate murmur
 Sighed out on the breath of the evening. What was it?
 "We praise Thee"? . . . a whisper of glory,
 Of subtle and wonderful knowledge undreamed of by aught that
 is human ?
 Hush! Stand in the stillness to listen! For no man may hear it
 Save him whose ear is attuned ;—unto him is the message.

S. E. PEARSON.

RUDOLF EUCKEN AND THE MYSTICS.

MEYRICK BOOTH, B.Sc., PH.D.

"A SPIRITUAL life transcending all human life forms the ultimate basis of reality": in this sentence lies the key to Rudolf Eucken's philosophy of life. This independent and self-sufficient spiritual life is more primary than matter itself, the natural realm being no more than a lower stage of spiritual activity—spiritual life which has not yet become self-conscious. Eucken is thus a monist, though not in the customary sense of the term. He looks upon all reality as being explicable by reference to an all-embracing spiritual life. In exact opposition to naturalism and materialism he derives matter from spirit, the lower from the higher. The spiritual life is thus no product of evolution. It is superior to all time and to all change: "change (and with it evolution) is absolutely out of the question as far as the substance of spiritual life is concerned." It is entirely different from any process following natural laws. This cosmic life works within the natural realm, but is in itself superior to the whole mechanism of nature. As an original and creative activity it is quite distinct from the human intellect and from every kind of merely human psychic life. At the same time, the universal spiritual life, as Eucken conceives of it, is more than a vague cosmic life-energy. It is the foundation of truth and know-

ledge and carries within itself the norms of right human conduct, while religion is valid only in so far as it gives expression to this fundamental eternal reality.

Of central importance is a right understanding of the place which Eucken assigns to *man* in his philosophy. Since the spiritual life is at the root of all reality, it is operative in man, and is, in fact, the centre of his being. Man is essentially spiritual and a partaker in eternal life. But a characteristic turn is given to the situation by the difficulty which human beings experience in grasping the universal spiritual life, although it dwells within them. Man's position is unique. He stands on the border-line which separates time from eternity. In his external being he is a mere fragment of the natural world, a higher animal; but in his inner nature, he is able to come into contact with the universal spiritual reality. On the one hand he can never be satisfied with a merely natural life; yet on the other it is exceedingly difficult for him to rise above the natural level and transfer his centre of gravity to the spiritual world. The ethical value of Eucken's philosophy is to be found in the establishment of a realm of independent spiritual life and of absolute and eternal values, a world set above the relativity of human affairs and yet so present within man that it is capable of being appropriated through his self-activity.

Man must wage a severe conflict in order to ally himself with the indwelling universal life. He must overcome the resistance of his non-spiritual nature, for this nature acts as a constant downward drag. The spiritual life is not immanent in man in such a fashion that he can possess it without effort; it is present as

a possibility and it rests with him to lay hold of and develop it. We cannot participate in the cosmic life without continual activity; hence the name—*activism*—which Eucken has assigned to his philosophy.

The object of this article is to indicate a few points of contact between the activist position and the mystic view of life. It will at once be clear from what has gone before that Eucken can have but little sympathy with either intellectual or purely devotional mysticism, and still less with that negative mysticism which advocates an abandonment of all distinctions and of all finite life in the search for the perfect unity. On p. 417 of *Main Currents of Modern Thought*, he says :

This point of view is right in its rejection of the petty human form of existence, but this negation, this submersion in the bottomless ocean of eternity, can satisfy only those who do not recognise a new and independent reality in spiritual life, those who perceive in it a liberation from the toil and confusion of human existence, from restless and transitory time, from the narrowness and limitation of this petty ego, but who do not realise that a new life rises up and can be gained. Only a contemplative and predominantly passive method of life, a weak, languid and invertebrate type of thought, can be content with the negation. Whenever spiritual life develops more power and confidence it will attempt the apparently impossible and will desire to rise above the negation to an affirmation; it will pursue the paths which lead to this idea of personality.

As an excellent example of this negative teaching I may quote a passage from the *Bhagavad-Gītā* (chap. xiv.) where Kṛiṣṇa says :

He who with equanimity surveys
Lustre of goodness, strife of passion, sloth
Of ignorance, not angry if they are,
Not wishful when they are not ; he who sits

A sojourner and stranger in their midst
 Unruffled, standing off, saying—serene—
 When troubles break, "These be the Qualities!"
 He unto whom—self-centred—grief and joy
 Sound as one word; to whose deep-seeing eyes
 The clod, the marble, and the gold are one;
 Whose equal heart holds the same gentleness
 For lovely and unlovely things, firm-set,
 Well pleased in praise and dispraise; satisfied
 With honour or dishonour; unto friends
 And unto foes alike in tolerance;
 Detached from undertakings,—he is named
 Surmounter of the Qualities!

And such—

With single, fervent faith adoring Me,
 Passing beyond the Qualities, conforms
 To Brahma, and attains Me!

Such an attitude as this (though not without high value as an antidote to the restless materialism of modern life) must lead to a complete loss of all content in life and to the abandonment of any attempt to organise reality; and since Eucken is above all concerned with the building up of a philosophy which shall reveal and actively develop the full content of life, his rejection of all such thought as is indicated in the foregoing passage (in so far as it claims to be a philosophy of life) goes without saying.

But with mysticism of the more active, human and personal type our philosopher has much in common. There is in reality no essential connection between retirement from the world and the mystic view of reality. There may be not only a quietist but an activist type of mysticism. Perhaps the most essential element in mysticism is the *inner and super-rational perception of the truth*: it is fundamentally opposed to every sort of materialism, externalism and

rationalism. This inner perception of reality will not necessarily be an experience of the passive or cloistered mind alone; it has been shared in a high degree by many intensely active personalities.

Let us glance for a moment at the four fundamental stages of Eucken's philosophy:

1. The break with the merely natural life; the negation without which there can be no spiritual experience.

2. The recognition of an independent spiritual life; the new birth which is the beginning of all positive religion and morality.

3. The active and personal appropriation of the spiritual life.

4. The organisation of human life and civilisation in the interests of the spiritual life and subject to the norms which it contains.

It must be obvious at a glance that here we have a system of thought which, whether or not it be consciously mystical, certainly bears a most striking resemblance to the mystic view of life. The first three stages correspond with the experience of almost every mystic—except that the third stage is (with Eucken) active, and not ecstatic or contemplative. In *Mysticism*, Evelyn Underhill points out (p. 64) that for Eucken, "the 'redemptive remaking of personality' in conformity with the transcendental or spiritual life of the universe, is . . . the central necessity of human life," and declares that the recognition of a "definite transcendental principle in man," a place where "God and man initially meet," constitutes an important mystical element in activism. On p. 80, moreover, she describes the mystic life in terms which could well be applied to Eucken's philosophy:

The mystic life, therefore, involves the emergence from deep levels of man's transcendental self; its capture of the field of consciousness; and the 'conversion' or re-arrangement of his feeling, thought, and will—his character—about this new centre of life.

It will not be necessary for us to concern ourselves at all in detail with the first of the above stages: all mystics, oriental and occidental, have agreed that reality cannot be approached without an elevation above the sense-world and a clear perception of its illusions. The great Jena philosopher describes the natural plane as a lower stage of spiritual life, a species of existence, which, not having yet attained to self-consciousness, is not reality in the true sense of the word, but which is necessary as an agent through which the spiritual life expresses itself.

Let us consider rather more seriously the problem raised in the second stage—the nature of this independent spiritual life, which dwells in man as the core of his higher nature and is yet absolute and eternal. It is this life which links humanity to the transcendental world. One of the main evidences of its presence in man is the universal phenomenon of human discontent with this limited life. Eucken asks: If man did not belong, in his innermost being, to a world of eternity and perfection, how could he be so acutely conscious of the imperfection and restriction of his immediate existence? As Pascal put it: "Who can suffer from the circumstance of not being a king, except a dethroned king?"¹

Rudolf Eucken's view of man's twofold nature corresponds closely with the traditional mystical

¹ Robert Browning, too, gave great prominence to this idea—see G. K. Chesterton's *Robert Browning*, p. 177, and the poem 'Old Pictures in Florence.'

conception—though it is not presented under the same images: within the natural, or animal, man (namely in his *Gemüt*) there resides a germ of free spiritual consciousness which is the true centre of personality. This idea seems to be substantially identical with the mystic *syntērēsis*; consider, for example, Eckhardt's 'vital spark,' Tauler's 'uncreated ground' (which is the 'abyss of the Godhead' and yet 'in us'), Augustine's 'eye of the soul' or the 'substance' of Juliana of Norwich. The words with which William Law described the mystic 'depth' in the soul would apply almost equally well to Eucken's indwelling spiritual life:

This depth is called the centre, the fund, or bottom, of the soul. This depth is the unity, the eternity, I had almost said the infinity of the soul, for it is so infinite that nothing can satisfy it, or give it any rest, but the infinity of God.¹

The belief in a 'spark' or vital centre of the soul is, of course, common to nearly all mystical writers and I will give only one more example, this time from Giseler:

This spark was created with the soul in all men, and is a clear light in them, and strives in every way against sin, and impels steadily to virtue, and presses ever back to the source from which it sprang.

If the eternal were not thus present in man, there could, says Eucken, be no knowledge and no free action. This indwelling spirituality bridges the gulf between man and world, subject and object. For man the problem of problems is the realisation and appropriation of his own inner being.

It is at this point (or at the third stage in the above scheme) that the more characteristic features of activism become apparent. The goal is, as we have

¹ Quoted in Evelyn Underhill's *Mysticism*, p. 61.

seen, the elevation of man to participation in a universal, normative, spiritual life, carrying with it a system of real values. But what of the path by which we may attain to such participation? Nothing could be more opposed to activism than any type of thought aiming at the elimination of distinctions; for it is largely through the medium of distinctions and antitheses that the spiritual life works out its manifestation. Activism is positive, and there can be no 'Yea' without its corresponding 'Nay.' Eucken is most emphatic in his rejection of pantheism, and indeed of every kind of levelling philosophy. It is precisely by firmly seizing hold of positive spiritual truth, bringing it to fruition in action and rejecting all that is non-spiritual, that man develops and consolidates a real personality, which is conceived of as a concentration of the infinite life at a point in space and time. Man is thus directly participant in the self-expression of the universal reality. In this active fashion he enters into the closest union with the Whole. The universal life raises the individual above mere human selfhood, and there could be no greater error than to associate Eucken's view of personality with the weak modern cult of the human and subjective. In order to build up such a positive personality as Eucken has in mind there must be a constant virile effort to rise above the merely natural plane, to affirm super-individual values and to impart form and content to the absolute and eternal. This is rather a creation than an elimination of distinctions. With Eucken there can be no adequate reality in the absence of free active personality: "there is absolutely no *content* without a self which unfolds itself in activity and actual events."

"Doubt is not cured by meditation but by action." This fundamental statement implies at one and the same time that Eucken is a mystic and that he is not an ordinary mystic; for it is difficult to say who would reject it the more scornfully, a contemplative mystic or a rational philosopher. Here is revealed a belief that man can attain to knowledge and conviction through a species of intuition (for what else could it be?) following upon or accompanying action. And indeed in another place¹ our philosopher says:

The possibility of the identification of our humanity with the all-powerful Spirit can be established only through the fact of its realisation. It is only the reality that can here prove the possibility.

I may be mistaken in my apprehension of Eucken's meaning in these and other passages which there is not space to quote, but to my mind they imply an approach to reality through a type of inner experience or intuition which is essentially mystical and super-rational. Professor Boyce Gibson, who takes exception to this element in activism, speaks of "what it is perhaps not unjust to describe as an irrationalistic tendency,"² and goes on to assert that Eucken's meaning is "that we can be *vitally* certain through actual experience of much that we cannot justify on rational grounds" (p. 106). Although finding fault with the manner in which Eucken, in dealing with these fundamental mysteries, thrusts reason into the background, Professor Boyce Gibson declares on p. 108:

I am convinced that Eucken is profoundly right in justifying the intuitive certainties that spring from heroic action, not, of course, as scientific conclusions, but as conclusions of fundamental personal value and significance.

¹ *The Struggle for a Concrete Spiritual Experience*, p. 293.

Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy of Life, p. 104.

We are reminded of the passage in the 7th chapter of St. John's Gospel :

My doctrine is not mine but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.

It is action which affords the test of truth—not, of course, in the pragmatic sense, that because a certain belief is satisfactory in action, therefore it is true ; but in the sense that if a belief is founded in the world of reality, it will reveal its quality through action rather than through the intellect or through contemplation. A certain amount of difficulty and obscurity attaches to this portion of Eucken's teaching and I merely give my opinion for what it may be worth. It is to be hoped that his new work on the Theory of Knowledge will throw fresh light on the matter. That intuition plays an important rôle in Eucken's philosophy must, I think, be admitted. The inward consciousness of certitude which is the accompaniment of the appropriation of the spiritual life, would surely be difficult of explanation on any other assumption—more especially where the certitude is concerned with ethical or religious factors.

If Eucken be compared with a mystic of the personal and active type, such as Robert Browning, several points of interest are revealed. Browning's love of personality and his perception of the infinite in concrete human life link him to the great Jena philosopher, and separate him from all those mystics who have sought to merge themselves in an impersonal eternal. The poet adhered to the facts of life and avoided a vague contemplation of the infinite ; as Dean Inge says in his *Studies of English Mystics* (p. 208).

A strong hunger for eternity and perfection, combined with close and reverent handling of the facts of life; a tenacious grip of the concrete finite example, with a determination to make it illustrate, and be illustrated by, its ideal and spiritual principle;—this is the method of the true mystic, and in all that concerns human character it is the method of Browning.

This positive type of feeling has been developed under Christian influence, and its presence in Eucken's works is no doubt chiefly to be accounted for through the very large part which Christianity has played in his development. We must set to the credit of Christianity, too, Eucken's positive method of breaking with the sense-world and its narrow sphere of self-interest, a method in which he differs sharply from the Neoplatonic and all allied schools of mysticism (as well as from a large number of Christian mystics who were more or less under Neoplatonic or Manichæan influence): consider, for example, the following statement, taken from p. 418 of *Main Currents of Modern Thought*:

No energy of negation, no yearning towards an absorption in the infinite, will undermine selfishness so completely as will the building up of a new spiritual self charged with great and imperative tasks.

Browning was as far removed as is Eucken from any sort of deification of human personality as such: man is central and eternal only because he contains the whole within himself as a potentiality of his being. It is man's unique position in the universe which gives to his personality such a profound significance. Moreover, Browning held, in Dean Inge's words (*ibid.* p. 214), "that there is a natural tendency towards good in all men—a victorious striving upward which is our natural and healthy activity and which can never

be wholly destroyed." In conjunction with the rest of his teaching this points to an activististic mysticism.

It must be clear to all who follow the main tendencies of modern thought, that there is to-day a broad stream of mysticism such as has not been seen for some centuries. Men have revolted alike against the intolerable emptiness of scientific materialism and the fantastic conceptual structures of intellectualistic speculation. There is in progress a return towards the sources of spiritual life, a tendency to study inner experience. To trace the connection which exists between this modern movement and activism would take me far beyond the limits of such an article as this; Bergson, Boutroux, James, Royce and many others could be drawn upon for much fruitful matter.

Before concluding I may note, however, that a strongly mystical writer like Edward Carpenter, who has worked on lines far removed from all conventional philosophy, and who would be in many respects in opposition to Eucken's teaching, has, in his own independent way, hit upon some of the fundamental ideas of activism. On p. 131 of *The Drama of Love and Death* we read:

The eternity of the All-soul or Self of the universe, is, I take it, a basic fact; . . . That being granted, it follows that if the soul of each human being roots down ultimately into that All-self, the core of each soul *must* partake of the eternal nature.

This in itself may not appear very striking, but when Carpenter goes on to say that this great cosmic life is a creative force which needs concrete forms and a manifestation subject to the limitations of space and time in order to express itself, to realise its own self-consciousness, he comes near Eucken's position (although Carpenter's All-self must not be too hastily

identified with Eucken's universal spiritual life). With both thinkers multiplicity and individuation are seen to be essential to the content and actuality of spiritual life and yet there is through all and beyond all a central unity, the germ of which dwells in man.

It is most difficult, in a short article, to do any real justice to the important connection which undoubtedly exists between Activism and Mysticism; but I trust I have succeeded, to some extent, in bringing out a few salient points of resemblance. The value of the connection is all the greater for the fact that Eucken has not travelled by the mystic road. If it be true that the great historical mystics caught a glimpse of the central reality of the universe, then it must follow that any true philosophy of life will reach conclusions not far removed from those of the mystics. There are many paths towards the same truth, and we trust that Activism and Mysticism are both contributing towards that deeper and more central synthesis of life which is so urgently needed by the modern world.

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JACOB'S WRESTLING.

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THE story of the mysterious struggle between Jacob and the 'angel' at the 'Wrestling Ford,' like so many other folk-tales, involves more than one motive; and, as is usual in these tales, these motives have in time become so intertwined that their disentangling is now not merely difficult but probably impossible. It is, however, not hard to detect its central idea. Here we have a physical, stubborn, and even ferocious wrestle with a being who, though of a superior order, yet has a body and is capable even of being overcome by a bodily exertion of prowess. The crude anthropomorphism of such a tale is of course not unparalleled: such stories appear in all nations at stages of belief that have not reached conceptions of *spiritual* beings. The struggle of Beowulf with Grendel is precisely of this kind; and it is possible that the contests in the Iliad between Ares and Diomedes and between Achilles and Scamander reach back to such a stage of thought. Again, a tale of this kind would naturally arise in reference to a stream like the Jabbok, which seems literally to wrestle its way towards the Jordan, and so to bear on its face the marks of some ancient Titanic struggle, like that between Hercules and Cacus, or that between

¹ The following paper was written before I had seen Dr. J. G. Frazer's article on the same subject in *Anthropological Essays presented to E. B. Tylor*, Oxford, 1907. I have thought it desirable to make no alteration in it, although there are some points in which a perusal of Dr. Frazer's article would suggest a slight change.

Odysseus and Polyphemus. Yet further, any nation that inhabited the region would inevitably ascribe a share in such a wrestle to that one of its early heroes whose wanderings could, without any excessive stretching, be made to bring him to the spot. So far, we are not likely to make any great mistake in dealing with the story. We are not, of course, going yet deeper into the origins of such tales. It is *possible*, as Jeremias and Roscher think, that they began with memories of frightful nightmares. It is *possible*, again, that in certain aspects they represent mysterious conjunctions of planets, or strange natural phenomena of other kinds. But with these questions we are not concerned: we take the stories when they have reached the point of representing an actual physical wrestle as of man with man. And even so, when we look at the Jacob-story in its present somewhat elaborate form, we have difficulties enough, without seeking farther. Not only, for example, has it received the peculiar moral and (to use an ambiguous word) spiritual touches which few Hebrew legends long escaped, but it presents, when we look at it more closely, certain other aspects that give it, even among Hebrew sagas, a special character. It is, we see at once, a ritual-myth: it professes to give the reason of an established Jewish custom. The children of Israel, we are told, ate not of a certain part of an animal because 'he' touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh in that place. Now whether the myth gave origin to the custom, or the custom led to the invention of the myth, it is the business of anthropologists to decide: but we can hardly doubt that *some* incident of the kind was in the very earliest form of the story, although the actual incident which we have may have been substituted

for it in order to explain the ritual. The 'touching' may be new: some injury to the human wrestler must be old.

The story, again, as we have it, involves two further conceptions, apparently mutually destructive, the respective claims of which to priority are hard to settle. Whatever the primary form of the story of the sinew that shrank may have been, it can hardly be doubted that it represents a stage of the legend in which the human wrestler is *punished* by his super-human adversary for his presumption in daring to resist him. Old mythologies are full of this idea—whether you win or lose in a struggle with the gods, you do ill to oppose them, and will suffer for it in some way. On the other hand, the blessing and the change of name at the end seem to give a different turn to the tale, as if the divine being were actually pleased with the tenacity of his human opponent, and regards the contest rather as a trial than as a serious battle. Here again it is possible to find parallels; the somewhat capricious gods of old times were quite capable of taking either view according to the feeling of the moment: but what is peculiar in our narrative is that the god (if such he be) seems to take both views at once. "You have wrestled with God, and have prevailed," he seems to say; "you shall therefore have your reward. But it is ill to fight with gods nevertheless, and as you henceforth halt upon your thigh you shall know that you dared too much."

There are of course other aspects of the tale that are interesting. Jacob's anxiety to learn his antagonist's name, the discovery of which would at once have given him the victory, points to that great class of superstitions in which the *name* is conceived as carry-

ing the whole weight of its owner's personality. Thus, for example, in the Odyssey, Polyphemus desires to know the name of his enemy, and having heard it, pronounces a curse to which Poseidon hearkens. So also, in our English fairy-tale of Tom Tit Tot, or in the parallel German Märchen of Rumpelstilzchen, the little demon loses all power, and indeed vanishes to nothing, when his name is once discovered; and in the Egyptian mythology Isis secures the whole might of Ra by stealing his sacred name. In the Icelandic Landnámabók there is a story of a man named Lodmund the Old, whose strength was vastly increased by a troll that dwelt within him: he was, as the phrase is, 'troll-eked.' Leaving a certain homestead, he lies down in his ship, and commands that *no man shall name him*. Thus protected from counter-spells, he lays such a doom on the house he has left that it falls in ruin, and the haven that the house had overlooked becomes fatal to all ships. No wonder then that Jacob's supernatural antagonist, seeing the purpose of the question as to his name, refuses to reveal it; and later, for his own part, gains a certain control over Jacob by applying to him a new and punning name commemorating at once his princeliness and his wrestling. So marked is this feature in the tale that some have even regarded the capture of the name as the object of the wrestling: and such indeed may have been the opinion of the prophet Hosea (xii. 4, 2).¹ To us it hardly seems to be of quite this paramount importance; but, be it so or not, we turn for the present to the conception of a *physical* struggle between a man and a higher being, and to the two or three other questions, at which we

¹ "Yea he had power over the angel and prevailed; *he* (the angel) wept and made supplication to him": but Jahweh "will punish Jacob according to his ways; according to his doings will he recompense him."

have already hinted, that seem to arise more or less directly out of that issue.

First, then, as to this idea of actual physical wrestling with gods, demons, trolls, or other super-human beings. Plenty of such struggles, doubtless, were described in earlier forms of Hebrew story than those that have come down to us. In *Exodus* iv. 24, we are told that Jahweh 'met' Moses, and 'sought to kill him'; but his wife Zipporah, by a mystic action, saves him, 'and so he let him go.' Later, in *Deuteronomy* xxxiii. 8—a passage that may well be older than most of the book—we seem to trace the relics of a story of a strife between Levi and Jahweh, which ended in the former's capturing the Urim and Thummim. (Incidentally we may notice that this strife took place *at the waters of Meribah*—a point which will be of interest later on.) It was at Meribah, the place of this struggle, that Moses earned from Jahweh the curse that forbade him to lead the children of Israel into the Promised Land. Had we the original form of this tale, we should doubtless see some likeness to the saga of Jacob.

It would appear that this idea retained its living force throughout the whole history of Judaism. If we may judge by the peculiar words in which Paul speaks of his thorn or stake in the flesh, even he, the heir of so many ages of civilisation, regarded that infirmity as the mark left upon him by repeated contests with an angel of Satan; precisely as our own ancestors regarded a 'stitch' or side-ache as the effect of a spear-thrust from a Valkyrie. But the notion was held far beyond the limits of Judea. Such a wrestling was that between Hiawatha and Mudjekeewis, after which, though Hiawatha had failed to kill the immortal,

he received the prize of valour, and the promise of future dominion. In the sagas of Iceland the motive occurs again and again; and it is here that we find perhaps the completest parallels to the Biblical story. Analogy, of course, is an unsafe guide; but in a sphere where probability is all we have to follow, analogy assumes an importance in inverse ratio to our certainty. Some of the Icelandic sagas spring from a state of society very similar, as far as we can judge, to that which produced the Israelite legends; and it is tolerably certain that if the true explanation of this mysterious story is not to be found here, it is to be found nowhere.

At any rate, we have not to seek far before we light on stories in which actual physical wrestling with higher beings is a main incident. In *Laxdaela Saga*, for example, there is a narrative of the drowning of a certain sorcerer named Hallbjorn Whetstone-Eye. After his drowning his corpse is washed ashore, and he begins to 'walk' and to cause great trouble in the neighbourhood. But the yeoman of the place, Thorkell of Thickwood, a man of fearless heart and mighty frame, encounters Hallbjorn in the evening, when the moon is shining, and struggles with him furiously. At last, just as he is getting the better of the 'troll,' it sinks into the earth out of his sight. The chronicler adds, perhaps with some surprise, that no harm happened later from Hallbjorn. Here we may incidentally notice that the struggle took place at night. It was at night that demons had their power. It was at night that the 'Disir' killed Thidrandi, in vengeance for his father Hall's renunciation of his faith; it was at night that 'Hamrammir' men changed their shape and became bears or bulls;

and it was at night that Skallagrim, the father of Egill, was taken by his fits of supernatural strength. Particularly powerful do some of these demons become when the moon is shining; as Medea's herbs were most potent when gathered by moonlight, and as Bosnian vampires to this day walk only when the moon shines.

Others of these tales border on the grotesque, but they exhibit the same features. Thus, for example, in the 'Thátttr' or short Saga of Gunnar Helming, which is to be found as an episode in the Life of Olaf Tryggvason, Gunnar, wandering as an exile in Sweden, lights on the travelling tabernacle of the god Frey. He was set to leading the horses, and in a great snow-storm, tiring of the work, refused to stir another step. Hereupon the god, in great anger, leapt from the waggon, seized Gunnar, and wrestled mightily with him. Gunnar resisted bravely, but soon saw that the idol was too powerful; and he would indeed have been killed if he had not vowed that he would turn over to the true faith. At that the demon lost his strength, and finally left the idol, which became then but an empty log of wood. Gunnar hacked the idol to pieces, donned its clothes, and for the next few months played the part of the banished god with great skill and success. It was, indeed, this very success that betrayed him to his lord Olaf: "for," said that shrewd monarch, "sacrifices to a living creature are precisely those that are the most powerful."

In this story, unfortunately, we have the old idea touched by Christianity. It is through the more powerful Christ that Gunnar is able to overcome his mighty adversary. At an earlier stage we should have seen him prevailing by his own strength.

In the Saga of Thorgisl — now embodied in

Floamanna Saga—the hero has a worse time than Gunnar. He accepts Christianity, and neglects his old god Thor. Thereupon Thor appears to him in a dream, and tells him that he will punish him for his desertion. Accordingly he slays a boar belonging to Thorgisl, and later an ox. “Thorgisl then took to watching his cattle himself; and when he came home in the morning he was black and blue all over, so that men knew for a sooth that he and Thor must have met and fought.” Thenceforward, for many months, the story of Thorgisl is the story of plagues and persecutions which he endures at the hands of Thor; but, according to the sagaman, these torments are rather Thor’s vengeance for his devotee’s desertion to another god than his punishment for Thorgisl’s presumption in wrestling with him.

The Saga of Grettir the Strong exhibits the same motive, not once but at least twice; and on the second occasion carries it out more fully. The first adventure is briefly as follows. Knowing that a mighty sword had been buried with a long-dead hero Karr the Old, Grettir descends into Karr’s house, and seizes the sword. As, however, he tries to unloose the gold torque from the old hero’s neck, Karr springs to his feet, and a mighty wrestle begins, which lasts apparently for hours; until at last Grettir prevails, and carries off the sword and the other treasures. The sword is held back by the owner of the farm near the house, until Grettir shall have done a deed worthy of such an heirloom. In time, as may be expected, the deed is done: “but,” says Grettir prophetically, “who knows whether luck will follow the sword?” Ill indeed is the luck that follows it: Karr is fully avenged before the story is ended.

In the second episode, which is told in what is perhaps the finest ghost-story in the world, the supernatural wrestler is again an 'afterganger'—a demon that has taken the body of a dead shepherd named Glam. For many months he has haunted the sheep-walks, and 'ridden' the house of his old master. Gretti lies in wait for him in the great hall of the house, and Glam, after riding the roof, enters the hall.

At that Gretti leapt up, and seized Glam round the waist, straining at his back as hard as he could, striving to break the same; but the demon pressed so mightily on Gretti's arms that he was bowed down by the force thereof. And Gretti stayed himself at all the seats, and set his feet against all he could to hold himself back; and the pillars of the hall started from their sockets, and all that was in their way was broken. Glam strove to drag him from the hall, and Gretti strove to stay within; for hard as it was to hold up within the house, well knew he that it would be harder without: but Glam increased his might, and despite of all Gretti's strength did Glam drag him out of the hall and into the porch; and there he drew him even toward the door. And at the door Gretti suddenly thrust hard against Glam, so that he, not expecting it, fell backwards; and Gretti fell face downwards upon him. There was a moon that night, and at whiles it shone forth and at whiles it was covered by the clouds; and when Gretti saw Glam's face, his strength left him, so that he could not draw his sword, but lay between this world and the next. And then did Glam shew his might, more than other after-gangers, in that he spake thus: Great daring hast thou shown, Gretti, that thou hast faced me; yet deem it not strange that thou shalt gain ill-luck thereby. For thou hast yet achieved but half thy due strength; yet shalt thou never be stronger than now: and henceforward all thy luck shall turn to evil; thou shalt be an outcast and a wanderer, and whenever thou art alone thou shalt see these glaring eyes of mine, till loneliness shall be a horror to thee; and this same horror shall drag thee to thy doom.

This story, as is well known, is nothing but the English Saga of Beowulf and Grendel, transferred to a

later and partially historical hero. In both settings of the tale we notice that the human fighter deliberately discards weapons, for they are useless against his foe, and resorts to the 'hand-grip'; and this feature appears again, alike in Beowulf's contest with Grendel's mother, and in Gretti's struggle with Karr the Old. Can there be an echo of the same idea in the *wrestling* of Jacob with his visitant? Does *he* too know that weapons cannot avail, and that the hand-grip is his only chance? But further we observe in the Icelandic setting of the tale, if not in the Beowulf narrative, the fact that the demon, though vanquished, has yet the power to avenge himself upon his conqueror. Gretti has dared more than mortal ought to dare; and for the rest of his life he pays the penalty. Similarly, in the Volsunga Saga, the gods avenge themselves upon Hreithmarr, who has exacted from them the full legal atonement for the death of his son Otter. They are bound to pay the wer-gild; and they pay it; but they lay a curse upon it, so that Hreithmarr and his sons come to their doom thereby: for it is ill to match oneself with gods. Even so, also, Sigurd pays with his life for his victory over Fafnir. The 'starred Ethiop Queen' is not the only one who has found the peril of contending with higher beings.

But Gretti's Saga suggests to us yet another hint for the solution of our problem. Toward the end of the book there is a third adventure of the hero, this time with a stream-troll, the details of which are remarkably similar to those of his encounter with Glam. The stream-troll is always exacting a toll of lives from those who dwell near her. One year the 'bondi' or yeoman himself disappears; the next a thrall of his widow Steinvor. Gretti arrives, and in

defiance of her power carries Steinvor over the river. That night the troll comes to exact vengeance. Once more there is the wrestle; fearful are the hand-grips: they struggle till the breaking of the day, and Gretti is slowly dragged toward the stream, for she is stronger than he. At the last moment, however, he is able to strike off her arm with his sword; the sun rises, and she is turned to stone. We have here a variation upon the theme of Beowulf's second conflict, that beneath the water, with a water-nixie whom the saga calls 'Grendel's mother'; but the details are those familiar to us from all these stories.

Before we leave the Gretti Saga, we may briefly refer to yet another form of it. This appears in the Saga of Rolf Kraki, whose chief henchman Bodvarr is generally supposed to be identical with Beowulf, that is, with Gretti. A beast, supposed to conceal a fiend within it, has haunted Rolf's court for two winters, and slain many of his champions. Bodvarr, and a man named Hott, seek the beast—the latter in fear and trembling. Bodvarr slays the monster; and then constrains Hott to drink its blood. "Now," said he to Hott, "let us wrestle": and they wrestled a long time. "I see," said Bodvarr, when the match was over, "that thou hast gained strength and courage; I deem that henceforth thou wilt not be afraid." "Not even of thee," said Hott. Here then we have a *testing-wrestle*, attached somewhat loosely to a story of a struggle with a superhuman monster.

We have then in these stories a clear example of the belief in a stream-troll which exacts a payment from those who cross its river. Many other examples might be given. In Herodotus (i. 184) we read how the Gyndes took such a payment from the army of

Cyrus, whereupon the king, being angry with the river, split it up into so many tiny streams that women could cross it unhurt. Again (vii. 35) when the Hellespont (anciently regarded as a river) broke the bridge Xerxes had laid over it, he revenged himself by giving it three hundred lashes—a well-known story which has brought upon the monarch a perhaps undeserved reputation for extreme stupidity.

Let us now return to that fragment of ancient Hebrew tradition which is preserved for us in the narrative of Jacob's wrestle. It is on the bank of a stream, and he has just sent his company over. Whether he has himself passed the ford is not quite clear; nor is it of great importance. Imagine that this stream, which bears the significant name of the 'Wrestler' (Jabboq, allied to 'ābaq, 'to wrestle') is inhabited by a demon which wrestles with those who profane his current by crossing it, and exacts a toll of lives precisely as the stream-troll exacted hers. Jacob is left alone, like Gretti, and the demon-wrestler attacks him. 'Hand-grips' alone avail. Jacob, it is true, who like Odysseus is the hero of cunning as much as of force, attempts to win by learning the demon's name. He fails, and the wrestle proceeds, all through the night, until, as day is nearing, the enemy is compelled to beg to be released. At last the sun bursts upon the scene; the spell is broken, the demon's night-born strength fails, and the conflict is over. Jacob has prevailed; but he has 'done ill' to strive, nevertheless; and, like Gretti, he pays the penalty. In the words of Hosea already referred to, he has 'had power over the angel,' and has actually reduced him to tears and supplications; but Jahweh "will punish Jacob according to his ways; Jahweh is his memorial." As he

passes over Penuel, the sun rises upon him in full power; but he carries with him the marks of his ill-omened struggle, and 'halts upon his thigh.'

Such (with a plentiful infusion of those *peut-être*s which Renan wished his readers to supply at intervals in his history of Christian origins) we may fancy to have been the form of the story as it was handed down by early and still somewhat barbarous tradition. There is no need to exercise our fancy still further, and to wonder whether the ford may at one time have represented a 'Nibiru' point, where Marduk stands in the middle of his starry career. We need not guess that the lameness may have been a 'weakness' in the sun or moon, or that the fight may once have been a nightmare. Nor need we trouble as to whether the hero of the story was always Jacob. Even if it had been once some forgotten man of might, his deeds were sure to be transferred to a better-known *ἀνὴρ πολύτροπος*, precisely as the feats of Beowa passed to an historical Beowulf, and from Beowulf to Grettir; or as the dragon-slaying of Sigmund passed to his son Sigurd. Many a legend may the Hebrews have caught from the Amorites they dispossessed. Be this so or not, how may we conceive that a later and more enlightened Jewish tradition would deal with the story? Jacob is now the eponymous hero of the race; Jahweh is now established as the one true God. Alterations are inevitable; yet the kernel of the tale must be kept. The 'wrestling river' still struggles into Jordan; the watch-tower of Penuel still marks the scene of the fight. Hence the changes are chiefly in emphasis; and yet, while through a large part of the tale probably the very words of the old narrative are retained, an entirely different turn is given to it.

It is still 'a man' that wrestles; and the struggle is still purely physical. The vengeance is still there; Jacob's thigh has to shrink; but the struggle has become in *tone* like the testing of Abraham at Moriah, or his *argumentative* victory at Mamre. The conception of the necessary ill-luck in a contest with a higher being has disappeared, although the incident that depends upon such a conception, and which indeed is unintelligible without it, is retained. Attached to it, and that in total unconsciousness of the inconsistency, is the conception of a God who is to be overcome by perseverance, and who, so far from resenting stubbornness, rewards it—the conception, in fact, of the Kingdom of Heaven as 'suffering violence.' Such an idea is that which prevailed in the days of Moses, of Elijah, and of John the Baptist. God will, in the long run, consent to give; but he is still regarded as sufficiently anthropomorphic to demand a vigorous and long-continued supplication. Like Zeus to Thetis, he will grant what he would prefer to withhold; to Jacob, as afterwards to Moses, he cries out: "Let me alone, or thou wilt compel me to do what otherwise I should refrain from doing." It is a case of '*vota dis exaudita malignis*'—gifts won by force from stingy beings. A less crude form of the notion survives in the parable of the Importunate Widow; but it is a far cry nevertheless to the teaching of Christ, that we are not heard for much speaking, and that God is more ready to give than we to ask. And yet, crude as the view was, it marked a great advance on that which saw in the gods actually malignant powers, to be propitiated by bloody sacrifices, and resenting in unchivalrous fashion a victory honourably gained over them by strength, daring, and persistency.

E. E. KELLETT.

THE MYSTICAL PHILOSOPHY OF ANCIENT CHINA : TAOISM.

L. CRANMER-BYNG, B.A.

MUCH has been said and written of recent years on the subject of the Chinese Mystical Philosophy known as Taoism. It has nowhere been more sympathetically treated than in the pages of *THE QUEST*, especially by the Editor and Mr. Lionel Giles. But whereas both these eminent writers seem to have found but little precision and sequence in the ideas of its chief exponents, Lao Tzū and Chuang Tzū, I am going to attempt to give some idea of co-ordination and method which appears to me to be common to all the earlier Taoist philosophers. In the first place, I would ask you to consider, paradoxically perhaps, what manner of man was Confucius, the great rival of Lao Tzū, and what the central pivot of the doctrine which he preached. In his introduction to *The Book of Filial Duty*, Mr. Ivan Chen writes:

The Chinese national spirit is a spirit of continuity; the spirit of the Confucian philosophy is a spirit of harmony with the environment of daily life. "Confucius," says Tzu-ssu, "possessed as if by hereditary transmission, the virtues of Yao and Shun (Emperors of the Golden Age). . . . Above all he kept in unison with the seasons of the sky; below he conformed to the water and the land. . . . All things are kept in train together without their injuring one another; their ways go on together, without interfering one with the other. The smaller forces in

river streams, the greater forces in ample transformations. It is this that makes the sky and earth so great."

To the Chinese mind (continues Mr. Ivan Chen) the successful policy in life is a policy of adjustment. This policy runs from highest to lowest and back again from lowest to highest. The Emperor had to adjust himself to the requirements of his great Ministers, they in turn to the provincial Governors, they in turn to the local magistrates, and so on down the scale of social order. So this policy of adjustment works equally upwards from the youngest son of the meanest family to the Emperor himself, who was called upon to adjust his methods to those employed by his August Father.

I have quoted this passage *in extenso* because in my opinion this word 'adjustment' will be found in the very heart of Taoist doctrine even as it is in the heart of Confucianism. But whereas the adjustment of Confucius is a political and ethical adjustment, that of Lao Tzŭ is the adjustment of man as a spiritual entity to his fellow spirits, to all who possess what Bergson calls the *élan vital*, and finally the adjustment of man the particular to God the Universal.

All the doctrine of Lao Tzŭ is summed up in one Chinese word that I would ask you to remember, the word: Tao—the Way. It may be said to have two aspects: the Tao of Heaven and the Tao of Earth.

The Tao of Heaven has been likened to 'The Word' of St. John the Divine. It is, however, rather the Absolute Cause—the unknowable, the unnameable—from which all things proceed. In the words of Lao Tzŭ:

All things under Heaven derive their being from Tao in the form of Existence; Tao in the form of Existence sprang from Tao in the form of Non-Existence. Tao is a great square with no angles, a great vessel which takes long to complete, a great sound which cannot be heard, a great image without form.

It is the All in All dimly perceived by man through his faculty of spiritual apprehension. Formless, yet within it there is form! Impalpable, yet within it there is substance! Obscure, yet within it there is a vital principle! And in like manner, as Tao contains within itself the germ of form, so it pervades the form it creates and nourishes it.

All-pervading is the Great Tao. It can be at once on the right hand and on the left. All things depend on it for life, and it rejects them not. Its task accomplished, it takes no credit. It loves and nourishes all things, but does not act as master. It is ever free from desire. We may call it small: all things return to it, yet it does not act as master. We may call it great: the Tao of Heaven may be rendered as the Divine Law which acts through space and matter. It is neither male nor female, since it produced unity, and unity produced both the Yin and the Yang, the female and male principle. Thus it is that this Divine Law, engendering all things, nourishes them, develops them, and fosters them; perfects them, ripens them, tends them, and protects them. Production without possession, action without self-assertion, development without domination: this is its mysterious operation. Heaven's net is vast; though its meshes are wide, it lets nothing slip through.

To sum up, from Tao the Unknowable is evolved Tao the Law that moves in all things—the law of change by which things come into being, by which they reach maturity, by which they pass or are transmuted into other forms, the law of recurrence of seasons and cycles and revolutions of the world.

I have said, I think, sufficient about the Tao of Heaven to show how very little beyond this old philosopher of 600 B.C., our modern thinkers have progressed in dealing with a First Cause. In majesty of language and in aloofness, and the utter absence of all racial bias such as we find in most early ideas of

cosmogony, these opening chapters of the *Tao Te Ching* are unapproachable.

I now pass to the subject which more directly concerns us in this place—the Tao of Earth ; but before doing so I wish to make it clear that I shall endeavour to take as broad a view as possible of Taoism as a philosophy, instancing not merely the writings of Lao Tzŭ, but also those of his immediate followers, like Chuang Tzŭ and Hwai Nan Tzŭ, and even those poets and artists who, at a latter period, were profoundly under the influence of Taoism. For, as I shall endeavour to point out, much of the great art of China and Japan was due to the inspiration of Taoism, even as early Italian art had its inspiration in the Christian Renaissance, and art that expresses a certain philosophical out-look on life must rightly be reckoned with when that philosophy is called into account.

“ Taoism,” says a recent critic, “ is the art of being in the world, for it deals with the present—ourselves.” It is in us that God meets with Nature, and yesterday parts from to-morrow. Man is the reconciling principle between Heaven and Earth, and the life of the true man is attained in the adjustment of the principles of Heaven and Earth. There is one harmony of Heaven and one of Earth, and the accord between the two is the harmony of man.

Three essentials are needed by one who would master the art of life and the harmony of man. The world has always held the first two in contempt and neglected the third. They are Weakness, Emptiness, and Apprehension. Weak—as water, Empty—as space, and Apprehensive—as one who stands alone on the dark confines of another world.

There is nothing in the world (says Lao Tzŭ) more soft and

weak than water, yet for attacking things that are hard and strong there is nothing that surpasses it, nothing that can take its place. The soft overcomes the hard; the weak overcomes the strong.

Like water, the man who possesses the Tao, can adapt himself to all circumstances; and, as water fills vessels of every shape and dimension, so is he capable of accommodating himself to all natures, deep or shallow, while, nevertheless, remaining steadfast and unyielding in himself. Like a great river, he will be content to take the lower levels, yet the smaller streams will draw down to him, and the torrents will be his tributaries. His nature will be clear as the mountain tarn, deep as the well, and limitless as the sea. It is a part, and a considerable part, of the great art of life, according to the Taoist, to know how to overcome difficulties. The slow steady drip of water will eventually wear down the hardest rock, the runnel will find out the fissure and enlarge it till it becomes a cavity, till ultimately water wins a channel through. To glide between the interstices is better than to pit one's tiny strength against a solid front. Chuang Tzū well illustrates this in his story of the cook and his chopper:

Prince Hui's cook was cutting up a bullock. Every blow of his hand, every heave of his shoulders, every tread of his foot, every thrust of his knee, every *whshh* of rent flesh, every *chhk* of the chopper, was in perfect harmony—rhythmical like the dance of the Mulberry Grove, simultaneous like the chorus of the Ching Shou.

"Well done!" cried the Prince, "yours is skill indeed."

"Sire," replied the cook, "I have always devoted myself to Tao. It is better than skill. When I first began to cut up bullocks, I saw before me simply *whole* bullocks. After three years' practice, I saw no more whole animals. And now I work with my mind and not with my eye. When my senses bid me stop, but my mind urges me on, I fall back upon eternal principles.

I follow such openings and cavities as there may be, according to the natural constitution of the animal. I do not attempt to cut through joints; still less through large bones.

"A good cook changes his chopper once a year—because he cuts. An ordinary cook once a month, because he hacks. But I have had this chopper nineteen years, and although I have cut up many thousand bullocks, its edge is as if fresh from the whetstone. For at the joints are always interstices, and the edge of a chopper being without thickness, it remains only to insert that which is without thickness into such an interstice. By these means the interstice will be enlarged, and the blade find plenty of room. It is thus that I have kept my chopper for nineteen years as though fresh from the whetstone.

"Nevertheless, when I come upon a hard part where the blade meets with a difficulty, I am all caution. I fix my eye upon it. I stay my hand, and gently apply my blade, until with a *hwah* the part yields like earth crumbling to the ground."

The lesson conveyed is very clear. Every difficulty that presents itself to us is made up of minor issues jointed together like a bullock. We must try to see not merely the whole difficulty, but the many issues that go to make it. Then comes the weakest part of the chopper, the fine insignificant blade, a gentle pressure and the obstacle falls apart.

Weakness is life! Rigidity is death! Herein is the essence of much philosophy.

Man (says Lao Tzū) at his birth is tender and weak; at his death he is rigid and strong. Plants and trees when they come forth are tender and crisp; when dead they are dry and tough. Thus rigidity and strength are the concomitants of death; softness and weakness are the concomitants of life.

Hence the warrior that is strong does not conquer; the tree that is strong is cut down. Therefore the strong and big take the lower place; the soft and weak take the higher place.

There is nothing in the world more soft and weak than water, yet for attacking things that are hard and strong there is nothing that surpasses it, nothing that can take its place.

The straight line is never found in either Chinese or Japanese art. It is the symbol of death. It is something broken off, something unbeautiful, something unreal; for the straight line prolonged must always deflect and be no longer straight. The first canon of Chinese art laid down by Shakaku in the fifth century is: "The Life-movement of the Spirit through the Rhythm of things." There can be no movement in that which is rigid and fixed. There are no possibilities for growth and expansion; and the virility of life and art lies in those possibilities. Angles are the only outcome of the meeting of straight lines. In connection with this avoidance of angularity we have what Chuang Tzū calls the doctrine of non-angularity and self-adaptation to externals. As Mr. Lionel Giles has pointed out, in his *Musings of a Chinese Mystic*, this is "really a corollary to the grand principle of getting outside one's personality—a process which extends the mental horizon and creates sympathy with the minds of others. 'What the world reverences cannot be treated with disrespect' is the dictum of the older sage. But Chuang Tzū went beyond this negative precept. He saw well enough that unless a man is prepared to run his head against a stone wall, he must, in the modern cant phrase, adjust himself to his environment. Without abating a jot or tittle of his inmost convictions, he must swim with the tide so as not to offend others. Outwardly he may adapt himself if inwardly he keeps up his own standard. There must be no raging, tearing propaganda, but infinite patience and tact. Gentle moral suasion and personal example are the only methods that Chuang Tzū will countenance; and even with these he urges caution. 'If you are always offending others by your

superiority, you will probably come to grief.' Above all, he abhors the clumsy stupidity which would go on forcing its stock remedies down the people's throat, irrespective of place or season. Thus even Confucius is blamed for trying to revive the dead ashes of the poets, 'make the customs of Chou succeed in Lu.' This, he says, is 'like pushing a boat on land—great trouble and no result, except certain injury to oneself.' "

No man can aspire to be truly a social reformer until he has acquired first of all the three precious jewels of Lao Tzū :

The first is gentleness, the second is frugality, the third is humility, which keeps me from putting myself before others. Be gentle, and you can be bold ; be frugal, and you can be liberal ; avoid putting yourself before others, and you can become a leader among men.

And so the Old Teacher in the centuries before Christ finds voice in the clamours of to-day, and speaks to us as he spoke to the ancient Chinese world in words of solemn admonition :

But in the present day men cast off gentleness and are all for being bold ; they spurn frugality, and retain only extravagance ; they discard humility, and aim only at being first. Therefore, they shall surely perish.

Yet, if we would acquire the three precious jewels of life, we must first of all learn to discard their counterfeits. We must rid ourselves of many things, perhaps of all things that we cherished heretofore ; we must go back to the second of the three great principles of Taoism and learn the doctrine of the vacuum—the meaning of Emptiness.

As the greatest of his Japanese critics says :

Lao Tzū claimed that only in vacuum lay the truly essential. The reality of a room, for instance, was to be found in the vacant space enclosed by the roof and walls themselves. The usefulness

of a water-pitcher dwelt in the emptiness where water might be put, not in the form of the pitcher or of the material of which it was made. Vacuum is all potent because all containing. In vacuum alone motion becomes possible. One who could make of himself a vacuum into which others might enter would become master of all situations. The whole can always dominate the part.

So Emptiness is the greatest power of all, and Lao Tzū's doctrine of the vacuum has been applied, not merely to a philosophy of life, but to art and literature, and even physical training, such as Jiu Jitsu.

It is a doctrine essentially fitting to a great and ancient Empire, which has always believed in peaceful absorption rather than warlike penetration in enlarging the national vacuum, so that the many Tartar and Mongolian tribes might enter and become absorbed into one mighty people, even as the sea finds room for a thousand streams. It is entirely through their artificial resistance to the assimilative power of the Chinese, through keeping themselves as a race apart, through their short-sighted enactments that no Chinese shall marry a Manchu girl, that the dominion of the Manchu over China has passed, and to-morrow will be but a little chapter in the great book of Chinese history. Here are Lao Tzū's words, and, read in the light of modern events, they have the ring of prophecy. Here we may say the Chinese have succeeded and here the Manchus have failed :

What makes a kingdom great is its being like a down-flowing river, the central point towards which all the smaller streams converge ; or like the female throughout the world, who by quiescence overcomes the male.

And quiescence is a form of humility.

Therefore, if a great kingdom humbles itself before a small kingdom, it shall make of that small kingdom its prize. And if a

small kingdom humbles itself before a great kingdom, it shall win over that great kingdom.

In these few lines we have the whole of Chinese history, and the first two principles of Taoism—the humility which is part of the doctrine of weakness, and absorption which belongs to the doctrine of the vacuum.

And as with the nation, so with the individual. The man of Tao is the God-man—the God in little. Even as the universe is embraced and established in the Great Void, so is the smaller personality surrounded and upheld in the greater. We are like nothing so much as those little Japanese lacquer boxes which enclose or are enclosed by one another. We are always surrendering to the charm of our favourite author, the spell of our favourite musician, the influence of our favourite politician. And what is the secret of their power? It is this: that they have made room for us within themselves, they have widened themselves till they are capable of containing myriad personalities, which in their turn contain lesser. And there is this about all true art, all inspired leadership, that it invites co-operation; it does not profess to say or do all things for all men. It leaves them their right place in the void. The great landscape is the one that draws us into its distance, that suggests the possibilities beyond, the secret beauty that underlies the form of things; the great poem is the one that is never finished, since inspiration begets inspiration, and each stanza is but the unclosing of doors the last of which swings out upon the eternal quest. Similarly no policy is final; social reform sets in a certain direction; no statesman or preacher can do more than interpret in broken sentences the call of the spirit of the age,

or trumpet the marching hour to the sleeping instincts of humanity. We must pioneer for ourselves towards the sound of the axe ringing in the jungles of bewilderment before our feet can be set in the broad path that is prepared for us.

This doctrine of the vacuum is after all but a plea for faith, for trust in the character that is outstanding, that is simplest, that is most pitiful, that in all humility comes nearest unto God. Lao Tzū gives us no exemplar of an irresponsible superman, like Nietzsche's monster, a devourer of men, a Gargantua of egotism. God Himself, as an eloquent preacher has pointed out, is more bound than us all, since He cannot go back upon Himself or the law through which He works. In like manner the microcosm of God, the man of Tao, is bound. For him there can be no faltering or going back or turning to the right or left. His way is the Way, the Tao, the Inevitable, the Road which "the feet of spirits have trodden and made luminous." We may tell him, not so much by what he says or does, as by his motive for so doing, and best of all, by his absence of motive. "The Taoist," says Professor Morgan de Groot, "may not even teach his doctrines, they must emerge from him spontaneously." Confucius, in a Taoist mood, once said: "I would rather not talk." "But if thou sayest nothing, Master," his disciples replied, "what shall we have to record?" "Does Heaven say aught?" retorted the sage, "and yet the seasons pursue their course, and yet all things are produced; does Heaven say aught?" The man of Tao is one that empties himself to make room for others, who casts out the useless lumber of his prejudices, his curiosities, his small desires, and sets on his inmost shrine the three

precious jewels of gentleness, frugality, humility. And because, as I have already pointed out, "in vacuum alone motion becomes possible," so in the midst of stillness he is never at rest.

And here it becomes necessary to explain Lao Tzŭ's doctrine of non-action, which is the out-come of the doctrine of the vacuum, for, as Professor de Groot tells us, "emptiness is the mother of non-action." Another writer, Mr. William Loftus Hare, in his little book *Chinese Religion*, explains Lao Tzŭ's attitude as follows :

Non-action has often been misunderstood and regarded as a course quite impracticable for this world ; it is supposed to spell idleness and inanition. But this is quite a mistake. Non-action is perceived to be the true and only method to re-establish harmony in the world, because it merely asks that man should abstain from all efforts towards the compulsory and almost violent inducement of virtue in himself and others, and instead wait in faith for it to grow up, as it naturally will, when egotism and fear are withdrawn.

The Taoist will not turn aside one inch to interfere with the course of others, he will only merge with that which is greater than himself, and that which is less than himself will find security in him. Past the open windows of the senses, and in at the open door of his heart, Spring will come a shy messenger, Summer a radiant guest, Autumn a beloved companion, and Winter a venerable sage—one whose spirit, as Mr. Laurence Binyon finely says, "is young as the frail blossoms which cluster about his head, and among which he peeps out with his inscrutable smile while the wild fawn rubs against his knee." In the void alone lies the secret of eternal youth, in making room for all as they come in their natural course, in getting rid of all that is superfluous, and all that has outstayed

its welcome—stale dogmas, mouldering beliefs, dead flowers. In compliance with the eternal law that bids us sow and reap; in acquiescence with the eternal law that bids the sown be reaped, shall we not find our greatest joy in fitting in with the scheme of things? The answer is: No, not yet! Not until we have grasped the final principle of Taoism, the sense of Apprehension, which is the link between the Tao of Earth and the Tao of Heaven. But the consideration of this important point must be deferred to a subsequent paper.

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(The July number will contain a paper by Mr. Cranmer-Byng on 'The Spirit of Ancient Chinese Mysticism,' as a sequel to the above.—ED.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE 'AS IF': A RADICAL CRITICISM OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

THE EDITOR.

THE dominant philosophical thought of India is based, as is well known, on the conviction that there is but one absolute reality and all else is fiction (*māyā*): 'Brahman is true, the world false.' The purpose of the present paper is to consider a philosophy¹ which adopts as standpoint precisely the opposite view and contends that the world of sense alone is real, all else is fiction. The author of this radical criticism of human knowledge is the veteran Professor Vaihinger of Berlin, perhaps the profoundest 'knower' of Kant in Germany, who however goes far beyond Kant in his critique of our means of understanding and perhaps even beyond Nietzsche in his merciless analysis of our ideals and ethical motives. So drastic is the treatment he applies to what are generally considered the most fundamental truths of science, philosophy and religion, that though the MS. of his book was practically completed some thirty-five years ago, he did not

¹ *Die Philosophie des Als Ob: System der theoretischen, praktischen und religiösen Fiktionen der Menschheit auf Grund eines idealistischen Positivismus. Mit Anhang über Kant und Nietzsche.* Herausgegeben von H. Vaihinger. Berlin (Reuther und Reichard). Preis 18m.; pp. xxxv.+804. Part I. (pp. 1-327) deals with the general conception and fundamental principles of fiction; Part II. (pp. 328-612) gives special and historical instances and illustrations; Part III. (pp. 613-790) for the most part brings Kant and Nietzsche into court as philosophers of the As If. The present paper deals with Part I. only, and the references are to the pages from which paragraphs are summarised or salient phrases selected.

venture to give it publicity before 1911, when he presented it to the International Congress of Philosophy at Bologna. Had the treatise been published when it was written, there is little doubt that it would have caused in the philosophical circles of the day something very much like what the Americans call a 'brain-storm'; but a *blasé* age like our own that is familiar with pragmatism and radical empiricism, that has survived the wild castigations of a Nietzsche in the domain of morals and is popularly pleased rather than otherwise with a Bergson's pillorying of the intellect on a charge of false pretences to the power of comprehending life, is incapable of such excitement.

We are now asked to believe that such fundamentals as the atoms of physics, the differentials of mathematics, the general ideas of philosophy and the dogmas of religion are recognised to-day by radical positive thinkers to be all, without exception, united by one common tie—namely the intuition of the necessity for *conscious fictions* as the indispensable foundation of our scientific research, æsthetic enjoyment and practical ethical behaviour (xv). The next step in advance, we are assured, depends upon a calm *recognition* that the reification of concepts, as Stallo called it half a century ago, *i.e.* the treating of ideas as things, is purely fictitious. In dealing with life, in behaviour, we over-estimate the means and treat it as the end; hence arise passions, and errors, and—ideals! Equally in our science we bring forward concepts as of objective validity, as ends in themselves, we reify our ideas; hence arise theoretical passions and errors and the inversion of values.

Accordingly, the chief contention of this philosophy is that, though in the theoretical, practical and religious

spheres, we progressively arrive at what is right, we do so on a basis and with the help of what is erroneous or clearly wrong (viii). The main problem to be discussed, therefore, is: How in spite of consciously false ideas we nevertheless arrive at true results (vii); how is it possible that although in thinking we calculate with a falsified reality, the practical result still can prove itself to be correct (289)?

There are many strange names to be found in the baptismal registers of philosophy, but 'as-if-ism' must be admitted to be distinctly original. But why has Vaihinger selected such a cognomen for his mental offspring? His allegation that all fictions are ultimately to be referred to the clear conception, or apperception, of comparison, he contends, is very precisely expressed in the linguistic form *as if*. For what lies at bottom of the combination of the particles *as if*? Evidently in the first place a comparison; *as if* are adverbs of comparison. For a simple analogy or trope, *i.e.* for an imaginary illustration or illustrative fiction, *as* alone would suffice; but for genuine fictions, *as* must be supplemented by *if*, in which latter term lies the supposition of a still further qualification or condition. In the combination *as if*, therefore, is to be found the whole thought-process of fictions. Thus, as examples: *if* there really were infinitesimals, then the curved line could be treated *as* composed of them; *if* there were atoms, then matter could be treated *as* made up of them; *if* egoism were the only motive of human conduct then social relationships could be deduced *as* from it alone (161).

We are not, however, to be plunged into the abyss of scepticism because our fictions do not actually equate with reality. For though Vaihinger thus

contends that our whole outfit of ideas consists of fictions, they are not only efficient fictions, but even indispensable instruments for working on reality (xv). Indeed an intimate acquaintance with present-day revolutionary (in a good sense) movements in the domains of mathematics, logic, epistemology, law and practical philosophy, shows that everywhere one and the same principle emerges—namely, that not only does thought always employ fictions, or invented methods and concepts, but also that all action and performance rest on such. Thus the whole system of the *as if* philosophy is intended to prove that such fictions are not only permissible, but indispensable; for without them not only are we unable to think even in the most elementary fashion, but also all our highest and profoundest thinking rests upon them (133). Nay, further, our whole higher life reposes on fictions, and a pure ethic can be built only on a ground of recognition of its fictitious thought-foundation (142). For fictions have no end in themselves; they are only means to an end, adaptations for the purpose of practical action (174).

Genuine science, therefore, has two tasks before it: (i.) to establish securely the actual successions and co-existences in the sense-flux; (ii.) to make the web of concepts which we weave round reality, ever tighter and more adequate, so as to increase its practical utility (97). Research into the mechanical processes of thought, therefore, is the aim of logical science; but it is only psychology that can in last analysis explain these processes (183). The endeavour of science should thus be directed to making the world of ideas an ever more useful instrument of computation for action; still it must never be forgotten that the ever more

perfect world of ideas which results from this endeavour, and therewith the high ideas which we usually call truths, is in final analysis but the most suitable and fruitful complex of errors, from which we from time to time select that mode of conception which most quickly, neatly and certainly, and with the minimum stock of irrational elements in it, makes calculation and action possible. What we call truth is thus not reality, but the most suitable degree of error for effecting practical purposes (193). It is then not true science, Vaihinger protests, that is aimed at by this critique, but only the dogmatic playing with concepts as if they were reals. Though these fictions are not reals, yet they have positive worth; they are scientifically permissible inventions, artifices, devices, contrivances, dodges (257).

The natural designation of such a philosophy should apparently be fictionism, but its author prefers to call his mental offspring idealistic positivism in the sub-title, in mitigation somewhat of its *nom de guerre* of the philosophy of the 'as if.' The choice of this distinctive expression is determined by the claim of the system to be a synthesising knowledge, in which the two objects it aims at—namely, facts and ideals—equally arrive at validity (xv); Vaihinger further claims that precisely because it unites in itself ideals and facts, it has the future in its hands (xvi). At first, he tells us, he hesitated as to whether he should not sail under the flag of pragmatism, for his valuation of conceptual truths is practically pragmatic, in that what is necessarily thought of is not immediately dictated by the actuality of the real, but is only what is best adapted for the purpose of effective action (193). But pragmatism could by no means afford a cloak

ample enough to cover his sweeping generalisation of the whole world of ideas as at best a complex of serviceable fictions. This point of view is rather that of a positive criticism, or a critical positivism, which must, he believes, in the future replace all forms of dogmatic idealism and uncritical dogmatism. The main danger that Vaihinger has to avoid falling into is what he himself calls the logical pessimism of radical scepticism, and with it the utter despair of ever reaching the truth. He would then avoid not only the scylla of such scepticism, but also the equally dangerous charybdis of the logical optimism of dogmatism, which creates an ideal world of its own by simply eliminating or turning its back in thought on the actual difficulties of objective reality. Thus he would endeavour to steer a middle course in his critical bark (293). For all philosophy that operates unrestrainedly, *i.e.* uncritically, with the categories, or general ideas of thought, or with any one of them, is, he holds, dogmatism; scepticism, again, by the discovery that nothing real is arrived at by such means, falls into universal doubt. Criticism, on the contrary, sees through the devices of the categories, and treats them as simple analogies, as fictions invented by thought to co-ordinate the mass of sensations; it, therefore, does not create for itself the illusion that such conceptions explain reality, but regards these devices solely as necessary means for dealing with actuality (316, 317). Thus, he claims, it is true criticism or logical positivism alone that advances free of all prejudices to the dispassionate investigation of the instrument of thought (295).

What, then, is this instrument of thought, the 'soul,' the 'psyche'? We will not apply Vaihinger's

critique to his own terms, or the serpent would swallow itself (for all his terms are of course fictions), but be content to use them. The soul, he says, is an organic enforming or plastic force (2). It not only receives sense-impressions, but it appropriates them, works them up, digests them; it thus manufactures thought-instruments out of sense-impressions. In the course of its development it constructs for itself, by means of its adaptive constitution, out of its own nature, owing to external impulses, organs suited to dealing with outer conditions. Such organs are certain forms of perception and thought, concepts and other logical images (3). We have thus to accompany the soul through what may be called its 'story of creation' (4). It follows then that epistemology, or that branch of logical thinking which undertakes to prove that knowledge is possible, in last resort is a biological and psychological study.

As the final or proper end of thought is action and the making of action possible, the world of ideas of each individual is simply an organon for this purpose. Its separate parts are also simply instruments. As man is a maker of objective tools whereby he can conquer the material world, so is he the creator of subjective instruments for ultimately ever increased efficiency in the world of objective reality. The psyche is thus an organised system of thought-instruments or expedients (101), which mutually aid and support one another, and the highest product of it is a scientifically perfected world of ideas, an infinitely fine machine which the logical movement evolves, and which, in comparison with the sensuous pre-scientifically constructed world of ideas of the logical past, is as the most perfect products of a modern steel-

foundry or scientific instrument-factory to the clumsy stone hammer or flint knife of tertiary man, or the finest locomotive or motor car to the cumbrous wain of a primitive forest-dweller (95).

It is the chief virtue of positive criticism, however, ever to insist on guarding against the error of confounding this means, this marvellous instrument, with the objective concrete reality for the manipulation of which it has been called into existence (101). We must ever guard against ascribing to our thought-complexes and thought-instruments, reality; for the actual is the sensed alone, the that which opposes us in feeling, whether this sense is of an internal or external nature (186). In sense is rooted all our mental life; this sense comes to its proper end in action. All that lies between is purely a state of transition. The psyche is thus a machine which is being ever perfected more and more to fulfil the end of expediting the life-supporting movements of the bodily organism as surely and quickly as possible and with the least expenditure of force (178). The end is the attainment of efficient purposive action, and, finally,—expressed idealistically—of ethical performance (179).

Our whole world of ideas thus lies as it were between the two poles of sense; it is the organised motion between them. The psyche is for ever inventing and interpolating more extensive (? intensive) middle terms between these extremities. Our world of ideas thus lies between the sensory and motor nerves; it is an infinite world between them; and its function is solely to make the mediation between these two elements ever richer, finer, more purposive and easier (95). The psychical world lies between the entrance and exit doors of the soul, *i.e.* intermediate

between the reception of sensations into the psyche, and the processes of such reception, and the liberation or discharging of the generated thought-images and concepts again into sensations of practical activity (297). The ideal world is in no sense the copy or exact reproduction of the actual world of being; it is an instrument by which to lay hold of the latter and subjectively conceive it (88). The world of ideas is thus in first instance a secondary or indirect product of the true world, a construct which the organic beings of the world of actuality evoke out of themselves. Thus the thought-world is a symbol, or system of symbols, which serves the organic beings of the real world for orienting themselves in the world of actual being, and is the means whereby they translate the proceedings of this world into the language of the soul (89). Compared with the actual concrete world, however, our present ideal world is but a monstrous world of fictions full of logical contradictions (90); and it is the task and interest of science to make this symbol ever more adequate and useful (93). Still, as there is never any identity of thought and being, even the most perfect thought-world will be unable entirely to grasp being (93). We must live and act, not think life.

In the psyche considered as an instrument, just as in the body, the principle of evolution holds. As the higher organisms are evolved from the lower, so are ever higher and higher, or more and more efficient, conceptual forms evolved in the psychic organon by the simple elementary laws of its own nature. Highly complex ideas must never be taken as native, but always be genetically derived from simpler forms (182). As, then, the comparative history of evolution enquires into the gradual development of the organs of

any special animal mechanism in the various orders of fauna, so is it also the task of the logical psychologist to follow the gradual evolution of any special organ of the psychical mechanism in the various systems of the special sciences and scientific methods (230). Nor must we forget that the laws which govern the organic functions of thought are, as in the case of all natural laws, indifferent; they work 'blindly' as is said. Whether they bring weal or woe depends on the circumstances; they are ever two-edged (292). How then, again we ask, is it that though the calculus of thought is employed and carried out in quite a different way from that in which the process of objective nature is brought about, nevertheless both ways can concur and our calculations frequently work out in a quite remarkable manner? The solution must lie in the mode in which thought computes, and we have therefore to make a special enquiry into its workings. The process of nature is a constant, unalterable procedure, it is accomplished according to fixed inflexible laws; the will of nature is iron. Thought, on the contrary, is a self-accommodating, flexible, plastic organic function (290).

Therefore the logical function, or theoretic activity of the mind, should never be taken for an end in itself; all such theoretic functions arise solely out of the impulse of the will and in last resort serve practical action only (6). Thought undertakes sensible operations, invents artificial means, knows how to introduce highly developed processes (8). The task of logic, therefore, is precisely this—to light up the dark and unconsciously working activity of thought, and to learn to know the artificial operations and the sensuous paths which that unconsciously working activity opens

up to reach its practical end (10). The logical functions are thus organic teleological, or purposive, processes which are essentially distinguished from external occurrences. We should, therefore, never interchange the paths, by-paths and detours of thought with the modes of real happenings (11). Logic is, therefore, an art, not a science (12), and yet in it we have to do not so much with an artistic activity as with an artificial or technical dexterity (13).

Moreover, just as walking is a regularised falling, a succession of restorations of equilibrium, so is progressive thinking, or the logical thought-movement, regularised error. No one knows without science that in walking he is continually falling and recovering himself, yet that is what physiology, the mechanistic science of the human body, or mechanics of the animal organism, teaches us; so also no one without science can know that in logical thinking he continually falls and errs and yet makes progress (217). As falling and the restoration of equilibrium is the principle of mechanical locomotion, so is contradiction, and therefore with the restoration of logical equilibrium, the principle of the progressive human thought-movement. Without contradiction we can make no move forward (218). The discovery that thought corrects the mistakes it has itself made, is the illuminating principle by which the science of fictions works (86). In this light the logical products appear to us no longer as disclosures, discoveries of the actual, but purely as mechanical auxiliaries of thought, so that it may move forward and realise itself in a practical end (312). Here we may pertinently enquire: Is there only one kind of logic, the logic of the intellect; or is there not also a logic of the emotions and a logic of nature as

well; and cannot the will employ all these as means and so grasp reality—whatever *that* ideal may be?

For critical positivism, however, the only real, the sole actual, is the sense-world, and efficient action therein is the proper end of our existence. True ultimate being, it contends, is for the thinker simply a uniform flow of successions and co-existences. Here we seem to have what is little better than the canonisation of the empiricism of a Hume. Idealistic positivism, however, would also seem to verge on practical mysticism, if we remember the latter's watchword of 'Here and now,' and also, as we shall see, on the philosophy of the spirit which would transcend subject and object. For Vaihinger tells us, for instance, that the division into inner and outer is simply an expedient of the psyche. To treat the soul as if it had arisen out of the contrary notions of two things—subject and object, to make the distinction of material and spiritual things, is at best an artificial and not a real division (84). Moreover, however positive Vaihinger's standpoint may be, it is idealistic and not materialistic, for the sensations which the psyche projects as material qualities of an object, or which it converts into properties of a thing, are really processes in the soul itself. It is a fundamental error, however, to reify these projections and conversions; the pure experience of the actual is sensation and nothing but sensation (301). We must never let go of the basic fact that the 'given' is only sensation, and that all else is the independent work of the soul, its very own achievement (302). This radical empiricism, however, is by no means materialism, for dogmatic materialism in no way goes back to pure sensation. It operates with concepts, namely 'force' and 'matter,' and thus

simply with analogies, for 'force' is an analogy on the ground of inner experience, while 'matter' (which is only an external mirroring of the 'I') is ever more and more being abandoned and being liberated and decomposed into 'force' (315).

As the soul, however, can never consciously register pure sensations, but can have only perceptions of its sensations, its perceptions being conditioned by the intensive manifold of all its past impressions, it would seem that Vaihinger thus cuts us off entirely from any possibility of direct, clean contact with the actual. Is there, indeed, no activity of the soul, essentially a self-identifying will, that can put us in direct touch with the life of concrete reality? For if it is true that to-day the dominant tendency of refined thought is no longer to recognise, not only any 'faculties,' but even any 'powers' of the 'soul,' but only psychical occurrences, processes and forms of these processes (if all this by itself brings us any satisfaction!), yet without some fundamental direction of the contradictory operations of thought we are landed in chaos. It must be confessed that Vaihinger is very confusing in some of his statements in this connection. Thus, for instance, while on the one hand we are told that the specific characteristic of the imagination is the *arbitrary* combination of the elementary psychical pictures or percepts, whereby the psyche can of course never invent any thing absolutely new (325), yet on the other hand we learn that the same imagination has an important *rôle* to play in the science of organised thinking—but by the light of what? Surely by that of the reason, and that too, not only of the practical reason or intellect but also by that of the contemplative reason or vital intuition of

the real? Vaihinger, however, appears to draw very little distinction between ideas of sense and intellectual ideas, between sensuous cognition and rational cognition.

But perhaps after all Vaihinger means no more than that the intellect (not the mind or soul as a whole) can never grasp becoming, movement, life. For he says quite rightly that our rules of calculation never get at the real content of a thing; our computation-rules are finally nothing but a combination of symbols by which the unknown reality lets itself be calculated for practical purposes solely, but never really comprehended. Every advance of discursive thought, that is of the logical or theoretical elaboration of the sense-induced reality, brings to light new problems and contradictions. These contradictions, however, are not in the reality itself, but only in the mind of man; for as the actual does not follow our laws of ethical behaviour, so also does it not conform to our logical laws. Man only, he says, is ethical and logical; he alone would create a moral and logical world-order (160). We should prefer to say that perhaps after all it is finally only a question of degree; babes are not men, their understanding is weak; the 'microcosm' is also not the 'macrocosm'; but there is growth, and progress, and development, and hope therefore that some day, somehow, we may come to know reality—a utopian idealistic fiction, no doubt, for criticism, but perhaps an intuition of the fundamental, elemental, practical will.

And this hope rests on the proved fact of human progress. Thus we find that in the beginning the natural man knows neither logical contradictions nor ethical conflicts; only in the course of evolution do

these logical and ethical struggles arise out of the ground of the soul itself. And yet it is only in this strife that progress lies, so that the idea, or rather feeling, of sin is as much the principle of ethical improvement as contradiction the motive of logical perfection (161). But is it not rather that the 'natural' man is gradually giving place to the 'spiritual' man—to use common fictions? To-day, owing to the development of intelligence, it is impossible for us ever to go back to the natural man, for the natural man takes the spoken word immediately for the natural itself, the actual; thus at the beginning he accepts the concepts of thought for reproductions of reality, *i.e.* as real themselves, and later he considers the methods and ways of thought as identical with the ways and laws of being—an error which even great philosophers have canonised (173). Shade of Hegel, to be classed with the primitive and natural man! Not only then are words not things, but also thoughts are not things—a sad disillusionment for 'new'-thought-ism and the rest of it! While 'Back to nature,' to sensuous reality, therefore may be a good cry and philosophic corrective, 'Back to the natural man' is a counsel of serious imperfection.

By this time it is fairly evident what Vaihinger means by his comprehensive concept 'fiction'; practically all logical products are fictions; he lets none of them escape his net. Fictions are in general products of the imaginative activity of the soul—means, devices, stratagems, for arriving *indirectly* at the end aimed at, namely action. All activities of the soul other than automatic reactions are fictions, subsidiary notions, secondary operations of thought (18). They are all purposed or teleological thought-means (171),

the efficiency of which is justified by action alone. Vaihinger is thus an energist or activist, though perhaps not in Eucken's sense.

Fictions may be divided into two main classes: namely, full fictions or fictions proper, and semi- or half fictions. The latter are contrary to or contradict the 'given,' while the former not only do this but also contradict themselves (24). If Vaihinger had called his fictions thought-instruments or logical tools or something similar, he would have perhaps avoided the now almost inevitable danger of a pure logomachy or war about words; but although he has chosen perhaps the most provocative epithet in the vocabulary of philosophy with which to characterise indiscriminately the most highly prized ideas and ideals of human thought, as well as the most worthless products of the imagination, we must refuse to be drawn by his nomenclature, and try to extract what value we can from his meaning, for we live in an age of the grossest abuse of names.

Vaihinger tells us over and over again that we must always combine with fiction the strictly defined notion of a scientific thought-invention towards a practical end. This invention has no value as an end, but only as a means. Thus, for instance, the conception of freedom has worth, but only as it is *consciously* treated as a purposive mental image (65).

As to semi-fictions, as distinguished from full fictions, they are concepts and methods which, as they rest on a deviation from and not on a falsification of reality, are yet in final analysis found to be contradictory to it (124). Fictions proper are self-contradictions as well as contradictions, products of '*fingere*,' that is of the imagination which constructs out of the elements of reality the unreal. If we were to call a departure

from reality a 'fault' and designate a self-contradictory concept as an 'error,' then we could call semi-fictions conscious faults, and fictions proper conscious errors or conscious contradictions. The former serve more for practical ends, the latter for theoretical purposes; the former more for calculation, the latter more for conception; the former are more artistic, the latter more artificial. The former substitute the imaginable for the given, the latter confound the given with the unimaginable. The former suppose the unreal, the latter the impossible. The former in departing from the reality evade the difficulties of the actual; the latter create new difficulties to add to those that already exist. The former falsify the given reality in order to discover the true reality; the latter make the given incomprehensible in order to make it—comprehensible! Though the former are only indirect ways, still they move on the same *terrain* as the actual; whereas the latter abandon the ground of reality entirely and move 'in the air.' Semi-fictions are mostly simpler than the reality, fictions proper more complex (128).

The art of fiction, however, may nevertheless claim to equal privileges as an independent supplement to what has been called the science of induction (125). For a very large number of fictions, perhaps even all, are to be reduced finally to analogies; and while all fictions are artificial analogies, analogy is an inductive method. Induction shows the direct ways by which we approach the end in view, fiction is the indirect or circuitous route. Induction is a methodology of descriptive mental science; fiction is a method of mathematical science as also of moral-political discipline (126). For mathematics, as some of the

greatest mathematicians think, is at bottom symbolic logic. Vaihinger suggests, moreover, that the nomenclature might be eased by keeping scientific fictions apart from, *e.g.*, mythological, æsthetic, etc., fictions, and calling the latter 'figments' (129); and further that though all scientific fictions also, both complete and half fictions, are roundabout ways, artifices, stratagems, contrivances, with which thought endeavours to over-reach circumstances, or the difficulties of actuality, and also to over-reach—itself, semi-fictions might be distinguished from full fictions by calling them hypotheses.

Thus the battle of epistemology, or of the theory of knowing, will arise with the question as to whether the conceptual forms are hypothetic or fictitious—*i.e.*, in logical terminology, whether they are objective or subjective (90). Hypothesis always looks to reality—*i.e.* the mental representation or concept contained in it, claims or hopes to be found congruous with a percept that will one day be given; it submits itself to the test of reality and demands finally verification, that is, it wants to be substantiated as true, as actually a real expression of the real (144); an hypothesis looks for a definite fixation. The fiction, on the contrary, is merely an auxiliary representation, or image, a scaffolding that should be taken down later on (148); it can demand only justification. Thus the hypothesis remains, the fiction falls away. The former builds up a construct of real substantial knowledge, the latter is only a methodological or formal means. The hypothesis is a result of thought, the fiction a means or method of thought. The intent of the hypothesis is to discover, that of the fiction to invent (149). Thus man is said to discover the laws of nature, but to

invent machines. The verification of the hypothesis has as correspondence the justification of the fiction (150). The method of the former consists essentially in the supposition being not only thinkable, but also actually or factually possible, so that it serves for elucidation or explanation (152); the latter serves only for calculation or computation (187, 263). While a doubt as to its objective validity prevails, the fiction remains a dogma; only when doubt is at a minimum does the hypothesis stand as an expression of truth (220). It is owing to the state of tension occasioned by an unverified hypothesis and the concomitant feeling of mental distress, that our natural tendency is always to turn an hypothesis into a dogma (220).

In the general sense of the term, as used by *Vaihinger*, fictions are well-nigh all-embracing. Not only all concepts, not only every manner of method, not only the whole of discursive thought, but the entire world of ideas is for critical positivism fiction. All methods are fictitious, such as generalisation, abstraction, transference; all conceptual formulæ are fictions. Atoms, space, time, causality, the infinite and infinitesimal, the absolute, and thing-in-itself are fictions: God is a fiction. Thus we read of classes of fictions of every kind—*e.g.* abstract, schematic (classifications of all kinds), paradigmatic (or imagined cases), utopian (such as primal religion, golden age), typical (or imagined original forms), symbolical, analogical, juristic, poetical (similes and myths), personificative (or the hypostasising of phenomena—soul, power, faculty), summatory (expressions in which a sum of phenomena is combined according to their chief characteristics), practical, ethical, religious, idealistic, etc., etc.

We find, *c.g.*, the atom characterised as one of the most important fictions, the top and bottom fiction of mathematical physics, without which a finer and higher development of this science would be quite impossible (104).

Since 1875/1877, when the MS. of Vaihinger's work was written, however, the atom has been analysed down into a system of charges of electricity, into a complex of forces. Matter has thus been driven inward and is now practically interchangeable with simple inertia, a dynamic concept. Nevertheless for all purposes of calculation the atom remains the basic concept of physics in its theoretical analysis of space. The infinite divisibility of space, however, is also a fiction; for it is an element which stands in abrupt contradiction to actual occurrence and present existence, to motion and all other experience (156). Not but what motion itself is anything more than a mental concept, an idea, with which we endeavour to bring into an ordered system, objective changes, that for us, however, in last analysis are given only as sense-changes (107). But surely if life is real, its reality is essentially perpetual change, movement? We impose upon it, it is true, conceptual immobilities for purposes of calculation, whereas in nature there are no real boundaries. In all our sciences, however, there are boundaries, and a final limit where every science ceases and play and guessing begin; this is especially the case in mathematics and metaphysics (274). Indeed the whole of mathematics is the classical example of an ingenious instrument, a mental device, for facilitating calculation (82); about the flux of becoming itself it gives us scarcely any explanation (107). Equally so the whole of metaphysics, indis-

pensable as it is, is metabolic, hyperbolic, metaphoric, fictitious (42).

The thing-in-itself without manifestation is a meaningless fiction, as is also subject without predicate (118). Indeed the division of the world into thing-in-itself=object and thing-in-itself=subject is the root fiction from which all others arise. From the standpoint of critical positivism there is no absolute, no thing-in-itself, no subject, no object. There remains, therefore, nothing but the sensations which are present, which are given, out of which the whole subjective world is developed in its separation into a world of physical and psychical complexes. Critical positivism declares every other and more extended supposition to be of the nature of fiction, subjective and groundless; for it there exist only the observed successions and co-existences of phenomena; it attaches itself to those alone (114). Still such fictions as absolute law, absolute ethics, absolute ideals, etc., though they have no theoretical meaning, are of high practical value, and equally so is the fiction of absolute value itself (115). In spite of its unreality the abstract, the ideal, has its justification; it is a practical fiction, and without such a power of imagination neither science nor life in their highest form would be possible. Nevertheless this is precisely the tragedy of life, that the most valuable notions, when considered as themselves actualities, are destitute of substantive worth. Indeed it is in this way that the value of reality is inverted (61). Even the unity of the good and true, as it is an ideal, is a philosophical fiction (64).

The analogical, that is fictional method, moreover, is as much, or more, at home in theology as in mathematics and metaphysics. For critical positivism such valuable religious dogmas as God, the soul and

immortality are fictions. How then does Vaihinger extricate himself from this very delicate situation? Somewhat casuistically it must be confessed. The enemy might even ask: Are we to become augurs and walk our philosophical, scientific and religious streets with our tongues in our cheeks? Thus, for instance, 'God' is not the 'Father' of men, but he is to be considered and treated *as if* he were (41). We should so act *as if* it were a duty imposed upon us by God, *as if* we should be called to account for it, with the same promptness and earnestness as those of unquestioning faith. But, he continues, if once this *as if* is changed into *because*, the character of pure and disinterested morality ceases, and our action is distorted by motives of low and common interest, of mere selfishness (71).

It is especially in the categories, or chief generalisations or highest forms of thought, that the nature of fiction is to be seen. All categories, and perhaps even all fictions, can be reduced to analogies (126). As categories are all artificial so also are all classifications, for in the actual sense-world we can find no natural boundaries (339). Categories are epistemological analogies, analogical fictions for mediating the possibility of knowledge (41). They are all symbolic and formal (286). Categories arise out of sought-for comparisons (157). Comparison and finally the blending of similars in the soul is the proper psychological principle of logic; thus epistemology, or the science of knowing, is at bottom fictionism, for it deals precisely with the devices which the psyche resorts to in order to equip itself with the most effective instruments of comparison (158). The categories are thus simply notional constructs, or conceptual symbols, which are of use for the apperception or clear cognition of the given (44).

As has been pointed out already, however, a clear distinction must be drawn between true and substantive analogies, which it is the business of semi-fictions, or of hypotheses, and of the objective method of induction to discover, and fully fictitious analogies, which are purely the business of the subjective method (45). Though then the transformation of the reality into fiction consists chiefly in the remodelling of the material of sensations by means of subjective categories (289), and though by the mere mental pigeon-holing, or the subsumption, of sensation into the categories, without deliberate consciousness of the operation, no adequate knowledge is at all attained (302), nevertheless without the employment of the categories, and especially those of substantiality and causality, no judgment is possible (98). The psychical processes by which this theoretical elaboration proceeds are analysis, comparison, abstraction and combination. This elaboration, however, we repeat once more, in following *Vaihinger* at the risk of becoming tedious, is nevertheless a means only; it can never be the same thing as its object or end (312); and again, we repeat, the art of conceptual knowledge as such a means to practical action has very high theoretic value, but not the slightest value as scientific knowledge grounded in reality (303).

Another process we should be ever conscious of is this. In the evolution of the categories the chief thing to be noticed is the principle of displacement from the objective to the subjective. What was once thought of as a thing is subsequently considered as a property. From this shifting from the objective to the subjective which is peculiar to all categories (*e.g.* cause and effect, whole and part, essence and appearance), the subjec-

tivity of all categories may be concluded. We can further understand from this principle of transposition, how one member of a pair of fictitious contraries can be thrust back beyond experience so that the real empirical mass, or the true elements of experience, come to stand as the second member, instead of holding their proper ground as the only reality. In this way arises, for instance, the fiction of a substance which is supposed to stand on the other side of the objects of experience; the latter are then taken *as if* they were attributes or modes of that substance. In this way also arises the fiction of an absolute cause of which the universe of experience is taken to be the result; so also arises the fiction of a macrocosm of which the objects of experience are looked upon as the parts; and finally of an absolute thing-in-itself which is regarded as the essence of phenomena (299). Even such sensuous contraries as light and darkness, black and white, life and death, are purely artificial products of thought-abstraction, necessary for accuracy, for the clearer and surer hold they give us on the phenomena of the flux, but always to be used in their application to reality itself with the greatest caution (339).

There is moreover a gradual eliminating of the categories as mental evolution, and with it the power of even greater generalisation, proceeds; for it is evident that the psyche originally possessed a far fuller table of categories than it does to-day. The present list of categories is the product of natural selection and adaptation (313). As, however, the psyche is a self-conscious organic life, the final analysis of the categories must be the work of psychology, for cause and effect are at bottom nothing but abstract expressions for will and deed (317).

Sufficient has now been given of the general ideas and positions of the philosophy of the 'as if.' But when all has been said, where precisely are we *positively* apart from the pertinent *criticism* of what we usually regard as knowledge? It is to be noticed that nowhere does Vaihinger, who professes in last resort to take refuge in biology and psychology, deal in any way with possibilities of consciousness beyond the normal; he probably holds that all abnormal states are purely imaginary. His main thesis, then, practically amounts to this: sense mediated by intellect eventuates in purposive action and the efficient use of the material forces of life, and finally in ethical performance. This is, however, we venture to think, an incomplete programme of the possibilities of human perfecting. That there is also a reasonable possibility of genuine knowledge of life as a whole, and the consequent self-realisation of ourselves in reality, is, we believe, a sensible hypothesis. We *can* be conscious of the at present normally unconscious spontaneous automatic actions and reactions in us and in others, and so learn to know life directly. What we now call purposive ethical action, when it becomes for us free from all taint of selfishness, free from all calculation and motive, when it becomes 'natural,' gives birth to immediate understanding, and proves itself in feeling to be co-operative with the spiritual forces of life. From this point of view, however, which rises beyond subject and object, the material forces and the spiritual forces are seen to be but the passive and active modes of the same Reality.

G. R. S. MEAD.

A POET OF DREAMLAND : W. B. YEATS.

M. F. HOWARD.

DREAM thou !
For fair are poppies on the brow :
Dream, dream, for this is also sooth.

W. B. YEATS.

THERE is a subtle affinity between the dream and the lyric. Both are born of moods, fancies, momentary flashes of insight—not thoughts, but feelings and impulses. Perhaps there is a more obvious connection between dreams and the drama ; but the lyric also is essentially dramatic, even though it may be only a monologue. It is therefore no marvel that a poet who excels both as a lyrical writer and a dramatist, should find his inspiration in dreamland—whether in the regions of sleeping or waking dreams.

It would be hard to define the border between these regions in the writings of W. B. Yeats. There are poems which he has frankly declared to be founded on actual dreams—visions of the night, with all the incoherence and irrelevance of nightmares, but strangely significant in the images which have flashed up from his sub-conscious self. They may be called reflections of his wide reading in mythological and fairy lore ; perhaps even recollections from the primitive knowledge in the racial memory of the Celt. Scientists and anthropologists might analyse and

expound the phenomena which have inspired these poems, but it is doubtful whether their explanations would satisfy either the poet or the lovers of his verse. For the Celtic spirit is apt to flare up into genius, and the material with which the flame is fed matters very little. The dreams from which arose the strange mystical poems of W. B. Yeats may have originated in heterogeneous reading, or may even be akin to nightmare, but nevertheless they have passed through the crucible of a poet's mind, and they are the vivid dreams of a genius.

The treasury of the Irish poets and dramatists is their old mythology and folk-lore—a store-house of wild and beautiful legend, mysterious symbols, natural magic, enchantments and traditions of the underworld. Yeats himself writes with eager patriotism and reproach of those who seek their themes in foreign lands and classical times, ignoring the history, literature and legend of their own country. For him, indeed, and for a few kindred spirits, not only the national literature and oral tradition are accessible, but the Celtic racial memory is ever ready to be evoked to provide the material of art. It is exquisitely delicate material—fairy lore, nature-myths, hero-songs, vague, misty, and spiritual, with the wistful and suggestive beauty of remote antiquity—yet it is strong because of its truth to the facts of life and its primitive passions. The worship of Nature is a primary impulse; the fear of unseen spirits, good or bad, may be a slightly later development, but it is deep-rooted in the consciousness of man, and most deeply in Celtic races and those Eastern peoples to whom they are nearly allied. The invisible world is very close to such mystical minds; the veil drawn between Nature and self-consciousness

may at any moment become transparent or vanish away before the impassioned gaze of the poet and seer. Sometimes he is caught up into a spiritual ecstasy from which he returns to speak in unknown tongues of things eternal and incomprehensible. More often he is whelmed in the flood of the racial memory, and rises from its depths with strange spoils in his hands—old and forgotten symbols, wild and beautiful fancies, or new interpretations of ancient stories. As Yeats has written, “the great memory is a dwelling-place of symbols, of images that are living souls.” All that has once been vital is immortal in the great memory, and rises again in the poet’s trance or dream, to take form in verse or poetic prose. It does not return in the crude, half-barbaric shape of the early legends—for these are ætherealised as they pass through the minds of the modern mystics—but the strength of the passion in the ancient tragedy is not lessened when it is transmuted and raised into the sphere of spiritual truths.

Mr. Yeats is his own best interpreter, and his essays on Shelley and other poets, and the prose reveries in *The Celtic Twilight*, are full of theories which may well be applied to his own verse. The imagination is in his view “the winged messenger between the immortal world of the great memory and man. Before it, in its moments of exaltation in mystic trance, in madness, or in deep meditation, the great mind unfolds itself in symbols.” Thus he writes of Shelley: “He seems to have lit on that memory of nature the visionaries claim for the foundation of their knowledge.” His own personal experience is still more definite. “I have observed dreams and visions very carefully and am now certain that the imagination

has some way of lighting on the truth that the reason has not, and that its commandments, delivered when the body is still and the reason silent, are the most binding we can ever know."

Out of these dreams from the great memory came the plays that form the most significant if not the most charming works of the Irish poet. Sweet Deirdre (the Celtic Helen of Troy), Queen Maeve, Angus and Edain, and many another passionate and romantic figure, have come from that past of

Old unhappy far-off things,
And battles long ago.

But it is in this dreamland also that the more characteristic plays have originated—especially that exquisite allegory, *The Shadowy Waters*, the story of a quest, wild as that of Ulysses or the mariners in Tennyson's *Voyage*. It may be analysed and traced to its sources, but this does not explain the mystical quality. It shows the influence of Maeterlinck's early tragedies, possibly of Wagner's *Tristan*, and it is merely a new and Celtic version of an old theme—the voyage or wandering in search of an ideal unattainable on earth. This is the conventional figure or metaphor to express a first instinct of the waking soul of man—dissatisfaction with the material world and its joys and sorrows, a consequent renunciation and the quest for an ideal world in which may be found the true meaning of earth's appearances and shadows. To this eager yearning the one answer seems to be that the visible world is a symbol of the unseen reality; but even where this solution of the problem is known the quest still continues, for the symbol grows ever clearer and its meaning is inexhaustible.

The hero of the play, Forgael, drifting on into a

silent sea like that haunted ocean of the Ancient Mariner, says to his troubled friend, Aelric :

We have fallen in the dreams the ever-living
Breathe on the burnished mirror of the world,
And then smooth out with ivory hands and sigh,
And find their laughter sweeter to the taste
For that brief sighing.

To which Aelric replies with a practical reason for his captain's moodiness and fantasy :

If you had loved some woman—

FORGAEL: You say that also? You have heard the voices,
For that is what they say—all, all the shadows,
Angus and Edain, those passionate wanderers,
And all the others; but it must be love
As they have known it. Now the secret's out;
For it is love that I am seeking for,
But of a beautiful unheard-of kind
That is not in the world.

Again Aelric rejoins with his common-sense if not cynical philosophy, and scoffs at the dream of ideal love. Forgael declares :

It's not a dream,
But the reality that makes our passion
As a lamp shadow—no, no lamp, the sun :
What the world's million lips are thirsting for
Must be substantial somewhere.

. . . All would be well
Could we but give us wholly to the dreams,
And get into their world that to the sense
Is shadow, and not linger wretchedly
Among substantial things; for it is dreams
That lift us to the flowing, changing world
That the heart longs for.

This is not a philosophy that would appeal to Aelric and the practical man; it is rather the faith of the Celt in the hidden meaning of life, in the divine destiny

that is helper, healer, consoler, giver of visions and joy, of light and life and love. To Forgael, the wandering poet with the harp of enchantments, divine gifts come from the dreams of the gods—dreams of mysterious beauty in which he himself might be both actor and spectator. It is a Celtic version of the Oriental idea of the soul as the ‘understanding dream.’

More than the racial memory, therefore, is implied in this conception; it is not only the subconscious sphere of unknown laws and imperishable facts (in short a magnified memory of all consciousness), it is also a sphere which is the dwelling-place of past heroes, poets and lovers, and spiritual beings, with whom the mind of man may communicate; and over which a vast and superconscious spirit is ruling. The dream-world of Forgael is no mere fairy-land or underworld of shadows—it is the world of thought and reality, and the true home of the soul.

This dream-play, *The Shadowy Waters*, is therefore not only one of the most beautiful of the poet’s symbols (more exquisite in fancy though less human and pathetic than *Countess Cathleen*), but it is also the most philosophic. It is not a fantasy but a poetic romance, and is in touch with those universal truths and principles which may find expression in masque and lyric as well as in the baldest biography or strongest novel. Forgael’s voyage—which does not cease when love comes to him—is that of the spirit of this and every age, the search of the soul for the realisation of its dream of happiness.

Such dreams and visions are the gifts of youth and age—“Your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams.” Perhaps there is a delicate distinction of meaning in the prophet’s words

which has escaped the poet in the half-cynical speech of the old priest in *The Land of Heart's Desire* :

For life moves out of a red flare of dreams—
Into a common light of common hours,
Until old age bring the red flare again.

This is a reminiscence of Wordsworth's *Ode on Immortality*, and its lament over the glorious visions of youth doomed to eclipse in middle life :

The youth who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day.

But for Wordsworth the loss seemed irreparable, and he gives little or no promise of the return of the power of vision in old age. His philosophy is more rational and consistent than that of W. B. Yeats, but not necessarily truer to the facts of human experience. The one poet is typically English, the other characteristically Celtic, and though both possess 'the vision and the faculty divine,' their theories are essentially different. Wordsworth's rapturous feeling for mountains, lakes, and all that beauty of Nature which the eye 'half-perceives, and half-creates,' is largely the philosopher's intellectual love for eternal Truth in one of its manifestations. This is not the mystical passion of W. B. Yeats for the wild and solitary but spirit-haunted places where he finds himself in an outer court of fairyland—in the Seven Woods, or on the slopes of Ben Bulbin, or beside the pond called Heart Lake, or amongst the Isles of Ara from which the seer may catch a glimpse of Y-Breasil. He is no

poet of Platonism or Berkleianism; he is rather a Rosicrucian, and for him Nature is animated not by one great beneficent Spirit (or Providence) alone but by many—the good, bad, and indifferent elemental sprites who are survivals of the old Pagan divinities. Possibly this apparently fantastic view of Nature is really more scientific and more compatible with modern theories of animism and a ‘pluralistic universe,’ than the somewhat rigid monism which predominates in the nature-philosophy of Wordsworth.

The day is past for scorn of dreams and dreamers, and the world is beginning to realise its debt to the imagination—even it may be to the fancy in its wildest and most irresponsible flights into fairyland. In time the Irish poet’s claim for the value of dreamland may be allowed, and his method of contemplation used for artistic purposes as well as for those which are usually associated with psychical research. “We can make our minds so like still water,” he writes, “that beings gather about us that they may see, it may be, their own images, and so live for a moment with a clearer, perhaps even with a fiercer life because of us.” To him the dreams of trance and slumber are neither capricious fancies nor vague memories, but manifestations of real beings, hidden from the outward senses but capable of communicating with the passively receptive mind. If this were proved to be true, the value of meditation and dream would be obvious; the historian, the folklorist, the poet, the dramatist and artist would only need to will to enter the dream-world, and to remember the experiences therein attained.

There is one precedent at least for this theory in its most literal form—Coleridge’s wonderful fragment of *Kubla Khan*, the poem that arose from the reading

of a book of Oriental travel and a drug-induced sleep. Many of Rossetti's poems and his early story, *Hand and Soul*, also appear to have been suggested by the symbolical dreams which are not unusual to a peculiarly sensitive though perhaps sensuous temperament. In his case again there is the possibility of the influence of a drug; and this is significant, because the passivity of an artificial sleep is of a different character from normal repose, and may be supposed to fetter the will as well as the outer senses, and to set free and stimulate rather than soothe the activity of the mental powers and the inward or reflective senses. The trance induced by hypnotism is of a similar character, and equally dangerous to the will and hence to the moral nature, though it may be fruitful in the emotional and imaginative experiences which are the foundation of artistic achievements.

There is yet another type of dream, which may be the highest or lowest of all. This is that form of half-conscious wandering of thought, making of plans, and holding imaginary conversations, which is ruthlessly condemned by the guardians of youth. Nevertheless, dream-days are some of the most valuable working-days of childhood, and 'castles in the air' are often realised in later years, not in the first golden glory of transitory sunset clouds, but in the grey old stones of earth, which will remain when the dreamer has passed on and is forgotten. The passive dream is almost always a revival of the past, a recollection of the life that has been; the active and waking dream is a reaching forward to grasp and shape the future. In this the will has its part, and aspiration and desire take the place of memory. The dream of what shall be is perhaps more natural as it is more healthy than

that which broods over the past. It is a development of that 'impassioned meditation' which can find

In all poor foolish things that live a day
Eternal beauty wandering on her way.

But dream is even more than a vision of the spiritual significance of matter; it is also a wing or sail of the soul in its search for that 'desired haven' of all the world's wanderers, from Ulysses to Forgael.

It is dreams
That lift us to the flowing changing world
That the heart longs for.

M. F. HOWARD.

THE MESSIANIC FISH-MEAL OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH.

ROBERT EISLER, PH.D.

THE early Christian fish-symbolism has already been analysed in a series of papers, especially with regard to the original meaning of the baptismal rite. This curious circle of mystic allegorism is not, however, confined to the esoteric doctrine of the Christian initiatory ceremony; as has been occasionally¹ observed before, it is essentially connected also with the eucharist, the central sacrament of Christianity.

Indeed even the earliest extant figure of the Messianic fisherman in the 'Gallery of the Flavians'²—dating from the last decades of the 1st century A.D.³—is found in immediate juxtaposition not only with the mystic symbols of the baptismal initiatory *logos*-drink, namely the 'lamb and milkpail' group, but also with the following interesting picture of an evidently *sacramental fish-meal*. In spite of the seriously damaged state of the monument, we can still distinguish, beyond any possibility of doubt, two beardless men, sitting on a couch, one talking to the other, and a server approaching them from the right with a jug in his hands. On the little three-footed table before the guests lies the repast—a *fish and three small round loaves of bread*.⁴ As the pictures of the lamb and the

¹ Cp. QUEST, vol. i., p. 639.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 633f.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 646, n. 1.

⁴ See Wilpert, *Malereien der Katakomben Roms*.

milkpail allude to the milk-drink of the neophyte, while the fisherman symbolises the spiritual catching and the baptism of the convert, we are amply justified in attributing beforehand to the fish-and-bread meal of the two believers as well the character of a sacrament, the dominating importance of which is emphasised by the central position of this remarkable painting in the decorative scheme of the whole vault.

The same sacred meal is evidently intended in the catacombs of S. Lucina (2nd century A.D.), where has been discovered¹ a still-life painting of *two fish and two baskets of bread* and between the bread-baskets a *glass cup of red wine*—the latter suggesting by analogy the probable contents of the jug of the server in the first mentioned picture.

Again, in the so-called 'chapels of the sacrament,' in the catacombs of S. Callisto (1st half of the 3rd century A.D.), while the figure of the fisher is once found with a pictorial representation of the baptismal rite, in another instance² it is combined with a painting that depicts *seven youths* reclining round a table and partaking of *two large fish* on plates before them on the table. Beside the table we notice *eight* baskets full of bread, four on each side.

A similar composition can be found on the ceiling of the same catacomb; but this time we see *two loaves and one fish* on a tripod, with *three baskets of bread* standing on the one, and *four* on the other side of it.

In an adjacent chamber also there is a picture of a man and a woman and between them again a three-legged table. The woman bends over the table and raises her arms in an attitude of prayer. Among the different dishes on the table we see *a loaf of bread*

¹ See *ibid.* plate.

² Wilpert *l.c.* pl. xxvii.

and a fish. The man is *taking hold of the fish* and of another loaf placed underneath it.

In the so-called Greek Chapel of the Priscilla cemetery (beginning of the 2nd century A.D.), the meal is celebrated on a lawn. A pillow is laid on the grass in an open hemicycle; before it stand *a cup and two plates*, in the one *two fish*, in the other *five loaves*. *Seven persons* partake of the meal, *among them a woman*. On both sides of the *symposion* we see *baskets of bread*, three on the left, four on the right.

As abbreviated symbols of this same meal-sacrament the joint images of fish and bread occur beyond doubt not infrequently in early Christian funeral inscriptions. In the catacombs of Plautilla, for instance, on the road to Ostia, a freed slave of the Flavian family, Titus Flavius Eutyches, is buried. His epitaph ends with the words: 'Farewell, beloved!' and with the crude glyphs of *two loaves and two fishes*. Another stone-slate with *two fishes and five loaves*, found in the cemetery of S. Hermes, in 1845, is now in the Museo Kircheriano.

The literary remains that can be compared with these monuments, begin with two texts (A and B) that are found incorporated respectively in *Mark* 6³⁴⁻⁴⁴ and *Mark* 8¹⁻⁹.

A.

And Jesus, when he came out [*sc.* from the ship], saw much people, and was *moved with compassion* towards them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd, and *he began to teach them* many things.

And when the day was now far spent, his disciples came

B.

In those days the multitude being very great and having nothing to eat, Jesus called his disciples unto him and saith unto them:

I have compassion on the multitude, because they have now been with me three days and have nothing to eat.

unto him and said: This is a desert place and now *the time is far passed*. Send them away, that they may go to the country round about and into the villages and buy themselves bread. For they have nothing to eat.

He answered and said unto them: Give ye them to eat. And they said unto him: Shall we go and buy *two hundred* pennyworth of bread and give them to eat?

He said unto them: How many loaves have ye? Go and see. And when they knew, they say: *Five, and two fishes*.

And he commanded them to make all sit down by companies *upon the green grass*.

And they sat down *like garden-beds one after the other* by hundreds and by fifties.

And when he had taken the five loaves *and the two fishes*, he looked up to heaven and said the blessing, brake the loaves¹ and divided the two fishes for all of them.

And if I send them away fasting to their own houses they will faint by the way; some of them have come from far.

And his disciples answered him: From whence can a man satisfy these with bread here in the wilderness?

And he asked them: How many *loaves* have ye? And they said: *Seven*.

And he commanded the people to sit down *on the ground*.

And he took the seven loaves, said grace, and brake and *gave to his disciples to set before* [them]; and *they did set* [the bread] *before the people*.²

¹ The following words, "and gave [them] to his disciples to set before them," are taken over from the other version. There is no reason why Jesus should distribute the fishes personally, but the loaves with the aid of the Twelve. Besides the interpolation marks the significant antithesis, which has been set forward in v. 87, namely that the disciples *cannot* feed the multitude, while the Lord himself *is* able to assuage their hunger. In B this contrast is wanting in the dialogue, so that in this version there is no objection to the intercession of the disciples in the rôle of the later 'deacons.'

² Mark 87, which follows, "and they had a few small fishes and he blessed them and commanded to set them also before [the people]," is evidently an inorganic interpolation with regard to the fishes mentioned in the parallel account. The proof is, that the fishes are not even mentioned in the preceding dialogue of v. 5, an omission which was noticed and corrected by *Matt.* 1534.

And they did all eat and were filled. And they took up *twelve baskets full of fragments*.¹

And they that did eat of the loaves and of the fishes¹ were² five thousand men.

So they did eat and were filled. And they took up of the crumbs that were left *seven baskets*.

And they that had eaten were about four thousand.

These two parallel stories, which are both referred to as relating two different events in a pretended and very obscure³ 'saying of the Lord' (*Mark* 8_{19f.}),⁴ must be *considerably anterior to our oldest gospel*, since they show traces of having been harmonised to a certain extent by additions from one to the other and *vice versa*. Such a proceeding would, of course, never have been attempted by a compiler who took A and B as accounts of two different feeding-miracles. The retouchings cannot, therefore, be due to *Mark* or to the unknown author who made up 8_{19f.},⁴ but rather to an earlier generation of readers, who found A and B beyond doubt already in two different *written* gospels.

A third account (C) of a fish-meal celebrated by Jesus—this time after his resurrection—seems to have been contained in the now lost conclusion of *Mark*.⁵ Of this we still possess a somewhat retouched⁶ copy

¹ The words "and of the fishes" are entirely out of place after "fragments," because they would presuppose the words "of the bread" in the preceding part of the sentence. They are necessary however in v. 44. They have evidently been transposed into the wrong line by a scribe's error.

² "About" in some manuscripts is taken from B; A has *the exact number*, because of the ranks of 50 and 100 men in v. 40.

³ Cp. QUEST. vol. ii., p. 266, end of note to preceding page.

⁴ "When I broke the *five loaves* among *five thousand*, how many baskets full of fragments took ye up? They say unto him, *Twelve*. And when the *seven loaves* among *four thousand*, how many baskets full of fragments took ye up? And they said, *Seven*. And he said unto them, How is it that you do not understand?"—Alas, even now we must say if we are sincere, How is it that we do not understand this calculation?

⁵ Cp. QUEST. vol. ii., p. 259, n. 1.

⁶ In v. 7 the introduction of the "beloved disciple" is certainly due to the editor, who must have added the words: "Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved saith unto Peter, It is the Lord," and changed the sentence

from the hand of the last editor of the fourth gospel (*John* 21₁₋₁₄).

Just as, in the Flavian gallery, the fish-meal is placed beside the figure of the Messianic fisher and the milk-symbol of baptism, and just as the fisher and the baptismal scene are combined with the fish-meal in S. Callisto, even so do we find in C the previously analysed story of the miraculous draught of 153 fishes¹ prefixed to the picturesque scene of how the seven disciples, Peter, Thomas, Nathanael, the two sons of Zebedee and two other unnamed ones, on approaching the shore, see a heap of glowing coals and a fish roasting on them, and a loaf of bread. All of *them* know, that it is the Lord who bids them: "‘Come and breakfast’; and he taketh the bread and giveth them and the fish likewise."

In *Matthew*, A and B are copied with unimportant, however significant, stylistic corrections; C is omitted. *Luke*, however, returns to the original position of those readers who correctly understood A and B to refer to the same event. He reproduces only A as the more explicit version, adding the doubtlessly symbolic statement, that the feeding took place in Beth-Saida, the 'house of fishing,' omitting however the symbolic 'two hundred pennyworth of bread' in the speech of the disciples. As to C, he inserts the story of the miraculous draught—again without the symbolic number of 153 fishes—in the chapter on the calling of the first apostles. The meal-scene itself is replaced by an analogous tale (D) with a slightly different tendency;

"Hence Simon Peter, who *understood* that it was the Lord," etc., into "S. P. *heard*, that it was the Lord." Similarly in v. 11 the close, "and for all there were so many, yet was not the net broken," can only have been written a long time after *Luke* 56. Cp. *QUEST*, vol. ii., pp. 256, 259. All the rest of the chapter may well belong to the original end of *Mark*.

¹ Cp. *QUEST*, vol. ii., pp. 266f.

it relates (*Luke 24₁*) how the risen Lord appears to his disciples and says unto them :

Have ye here any meat? and they gave him *a piece of a broiled fish* <and of an *honey-comb*>. And he took it and did eat before them <and gave them of it>.¹

As to *John*, we owe to him—or rather his continuator and editor—the preservation of C from the lost conclusion of *Mark*. Of the parallel accounts A and B he has, like *Luke*, copied only the first—with the addition of a few details. He knows that the loaves were *made of barley*. He further tries to establish an ideal relation of the fish-meal with the Lord's supper properly so-called, by putting its date expressly shortly *before the passover*. As the fourth gospel is well known to omit deliberately the synoptic 'institution of the eucharist' at Jesus' last passover-meal, the evangelist has evidently intended to convey the idea, that the fish-meal of that one evening 'shortly before the passover' was *the real* 'Lord's supper.' This is evident also in the sermon at Capernaum about the eating of the Christ as the bread from heaven, which follows the fish-meal-story in *John*, and stands in the place of the 'many things' that Jesus 'taught' the five thousand according to *Mark*.

Even the most perfunctory comparison of the monuments from the Roman catacombs with the cited texts will convince the reader that these earliest extant pictures of the sacramental fish-meal are *by no means illustrative* of the evangelical tradition of such an incident in the history of Jesus. In none of the pictures do we find one of the persons distinguished in such a way as to suggest the artist's intention of characterising the Saviour himself. Neither can we

¹ The words in brackets are only contained in minor manuscripts.

take the little society, represented in all these compositions as partaking of the sacred meal, for the disciples of Jesus, since in one of the quoted cases a woman is seen among them. Besides, the always recurring regular hemicyclic eating-couch and the carefully-laid table with its plates are not at all in harmony with the traditions about those *improvised* 'feedings' in the gospels. The most picturesque details of the gospel-texts—such as the fish on the coal-fire or the multitude grouped as it were in regular garden-beds—are nowhere to be traced in the monuments.

The conclusion of this is, not that the aforementioned texts were unknown to the catacomb-painters, but that they did not think in the least of illustrating *them*; what they portrayed was simply *a ritual fish-and-bread-meal, as the Christians still used to celebrate it at the time when these pictures were made.*¹ As this religious meal was—according to the monuments—not confined merely to fish and bread, it can easily be identified with the so-called '*agapè*'s' or 'love-feasts' of the earliest Church, which were given up later on for reasons that do not interest us here.

Those few features that *seem* to be derived from the gospels, can much better be accounted for in an entirely different way. The number *seven* of the partakers of the meal, for instance, cannot have anything to do with *John* 21₂, since we know from Augustine² that in this very passage the *seven* disciples were understood as symbolising the '*universal*' Church, an explanation that is perfectly justified by the well-known oriental use of the number 'seven' to denote

¹ Cp. Dean Plumptre in Smith-Cheetham's *Dict. Christ. Biog. s.v. 'Agapæ.'*

² Migne, *P. L.*, 85₁₉₆₆.

‘a great many’¹ or a totality.² In the Jewish Church, to the present day, a ceremony is not valid unless at least *ten* grown-up men are present. The author of *John* 21₂, as well as the unknown painters of these catacomb frescoes, may well have been influenced by the idea of *seven* persons being necessary to make up a sacramental *symposion*. As to the baskets full of bread, which have always been supposed to derive from that characteristic detail in the gospels about the feeding of the multitude, how can this be, if in one case (above, p. 495) the painter does not show us *seven* or *twelve* baskets, as we should expect according to *Mark* 8_{1st}, but *eight*, four on each side of the table, so that no casual error about the number is admissible? On the other hand, the representation of the baskets in these pictures can again be explained quite independently from these bible-passages. We know from discussions in the Mishna (*Berakhoth* 8₄, *Bēśā* 2₇) that it was customary at the regular meals in a household to *sweep up the crumbs* that had fallen ‘between the couches’ after each course.³ At a sacramental eating of *consecrated food*—especially of such mysterious character as the eucharistic bread and the broiled fish, which Augustine⁴ identifies with the body of the suffering Christ—nothing could be more natural than that even these smallest morsels of the meal should be *reverently* collected and put up in baskets, so “that nothing be lost” (*John* 6₁₂), even as nowadays

¹ Cp. *Deut.* 7₁, . . . “many nations . . . the Hittites and the Girgashites and the Amorites and the Canaanites and the Perizzites and the Hivites and the Jebusites, *seven nations* greater and mightier than thou.”

² Hehn, *Siebenzahl u. Sabbat* (Liepzig, 1907), pp. 5ff.

³ According to *Pesah.* 111b., *Hul.* 105b., a special good spirit, named Nakid=Cleanness, was believed to bless with plenty him who lets no crumbs of bread lie on the ground.

⁴ Migne, *P.L.*, 351966. Cp. the parallel sayings of other Fathers in Dölger, *Ichthys*, p. 42.

in the Catholic Church minute precautions are prescribed so that not the smallest crumb of the consecrated wafers may be wasted. If the seven guests of our pictures represent, as they probably do, a great 'many' partakers of the sacred meal, it is quite natural that baskets full of remains should have been collected during the '*agapē*.' Besides, we must not forget, that in the catacomb of S. Lucina the two baskets are certainly *not* meant to contain the crumbs or remains of the bread, but the still unbroken sacred loaves themselves¹ together with the cup of wine. Consequently in the meal-scenes, too, the baskets could contain the fresh eatables, that is, the contributions of the different partakers to their picnic-like common repast, and not at all the crumbs which are so familiar to the spectator from his knowledge of the analogous gospel-stories.

Nowhere in the whole New Testament is an incident to be found to which could be referred those two meal-pictures where only two persons partake of the bread and the fish; and little wonder, if all the above-described paintings do not represent any incident from the evangelical history, but *contemporary* meal-ceremonies of the earliest Christian Church. In fact, the nearest analogies to the S. Callisto fresco, with the man before the table and the woman bending in an attitude of blessing over the fish, which is held by the man, will be found in two early Christian funeral inscriptions. A certain Aberkios—probably the Bishop of Hieropolis (about 180 A.D.)—says in his epitaph:

Paul I chose as my guide. *Faith*² led the way and gave me

¹ That bread was usually carried and kept in baskets is clear from *Genesis* 40:16. Cp. *Sotah* 48b: "He who having bread in his basket still says, what shall we eat to-morrow, is one of those of little faith."

² In Greek, *Pistis*—a female personification reminding us immediately of the woman blessing the fish in the S. Callisto picture.

everywhere for food the fish from the fountain, the great, great one, the clean one. . . . That one she gave ever to eat to the 'Friends.' Having good wine and offering it, mingled with water, together with the bread.

Another early Christian epitaph, of one Pectorios, found at Autun, in 1839 (in the Greek original an *acrostichon* forming the word $\chi\theta\upsilon\varsigma$ =fish) says to the reader:

Divine race of the Heavenly Fish,

Among all the mortal ones, take and *taste the [one] immortal spring of the god-given waters.*

Refresh, O Friend, thy soul with the ever-flowing flood of blissful wisdom.

Take the Saviour's *honey-like* food, the meat of the Saints.

*Eat, O starving one, holding the fish in thy hands.*¹

The reader will observe that both inscriptions mention a sacred drink—wine in the one, water² in the other—to be consumed together with the fish and the bread, and that they tally in this respect with the monuments, while on the contrary none of the fish-meal stories in the New Testament contains the slightest mention of any beverage distributed by Jesus.

Considering all these circumstances no reasonable doubt can be entertained as to the fact that the earliest Church was wont to celebrate a mystic fish-meal, which seems to have been closely related to, but not identical with, the properly so-called eucharistic rite of the 'bread-breaking.' As no such rite is practised in the communion services of any modern Christian Church, we must either conclude that it has completely fallen

¹ The Christians are "little fishes after the image of the Great Fish"—Christ, see QUEST, vol. i. p. 643.

² Cp. the man holding the fish in the S. Callisto fresco.

³ On the use of pure water instead of the eucharistic wine in certain early Christian churches see Clem. Alex. *Strom.* I., 19, 96. Epiphani., *Panarion* xxx. 16; xlii. 8; xlvii. 2; xlviii. 1; Cyprian, *Epist.* 6315.

into oblivion in a later stage of Christian history or—*identify it resolutely with the private observance of a fish-diet which is still enjoined for every Friday* by the Roman Catholic as well as by the Eastern Churches.

As to the origin of this latter custom, we know for certain that the Christians have taken it over from the Jews, with whom it obtains up to the present day, and that, too, to such an extent, that in Galicia, for instance, one can see Israelite families, in spite of their being reduced to the extremest misery, procuring *on Fridays* a single gudgeon to eat, divided into minute fragments, *at night-fall*.¹ This practice, which is not enjoined by any Mosaic law, can be traced back to the earliest post-exilic times.² Whence the Jews in their turn derived it, can easily be guessed from the fact that this fish-eating is celebrated both by Christians and Jews *on Fridays*. As late as in the sixteenth century A.D. a Rabbi, Salomon Luria, raised a protest against this, and admonished his co-religionists to eat the customary fish-meal on the Sabbath itself and *not* on Fridays (Sabbath eve) as they used to do,³ and still persist in doing. Now everybody knows that Friday—*Dies Veneris, Venerdi, Vendredi*—is so called, because the day with the ancients was sacred to the goddess of the planet Venus, to Ištar, or, as the Sabians of Ḥarrān in Mesopotamia call the lady of this day, to *Beltis*.

¹ Cp. Salomon Reinach, *Orpheus, Hist. générale des Religions* (Paris, 1909), p. 29.

² Cp. *Nehemiah* 18:16: "There dwelt men of Tyre also therein (*sc.* in Jerusalem), who brought fish and sold them *on the Sabbath* unto the children of Judah and in Jerusalem." The Talmud says that one must eat big fishes in honour of the Sabbath (*Sabbāt* 118c; *Taḥkuf* to *Is.* 58), mentions the piety of a man who always bought the most beautiful fish for the Sabbath, and states that of the two dishes of a holyday meal the one shall always consist of fish (*Mishna Bēša* 2, 1; *Talm. Bēša* 17c). Bread, wine and fish as sabbatic dishes are also praised in the mediæval sabbath-songs. On all these texts see Scheftelowitz, *Arch. f. Relig. Wiss.* xiv. p. 19f.

³ Scheftelowitz *l.c.*

The Rabbis were of course strongly prejudiced against this system of dedicating the days of the week to the Pagan gods—Šamas (Sun), Sin (Moon), Nergal (Mars), Nabu (Mercury), Bel (Jupiter), Beltis and Ninib (Saturn)—and therefore opposed it by attributing the tutelage of the single days to the seven archangels Raphael, Gabriel, Sammael, Michael, Izidkiel, Hanael and Kephirel.¹ Nearly all of these names, however, are transparent disguises of the divinities those angels were to supplant. Kephir-el, for instance, is 'Lion-god,' because of the lion-headed god Saturn (Ninib) of Saturday, Micha-el, the 'Balance-god,'² stands for the soul-weighing Mercury, Hermes or Nabu, etc. Similarly Hana-el, who is thought to preside over Friday, can be easily recognised as the well-known Babylonian Fish-goddess Hana or Iš-hana³ or Nina, the Ištar of Ninive, the Atargatis of the Syrians. As fish-sacrifices to this divinity and fish-meals of her worshippers are well attested,⁴ it becomes exceedingly plausible that the Jews grew accustomed to their Friday fish-eating during the Babylonian exile. Later on the Pagan character of this rite was of course completely obliterated, and the fish were eaten in 'honour of the Sabbath,' just as throughout modern Europe Christmas, Epiphany or St. John's Day are being celebrated with primeval Pagan ceremonies of forgotten meaning and origin.

The hypothesis that the fish-meal represented in the catacomb paintings is to be explained as this customary Jewish and Christian fish-eating on the

¹ Weber, *Altsynagogale paläst. Theologie*, p. 164; 2nd ed. (1897), p. 169.

² See for the etymology the author's *Wellenmantel*, p. 267 n. 8.

³ Cp. on this divinity, Hommel's Appendix, *Rev. Sam.*, A. B. Mercer, 'The Oath in Babylonian Literature' (Munich, 1912).

⁴ See Dölger, *Ichthys*, pp. 430f.

Sabbath eve, enables us also—and this is its chief merit—to account for the bread and the cup of wine that go with the fish, as well in the paintings as in the corresponding inscription. For another indispensable feature of the Jewish sabbath eve's supper is the 'hallah,' the loaf of newly-baked bread,¹ which is called 'barkhath,'² = 'blessing,' by the modern Jews, and a cup of wine, named 'kōš šel berākhā,' or 'cup of blessing.'³ The 'blessing' referred to is in both cases the regular Jewish formula of 'thanksgiving for the fruit of the earth' and 'for the fruit of the vine.' It was the rule on Sabbaths, as well as on all holydays, to 'sanctify' (*kiddush*)⁴ the principal meals by 'blessing' wine and bread in the following way: The 'berākhā,' or 'thanksgiving,' is first pronounced over the aforementioned cup of wine, which is then handed round to all the partakers. Then the 'blessing' is said over two loaves of bread, one of which is broken and divided in morsels for the company. Great importance is attributed to this ceremonial by the Rabbis:

Whoever says the blessing over a full cup of wine, will get his share in this and in the other life (*Berākhōth*, 51a).

The real motive, however, for representing so often this sabbatic meal of fish, bread and wine on the walls of early Christian sepulchres will be found in certain important texts,⁵ from which we gather that the Jews

¹ Sometimes—in Austria and Poland for instance—sprinkled with poppy seed, probably because the poppy is sacred to the same Great Mother goddess, as is the fish.

² From *birkhath*, construed state of *berākhah*=blessing. That name as well as another—*tascher*—is popularly derived from *Prov. x. 22*: 'BIRKHATH Adōnai hi TA'ASHIR'='the blessing of the Lord maketh rich.'

³ Mentioned under this very name (Greek, *potērion eulogias*) in *I. Cor.* 10:16.

⁴ On this '*kiddush*' rite as underlying the ceremonial described in the synoptic account of the Last Supper, cp. Box, 'Jewish Antecedents of the Eucharist,' *Journ. Theol. Studies*, 1902, pp. 857ff.

⁵ Scheftelowitz *l.c.*

conceived the bliss of the future Messianic reign under the image of a great banquet, the main course of which consists of a dish of fish. At the end of the meal God will give to the most worthy, to King David, the 'cup of blessing'—*n.b.* one of fabulous dimensions—and he will pronounce the thanksgiving over it.

The origin of this idea—which recurs also in the Mahomedan eschatology¹—is of course to be looked for in the theory, based on *Jeremiah* 25¹¹, 29¹⁰ and *Daniel* 9^{27ff.}, that the Messianic age will dawn at the end of seventy weeks of years, so that it may deservedly be called a great or world's Sabbath.² Consequently, as Sabbath eve is celebrated by the faithful week after week by a meal with a dish of fish, and inaugurated with the 'kiddush,' the blessing and breaking of bread and the thanksgiving over the cup, even so will the chosen after their final resurrection eat fish,³ break the bread and bless the cup on the eve of the final Sabbath, when the days of the Kingdom begin. It is, beyond doubt, the hope of partaking in this final Messianic sabbath-meal which the funeral art of early Christianity has tried to express in the before-cited banquet-scenes.

ROBERT EISLER.

(This paper will be followed with a study by Dr. Eisler on 'Jesus' Feeding of the Multitude' in the July number.—ED.)

¹ *Ibid.* p. 88, n. 8.

² Cp. also the 'chiliastic' theory (*Barnabas' Epistle* ch. xv., *Sanhedrin* 97a), that the present world is to last six of the 'days of God' (*Psalm* 90, 2 *Peter* 3⁸), that is 6,000 years. Then follows the last Millennium as the Sabbath of creation or Great Sabbath of the Lord—the Messianic reign of 1,000 years.

³ A mediæval Jewish writing (Scheftelowitz *l.c.* p. 20. n. 2) says expressly that the sabbatic fish-meal is an anticipation of the Messianic fish-banquet.

FREE-WILL AND OMNIPOTENCE: AN ATTEMPT AT A SYNTHESIS.

HAROLD PICTON, B.Sc.

SOLIPSISM will never be a popular belief. The solipsistic position cannot, in the scientific sense, be disproved, but the notion that 'I' am the only reality, and that the universe is my creation, will always seem absurd to the popular mind. It will seem absurd to the scientific mind also, because the man of science is so continually occupied with what he assumes to be objective facts. In this matter the popular mind is probably right by intuition and the scientific mind by chance. Determinism, too, will never be a popular belief. The determinist position, like the solipsistic, cannot, in the scientific sense, be disproved, but the notion that 'I' count for nothing, that 'I' am only the meeting-point of certain wires that pull, will also seem an absurdity of the other extreme to the popular mind. The popular mind is much concerned with 'I.' Determinism, however, will be attractive to the men of science for the very reason that makes solipsism impossible to them. Their attention is concentrated on objective facts, and they are not concerned about 'I.' Perhaps we should say that if they are concerned it is about the 'I' as an objective fact; and, quite possibly, this is just what the 'I' refuses to be. Probably the popular mind is here right, because its bias is a life bias, and the scientific mind wrong, because its bias is an artificial

bias. I am on the side of the popular mind. I propose in this paper to give a little reason for my faith and to see what consequences follow. Faith it will remain—somewhat like the faith of the man of science in his objective facts. The man of science has much faith; we admire him for it. For twenty years or so he has told us that he believes he can make living matter. He has not done it, but he still believes and even proclaims his faith at times from the house-tops. He has faith in the ways of his objective facts; others have faith in the ways of the inner life. Perhaps, in the end, both faiths are the same.

At the back of our minds there remains always a half-consciousness not only that determinism is blankly unsatisfying, but also that it is out of accord with the facts. Is there any support for this belief? I think there is. The universe is spiritual; that is demonstrable fact. The one thing that we are sure of is mind. The universe is a universe, a unity; that all science teaches. It is therefore one individual life. Of that life we, the lesser and less perfect individuals, are parts. The great life is spontaneous, unconstrained, free; must indeed obviously be so, for there is nothing to constrain it. Surely then we, as parts of this free life, must at least share in its freedom. How the One becomes the Many I cannot explain; perhaps it does not need explaining; it is already obvious in ourselves. Here, at least, we are, and our life is of one substance with that of the universal life. If the whole of that life be self-existent, every part must also be in its degree self-existent. Doubtless it is no longer absolute, it is conditioned by the rest, but each part must have self-existence or it counts for nothing to the greater life, adds nothing to the whole and could be extin-

guished without detriment to the whole. In fact, unless it be self-existent, it is nothing.

Perhaps this 'part' then that we know in ourselves is eternal and has been without beginning. If it has had beginning, whether by heredity or however conceived, the spontaneous life must still be there. Supposing that an individual life can begin to be, can it be *built up*? Of what? Spiritual atoms? *These* then, at least, have spontaneous life. Why then resort to them? They do not make a mechanical scheme any more possible; we are still faced with the miracle (or the commonplace) of the self-existent. Why not at once accept the spontaneous as belonging to all life as we see it? As we see it, as we know it, life is individual. The expression 'loss of individuality' has, I confess, always seemed to me nonsense. I can understand *increase* of individuality, can see the possibility of interpenetration of individuals, can dimly conceive of my individuality as becoming one with that of another, and so widening and growing, but disappearance of individuality, the extinction of it in some sort of lethal stream of life-stuff—that is to me a mere abstraction from all that is intelligible. The spontaneity and freedom, if they exist at all, belong to no life-stuff—the very name shows the materialistic basis of the idea—they belong to the individual life.

The self cannot be built up, but it can grow. There are obviously selves that are more and less self-contained. Degrees of individuality there very plainly are. I know nothing of their limits, except the higher limit of the all-inclusive life. But wherever there is life there is a self of some sort, a desire, a stretching forward into the future, however tiny the future may be. Our self-hood may grow, and may have grown, but

it has always been a self and always will be (has not been made *out of something else*), has always been free and always will be. It is strange that we do not more readily see that all law must lead us at last to spontaneity. Causation (a very dreadful bogey at times) is after all a home-made spectre. A cause is after all only a hook for hanging something on to something else; sooner or later we have to perform the juggler's trick of making the rope-ladder, however long, stand upright hanging to nothing. It is simpler (and therefore truer) to recognise at once that each life floats freely, as the earth does, though not out of relation with other lives. 'Laws' are, after all, only expressions of a certain character or individuality in the ways of the world. They in no way conflict with freedom, and it may be observed they are never found to hold absolutely. It is not lack of freedom, indeed, that we suffer from, but often rather its excess. Our own aim is often not clear to us, just because it *is* so spontaneous. It cannot be brought into the trajectory of reason, and because we are so free, we often do not understand what we ourselves are at, till our purpose is achieved.

We may always have existed, but we may have been created. We cannot simply have been built up, that is all. I suppose Bergson's great work is to have taught us that life is always creating. But the creature has necessarily some at least of the freedom of the creator, is indeed life of his life. We are not the thralls of life, we are life itself. Destiny is within us as well as without. I remember that long ago, when I was emerging from a scientific agnosticism, I used to worry myself over the physics of immortality. Here were souls apparently continually being created

and the world of the after-life continually growing more populous. It seemed a creation out of nothing and a violation of some law of the conservation of spiritual stuff. Now I feel that continual creation out of nothing is far from incredible, and I am no longer worried about the conservation of the spiritual. Rather I feel it to be distinctive of the spiritual that it needs no conserving. Sharing money lessens the money in my possession, but the spiritual joy of all my spending may be increased thereby. I give to another something of my own joy in a work of art, and my own joy therein is only the greater. I see no parallelism here between matter and spirit, and, for all that I know, the life and joy of the universe may ever be growing greater and more full. Must not infinity include infinite capacity for creation and infinite capacity for growth?

There has been another ancient spectre threatening us little mortals with extinction, the spectre of foreknowledge. But here surely, as in so many cases, we have presented the problem to ourselves in the wrong way. Is it possible by an intellectual process to foreknow the complete future of any individual life? No, for the intellect can only completely foresee what is intellectual or the outcome of the intellect. The mechanical can be foreseen, because it is a product of the intellect, an abstraction from the fullness of real life. The absurdities into which a scheme of foreknowledge leads us have, I suppose, been amply illustrated by Bergson. But is there no other knowledge of the future besides that of foreknowledge? A being of greater time-span or a 'timeless' being does not need to calculate out what the future will be; he is saved from this impossibility;

he is already *there*. He lives in the free lives of his lesser selves and so he knows. Dimly this kind of knowledge is suggested to us when we see how much more potent is sympathy than calculation in enabling us to 'foresee.' Sympathy places us *there*. God does not *foreknow*; He *knows*.

Yet, when we have got rid of the trammels of the individual life, we seem in some sort to have imposed those trammels upon the Omnipotent. For since the individuals within the greater life must be, in a measure, free, the greater life cannot be omnipotent—at least in relation to them. It can be omnipotent only as a whole, not in relation to its individual parts. It cannot, indeed, be omnipotent when it *does* anything. I do not see that we get over the difficulty if we say, as the religious of old did, that the freedom has been granted to the lesser lives by the greater life. It is inherent in them, or it is nothing. Freedom inheres in all life. When I pray to God, I usually seem to be praying to *the other part* of the great life. Yet, without my little self, even that other part is not omnipotent. I should be wiser then if I prayed, not simply to that other part, but to *myself as well*. Auto-suggestion, of which much is made by the opponents of prayer, is (when unmixed with other appeal) a prayer to the little self alone. The wisest prayer should surely combine both appeals. Is not this another aspect of the fact that "Heaven helps those who help themselves"? Our prayers may often lack efficacy from their one-sidedness. Yes, God is not omnipotent without our co-operation. The thought adds immensely to the dignity of life. And, necessarily, God is not omnipotent without the co-operation of the other multitudinous selves. This gives us pause.

What hope is there then in prayer at all? The answer I take to be this: Many of these other selves are directly interested in us—some that are seen and some that are not seen. Angels, after all, may be very real, and prayer will stir both angels and men. Is there no such thing as telepathy? Can we at this hour of the day deny the unseen spiritual impulses that pass from being to being? From these other selves, then, there is response. And, besides, the great life is a central power, not a mere summation of the lesser individuals. As a mere sum it could itself be neither individual nor living. This great life rules, though things go wrong. The God of religion exists, I take it, as a co-ordinating consciousness, but the co-ordination is not perfect yet. We ourselves exist as the co-ordinating consciousness of our own bodies, but we know well that we do not bring into complete harmony the lesser individuals within.

In time, therefore, God is not omnipotent; he is rather the pragmatist's 'God in the dirt.' But *sub specie æternitatis* God is omnipotent as the life of all. In eternity the harmony is achieved. The God to whom we most often pray is a God in time. He can indeed work great marvels; our experience tells many of us that. But there are bounds to the help of this God, and he is obliged to leave most of the fight to us. Would we, indeed, have it otherwise? Yet, through this God in time our appeal lies, as it were, to the Eternal. His help is wholly an inner help; it is of the spirit and the timeless. But it has this touch on our time-life; it gives us the courage and the patience to await His coming.

HAROLD PICTON.

PERIODIC REST IN HELL.

L. A. M. PYNSENT.

THE teaching of the never-ending torments of Hell is too awful a dogma to have passed unquestioned through the centuries, and there consequently arose a theory which modified the extreme view. It is an opinion as old as Christianity which suggested, as in defence of the Divine mercy, certain periods of rest and immunity from suffering granted in that place of doom.

From the first ages of Christianity, such ideas have taken a more or less tangible form, and have become more or less popular from their adaptability to the temper of the people and the times; indeed they sprang from both people and times.

It is not wonderful that such should be the case. If there is belief in a future at all, above all in one where the justice of an all-holy God must be satisfied, the heart of every creature must ache to know the likelihood of mercy, both for the sake of those it loves as for its own sake, when its time too shall come; and so the present century in its discussion on the eternity of suffering, is but echoing the cry of human nature in the first, that claimed some rest at least for unhappy souls, brought into existence without their will, and then condemned to endless woe for sin committed during that existence.

In the famous *Visio S. Pauli* a moving scene is depicted. Guided by the Archangel Michael, S. Paul has

entirely traversed the *doloroso regno*; he has beheld the different orders of sinners and the bitter punishments to which Divine justice has subjected them; at the sight he has shed tears of compassion and sorrow. He is about to leave the horrors of this place of darkness, when the damned cry out with one voice: "O Michael, O Paul, have pity upon us; pray for us to the Redeemer!" And the Archangel replies: "Weep all of you, and I also will weep with you, and with me will weep Paul and all the angelic choirs. Who knows whether God will not have mercy on you?" And the damned cry: "Son of David have mercy on us!" Behold, Christ, crowned, descends from Heaven and reproaches the reprobate with their wickedness and reminds them of the blood uselessly shed for them. But Michael and Paul and thousands and thousands of Angels kneel before the Son of God and cry for mercy; and Jesus, moved with pity, grants to all the souls in Hell the grace, that they may rest and be without any torment from the hour of None on Saturday until Prime on Monday.

This shows the bent of men's minds. God was so good, they thought, His mercy was over all His works, and therefore they did not doubt, that in His all-powerfulness He would devise some means for the mitigation of pain imposed by Himself. And this was a belief not held by the common people only. In the beginning of the third century, Clement of Alexandria denied the purely afflictive pain of Hell. According to him, the end and character of punishment was simply pedagogic. Origen too, his illustrious disciple, affirmed the final salvation of every creature, including the devil and his angels, for as all have died in Adam, so all shall live in Christ. But his doctrine was impugned

by bitter adversaries even during his life, and the Council of Alexandria in 399 condemned it, and this condemnation was enforced by the general Council of Constantinople nearly 150 years later; this showing how it had clung to the people and approved itself to their views. But an enunciation of the dogma of eternal and unbroken suffering could not be imposed on everyone, and there were some critical and speculative spirits who ventured to call it in question, as well as others of a gentler and more sentimental turn of mind who recoiled from assenting to it. When the dogma, from which they shrank, was forced upon them, the people took refuge in such a half measure as is exemplified by the legend with which this paper begins.

Dogmatic teaching could not be questioned, but it might admit of explanation and mitigation. They no longer denied the eternity of Hell and its torments, but they agreed for periodic exemption from punishment.

Two Apocalypses have been attributed to S. Paul; one is lost, the other was discovered by Tischendorf in 1843 and published. It was probably written by a Greek monk about 380 and professes to give the account of S. Paul being rapt into the third heaven. Guided by an angel S. Paul assists at the judgment of souls, sees the reward of the blessed and visits Hell. The Archangel Gabriel descends with him, together with choirs of angels, into the infernal regions and the damned implore their intercession. S. Paul, who has wept over the unspeakable torments he has witnessed, prays, joined by the angels, and Christ appears, is moved by their supplications and grants to the reprobate the concession of rest from their suffering during the day of His Resurrection, beginning from the night

before. Now the *Visio S. Pauli*, which has been already referred to, and which was commonly known in the West in the ninth century, gives this story substantially the same, with the exception that the Archangel is Michael instead of Gabriel; but there is a very marked advance in one point, *viz.* the time of rest is multiplied from one day in the year to one day in the week.

This idea in the Greek Apocryphon of the fourth century was not confined to the East. In the West, Aurelius Prudentius, who was a Spaniard and lived about the same time, records and professes the same belief in certain well-known verses of one of his hymns.

*Sunt et spiritibus saepe nocentibus
Poenarum celebres sub Styge feriae
Illa nocte sacer qua rediit Deus
Stagnis ad superos ex Acheruntiis.*

.
*Marcent suppliciis tartara mitibus
Exultatque sui corporis otio
Umbrarum populus liber ab ignibus
Nec fervent solito flumina sulphure.*

To the suffering spirits in Styx come often painless days as on the anniversary of that night in which the holy God returned to heaven from the turbid waters of Ancheron.

The absence of torture is repose to the people of the shades, who exult in the absence of devouring fire and the customary boiling sulphur.

In the legend of S. Marcarius the Egyptian, narrated by Rufinus of Aquileia, it is recorded that the holy Anchorite once found a skull in the desert, with which he got into conversation on the pains of Hell, and learned that prayer brings some slight relief

to the damned. In the writings attributed to Denys the Areopagite, which may be as late and later than the sixth century, a vision granted to S. Carpus is related. In it Christ expressed great pity for the lost, who are tormented by the devils in Hell, and declared Himself ready to die a second time for mankind; then He and His angels stretched out their hands to succour those who are about to be engulfed in the abyss.

Isidore of Seville, about the beginning of the seventh century, believed that prayer helps in some way the souls of the lost. In the Vision of S. Barontus, at the end of the same century, we are told that those of the damned who while on earth did any good, are at the sixth hour of every day comforted by a little manna from Paradise.

The efficacy of prayer, above all, is taught to be undeniable, and why, it was asked, should this efficacy cease just where it was most needed. Even the Rabbis believed that the suffering of Hell was suspended every day during the prayers of the faithful. These particular prayers were to the number of three, and an hour and a half was the duration of each. To this large allowance of grace to the condemned, they also added rest on Saturday and on the feasts of the new moon.

But prayer was not the only means of relief; for we are told by Cesar of Heisterbach that a certain soldier died and went to Hell for having unjustly possessed himself of the property of others. He appeared to his sons and told them that if they would make restitution his pains would diminish. His sons, it is added, preferred to keep their inheritance and let their father keep his. In Brittany there is a popular legend that a child lessens the pain of Hell by con-

tinually pouring Holy Water into the boiling cauldron full of lost souls.

In the *Apocalypsis Mariae*, probably a monkish production of the Middle Ages, the Queen of Heaven desires to visit the infernal regions, into which she goes, accompanied by S. Michael and his angels. Having seen the horrible suffering of the damned, she begs to be conducted back to Heaven, in order that she may entreat God's mercy for them. The Archangel replies that he and his angels pray seven times day and night for them, but in vain. Mary insists and begins to pray, joined by all the inhabitants of Heaven, and God at length grants some alleviation.

It was a common belief in the middle ages that on the feast of the Assumption Christ mitigated the pains of the lost in honour of His Mother.

All Catholics know how efficacious prayers and good works are in relieving the souls in Purgatory, and so what wonder that people should go a little further and ask, if by prayers and good works the souls in Purgatory are helped, their pains lessened, their time of suffering shortened, without God's justice being thereby tarnished, why can they not produce a corresponding effect on the sufferings of Hell. And indeed legends to this effect are numberless.

Many are the stories regarding the traitor Judas, in whom all good Christians seemed greatly interested. S. Brandon in the course of his marvellous pilgrimage, found the faithless Apostle seated on a rock in the midst of the ocean. In front of him hung a cloth, attached to an iron gibbet. The waves rushed upon him, the wind beat upon him, the cloth, blown about, struck him in the face. Questioned by the Saint, Judas narrated to him the manner of his punishment.

For six consecutive days he burned and was red hot like a mass of melted lead, but on the seventh, that is to say the Sunday, Divine mercy granted him this refreshment in honour of the Resurrection of Christ. This alleviation was also granted from Christmas day until Epiphany, from Easter till Pentecost, and from the Purification until the Assumption of Our Lady. The rest of the year he suffered unspeakable torments in the company of Herod, Pilate, Annas and Caiaphas. The cloth that hung before him, he had given, when in this life, to a leper, but, as it had not been his own, it hurt rather than helped him. The iron supports he had given to the Priests of the Temple for the cauldrons they used. The stone on which he sat was one with which he had once mended a public road in Jerusalem. His sojourn on this rock lasted from the Vespers of Saturday till those of Sunday, and in comparison with the torture he suffered on other days, it was like paradise to him. S. Brandon at his visit lengthened this time of rest till the setting sun on Monday. In the continuation of the *Huon de Bordeaux*, Hugh finds Judas unceasingly tossed about in a great whirlpool where passed and repassed all the waters of the world; the condemned had no other defence from this than a piece of cloth which Christ had hung in front of his face. These two legends agree therefore in the two main points of the sea and the piece of cloth, but the second speaks of the whole torments consisting in what, in the first, was merely the periodic rest from much direr suffering.

A curious legend is that of King Chomarcus, who was seen sitting in great glory and delight on a splendid throne in a palace wonderful with light, but he satisfied the justice of God for his sins, by standing three hours

of each day immersed in fire up to the waist, from where he was covered with haircloth. It must, however, be added that the narrator of this vision says the place of this palace was between Purgatory and Heaven, a place where dwell many who, though not good, had been taken from infernal torments and, not deserving to be joined to the companionship of the Saints, had been located in a sort of half-way house.

This subject of the periodical repose of the lost has been treated much more fully in a book by Professor Arthur Graf, entitled *Miti, Leggende e Superstizioni del Medio Evo*, and a careful investigation of mediæval lore would doubtless yield large material for a complete collection relating to this not uninteresting matter.

L. A. M. PYNSSENT.

THE 'MIGHT HAVE BEEN.'

G. H. POWELL.

BANAL as the phrase may ring, there must be few of us for whom it is not fraught with an agonising interest, as a bracket comprising the most important of unknown quantities, a memorandum that what we have here is not all ourselves, that something once a part of ourselves is now lost in the void. Personality may not be exhaustively definable as a bundle of tendencies lashed together by a defective will, but the nature unconscious of the processes of loss and accretion, of waste and error, insensible of having incurably 'missed' many of the vast possibilities of life, can scarcely, we feel, be altogether sane or human, even though 'regret' may be as 'wild' and 'vain' as that uttered in the cheapest sentimental song.

On the great moral scrap-heaps, beneath piles of trumpery illusions, self-willed fancies, theories untested and unabandoned, fragmentary plans of many a castle in Spain, lie more serious relics of our past and dead selves—the false steps, the wrong turnings, the defeats, the flights, the 'great refusals' that have ultimately landed us where we are. But the remorse which is the shadow of sin, the regret which is the echo of vacillation, the reaction from the abortive effort, the sensation of the amputated limb, serve to remind us often enough that we are never really alone with the present.

And for the world, for humanity, for the nation, as for the individual, by the side of every actual change, evolution or consummation, stalks the pale jealous or mocking ghost of that potential *something* it has displaced, perhaps eternally, perhaps only for a moment and in form rather than in fact—all that overtly ineffectual 'past' of the world or the people, the severed branches of national life, the untrodden byways, the choked outlets, of which a sympathetic and imaginative grasp is so necessary to our proper understanding of the nature and 'bearings' of the present.

The only practical study of mankind, for strictly human purposes, being man, this, as we progress in refinement of thought, is seen to embrace a larger view of humanity latent as well as realised, buried root as well as ostensible flower. Hence indeed much of the sacrosanct importance attaching in these days to 'history,' the great *inquisition*, incessantly burrowing in the dark places of record and thought, to unearth any yet hidden links in the tangled chain of human destiny, a business now constituting one of the highest moral and æsthetic functions to be exercised by the ripest of intelligences. The demand for it, on the part of the workaday world, is great and real. It is the nursing mother of true progress.

For the primary desideration of our highest political philosophy can be only one thing—*guidance for the future*, the divination, that is, as far as may be, of the unknown and unknowable. And there is but one prophetic voice which commands respectful hearing. It is that of the sublimated essence of the Past, the Historic Wisdom which, having digested the *dossier* of humanity up to date and in the spirit here demanded, can alone point with some indicative confidence to the

veiled Likelihood that day by day undrapes the features of the actual.

This kind of intellectual speculation, which commands such high prizes, is yet based upon a severe and conscientious sincerity. The famous *dictum* "if the facts do not agree with our theories, so much the worse for the facts" may be used in a sense not ironical. It is the materialist coward who abandons his conscientiously elaborated belief at the distant view of a hostile fact; as it is the seer who clings to his theorem and perhaps dies in helping it to materialise.

"Where there is no vision," says an ancient prophet, "the people perisheth," vision, that is, of what we may here venture to call 'the imperturbably probable'—not, very possibly, of that which occurs, but of *what we ought to have expected*, perhaps of what we shall have to remember, if we are not willing to be classed as sophists or turncoats, that we *did* expect. For there, ahead in the future, is the life and soul of the present, the key to all our interest in the past. We live, as it were, upon a bridge connecting two shores, at the meeting-place, as Carlyle somewhere says, of two eternities, the half abandoned past behind us, and before us the vaguely realised future.

And all action is a compromise between the two. In the past is all our positive accumulation of dead fact and old experience; in the future all the life, experimental hope that gilds it with novel interest and makes the dry bones of history to live. And indescribable is our longing, on the anvil of the moment that now escapes us, with the pulse and heartbeat of the yet fleeting second, to forge and fashion the two into a consequent and inspiring whole.

This brings us to the main consideration. In our

exploration of the years, the centuries behind us, whether indeed they

like a fruitful land repose

or scare us with the horror of carnage and desolation, what is our most vital interest? Not mere event, tragedy, sensation, or the totalling up of facts and figures, but *the spoor of the consequent and the continuous*. Broadly speaking, indeed, is not this the primary instinctive need of the human soul, in its darkest hour? The most philosophic of us cries for 'more light' only that it may illuminate a design of some kind, a succession in which we have some sort of place and right. Anything rather than feel ourselves astray, cut off, a prey to that only true hell, the sense of loneliness and isolation, intolerable even on the most exalted site of fact ever visualised by man. And so it is a mere platitude to assert that in modernised history it is no longer the act, the crime, the defeat, the victory that are of most importance to our instruction, but rather the feeling, the character, the prevalent influence, the hereditary impulse of which these were but the ephemeral evidence and exhibition—or, it may be, the *non-significant* denial—often no more the central truth of the matter than the splash of a fish on the surface is the presence of a shoal below. To the mediæval chronicler an event is always an event. The birth in some remote province of a puppy with two heads serves almost as well to furnish a vacant corner in his annals as the extinction of an illustrious line of kings or the invention of the art of printing. And those of us who have ever kept an infantine diary will surely remember the vastly different spiritual significance, even of identical entries.

"Monday. Went for a walk. It rained.

Tuesday. Went for a walk. It rained."

Yes but Monday's walk was a comedy in spite of the rain, and Tuesday's a tragedy for some quite different reason. But it is connection, sequence, design that grown-up 'history' is in search of. What it concerns us to grasp and remember is, as the up-to-date examiner would agree, not names, dates, etc., not, as Montaigne observes in a curious passage, "the place of some particular hero's death," but *the reason* (was the Essayist thinking of the fall of Bourbon at the sack of Rome?) *why it was disgraceful he should die there?*

There is a certain sensation probably familiar to the youthful experience of most of us in the days before we had acquired any serious historical bias. To the virgin eye of unprejudiced ignorance the pedagogue—whether in living and questionable shape, or unassailably ensconced in the pages of a book—often appeared to hold both conundrum and answer too completely and comfortably in the hollow of his hand. "Edwin and Morcar, the Earls of Mercia and Northumbria, . . . marched so many miles . . . fought such and such a battle . . . and the consequence was . . ." It was all very well, but—had the lecturer been on the spot three days before the battle, *would he ever have guessed, foreseen this result?* and if not, why not? Could the learner be blamed for a mildly resentful suspicion that something was cutting a showy figure on the educational stage which perhaps *only succeeded in happening at all*, so to speak, *by the skin of its teeth*.

Carlyle in one of the byways of his *French Revolution* indulges in a humorous outburst on the text of

Montesquieu's famous aphorism "Happy the nation whose annals are dull," pouring ridicule upon the banal historical 'event.' (Is there a significance, by the way, or is it mere euphony, in the persistency with which journalists cling to the phrase 'Events in France,' as if it were *par excellence*, and not merely between 1789 and 1815, the place where 'things happened'?) "Everywhere," he writes, "foolish rumour babbles not of what was done, but of what was undone or misdone." An event, a tragedy, consummation or disturbance that does materialise must of course be respectfully recorded. But, though it may loom large to contemporary eyes, and perhaps disturb and destroy life on the scale of an extensive earthquake, let us beware on these grounds of treating it as an exhibition of some well-known 'world-force' acting in some pre-conceived direction. To the true historic judgment it may after all *mean* no more than the unexpected subsidence of the 'tower of Siloam,' or the fatal stumble of Fieschi in his hour of triumph. It may, as has been said, impose upon the present, it may acquire a causative importance in the future, and yet be, humanly speaking, nothing in itself.

Allied, surely, with this improved historic sense is that depreciation of 'incident' which is a truism in modern literary philosophy. Mere ostensible 'happenings' have in intellectual romance fallen to a considerable discount, and even acquired something of a bad name from association with cheap 'realism' and a sensational, materialist or popular-pictorial view of existence; whereas, on the other hand, 'plot,' the mysterious patent of the greatest creative artists, the undefinable source of so much genuine delight and so much literary vitality, is on its merits more highly

esteemed than ever. For harmony, sequence, unity, are what the intellectual taste craves to find in fiction and drama, as humanity craves for it in life; while what is called 'incident'—in regard to which originality seems little more than ingenuity—resembles in most cases a mere common stock of material, obvious indeed to all, but useful only to the comparatively few who know how to handle it. The one, of course—a fact which has inevitably influenced all literary composition whether of 'romance' or serious narrative—is vastly easier to handle than the other. It is a simpler matter to record the death of 10,000 men in a 'great battle' than to outline the diplomacy which caused or might have prevented this tragedy. And popular interest, tethered as it is to popular understanding, inevitably runs in favour of overt action, noise, bustle, alarms, and excursions; just as reflective comparison and reasoned argument pale their ineffectual fires before truculent dogmatism and glaring contrast. Simplicity of motive, again, is more 'satisfactory,' more 'dramatic' than complexity; and thus life, in letters, adapts itself to the stage and becomes less 'historical' or inquisitive.

Our latest Schools of Drama and Romance represent, *inter alia*, a rebellion against these conventional limitations. But even the most paradoxical of 'anti-romantics,' in his disparagement of common fact, is really urging us to look beyond the bounds of the familiar and concrete at the vast neglected prospect of the eternally natural but unrealised. And if we turn to the one transcendent genius whose loss is now deplored by modern romance, the distinctive greatness of his studies is to be found in the brilliantly painted 'middle distance' he preserves to the foreground of his drama, in the emphasis given to that evasive yet pervasive

thing the 'might have been.' In the *chiaroscuro* of his dazzling canvas, where yet, to many an honest spectator, no 'action' seems to be portrayed worth speaking of, where enthusiasm so often misses its object, and suspense is cheated (even in the third volume) of its 'sensational' reward, the student of our conventionalised humanity finds just that exquisite balance and proportion for which his soul, so long fed on the husks of melodramatic hyperbole, has hungered and thirsted in vain. In a word, the refreshing charm of Meredithian romance is that it holds the key of that half-forgotten, mysterious, yet not unfamiliar world, in which man advances, for good or evil, at one with the whole of his past, in which success is perennially haunted by the ghost of failure, and the most rounded and satisfying 'conclusions' with which the reader is indulged, seem to take place in an atmosphere positively redolent of moral antidotes and antiseptics.

Nor can one avoid here remarking, since every tendency, in our times, seems to find itself almost burlesqued by exaggeration, the celebrity of another author to whom 'events' (of the kind most appreciated by the circulating library) appear so contemptible that most of the 'incident' to be found in his intimate studies of character has to be laboriously extracted, like a fly from a honeypot, out of a veritable morass of 'fine writing.' There is plenty of action in George Meredith, if little bloodshed. His one magnificent duel is a conflict of flashing souls, not of wooden swords. Great and full of warm-breathing vitality are the craftsman's artistic creations, but troops of lively and hopeful (or disappointed) potentialities, like his 'attendant imps,' play about the finished work, which is thus never presented in the dead form of a solid and

impermeable statement, as if 'that were all.' Here is no satisfaction nor 'conclusion' of anything. Old-world novels were comfortable vehicles, well stuffed with sensation and sentiment, in which the reader could settle himself to rest till stoppage told him he had reached his journey's end. Here he is no traveller on a high road, but a voyager exposed to the fresh air and the open sea; invited, as it were, to steer the bark of romance for himself, and shown how diverse are the gales and currents through which it may yet win home. The mass of readers, it is needless to say, do not want mental or athletic exercise, they wish to be 'taken out of' the selves, in which they find so little spiritual entertainment, to be scratched, tickled or shocked. There is evidence indeed that, with the increasing uniformity of modern life, the predisposition to notice only violent action, to be stirred only by physical conflict, sword thrusts and revolver shots, grows upon the public, while emotions unexpressed or inexpressible in such language are, so to speak, crowded out of view. And what 'stabblings and shootings' are to fiction and drama, big figures, sweeping statements and clashing Macaulayesque epigram are to historical literature. Sensation is, throughout, the antithesis and enemy of study. Its common use, indeed, is as the drug of thought. For it is only by esoteric reflection, by getting behind the scenes, where 'events' are prepared and dressed up, that we realise how much dissatisfied and unrepresented human feeling they leave behind them as they emerge; with what difficulty, in extreme cases, the 'might have been' is prevented from taking the stage in person. It is when we go behind the wings of our own individual stage that we perceive how regularly, in the words of a modern philosopher, "the

dominant influence of life lies in the unrealised," and that the real clue to the individual existence is to be found in something—possibly the vainest, the best, or the wickedest of chimæras—never even ostensibly pursued, much less formally captured and paraded.

Yet clearly it is the dominant influences, the clues to continuity, not the disturbances of it, that we need to study. The straining tides of normal human desire for power, freedom, justice, civilisation, the cross currents of ethical, religious, æsthetic and intellectual bias, these are the real objects of research. And these were with us when history was no more than a string of 'occurrences,' all about the same size and weight, strung upon a barren thread of inaccurate chronology. We have now advanced so far as to be almost burdened by the perpetual readjustment of the respective 'values' of fact and feeling, of truth of detail and truth of proportion and perspective. Does not Charles Lamb, that incurable humanist, complain somewhere of the gentleman who comes into your drawing-room "followed by certain ugly bulldogs that he calls the facts," clumsy pets that tend to dominate their master, and get in the way of other people? To the mind of the conventional historian, ancient or modern, the 'bulldog' is often rather a 'white elephant.' Embarrassed by his imperception of its significance, he writes figments about it rather than say nothing.

It is here that the romancist appears, in the character so often assigned him, as our truest historian, for the reason—and this is surely why the chief delight of civilised life seems sometimes to find its centre in 'fiction'—that he frees us from 'the tyranny,' as we may call it, 'of the *fait accompli*.' The 'imperturbably probable,' that splendid open prairie on which, as has

been explained, all the windows of life and hope look forth, is his true domain. It is his to visualise for us the nearness of the unseen, unknown world, to note the rig and lighting of the thousand

ships that pass in the night.

These qualities of insight, faith, spiritual heroism, are needed through all time to combat the inroads of that arch-enemy of all moral and historic truth—the great *ex post facto* philosophy, whose schools are everywhere. We all know the timid minds for which it might sometimes seem there was no future at all, so rarely will they hold out a welcoming hand to anything that has not yet forced the portal of existence. Theirs is the judgment which sees crime in execution, dishonesty in bankruptcy, sin in public scandal. Such people ‘move with the times,’ they would claim; they are chained to them. The latest phenomenon of the stampeding herd of ‘events’ precludes all further view. It not only takes place; it occupies all the historic space available. It is as if there were but one path of evolution, that by which they have arrived and on which they stand, and all others led to chaos and the pit. Incompetent players of a game requiring constant agility—just such a pastime is history!—their ideas and sympathies stand too rigidly, instead of being on springs of versatile anticipation. They are not really trying to solve the problems of life. They simply look out the answer, and then—*philosophise backwards*.

Yet the historic sense, it is to be remembered, is, in common life and intercourse, the one salt that preserves our judgments from conventional putrefaction. And its mission is, in past or present, to pursue and face that ‘utter truth’ which common human

nature (for reasons practical if ephemeral) is so anxious to evade or obscure; for is it not fraught with the perennial pain, surprise, and disappointment of continuous existence? Persistently living on hope, the mortal who

never is but always to be blest

knows well that life is not altogether a 'consequent' affair. He knows that his moral and intellectual acquiescence in what *is*, is a sort of habitual treachery to what *was*, to the 'might have been' of his inner faith. "*Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*"

But then our Cato is troubled with aspirations, so to speak, above his means and position. Planted in a world where his every relation is an ephemeral compromise with unknown and unsympathetic forces, what can he do? Dominated by irrelevant circumstances, yet ever craving for continuity of development, how can he bear that history, when paid to explain and smooth the path, should sometimes make matters more wonderful than they were, and perhaps prophesy yet more evil and chaos? But the *ex post facto* or backwards philosophy—for whatever purpose employed—is, needless to say, delusive and dangerous. It is the philosophy of evasive consolation, of retreat, not of courageous advance towards new truth, of the bold eagle glance across the border. We need a magnificent patience to realise that the course of historical evolution, like that of true love, never did run smooth. Our line of progress, which is perhaps usually spiral, gives us ever varying perspectives of what we leave behind, which according to each special point of view assumes a different colouring and significance; though it is we who suffer change, not the irrevocable past.

To *parvenus*—whether nations or individuals—in

whose success there seems to be as much luck as cunning, the 'white elephant,' the stone of stumbling, is commonly the fact of their own 'arrival.' A fascinating illustration of this, if we may venture upon one concrete example, is furnished by the prevalent attitude of our greatest colony towards the phenomenon of her separation from the mother country. It was the greatness of modern America, not the weight of documentary evidence, which necessitated the substitution of a historical *arc de triomphe*, the victorious self-assertion of emigrant freedom against antiquated European tyranny, for a somewhat embarrassed but neither purely satisfactory nor sensationnally romantic entrance upon an independent career.

A nation in the practically unique position of a materially adult infant must of course wait a while for the understanding of itself. In the familiar case, however, of the ordinary 'self-made' individual is it not easy to see that what so often offends social critics as vulgarity, is only the natural inability of the *parvenu* to explain himself? Singly, as in the mass, we are all incurably egoist and cannot in the face even of overpowering evidence, lightly take ourselves, our wealth or power as trivial matters. Indeed it is very well that we should not for the purposes of practical life. But for that of our own internal candour and consistency, the only remedy for such little troubles is the calm and unembarrassed reflection (familiar, we know, to the greatest of mankind, who never 'take themselves too seriously') how easily things might have turned out otherwise; with the corollary perhaps of how little that would have mattered!

Viewed from the purely academic standpoint of the mere achievement of direct progress, our proceed-

ings might seem as inconsequent as those, let us say, of an omnibus in a crowded thoroughfare. But we also are at the mercy of the innumerable passengers—ideas, motives, views, perceptions that we are driven to take up and discard, and of the innumerable practical obstacles we encounter.

The life impulse, as defined by the latest of evolutionary philosophers, is that which forces or steals its way into the interstices of the determinate system of matter, and avails itself of all such 'play' and elasticity as are to be found, for the purpose of the recreation and expansion of self. "Life does not derive its impulse from matter," we are cheerfully assured, "any more than the river derives its flow from the banks." Rather might it be said that *we make the banks as we go along*, and imagine, perhaps, that they were always there.

It is at least a healthy pastime to sweep the 'historic' eye of the hunter over the vast desert marked with such million diverse tracks, across which some star has guided our particular wanderings, and realise that the journey has not been effected along a walled highroad or upon iron rails. A thousand paths were open to our uncertain feet, and the fact that those we missed and those we nearly chose were neither impossible nor forbidden, is a part of our life and character now.

Montaigne's light disparagement of 'events,' in an age of so much stiffly conventional story-telling when contemporary speech and thought were overshadowed by those of ancient Greece and Rome, his decided preference for the chronicler "*qui n'ayt espousé rien*," is a curiously modern touch. To the mind unwedded to, undominated by imposing fact or elusive

hypothesis, the term 'juncture,' so popular with journalists and leader-writers, has a more real significance, indicating the extent to which existence resembles a patchwork, that viewed from behind would appear too fragmentary and untidy to contemplate, while from the front and *ex post facto* view it seems smooth and orderly. 'Events,' it implies, really very seldom 'turn out' (in full force), or 'come to a head.' They are rather engaged in guerrilla warfare on Carlyle's bridge, and neither past nor future have it all to themselves, though one may secure the ear of the reporters. In our accounts of football-matches the 'tries' are duly recorded, but where is the printed history of all the things that *only just missed happening*, not to mention the trivial causes that have produced effects big with consequence, undesigned and unnecessary. Such a singular accident, one might say—of the negative order—was the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, by which contemporary England escaped a harrowing tragedy, if nothing worse. But, without it, has posterity ever realised the strength of the Catholic reaction?

Which may remind one that the true historical imagination supplies something like that source of interest and vitality given to politics in post-Stuart times by the existence, outside the range of *de facto* Government, of a possible and practicable 'Pretender.'

That ambitious and usually unfortunate individual was, of course, a concrete personality whom many knew and some had seen and handled. But the philosopher, in all ages, the historic seer on whose wisdom so much of practical political life depends, has always an eye upon some 'Pretender' to the throne of actuality, and lives not unprepared for a change in the

dynasty of established things, for revolutions (great and glorious, or the reverse), invasions and reconquests in all departments of life. For at every 'critical juncture' he discerns in the fierce resentment at the triumph of the ephemeral, in the indignant contempt for the *fait accompli*, ghostly partisans intriguing for the restoration of the 'might—would—and very likely *should* have been.' And this perception makes all the difference, as the Essayist would have said, between the account of past things which is what he calls "a mere grammatical study," and that "anatomy of philosophy which penetrates the inmost parts of human nature."

G. H. POWELL.

THE SACRIFICE.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

I.¹

LIMASSON was a religious man, though of what depth and quality were unknown, since no trial of ultimate severity had yet tested him. An adherent of no particular creed, he yet had his gods; and his self-discipline was probably more rigorous than his friends conjectured. He was so reserved. Few guessed, perhaps, the desires conquered, the passions regulated, the inner tendencies trained and schooled—not by denying their expression, but by transmuting them alchemically into nobler channels. He had in him the makings of an enthusiastic devotee, and might have become such but for two limitations that prevented. He loved his wealth, labouring to increase it to the neglect of other interests; and, secondly, instead of following up one steady line of search, he scattered himself upon many picturesque theories, like an actor who wants to play all parts rather than concentrate on one. And the more picturesque, the more he was attracted. Thus, though he did his duty unshrinkingly and with a touch of love, he accused himself sometimes of merely gratifying a sensuous taste in spiritual sensations. There was this unbalance in him that argued want of depth.

As for his gods—in the end he discovered their reality by first doubting, then denying their existence.

It was this denial and doubt that restored them to their thrones, converting his dilettante skirmishes into genuine, deep belief; and the proof came to him one summer in early June when he was making ready to leave town for his annual month among the mountains.

With Limasson mountains, in some inexplicable sense, were a

¹ To get this arresting sketch into one number, it has, with the author's generous consent, been set in review type.—Ed.

passion almost, and climbing so deep a pleasure that the ordinary scrambler hardly understood it. Grave as a kind of worship it was to him; the preparations for an ascent, the ascent itself in particular, involved a concentration that seemed symbolical as of a ritual. He not only loved the heights, the massive grandeur, the splendour of great vastness, but loved them with a respect that held a touch of awe. The emotion mountains stirred in him, one might say, was of that profound, incalculable kind that held kinship with his religious feelings, half realised though these were. His gods had their invisible thrones somewhere among the grim, forbidding heights. He prepared himself for this annual mountaineering with the same earnestness that a holy man might approach a solemn festival of his church.

And the impetus of his mind was running with big momentum all in this single direction, when there fell upon him, almost on the eve of starting, a swift series of disasters that shook his being to its last foundations, and left him stunned among the ruins. To describe these is unnecessary. People said: "One thing after another like that! What appalling luck! Poor wretch!"; then wondered, with the curiosity of children, how in the world he would take it. Due to no apparent fault of his own, these disasters were so sudden, that life seemed in a moment shattered, and his interest in existence almost ceased. People shook their heads and thought of the emergency exit. But Limasson was too vital a man to dream of annihilation. Upon him it had a different effect—he turned and questioned what he called his gods. They did not answer or explain. For the first time in his life he doubted. A hair's breadth beyond lay definite denial.

The ruin in which he sat, however, was not material; no man of his age, possessed of courage and a working scheme of life, would permit disaster of a material order to overwhelm him. It was collapse of a mental, spiritual kind, an assault upon the roots of character and temperament. Moral duties laid suddenly upon him threatened to crush. His *personal* existence was assailed, and apparently must end. He must spend the remainder of his life caring for others who were nothing to him. No outlet showed, no way of escape, so diabolically complete was the combination of events that rushed his inner trenches. His faith was shaken. A man can but endure so much, and remain human. For him the

saturation point seemed reached. He experienced the spiritual equivalent of that physical numbness which supervenes when pain has touched the limit of endurance. He laughed, grew callous, then mocked his silent gods.

It is said that upon this state of blank negation there follows sometimes a condition of lucidity which mirrors with crystal clearness the forces driving behind life at a given moment, a kind of clairvoyance that brings explanation and therefore peace. Limasson looked for this in vain. There was the doubt that questioned, there was the sneer that mocked the silence into which his questions fell; but there was neither answer nor explanation. There was no relief. In this tumult of revolt he did none of the things his friends suggested or expected; he merely followed the line of least resistance. He yielded to the impetus that was upon him when the catastrophe came. To their indignant amazement he went out to his mountains.

All marvelled that at such a time he could adopt so trivial a line of action, neglecting duties that seemed paramount; they disapproved. Yet in reality he was taking no definite action at all, but merely drifting with the momentum that had been acquired just before. He was bewildered with so much pain, confused with suffering, stunned with the crash that flung him helpless amid undeserved calamity. He turned to the mountains as a child to its mother, instinctively. Mountains had never failed to bring him consolation, comfort, peace. Their grandeur restored proportion whenever disorder threatened life. No calculation, properly speaking, was in his move at all; but a blind desire for a violent physical reaction such as climbing brings. And the instinct was more wholesome than he knew.

In the high upland valley among lonely peaks whither Limasson then went, he found in some measure the proportion he had lost. He studiously avoided thinking; he lived in his muscles recklessly. The region with its little Inn was familiar to him; peak after peak he attacked, sometimes with, but more often without a guide, until his reputation as a sane climber, a laurelled member of all the foreign Alpine Clubs, was seriously in danger. That he overdid it physically is beyond question, but that the mountains breathed into him some portion of their enormous calm and deep endurance is also true. His gods he neglected utterly for the first

time in his life. If he thought of them at all, it was as tinsel figures imagination had created, figures upon a stage that merely decorated life for those whom pictures pleased. Only—he had left the theatre and their make-believe no longer hypnotised his mind. He realised their impotence and disowned them. This attitude, however, was subconscious; he lent to it no substance, either of thought or speech. He ignored rather than challenged their existence.

And it was somewhat in this frame of mind—thinking little, feeling even less—that he came out into the hotel vestibule after dinner one evening, and took mechanically the bundle of letters the porter handed him. They had no possible interest for him; in a corner where the big steam-heater mitigated the chilliness of the hall, he idly sorted them. The score or so of other guests, chiefly expert climbing men, were trailing out in twos and threes from the dining-room; but he felt as little interest in them as in his letters: no conversation could alter facts, no written phrases change his circumstances. At random, then, he opened a business letter with a typewritten address—it would probably be impersonal, less of a mockery, therefore, than the others with their tiresome sham condolences. And, in a sense, it was impersonal; sympathy from a solicitor's office is mere formula, a few extra ticks upon the universal keyboard of a Remington. But as he read it, Limasson made a discovery that startled him into acute and bitter sensation. He had imagined the limit of bearable suffering and disaster already reached. Now, in a few dozen words, his error was proved convincingly. The blow was dislocating.

This culminating news of fresh catastrophe disclosed within him entirely new reaches of pain, of biting, resentful fury. Limasson experienced a momentary stopping of the heart as he took it in, a dizziness, a violent sensation of revolt whose impotence induced almost physical nausea. He felt like—death.

"Must I suffer all things?" flashed through his arrested intelligence in letters of fire.

There was sullen rage in him, a dazed bewilderment, but no positive suffering as yet. His emotion was too sickening to include the smaller pains of disappointment; it was primitive, blind anger that he knew. He read the letter calmly, even to the neat paragraph of machine-made sympathy at the last, then placed

it in his inner pocket. No outward sign of disturbance was upon him; his breath came slowly; he reached over to the table for a match, holding it at arm's length lest the sulphur fumes should sting his nostrils.

And in that moment he made his second discovery. The fact that further suffering was still possible included also the fact that some touch of resignation had been left in him, and therefore some vestige of belief as well. Now, as he felt the crackling sheet of stiff paper in his pocket, watched the sulphur die, and saw the wood ignite, this remnant faded utterly away. Like the blackened end of the match, it shrivelled and dropped off. It vanished. Savagely, yet with an external calmness that enabled him to light a cigarette with untrembling hand, he addressed his futile deities. And once more in fiery letters, there flashed across the darkness of his passionate thought :

“ Even this you demand of me—this cruel, ultimate sacrifice ?

And he rejected them, bag and baggage; for they were a mockery and a lie. With contempt he repudiated them for ever. The stage of doubt had passed. He denied his gods. Yet, with a smile upon his lips; for what were they after all but the puppets his religious fancy had imagined ? They never had existed. Was it, then, merely the picturesque, sensational aspect of his devotional temperament that had created them ? That side of his nature, in any case, was dead now, killed by a single devastating blow. The gods went with it.

Surveying what remained of his life, it seemed to him like a city that an earthquake has reduced to ruins. The inhabitants think no worse thing could happen. Then comes the fire.

Two lines of thought, it seems, then developed parallel in him and simultaneously, for while underneath he stormed against this culminating blow, his upper mind dealt calmly with the project of a great expedition he would make at dawn. He had engaged no guide. As an experienced mountaineer, he knew the district well; his name was tolerably familiar, and in half an hour he could have settled all details, and retired to bed with instructions to be called at two. But, instead, he sat there waiting, unable to stir, a human volcano that any moment might break forth into violence. He smoked his cigarette as quietly as though nothing had happened, while through the blazing depths of him ran ever this one self-

repeating statement: "Even this you demand of me, this cruel, ultimate sacrifice! . . ." His self-control, dynamically estimated, just then must have been very great and, thus repressed, the store of potential energy accumulated enormously.

With thought concentrated largely upon this final blow, Limasson had not noticed the people who streamed out of the *salle à manger* and scattered themselves in groups about the hall. Some individual, now and again, approached his chair with the idea of conversation, then, seeing his absorption, turned away. Even when a climber whom he slightly knew reached across him with a word of apology for the matches, Limasson made no response, for he did not see him. He noticed nothing. In particular he did not notice two men who, from an opposite corner, had for some time been observing him. He now looked up—by chance?—and was vaguely aware that they were discussing him. He met their eyes across the hall, and started.

For at first he thought he knew them. Possibly he had seen them about—they seemed familiar—yet certainly had never spoken with them. Then, aware of his mistake, he turned his glance elsewhere, though still vividly conscious of their attention. One was a clergyman or a priest; his face wore an air of gravity touched by sadness, a sternness about the lips counteracted by a kindling beauty in the eyes that betrayed enthusiasm nobly regulated. There was a suggestion of stateliness in the man that made the impression very sharp. His clothing emphasised it. He wore a dark tweed suit that was strict in its simplicity. There was austerity in him somewhere.

His companion, perhaps by contrast, seemed inconsiderable in his fashionable evening dress. A good deal younger, his hair, always a tell-tale detail, was a trifle long; the thin fingers that flourished a cigarette wore rings; the face, though picturesque, was flippant, and his attitude conveyed a certain insignificance. Gesture, that faultless language which challenges counterfeit, betrayed unbalance somewhere. The impression he produced, however, was shadowy compared to the sharpness of the other. 'Theatrical' was the word in Limasson's mind, as he turned his glance elsewhere. But as he looked away he fidgeted. The interior darkness caused by the dreadful letter rose about him. It engulfed him. Dizziness came with it. . . .

Far away the blackness was fringed with light, and through this light, stepping with speed and carelessness as from gigantic distance, the two men, grown suddenly large, came at him. Limasson, in self-protection, turned to meet them. Conversation he did not desire. Somehow he had expected this attack.

Yet the instant they began to speak—it was the priest who opened fire—it was all so natural and easy that he almost welcomed the diversion. A phrase by way of introduction—and he was speaking of the summits. Something in Limasson's mind turned over. The man was a serious climber, one of his own species. The sufferer felt a certain relief as he heard the invitation, and realised, though dully, the compliment involved.

"If you felt inclined to join us—if you would honour us with your company," the man was saying quietly, adding something then about "great experience" and "invaluable advice and judgment."

Limasson looked up, trying hard to concentrate and understand.

"The Aiguille du Néant?" he repeated, mentioning the peak proposed. Rarely attempted, never conquered, and with an ominous record of disaster, it happened to be the very summit he had meant to attack himself.

"You have engaged guides?" He knew the question foolish.

"No guide will try it," smiled the priest, while his companion added with a flourish, "but we, we need no guide—if *you* will come."

"You are unattached, I believe? You are alone?" the other asked, moving a little in front of his friend, as though to hide him.

"I am alone, yes—" replied Limasson. "I am quite alone."

He was listening attentively, but with only part of his mind. He realised the flattery of the invitation. Yet it was like flattery addressed to someone else. He felt himself so indifferent, so—dead. These men wanted his skilful body, his experienced mind; and it was his body and mind that talked with them, and finally agreed to go. Many a time expeditions had been planned in just this way, but to-night he felt there was a difference. Mind and body signed the agreement, but his soul, listening elsewhere and looking on, was silent. With his rejected gods it had left him, though hovering close still. It did not interfere; it did not warn; it even approved; it sang to him from great distance that this

expedition cloaked another. He was bewildered by the clashing of his upper and his lower mind.

"At one in the morning, then, if that will suit you . . ." the older man concluded.

"I'll see to the provisions," exclaimed the younger, "and I shall take my telephoto for the summit. The porters can come as far as the Great Tower. We're over six thousand feet here already you see, so . . ." and his voice died in the distance as his companion led him away.

Limasson saw him go with relief. But for the other man he would have declined the invitation. At heart he was indifferent enough. What decided him really was the coincidence that the Aiguille du Néant was the very peak he had intended to attack himself *alone*, and the curious feeling that this expedition cloaked another somehow—almost that these men had a hidden motive. A moment later he followed them to bed. So careless was he of the affairs of the world, so dead to mundane interests, that he tore up his other letters and tossed them into a corner of the room—unread.

II.

Once in his chilly bedroom he realised that his upper mind had permitted him to do a foolish thing; he had drifted like a schoolboy into an unwise situation. He had pledged himself to an expedition with two strangers, an expedition for which normally he would have chosen his companions with utmost caution. Moreover, he was guide; they looked to him for safety, while yet it was they who had arranged and planned it. But who were these men with whom he proposed to run grave bodily risks? He knew them as little as they knew him. Whence came, he wondered, the curious idea that this climb was really planned by another who was no one of them?

The thought slipped idly across his mind; going out by one door, it came back, however, quickly by another. He did not think about it more than to note its passage through the disorder that passed with him just then for thinking. Indeed, there was nothing in the whole world for which he cared a single brass farthing. As he undressed for bed, he said to himself: "I shall be called at one

. . . but why, the devil, am I going with these two on this wild plan? . . . and who made the plan?" . . .

It seemed to have settled itself. It came about so naturally and easily, so quickly. He probed no deeper. He didn't care. And for the first time he omitted the little ritual, half prayer, half adoration, it had always been his custom to offer to his deities upon retiring to rest. He no longer recognised them.

How utterly broken his life was! How blank and terrible and lonely! He felt cold, and piled his overcoats upon the bed, as though his mental isolation involved a physical effect as well. Switching off the light by the door, he was in the act of crossing the floor in the darkness when a sound beneath the window caught his ear. Outside there were voices talking. The roar of falling water made them indistinct, yet he was sure they were voices, and that one of them he knew. He stopped still a moment to listen. He heard his own name uttered—"John Limasson." They ceased. He stood a moment shivering on the boards, then crawled into bed beneath the heavy clothing. But in the act of settling down, they began again. He raised himself again hurriedly to listen. What little wind there was passed in that moment down the valley, carrying off the roar of falling water; and into the moment's space of silence dropped fragments of definite sentences:

"They are close, you say—close down upon the world?" It was the voice of the priest surely.

"For days they have been passing," was the answer—a rough, deep tone that might have been a peasant's, and a kind of fear in it, "for all my flocks are scattered."

"The signs are sure? You know them?"

"Tumult," was the answer in much lower tones; "there has been tumult in the mountains. . . ."

There was a break then as though the voices sank too low to hear. There came two broken fragments next, end of a question—beginning of an answer.

" . . . the opportunity of a life-time?"

" . . . if he goes of his own free will, success is sure. For acceptance is . . ."

And the wind, returning, bore back the sound of the falling water, so that Limasson heard no more. . . .

An indefinable emotion stirred in him as he turned over to sleep.

He stuffed his ears lest he should hear more. He was aware of a sinking of the heart that was inexplicable. What in the world were they talking about, those two? What was the meaning of these disjointed phrases? There lay behind them a significance of some grave solemnity. He felt disturbed, uncomfortable, the first emotion that had stirred in him for days. The numbness melted before its faint awakening. Conscience was in it—he felt vague prickings—but it was deeper far than conscience. Somewhere out of sight, in a region life had as yet not plumbed, the words he heard sank down and vibrated like pedal notes. They rumbled away into the night of undecipherable things. And, though explanation failed him, he felt they had reference somehow to the morrow's expedition: how, what, wherefore, he knew not; his name had been spoken—then these curious sentences; that was all. Yet tomorrow's expedition, what was it but an expedition of impersonal kind, not even planned by himself? Merely his own plan taken and altered by others—made over? His personal business, his personal life, was not really in it at all. The thought startled him a moment. He had no personal life . . . !

Struggling with sleep, his brain played the endless game of disentanglement without winning a single point, while the undermind in him looked on and smiled—because it *knew*. Then, suddenly, a great peace fell over him. Exhaustion brought it perhaps. He fell asleep; and next moment, it seemed, he was aware of a thundering at the door and an unwelcome voice was growling "*'s ist bald ein Uhr, Herr! Aufstehen!*"

Rising at such an hour, unless the heart be in it, is a sordid and depressing business; Limasson dressed without enthusiasm, conscious that thought and feeling were exactly where he had left them on going to sleep. The same confusion and bewilderment were in him; also the same deep solemn emotion stirred by the whispering voices. Only long habit enabled him to attend to detail, and ensured that nothing was forgotten. He felt heavy and oppressed, a kind of anxiety about him; the routine of preparation he followed solemnly, utterly untouched by the customary joy; it was mechanical. Yet through it ran the old familiar sense of ritual, due to the practice of so many years, that cleansing of mind and body for a big Ascent—like initiatory rites that once had been as important to him as those of some priest

who approached the worship of his deity in the temples of ancient time. He performed the ceremony with the same care as though no ghost of vanished faith still watched him, beckoning from the air as of old. . . . His knapsack carefully packed, he took his ice-axe from beside the bed, turned out the light, and went down the creaking wooden stairs on tiptoe lest his heavy nails should waken the other sleepers. And in his head still rang the phrase he had fallen asleep on—as though uttered a moment ago:

“The signs are sure; for days they have been passing—close down upon the world. The flocks are scattered. There has been tumult—tumult in the mountains.” The other fragments he had forgotten.

And as the words rolled through him Limasson felt tumult in his thoughts and feelings too—though very far away. There had been tumult in his life, and all his joys were scattered—joys that hitherto had fed his days. The signs were sure. Something was close down upon his little world—passing—sweeping.—He felt a touch of terror.

Outside in the fresh darkness of very early morning, the strangers stood waiting for him. Rather, they seemed to arrive in the same instant as himself, equally punctual. The clock in the church tower sounded one. They exchanged low greetings, remarked that the weather promised to hold good, and started off in single file over soaking meadows towards the first belt of forest. The porter—mere peasant, unfamiliar of face and not connected with the hotel—led the way with a hurricane lantern. The air was marvellously sweet and fragrant. In the sky overhead the stars shone in their thousands. Only the noise of falling water from the heights and the regular thudding of their heavy boots broke the stillness. And, black against the sky, towered the enormous pyramid of the Tour du Néant they meant to reach.

Perhaps the most delightful portion of a big ascent is the beginning in the scented darkness while the thrill of possible conquest lies still far off. The hours stretch themselves queerly; last night's sunset might be days ago; sunrise and the brilliance coming seem in another week, part of dim futurity like children's holidays. It is difficult to realise that this biting cold before the dawn, and the blazing heat to come, both belong to the same to-day.

There were no sounds as they toiled slowly up the zigzag path through the first fifteen hundred feet of pinewoods ; no one spoke ; the clink of nails and ice-axe points against the stones was all they heard. For the roar of water was felt rather than heard ; it stroked the ears, and bathed the skin of the whole body at once. The deeper notes were below them now in the sleeping valley ; the shriller ones sounded far above, where streams just born out of huge, ponderous snow-beds tinkled sharply. . . .

The change came delicately. The stars turned a shade less brilliant, a softness in them as of human eyes that say farewell. Between the highest branches of the trees the sky grew visible—at various distances. A sighing of air smoothed all their crests one way ; moss, earth and open spaces brought keen perfumes ; and the little human procession, leaving the forest, stepped out into the vastness of the world above the tree-line. They paused while the porter stooped to put his lantern out. In the eastern sky was colour. The peaks and crags rushed close. Was it the Dawn ?

Limasson turned his eyes from the height of sky where the summits pierced a path for the coming day, to the faces of his companions, pale and wan in the early twilight. How small, how insignificant they seemed amid this hungry emptiness of aching desolation. The stupendous cliffs fled past them, led by the headstrong peaks crowned with eternal snows. Thin lines of cloud, trailing half way up precipice and ridge, were like the swish of movement—as though he caught the earth turning as she raced through space. The four of them, timid riders on the gigantic saddle, clung for their lives against her titan ribs, while currents of some majestic life swept up at them from every side. He drew deep draughts of the cold, rarefied air into his lungs. Avoiding the pallid, insignificant faces of his companions, he pretended interest in the porter's operations ; he stared fixedly on the ground. It seemed twenty minutes before the flame was extinguished, and the lantern fastened to the pack behind. This Dawn was unlike any he had seen before.

For, in reality, all the while, Limasson was trying to bring order out of the extraordinary thoughts and feelings that had possessed him during the slow forest ascent, and the task was not crowned with much success. The Plan, made by others, had

taken charge of him, he felt; and he had thrown the reins of personal will and interest loosely upon its steady gait. He abandoned himself carelessly to what might come. Knowing that he was leader of the expedition, he yet had suffered the porter to go first, taking his own place as it was appointed to him, behind the younger man and before the priest. In this order, they had plodded, as only experienced climbers plod, for hours without a rest, until half way up a change had taken place. He had wished it, and instantly it was effected. The priest moved past him, while his companion dropped to the rear—the companion who forever stumbled in his speed, whereas the older man climbed surely, confidently. And Limasson walked more easily then—as though the relative positions of the three were of importance somehow. The steep ascent of smothering darkness through the woods became less arduous. He was glad to have the younger man behind him.

For the impression had strengthened as they climbed in silence that this ascent pertained to some vast, significant Ceremony, and the idea grew insistently, almost horribly, upon him. The movements of himself and his companions, especially the positions each occupied relatively to the other, established some kind of intimacy that resembled speech, suggesting even question and answer. And the entire performance, while occupying hours by his watch, it seemed to him more than once, was in reality briefer than the flash of a passing thought, so that he saw it within himself—pictorially. He thought of a picture worked in colours upon a strip of elastic. Someone pulled the strip, and the picture stretched. Or someone released it again, and the picture flew back, reduced to a mere stationary speck.

And the little change of position, apparently so trivial, gave point to this singular notion working in his under-mind—that this ascent was a ritual and a ceremony as in older days, its significance now approaching revelation, however, for the first time. Without language, this stole over him; no words could quite describe it. For it came to him that these three formed a unit, himself being in some fashion yet the acknowledged leader. The labouring porter had no place in it, for this first toiling through the darkness was a preparation, and when the actual climb began, he would disappear, while Limasson himself went first. This idea that they

took part together in a Ceremony established itself firmly in him, with the added wonder that, though so often done, he performed it now for the first time with full comprehension, knowledge, truth. Empty of personal desire, indifferent to an ascent that formerly would have thrilled his heart with ambition and excitement, he understood that climbing had ever been a ritual for his soul and of his soul, and that power must result from its sincere accomplishment.

In words this did not come to him. He felt it, never criticising. That is, he neither rejected nor accepted. It stole most sweetly, grandly, over him. It just floated into him while he climbed, yet so convincingly that he had felt his position must be changed. The younger man held too prominent a post, or at least a wrong one—in front. Then, after the change, effected mysteriously as though all recognised it, this line of certainty increased, and there came upon him the big, strange knowledge that all of life is a Ceremony on a giant scale, and that by performing the movements accurately, with sincere fidelity, there may come—knowledge. There was gravity in him from that moment.

This ran in his mind with certainty. Though his thought assumed no form of little phrases, his brain yet furnished detailed statements that clinched the marvellous thing with simile and incident which daily life might apprehend: That knowledge arises from action; that to do the thing invites the teaching. Action, moreover, is symbolical; a group of men, a family, an entire nation, engaged in those daily movements which are the working out of their destiny, perform a ceremony which is in direct relation somewhere to the pattern of greater happenings which are the teachings of the Gods. Let the body imitate, reproduce—in a bedroom, in a wood—anywhere—the movements of the stars, and the meaning of those stars shall sink down into the heart. To mimic the gestures of a stranger is to understand his mood, his point of view—to establish a grave and solemn intimacy. Temples are everywhere, for the entire earth is a temple, and the body, House of Royalty, is the biggest temple of them all. To ascertain the pattern its movements trace in daily life, *should* be to determine the relation of that particular ceremony to the Cosmos, and so learn power. The entire system of Pythagoras, he realised, could be taught without a single word—by movements;

and in everyday life even the commonest act and vulgarest movement are part of some big Ceremony—a message from the Gods. Ceremony, in a word, is three-dimensional language, and action, therefore, is the language of the Gods. The Gods he had denied were speaking to him . . . passing with tumult close across his broken life. . . . Their passage it was, indeed, that caused the breaking!

In this cryptic, condensed fashion the great fact came over him—that he and these other two, here and now, took part in some great Ceremony of whose ultimate object as yet he was in ignorance. The impact with which it dropped upon his mind was tremendous. He realised it most fully when he stepped from the darkness of the forest and entered the expanse of glimmering, early light; up till this moment his mind was being prepared only, whereas now he knew. The innate desire to worship which all along had been his, the momentum his religious temperament had acquired during forty years, the yearning to have proof, in a word, that the Gods he once acknowledged were really true, swept back upon him with that violent reaction which denial had aroused.

He wavered where he stood. . . .

Looking about him, while the others rearranged burdens the returning porter now discarded, he perceived the astonishing beauty of the time and place, feeling it soak into him as by the very pores of his skin. From all sides this beauty rushed upon him. Some radiant, winged sense of wonder sped past him through the silent air. A thrill of ecstasy ran down every nerve. The hair of his head stood up. It was far from unfamiliar to him, this sight of the upper mountain world awakening from its sleep of the summer night, but never before had he stood shuddering thus at its exquisite cold glory, nor felt its significance as now, so mysteriously *within himself*. Some transcendent power that held sublimity was passing across this huge desolate plateau, far more majestic than the mere sunrise among mountains he had so often witnessed. He understood why he had seen his companions insignificant. Again he shivered and looked about him, touched by a solemnity that held a hint of fear.

Personal life, indeed, was wrecked, destroyed, but what if something greater were on the way? . . . ? He realised his own past insolence. He became afraid.

III.

The treeless plateau, littered with enormous boulders, stretched for miles to right and left, grey in the dusk of very early morning. Behind him dropped thick guardian pinewoods into the sleeping valley that still detained the darkness of the night. Here and there lay patches of deep snow, gleaming faintly through thin rising mist; singing streams of icy water spread everywhere among the stones, soaking the coarse rough grass that was the only sign of vegetation. No life was visible; nothing stirred; nor anywhere was movement, but of the quiet trailing mist and of his own breath that drifted past his face like smoke. Yet through the splendid stillness there *was* movement; that sense of absolute movement which results in stillness—it was owing to the stillness that he became aware of it—so vast, indeed, that only immobility could express it. Thus, on the calmest day in summer, may the headlong rushing of the earth through space seem more real than when the tempest shakes the trees and water on its surface; or great machinery turn with such vertiginous velocity that it appears steady to the deceived function of the eye. For it was not through the eye that this solemn Movement made itself known, but rather through a massive sensation that owned his entire body as its organ. Within the league-long amphitheatre of enormous peaks and precipices that enclosed the plateau, piling themselves upon the horizon, Limasson felt the outline of a Ceremony extended. The pulses of its grandeur poured into him where he stood. Its vast design was knowable because they themselves had traced—were even then tracing—its earthly counterpart in little. Deep awe rose over him.

“This light is false. We have an hour yet before the true dawn,” he heard the younger man say lightly. “The summits still are ghostly. Let us enjoy the sensation, and see what we can learn from it.”

And Limasson, looking up startled from his reverie, saw that the far-away heights and towers indeed were heavy with shadow, faint still with the light of stars. It seemed to him they bowed their awful heads and that their stupendous shoulders lowered. They drew together, shutting out the world.

“True,” said his companion, “and the upper snows still wear

the spectral shine of night. But let us now move faster, for we travel very light. The sensations you propose will only delay and weaken us."

He handed a share of the burdens to his companion and to Limasson. Slowly they all moved forward, and the mountains shut them in.

And two things Limasson noted then, as he shouldered his heavier pack and led the way: first, that he suddenly knew their destination though its purpose still lay hidden; and, secondly, that the porter's leaving before the ascent proper began signified finally now that ordinary climbing was not their real objective. Also—the dawn was a lifting of inner veils from off his mind, rather than a brightening of the visible earth due to the nearing sun. Thick darkness, indeed, draped this enormous, lonely amphitheatre where they moved.

"You lead us well," said the priest a few feet behind him, as he picked his way unflinching among the boulders and the streams.

"Strange that I do so," replied Limasson in a low tone, "for the way is new to me, and the darkness grows instead of lessening." The language seemed hardly of his choosing. He spoke and walked as in a dream.

Far in the rear the voice of the younger man called after them:

"You go so fast, I can't keep up with you," and again he stumbled and dropped his ice-axe among the rocks. He seemed for ever stooping to drink the icy water, or clambering off the trail to test the patches of snow as to quality and depth. "You're missing all the excitement by the way," he cried repeatedly.

They paused a moment for him to overtake them; he came up panting and exhausted, making remarks about the fading stars, the wind upon the heights, new routes he longed to try up dangerous couloirs, about everything, it seemed, except the work in hand. There was eagerness in him, the kind of excitement that saps energy and wastes the nervous force, threatening a probable collapse before the arduous object is attained.

"Keep to the thing in hand," replied the priest sternly. "We are not really going fast; it is you who are scattering yourself to no purpose. It wears us all. We must husband our

resources," and he pointed significantly to the pyramid of the Tour du Néant that gleamed above them at an incredible distance still.

"We are here to amuse ourselves; life is a pleasure, a sensation, or it is nothing," grumbled his companion; but there was a gravity in the tone of the older man that discouraged argument and made resistance difficult. The other arranged his pack for the tenth time, twisting his axe through an ingenious scheme of straps and string, and fell silently into line behind his leaders. Limasson moved on again . . . and the darkness at length began to lift. Far overhead, at first, the snowy summits shone with a hue less spectral; a delicate pink spread softly from the east; there was a freshening of the chilly wind; then suddenly the highest peak that topped the others by a thousand feet of soaring rock, stepped sharply into sight, half golden and half rose. At the same instant, the vast Movement of the entire scene slowed down; there came one or two terrific gusts of wind in quick succession; a roar like an avalanche of falling stones boomed distantly—and Limasson stopped dead and held his breath.

For something blocked the way before him, something he knew he could not pass. Gigantic and unformed, it seemed part of the architecture of the desolate waste about him, while yet it bulked there, enormous in the trembling dawn, as belonging neither to plain nor mountain. Suddenly it was there, where a moment before had been mere emptiness of air. Its massive outline shifted into visibility as though it had risen from the ground. He stood stock still. A cold that was not of this world turned him rigid in his tracks. A few yards behind him the priest had halted too. Further in the rear they heard the stumbling tread of the younger man, and the faint calling of his voice—a feeble broken sound as of a man whom sudden fear distressed to helplessness.

"We're off the track, and I've lost my way," the words came on the still air. "My axe is gone . . . let us put on the rope! . . . Hark! Do you hear that roar?" And then a sound as though he came slowly groping on his hands and knees.

"You have exhausted yourself too soon," the priest answered sternly. "Stay where you are and rest, for we go no further. This is the place we sought."

There was in his tone a kind of ultimate solemnity that for a

moment turned Limasson's attention from the great obstacle that blocked his further way. The darkness lifted veil by veil, not gradually, but by a series of leaps as when someone inexpertly turns a wick. He perceived then, that not a single Grandeur loomed in front, but that others of similar kind, some huger than the first, stood all about him, forming an enclosing circle that hemmed him in.

Then, with a start, he recovered himself. Equilibrium and common sense returned. The trick that sight had played upon him, assisted by the rarefied atmosphere of the heights and by the witchery of dawn, was no uncommon one, after all. The long straining of the eyes to pick the way in an uncertain light so easily deceives perspective. Delusion ever follows abrupt change of focus. These shadowy encircling forms were but the rampart of still distant precipices whose giant walls built the tremendous amphitheatre to the sky.

Their closeness was a mere gesture of the dusk and distance.

The shock of the discovery produced an instant's unsteadiness in him that caused bewilderment. He straightened up, raised his head, and looked about him. The cliffs, it seemed to him, shifted back instantly to their accustomed places; as though after all they *had* been close; there was a reeling among the topmost crags; they balanced fearfully, then stood still against a sky already faintly crimson. The roar he heard, that might well have seemed the tumult of their hurrying speed, was in reality but the wind of dawn that rushed against their ribs, beating the echoes out with angry wings. And the lines of trailing mist, streaking the air like proofs of rapid motion, merely coiled and floated in the empty spaces.

He turned to the priest, who had moved up beside him.

"How strange," he said, "is this beginning of new light. My sight went all astray for a passing moment. I thought the mountains stood right across my path. And when I looked up just now it seemed they all ran back." His voice was small and lost in the great listening air.

The man looked fixedly at him. He had removed his slouch hat, hot with the long ascent, and as he answered, a long thin shadow flitted across his features. A breadth of darkness dropped about it. It was as though a mask were forming. The face that

now was covered had been—naked. He was so long in answering that Limasson heard his mind sharpening the sentence like a pencil :

"They move perhaps," he said very slowly, "even as Their powers move, and Their minutes are our years. Their passage ever is in tumult. There is disorder then among the affairs of men; there is confusion in their minds. There may be even ruin and disaster, but out of the wreckage shall issue strong, fresh growth. For like a sea, They sweep."

There was in his mien a grandeur that seemed borrowed marvellously from the mountains. His voice was grave and deep; he made no sign or gesture; and in his manner was a curious steadiness that breathed through the language a kind of sacred prophecy.

Long, thundering gusts of wind passed distantly across the precipices as he spoke. The same moment, expecting apparently no rejoinder to his strange utterance, he stooped and began to unpack his knapsack. The change from the sacerdotal language to this commonplace and practical detail was singularly bewildering.

"It is the time to rest," he added, "and the time to eat. Let us prepare." And he drew out several small packets and laid them in a row upon the ground. Awe deepened over Limasson as he watched, and with it a great horror too. For the words seemed ominous, as though this man, upon the floor of some vast Temple, said: "Let us prepare a sacrifice . . . !" There flashed into him, out of depths that had hitherto concealed it, a lightning clue that hinted at explanation of the entire strange proceeding—of the abrupt meeting with the strangers, the impulsive acceptance of their project for the great ascent, their grave behaviour as though it were a Ceremonial of immense design, his change of position, the bewildering tricks of sight, and the solemn language, finally, of the older man that corroborated what he himself had deemed at first illusion. In a flying second of time this all swept through him—and with it the sharp desire to turn aside, retreat, to run away.

Noting the movement, or perhaps divining the emotion prompting it, the priest looked up quickly. In his tone was a coldness that seemed as though this scene of wintry desolation uttered words :

"You have come too far to think of turning back. It is not

possible. You stand now at the gates of birth—and death. All that might hinder, you have so bravely cast aside. Be brave now to the end."

And, as Limasson heard the words, there dropped suddenly into him a new and awful insight into humanity, a power that unerringly discovered the spiritual necessities of others, and therefore of himself. With a shock he realised that the younger man who had accompanied them with increasing difficulty as they climbed higher and higher—was but a shadow of reality. Like the porter, he was but an encumbrance who impeded progress. And he turned his eyes to search the desolate landscape.

"You will not find him," said his companion, "for he is gone. Never, unless you weakly call, shall you see him again, nor desire to hear his voice." And Limasson realised that in his heart he had all the while disapproved of the man, disliked him for his theatrical fondness of sensation and effect, more, that he had even hated and despised him. Starvation might crawl upon him where he had fallen and eat his life away before he would stir a finger to save him. It was with the older man he now had dreadful business in hand.

"I am glad," he answered, "for in the end he must have proved my death—our death!"

And they drew closer together round the little circle of food the priest had laid upon the rocky ground, an intimate understanding linking them together in a sympathy that completed Limasson's bewilderment. There was bread, he saw, and there was salt; there was also a little flask of deep red wine. In the centre of the circle was a miniature fire of sticks the priest had collected from the bushes of wild rhododendron. The smoke rose upwards in a thin blue line. It did not even quiver, so profound was the surrounding stillness of the mountain air, but far away among the precipices ran the boom of falling water, and behind it again, the muffled roar as of peaks and snow-fields that swept with a rolling thunder through the heavens.

"They are passing," the priest said in a low voice, "and They know that you are here. You have now the opportunity of a lifetime; for, if you yield acceptance of your own free will, success is sure. You stand before the gates of birth and death. They offer you life,"

"Yet . . . I denied Them!"

"Denial is evocation. You called to them, and They have come. The sacrifice of your little personal life is all They ask. Be brave—and yield it."

He took the bread as he spoke, and, breaking it in three pieces, he placed one before Limasson, one before himself, and the third he laid upon the flame which first blackened and then consumed it.

"Eat it and understand," he said, "for it is the nourishment that shall revive your fading life."

Next, with the salt, he did the same. Then, raising the flask of wine, he put it to his lips, offering it afterwards to his companion. When both had drunk there still remained the greater part of the contents. He lifted the vessel with both hands reverently towards the sky. He stood upright.

"The blood of your personal life I offer to Them in your name. By the renunciation which seems to you as death shall you pass through the gates of birth to the life of freedom beyond. For the ultimate sacrifice that They ask of you is—this."

And bending low before the distant heights, he poured the wine upon the rocky ground.

For a period of time Limasson found no means of measuring, so terrible were the emotions in his heart, the priest remained in this attitude of worship and obeisance. The tumult in the mountains ceased. An absolute hush dropped down upon the world. There seemed a pause in the inner history of the universe itself. All waited—till he rose again. And, when he did so, the mask that had for hours now been spreading across his features, was accomplished. The eyes gazed sternly down into his own. Limasson looked—and recognised. He stood face to face with the man whom he knew best of all others in the world . . . himself.

There had been death. There had also been that recovery of splendour which is birth and resurrection.

And the sun that moment, with the sudden surprise that mountains only know, rushed clear above the heights, bathing the landscape and the standing figure with a stainless glory. Into the vast Temple where he knelt, as into that greater inner Temple which is mankind's true House of Royalty, there poured the completing Presence which is—Light.

"For in this way, and in this way only, shall you pass from

death to life," sang a chanting voice he recognised also now for the first time as indubitably his own.

It was marvellous. But the birth of light is ever marvellous. It was anguish; but the pangs of resurrection since time began have been accomplished by the sweetness of fierce pain. For the majority still lie in the pre-natal stage, unborn, unconscious of a definite spiritual existence. In the womb they grope and stifle, depending ever upon another. Denial is ever the call to life, a protest against continued darkness for deliverance. Yet birth is the ruin of all that has hitherto been depended on. There comes then that standing alone which at first seems desolate isolation.

Limasson rose to his feet, stood with difficulty upright, looked about him from the figure so close now at his side to the snowy summit of that Tour du Néant he would never climb. The roar and thunder of *Their* passage was resumed. It seemed the mountains reeled.

"They are passing," sang the voice that was beside him and within him too, "but They have known you and your offering is accepted. When They come close upon the world there is ever wreckage and disaster in the affairs of men. They bring disorder and confusion into the mind, a confusion that seems final, a disorder that seems to threaten death. For there is tumult in Their Presence, and apparent chaos that seems the abandonment of order and design. Out of this vast ruin, then, there issues life in new design. The dislocation is its entrance, the dishevelment its strength. There has been birth. . . ."

The sunlight dazzled his eyes. That distant roar, like a wind, came close and swept his face. An icy air, as from a passing star, breathed over him.

"Are you prepared?" he heard.

He knelt again. Without a sign of hesitation or reluctance, he bared his chest to the sun and wind. The flash came swiftly, instantly, descending into his heart with unerring aim. He saw the gleam in the air, he felt the fiery impact of the blow, he even saw the stream gush forth and sink into the rocky ground, far redder than the wine. . . .

He gasped for breath a moment, staggered, reeled, collapsed . . . and within the moment, so quickly did all happen, he was

aware of hands that supported him and helped him to his feet. But he was too weak to stand. They carried him up to bed. The porter, and the man who had reached across him for the matches five minutes before, intending conversation, stood, one at his feet and the other at his head. As he passed through the vestibule of the hotel, he saw the people staring, and in his hand he crumpled up the unopened letters he had received so short a time ago.

"I really think—I can manage alone," he thanked them. "If you will set me down I can walk. I felt dizzy for a moment."

"The heat is dreadful in the hall," the gentleman said.

They left him standing on the stairs, watching a moment to see that he had quite recovered. Limasson walked up the two flights to his room without faltering. The momentary dizziness had passed. He felt quite himself again, strong, confident, able to stand alone, able to move forward, able to *climb*.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

THE JONGLEUR OF POITOU.

AFTER THE OLD FRENCH OF THOMAS OF PARIS.

THE Jongleur had ridden on many a road with Sin for his bridle-mate,

He had knocked at many a palace sheen where the Lusts were enthroned in state,

To-day he has ridden the cloister way, and he knocks at the cloister gate.

"Here be garments gay and glittering gems, for the taking, along o' me,

I have followed the world through miry paths, and now from the world I flee,

Yester night was I crowned in the Court of Love, to-night would I penance dree!"

The Jongleur has clipt his clustering curls, he has donned him in serge and hair,

He fasts, and he starts from his pallet poor when the midnight awakes to prayer;

He has guarded his lips from speech and song, but his eyes show a great despair.

For altars and ambones have those who serve, every man in his place and wise,

Like carbuncles glimmer the silver lamps which a sacristan's care supplies,

And sweet singing voices of choristers with the acolytes' incense rise.

"Eh, caitiff forsaken," the Jongleur makes moan, "for me there is found no place;

Never psalm nor pricksong nor letter nor line e'er knew I, unlearned and base,

Neither Paternoster nor Credo I rede, nor so much as an Ave's grace.

"To dance and to caper, to vault and to spring, God wots well, it
is all my trade,
Both the Romish trick and the trick of Spain have I often right
featly made,
With the trick of Lorraine, trick of Champagne, I damosels mirth
have made ! "

The Jongleur thus sighs in a secret spot where his fardel of woe
he took ;
'Twas a twilight crypt in which no man prayed, and dim in a
frescoed nook,
A forgotten image of Mary Maid, with a gracious listening look.

"Ay, Lily of Ladies ! " the Jongleur laments, "how fain would I
devoir do !
For to love without service festers sore in a heart where the love
is true ;
Is there no small place in the meinie of God for a faithful Jongleur
too ? "

The mass bells are ringing when upright he springs, as lithe as an
unstrung bow.

"And if I can do nought but dance," cries he, "I will dance both
high and low.

Honey Mistress my Joy, my most chosen tricks for thy worship
I'll gladly show ! "

To dance and to caper, to vault and to spring, the whole of the
jongleur's trade,

Both the Spanish trick and the trick of Rome, all were never
more featly made.

By the trick of Lorraine, trick of Champagne, has the Jongleur
his love displayed.

The leap in the manner of Brittany—by the Cock ! but he wrought
it well,

On his hands and feet, as in turn was meet, to the sound of the
sacring bell ;

The turn hight of Metz round his head did he, while the Kyrie
Eleisons swell.

The summers and winters with roses and snows fleet fast by the
cloister gray ;

New faces are seen in quire and stall, kindly figures have slept
away ;

A strange Abbot sits on the Abbot's throne, and he rules with a
sterner sway.

"There's one who comes never to mattins or prime in this holy
house," quo' he.

"What makes he alone in such secret wise, by my fay, it behoves
to see!"

So it falls one day that the Abbot thinks for to follow him
stealthily.

The Jongleur is come to the twilight crypt, and he louts to the
Altar low,

Then to dance and caper and spring essays—though he's bent like
a curving bow.

The Abbot, amazed, from a hidden coign, can but stare at the
dotard's show.

The trick of Lorraine has the graybeard wrought, though with
travail and halting pace,

Then the trick of Champagne—but he reels and sways, and falls
at the Altar's base.

"Ha chétif!" he groans—when a wondrous light streams out o'er
the shadowed place.

A Dame all too fair as the Golden Rose, with a napkin of damask
white,

Wipes the sweat of toil from the Jongleur's brows, as a lady might
serve her knight.

Messire Raphaël stands on her shining left, Madame Agnes upon
her right.

And ugsome temptations of bygone sins shrink back from their
hoped-for prize,

As the Angels serry their argent ranks, and in triumph chanting
arise,

And they bear the soul to the gallant lawns and the arbours of
Paradise.

Now this is the tale of the Jongleur's end, and I know nothing more to tell.

He could only dance, but he danced his best, and he pleased, for he loved right well.

God bestow such love, and in favour grant in His Manor we all may dwell.

K. L. MONTGOMERY.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

GĪTĀNJALĪ.

Song-Offerings. By Rabindra Nath Tagore. A Collection of Prose Translations made by the Author from the Original Bengali. With an Introduction by W. B. Yeats. London (Printed at the Chiswick Press, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane, E.C., for the India Society); 10s. 6d.; pp. 64.

RABINDRA NATH TAGORE is the poet *par excellence* of Bengal, and his songs are sung throughout the length and breadth of the land. Bengali, of comparatively recent growth as a literary language, has burst into a wealth of flower in his verses. But Rabindra Nath is not only a poet, he is mystic as well, and a creative artist. Treading worthily in the steps of his famous father, the late venerable Maharshi Devendra Nātha Thākura, one of the three great saints of the Brahmo Samāj, Ravindra Nātha Thākura is carrying on a wisely devised plan for the education of young men destined to become religious teachers on truly catholic and spiritual lines. Of the Bengali originals of his poems we can, from ignorance of the language, pronounce no opinion, save that those we have heard sung sound strangely beautiful with their haunting refrains. Our present business is with the English rhythmic prose renderings of the author, which are admirable examples of what the Germans call *Kunst-Prosa* when dealing with certain classical prose-masterpieces. We have before us 108 pieces selected from the poet's three collections of verse,

entitled respectively *Naivedya* (*Offerings*), *Kheyā* (*The Ferryboat*), and *Gitānjali* (*Handfuls of Song*—from *anjali*, the hollowed hands held together as, for instance, by a beggar to receive food).

As in Gnostic Christian symbolism the prophet was the pipe of deity, or flute of the spirit, the Divine Piper, so also does our poet regard himself, as when he sings :

"This little flute of reed thou hast carried over hills and dales, and hast breathed through it melodies eternally new " (1).

His means of *yoga* are song and melody and harmony and music ; for all of these he knows are well-pleasing to God :

"I know thou takest pleasure in my singing. I know that only as a singer I come before thy presence. . . .

"Drunk with the joy of singing I forget myself and call thee friend who art my lord " (2).

For is not He the great music-master, as the Orphics and Pythagoreans and Hermetists taught ?

"The light of thy music illumines the world, the life-breath of thy music runs from sky to sky. . . .

". . . Ah, thou hast made my heart captive in the endless meshes of thy music, my master ! " (3).

But Tagore's verse is no rhetoric, but fair plain-song ; it has no need of meretricious ornament, it can dispense with *neumes*.

"My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments would mar our union ; they would come between thee and me ; their jingling would drown thy whispers " (7).

His verse is unadorned and pure ; but for true song, the immediate inspiration of the spirit, not only must speech be pure, but also heart and action, mind and body. This is most beautifully set forth as follows in one of the fairest gems of the whole collection.

"Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy loving touch is upon all my limbs.

"I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts, knowing that thou art that truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.

"I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my love in flower, knowing that thou hast thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart.

"And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee in my actions, knowing it is thy power gives me strength to act " (4).

Mr. Tagore is no external ceremonialist but a worshipper of God in the temple of the universe, worshipping with the whole of his being, and therefore he says :

"Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads ! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut ? "

For him Nirvāṇa is Samsāra, as a Japanese Buddhist would say ; he is no laudator of some withdrawn state of imagined Mukti or freedom :

"Deliverance ? Where is this deliverance to be found ? Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation ; he is bound with us for ever " (11).

In a number of the pieces, which might be called Songs to the Beloved, we fancied we detected a Persian Sūfi influence, but are assured that Mr. Tagore does not read Persian or Arabic, and that the scriptures he most loves are the Upaniṣhads. Their spirit he has made his own in his own peculiar way, blending it with his innate and delicate love of nature, while above all he has a remarkable sympathetic understanding with the soul of woman-kind, as remarkable almost as it was in the case of 'Fiona Macleod' with ourselves. For him the greatest gifts of God to man are the nearest and commonest.

"Day by day thou art making me worthy of the simple, great gifts that thou gavest to me unasked—this sky, and the light, this body and the life and the mind—saving me from perils of overmuch desire " (14).

But above all his love is of God only : "The woodlands have hushed their songs, and doors are all shut at every house. Thou art the solitary wayfarer in this deserted street. Oh my only friend, my best beloved, the gates are open in my house—do not pass by like a dream " (22).

How easy is it here to find beneath surface-meaning the report of another more intimate city—the town of man-soul ! Or again, similarly yet otherwise, in the lines :

"Early in the day it was whispered that we should sail in a boat, only thou and I, and never a soul in the world would know of this our pilgrimage to no country and to no end " (42).

But if this all-desirable union is the seemingly desperate quest of all or nothing, for it must be the flight of "the alone to the Alone"—in the sense of the One and Only Soul—as Numenius first phrased it, and after him Plotinus, then all otherness must be fully purged away ; for if it is not, the soul will be hindered and dogged

by the foe of its own household—a swaggering shadow and inflated bubble:

“I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is this that follows me in the silent dark? I move aside to avoid his presence but I escape him not.

“He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger; he adds his loud voice to every word that I utter.

“He is my little self, my lord, he knows no shame; but I am ashamed to come to thy door in his company” (80).

Of that false ‘I’-ness, the ‘me,’ all must go, and only the essence of purity be retained. Therefore the poet prays:

“Let only that little be left of me whereby I may name thee my all” (84).

And so, like the Gnostic of the ancient West, he adores the Boundless Light, in the invocation:

“Light, my light, the world-filling light, the eye-kissing light, heart-sweetening light!” (57).

Or again, and with a certain Taoist touch, and almost reminiscently of the ‘dew of light’ of the old Persian Gnosis and the ‘moist soul’ of Heraclitus:

“I am like a remnant of a cloud of autumn uselessly roaming in the sky, O my sun ever glorious! Thy touch has not yet melted my vapour, making me one with thy light, and thus I count months and years separated from thee” (80).

But God is not only envisaged under the fairest symbol of light, but felt after as the profoundest emotion of love. The love of men, however, both as regards its subject and object, is bondage; the love of God alone is freedom:

“By all means they try to hold me secure who love me in this world. But it is otherwise with thy love, which is greater than theirs, and thou keepest me free” (82).

But this love of God, far from isolating us from our fellows, brings us our best friends:

“Thou hast made me known to friends whom I knew not. Thou hast given me seats in homes not my own. Thou hast brought the distant near and made a brother of a stranger” (63).

This spirit of love makes us friends not only with mankind and animals and plants but also with inorganic nature. In the steady downpour of the rain refreshing the parched land, or in the burst of the monsoon, God is to be recognised. This is finely set forth in the Rain Song, with its haunting refrain: “He comes, comes, ever comes” (45). The eternal spirit is ever young, the

"Ancient of Eternity is a boy," as an old *logos* has it; the spirit of man is as a child playing with pebbles on the seashore, as Heracleitus declared. And so also our poet writes:

"On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships get wrecked in the trackless water, death is abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children" (60).

For "it is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and of death, in ebb and in flow" (69).

It is once more an echo of the 'all flows' of Heracleitus, and the everflowing life-stream of Buddhist psychology and philosophy:

"All things rush on, they stop not, they look not behind, no power can hold them back, they rush on" (70).

Nor is our poet averse from graceful myth-making, as when he says of a baby's smile:

"Yes, there is a rumour that a young pale beam of a crescent moon touched the edge of a vanishing autumn cloud, and there the smile was first born in the dream of a dew-washed morning—the smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps" (61).

And if Dante sang of the beauty of Beatrice, so too does Rabindra Nath sing of his Lady, but otherwise—though not less sweetly:

"She who ever had remained in the depth of my being, in the twilight of gleams and of glimpses; she who never opened her veils in the morning light, will be my last gift to thee, my God, folded in my final song. . . .

"There was none in the world who ever saw her face to face, and she remained in her loneliness waiting for recognition" (66).

With the heredity in him of the branch of his distinguished family that has done so much to revive and regenerate Indian art, it would be strange if our poet were not also a lover of the beautiful in all forms, and possessed of a deep insight into the nature of true art. This characteristic is shown most conspicuously in such a stanza as the following:

"This screen that thou hast raised is painted with innumerable figures with the brush of the night and the day. Behind it thy seat is woven in wondrous mysteries of curves, casting away all barren lines of straightness" (71).

There are few sentences that enunciate the canon of rhythm so graphically as the latter. Though Mr. Tagore is above all a true cosmopolitan—a genuine citizen of the great world—he is also a lover of his country, but a patriot of such high aims that we

fear but few will join him in his Prayer for India, one of the noblest national hymns that have ever been written, and one which, if adopted by agitators or revolutionaries either in India or in any other land, would make them heartily ashamed of most of their perfervid eloquence and the gross crudities of their methods. This Hymn of Freedom and Prayer for India runs as follows in the poet's rhythmic English prose :

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high ;

"Where knowledge is free ;

"Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls ;

"Where words come out from the depths of truth ;

"Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection ;

"Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit ;

"Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—

"Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake !" (35)

Finally, and above all, Rabindra Nath Tagore is a mystic, in the noblest sense of that much ill-used term, and a spiritualist in the philosophic meaning of that still-more ill-treated vocable ; he is no charlatan who pretends to give intellectual descriptions and 'scientific' explanations of that which demands the worship of the whole man as the first seeking of the way of approach, and the regenerated whole life of man in all its modes and energies as the sign that the way to God has been surely entered on, and that faith has passed into knowledge. Such men are no self-advertisers ; but knowing the source of all the good in them they cannot refrain from singing the praises of God, and so they appear boastful. In fine, He is known to many, but known in such fashion that in comparison all other knowledge is vague shadow and meaningless babble, and yet as the ancient sages of the poet's fatherland declared millennia ago : "Neti Neti !"—It cannot be said. It is thus the apt pupil of the teaching of the seers and prophets of the gnosis of the Upanishads who writes of himself in the two stages of the lower and higher *vidyā* :

"I boasted among men that I had known you. They see your pictures in all works of mine. They come and ask me, 'Who is he?' I know not how to answer them. I say, 'Indeed, I cannot tell.' They blame me and they go away in scorn. And you sit there smiling.

" I put my tales of you into lasting songs. The secret gushes out from my heart. They come and ask me 'Tell me all your meanings.' I know not how to answer them. I say, 'Ah, who knows what they mean!' They smile and go away in utter scorn. And you sit there smiling " (102).

The book is artistically printed and bound, and to it is prefixed a fine reproduction of one of W. Rothenstein's admirable pencil-portraits of the poet; while W. B. Yeats writes an enthusiastic introduction. We are glad to learn that the India Society has considered the advisability of shortly issuing an edition at a less prohibitive price, for even in this industrial and commercial age there are more than one generally supposes who would be eager to read the English 'art-prose' of Rabindra Nath Tagore, the beloved poet of Bengal.

AN INTERPRETATION OF RUDOLF EUCKEN'S PHILOSOPHY.

By W. Tudor Jones, Ph.D. (Jena). Williams & Norgate; 5s. net; pp. 250.

EUCKEN's activist philosophy is in many ways most admirable, but he is not infrequently prolix and heavy, and for ever repeating himself. He has not the grace and sparkle of a Bergson and there is not an atom of paganism in his nature. He is without humour, and so offers no relief to a monotonous over-seriousness. Indeed, in spite of his profound grasp of the nature of the spiritual life, he is always weighed down by an ineradicable Lutheranism that suppresses the natural buoyancy and spontaneity of the spirit. The renowned Jena philosopher would make everything a task, a problem, a struggle. What we want is a blend of Eucken and Bergson; a marriage of the grave spiritual values of the one, and the admirable grasp of science, and æsthetic feeling and creative imagination of the other. Dr. Tudor Jones is one of Eucken's immediate disciples and regards his teacher reverently as an inspired prophet. And indeed Eucken would be prophetic if he were not so frequently preaching. Though Dr. Tudor Jones has presented us in his *Interpretation* with an able and correct summary of Eucken's main positions, it cannot be said that he has done much to lighten the style; for instead of writing naturally, he is so drenched with Eucken's German that we might almost think we had to do with a translation instead of with an original composition. But in spite of this the book is very helpful in

many ways. It gives us the reproduction of a good counterfeit image of Eucken, a chronological list and other bibliographical indications of his voluminous writings, and some account of his philosophical development, his endearing personal character and his widespread influence. Dr. Tudor Jones also corrects some misapprehensions of Eucken's teaching on several points. For instance, the relation of 'spiritual' to mental is frequently misunderstood. Several writers "through the ambiguity of the term 'spiritual' in English, conceived of 'spiritual life' as something entirely different from mental life. It is different, but only in the same way as the bud is different from the blossom; it means at the religious level a greater unfolding of a life which has been present at every stage in the history of civilisation and culture" (p. 49). The pupil further defends his master from the charge of paying too little attention to science and art, but with not so much success as he seems to think. Still it would be exceedingly unjust to expect everything from even a philosopher of the spirit. As to Eucken's attitude towards social democracy, we are told: He "insists that it is not the movement of democracy towards better social conditions that will be effective in bringing about such a change [namely, a truly spiritual mode of life]. Much, of course, can be effected by better social conditions. There are needs to-day in connection with labour which ought to be met. But at the best they can do no more than touch the periphery of human existence. A poverty in the 'inward parts' will still exist in the midst of external plenty. But if men and women could be brought to the consciousness of spiritual ideals and their efficacy, a disposition of soul and character would be created which would rapidly change the evil conditions of life and the perplexing problems of capital and labour. Several writers have gone astray when they have imagined that Eucken has but scant sympathy with the social needs of our times. It would be difficult to find anywhere a man of a more tender heart. But he sees deeper than the level of material and social needs and their fulfilment" (p. 68).

It is impossible not to recognise that Eucken has the root of a truly spiritual philosophy of life deeply planted in him; but to make him attractive to a wider circle of English readers requires a lighter method of presentation than has so far been attempted.

SOME ADVENTURES OF THE SOUL AND THE DELIVERER.

By C. M. Verschoyle. London (Watkins); 2s. 6d. net; pp. 64.

WE warmly commend this volume of mystical verse to those who seek in poetry something more than the rhythm and cadence of well-chosen words which characterise so much of what is meant for poetry at the present time.

However strange it may seem, there are poetical critics who postpone sense to technique, and who are ready to give unstinted commendation to what may be termed the mere architecture of a poem, making no demand that it should be the vehicle of some contribution, however slight, at least to the variety of expression of human thought, if not of some new departure.

In our opinion the poetical art ceases to have any claim to a continuance if it has not some definite message. The utter lack of this in much of the verse of late years has given occasion for serious doubts as to whether the age of poetry is not gone. Doubtless the materialistic philosophy of the nineteenth century contributed mainly to this absence of inspiration. In poetry more than perchance in most things it is true that "the letter killeth, it is the spirit that giveth life."

The discerning mind may, however, gather some cheer from the very evident signs that the winter is at length passing and the spring is arriving; and such verse as we have now under consideration is one of those harbingers of the return to the cult of the beautiful conjoined with the useful, which warn us that the world is growing weary of mere hideous utilitarianism. Whilst generally commending the ideal beauty of these verses we would especially draw attention to those entitled 'Out of Egypt' (p. 9); the description of fallen Lucifer is very fine:

" . . . their Prince, with starry eyes
And tortured face,
Whose words were poignant travesties
Of heavenly grace;
His brow, borne downwards with a lurid coronet,
That once with gems was set,
Now held the burnt-out stars that erst shone bright
In Lucifer's great crown of light."

The poem with which the volume ends is a fresh presentation, very beautifully expressed, of an old idea—the final redemption of

Judas the traitor. In the thirteenth century a saintly and simple bishop made the suggestion that the Pope, having the keys of Heaven and Hell, should terminate earth's woes and sins by releasing Satan himself and giving him absolution.

Here we have the notion of the reconciliation of the arch-traitor to the Master he betrayed—*because* his treason was the deliberate act of his love for that Master.

“ . . . my Love, my Master, I have dared
For Thee that lesser men had left undone,
Be my love hereby proved, I have not spared
To give my God where God but gave
His Son.”

The idea is overwhelming in its audacity, but when one penetrates its seeming blasphemy, there emerges a most fascinating illumination of the darkness that enwrapped the closing scene in Gethsemane.

It is truly a remarkable poem, both for its conception and its execution. We sincerely hope that such promise as we discern in these verses may be fulfilled in some more ambitious and noteworthy performance of the muse of this gifted poetess.

W. M. W.

IMMANENCE.

A Book of Verses. By Evelyn Underhill. London (Dent); 4s. 6d. net.

READERS who have followed the swift advance of 'Evelyn Underhill' from her novels of psychism to her serious and sympathetic study of mysticism in the Christian Church, will not be surprised to discover in this little volume a new and genuine poet. Comparison with the late Francis Thompson is almost inevitable, because no other notable utterance in verse of mystical aspiration and ecstasy has been given us since 'The Hound of Heaven.' Some of the pieces recall—to go a little further back—the rarer and better moods of Coventry Patmore; not the bard of tame angels, but the Patmore of 'The Toys' and 'Victory in Defeat.' Far from being imitative, however, Miss Underhill's poems are singularly vital and spontaneous, and proclaim their inspiration as first-hand. Each carries a clear thought, precise and 'one-pointed,' and presents it in a well-chosen and finely finished lyric form. An artist's love of the world's colour and beauty, and a lover's delight

in all happy and innocent life, are here combined with the discipline of the devotee, making the literary workmanship well worthy of its noble theme. Among the best efforts—if one must particularise where the general level is so high—are the pieces entitled ‘Stigmata,’ ‘English Easter,’ ‘Vestments,’ and ‘The Dark Night’; all poems which might well be looked for in some future anthology, when the first-fruits of the mystical renaissance of the twentieth century are gathered in. Still more difficult is it to select fragments for quotation where unity of structure is so well attained. The ‘Madonna and Child, with Donor’ may perhaps lend itself better than others to the choice of a few stanzas illustrative of the quality of the book:

Yet deep within its heart a calm there is,
 Fontal creative calm, whence comes the whole.
 Thither can man retrace
 His outset path, to find within that place
 Maternal life enthroned, and on her knees
 The Son of God, the soul.

* * * *

Here was I set, here was my passion held
 Upon the peaceful pivot of all time;
 Before a secret beauty that excelled
 All imaged splendours tender and sublime
 My poise was fixed,
 The teeming aisles of life and death betwixt.

* * * *

I stir not for the hastening earth. It hath
 Five hundred times retrod
 The wide and weary circle of its path;
 From seed to sere
 Played out the painful pageant of its year—
 But I have lived a moment with my God.

E. W.

ECCE DEUS.

Studies of Primitive Christianity. By William Benjamin Smith.
 London (Watts); 6s. net; pp. xxiv. + 352.

PROF. F. C. BURKITT once remarked that the most fascinating literary problem in the world is the Synoptic problem, and his judgment seems to be affirmed by the variety of theories which are put forward to solve it. But the problem is not only a literary

problem, it is also and much rather concerned with the substance of the narratives, and it is this which lends to the discussion of the purely literary side of the problem its force and incisiveness. It is a century and a half ago since Lessing published the *Wolfenbüttel Fragments* of Reimarus, who maintained there and elsewhere that the Gospel narratives were either purely divine or purely human, and that natural religion was sufficient, while miracles and revelations were superfluous, even if possible or right. The German Rationalists treated the miraculous stories of the Bible as legends, or traditions, or myths misunderstood, or (as in the case of Dr. Paulus) explained them away as common-place stories. Strauss stands out as one of the thorough-going critics of the historicity of the Gospels, and his mantle fell on Weisse, who carried the criticism a step further by assigning as the cause of the marvellous element in the Gospels the "spontaneous productivity of the Christian spirit in the primitive Church." But, as Ullmann afterwards said to Strauss, nobody met the dilemma whether the Church created the Christ of the Gospels, or He the Church. Nobody demonstrated how the Church came to believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah and the Son of God.

It is this last difficulty which Prof. W. B. Smith has set himself to meet. His explanation is that "the great idea of the Jesus, the healing, saving, demon-expelling God," attracted to itself "many wandering fragments of dismembered faiths," just as "a planet sweeping round the sun gathers up showers of meteoric masses." Only what corresponds to the planet in this simile is not an actual historical personality but a system of religious thought incorporated in certain scattered local corporations whose sole bond of union was their worship of a God whose celestial name was Jesus. This God had never taken any one individual human form but was the creation of the religious imagination of a number of devotees who might not incorrectly be called 'Gnostics.' Jesus as God was a pre-Christian form, but Jesus as man never had any historical existence at all, not even as a precipitate which might have crystallised the elements of the Christ-myth which were held in solution in that vessel of eclecticism known to history as Hellenistic thought.

This method of explanation reminds us of the besetting sin of philosophy which drives its professors, when they are faced with the dualism of things, to get rid of it by denying either the Ego or the object, to become, that is, realists or idealists. If two things are there when a vaulting ambition for unity demands one only,

why not cut the Gordian knot by abolishing one or other of the two competitors? Prof. Smith, with similar impatience, finding Jesus given in the record as God and man, secures unity by sacrificing the human. What he does not seem to have faced is the possibility that the dualism is more apparent than real. To quote the late Prof. Moberly: "The phrase 'God and Man' is of course perfectly true. But it is easy to lay undue emphasis on the 'and.' And when this is done—as it is done every day—the truth is better expressed by varying the phrase: 'He is not two but one Christ.' He is, then, not so much God *and* man, as God in, and through, and as, man." (*Atonement and Personality*, 1901, p. 96.) In other words, the problem of the Christ of the Gospels is as much a philosophical as a literary problem, and cannot be solved by considering the literary aspect to the exclusion of the philosophic. The two should go hand in hand.

But has Prof. Smith made his solution of the mere literary side plausible, to say nothing of convincing or final? We are not concerned to deny that the Gospel may contain a good many incidents which are disguised forms of floating religious belief, for this was inevitable and must be conceded by any theory of Christian origins. But this is a different statement from that of Prof. Smith, who maintains that these beliefs clustered round not a personality but round a number of "secret societies united in one point—namely, the worship of the One God under this name or some nearly equivalent name and aspect" (p. 16). But of the two hypotheses, that of creation by a single personality, and that of growth out of a number of disconnected societies, is the improbability with the former, especially if it be remembered that the great personality absorbs and transmutes the truths he finds around him? Prof. Smith retorts that "it is not true that a single determinate personality is either always necessary or even generally actually present," but he does not refer to Gautama, or Mohammed, or Baha-al-Ullah or his own compatriot, Mary Baker Eddy. He enquires instead whether Leonardo made the Renaissance or Luther the Reformation. The former reference, however, is irrelevant, as Leonardo founded no formal school, and the latter makes against rather than for the thesis it is invoked to support.

Nor does there seem much more to be said for the conjecture that the peculiar secret of the societies which gave birth to Christianity was monotheism. This was so far from being a secret tenet that, as was well known, the Jews had been preaching it among their neighbours for several centuries. The Stoics had

taught it—witness the Hymn of Cleanthes; the Egyptians knew of it, for there is no reason for supposing that the post-Christian monotheism of the Hermetic fragments had no pre-Christian history; Plato had adumbrated it and Aristotle stated it. Moreover, all the early Christian Apologists maintained it openly and vigorously. In what sense, then, can it be called an esoteric doctrine?

It is just here that Prof. Smith's theory seems to be weakest. That Christianity began as an esoteric religion would seem to be beyond reasonable doubt. But its esotericism, it may be confidently affirmed, was of a more far-reaching character than that possessed by the pure monotheism of Prof. Smith. It dealt with the origin of the cosmos, the nature of evil, the dualism of spirit and matter, the nature of the invisible hierarchy, the nature and destiny of man, and the Way of Life, in short, with matters which demand discretion in their presentment and secrecy in their guarding, which forbid their being thrown to 'swine,' or given to 'dogs.' Indeed, the truth about these matters was not only an esoteric truth two thousand years ago, it is an esoteric truth still, and by its nature must always remain so until human nature has progressed much further. On the other hand, it is a truth, or a body of truths, which, while maintaining jealously its sanctity and retiredness, is always ready to disclose itself to the worthy, and to the worthy alone.

On the whole, while it is fair to say that Prof. Smith has written an entertaining and vigorous apologia for his theories, we are not convinced that he has made good his case. Of his two main points, one—that Jesus was God and not man—must be declared to be non-proven; and the other—that Christianity's secret was monotheism—we believe to be demonstrably untrue.

W. F. C.

SWEDENBORG :

The Savant and Seer. By Sir W. F. Barrett, F.R.S., late Professor of Experimental Physics in the Royal College of Science for Ireland. London (Watkins); 6d. net; pp. 71.

WE are glad to see in so convenient a form the address which we had the pleasure of hearing when Sir William gave it to the Swedenborg Society in the spring of last year, and which subsequently appeared in the *Contemporary Review* (in July). It is

now reprinted with some valuable additions. Sir William writes simply and clearly, with sympathy and even enthusiasm, and yet with discrimination, of one of the greatest geniuses not only of Sweden but of Europe, and we cordially recommend his booklet to all who would have a prudent introduction to the voluminous works of this distinguished savant and seer and to the very considerable library of *Swedenborgiana*. It is truly surprising that Swedenborg anticipated so many discoveries and views that were subsequently made or adopted by men of science and some of which are in great favour even to-day. These are his 'hits'; as for his 'misses' Sir William does not hide them, though he does not give them in detail. Thus we cordially endorse what the author says with regard to Swedenborg's limitations on the subject of scripture; he was still in the state of naïve belief in the verbal inspiration of the sacred books. We also agree that at this late day there seems little wisdom in maintaining a separate church to inculcate his teaching. Though we have no desire to belittle Swedenborg's real achievements, we would repeat what we have pointed out before, that if the field of Oriental mysticism is surveyed, and even the early periods of Western religio-philosophy, we shall find fully developed a number of ideas that his followers claim as original with the seer; it is true that they may have been new to him, but they were not new to the world. In this connection we note that Sir William claims that Swedenborg used almost the exact words in 1763 which the Scottish philosopher Reid, in his *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, wrote in 1764, namely: "We invariably confound the organs of perception with the being that perceives; the eye is not that which sees, it is only the organ by which we see: the ear is not that which hears, but the organ by which we hear, and so of the rest" (p. 81). But this is surely a commonplace of all Platonic, Aristotelean and Alexandrian psychology; not only so, but in the pre-Buddhist *Kenopanishad* of the *Sāma Veda* we have already arrived at a far more sublime stage of self-knowledge handed on from still more ancient days, for there we are told (i. 8-8):

"Thither comes neither sight, nor speech, nor mind: we know not, we see not, how one should explain it. Other than known is That, beyond the unknown too; thus we have heard from the ancients who gave us instruction upon it.

"What no word can reveal, what revealeth the word, that know thou as Brahman indeed, not this which they worship below.

"What none thinks with the mind, but what thinks-out the

mind, that know thou as Brahman indeed, not this which they worship below.

"What none sees with the eye, whereby seeing is seen, that know thou as Brahman indeed, not this that they worship below.

"What none hears with the ear, whereby hearing is heard, that know thou as Brahman indeed, not this which they worship below.

"What none breathes with the breath, whereby breath is in-breathed,¹ that know thou as Brahman indeed, not this which they worship below."

In spite, however, of all that can be said critically, there remains over a genuine element of high illumination in Swedenborg, and no one can read his works without spiritual profit even if he can show cause to disagree with him on many points. Finally we would venture to disagree with Sir William when he refers to Vaughan's *Hours with the Mystics* as a 'delightful work'; we have always regarded it as exceedingly superficial.

WITHIN.

Thoughts during Convalescence. By Sir Francis Younghusband, K.C.I.E., LL.D., D.Sc. London (Williams & Norgate); 8s. 6d.; pp. 189.

A SUDDEN and serious accident, followed by a series of painful operations and long months of suffering, has given precision to these outspoken and intimate reflections on the contrast between the pitilessness of the world-process and the wealth of kindness and helpfulness inherent in the best of human-kind. The terrible problem of suffering, the ruthlessness of nature, the merciless grinding of the wheels of mechanical necessity, call for a revision of the dogmas of a facile theology that would have us believe in a deity conceived as an omnipotent and transcendent Person outside ourselves who, in spite of every appearance to the contrary in the behaviour of nature, is nevertheless to be worshipped solely as an all-merciful, all-loving Father. The time has come to look facts in the face and to re-orient ourselves. It is true that in dogmatic Christianity appeal is made solely to faith in the final transcendency of Good; in the Oriental religions, however, other aspects of Deity have been recognised as inherent in the very nature

¹ It is impossible to represent the extreme delicacy of the word-play of the original in English.

of things. Thus, for example, in India the Divine is conceived of not only as creating and preserving, but also as destroying and regenerating; while in Mohammedanism we have a subtle theology that strives to reconcile the appalling contradictions between what are called the Face of Majesty and the Face of Mercy. To-day there is a marked tendency to refrain from speculating on ultimates; ontology and teleology are out of fashion. Thinkers prefer to begin where they can alone start with any knowledge,—namely, with themselves and their environment. We men find ourselves for ever ground between the millstones of opposites; we seem to be involved in a mechanism from which we cannot escape, the squirrel-cage of the ever-becoming. And yet in our unending pains and travail and sufferings we are ever buoyed up, in spite of intellectual denials, by faith in the ultimate freedom of the spirit immanent in our deepest nature. As creative and destructive, that something beyond ourselves which we call divinity, is ever without us; in this mode Life is reckless of lives. But as preserving, saving and regenerating, divinity is within us; in this mode Life is careful and provident of lives. As Father Tyrrell put it, when dealing with the problem of evil in nature in his last address,—the Divine Fecundity, by its very wealth of creative activity, destroys its own products by an excess of life. It follows, therefore, that the power to transcend suffering depends entirely on our ability to centre ourselves consciously in the Divine Life and no longer to identify ourselves with its ever-changing products. But this is practically a super-human task; the power to do so is not our own to use as we will; it wells up from the potential divinity within us, the immanent deity, whose increasingly effective manifestation is coincident with the development of the spiritual nature in man. Though the suffering of creatures has never been explained by prophet, philosopher or scientist, man still as a whole clings doggedly to the faith that there is a divine purpose in it all; and even if he revolt in thought and word he is obedient to that purpose in deed. And so, in spite of the fact that, as far as he can see, and indeed most manifestly to sense and intellect, the external powers are entirely incurious of the world-pain, we find little man pitting himself against great nature. We are amazed at his courage, a courage deep down in his inmost nature, a daring of the spirit, that enables him on the whole, and in spite of many a defeat, manfully to withstand the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, by co-operation and mutual helpfulness, and so gradually to win his way painfully and

foot by foot to general betterment. Especially is this manifest in the ever more determined attempts by Western civilisation to grapple with the scourges of disease and famine, to counteract the devastating onsets of nature and so to rise superior to the most crushing calamities and disasters. In the East such attempts are still generally regarded as fighting against God. In the face of cataclysm, plague and famine, resignation and passivity alone are preached and practised. With peoples imbued with the new spirit of the age, on the contrary, a sturdy wrestling with the invisible powers is the order of the day. There is a spirit at work within man that is not to be cowed in face of the most appalling disasters. And some who philosophise on such matters, are bold to say that this is God within, the immanent deity, withstanding the God without, the deity in external nature. It is the divine battle that must ever be waged until such progress is achieved that nature and man work together in love for the final accomplishment of the great purpose. And so for the finer spirits of mankind, for the naturally militant souls, this contest is the most invigorating and ennobling and lawful fight; while for some few it may well be that already on earth there has been conscious realisation of the divine purpose, but only for such rare souls as have risen above the din and clash of the conflict, whence they have caught some glimpse perchance of the perpetual sport of the divine lovers. Such souls are few and rare; they are the men of fully awakened spiritual consciousness. Other courageous souls, more numerous by far, the rank and file of spiritual strivers, are still unknowing, conscious as yet only in their deepest selves, in their fundamental wills. Whatever their work for human betterment may be, in so far as they work for others and not for themselves, they are spiritual strivers; they have already tasted the joys of suffering borne for others. Amongst such will be found those who can lend understanding ears to the words put into the mouth of the Christ in the *Acts of John*: "If thou hadst known how to suffer, thou wouldst have the power not to suffer. Be content to suffer, and thou shall have the power not to suffer." It may very well be that by suffering alone we can become possessed of sympathy, and that without sympathy there can be no possibility of real understanding of the lives of others and so finally of life itself. This vital understanding is not a knowledge of things extended in space, of objects external to one another, but an intuitive sympathy with, or sympathetic insight into, life which gives true meaning and value to the ever-changing tragedy and comedy of the great puppet-play

of human existence. Thus in fine, and also as Sir Francis Younghusband thinks, the higher victories of mankind that lie before us, will be conquests of love, the uniting power in the universe. For though, as Heraclitus declared, War may be the father of all things, Love is the mother. And the child of their mutual embraces, the fruit of the ever-becoming, the progeny of the sacred marriage, is constantly being brought to birth in an ever more perfect humanity.

THE WITNESSES TO THE HISTORICITY OF JESUS

By Arthur Drews, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in the Tech. Hochschule, Karlsruhe. Translated by Joseph McCabe. London (Watts); 6s. net; pp. vii + 319.

IN the present volume Drews endeavours to reply to the flood of criticism poured forth in Germany against his provocative *Christ-myth* treatise. This seething controversy has strangely enough received comparatively little notice at the hands of English and American scholars. Whereas J. M. Robertson in this country and W. B. Smith in the U.S.A., the protagonists of the non-existence theory, have practically caused no marked fluttering of the theological doves, Drews, in Germany, who does little more than repeat them, has created quite a popular upheaval, and therefore drawn the fire of some of the biggest guns of the defenders of the 'historical Jesus' school of Liberal theology. To this fire he now replies vigorously. It must be admitted that his scholarship is not equal to that of his adversaries; for his *Fach* is not theirs. But he has the undaunted courage of his convictions, and on occasion makes palpable hits on some of the most highly esteemed earth-works of the Liberal position, while as often he goes wide of the mark. The citadel itself, however, in this case the bare historical fact of the existence of Jesus, does not seem to us to have been damaged. For the denial that Jesus ever existed is a question of quite a different order from the contention that the idealised, symbolic and prophecy-fulfilling Jesus-figure of the gospels is not a genuine historical portrait. Dr. K. C. Anderson, who takes up almost a somewhat similar position with Drews, has already made our readers familiar with the difficulties and contradictions of the Liberal school, which has sought for the proofs of an indubitably historical Jesus by a thorough-going critical analysis of the gospel-narratives. The contradictory nature of

these results is an undoubted fact. There is no general agreement; and when even Schmiedel's famous nine pillars are found to be insecure, as they have been shown to be, where are we to look for objective certainty? But this uncertainty, painful as it is, does not justify us in going to the opposite extreme of asserting that there is nothing historical to find, *because* no historical Jesus at all ever existed. This, however, is precisely Drews' position: "If all the details of the gospel story are resolved in mythical mist, as they are resolved in the hands of historical criticism, then, precisely from the methodological point of view, we lose all right, not merely to say what Jesus was, but to make the bare assertion that there ever was such a person" (p. 291). But why is it that Drews finds himself compelled to take up such an extreme attitude? Drews is a philosopher and idealist; and because of his favourite form of idealistic philosophy he is persuaded that it would be far better for us if religion were not made to depend on a historical personality. In general we share this opinion largely ourselves, and believe that the religion of Jesus himself must have been a far different thing from the present Christianity, which is a religion *about* Jesus, the product of nineteen centuries of evolution. We have already full liberty and justification for this view. For, on the one hand, it is a fact that the greatest scholars are at loggerheads historically as to a single thing that Jesus either did or said; that is to say, if we do not feel like accepting any deed or word, we can always find high 'authority' to support us; and, on the other, we have every right to hold that no beneficent deity would expect us to pin our faith on such precarious history. So much then for the historicity of the Jesus-figure of the gospels and for the philosophic religious point of view. But as to the substantive fact of Jesus' existence and preaching, we hold that it is far less difficult to believe that Jesus did live and that he taught the people than to believe that the whole Christian story is a deliberately historicised myth without the faintest shadow of a historical personality of any kind on which to rest it. Drews, however, being a champion of 'the idea' and its absolute creative power, is impatient of the 'great personality' theorists, and especially of those who naïvely hold that nothing can be created without such personality. Therefore he will have it that: "There is not in the centre of Christianity one particular historical human being, but *the idea of man*, of the suffering, struggling, humiliated, but victoriously emerging from all his humiliations, 'servant of God,' symbolically represented in the

actions and experiences of a particular historical [D. means of course invented historical] person. How much grander, loftier, and more spiritual is this idea than the prosy belief of Liberal theologians in the 'unique' personality of Jesus of Nazareth of 1,900 years ago, which has played hardly any part in the whole Christian development, and which, on account of its temporal, material, and temperamental limitations, would never have been able to fill the religious thought of nearly two thousand years" (pp. 297, 298). And elsewhere, in speaking of the zeal shown by Liberal theologians against materialism, he adds: "As if it were not just as crude a materialism to make the belief in religious truth dependent on its visible realisation in a single human individual of ancient times, and as if what is called 'the ideal Christ,' the working of the divine spirit in us, the one source and centre of all religious life, could be replaced and vanquished by a belief in the historical Jesus" (p. 303).

We grant the greatness of the idea and that it is immeasurably beyond the beggarly elements of the simple prophet notion of Liberal theology as a satisfactory explanation of the origins of Christianity. But concerning the existence question, we would remind Drews that, as to this special problem, we must continue to grub in the soil of history and not think we can solve it by soaring into the heights of the idea and of its spiritual implications; we would therefore ask him the simple question: Does he or does he not deny the historical existence of Simon Magus, for instance, where we are confronted with fundamentally similar phenomena? That Drews himself, however, is somewhat shaky in his intransigent championing of the idea as the exclusive solution of the enigma of the origins, over against the idea *plus* personality, may be seen when, referring to the great philosophers and teachers, he writes: "It is the *idea* that attains consciousness in such men and stirs them to action; they are what they are only by the living power of the divinity within them. In this sense it is true that in the last resort ideas, not personalities, rule the world; and this is the one really religious view, *because we cannot see why Christianity, too, may not have come into being from the idea living in its adherents of a suffering, dying and rising saviour*" (p. 302—the italics are ours). But if the idea is of no effect without personalities through whom it manifests, are we to believe that while there were many great personalities in whom the idea actualised, the one traditionally believed without exception to be the greatest of all of them was non-existent? The question is

not whether Christianity could not have theoretically come into existence solely through the power of an idea; but as a matter of fact historically did it do so?

Drews' main quarrel, however, is a theoretical and methodological conflict with the standpoint of Liberal theology. "Liberal theology," he says, "is an offspring of the time which chose science for a leader after the collapse of speculative philosophy about the middle of the last century, and, under the banner of modern empiricism and positivism, branded the belief in ideas as a superstition. . . . A tendency got the upper hand . . . which, apart from religious speculation, rejected the hitherto prevailing view of Christianity as obsolete, and substituted the mere man Jesus for the discarded dogma. . . . The fact was overlooked that modern empiricism and psychology are merely the complement of scientific materialism" (pp. 299, 300).

There is truth in this contention; but on the other hand we owe a deep debt of gratitude to the courageous efforts of liberal research and criticism to free us from subjective and false views of history; they have swept away much that is demonstrably erroneous, if taken as objective historical fact, and that is a very great gain. Very necessary work, therefore, has been done, even though much of it has been of the nature of *démolition*. But if it be a fact that true religious life is continuously creative, it is necessary from time to time to clear away superstructures that have become too tottering for further underpinning and reinforcement, before the rebuilding can be begun. The patient scrutiny of the documents of the N.T. collection, and of every scrap of cognate literature immediately prior to and contemporaneous with it, has revealed innumerable outlines of tendencies and movements previously unknown or imperfectly studied, and the methodical comparative study of these tendencies is gradually orienting us more and more surely, if not towards a final solution of the actual historical problem, for adequate material so far fails, at any rate towards the evaluation of the problem in a way that was never previously possible. For this we have to thank chiefly the work of men who in the main must be classed as 'liberal.' It is, however, true that the pendulum of interest has swung too far in the direction of the quest of the purely objective, and that we are beginning to experience a reaction against this tendency. But Drews in his turn swings too far in the other direction, if by the 'historical reality of Jesus' he means the bare historical existence of Jesus and not simply the historical validity

of the gospel-figure, when he writes: "I insist that the belief in the historical reality of Jesus is *the chief obstacle to religious progress* [D.'s own italics]; and therefore the question of his historicity is not a purely historical, but also a philosophic-religious question" (p. 307). But to start, as Drews evidently does, from the philosophic-religious ground is a mistake in method, for it imports our present religious problems into the distant past and so makes the admitted historical enigma still more difficult.

It would be far too lengthy an undertaking to enter into a detailed criticism of Drews' controversial points on the ground of 'comparative religion'; one or two only can be briefly noticed. Drews whole-heartedly adopts the pre-Christian God-Jesus-cult theory of W. B. Smith, but of its validity even Smith himself, a far better scholar, has not been able so far to satisfy us. For instance, the phrase in the magic papyri, "I adjure thee by the God of the Hebrews, Jesus" (p. 219), is surely post-Christian, and anyone acquainted at first hand with the jumbles of naïve ignorance in these popular dust-heaps, will at once understand how easily a 'magician' could confound Jews and Christians and give the God of the latter to the former. Nor again, even if we accept the 'emended reading' in *Jude* 5, "that Jesus, having saved the people out of Egypt for a second time" (p. 221), and equate the Greek 'Jesus' with the Hebrew 'Joshuah,' as is perfectly legitimate, shall we be any further advanced, for it was a popular Jewish belief that the Messiah was to be a 'second Joshuah,' simply as a hero-saviour and not as a god. As to Jensen's astral theories, which Drews uncritically takes over,—here is a specimen of these phantastically faint analogies that are supposed to account for the main structure of the Christ-myth: "Astral mythology furnished the name of Pilatus to pierce with his spear (*pilum*) the son of God hanging on the world-tree, the Milky Way" (p. 230); and in connection therewith: "The conception of the just one as 'hanging' and the symbolic transformation of the martyr's stake into the mystic form of a cross as a sign of fire and life, corresponding to the constellation of Orion, suggested the idea of making the servant of God and life-bringer, who dies on the cross, to be put to death by the Romans, not the Jews, as the Jews killed the blasphemer by stoning" (p. 213). The 'just one' refers us to the Platonic passage which W. B. Smith would have us take as the chief crucifixion prototype; but there is nothing in it about the very distinctive torture of crucifixion; it speaks of impalement only, and the astral *nexus* between this and crucifixion is exceed-

ingly nebulous. There is indubitably a great deal to be said in favour of a symbolic interpretation of much in the artificial composition of the gospel-narratives, but it does not satisfactorily dispose of the possibility of the bare fact of a historic crucifixion, as the extreme left of criticism would have us believe. It is true that the Gnostics had a gnostic crucifixion, but even the spiritual vision of the inner happening, as set forth in *The Acts of John*, does not deny that there was a physical occurrence, even though the mystic regards all such physical happening as a shadow or appearance solely of the spiritual reality. But granting the symbolic element as one of the factors in the problem (and Smith, in his *Ecce Deus*, has brought forward some valuable suggestions on this subject), to put forward the already highly artificial and exceedingly strained reconstructions by modern guess-work of the notions and phantasies of ancient astral mythologism as the *point de départ* of the Christian story, is an unnecessary handicap to the acceptance of the legitimate symbolic element in the mixture. There is no more pressing task than to find correct values in the very difficult research field of sidereal religion; even the most highly trained specialists in the subject are not yet in a position to orient themselves with any surety in this ocean of seething cross-currents. Such strained parallels as the above are therefore not only premature, but as the 'astral facts' themselves are almost certain, with more thorough-going study of the literary data, to be found to be largely erroneous, the analogies based on them will prove to be mostly non-existent; and thus the way will be cleared for bringing the genuine parallels and their values into the field of observation.

PAUL AND HIS INTERPRETERS.

A Critical History. By Albert Schweitzer, Privatdozent in New Testament Studies in the University of Strassburg. Translated by W. Montgomery, B.A., B.D. London (Black); 7s. 6d. net; pp. xi. + 258.

IN this arresting volume Schweitzer endeavours to do for Pauline studies what he so admirably achieved in his *Quest of the Historical Jesus* for 'Life of Jesus' research, as the Germans call it. As in the latter we were given a most illuminating review of the moves on the critical chessboard from Reimarus to Wrede, so in the present essay we are presented with the fall of the Pauline cards from the first deal to the latest hands; though unfortunately, in

the present case, we have the record of the games played on the Continent only, for the important work of English and American scholars is hardly touched upon. Nevertheless the book is valuable in many ways and especially for the clear definition of the various positions. Schweitzer, as is well known, is himself a thorough-going eschatologist. As in *Von Reimarus zu Wrede* his main conclusion asserted that the teaching of Jesus was fundamentally 'eschatologically conditioned' (p. x.), so in the present study he would explain Paul entirely from the standpoint of Jewish eschatology and apocalyptic. And here we must understand eschatology in the precise and limited sense in which Schweitzer defines it, namely "the end of the world as expected in the immediate future, and the events, hopes and fears connected therewith" (p. 228).

The Strassburg scholar's main contention is that Paul's theology, christology and psychology, in fact his whole doctrine, owed nothing, not only to hellenism or even the mystery-religions, but also to Jewish-hellenic (Wisdom) tendencies or even gnosticism. Paul's doctrine, it is true, was not the teaching of Jesus; so far from being an innovation, however, it was that of the earliest Jerusalem community, whose religion was not identical with the teaching of Jesus, nor did it simply grow out of it, but was founded on his death and resurrection (p. 49). Thus Paul's fundamental doctrine, so far from being a new creation, as has been so often asserted, is, according to Schweitzer, 'primitive,' and consisted in "the belief in the Messiahship of Jesus who had died and risen again, and in the expectation of his parousia in the immediate future" (p. 238). Thus the teaching of Paul was far from being a 'personal creation'; on the contrary, "the religious problems which struggle for solution in his letters had also occupied his Jewish contemporaries or at least a section of them" (p. 52). Though we agree with the latter statement, we think that throughout Schweitzer makes far too little of the 'personal' element in Paul's writings, and especially of his over-powering personal mystical experience, as indeed he seems to do of all such experiences. But perhaps he will treat this subject in a more satisfactory manner when he comes to write the promised sequel to the present volume and deals with *The Pauline Mysticism* (*Die Mystik des Apostels Paulus*).

What then Schweitzer seems to think he has proved beyond contradiction, as the result of his review and criticism of Pauline studies, is that: "Paulinism and Hellenism have in common their

religious terminology, but, in respect of ideas, nothing. The Apostle did not hellenise Christianity. His conceptions are equally distinct from those of Greek philosophy and from those of the Mystery-religions" (p. 238). This conclusion is directly opposed chiefly to the positions of which the most distinguished champions are Harnack on the one hand and Reitzenstein on the other. But even though we may have to admit that the *hellenising* process proper began, if not with the writer of the 'spiritual gospel,' only with Ignatius and Justin, we are not prepared to allow that Paul was entirely uninfluenced by the ideas of *hellenistic* religion, that is of the blend of hellenic and oriental thought. So far from this being the case, so far from a grudging admission that Paul simply used a terminology in common with hellenistic theology being a satisfactory solution of the problem, we are strongly of opinion that not only hellenistic-gnostic terminology but also hellenistic-gnostic notions and practices were perfectly familiar to him and many of his hearers. Indeed had there been no common ground of theory and practice between them he could never have succeeded in propagandising his gospel. The point is, and it is a fundamental one, that the Pauline communities are found using a gnostic terminology and in the full practice of 'gifts of the spirit' that had been already long established. The Apostle's gospel may very well have been largely, if not chiefly, conditioned by Jewish eschatological and apocalyptic notions; but even these had been already to some extent coloured by hellenistic gnostic ideas. Gnosis was a common element of the personal religion of the time wherever it was found, and Paul is gnostic. If, in general, as Tyrrell so well phrased it, Protestantism is christianised Judaism, and Catholicism christianised Paganism, Schweitzer's brilliant attempt to make Paul entirely 'primitive'—in the sense of being fundamentally conditioned by purely Jewish eschatological presuppositions centred round the belief in the death and resurrection of a certain individual 'after the flesh'—will no doubt meet with great favour in many Protestant circles; but what then becomes of the 'universalism' of the Apostle in any spiritual sense, and what, above all, are we to-day to think of such eschatology?

But because we are compelled to admit a hellenistic gnostic element in Paul, we are not, therefore, as Schweitzer would have us, to be forced on to either horn of the dilemma—"either, as the ultra-Tübingen critics did, to transplant the Epistles and the doctrine from the primitive period to the second century, or, as some of the

votaries of Comparative Religion have endeavoured to do, explain primitive Christianity as a product of Græco-Oriental syncretism" (p. 289). Christianity was surrounded from the start by gnostic movements of every description, gnostic in the wide sense in which 'comparative religion' to-day uses the term, and not in the limited and now demonstrably false meaning given to it by the early heresiologists. The chief element in the gnosis, however, was not syncretism,—that was secondary—but personal experience. It depended on the illuminee as to how far his formal exposition or teaching was syncretic. Sometimes it is patently and elaborately syncretic, when the prophet or mystical philosopher had acquaintance with and set forth to blend many traditions; sometimes it is put forth in an already digested and transformed thought-complex that has the appearance of a simple characteristic form, but only as long as it is not carefully analysed. Here then there is room for degree and state of syncretism of every kind; to suppose, however, that Jewish eschatology or Jewish apocalyptic was free from commixture and syncretism, or even that foreign elements had been so assimilated that either the one or the other can legitimately pass for original creations of the unaided Hebrew genius, would be to depart from the ground of objective scientific research. We, therefore, look forward with interest to seeing how Schweitzer will treat this crucial point in his forthcoming volume, for *tout est là*. Of this he seems to have some prevision when, in referring to the possibility of explaining the mystical doctrine of redemption and the sacramental teaching of Paul on the basis of the Jewish eschatological element, he writes: "The attempt is by no means so hopeless as it might seem in view of the general consideration that Judaism knew neither mysticism nor sacraments. It is not really a question of Judaism as such, but of apocalyptic thought, which is a separate and independent phenomenon arising within Judaism, and has special presuppositions peculiar to it" (p. 241). Quite so; but if Paulinism in its essence is "nothing else than an eschatological mysticism, expressing itself by the aid of the Greek religious terminology" (*ibid.*), it will be very difficult to show that the terminology has retained none of its native meaning, not even to the extent of the perfume still clinging to the empty unguent pots,—that the hellenistic terms have been used simply as old wine-skins into which to pour the new wine of entirely non-hellenic notions.

A point brought out strongly by Schweitzer, is that of the 'physical' element in Paul's doctrine. This *naturhaft* element,

however, is not physical in the ordinary sense, but 'physical-hyperphysical,' as he terms it. Such, for instance, is to be the body of the resurrection. This notion, Schweitzer urges, is straightly opposed to the Greek philosophical view of spiritual, of the possibility of the ultimate entire separation of soul from body (if indeed that *was* the teaching of Plato, unless body is to be considered in its lowest terms), of the gulf between the intelligible and the sensible. And, therefore, he thinks that Paul is to be entirely exonerated from all hellenising in this most fundamental respect. But Paul had had his own deep mystical experience; that it was a sensuous, or preferably sensible, experience, and not a purely intellectual, or intelligible, illumination, we can well believe, from what he tells us. Such experiences, however, of a glorified body, or a glory, are common to all forms of higher, and even lower, mysticism; they are sufficiently well known and the accounts have been studied by the comparative method. However we may to-day contrast the views of the two greatest geniuses of Hellas on the nature of the soul, the followers of Plato and Aristotle, in the Alexandrian schools, delighted in 'reconciling' the apparently opposed doctrines of the two masters, not only in this but in other respects. In fact 'symphonies,' not only of Plato and Aristotle, but of even far more contradictory systems, were in fashion both before, contemporary with and long after the days of Paul. It is true that Paul looked forward to a *transformed* earth and *transformed* bodies and that he was far from the ultra-Platonic view of an absolutely bodiless spiritual immortality; but the latter is an *extreme hellenic* position, and very different from the widespread *hellenistic* and *moderate hellenic* views of the times and long after, with their notions of the *augoeides* and *astroeides*, the glory- or ray-like or starry vehicle. But Schweitzer does not seem to know the meaning of *metamorphōsis*, and would father on Paul notions that are little better than those of crude chilianism in this respect.

As to the very difficult problem of the absence of quotation of the sayings of Jesus in the Pauline letters, Schweitzer is of opinion that Paul "must have had more knowledge about Jesus than he uses in his teachings and polemics" (p. 215). But when he is dealing with the subject in the body of the book (pp. 42, 48), he simply stresses this difficulty, and leaves us without any suggested solution, unless it be that he thinks that the universal solvent 'eschatology' will volatilise this crux as well as all others. In his summing-up, however, he will have it that Paul's procedure

in this respect is 'deliberate.' We really wonder how Schweitzer knows that! Paul "does not appeal to the Master even where it might seem inevitable to do so, as in respect to the ethics and the doctrine of the significance of his death and resurrection; and in fact declares that as a matter of principle he desires no longer to 'know Christ after the flesh.'" How then does Schweitzer extricate himself from this dilemma, when he further handicaps himself by adding that "psychological considerations are quite inadequate to explain the facts"? He does so by resorting to the fiction of the 'as if': "It is as though he held that between the present world-period and that in which Jesus lived and taught there exists no link of connexion, and was convinced that since the death and resurrection of the Lord conditions were present which were so wholly new that they made his teaching inapplicable [!], and rendered necessary a new basis for ethics" (p. 246). *Credat Judæus Apella*, if indeed it would not wring the withers even of the toughest eschatological Hebrew.

So then Schweitzer would have it that Paul was eschatological in the narrow sense, first and last, with of course the inevitable corollary that he was deceived in his expectation, as indeed was Jesus himself. This is the solution which Schweitzer thinks explains, as no other can, the enigmatic attitude which subsequent generations take up with regard to the Apostle of the Gentiles. "They know him but they owe no allegiance to him. He created no school" (p. 248). But is this really the case? In our view Schweitzer's neglect of the all-important factor of the gnosis as one of the chief elements in the problem, has blinded him to the fact that the gnostics of the subsequent generations are full of Paul. He is *their* Apostle preëminently. It is true that the earlier 'Catholic' Fathers, beginning with Ignatius and Justin, neglect Paul; but this is only the more significant, for it is not because of the breakdown of his eschatological expectations; they had *that* to face also in the synoptics and the fourth gospel. It was rather precisely because Paul was championed by the gnostics, and that they hated the gnosis.

And this blindness of Schweitzer is all the more surprising, for in criticising Holtzmann, he writes: "How then does Holtzmann know that Paul is not after all a 'Gnostic' pure and simple? The whole character of his system makes him appear so. He himself claims to be one, and is quite unaware that his doctrine is nothing more than the form given by the constructive imagination to a personal experience. He knows no distinction between 'gnostic'

and 'religious.' What is religious is for him gnostic, and what is gnostic is religious. Anyone who strictly distinguishes the two in him is modernising" (p. 107). Strange that Schweitzer can write thus, and yet be blind to the facts. The reason is, and we are greatly surprised to find it in so admirable and wide-read a scholar, that because of his dislike for the position of the 'comparative religionists,' he still adheres to the long-exploded superstition that the gnosis arose in Christianity only at the beginning of the second century; whereas 'comparative religion' has proved up to the hilt that it existed long prior to Christianity, surrounded it and was with it and in it from the beginning.

As to the mysticism of Paul, Schweitzer endeavours to distinguish it radically from that of the mystery-religions. "The mystery-religions represent the 'transformation' of the living being as effected by his receiving into himself a divine essence, by means of the gnosis and the vision of God. It is thus a subjective act. According to Paul's teaching the 'transfiguration' is not brought about by the gnosis and the vision of God. These are rather the consequence of the renewal, the efficient cause of which is found, not in the act of the individual, and not in the inherent efficacy of the sacrament, but in a world-process. So soon as the individual enters by faith and baptism into this new cosmic process he is immediately renewed in harmony therewith, and now receives spirit, ecstasy, gnosis and everything that these imply. What according to the Greek view is the cause, is for Paul the consequence" (p. 224).

In the first place, this entirely contradicts the order of Paul's own development, and in the second the cause according to the gnosis of the higher mystery-institutions is God, precisely as with Paul. "Work out your own salvation, but know that it is God energising in you" is fundamental with both. As to the difference of mode in the means, it is the age-long distinction between what is called in India the monkey and cat theories—co-operation or passivity—synergism or monergism. It is further to be remarked that the doctrine of the mystery-gnosis is nearer to true universalism than is that of Paul, as sketched above by Schweitzer; for the latter is conditioned by a temporal event. The former proclaims the supremacy of spirit, the latter depends on a material happening.

Again, Schweitzer writes: "The gnostics were real spiritualists, opposed to eschatology, and denying a corporal resurrection; Paul is an eschatologist, looking for the parousia and the transformation of the body" (p. 189). This is true only if we take eschatology in

Schweitzer's narrow meaning, as the expectation of an *immediate* end of all things. In a wider sense, however, all Christian gnostics were eschatologists, and the system that Hippolytus ascribes to Basilides, presents us with one of the most marvellous eschatologies ever devised. Again the gnostics generally believed in the doctrine of transcorporation or reincarnation, and therefore in the resurrection of the body as body, though not of the identical form and substance; while in addition they shared with Paul a belief in the glory of the 'spiritual body,' the *seminarium* of all embodiment. Whether or not their conceptions of this body were or were not of a sublimer order than Paul's, is an open question; Origen at any rate does not support Schweitzer's distinction.

If then we have many a bone of contention to pick with Schweitzer concerning the gnosis, and we have by no means exhausted the list, we have perhaps even more to pick with him on the subject of the mystery-religions. Considerations of space, however, now compel us to bring this review to an end without further criticism. Not that we would in any case desire to end on a note of criticism, for we have much for which to thank Schweitzer. By all means let us concentrate for a space on the problems of Jewish eschatology and Jewish apocalyptic; they are very important elements in the enigma of the origins, and the more we know about them the better. For forcing attention in this direction Schweitzer is to be unreservedly thanked. They were one of the most potent limiting factors, one of the most immediate environmental determinants, of the seedling; they, however, pertained to the soil and not to the spiritual potency of the seed. It remains only to add that Mr. Montgomery's translation is excellent.

SONNETS AND BALLATE OF GUIDO CAVALCANTI

Translated by Ezra Pound. London (Swift); 2s. 6d. net; pp. viii. + 172.

THE student of early Italian literature is under a debt of gratitude to Mr. Ezra Pound for this, the first presentation of an ante-renaissance poet other than the supreme genius of the Italian muse—Dante—in an English version, apart from any criticism that may be levelled at the manner in which the task has been accomplished. However pleasing a selection of a poet's best work may be to the ordinary dilettante reader, no genuine enquirer into the origins of Tuscan verse can hope to rise to a full and just appreciation of a poet unless he studies him in his entirety.

It was Dr. Johnson, if we mistake not, who observed that the poets preserve a language; and undoubtedly no poet can be read and appreciated perfectly in even the most perfect translation into the verse of a tongue alien from that in which he himself composed. But there is another consideration of considerable weight which touches not alone the translation but the poet himself, namely the difference of the *Zeitgeist* of the composer from that of the reader. Is it possible to render into the tongue of the twentieth century Anglo-Saxon the thought of a thirteenth century Italian? We must confess that in reading the volume under consideration the consciousness of the gulf of six centuries between the opposite pages is very insistent. It is no easy matter for a modern mind to follow throughout the complex thought contained in the work of that school of Italian poets of which Dante is the archetype. The subtle blending of a multitude of factors utterly foreign to the Post-renaissance and Protestant mind demand a special study of the mediæval mind before the full import of early Italian poetry, with its incomparable sonnets, ballate, and canzone, can be in any way adequately comprehended.

Just as the Lake Poets and Tennyson, Swinburne, Thomson, for instance, are only justly appreciated by those whose environment has caused them to imbibe the spirit of the varying schools of nineteenth century science and philosophy, so only those conversant in the fullest sense with the thinkers of the middle ages—viz. the schoolmen—are in a position rightly to understand and enjoy the mediæval poets. The *Divina Commedia* must be all but meaningless to one who has never made himself acquainted with the *Summa* of St. Thomas Aquinas, or some such exposition of scholasticism. In a lesser degree the same may be said of the predecessors of Dante. The thirteenth century was pre-eminently one of a metaphysical character, in fact witnessing the culminating point of the keenest intellectuality reached in Europe before the new learning introduced by the dispersion of Greek scholars which resulted from the entry of Mahmoud II. into Constantinople. It was immediately subsequent to this period that scholasticism began to decline into the discussion of trivialities and inanities which in future generations was to give an entirely misleading and unjust reputation for absurdity to the schools of mediæval Europe. This metaphysical subtlety deeply tinged the contemporary poetry.

Allegory was moreover freely indulged in, and thus meaning was superimposed on meaning until it becomes a serious task to extract the real sense underlying the superincumbent ornament.

It is probable that no school of European poetry took its rise from such various sources. The vernacular verse of Italy was originally inspired by the Troubadours of Provence, who had already for upwards of a century and a half enriched the literature of France with their verse, using as a vehicle thereof a language which readily permitted of manifold variations of rhyme and cadence. They chanted no simple folk-song. Their muse was born in the courts of princes, and thus affected an artificial and exotic style, which was further elaborated when imitated in the compositions of the first Italian poets who sat at their feet.

The declining years of the twelfth century saw the Provençal Troubadours regularly installed in the *entourage* of the princes of Northern Italy, and composing their verse in mingled French and Italian. Pure Italian literature dates only from about the year 1200, when vernacular poetry suddenly arose at Palermo, in character mainly Provençal at first, but enriched by being uttered in the Italian tongue with its greater refinement of expression and conveying now deeper thought. Gradually the tender emotionalism of the bards of Provence took a deeper note, invigorated by the learning of Bologna and Naples, and half a century later a galaxy of talent, suggested by such names as Cino da Pistoia, Dante da Maiano, Cecco Angiolieri, Giotto, Guido Cavalcanti, the subject of our review, and the brightest luminary in the firmament of Italian poetry, Dante Alighieri himself, gave evidence of the vitality of the transplanted art. Of those who preceded Dante, Guido Cavalcanti is justly considered the greatest Italian poet.

Guido's poetry is deeply tinged with Aristotelian metaphysic, and this, blended as it is with the Romanticism of Provence, often renders his sense obscure. In the translation put forward by Mr. Ezra Pound, careful and accomplished though it be, the student will find that he is largely left to elucidate Cavalcanti's thought for himself. We should have preferred a less literal rendering of the original, more of the spirit than the letter; the very excellence of the translation as such militates against its intelligibility, it is indeed frequently more elaborate than the original, and the ideas become even more complicated in the English version.

The translator in spite of all his undoubtedly genuine love and reverence for his subject, does not manifest that sympathetic imagination, that oblivion of self, which should characterise the perfect translator. He seems to us to assume that his readers have as complete a familiarity with mediæval poesy as he has himself. Previous translations of portions of Cavalcanti's verse may readily

be recalled which bring the atmosphere and colour of the original more vividly into our alien tongue. Mr. Ezra Pound is perhaps too pronounced an individuality, and suffers from the defect of having mastered his subject so well as to forget that his readers may not have done likewise. Or do we err in thinking so, and may it not be that he is so deeply affected by experiment in modern poetical expression that he is hardly the ideal translator of a thirteenth century Italian poet?

Judging by his own original verse we should infer that he is concerned rather with the future than with a somewhat remote past, so that in spite of his love for the mediæval poets, his very accomplishment as a distinctly modern poet makes against his success as a wholly acceptable translator of Cavalcanti, the heir of the Troubadours, the scholastic.

The chief question suggested by the reading of these poems is: who is the lady to whom many of them are addressed? Bearing in mind the fact that Cavalcanti was a philosopher as well as a poet, it seems highly probable that the Platonic conception of ideal love, '*Mania*,' as he terms it, the permanent ecstasy of the spirit by which love leads the way to heaven, is the subject of these poems rather than an earthly love. The '*Joie*' of the Troubadours was also akin to this conception. Both express that pure love which, lighted perhaps in the first instance by earthly beauty, inflamed the soul to divine passion, to the love of that celestial beauty which is eternal and unchanging. And the grief that is so poignantly expressed in many of the sonnets and ballate, probably expresses the unsatisfied longing for the unattainable, the desire of the moth for the star, of the frail mortal for divine perfection, rather than sorrow for the loss of some mundane love.

Apart from their own intrinsic value, to the student these poems are important as those of the *maestro* immediately preceding Dante who carried the poetic art, which had grown through a long line of poets from the humble singers of Provence in an increasing measure of beauty and excellence, to a point of supreme perfection. For this reason, we repeat, Mr. Ezra Pound deserves the thanks of all those who desire to make the acquaintance, through translation, of a representative mediæval Italian poet in his entirety, other than but immediately leading up to Dante.

W. M. W.

THE QUEST.



THE REALISATION OF BRAHMA.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

THE Upanishads say: "Man becomes true if in this life he can apprehend God, if not, it is the greatest calamity for him."

But what is the nature of this attainment of God? It is quite evident that the infinite is not like one object among many, to be definitely classified and kept among our possessions, to be used as an ally specially favouring us in our politics, warfare, money-making, or in social competitions. We cannot put our God in the same list with our summer-houses, motor-cars, or our credit at the bank, as so many people seem to want to do.

We must try to understand the true character of the desire that a man has when his soul longs for his God. Does it consist of his wish to make an addition, however valuable, to his belongings? Emphatically no! It is an endlessly wearisome task, this continual adding to our stores. In fact, when the soul seeks God she seeks her final escape from this incessant gathering and heaping and never coming to an end. It

is not an additional object that she seeks, but it is the 'nityo 'nityānām,' the permanent in all that is impermanent, the 'rasānām rasatamaḥ,' the highest abiding joy unifying all enjoyments. Therefore when the Upanishads teach us to realise everything in Brahma, it is not to seek something extra, not to manufacture something new.

"*Īshāvāsyamidam sarvam yat kincha jagatyām-jagat*"—Know everything that there is in the universe as enveloped by God; "*tena tyaktena bhunjīthā mā gṛidhaḥ kasyasviddhanam*"—enjoy whatever is given by him and harbour not in your mind the greed for wealth which is not your own.

When you know that whatever there is is filled by him and whatever you have is his gift, then you realise the infinite in the finite, and the giver in the gifts. Then you know that all the facts of the reality have their only meaning in the manifestation of the one truth, and all your possessions have their only significance for you, not in themselves but in the relation they establish with the infinite.

So it cannot be said that we can find Brahma as we find other objects; there is no question of searching for him in one thing in preference to another, in one place instead of somewhere else. We do not have to run to the grocer's shop for our morning light; we open our eyes and there it is; so we need only give ourselves up to find that Brahma is everywhere.

This is the reason why Buddha admonished us to free ourselves from the confinement of the life of the self. If there were nothing else to take its place more positively perfect and satisfying, then such admonition would be absolutely unmeaning. No man can seriously consider the advice, much less have any enthusiasm

for it, of surrendering everything one has for gaining nothing whatever.

So our daily worship of God is not really the process of gradual acquisition of him, but the daily process of surrendering ourselves, removing all obstacles to union and extending our consciousness of him in devotion and service, in goodness and in love.

The Upanishads say: "Be lost altogether in Brahma like an arrow that has completely penetrated its target." Thus to be conscious of being absolutely enveloped by Brahma is not an act of mere concentration of mind. It must be the aim of the whole of our life. In all our thoughts and deeds we must be conscious of the infinite. Let the realisation of this truth become easier every day of our life, that "*ko hyevānyāt kaḥ prānyāt yadesha ākāsha ānando na syāt*"—none could live or move if the energy of the all-pervading joy did not fill the sky. In all our actions let us feel that impetus of the infinite energy and be glad.

It may be said that the infinite is beyond our attainment, so it is for us as if it were naught. Yes, if the word attainment implies any idea of possession, then it must be admitted that the infinite is unattainable. But we must keep in mind that the highest enjoyment of man is not in the having but in a getting, which is at the same time not getting. Our physical pleasures leave no margin for the unrealised. They, like the dead satellite of the earth, have but little atmosphere around them. When we take food and satisfy our hunger it is a complete act of possession. So long as the hunger is not satisfied it is a pleasure to eat. For then our enjoyment of eating touches at every point the infinite. But, when it attains com-

pletion, or in other words, when our desire for eating reaches the end of the stage of its non-realisation, it reaches the end of its pleasure. In all our intellectual pleasures the margin is broader, the limit is far off. In all our deeper love getting and non-getting run ever parallel. In one of our Vaishnava lyrics the lover says to his beloved: "I feel as if I have gazed upon the beauty of thy face from my birth, yet my eyes are hungry still; as if I have kept thee pressed to my heart for millions of years, yet my heart is not satisfied."

This makes it clear that it is really the infinite whom we seek in our pleasures. Our desire for being wealthy is not a desire for a particular sum of money but it is indefinite, and the most fleeting of our enjoyments are but the momentary touches of the eternal. The tragedy of human life consists in our vain attempts to stretch the limits of things which can never become unlimited,—to reach the infinite by absurdly adding to the rungs of the ladder of the finite.

It is evident from this that the real desire of our soul is to get beyond all our possessions. Surrounded by things she can touch and feel, she cries: "I am weary of getting; ah, where is he who is never to be got?"

We see everywhere in the history of man that the spirit of renunciation is the deepest reality of the human soul. When the soul says of anything, "I do not want it, for I am above it," she gives utterance to the highest truth that is in her. When a girl's life outgrows her doll, when she realises that in every respect she is more than her doll is, then she throws it away. By the very act of possession we

know that we are greater than the things we possess. It is a perfect misery to be kept bound up with things lesser than ourselves. This it is that Maitreyi felt when her husband gave her his property on the eve of leaving home. She asked him: "Would these material things help one to attain the highest?"—or in other words, "are they more than my soul to me?" When her husband answered: "They will make you rich in worldly possessions," she said at once: "Then what am I to do with these?" It is only when a man truly realises what his possessions are that he has no more illusions about them; then he knows his soul is far above these things and he becomes free from their bondage. Thus man truly realises his soul by outgrowing his possessions, and man's progress in the path of eternal life is through a series of renunciations.

That we cannot absolutely possess the infinite being is not a mere intellectual proposition. It has to be experienced, and this experience is bliss. The bird, while taking its flight in the sky, experiences at every beat of its wings that the sky is boundless, that its wings can never carry it beyond. Therein lies its joy. In the cage the sky is limited; it may be quite enough for all the purposes of the bird's life, only it is not more than is necessary. The bird cannot rejoice within the limits of the necessary. It must feel that what it has is immeasurably more than it ever can want or comprehend, and then only can it be glad.

Thus our soul must soar in the infinite and she must feel every moment that in the feeling of not being able to come to the end of her attainment is her supreme joy, her final freedom.

Man's abiding happiness is not in getting anything but in giving himself up to what is greater than

himself, to ideas which are larger than his individual life, the idea of his country, of humanity, of God. They make it easier for him to part with all that he has, not excepting his life. His existence is miserable and sordid till he finds some great idea which can truly claim his all, which can release him from all attachment to his belongings. Buddha and Jesus, and all our great prophets, represent such great ideas. They hold before us opportunities for surrendering our all. When they bring forth their divine alms-bowl we feel we cannot help giving, and we find that in giving is our truest joy and liberation, for it is uniting ourselves to that extent with the infinite.

Man is not complete, he is yet to be. In what he *is* he is small, and if we could conceive him stopping there for eternity we should have an idea of the most awful hell that man can imagine. In his *to be* he is infinite; there is his heaven, his deliverance. His *is* is occupied every moment with what it can get and have done with; his *to be* is hungering for something which is more than can be got, which he never can lose because he never has possessed.

The finite pole of our existence has its place in the world of necessity. There man goes about searching for food to live, clothing to get warmth. In this region—the region of nature—it is his function to get things. The natural man is occupied with enlarging his possessions.

But this act of getting is partial. It is limited to man's necessities. We can have a thing only to the extent of our requirements, just as a vessel can contain water only to the extent of its emptiness. Our relation to food is only in feeding, our relation to a house is only in habitation. We call it a benefit when

a thing is fitted only to some particular want of ours. Thus to get is always to get partially, and it never can be otherwise. So this craving for acquisition belongs to our finite self.

But that side of our existence whose direction is towards the infinite, seeks not wealth but freedom and joy. There the reign of necessity ceases and there our function is not to get but to be. To be what? To be one with Brahma. For the region of the infinite is the region of unity. Therefore the Upanishads say: "If man apprehends God he becomes true." Here, it is becoming, it is not having more. Words do not gather bulk when you know their meaning, they become true by being one with the idea.

Though the West has accepted as its teacher him who boldly proclaimed his oneness with his Father, and who exhorted his followers to be perfect as God, it has never been reconciled to this idea of our unity with the infinite being. It condemns, as a piece of blasphemy, any implication of man's becoming God. This is certainly not the ideal that Christ preached, but this seems to be the idea that has taken possession of the Christian West.

But the highest wisdom in the East holds that it is not the function of our soul to *gain* God, to utilise him for any special material purpose. All that we can ever aspire to is to become more and more one with God. In the region of nature, which is the region of diversity, we grow by acquisition; in the spiritual world, which is the region of unity, we grow by losing ourselves, by uniting. Gaining a thing, as we have said, is by its nature partial, it is limited only to a particular want; but *being* is complete, it belongs to our wholeness, it springs not from any necessity but

from our affinity with the infinite, which is the principle of perfection that we have in our soul.

Yes, we must become Brahma. We must not shrink to avow this. Our existence is meaningless if we never can expect to realise the highest perfection that there is. If we have an aim and yet can never reach it then it is no aim at all.

But, can it then be said, that there is no difference between Brahma and our individual soul? Of course, the difference is obvious. Call it illusion or ignorance, or whatever name you may give it, it is there. You can offer explanations, but you cannot explain it away. Even illusion is true as illusion.

Brahma is Brahma, he is the infinite ideal of perfection. But we are not what we truly are; we are ever to become true, ever to become Brahma. There is the eternal play of love in the relation between this Being and the Becoming; and in the depth of this mystery is the source of all truth and beauty that sustains the endless march of creation.

In the music of the rushing stream sounds the joyful assurance: "I shall become the sea." It is not a vain assumption; it is true humility, for it is the truth. The river has no other alternative. On both sides of its banks it has numerous fields and forests, villages and towns; it can serve them in various ways, cleanse them and feed them, carry their produce from place to place. But it can have only partial relations with these, and however long it may linger among them it remains separate; it never can become a town or a forest.

But it can and does become the sea. The lesser moving water has its affinity with the great motionless water of the ocean. It moves through the thousand

objects on its onward course and its motion finds its finality when it reaches the sea.

The river can become the sea, but she can never make the sea part and parcel of herself. If, by some chance, she has encircled some broad sheet of water and pretends that she had made the sea a part of herself, we at once know that it is not so; that her current is still seeking rest in the great ocean to which it can never set boundaries.

In the same manner, our soul can only become Brahma as the river can become the sea. Everything else she touches at one of her points, then leaves and moves on, but she never can leave Brahma and move beyond him. Once our soul realises her ultimate object of repose in Brahma, all her movements acquire a purpose. It is this ocean of infinite rest which gives significance to endless activities. It is this perfectness of Being that lends to the imperfection of Becoming that quality of beauty that finds its expression in all poetry, drama and art.

There must be a complete idea that animates a poem. Every sentence of the poem touches that idea. When the reader realises that pervading idea, as he reads on, then the reading of the poem is full of joy to him. Then every part of the poem becomes radiantly significant by the light of the whole. But if the poem goes on interminably, never expressing the idea of the whole, only throwing off disconnected images, however beautiful, it becomes wearisome and unprofitable in the extreme. The progress of our soul is like a perfect poem. It has an infinite idea which once realised makes all movements full of meaning and joy. But if we detach its movements from that ultimate idea, if we do not see the infinite rest and only see the infinite

motion, then existence appears to us a monstrous evil, impetuously rushing towards an unending aimlessness.

I remember in our childhood we had a teacher who used to make us learn by heart the whole book of Sanskrit grammar which is written in symbols, without explaining their meaning to us. Day after day we went toiling on, but on to what we had not the least notion. So, as regards our lessons, we were in the position of the pessimist who only counts the breathless activities of the world, but cannot see the infinite repose of the perfection whence these activities are gaining their equilibrium every moment in absolute fitness and harmony. We lose all joy in thus contemplating existence, because we miss the truth. We see the gesticulations of the dancer and we imagine these are directed by a ruthless tyranny of chance, while we are deaf to the eternal music which makes every one of these gestures inevitably spontaneous and beautiful. These motions are ever growing into that music of perfection, becoming one with it, dedicating to that melody at every step the multitudinous forms they go on creating.

And this is the truth of our soul, and this is her joy, that she must ever be growing into Brahma, that all her movements should be modulated by this ultimate idea, and all her creations should be given as offerings to the supreme spirit of perfection.

There is a remarkable saying in the Upanishads, "*Nāham manye suvedeti no na vedeti vedacha*"—I think not that I know him well, or that I know him, or even that I know him not.

By the process of knowledge we can never know the infinite being. But if he is altogether beyond our

reach then he is absolutely nothing to us. The truth is that we know him not yet we know him.

This has been explained in another saying of the Upanishads, "*Yato vācho nivartante aprāpya manasā saha ānandam Brahmano vidvān na vibhēti kutashchana.*"—From Brahma words come back baffled, as well as the mind, but he who knows him by the joy of him is free from all fears.

Knowledge is partial, because our intellect is an instrument, it is only a part of us, it can give us information about things which can be divided and analysed, and whose properties can be classified, part by part. But Brahma is perfect, and knowledge which is partial can never be a knowledge of him.

But he can be known by joy, by love. For joy is knowledge in its completeness, it is knowing by our whole being. Intellect sets us apart from the things to be known, but love knows its object by fusion. Such knowledge is immediate and admits no doubt. It is the same as knowing our own selves, only more so.

Therefore, as the Upanishads say, mind can never know Brahma, words can never describe him; he can only be known by our soul, by her joy in him, by her love. Or, in other words, we can only come into relation with him by union—union of our whole being. We must be one with our Father, we must be perfect as he is.

But how can that be? There can be no grade in infinite perfection. We cannot grow more and more into Brahma. He is the absolute one, and there can be no more or less in him.

Indeed, the realisation of the *paramātman*, the supreme soul, within our *antarātman*, our inner individual soul, is in a state of absolute completion.

We cannot think of it as non-existent and depending on our limited powers for its gradual construction. If our relation with the Divine were all a thing of our own making, how should we rely on it as true, and how should it lend us support?

Yes, we must know that within us we have that where space and time cease to rule and where the links of evolution are merged in unity. In that everlasting abode of the *ātman*, the soul, the revelation of the *paramatman*, the supreme soul, is already complete. Therefore the Upanishads say:

"Satyam jñānam anantam Brahma yo veda nihitam guhāyām parame vyoman so 'shnute sarvān kāmān saha Brahmanā vipaschite."—He who knows Brahman, the true, the all-conscious and the infinite, as hidden in the depths of the soul, which is the supreme sky (the inner sky of consciousness), enjoys all objects of desire in union with the all-knowing Brahman.

The union is already accomplished. The *paramātman*, the supreme soul, has himself chosen this soul of ours as his bride and the marriage has been completed. The solemn *mantram* has been uttered: *"Yadetat hṛdayam mama tadastu hṛdayam tava."*—Let thy heart be even as my heart is. There is no room in this marriage for evolution to act the part of the master of ceremonies. The *Eshaḥ*, who cannot otherwise be described than as This, the nameless immediate presence, is ever here in our innermost being. *"Eshāsyā paramā gatiḥ"*—this This is the supreme end of the other this; *"eshāsyā paramā sampat,"* this This is the supreme treasure of the other this; *"eshāsyā paramo lokah"*—this This is the supreme dwelling of the other this; *"eshāsyā parama ānandah"*—this This is the supreme joy of the other this;

because the marriage of supreme love has been accomplished in timeless time. And now goes on the endless *līlā*, the play of love. He who has been gained in eternity is now being pursued in time and space, in joys and sorrows, in this world and in the worlds beyond. When the soul-bride understands this well, her heart is blissful and at rest. She knows that she, like a river, has attained the ocean of her fulfilment at one end of her being, and at the other end she is ever attaining it; at one end it is eternal rest and completion, at the other it is incessant movement and change. When she knows both ends as inseparably connected, then she knows the world as her own household by the right of knowing the master of the world as her own lord. Then all her services become services of love, all the troubles and tribulations of life come to her as trials triumphantly borne to prove the strength of her love, smilingly to win the wager from her lover. But so long as she remains obstinately in the dark, lifts not her veil, does not recognise her lover, and only knows the world dissociated from him, she serves as a handmaid here, where by right she might reign as a queen; she sways in doubt, and weeps in sorrow and dejection. "*Daurbhikshāt yāti daurbhiksham kleshāt klesham bhayāt bhayam.*"—She passes from starvation to starvation, from trouble to trouble, and from fear to fear.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

ECSTASY IN ISLAM.¹

REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON, M.A., LITT.D., LL.D.

ANYONE who is acquainted, however slightly, with the mystical poetry of Islam must have remarked that the aspiration of the soul towards God is expressed, as a rule, in the very same terms which might be used by an Oriental Anacreon or Herrick. The resemblance, indeed, is often so close that, unless we have some clue to the poet's intention, we are left in doubt as to his meaning. In some cases, perhaps, the ambiguity serves an artistic purpose, as in the odes of Hafiz, but even when the poet is not deliberately keeping his readers suspended between earth and heaven, it is quite easy to mistake a mystical hymn for a drinking-song or a serenade. Ibn al-Arabi, the greatest theosophist whom the Arabs have produced, found himself obliged to write a commentary on some of his poems in order to refute the scandalous charge that they were designed to celebrate the charms of his mistress. The love thus symbolised is the emotional element in religion, the rapture of the seer, the courage of the martyr, the faith of the saint, the only basis of moral perfection and spiritual knowledge. Essentially it is self-renunciation and self-sacrifice, the giving up of all possessions—wealth, honour, will, life, and whatever else men value—for the Beloved's sake without any hope of reward. The soul that really

¹ See Dr. Nicholson's 'The Essence of Sūfism' in the last number.—ED.

loves God has already taken what Plotinus calls, in a splendid figure, 'the flight of the Alone to the Alone.' And so says Jalâluddîn Râmî :

This is Love : to fly heavenward,
To rend, every instant, a hundred veils ;
The first moment, to renounce life,
The last step, to fare without feet ;
To regard this world as invisible,
Not to see what appears to one's self.

And again :

'Twere better that the soul which wears not true love as a garment
Had not been : its being is but shame.
Be drunken in love, for love is all that exists ;
Without the dealing of love there is no entrance to the Beloved.
They say, 'What is love ?' Answer, 'To renounce will' :
Whoever has not escaped from will, no will hath he.

That is to say, the self-willed man is not free.
True liberty consists in following reason instead of passion.

To love God is to love Him in all His creatures.

Beholding in many souls the traits of the divine beauty, and separating in each soul that which is divine from the taint which it has contracted in the world, the lover ascends to the highest beauty, to the love and knowledge of the Divinity, by steps on this ladder of created souls.

These words of Emerson may be compared with a passage in Jâmi which has been admirably translated by Professor Browne :

Even from earthly love thy face avert not,
Since to the Real it may serve to raise thee.
Ere A, B, C are rightly apprehended,
How canst thou con the pages of thy Koran ?
A sage (so heard I), unto whom a student
Came craving counsel on the course before him,
Said, " If thy steps be strangers to love's pathways,
Depart, learn love, and then return before me !

For, shouldst thou fear to drink wine from Form's flagon,
 Thou canst not drain the draught of the Ideal.
 But yet beware! Be not by Form belated;
 Strive rather with all speed the bridge to traverse.
 If to the bourne thou fain wouldst bear thy baggage,
 Upon the bridge let not thy footsteps linger."

Love, again, is the instinct of the soul impelling it to realise its true nature and destiny. Jalâluddîn says :

The motion of every atom is towards its origin ;
 A man comes to be the thing on which he is bent.
 By the attraction of fondness and yearning the soul and the heart
 Assume the qualities of the Beloved, who is the Soul of souls.

"A man comes to be the thing on which he is bent": what, then, does the Sûfi become? Eckhart in one of his sermons quotes the saying of St. Augustine, that Man is what he loves, and adds the comment :

If he loves a stone, he is a stone ; if he loves a man, he is a man ; if he loves God—I dare not say more, for if I said that he would then be God, ye might stone me.

The Moslem mystics enjoyed greater freedom of speech than their Christian brethren who owed allegiance to the mediæval Catholic Church, and if they went too far the plea of ecstasy was generally accepted as a sufficient excuse. Since those ecstatic utterances bring us nearest to the mystery of *fand*, I will ask you to listen once more to Jalâluddîn Rûmî, who proclaims that the soul's love of God is God's love of the soul, and that in loving the soul God loves Himself, for He draws home to Himself that which in its essence is divine. "Our copper," says the poet, "has been transmuted by this rare alchemy," meaning that the base alloy of self has been purified and *deified*.

O my soul, I searched from end to end: I saw in thee naught save
the Beloved;

Call me not infidel, O my soul, if I say that thou thyself art He.

And in another ode :

Ye who in search of God, of God, pursue,

Ye need not search, for God is you, is you !

Why seek a something that was missing ne'er ?

Save you none is, but you are—where, oh, where ?

The enraptured Sûfi who has passed beyond the illusion of subject and object and broken through to the Oneness can either deny that he is anything or affirm that he is all things. As an example of 'the negative way' take the opening lines of an ode by Jalâluddîn which I have rendered into verse, imitating the metrical form of the Persian as closely as the genius of our language will permit :

Lo, for I to myself am unknown, now in God's name what must I
do ?

I adore not the Cross nor the Crescent, I am not a Giaour nor a
Jew.

East nor West, land nor sea is my home, I have kin nor with
angel nor gnome,

I am wrought not of fire nor of foam, I am shaped not of dust nor
of dew.

I was born not in China afar, not in Sagsîn and not in Bulghâr ;
Not in India, where five rivers are, nor Irâq nor Khorâsân I grew.
Not in this world nor that world I dwell, not in Paradise, neither
in Hell ;

Not from Eden and Rizwân I fell, not from Adam my lineage I
drew.

In a place beyond uttermost Place, in a tract without shadow of
trace,

Soul and body transcending I live in the soul of my Loved One
anew !

The following poem, also by Jalâluddîn, expresses the positive aspect of the cosmic consciousness :

If there be any lover in the world, O Moslems, 'tis I.
 If there be any believer, infidel, or Christian hermit, 'tis I.
 The wine-dregs, the cupbearer, the minstrel, the harp, and the
 music,
 The beloved, the candle, the drink and the joy of the drunken—
 'tis I.
 The two-and-seventy creeds and sects in the world
 Do not really exist: I swear by God that every creed and sect—
 'tis I.
 Earth and air and water and fire—knowest thou what they are?
 Earth and air and water and fire, nay, body and soul too—'tis I.
 Truth and falsehood, good and evil, ease and difficulty from first
 to last,
 Knowledge and learning and asceticism and piety and faith—'tis I.
 The fire of Hell, be assured, with its flaming limbos,
 Yes, and Paradise and Eden and the Houris—'tis I.
 This earth and heaven with all that they hold,
 Angels, Peris, Genies, and Mankind—'tis I.

What Jalāluddīn here utters in a moment of ecstatic vision Henry More describes as a past experience.

How lovely (he says), how magnificent a state is the soul of man in, when the life of God inactuating her shoots her along with himself through heaven and earth; makes her unite with, and after a sort feel herself animate, the whole world. He that is here looks upon all things as One, and on himself, if he can then mind himself, as a part of the Whole.

This state results from contemplation (*mushāḥadat*) or presence of the mind with God.

Through assiduous repetition of a *dhikr* which is devoid of letters and sounds that presence increases to such an extent that no room for anything else remains in the mind. The mind thus occupied is said to be contemplating God. Perfect experience of contemplation is enjoyed only by losing perception of presence, for presence is imperfect so long as any consciousness of being present intrudes.

The unitive state is defined as

absorption and extinction in the contemplation of the Divine Essence without the least glimpse of consciousness of any phenomenal object; and even if there be an ascending movement in this state, the perception of it is annihilated by the ecstasy which accompanies the manifestation of the Divine Attributes. It is possible, however, for a mystic to be invested with the Divine Attributes and yet not to be in union, since the purpose of him who seeks union is to behold the Essence without being conscious of plurality; but one can hardly escape from plurality in the degree where the Divine Attributes are manifested.

Another Sūfi gives the following account of a similar state to which the term "concentration" (*jam'*) is applied :

When God reveals Himself in His essence to any one, that person regards all essences and attributes and actions as non-existent in the radiance of the Divine Essence and Attributes and Actions, and feels himself with the whole universe as though he were controlling it, and at the same time one with all its parts, so that whatever touches any part of it seems to be touching himself; and he regards his essence as the One Essence and his attributes as the attributes of that Essence and his actions as the actions of that Essence, because he is totally annihilated in the realisation of Unity. No higher degree of unification than this can be attained by man. When the eye of the soul is drawn to contemplate the Divine beauty, the light of the intellect which discerns the difference between phenomenal objects becomes hidden in the dazzling light of the Eternal Essence and all distinction between the Eternal and the phenomenal disappears.

Although it has been suggested that the Sūfis may have derived their conception of *fand* from the Buddhistic Nirvāṇa, the two terms are evidently not identical in meaning. Nirvāṇa is an end in itself, whereas *fand*, 'the passing away from phenomenal existence,' involves *baqd*, 'the continuance of real existence'—a doctrine which resembles the Vedānta

philosophy. In mystical language, he who dies to self lives in God, and *fand*, the consummation of this death, marks the attainment of *baqâ* or union with the Divine life. The Sûfis hold different views as to the nature of *fand*, but I will mention only one theory, which most Sûfis regard as heretical, that *fand* implies deification in the sense that the Divine substance or spirit enters into man. This seems to have been what Hallâj meant when he said, *Ana'l-haqq*, "I am the Real": he believed himself to be an incarnation of the Deity, and when he was barbarously executed at Baghdâd in 922 A.D., his disciples declared that the tortured and mutilated victim was not he, but an ass or a mule or one of his enemies whom God had transformed into his likeness; Hallâj, they said, had been taken up alive to heaven and would again descend among them; and they used to gather on the banks of the Tigris, hoping to witness his return. These crude and vulgar notions may perhaps be connected with a doctrine which we find in many Sûfi treatises. Briefly stated, it is this. The true theosophist, 'the perfect man,' after having journeyed to God, *i.e.* after having passed from plurality into unity, journeys *in* and *with* God, *i.e.* continuing in the unitive state he returns with God to the phenomenal world from which he set out, and manifests unity in plurality. In this descent

He makes the Law his upper garment
And the mystic Path his inner garment—

i.e. he brings down and displays the Truth to mankind while fulfilling the duties of the religious law. In some cases, certainly, an ecstatic union with the Absolute is the Sûfi's *ultima Thule*, but those God-intoxicated devotees who never return to sobriety have

not travelled the full circle. Of the perfect Sûfi it may be said in the words of a great Christian mystic :

He goes *towards* God by inward love, in eternal work, and he goes *in* God by his fruitive inclination, in eternal rest. And he dwells in God ; and yet he goes out towards created things, in a spirit of love towards all things, in the virtues and in works of righteousness. And this is the most exalted summit of the inner life.

Although many Sûfis have risen to the ideal set forth by Ruysbroeck, you will observe that the Moslem notion of saintship implies, first of all, an intimate and peculiar relation with God, in consequence of which the curtain shutting off the supernatural, or as a Moslem would say, the unseen world, from our perceptions is lifted at intervals, if not entirely removed. Neither deep learning in divinity nor devotion to good works nor ascetic ardour nor moral purity makes the Mohammedan a saint ; he may have all or none of these things, but the only indispensable qualification is that rapture and ecstasy which is the outward sign of 'passing away' from the conscious self, and which is often accompanied by evidences of miraculous power. Any man or woman thus enraptured (*majdhûb*) is a *wali*, that is, a friend and *protégé* of God, and when such persons are recognised through their gift of working miracles, they are venerated as saints not only after death but also during their lives. The whole body of saints forms a hierarchy on which the order of the world is believed to depend. The supreme head is entitled the *Qutb*. He is the most eminent Sûfi of his age and presides over the meetings regularly held by this august parliament, whose members are not hampered in their attendance by the inconvenient fictions of time and space, but come together from all parts of the earth in the twinkling of

an eye, traversing seas and mountains and deserts as easily as common mortals step across a road.

The ruling principle of Sûfism—that God is One—has now been explained in regard to its central development, but I must at least touch upon some important questions which arise directly from the principle referred to. We have seen that the Sûfî teachers gradually built up a system of asceticism and moral culture which was founded on the fact that there is in man an element of evil—the lower or animal soul. This evil self, the seat of passion and lust, is called *nafs*; it may be considered broadly equivalent to ‘the flesh,’ and with its two allies, the world and the devil, it represents the great obstacle to attainment of *fand*. On the other hand, the mystic who has attained knows that only God really exists and acts: therefore evil, if it really exists, must be divine, and if evil things are really done, God must be the doer of them. Here we are brought face to face with the ancient riddle which no religion or philosophy dare put aside. Many Sûfis seek to escape from it by denying the hypothesis on which it rests. Evil, in their eyes, has no real existence: it is not-being, which is the privation and absence of being, just as darkness is the absence of light. “Once I beheld the Light,” said Nûrî, “and I fixed my gaze upon it until I became that Light.” We can easily understand how such illuminated souls, supremely indifferent to the shadow-shows of religion and morality in a phantom world, are ready to cry with Jalâluddîn :

The man of God is made wise by the Truth,
The man of God is not learned from book.
The man of God is beyond infidelity and faith,
To the man of God right and wrong are alike.

It must be borne in mind that this is a theory of perfection and that those whom it exalts above the law are saints, spiritual guides, and profound theosophists who enjoy the special favour of God and presumably do not need to be restrained, coerced, or punished. Practically, of course, it leads in many instances to antinomianism and libertinism, as among the Bektâshis and other orders of the so-called 'lawless' dervishes. The same theories produced the same results in Europe during the Middle Ages, and the impartial historian cannot ignore the corruptions to which a purely subjective mysticism is liable; but on the present occasion I am concerned with the rose itself rather than with its cankers.

From the standpoint where evil is seen to be non-existent, all types of religion are equal and Islam is no better than idolatry. It does not matter what creed a man professes or what rites he performs if he truly loves God in his heart. Amidst all the variety of creeds there is only one real object of worship.

Those who adore God in the sun (says Ibn al-Arabî) behold the sun, and those who adore Him in living things see a living thing, and those who adore Him in lifeless things see a lifeless thing, and those who adore Him as a Being unique and unparalleled see that which has no like. Do not attach yourself (he continues) to any particular creed exclusively, so that you disbelieve in all the rest; otherwise, you will lose much good, nay, you will fail to recognise the real truth of the matter. Let your soul be capable of embracing all forms of belief. God, the omnipresent and omnipotent, is not limited by any one creed, for He says (*K.* 2109), 'Where-soever ye turn, there is the face of Allah.' Every one praises what he believes; his god is his own creature, and in praising it he praises himself. Consequently he blames the beliefs of others, which he would not do if he were just, but his dislike is based on ignorance. If he knew Junaid's saying, 'the water takes its colour from the vessel containing it,' he would not interfere with the

beliefs of others, but would perceive God in every form and in every belief.

And Hafiz sings, more in the spirit of the free-thinker, perhaps, than of the mystic :

Love is where the glory falls
Of Thy face—on convent walls
Or on tavern floors the same
Unextinguishable flame.
Where the turbaned anchorite
Chanteth Allah day and night,
Churchbells ring the call to prayer
And the Cross of Christ is there.

While the innumerable forms of creed and ritual may be regarded as having a certain relative value in so far as the inward feeling which inspires them is ever one and the same, from another aspect they seem to be veils of the Truth, barriers which the zealous Unitarian must strive to abolish and destroy. A great Persian mystic, Abû Sa'îd ibn Abi 'l-Khair, speaking in the name of the Calendars or wandering dervishes, expresses the latter view in one of his quatrains with astonishing boldness :

Not until every mosque beneath the sun
Lies ruined, will our holy work be done ;
And never will true Musalmân appear
Till faith and infidelity are one.

Such open declarations of war against the Moham-medan religion are comparatively rare. Notwithstanding the breadth and depth of the gulf between full-blown Sûfism and orthodox Islam, many, if not most, Sûfis have paid homage to the Prophet and have observed the outward forms of devotion which are incumbent on all Moslems. They have invested these rites and ceremonies with a new significance ; they have allegorised them, but they have not abandoned

them. They distinguish the Law from the Truth but insist that the Moslem profession of faith includes both: the words "there is no god except Allah" are the Truth, and the words "Mohammed is the apostle of Allah" are the Law; anyone who denies the Truth is an infidel and anyone who rejects the Law is a heretic. This middle way is not easy to walk in; hence the Sûfis often use a double language. Jalâl-uddin Rûmî, in the collection of his lyrical poems known as the *Divân-i Shams-i Tabriz*, gives free rein to a pantheistic enthusiasm which sees all things under the form of eternity:

I have put duality away, I have seen that the two worlds are one;
One I seek, One I know, One I see, One I call.

I am intoxicated with Love's cup, the two worlds have passed out
of my ken;

I have no business save carouse and revelry.

But in his *Masnavi*—a work so famous and venerated that it has been styled the 'Koran of Persia'—we find him in a more sober mood expounding the Sûfi doctrines and justifying the ways of God to man. Here, though he is a convinced optimist and agrees with Ghazâlî that this is the best of all possible worlds, he does not airily dismiss the problem of evil as something outside reality, but endeavours to show that evil, or what seems evil to us, is part of the Divine order and harmony. I will quote some passages of his argument and leave my readers to judge for themselves how far it is successful or, at any rate, suggestive.

You will remember that the Sûfis conceive the universe as a projected and reflected image of God. The Divine light, streaming forth in a series of emanations, falls at last upon the darkness of Not-being, every atom of which reflects some attribute of Deity.

For instance, the beautiful attributes—love, mercy, and so on—are reflected in the form of Heaven and the angels, while the terrible attributes of wrath and vengeance are reflected in the form of Hell and the devils. Man reflects all the attributes, the terrible as well as the beautiful; he is an epitome of Heaven and Hell. Omar Khayyâm alludes to this theory when he says:

Hell is a spark from our fruitless pain,
Heaven a breath from our time of joy—

a couplet which FitzGerald moulded into the magnificent stanza:

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

Jalâluddîn, therefore, does in a sense make God the author of evil, but at the same time he makes evil intrinsically good in relation to God—for it is the reflection of certain Divine attributes which in themselves are absolutely good. So far as evil is really evil, it springs from Not-being. The poet assigns a different value to this term in its relation to God and in its relation to man. In respect of God Not-being is nothing, for God is real Being, but in man it is the principle of evil which constitutes half of human nature. In the one case it is a pure negation, in the other it is positively and actively pernicious. We need not quarrel with the poet for coming to grief in his logic. There are some occasions, and this is one of them, when intense moral feeling is worth any amount of accurate thinking. Jalâluddîn vindicates the justice of God by asserting that men have the power to choose how they will act, although their freedom is sub-

ordinate to the Divine will. Approaching the question, ' Why does God ordain and create evil ? ' he points out that things are known only through their opposites and that the existence of evil is necessary for the manifestation of good.

Not-being and defect, wherever seen,
Are mirrors of the beauty of all that is.
The bone-setter, where should he try his skill
But on the patient lying with broken leg ?
Were no base copper in the crucible,
How could the alchemist his craft display ?

Moreover, the Divine omnipotence would not be completely realised if evil had remained uncreated.

He is the source of evil, as thou sayest,
Yet evil hurts Him not. To make that evil
Denotes in Him perfection. Hear from me
A parable. The heavenly Artist paints
Beautiful shapes and ugly : in one picture
The loveliest women in the land of Egypt
Gazing on youthful Joseph amorously ;
And lo, another scene by the same hand,
Hell-fire and Iblis with his hideous crew :
Both master-works, created for good ends,
To show His perfect wisdom and confound
The sceptics who deny His mastery.
Could He not evil make, He would lack skill ;
Therefore He fashions infidel alike
And Moslem true, that both may witness bear
To Him, and worship One Almighty Lord.

In reply to the objection that a God who creates evil must Himself be evil, Jalâluddîn, pursuing the analogy drawn from Art, remarks that ugliness in the picture is no evidence of ugliness in the painter.

Again, without evil it would be impossible to win the proved virtue which is the reward of self-conquest. Bread must be broken before it can serve as food, and grapes will not yield wine till they are crushed. Many

men are led through tribulation to happiness. As evil ebbs, good flows. Finally, much evil is only apparent. What seems a curse to one may be a blessing to another; nay, evil itself is turned to good for the righteous. Jaláluddín will not admit that anything is absolutely bad.

Fools buy false coins because they are like the true.
 If in the world no genuine minted coin
 Were current, how would forgers pass the false?
 Falsehood were nothing unless truth were there,
 To make it specious. 'Tis the love of right
 Lures men to wrong. Let poison but be mixed
 With sugar, they will cram it into their mouths.
 Oh, cry not that all creeds are vain! Some scent
 Of truth they have, else they would not beguile.
 Say not, 'How utterly fantastical!'
 No fancy in the world is all untrue.
 Amongst the crowd of dervishes hides one,
 One true fakir. Search well and thou wilt find!

Surely this is a noteworthy doctrine. Jaláluddín died only a few years after the birth of Dante, but the Christian poet falls far below the level of charity and tolerance reached by his Moslem contemporary.

How, we may ask, is it possible to discern the soul of goodness in things evil? By means of love, says Jaláluddín, and the knowledge which love alone can give, according to the word of God in the holy Tradition.

My servant draws nigh unto Me and I love him; and when I love him, I am his ear, so that he hears by Me, and his eye, so that he sees by me, and his tongue, so that he speaks by Me, and his hand, so that he takes by Me.

Thus we have come back to the Unity from which we started, the Unity in which all existence begins and ends.

REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON.

THE MYSTIC AS CREATIVE ARTIST.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

It is one of the commonest of all the criticisms which are directed against the mystics, that their great experiences are in the nature of merely personal satisfactions: that they do not pass on to others, in any real and genuine sense, the special illumination, the special intuition of Reality, which they claim to have received. St. Bernard's favourite mistranslation from Isaiah, 'My secret to myself,' has again and again been used against them with damaging effect; linked sometimes with the great phrase in which Plotinus defines the soul's fruition of Eternity as 'a flight of the Alone to the Alone.'

Now, it is certainly true that these hints concerning a solitary and ineffable encounter do tally with *one* side of the experience of the mystic; do describe one aspect of his richly various, many-angled spiritual universe, one way in which that divine union which is his high objective is apprehended by the surface-consciousness. But that which is here told, is only half the truth. There is another side, a 'completing opposite,' to this admittedly indescribable union of hearts; and it is this other side, often—and most ungraciously—forgotten by those who have received its great benefits, of which I wish to speak.

The great mystic's loneliness is a sort of consecrated loneliness. When he ascends to that fruition of Divine Reality which is his peculiar privilege, he is

not a spiritual individualist. He goes as the ambassador of the race. He does not wish to dissociate himself from other men. His spirit is not, so to speak, a 'spark flying upwards' from out of this world into that world; flung out from the mass of humanity, out off, a little, separate, brilliant thing. It is more like a feeler, a tentacle, which Life as a whole stretches out into that supersensual world which envelopes her. Life stretches that tentacle out; but she also draws it in again, with the food that it has gathered, the news that it has to tell of the regions which its delicate tactile sense has enabled it to explore. This, it seems to me, is the function of the mystic consciousness in respect of the human race. For this purpose it is specialised. It receives, in order that it may give. As the prophet looks at the landscape of Eternity, the mystic finds and feels it: and both know that there is laid on them the obligation of exhibiting it if they can.

If this be so, then it becomes clear that the mystic's personal encounter with Infinite Reality represents only one of the two movements which constitute his completed life. He must turn back to pass on the revelation he has received: must mediate between the transcendent and his fellow-men, as artists mediate between the truth and beauty which they are able to know, and those who cannot without their help discern it. The mystic, in fact, is called to be a creative artist of the highest kind; and only when he is such an artist does he fulfil his function in respect of the race.

It is coming to be realised more and more clearly that it is the business of the artist not so much to delight us, as to enlighten us; in Blake's words, to "Cleanse the doors of perception, so that everything

may appear as it is—infinite.” Many who were not convinced by *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, have accepted this exact principle gladly enough in these latter days from Bergson; who has told us that it is the function of art to brush aside everything that veils Reality from us, in order to bring us face to face with the Real, the True. The artist is the man who sees things in their native purity.

Could reality (he observes in a celebrated passage) come into direct contact with sense and consciousness, could we enter into immediate communion with things and with ourselves—then, we should all be artists. . . . Deep in our souls we should hear the uninterrupted melody of our inner life: a music often gay, more often sad, always original. All this is around and within us: yet none of it is distinctly perceived by us. Between nature and ourselves—more, between ourselves and our own consciousness—hangs a veil: a veil dense and opaque for normal men, but thin, almost transparent, for the artist and poet.

He might have added, for the mystic too.

This veil, says Bergson again, is woven of *self-interest*: we perceive things, not as they *are*, but as they affect ourselves. The artist, on the contrary, sees them for their own sakes, with the eyes of disinterested love. So, when the mystics declare to us that the first conditions of spiritual illumination are self-simplification and detachment, they are demanding just those qualities which control the artist's power of seeing things in their beauty and truth. The true mystic, then, sees Reality in its infinite aspect, and tries, as other artists, to reveal it. He not only ascends, but descends the ladder of contemplation; having heard ‘the uninterrupted music of the inner life,’ he tries to weave it into melodies that other men can understand.

Bergson's fellow-apostle to the modern world, Rudolph Eucken, claims—and I think it is one of his

most striking doctrines—that man is gradually but actually bringing into existence a spiritual world. This spiritual world springs up from within *through* humanity—that is, through man's own consciousness—yet at the same time humanity is, as it were, growing up into it; finding it an independent reality, waiting to be apprehended, waiting to be incorporated into our universe. In respect of man's normal world, it is both immanent and transcendent. We are reminded of the Voice which said to St. Augustine, "I am the Food of the Full-grown."

This paradox of a wholly new order of experience thrusting itself up through the race which it yet transcends, is a permanent feature in the history of the higher religions and philosophies, and is closely connected with the phenomena of inspiration and of artistic creation. The artist, the prophet, the metaphysician, each builds up from material beyond the grasp of other souls, a world within which those other souls can live and dream. When we ask what organ of the race—the whole body of humanity—it is, by and through which this supernal world thus receives expression, it becomes clear that this organ is the corporate mystical consciousness, emerging in those whom we call, pre-eminently, mystics and seers. It is, actually and literally, *through* them that this new world is emerging and being built up; as it is *through* other forms of enhanced and clarified consciousness, in painters, musicians, philosophers, and the adepts of physical science, that other aspects of the universe are made known to men. In all of these, and in the mystic too, the twin powers of steadfast attention and of creative imagination are at work. Because of their wide, deep, attention to life they receive more news

from the external world than others do; because of the creative cast of their minds, they are able to weave up the crude received material into a living whole, into an idea or image which can be communicated to other men. Ultimately, we owe to the mystics all the symbols, ideas and images of which our spiritual world, as it is thought of by the bulk of men, is constructed. We take its topography from them, at second-hand; and often forget the sublime adventures immortalised in those phrases which we take so lightly on our lips—the Divine Dark, the Beatific Vision, Ecstasy, Union, and the rest. The mystics have actually created, from that language which we have evolved to describe and deal with the time-world, another, artistic, world; self-consistent, and spiritually expressive, like the world of music or the world of colour and form. They are always trying to give us the key to it, to induct us into its mysterious delights. It is by means of this world, and the symbols which furnish it, that human consciousness is enabled to actualise its most elusive experiences. Hence it is wholly due to the unselfish labours of those mystics who have struggled to body forth the Realities by which they were possessed, that we are able, to some extent, to enter into the special experiences of the mystical saints; and that they are able to snatch us up to a brief sharing of their vision, to make us live for a moment ‘Eternal Life in the midst of Time.’

How then have they done this? What is the general method by which any man communicates the result of his personal contacts with the universe to other minds? Roughly speaking, he has two ways of doing this—by description and by suggestion; and his best successes are those in which these two methods

are combined. His descriptions are addressed to the intellect, his suggestions are appeals to the intuition, of those with whom he is trying to communicate.

Now the necessities which control these two ways of telling the news—oblique suggestion and symbolic image—practically govern the whole of mystical literature. The span of this literature is a very wide one; it goes from the utterly formless, yet infinitely suggestive, language of certain great contemplatives, to the crisply formal pictorial descriptions of those whose own revelations of Reality crystallise into visions, voices, or other psycho-sensorial experiences. At one end of the scale is the vivid, prismatic imagery of the Christian apocalypse, at the other the fluid, ecstatic poetry of some of the Sūfī saints.

In his suggestive and allusive language the mystical artist often approaches the methods of music. (William James, as you may remember, noticed this.) *This* mystic's statements do not give information. They operate a kind of enchantment, which dilates the consciousness of the hearer to a point at which it is able to apprehend new aspects of the world. In his descriptive passages, on the other hand, he generally proceeds, as do nearly all our descriptive efforts, by way of comparison. Yet often these comparisons, like those employed by the great poet, are more valuable for their strange suggestive quality than for any exact parallels which they set up between the mystic's universe and our own. Thus, when Clement of Alexandria compares the Logos to a 'New Song,' when Suso calls the Eternal Wisdom a 'sweet and beautiful wild flower,' when Dionysius the Areopagite speaks of 'the Divine Dark which is the Inaccessible Light,' we recognise a sudden flash of the creative imagination;

evoking for us a truth far greater, deeper and more fruitful than the merely external parallel which it suggests. So, too, with many common metaphors of the mystics: the Fire of Love, the Game of Love, the Desert of God, the Marriage of the Soul. Such phrases succeed because of their interior and imaginative appeal.

We have numerous examples of this kind of artistic language—the highly charged imaginative phrase—in the Bible; especially in the prophetic books and the Apocalypse.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.

I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places.

The Lord shall be a diadem of beauty.

He showed me a pure river of the water of life.

I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters.

I saw a new heaven and a new earth.

Whereas the original prophetic significance of these phrases is now meaningless for us, their suggestive quality—their appeal to the mystic consciousness, retains its full force. They are artistic creations and have the enormous evocative power proper to all great art. Later mystics use such passages again and again, reading their own experiences into these traditional forms.

The classic example of this close alliance between poetic readings of life and practical mysticism is of course the mystical interpretation of the *Song of Songs*, which appears in Christian mysticism at least as early as the fourth century. But there are many other instances. Thus St. Macarius finds in Ezekiel's vision of the Cherubim a profoundly suggestive image of the state of the deified soul, 'all eyes and all wings,' driven upon its course by the Heavenly Charioteer

of the Spirit. Thus in *The Mirror of Simple Souls*, another of Ezekiel's visions—that of the “great eagle, with great wings, long wings, full of feathers, which took the highest branch of the cedar,” becomes the vivid symbol of the contemplative mind, “the eagle that flies high, so right high and yet more high than does any other bird, for she is feathered with fine love, and beholds above other the beauty of the sun.”

When we pass to the mystical poets, we find that nearly all their best effects are due to their extraordinary genius for this kind of indirect, suggestive imagery. This is the method by which they proceed when they wish to communicate their vision of reality. Their works are full of magical phrases which baffle analysis, yet, as one of them has said :

Lighten the wave-washed caverns of the mind
With a pale starry grace.

Many of these phrases are of course familiar to everyone. Vaughan's

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light.

Blake's

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower ;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

Whitman's

Light rare, untellable, lighting the very light.

Thompson's

Ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity.

These are artistic, sidelong representations of the mystic's direct apprehension of the Infinite on, so to speak, its cosmic and impersonal side. Others reflect

the personal and intimate contact with the Divine Life which forms the opposite side of his complete experience. Thus Francis Thompson :

With his aureole
The tresses of my soul
Are blent
In wished content.

So, too, St. John of the Cross :

All things I then forgot,
My cheek on him who for my coming came,
All ceased, and I was not,
Leaving my cares and shame
Among the lilies, and forgetting them.

Best of all, perhaps, Jalālu'ddīn :

In a place beyond uttermost Place, in a tract without shadow
of trace,
Soul and body transcending, I live in the soul of my Loved
One anew.

So much for the poets. In the prose writings of the mystics we find again the same characters, the same high imaginative qualities, the same passionate effort to give the ineffable some kind of artistic form. This effort includes in its span a wide range of literary artifices: some endeavouring to recapture and represent in concrete symbols the objective Reality known ; some, like the dominant art movement of the present day, trying to communicate it obliquely by a representation of the subjective feeling-state induced in the mystic's own consciousness. At one end of the scale, therefore, we have the so-called negative language of mysticism, which describes the supersensuous in paradox, by refusing to describe it at all; by declaring that the entry of the soul upon spiritual experience is an entry into a Cloud of Unknowing, a nothing, a Divine Darkness, a fathomless abyss. The curious thing is, that

though here, if anywhere, the mystic seems to keep his secret to himself, as a matter of fact it is just this sort of language which has been proved to possess the highest evocative power. For many types of mind, this really does fling magic casements wide; does give us a momentary glimpse of the perilous seas. I am inclined to think that, many and beautiful as are the symbolic and pictorial creations of mystical genius, it is here that this genius works most freely, produces its most magnificent results. When Ruysbroeck speaks of the boundless abyss of pure simplicity, that "dim silence where all lovers lose themselves"; when he assures us that, "stripped of its very life," the soul is destined to "sail the wild billows of that Sea Divine"—surely he *does* effect a change in our universe? So, too, the wonderful series of formless visions—though 'vision' is a poor word for intuitive experience of this sort—experienced by Angela of Foligno, far exceed in their suggestive power her vividly-pictured conversations with Christ, when she *saw* "those eyes and that face so gracious and so pleasing."

The soul (she says herself of these 'dark revelations') delighteth unspeakably therein: yet it beholds nothing which can be related by the tongue or imagined by the heart. It sees *nothing*, yet sees all things: because it beholds the Good darkly, and the more darkly and secretly the Good is seen, the more sure it is, and excellent above all things. Wherefore, all other Good which can either be seen or imagined, is doubtless less than this; because all the rest is darkness.

I beheld (she says again of her ultimate experience of the Absolute) a Thing, as fixed and stable as it was indescribable; and more than this I cannot say, save what I have often said already, namely that it was all good. And though my soul beheld not love, yet when it saw that ineffable Thing it was itself filled with unutterable joy, and it was taken out of the state it was in, and placed in this great and ineffable state. . . .

But if thou seekest to know that which I beheld, I can tell thee nothing, save that I beheld a Fulness and a Clearness, and felt them within me so abundantly that I cannot describe it, nor give any image thereof: for what I beheld was not bodily, but as though it were in heaven. Thus I beheld a beauty so great that I can say nothing of it, save that I saw the Supreme Beauty, which contains in itself all goodness.

In the end, all that Angela has said here is, 'Come and see!' but in saying this, she tells us far more than many do who go about to measure the City of Contemplation. Here words suggest, they do not tell; entice, but do not describe. Reminding us of the solemn declaration of Thomas à Kempis, that "there is a distance incomparable between those things that imperfect men think, and those that men illumined by high revelation behold," they yet extend to other minds a musical invitation to intercourse with new orders of reality.

This sort of language, this form of paradoxical, suggestive, allusive art is a permanent feature in mystical literature. It is usually supposed to be derived from Dionysius the Areopagite, but is really far older than this. As it comes down the centuries, it develops in depth and richness. Each successive mystic takes up the imagery of negation where the last one leaves it—takes it, because he recognises that it describes a country where he too has been—and adds to it the products of his own most secret and august experiences. It is like the torch-race of the antique world; the illuminating symbol, once lit, is snatched from hand to hand, and burns ever brighter as it is passed on.

I take one example of this out of many. Nearly all the great mystics of the later middle ages speak of the Wilderness or Desert of Deity; suggesting thus

that sense of great, swept spaces, 'beyond the polar circle of the mind,'—of a plane of experience destitute of all the homely furniture of thought—which seems to characterise a certain type, or stage, of contemplation. Substantially the same experience which Dionysius the Areopagite and those mystics who follow him call the Divine Ignorance or the Dark, and which his English interpreter names the Cloud of Unknowing, where the soul feels itself to be lost; it represents the emergence of the self into a real universe—a 'place beyond uttermost Place'—unrelated to the categories of thought. But each mystic who uses this traditional image of amazement—really the description of a psychological situation, not of an *objective* reality—gives to it a characteristic touch; each has passed it through the furnace of his own passionate imagination, and slightly modified its temper and its form. This place or state, says Eckhart, is "a still wilderness where no one is at home." It is "the quiet desert of the Godhead," says Tauler—"so still, so mysterious, so desolate! The great wastes to be found in it have neither image, form, nor condition." Yet, says Richard Rolle—suddenly bringing the positive experience of the contemplative heart to the rescue of the baffled contemplative mind—in this same wilderness consciousness *does* set up an ineffable correspondence with Reality.

[There] speaks the loved to the heart of the lover; as it were a bashful lover, that his sweetheart before men entreats not, nor friendly-wise but commonly and as a stranger kisses . . . and anon comes heavenly joy, marvellously making merry melody.

Here, you see, the mystic, with an astonishing boldness, weaves together spatial, personal and musical

imagery, positive and negative experience, in order to produce his full effect.

Finally, St. John of the Cross, great thinker, manly and heroic mystic, and true poet, effects a perfect synthesis of these positive and negative experiences—that apparent self-loss in empty spaces which is also, mysteriously, an encounter of love.

The soul in dim contemplation (he says) is like a man who sees something for the first time, the like of which he has never seen before . . . hence it feels like one who is placed in a wild and vast solitude where no human being can come; an immense wilderness without limits. But this wilderness is the more delicious, sweet and lovely, the more it is wide, vast and lonely; for where the soul seems most to be lost, there it is most raised up above all created things.

All this language, as I have said, belongs to the oblique and paradoxical side of the mystic's art; and comes to us from those who are temperamentally inclined to that pure contemplation which 'has no image.' Psychologically speaking, these mystics are closer to the musician than to any other type of artist, though they avail themselves when they wish of material drawn from all the arts. But there is another kind of mystic, naturally inclined to visualisation, who tends to translate his supersensual experience into concrete, pictorial images; into terms of colour and of form. He uses, in fact, the methods of the painter, the descriptive writer, sometimes of the dramatist, rather than those of the musician or the lyric poet. He is, I think, as a rule much less impressive than the artist of the illusive kind, and is seldom so successful in putting us into communion with Reality. As Bergson has it, he generally offers us the label instead of the thing. On the other hand—and partly on this account—he is the more generally understood. For

one person to whom Plotinus or Ruysbroeck communicates his sublime intuition of reality, a hundred accept at their face-value, as true 'revelations,' the visions of St. Gertrude or St. Teresa.

The picture-making proceedings of this type of mystical artist are of two kinds. Sometimes they are involuntary, sometimes deliberate. Often we find both forms in the same individual. For instance in Mechthild of Magdeburg and in Suso; where it is sometimes extremely difficult to find the dividing line between true visionary experience entirely outside the self's control, and the sort of intense meditation, or poetic apprehension of truth, which demands a symbolic and concrete form for its literary expression. In both cases an act of artistic creation has taken place—in one below, in the other above, the normal threshold of consciousness. In true visionaries, the translation of the supersensual into sensual terms is uncontrolled by the surface intellect; as it is indeed in many artists. Without the will or knowledge of the subject, intuitions are woven up into pictures, cadences, words; and, by that which psychologists call a psychosensorial automatism, the mystic seems to himself to receive the message of reality in a pictorial, verbal, dramatic or sometimes a musical form—"coming in to his body by the windows of the wits" as one old writer has it.

Thus the rhythmic phrases in which the Eternal Wisdom speaks to Suso, or the Divine Voice to St. Catherine of Siena, verge on poetic composition; but poetic composition of the automatic type, uncontrolled by the mystic's surface-mind. Thus, too, the great fluid visions of the prophets, the sharply definite, often lovely images which surge up before the mind of Suso,

the Mechthilds, Gertrude, Angela of Foligno, or the great Teresa herself, are symbolic pictures which represent an actual interior experience, a real contact with the supersensual, exhibiting the interpretative power inherent in the mystical imagination. These pictures are seen by the mystic—sometimes, as he says, within the mind, sometimes as projections in space—always in sharp definition, lit by that strong light which is peculiar to visionary states. They are not produced by any voluntary process of composition ; but loom up, as do the best creations of other artists, from his deeper mind, bringing with them an intense conviction of reality. Good instances are the visions which so often occur at conversion, or mark the transition from one stage of the mystic way to another: for example, the Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine of Siena, or that Vision of the Upper School of True Resignation, which initiated Suso into the Dark Night of the Soul. I believe that we may look on such visions as allied to dream-states ; but in the case of the great mystics they are the richly significant waking-dreams of creative genius, not the confused and meaningless dreams of normal men. Suso himself makes this comparison, and says that none but the mystic can distinguish vision from dream. In character they vary as widely as do the creations of the painter and the poet. The personal and intimate, the remote and metaphysical, sides of the spiritual life are richly represented in them. Sometimes the elements from which they are built up come from theology, sometimes from history, legend, nature, or human life. But in every case the ‘glory of the lighted mind’ shines on them.

Often a particularly delicate and gay poetic feeling

—a fairy touch—shows itself in the symbolic pictures by which these mystics try to represent their encounter with the spiritual world. Coventry Patmore once spoke of a 'sphere of rapture and dalliance' to which the great contemplatives are raised; and it is from such a sphere that these seem to turn back to us, trying, by direct appeals to our sense of joy—the most stunted of our spiritual faculties—to communicate their exultant experience of that Kingdom of Reality which is neither 'here' nor 'there' but 'everywhere.'

Music and dancing, birds and flowers, the freshness of a living, growing world, all simple joyous things, all airy beauties, are used in the effort to tell us of that vision which Clement called 'the privilege of love.' When we read their declarations we feel that it is always spring-time in those gardens of the soul of which they tell. St. John of the Cross, who described those spiritual gardens, said that fragrant roses brought from strange islands grew there—those strange islands which are the romantic, unexplored possibilities of God—and that water-lilies shine like stars in that roaring torrent of supernal glory which pours without ceasing through the transfigured soul.

This is high poetry; but sometimes the mystic imagination shows itself under simpler, more endearing forms, as when St. Mechthild of Hackeborn saw the prayers of her sisters flying up like larks into the presence of God, some soaring as high as His countenance and some falling down to rest upon His heart. An angel carried the little, fluttering prayers which were not strong enough to rise of themselves. Imagery less charming than this has gone to the making of many a successful poem.

Between the sublime intensity of St. John and

the crystalline simplicity of St. Mechthild, mystical literature provides us with examples of almost every type of romantic and symbolic language; deliberate or involuntary translation of the heavenly fact into the earthly image. True, the earthly image is transfused by a new light, radiant with a new colour, has been lifted into a new atmosphere; and so often has a suggestive quality far in excess of its symbolic appropriateness. In their search for such images the mystics explore the resources of all the arts. In particular, music and dancing—joyous harmony, unceasing measured movement—have seemed to them specially significant *media* whereby to express their intuitions of Eternal Life. St. Francis, and after him Richard Rolle, heard celestial melodies; Dante saw the saints dancing in the sphere of the sun; Suso heard the music of the angels, and was invited to join in their song and dance. It was not, he says, like the dancing of this world, but was like a celestial ebb and flow within that incomprehensible Abyss which is the secret being of the Deity.

There is no need to draw the attention of the readers of *THE QUEST* to the remarkable way in which mystics of all countries and periods, from Plotinus to Jacob Boehme, resort to the *dance* as an image of the glad harmonious movements of liberated souls—their spontaneous yet measured responses to the music of reality—since this is a subject which has received special and expert attention in these pages. But I should like to mention one who has made a particularly beautiful use of this symbol: the German mystic and poetess, Mechthild of Magdeburg, whose writings are amongst the finest products of mystical genius of the romantic type. This Mechthild's book, *The Book of the Flowing*

Light of the Godhead, is a collection of visions, revelations, thoughts and letters, written in alternate prose and verse. The variety of its contents includes the most practical advice on daily conduct, the most sublime descriptions of high mystical experience. Mechthild was a great artist, and an artist who was evidently familiar with the literary tradition and most of the literary expedients of her time. She uses many of them in the attempt to impart to others that vision of Life, Light and Love which she knew. I take, as an example of her genius, and a last specimen of the mystic's creative art, the celebrated letter addressed to a fellow-pilgrim on that spiritual 'Love-path' which she trod herself with so great a fortitude. I choose it because it represents, not only the rich variety of Mechthild's literary resources, but also those several sides of artistic expression, as employed by the great mystics, which we have considered. Here, concrete representation is perpetually reinforced by oblique suggestion; the imagery of the poet is double-edged, evoking moods as well as ideas. You will observe that it opens with a spiritual love-scene, closely related in style to the secular and romantic literature of Mechthild's time; that this develops to a dramatic dialogue between soul and senses—another common artifice of the mediæval author—and this again leads by a perfectly natural transition to the soul's great acclamation of its destiny, and the crowning announcement of the union of lover and beloved.

The movement of this mystical romance, then, like the movement of ascending consciousness, goes from the concrete image to the mysterious and sidelong apprehension of imageless facts. First we have picture, then dialectic, then intuitive certitude. Here,

too, we find both those aspects of experience which dominate mystical literature: the personal and intimate encounter of love, and the self-loss of the soul in an utterly transcendent Absolute. Surely the union of these 'completing opposites' in one work of art must rank amongst the great achievements of the human imagination.

Mechthild tells her story of the soul's adventure in snatches of freely-rhymed verse, linked together by prose narrative passages—a form which is not uncommon in the secular literature of the Middle Ages.¹ We are further reminded of that secular literature by the imagery which she employs. The soul is described as a maiden, the Divine Lover is a fair youth whom she desires. The very setting of the story is just such a faëry landscape as we find in the lays and romances of chivalry; it has something of the spring-like charm that we feel in *Aucassin and Nicolette*—the dewy morning, the bird-haunted forest, the song and dance. It is, in fact, a love story of the period adapted with extraordinary boldness to the purposes of mystical experience.

When the loving Soul, she says, has endured all the trials of mystical purification, she is very weary, and says to her Love, "Oh, beautiful youth! I long for thee. Where shall I find thee?" And the Youth answers:

A gentle voice I hear,
 Something of love sounds there:
 I have wooed her long and long,
 Yet not till now have I heard that song.
 It moveth me so

¹ For the verse-translations in the following extracts I am indebted to the great skill and kindness of Mrs. Theodore Beck; who, possessing a special talent for this most difficult art, has most generously made for me these beautiful versions of Mechthild's poetry.

Towards her I must go.
 She is the Soul who with pain is torn,
 And love, that is one with the pain,
 In the early dew of the morn ;
 In the hidden depths, where far below
 The Life of the Soul is born.

Then say her servitors, the which are the Five
 Senses, "Lady, adorn thyself." And the Soul says,
 "Love, where must I go?"

Then say the Senses :

We have heard the whisper clear,
 The Prince is coming towards thee here,
 In the morning dew, in the bird's song :
 Ah, fair Bride, tarry not long !

Then the Soul adorns herself with the virtues, and
 goes out into the forest : and the forest is the company
 of the saints. Sweet nightingales sing there night
 and day of true union with God ; and there in the
 thicket are heard the voices of the birds of holy wisdom.

But the Youth himself came not to her. He sent
 messengers to the intent that she might dance : one
 by one he sent her the faith of Abraham, the aspirations
 of the Prophets, the pure humility of our Lady Saint
 Mary, all the virtues of Christ, and all the sanctity
 of His elect ; and thus there was a very noble dance.
 And then came the Youth and said to the Soul,
 "Maiden, as gladly shouldst thou have danced, as
 mine elect have danced." Then said she :

Unless thou lead me, Lord, I cannot dance ;
 Would'st thou have me leap and spring,
 Thou thyself, dear Lord, must sing ;
 So shall I spring into thy love,
 From thy love to understanding,
 From understanding to delight.
 Then, soaring human thought far, far above,
 There circling will I dwell, and taste encircling love.

So sings the Bride ; and so the Youth must sing,
that she may dance. Then says he :

Maiden, thy dance of praise was well performed. Now thou shalt have thy will of the Virgin's Son, for thou art weary. Come at mid-day to the shady fountain, to the resting place of love : and with him thou shalt find refreshment.

Then the Maiden says :

Oh Lord, it is too high, too great,
That she should be thy chosen mate
Within whose heart no love can be,
Till she is quickened, Lord, by thee.

By this romantic, story-telling method Mechthild has appealed to the fancy and emotion of the reader, and has enticed him into the heart of the spiritual situation. Next, she passes to her intellectual appeal ; the argument between the Soul and the Senses. From this she proceeds, by a transition which seems to be free and natural, yet is really the outcome of consummate art, to the supreme declarations of the deified spirit 'at home with the Lord,' as St. Paul said. The dialogue proceeds by the process of reduction to a demonstration of God as the only satisfaction of the questing soul which has surrendered to the incantations of Reality. One after another, substitutes for the First and Only Fair are offered and rejected.

The Soul says to the Senses, which are her servitors : " Now I am for a while weary of the dance. Give place ! for I would go where I may refresh myself." Then say the Senses to the Soul : " Lady, wilt thou refresh thyself in the tears of love of St. Mary Magdalene ? This may well satisfy thee." But the Soul says : " Hush, sirs, you know not what I mean ! Let me be, for I would drink a little of the unmingled wine."

Then say the Senses :

Oh Bride, in virgin chastity,
Is the Love of God made ready for thee.

And the Soul says :

Even so : yet though high and pure it be,
That path is not the highest for me.

And the Senses :

In the blood of the martyred saints
May'st thou refresh thy soul that faints.

And the Soul :

I have been martyred so many a day,
I cannot now tread in that way.

And the Senses :

By the wise Confessors' side,
The pure in heart love to abide.

And the Soul :

And their counsel will I obey,
Both when I go and when I stay ;
And yet I cannot walk in their way.

And the Senses :

In the Apostles' wisdom pure,
May'st thou find a refuge sure.

And the Soul :

I have their wisdom here in my heart,
And with it I choose the better part.

And the Senses :

O Bride, the angels are fair and bright,
Full of God's love, full of God's light ;
Would'st thou refresh thee, mount to their height.

And the Soul :

The angels' joy is but heartache to me,
If their Lord and my Bridegroom I may not see.

And the Senses :

In holy penance refresh thee and save,
That God to St. John Baptist gave.

And the Soul :

I am ready for pain, ready for grief ;
Yet the Combat of Love is first and chief.

And the Senses :

O Bride, would'st thou refreshèd be,
So bend thee to the Virgin's knee,
To the little Babe, and taste and see
The Milk of Joy from the Maid's breast,
That the Angels drink, in unearthly rest.

And the Soul :

It is but a childish love indeed,
Babes to cradle, babes to feed ;
I am a fair, a full-grown Bride,
I must haste to my Lover's side.

And the Senses :

O Bride, if thou goest thou shalt find,
That we are utterly dazzled and blind.
Such fiery heat in God doth dwell—
Thou thyself knowest it well—
That all the Flame and all the Glow
Which in Heaven above and the Saints below
Burneth and shineth—all doth flow
From God Himself—His divine breath
Sighed by the Spirit's wisdom and power,
Through His human lips, born to death,
—Who may abide it, e'en for an hour ?

And the Soul says :

The fish in the water cannot drown,
The bird in the air cannot sink down,
Gold in the fire cannot decay,
But shineth fairer and clearer alway.
To all creatures God doth give
After their own natures to live.
How can I bind my nature's wings ?
I must haste to my God before all things.
My God, by His nature my Father above,
My Brother in His humanity,

My Bridegroom in His ardent love,

And I His from Eternity.

Think ye, that Fire must utterly slay my soul ?

Nay—fierce He can scorch—then tenderly cool and console. . . .

And so did the utterly loved go in to the utterly lovely ; into the secret chamber of the Pure Divinity. And there she found the resting place of love, and the home of love, and the Divine Humanity that awaited her.

And the Soul said :

Lord God, I am now a naked soul,

And Thou art arrayed all gloriously :

We are Two in One, we have reached the goal,

Immortal Rapture that cannot die.

Now, a blessed Silence doth o'er us flow,

Both Wills together would have it so.

He is given to her, she is given to Him,—

What now shall befall her, the Soul doth know—

And therefore am I consoled !

This is the end of all mysticism. It is the term to which all the artistic efforts of the mystics have striven to lead the hearts of other men.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRIT IN ANCIENT CHINA.¹

L. CRANMER-BYNG, B.A.

OF the three essentials needed by one who would master the art of life and the harmony of man, we have already treated of the virtues of Weakness and Emptiness, and now proceed briefly to consider the important subject of Apprehension.

Until we know something of the Tao of Earth it is useless to try to understand the Tao of Heaven. Confucius himself sums up the attitude of the true man towards the unknown. Chi Lu inquired concerning men's duty to spirits. The Master replied: "Before we are able to do our duty by the living, how can we do it by the spirits of the dead?" Chi Lu went on to enquire about death. The Master said: "Before we know what life is, how can we know what death is?" But Confucius was the supreme rationalist of his age, and Lao Tzŭ and his disciple were mystics, and no mystic can ever follow blindly the Tao of Earth without endeavouring to connect it with the Tao of Heaven. Speaking of the latter, Chuang Tzŭ says:

Tao is something beyond material existences. It cannot be conveyed either by words or by silence. In that state, which is neither speech nor silence, its transcendental nature may be *apprehended*.

¹ For the introductory part of this subject, see Mr. Cranmer-Bying's paper on 'The Mystical Philosophy of Ancient China: Taoism,' in the last number.—Ed.

Neither reason nor intellect will help us, for as Chuang Tzū remarks :

Man's intellect, however keen, face to face with the countless evolution of things, their death and birth, their squareness and roundness, can never reach the root.

And again :

Those who trust to their senses become slaves to objective existences. But those who are guided by their intuitions find the true standard, and so far are the senses less reliable than the intuitions.

To the Taoist, intuition is the final court through which man passes towards the apprehension of God. And by intuition, as Bergson says, "is meant that kind of intellectual sympathy by means of which one transports one's self to the interior of an object so as to coincide with that which constitutes the very reality of the object, the unique reality, consequently inexpressible." Conscious of the reality within ourselves, we have taken the next step and become conscious, through intuition, of the objects without us. Yet if by the aid of intuition we transport ourselves to the interior of an object, the ultimate effect is to retain something of the reality of that object within ourselves. By this much we have gained, by this much our vision of reality has found new horizons and our spiritual boundaries have been enlarged.

Yet no man can find the soul in others before he has found and asserted the soul within himself. No man can say 'brother' until the day comes when he looks within himself and finds his brother there. For this is the very centre and essence of all Taoist teaching: that only through weakness and humility can we understand, only through emptiness, through

enlarging the void can we receive, and only through intuition can we perceive our brother standing, not without the gate but within. That is why Chuang Tzū calls to us across the centuries :

Follow ! Follow the Tao and you will attain perfection. Why these vain struggles after charity and duty toward's one's neighbour, as though beating a drum in search of a fugitive ?

There is the universe, its regularity is unceasing ; there are the sun and moon, their brightness is unceasing ; there are the stars, their groupings never change ; there are birds and beasts, they flock together without varying ; there are trees and shrubs, they grow upwards without exception ; and there is the man of Tao, who, without turning either to the right or left, without beating a drum in search of a fugitive, has found his brother within himself. He, therefore, says the Upanishads, "who knows the self, after having become quiet, subdued, satisfied, patient, and collected, sees self in self, sees all as self. . . . Free from evil, free from spots, free from doubt, he becomes a true Brāhmaṇa."

But, for us, the knowledge of ourselves must precede all other knowledge, we must feel the Divine law working within before we can apprehend its working without. It is only when we become conscious of a soul of our own, of something that persists and bids us work, not from any ancestral desire for the fruits of labour, but simply to fulfil our part in the scheme of things ; it is then alone that we are able to glimpse the law at work in others and realise for a moment the meaning of human brotherhood. If we are all brothers, we must be equally all sons of one Father. Yet the recognition of universal brotherhood is not within the power of mortal men. It requires the Divine

penetration from without to find beneath the human mask the embryo of the Divine within. Humanity must be content with this sense of intuition, which in a flash betrays to us the presence of our brother. Further than this it cannot go. How glibly the words 'fraternity,' 'altruism,' and 'the common good' slip from our tongues; yet I say without hesitation that except a man has faith—faith in the will of God working in himself, working in others, working through the great moods of the universe—he will accomplish nothing toward the welding of men into one brotherhood of man. What call have I to talk or act unless the Spirit moves me? But it is so often the motive, the mean motive to the mean end, the personal motive that lures us on, seldom the irresistible urge, the call of the higher nature, the answering cry of the child in the night, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." We may move towards a larger humanity, a greater goal, than we possibly dare to conceive in the present day, but it will be only when we have discovered,—not Utopia, nor any other land of dream,—but one another. The friends of to-day are the enemies of to-morrow, or grown indifferent, or lost to us; but souls that have touched each other through intuition will remember and possess the world between them. Loneliness would appear to be the natural environment of the human soul. We say, and often with reason, that there is something within us which even those nearest to us may not fathom. Often we approach without ever really meeting or pass unknowing, unacknowledged, each shrouded in his separate atmosphere, two ghost-worlds crossing the void. Yet there are moments in life when we are made aware of a kindred force, when we are drawn into each other's orbit, when for the

world you have given me of you, I render you the world of me.

And if the discovery of one human soul means so much to another, what may be said of the apprehending of the Creator by His creature? "By their works ye shall know them," by His works ye shall know Him. Chuang Tzŭ says: "To apprehend fully the scheme of the Universe, this is called the great secret of being in accord with God." The soul of man in its relation to the Infinite is apprehensive, the Divine which works behind the worlds is comprehensive. Is it not possible that all life is but a passing from the apprehension of men to the comprehension of God? It was through Nature that the Taoist saint and hermit apprehended God. But as one of the earliest of their philosophers, Hwai Nan Tzŭ, has well said, most men are vexed and miserable, "because they do not use their hearts in the enjoyment of outward things, but use outward things as a means of delighting their hearts." The Taoist, on the other hand, took Nature into his heart; he absorbed her until she became a part of himself. Not until then did the old Chinese masters put one phase of beauty upon silk, or turn the petals of a single flower. Speaking of early Chinese art, Mr. Laurence Binyon, in *The Flight of the Dragon*, tells us:

In these paintings we do not feel that the artist is portraying something external to himself; that he is caressing the happiness and soothing joy offered him in the pleasant places of the earth, or even studying with wonder and delight the miraculous works of Nature. But the winds of the air have become his desires, and the clouds his wandering thoughts, the mountain peaks are his lonely aspirations, and the torrents his liberating energies. Flowers open their secret hearts to the light, and, trembling to the breeze's touch, seem to be unfolding the mystery of his own human heart, the mystery of those intuitions and emotions which

are too deep or too shy for speech. It is not one aspect or another of Nature, one particular beauty or another: the pleasant sward and leafy glade are not chosen, and the austere crags and eaves, with the wild beasts that haunt them, left and avoided. It is not man's earthly surrounding, tamed to his desires, that inspires the artist; but the universe, in its wholeness and its freedom, has become his spiritual home.

The work and the worker! How shall we discriminate between them? That which is mine is me, and that which is yours is you. Not the possessions, the wealth which we hoard or squander, the clothes we wear, or even the human form which we ultimately lay aside. Of all these things we are at most but tenants for life. No man can look upon the landscape fresh from the wondrous workmanship of God and say, this is mine. What then is mine, save the work through which I shall live when the image in front of you, the voice addressing you, have passed for ever beyond recognition, beyond recall? Through work alone can human personality survive. He who attempts nothing will become nothing; he who builds nothing will have no home hereafter. But if my soul is not in the work, then all my elaborate building will have been in vain. I shall have only piled brick on brick, stone on stone, without coherence, without stability, for the first onslaught of the wind to overthrow. Soul is that which binds together, as bricks are bound by mortar. Yes! but it is more than this. If I build well and truly for myself, I am building also for others. While I am living, others will be my guests; when I have suffered the great change, others will be my guests also, for love of the quiet, the beauty, the rest my home can give them. If I build a Folly, not even fools will dwell therein, for to the fool there is no folly like his own. My walls will crumble and fall to ruin,

and one day God's grass will be merciful, and the silent footfall of Spring will obliterate. How can I set about to build what will endure, whence shall I seek for materials, what manner of palace, or temple, or cottage shall I build? Three courses are open to me, and without all three I shall build in vain. I must find what I seek in the soul which pervades the universe, in the souls of others, who will make me their guest, and finally within myself. If I paint a portrait of anyone of you, it is not you that I reproduce, but myself through the relation into which I have placed myself with you, through the materials you have given me with which to work. How far I shall succeed will depend not so much on my faithfulness to physical detail or colouring, as in my intuition of the self which is in you reflected in myself.

A man [says Mr. Binyon] is not an isolated being; it is by his relation to others, and to the world around him, that he is known, and his nature made manifest. To achieve a beautiful relation to another human being is to realise a part of perfection.

The Buddhists, who were the successors and inheritors of Taoism in Japan, had exactly the same idea as regards the relationship of man to Being as the Taoists. In writing of the Zen philosophy, the late Arthur Lloyd, in his *Creed of Half Japan*, says:

Zen, whilst rejecting a personal God, accepts with reverence a Something beyond Knowledge, which lies at the back of all phenomenal existence. We can never know that Being in its entirety, but we can reach to Him in three ways, "feeling after Him, and, haply, finding Him": we may look into our hearts by introspection and meditation, and there we shall find Him; we may look into the hearts of others by means of the Word, spoken or written, and there we shall find Him; we may look at Nature, in all its manifestations, romantic or commonplace, and there we shall find Him. For my heart is Buddha; and the heart of my

brother whose books I read is Buddha; and Nature in its entirety, the Infinitely great, the Infinitely small, every star or comet, every mountain range or ocean, every insect, every leaf, is Buddha.

From the Infinitely great to the Infinitely little the Taoist ranges. No philosophy, of which I am aware, has ever taught the kinship of humanity to flowers and trees more beautifully than Taoism. Speaking of those who are in harmony with Tao, Huai Nan Tzŭ says: "The spirits of such men may find a home in the tip of an autumn leaf, or pervade the universe in its entirety." It is this sense of kinship with the little children of God which keeps us young, which renews in us the eternal Spring. It was this sense that made the old Chinese and Japanese painters give the world flowers that were almost human, and figures that were flower-like in design. No fairy tales of any nation are more exquisite than those of the Chinese dealing with flower fairies. They are the little kindly folk absorbed in good deeds; theirs the hands that light the fire upon a cold hearth, and restore the fortunes of a ruined house. Look at the flower-pictures of the Sung and Yuan and the Ming dynasties; they excel all the more laboured reproductions of the West. The aim of flower-painting, as Mr. Binyon points out, "was always to bring out the growth of the plant." Growth is the rhythm of life. The opening rose adds stanza upon stanza until the poem of her petals is complete. And the first principle of Chinese art is the Rhythmic Vitality expressed in the movement of life. All the technique in the world will not give us the feeling of life on silk or canvas. It is intuition, that delicate sense of touch between life and life, between soul and soul, that alone enables the artist to give us not an imitation of a living flower, but the

flower itself, re-born within him, and therefore his own child. But whether we find life in the artist's canvas, or merely an imitation of life, depends largely upon ourselves. Life is not to be found in line alone or colour, neither in symmetry nor its opposite. We can but find the life that fills a masterpiece, by using our own sense of intuition, by establishing a point of contact between the seer and the seen. And all great art is suggestive of more possibilities than a single canvas can contain. In the portrait of a man we may see not merely the moulding influences of the past, but something of the triumphs or defeats of the years that await him. All the past portrayed is eloquent of the future. Is it a landscape?—then there is always room for us to enter and explore. The mountains call us up and beyond, the plains draw us into their distances, the woods beckon us into their shade. Nothing in art attains finality. Nothing is cut short as with a sword. The poem comes to an end, but the train of thought aroused within us as we read it, stops only at our will. The truth is that the spectator or the reader or, in the case of music, the hearer has each his allotted part. It lies in him not only to appreciate and understand the work of the master, but even to continue it within himself. And if I have emphasised the importance of art in connexion with the Taoist idea of apprehension, it is because so much of the inspiration of Chinese masters, both poets and painters, was obtained through their appreciation of the philosophical ideas of Taoism, and also of Buddhism, especially of the Zen order. And art based on a sane philosophy of life will help us more than all the lectures and discussions rightly to apprehend. Through art we are kept young by our contact with the little glad

things of the world, human by our contact with others, and spiritual by our contact with God.

I have dealt hitherto with the positive side of Taoism, with the building up of the perfect man according to Taoist philosophy. There is also a negative side, concerned with the meeting of misfortune, of enmity, and the ills of life. It may be summed up in two words—Passive Resistance. Passive resistance is the falling back of the individual on the strength within. Says Huai Nan Tzŭ:

The quiescence of spirit with which a man is born is the nature implanted in him by Heaven; the influences which affect and excite him subsequently, work injury to that nature.

But he points out that those who are versed in Tao do not permit any change to take place in that nature through any human agency. Though, in common with everything else, they undergo variations outwardly, inwardly they never lose their inherent actuality. Again, he says:

The noble ought to adopt humble designations, and lofty structures should be built on low foundations. Pliant in action they can yet be firm; yielding they can yet be strong; adapting themselves to circumstances as they change, they still hold fast the fundamental part of the doctrine, and are able to effect great things by small means.

Again the element of water is introduced. It will passively resist your blind rage against it.

Strike it, you hurt it not; stab it, you cause no wound; cut it, you cannot sever it in twain; apply fire to it, it will not burn.

"The true sage," says Chuang Tzŭ, "is a passive agent." He offers no violent resistance to the violence without, no anger to oppose the anger of his enemies. With Lao Tzŭ, he remembers that "the violent and stiff-necked die not by a natural death," that "the

warrior that is strong does not conquer; the tree that is strong is cut down," that "appeal to arms is the lowest form of virtue," that "a violent wind does not out-last the morning; a squall of rain does not out-last the day."

But passive resistance is a principle which can be equally applied to a nation as to an individual. No country knows this better than China. Tartars, Mongolians, Manchus, have all poured their hordes into her provinces, usurping dynasties have seized her throne, barbarians have tyrannised over her people; but China has had and will have her way in the end. Whatever has been done by the Manchu dynasty, has been done only by the connivance of Chinese statesmen and the indifference of the people, and nothing that the Manchus have done has ever amounted to government. There has been administration, I grant you, administration to a limited extent by Manchu officials; and a contemptuous nation has permitted a little tribe, not one-fortieth of its population, to live idle at its expense. Now, even the semblance of power is being wrested from the nerveless hands of alien parasites, and the time is not far distant when China will take the great place which belongs to her by right of her 400,000,000 industrious people, by right of the great national characteristics which will yet astonish Europe. Had the Manchus remembered the words of Lao Tzū: "If a small kingdom humbles itself before a great kingdom, it shall win over that great kingdom"—had they taken these words to heart they would not to-day be eating the bread of affliction and drinking the bitter waters of adversity. But the passive resistance of a united nation is like water. It will wear its way through the hardest rock, through all subterranean

prisons that seek to wall it round, into the sunlight of national freedom and responsibility.

I have endeavoured in these two papers to give some idea of the principles of Taoism, according to its three great exponents, Lao Tzŭ, Chuang Tzŭ, and Huai Nan Tzŭ. But, in speaking of Tao, it is only possible to indicate a certain direction of thought, and no more; the part played by the Taoist is the part of stimulating and suggesting. All else rests with the hearer. "If you go about trying to force Tao down people's throats, you will be simply exposing yourself," says Chuang Tzŭ. The Taoist must speak only for himself, and if in speaking for himself he finds that he has spoken also for others, then alone has any measure of success been attained. There is no *must* in the dictionary of Taoism, except as regards the Taoist himself. He alone is bound; bound by the Divine law working within him to the greater divinity that works without.

Full allowance must be made for others, while remaining unmoved oneself. There must be a thorough compliance with Divine principles, without any manifestation thereof.

Of the ideal minister of the feudal state of Lu, it was said: "He never preaches at people, but puts himself into sympathy with them." And, in so far as I have failed in any way to put myself into sympathy with the reader, I have failed to convey the very essence of Taoism. And if any one of his charity is disposed to find an excuse for me, let his excuse be this, that:

If words were sufficient for the purpose, in a day's time we might exhaust the subject of Tao; since they are not sufficient, we may speak all day and only exhaust the subject of things.

It is the man of Tao that I have attempted to

bring before you, who, knowing his utter littleness in the universe, is humble as the dust, who, knowing his single impotence to prevail against the great winds that uproot the oak, the powers that cast down the mighty from their seat, elects to dwell among the humble and weak. It is the man of Tao who, having learnt the lesson of weakness and humility, who, having tempered his sharpness, disentangled his ideas, moderated his brilliancy, and lived in harmony with his age, passes to the knowledge of the second of the Taoist principles—the principle of Emptiness. Here, having learnt the lesson of his infinite littleness in comparison with that which lies without him, he begins to understand his infinite possibilities of expansion, possibilities of change, of self-evolution from the particular in the direction of the universal, ceasing only with the final change we know, called death. And so, standing empty of old desires, old dogmas, and all the useless lumber and *bric-à-brac* of his aimless wanderings, he is able at length to find room for others in himself, and apprehend the common soul in all.

I think it possible that I may be questioned concerning my representation of the Taoist ideal of human brotherhood, which is also Christ's,—that he alone is my brother who doeth the Will of my Father which is in Heaven. Someone may say: "In all men I recognise my brothers." I can only reply that such a position is infinitely beyond me, and seems to belong to God Himself. Lao Tzū tells us that the Tao of Heaven is without partiality, and we have all learnt that "God is no respecter of persons." But with the human it is different. If the soul is, indeed, the light within, we can only recognise that which comes into our orbit, or into whose orbit we are drawn. Our

recognition of our brother depends, not on what he happens to have in common with us of religion or politics, or art or calling, but upon our vision of the light that shines within him. The human soul can take no cognisance of caste or creed or colour in its intercourse with another soul. It is only by enlarging ourselves that we can take others into our orbit, even as we are taken into the orbit of others, even as all Hinduism is contained in the radiant atmosphere of Brahma, and he who knows that he is Brahma becomes the universe.

Yet this recognition of one another, whereby we are established and confirmed in our apprehension of Divine ends in our resolution to press forward, does not mean that we are to ignore others, whose light we have not yet seen, whose brotherhood to ourselves we have not yet acknowledged within our souls.

Among men [says Lao Tzū], reject none; among things, reject nothing. This is called comprehensive intelligence. The good man is the bad man's teacher; the bad man is the material upon which the good man works. If the one does not value his teacher, if the other does not love his material, then, despite their sagacity, they must go far astray.

And again he says :

To the good I would be good; to the not-good I would also be good, in order to make them good. With the faithful I would keep faith; with the unfaithful I would also keep faith, in order that they may become faithful. Even if a man is bad, how can it be right to cast him off? Requite injury with kindness.

Lao Tzū, the idealist, endeavours to adjust the relations of the human soul to the universe. In order to be able to adjust ourselves, according to Chuang Tzū, we must see things as a whole, as well as in parts. A mountain is high because of its individual particles; a river is large because of its individual drops. And

he is a just man who regards all parts from the point of view of the whole. Thus, "in regard to the views of others, he holds his own opinion, but not obstinately. In regard to his own views, while conscious of their truth, he does not despise the opinions of others." Chuang Tzū's doctrine of non-angularity and self-adaptation to externals, as Mr. Lionel Giles points out, is "really a corollary to the grand principle of getting outside one's personality"—a process which extends the mental horizon and creates sympathy with the minds of others. We must not only look from within, we must also see for ourselves from without.

Taoism is the gospel of the free man and the open door. He who never puts himself outside his particular creed is the prisoner of that creed; he who never puts himself outside his party is the slave of that party. We must go without as well as dwell within to realise the beauty and spaciousness of that structure which is still in process of building for the accommodation of the souls of men, to compare it with others that are filled to overflowing or falling into decay. The man whom I care for, the man to whom I would show myself as I am, may have no apparent opinion on social policy or religious doctrine or even on art in common with me, he may not belong to the same nation or even continent as myself. But, however we may differ upon ways and means and methods, when the ends are the same there is very little that comes between us.

All Tao is harmony. A disciple said to Lu Chu:

"Master, I have attained your Tao; I can do without fire in winter, I can make ice in summer." "You merely avail yourself of latent heat and latent cold," replied Lu Chu. "That is not what I call Tao. I will demonstrate to you what my Tao is."

Thereupon he tuned two lutes, and placed one in the hall and the other in the adjoining room ; and when he struck the kung note on one, the kung note on the other sounded ; when he struck the chio note on one, the chio note on the other sounded. This because they were both tuned to the same pitch. But if he changed the interval of one string, so that it no longer kept its place in the octave, and then struck it, the result was that all the twenty-five strings jangled together. There was sound as before, but the influence of the key-note was gone.

The souls of men are lutes attuned by Tao for the master hand of God. It is not words, as words, that count in the making of harmony between soul and soul, but the hidden force, the impetus that lies behind all words, all masks, all images, all ideas. If man, descendant of the ape and tiger, is struggling towards Buddhahood and Nirvāṇa, towards Paradise and the vision of angels' wings—call his hopes and aspirations what you will—it is the impetus within him that will bear him safely on. He need look neither to the right nor to the left, neither for good nor evil, because he has glimpsed the Way, and the Way is but one. It is my Way to me, and your Way to you. Words divide us and forms divide us, caste and creed and conflicting national ideals may divide us ; but we shall come from the four quarters of the world to meet it. And your road will be my road ; for the Way is One, and leads to One.

L. CRANMER-BYNG.

THE RELIGIOUS DANCING OF THE MACDONALDITES OF PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND.

DONALD T. MASSON, M.A., M.D.

FROM January to August of 1872, commissioned by the Colonial Committee of the General Assembly of the Scottish Church, I 'preached my way' to and fro for three thousand miles among the Gaelic-speaking churches of the Dominion.

I began at Kingston, at the foot of Lake Ontario, under the auspices of certain eminent professors of the Queen's University. An hour or two after my arrival in the University city I was asked to take the usual prayer-meeting in what may be called the University church, for in it the professors to a man were office-bearers. After the prayer-meeting service in English, I intimated that my mission was specially from the Mother Church in Scotland to her exile children who spoke the Gaelic language; to whom then and there I would begin my ministry if any of the audience would appreciate such a service. From 80 to 100 men and women remained, most of them well stricken in years. It was a hearty, impressive service. There was no difficulty in finding a precentor, and the singing was slow, deep-toned, and very solemn. After a fashion afterwards found to be universal, many people stayed after the Benediction to question me about the old Homeland and the friends they had long ago left

behind them. The yearning, heart-moving words were few, but full of emotion. The hand-grip, the wistful look and the tear, were our only eloquence.

Among those who there stayed to speak to me were two negroes. They spoke good Gaelic. Their English, I found afterwards, was the broken, baby English of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—the English of the Christy Minstrels. These dusky Gaels were fugitives from North Carolina. Before the war 'twixt North and South, there were several colonies of Gaelic-speaking people in the Southern States, whose slaves spoke the language of their owners. General Wigfall of Texas, hero of a hundred fights in the War, who, now a 'broken man,' was my fellow-passenger from Liverpool to New York, told me all about them. Fruit of the 'Domestic Institution,' these dusky Gaels spoke as good Gaelic as you will find to-day at Loch Alsh, Lochinver, or Stornoway—not indeed the high-pitched, stately Gaelic of Lochaber, but still a Gaelic pure, full, and plaintively sonorous.

From Kingston my mission reached out north-westward, to the Saugeen River and the Georgian Bay, where large Gaelic-speaking congregations met me at Southampton, Saugeen, Paisley, and Elderton. Thence, by way of Walkerton and Guelph, my pilgrimage led me to Hamilton, where the Gaels were in great force, and to Niagara Falls, where our Gaelic 'wood-notes wild' mingled with the eternal moan of the Father of Waters. At London, St. Thomas, and Fingal our Gaelic psalms blended with the song of the returning robin, really a thrush, and the welcome twitter of the swallow, just come back from Dixie.

From the General Assembly at Detroit of the American Presbyterian Church I was franked on to

Chicago on condition of taking the morning and evening services in Dr. Arthur Mitchell's church. Of course these services were to be in English. In Porkopolis I had no expectation of any gathering of worshipping Gaels. But the Gaels *were* there; and 'mid the ruins of a burnt-out city we fell each on the other's neck and sang, in the tongue of Ossian, the exile songs of our old Jerusalem. It was on this wise. Arriving in Chicago on Saturday forenoon, I naturally wandered out through the desolations of the Great Fire—through miles and miles of streets where the Boulevard trees stood dead and blackened, and the bricks, dug out from the ruined houses, were mounded in line with the blasted trees in preparation for rebuilding. When thus meditating among the tombs of a great city, I met a gentleman—a man of gentle mien and bearing—though his clothes shewed signs of the mortar-tub. Asked as to my whereabouts, his reply, in English, rang out the unmistakable accent of Inverness, where, "sir, they speak the purest English in the universe." I answered in Gaelic. He literally jumped with joy. And before long, eyeing my clerical waistcoat, he pleaded: "I see you are a minister: won't you give us a word in Gaelic to-morrow?" It was Saturday, and now far into the afternoon; but he hurried to the office of the evening paper, got in a short notice; and between morning and afternoon service next day we had a Gaelic gathering of some six hundred people. Similarly at Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal I had very large Gaelic-speaking congregations. At Toronto, on a week-day evening, I had a leading member of the Canadian Government as my Gaelic precentor.

But it was in the Lower Provinces that I found the Gael in his thousands, and Gaelic to the finger tips.

All about Pictun, town and country, all over Cape Breton, and on to Halifax, it was a succession of Gaelic Communion gatherings, in the open air, reminding me of the once famous 'Burn of Ferintosh' in the Black Isle of Ross. We began at 11 o'clock a.m. and continued with a succession of 'Table Services' to 5 p.m. When hurrying to my hosts to snatch some dinner, the people gathered around to know "when the evening service began." Remember, the open-air Communion service was all in Gaelic.

Among all these great Gaelic conventicles, West and East, there was everywhere an atmosphere of hushed, devout solemnity. But nowhere were there any signs of wild excitement. Here and there, especially when I mentioned the name of some great Gaelic preacher in the old Scottish Homeland—Kennedy, Macdonald, Sage, Carment, and the rest—or when I named the old 'white kirk' where their fathers had worshipped, or the churchyard which held the graves of their ancestors, there was a catching of the breath, a closing of the eyes, as if to let the spirit see, and then a quiet absorbed rocking of the body, as if the soul were on the wing in yearning search of the light of other days. "Yes; we are exiles from our native land."—" *Cha til cha til cha til e tuilidh.*"—"Macleod may return; but Macrimmon shall never." It was the exile clansman's wild wail, touched and purified by religion.

In Prince Edward's Island I came on a new phase of the Gaelic worship. There I came in touch with the Macdonaldites—a peculiar body of pious Gaelic speakers, whose character, customs and worship were largely a natural development of their lonely, isolated life. 'Cleared' from their native glens in the Scottish

Highlands nearly a century ago, and 'settled' in that lonely island of the great sea, which was long almost entirely cut off from the great outside world, and is still all winter girdled with a sea of ice, they were left to themselves, neglected, almost forgotten by Church and kindred in the old Homeland. Left thus to themselves, the native, inborn religion of these exiled, pious, Gaelic-speaking Highlanders developed itself and expressed itself on lines which, however peculiar, were not unnatural. In their public worship they had dancing. I saw it. It did not in the least scandalise me. It would have taken but little more to draw me, and quite naturally, into the stream.

The men sat at one side of the church; the women at the other, with an open space between. While preaching to them in their beloved native tongue I could not help observing the rising of a quiet, subtle, silent stir among the people—like a gentle, soundless wind among the corn. It quietly, very quietly, almost reverently, developed into the religious dance. A woman was the first to show, in features and in some slight bodily movements, quiet symptoms of deep emotion, which soon became contagious. Her facial muscles became rigid; her head was thrown back; her bonnet hung down behind her neck, prevented from falling off by the ribbon knotted under her chin. Others on the women's side of the church became similarly affected; and the men soon followed. One after another some dozens of both sexes got out into the open intervening space, and they danced; they danced in solemn, wrapt, absorbing quietude. They danced not with each other. Though never jostling, they seemed not to see each other. They were absorbed; unconscious to the world, they 'danced

before the Lord.' The movement seemed to begin in a sort of catalepsy—an ecstatic trance. It worked itself off in the religious dance.

I have called these 'peculiar people' the Macdonaldites. Through many years of their later history, previous to the Presbyterian crisis of 1843, they were 'the people of the reverend Donald Macdonald,' a man of ability and great force of character, as to whose history there is still considerable conflict of opinion. In Prince Edward's Island he was almost worshipped as a saint, and followed implicitly as a leader all but inspired. In the Scottish Presbytery of Abertarff he was remembered as a probationer—a clergyman not yet in full orders—headstrong, contumacious, and woefully lacking in reverence for the 'fathers and brethren' of that venerable Court. Be that as it may, Macdonald, armed, it is alleged in Canada, with full credentials from the Home Church, turned up in the Island, and in some little time was everywhere accepted not only as the trusted 'minister,' but as practically an infallible, autocratic pope. He never had a home. He itinerated from church to church among his people, and lived among them as one of themselves. He knew nor wife nor child. His only relative in the Island was his brother Finlay, whose descendants still live there; but this brother after the flesh, like all the rest, was only 'a brother in the Lord,' and in meek subjection to the 'Lord's anointed.' From 4,000 to 5,000 people were under his ministry—every one of them his 'obedient servant in the Lord.'

He never took one penny from the Home Church, or from any other source outside the Island. But he always claimed to be a minister of the Church of Scotland. He had signed the Confession of that

Church, *though with a reservation*. In dealing with his people and ordaining his elders he followed the rules of that Church as faithfully as his peculiar position allowed. On the first three elders ordained by him, he laid his own right hand. In subsequent ordinations, these three, and afterwards their ordained brethren, joined with Mr. Macdonald in the 'solemnity of the laying on of hands.'

Each of his churches had its own elders, whom he associated with himself in its government. These elders were ordained to read and pray in public worship; *but not to preach*. The elders received ordination kneeling. After prayer over them in this position he laid hands on them one by one, and solemnly added: "Rise up, Elder in the Church of Christ." After each elder was thus ordained, Mr. Macdonald formally 'received' them with Christian greeting. Then, following the minister, the elders already ordained 'laid hands' on their newly-consecrated brother, who was by them also 'received' in the same solemn and simple way.

When solemnly, in prospect of his end, transferring his people and his cure of souls to the Church of Scotland, he could say: "I have built eleven churches and am building a twelfth." At page 158 of *Macdonald's Life*, by the Reverend Murdo Lamont, it is said that "he ministered to fourteen churches or preaching stations, and a few outposts."

On Mr. Lamont's authority I add, at present the Macdonaldites, or Church of Scotland in Prince Edward's Island, are ministered to by three graduates of Dalhousie College, Nova Scotia, who meet as a Presbytery. They have also a congregation in Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

DONALD T. MASSON.

THE MEANING OF GNOSIS IN HIGHER HELLENISTIC RELIGION.

THE EDITOR.

UNTIL quite recently the study of gnosticism was treated solely as a department of heresiology or at best of early Church-history. The term has generally been taken to denote a wide-spread heretical movement, in very varied forms but of a characteristic tendency, solely within the borders of nascent and developing Christianity. Of late years, however, it has been shown along various converging lines of research,¹ that the notion of gnosis, in its essentials, was widely diffused prior to the rise of Christianity, mainly among the Hellenistic mystery-cults and mystic communities, or those forms of personal religion in which Oriental and Greek elements were blended. Movements of this nature, enshrining an inner gnosis, continued to exist parallel with and entirely independent of the growing Church of the first three centuries. Gnosticism, then, should no longer be regarded simply as a party-name within the early Church. Gnosis is a far more widely spread religious phenomenon and should be treated as a characteristic element of the general history of religion. What has previously been called gnosticism

¹ See especially Reitzenstein's *Die hellenistischen Mysterienreligionen* (Leipzig, 1910), to which I am much indebted. By far the best work on the sources, or pre-Christian material, of the Christianised gnosis, from a religious-historical standpoint, is Bousset's *Hauptprobleme der Gnosis* (Göttingen, 1907), which is summarised in his article on 'Gnosticism' in the 11th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. For the influence of Oriental religions on Roman paganism, see Cumont's *Les Religions orientales dans le Paganisme romain* (2nd and revised ed., Paris, 1909).

is thus seen to be a department only, though an important department, of the history of the gnosis, and should be preferably referred to as the Christianised gnosis, if not the Christian gnosis, which latter term may be reserved for the views of a Clement of Alexandria or of an Origen. Gnosticism as a whole must be made to enter into the general history of religion, for even if we do not go further afield eastwards, as we might very well do, and if we do not pursue the subject beyond the first three centuries of our era, as again we might do, we can point to similar movements in the Egyptian, Phrygian, Jewish and Christian religions, and further back in Persian doctrines and in the Chaldæan or later Babylonian star-lore with its wealth of astral mythology and theology.

What then is gnosticism essentially, what is the most characteristic meaning of gnosis? Hitherto for the most part an arbitrary interpretation has been given to these terms, based at best on subjective judgments of value. It has been said: Gnosis means knowledge; therefore the gnostics are religio-philosophers at best. What has not suited this definition has been rejected as not pertinent to gnosticism. But the word 'gnosis' had early become a technical term, and its meaning must be established from the usage of the time. So far from meaning philosophy, in the sense in which we now generally use the word, or even religio-philosophy, it connoted well-nigh the opposite of this, namely, to use Reitzenstein's definition:

Immediate knowledge of God's mysteries received from direct intercourse with the deity—mysteries which must remain hidden from the natural man, a knowledge at the same time which exercises decided reaction on our relationship to God and also on our own nature or disposition.

However the sects and systems differ from each other, and they differ very widely, the general conception of the gnosis remains the same. It is fundamentally based on revelation or apocalyptic vision. This revelation, however, was essentially of a vital order rather than of a formal nature, for there was the greatest freedom of adaptation and interpretation of the formal symbolism. Thus we find that in characteristic gnosticism every pupil can bring ever new completions and transformations to the teachings of his master, that refined primitive folk-notions together with the most personal phantasies of vision permeate such teachings, and that Oriental mystery-beliefs and magical conceptions change clothes with Greek philosophy.

Before dealing more in detail with the meaning of gnosis in its higher forms outside the limits of Christendom, it may be of service to summarise what Liechtenhan¹ has to say of its meaning among its adherents within the Christian borders.

By gnosis, he tells us, we usually understand speculative knowledge, in the sense of a correct explanation of the world, in brief philosophy. It is true that the quest of the gnostics was also essentially an attempted explanation of the world-process; but that explanation was not an interpretation to be discovered by themselves simply; they did not seek for it by the use of their unaided intellect, but rather by means of authoritative revelations of a religious nature. They by no means set themselves as philosophers over against the pious; they too would be pious, religious. Only they seek their religion for the most part in combination with knowledge of the world-process, in

¹ *Die Offenbarung in Gnosticismus* (Göttingen, 1901).

the sense, as the Excerpts from Theodotus made by Clement of Alexandria phrase it, of "the gnosis who we were, and what we have become; where we were, and where we have been cast; whither we strive, and whence we are redeemed; what is generation, what regeneration" (p. 78).

It was, therefore, not only gnosis of the world but also gnosis of salvation which was the object of their quest, as indeed is abundantly manifest on all sides, both inside and outside Christianity.

They did not, continues Liechtenhan, want philosophy in addition to religion, or along-side of it; their only quest was religion in its perfection or consummation. This meant for them the employment of the spiritual mind on the highest objects which corresponded to it, its occupation with the spiritual kernel and source of reality, of actuality, with the pure, the eternal, the boundless. The characteristic of this religion was that its followers did not hope to enter into communion with the higher by moral effort and faith in God only, but also by means of thought, knowing, imagination, feeling; that it was precisely in gnosis that they saw the highest function of religion.

But here we must be on our guard against interpreting thought as the purely ratiocinative intellect. For if the gnostics set themselves over against the world, not as philosophers, but in the two-fold character of being knowers and spiritual, we must ask ourselves whether it was not that, just as the business of the spiritual is gnosis, so the organ of this mode of knowing is precisely the spirit. If, moreover, the spirit itself, as a substance or essence of the immaterial world, is the organ for the comprehension of that world, then its characteristic function of gnosis is

nothing else than the comprehension of the things of that suprasensible world. And if, finally, this invisible world is inaccessible to us of our natural normal selves, and can be disclosed to us only by revelation, then spiritual knowledge or gnosis has for its object nothing else but revelation. It thus follows that the possession of gnosis means the ability to receive and understand revelation. The true gnostic is one who knows the inner or hidden unveiled revelation and who also understands the outer or published veiled revelation. He is not one who has discovered the truth of himself by his own unaided reflection, but one to whom the disclosures of the inner world are known and become understandable.

So far in summary Liechtenhan on what he considers, and rightly, the chief characteristic of the Christianised gnosis—namely revelation. It is true that gnosis for the most part equates with revelation; but the object of this revelation is not simply the inner, invisible, immaterial, supersensible or spiritual world. This, as we shall see, is the beginning and not the end of gnosis, whether Christianised or otherwise.

Prior to Christianity, as well as alongside the developing Church of the first three centuries, the idea of gnosis was, as has been already said, widespread; this chief characteristic of Oriental religion strongly influenced not only the Hellenistic religions directly and the Greek world indirectly, but also even the general thought of the West in the first centuries of the Roman Empire. Writing of the influence of Oriental religions on Roman paganism, Cumont tells us:

In a general way there was a persistent conviction that redemption and salvation depend on the revelation of certain truths, knowledge of the gods, of the world and of our own personality, and piety became gnosis.

But to discover what gnosis meant for the best of its adherents in the non-Christian world, we must turn to the writings of the ancient mystæ and let them speak for themselves. Gnosis is necessarily gnosis of something—but of what? The answer given both by the lofty Trismegistic literature and by the popular Magic Papyri, as indeed by the majority of our sources, is identical: it is finally gnosis of God.

Gnosis is not intellectual knowledge; it is conceived of rather as power or virtue. In this connection it may be of interest to note that one of its synonyms is faith, as this term is used in Hellenistic theology. Thus, in the inscription of the Phrygian (?) mystes Aberkios, we read (l. 12): "Faith was everywhere my guide and everywhere afforded nourishment"; just as the Isis mystes Apuleius tells us that after his second initiation he was in "full faith" and "constant in the divine service and true religion" (xi. 28). The Magic Papyri personify Faith and speak of the 'Circle of Truth and Faith,' apparently to be equated with Plato's famous 'Plain of Truth,' which typifies the spiritual state, as indeed it is explained both by the Hermeticists and by Plotinus, in a sense that enables us to parallel it with Paul's Third Heaven or Paradise. According to the Trismegistic school, faith is spiritual understanding or insight; it is the virtue or power of the spiritual mind, which is said to find its rest in the 'fair faith' of gnosis. Indeed in the Christianised gnosis as well, prior to the Valentinian school, faith and gnosis seem to have been synonymous terms; subsequently, however, a sharp contrast was drawn between them owing to theological controversy.

If in the Trismegistic literature, or tradition of Thrice-greatest Hermes, gnosis is called the 'religion of

the Mind,' Mind must be understood as the Divine Mind or Spirit; for gnosis is also spoken of in the same tradition as the 'single love of God,' the 'true philosophy' or 'love of wisdom,' which embraces also, it is true, the science of nature and of man, as in most forms of high mysticism; but this wisdom is characterised also as 'worship,' though not in the sense of an external cult but as an inner devotion or praise-giving of the spirit. "Devotion is God-gnosis," for "the seeds of God, 'tis true, are few, but vast and fair and good,—virtue and self-control, devotion" (*Corpus Hermeticum*, ix. 4).

The Divine Mind is also called the Shepherd of Men, the Poimandrēs, and also Divine Love (*Perfect Sermon*, i.). To be knowers we must be lovers, must have "the single love, the love of loving-wisdom, which consists in gnosis of Divinity alone—the practice of perpetual contemplation and of holy piety" (*P.S.* xii.). The gnosis of the Mind is of a spiritual nature, for it is operated by the spiritual principle in man: "This is, my son, the gnosis of the Mind, vision of things divine; God-gnosis is it for the Mind is God's" (*C.H.* iv. 6).

In the *Hermetica*, gnosis is the highest, or rather the synthesis, of the seven virtues or spiritual powers. The seven virtues are said to be: gnosis, joy, self-control, continence, righteousness, sharing-with-all and truth. Beyond these come the triad of Life, Light and the Good, making up the ten or 'perfect' number (*C.H.* xiii. 8, 9).

The 'end' or 'perfection' of the whole discipline was 'to know God,' who is pre-eminently He "who willeth to be known and is known by His own." Gnosis is not knowledge *about* anything, but direct

contact or communion, knowledge *of*, in the sense of immediate acquaintance with, deity. And so in the praise-giving which fitly brings *The Treatise on Perfection* to a conclusion, we read :

Grace unto Thee, O Highest, do we give, for by Thy grace have we received the light of gnosis. O Name ineffable, in substitute for which we in our worship use the appellation 'God,' and in our giving-thanks address as 'Father,' for Thou hast shown to all—to all of us both men and women all—a fatherly goodwill, affection, love, and as it were most sweet behaviour, by graciously bestowing on us mind, reason, gnosis—mind that we may know Thee, reason that we may estimate Thy worth, and gnosis that by re-cognition of Thee we may rejoice.

Made whole by Thee we now rejoice that wholly Thou hast shown Thyself to us, rejoice that Thou, by vision of Thyself, hast made us gods while still embodied. To know Thy greatness is man's Godwards bliss. We have attained to gnosis of Thyself, O Light, light sensible to the intelligence alone; to gnosis of Thyself, O Life, life of all human life; to gnosis of Thyself, O fecund Womb of all [who are re-born]; to gnosis of Thyself, O Thou eternal Permanence of that fecundity inherent in the fatherhood's begetting.

Wherefor in this our worship of Thee, no other guerdon of Thy goodness do we crave, save that Thou deign to keep us constant in the gnosis of Thyself, when Thou art prayed to not to let us fall from this high life of sanctity.

It is here quite evident that gnosis is a gift, a grace of the spirit; so, though the gift itself is from God, the light of it could be handed on, for spirit lives by giving. "Fill me with Thy power and with this grace of Thine, that I may give the light to those in ignorance" (*C.H.* i. 32); thus prays the suppliant for gnosis. It is also evident that mind is spiritual intuitive mind, the human counterpart of that Mind or Divine Monad in which we are to be dowsed or baptised, according to the doctrine of the treatise

called *The Cup*, and that the whole conception of gnosis is due to religion and not to philosophy. Salvation by gnosis is the making whole, a spiritual completion or fulfilment, of the nature of *apothēōsis* or *theiōsis*, that is of transfiguration from the life of separation into the self-sufficient divine life.

In the Trismegistic literature, 'those who are in gnosis' are contrasted with the men of the world, by whom they are said to be "ridiculed, hated, and even put to death" (*C.H.* ix. 4). But in all such tribulations, the pious are sustained by their consciousness of the gnosis. Not only so, but to one who is really 'in gnosis':

All things, though they be evil for the rest, are good to him; nay, every plot against him he translates unto the plane of gnosis, and he alone transmutes all evils into goods (*C.H.* ix. 4).

This spiritual consciousness is said to be initiated by an illumination, generally set forth in terms of vision, but of a vital intelligible nature. The illuminator is the Logos, the Light of God, both for our Trismegistic Suppliants, and also for Philo's Therapeuts, or Suppliants as he also calls them; as, for instance, when we find the Alexandrian Jewish mystic and Platonist writing:

'For the Lord is my Light and my Saviour,' as is sung in the hymns [*i.e.* the psalms]. He is not only light, but the archetype of every other light; nay, rather, more ancient and sublime than the archetypal model [of all lights], in that this latter is His Word (Logos). For the universal model is His all-full Word, the Light, while He Himself is like to naught of things created (*De Som.* § 18).

Illumination is a fulfilling, a completion, a fulness (*plērōma*), as the above Philonean phrase, 'His all-full Word,' already suggests. And so the Pœmandrist exclaims:

Thou hast, O Father, fulfilled us with the vision good and fairest; with such a spectacle that my mind's eye has well-nigh been awe-struck by it (*C.H.* x. 4).

And therefore also in the treatise on rebirth the suppliant prays :

And now do thou fill up the things that fall short in me (*C.H.* xiii. 1).

The vision of the Good, in the mode of the Beauty of the Immortal Light, supervenes at first on rapt or rapture or entrancement or ecstasis from bodily sense. To 'drink deeply' of the vision, the earthly man must be utterly at rest.

For thou shalt see it then when thou canst say no word concerning it. For the gnosis and the vision of the Good is holy silence and a giving-holiday to every sense. For neither can the one perceiving this perceive aught else, nor he who contemplates it have vision of aught else, or hearing of aught else, or stir his frame in any part at all. Oblivious of his body's every sense and every motion, he stayeth still.

Then bathing all his mind in light [the mystical baptism], it lights up his whole soul as well, and draws it upward through the body, and transmutes the whole of him into essential being. For 'tis impossible, my son, soul should be made divine by vision of the Beauty of the Good while in the body of a man; it must be separated from his body and transformed by being made divine (*C.H.* x. 5, 6).¹

According to the belief of the mystæ, gnosis was operated by means of an essential transformation or transmutation leading to a transfiguration. There was first of all a 'passing out through oneself,' a mystical death, and finally a rebirth into the nature of a spiritual being or of a god. Indeed it is indubitable that in the inner circles of the mystæ the chief interest was in this apotheosis or transfiguration effected through

¹ For the last sentence I have adopted Reitzenstein's emendations and completions, the received text being very corrupt.

gnosis or the vision of God. The human separated soul was believed to be transmuted into a spiritual or daimonic (in a good sense, as it was used in Hellenistic theology) or angelic nature or essence. Many passages could be quoted from a number of traditions in illustration of this capital doctrine, but considerations of space restrict us to a single citation from Philo, who in his *Life of Moses* writes (iii. 39) :

He (Moses) was about to sail for heaven and, abandoning the life of death, to be transformed to life immortal ; for he had been recalled by God the Father, who was changing him from being dyad, soul and body, into the nature of the monad that transcends all elements, restoring him a whole through wholes to mind most glorious like the sun.

The Pœmandrists, or Trismegistic *illuminati*, mean precisely the same thing when they tell us :

It is by transmutation into daimones [i.e. spirits or angels] that souls possess the source of immortality, and thus they dance back to the choir of gods (or join the dancing of the choros of the gods) . . . and this is the most perfect glory of the soul (*C.H.* xiii. 7).

All this was connected with the doctrine of the spiritual union or 'sacred marriage,' as it was termed, a subject that would require a paper to itself even to outline, and the transformation thus effected was regarded as the birth of a new creature. It was this substantial transmutation into a spiritual being that made gnosis possible and bestowed the power of divine vision, by means of the unitary sense of the intelligence. The new consciousness was conceived as the result of the impregnation of the inner self, so they phrased it, by the rays, emanations, effluxes or influences of the divine splendour. In an ethical sense, these seeds were, as we have seen, virtue, self-control, devotion, and in general the choir of the virtues.

The 'good end' of those whose feet were set on the path of the gnosis was, thus, 'to be made into gods' (*C.H.* i. 26). This 'end' or 'perfecting' is a technical mystery-term, the *locus classicus* of which Reitzenstein finds already securely established in Plato's *Symposium* (210 E):

He who has been instructed up to this point in the Mysteries of Love, by successive right contemplation of things beautiful, if he go to the very 'end' of this initiation, he shall have vision of a Beauty whose nature is a wonder—(namely Beauty absolute, simple and everlasting, which without diminution and without increase, or any change, is imparted to the ever growing and perishing beauties of all things). He who ascending from these under the influence of true Love begins to have vision of that Beauty, has almost reached the 'end' (211 E).

The supreme end or perfection is union with the Good or with God. The beginning is the vision of the process of creation, of how the world comes into existence. Such visions may seem futile enough to modern minds steeped in physical research, for whom the cosmological notions of antiquity without exception are deemed the dreams of children. It should, however, be remembered that these mystæ believed that the substance of their very being was to be transmuted or 'cosmified'; and that accordingly it had to pass through stages of re-formation similar to the states through which they imagined the world-stuff or world-soul had passed in its formation or becoming, and that what was being operated in themselves was shown them in vision, as a projection on to the cosmic screen, as though it were a world-making. Their interest in cosmogony was, therefore, personal. According to their notions, there had to be an 'enformation according to substance,' before the 'enformation according to gnosis' could be effected. And so we find that in the

first treatise of the *Corpus Hermeticum*, in the famous *Poimandrēs* or *Shepherd of Men* document, the demand of the initiand is :

I would (1) learn about existant things and understand their nature [i.e. the origin and development of the world], and (2) know God (*C.H.* i. 8).

And after the showing of the vision of the world-order and world-process, the Initiator, the Divine Mind, informs the contemplator :

Thou hast been taught the nature of the universe, yea the grandest vision (*ibid.* 27).

The world-vision, however, is, as we have already seen, not the end, but the beginning of the path of perfection ; and naturally enough, for it has to do with beginnings and not with ends. This is seen most clearly in the so-called Mithra-liturgy, where the 'perfect body' has first to be 'enformed' out of the pure elements before the mystes can ascend to the vision.

But if we talk of beginnings with regard to the universal process, we must not forget that they are only beginnings *for us*, and not of reality itself, which has no beginning or end. This is admirably brought out in the Trismegistic tradition as follows :

For to the Good there is no other shore ; it has no bounds ; it is without an end ; and for itself it is without beginning, too, though unto us it *seemeth* to have one—the gnosis.

Therefore to it gnosis is no beginning ; rather is it that gnosis doth afford *to us* the first beginning of *its being known* (*C.H.* iv. 8, 9).

The world-vision is often referred to symbolically as the contemplation of the imagined typical Macr-anthrōpos or Cosmic Man, of whom man was thought to be essentially an image.

If thou wouldst see Him through things that suffer death, both on the earth and in the deep, think of a man's being fashioned in the womb, my son, and strictly scrutinise the art of Him who fashioned him, and learn who fashioneth this fair and goodly image of the Man (*C.H.* v. 6.).

This doctrine of the beginning and end of gnosis is well brought out in the famous formula of the Christianised Naassene Document quoted by Hippolytus (*Ref.* v. 8):

The beginning of perfection is gnosis of Man, but gnosis of God is perfected perfection.

Perfecting is the technical term for development in gnosis, the accomplished gnostic being known as the 'perfect.' The beginning of, or initiation into, this supra-consciousness was said to be given in a cosmic vision of the Heavenly Man, that is not of the Supreme as absolute, but of the Universal Body; the end or consummation alone was union with Deity.

But the world-vision could only be enjoyed if the initiand had already so purified himself as to have as it were within him a nucleus of the pure elements to start or initiate the formation of his new 'perfect body,' as is so well shown in the so-called Mithra-liturgy. Thereafter only ensues the 'recognising of oneself as deathless' or immortal, according to the Trismegistic statement: "He who doth know himself returneth unto God."

In this connection it may be of interest to quote, from the concluding chapter of Hippolytus' great work against the gnostics, a neglected passage which shows how strongly the Church Father, in spite of his detestation of their general teachings, was influenced by this central doctrine of the gnosis. In his Epilogue, while setting forth what he terms the 'Doctrine of Truth'

as contrasted with what he regards as the 'Doctrines of Error,' Hippolytus writes :

And thou shalt have thy body deathless and free from all corruption together with thy soul . . . ; thou shalt consort with God. . . . For now thou art become a god. . . . And all things whatsoever attend on God, those hath God promised to bestow on thee; for thou hast been made god, thou hast been born immortal. This is the 'Know Thyself'—knowing the One who hath made god of thee.

As to this immortal or spiritual body, the general belief of all the mystics was that in the human body there was so to say the potentiality of a cosmic body, a body of wholeness. Thus in one of the Trismegistic mystery-prayers we find the petition :

The all in us—O Life, make thou it whole; O Light, enlighten it; O God, inspirit it (*C.H.* xiii. 19).

This 'all' is the new immortal body, the body of the resurrection; Life, Light and the Good are the Divine Soul, Mind and Spirit which are to complete it in gnosis. The outpouring of the gnosis is to operate a change of being—enlivenment, illumination, inspiration. God, as Spirit, transmutes us into spirit; as Light, He glorifies us, irradiates us so that we become glories; and, as Life, bestows upon us immortality. The consummation is to be a fulness or æonian being of spiritual immortal lustre.

Though it is true there is something of an absolute nature about this 'light of the gnosis,' for it is essentially spiritual and immediate, the gnosis is also frequently spoken of as a 'path,' a gradual 'ascent.' In the loftiest conceptions of it, however, this path is not a psychic 'heaven-journey'; it is rather a spiritual immediate way that opens out in every walk of life. There is no need to 'leave the world' to find it, except

in the sense of casting out of ourselves the 'supreme vice' or 'chiefest evil,' which, as set over against the supreme virtue of gnosis, is called ignorance of God, in the sense of a positive force of wilful disregard of the divine. It is a question of 'repentance,' but in the spiritual sense of a turning back of the *whole* nature, that is of the whole will being set towards the Good.

But to be able to know Good, and will, and hope, is a straight way, the Good's own path, both leading there and easy. If thou but sett'st thy foot thereon, 'twill meet thee everywhere, 'twill everywhere be seen, both where and when thou dost expect it not,—waking, sleeping, sailing, journeying, by night, by day, speaking and saying naught. For there is naught that is not image of the Good (*C.H.* xi. 21).

This way of return is symbolised indifferently as a path, a voyage, or the ascent of a mountain. That the gnosis was essentially religious or spiritual and not intellectual, is already fully established, but it may be authoritatively confirmed by the following categorical statement with reference to the vision of the Beautiful and Good:

There is one way alone that leadeth unto it—devotion joined with gnosis (*C.H.* vi. 5).

The entrance on the pathway of the gnosis is called a 'going home'; it is, as we have seen, a return, a turning back from the world, a repentance of the whole nature:

We must turn ourselves back into the old old way (*C.H.* iv. 9).

Entering into gnosis is a waking from drunkenness and sleep, and nescience of God, from world-drunkenness to righteous soberness.

For the evil [deluge] of unknowing is flooding all the land and bringing utter ruin on the soul boxed up within the body, preventing it from sailing for the harbours of salvation (*C.H.* xii. 1).

The only salvation is gnosis—gnosis of God, for :

God is not ignorant of man ; nay rather is it that He knows him through and through, and that His will is that *He* [in His turn] should be well known [by him]. This is the only means of safety for a man—his gnosis of his God. This is the Way up to the Mount (lit. Olympus). By this [ascent] alone is it that man's soul is made good (*C.H.* x. 15).

The climbing of the mount is the ascent (*anodos*, *anabasis*) of the soul to the height of contemplation or its plunging into its spiritual nature ; it is the way above, as well as the return.

Looked at from the human standpoint, gnosis is the 'contest of devotion' (*C.H.* x. 19), the 'virtue of the soul' and also the 'end of science' (*C.H.* x. 9) ; he who 'knows himself' is said to be "good and pious and still while on the earth divine" (*C.H.* x. 9). Regarded, however, from the soteriological standpoint, or in regard to the theory of salvation, the path is not self-made, but made by the descent of the Saviour, in pre-Christian as well as in the Christianised forms of the gnosis. Thus in the conclusion of the over-written Naassene hymn based on Pagan and Oriental material, Jesus is made to say (*Hipp. Ref.* v. 10) :

Seals in my hands, I will descend ; down through the universal æons will I make a way ; all mysteries I will reveal and manifest the forms the gods display. Unto the secrets of the holy path I'll give the name of gnosis, and will hand them on.

The ascent of the mount is repeatedly mentioned, as it is throughout nearly the whole of mysticism, and must not be referred to the Moses-legend ; it is purely Pagan. Thus Julian (*Orat.* vii) says that Hermes as guide or mystagogue meets the mystes at the foot of the mount ; while in the *Magio Papyri* (*Pap. Lug.* v.) we read : "I am he whom thou didst meet beneath the

sacred mount," and in the Trismegistic treatise called *The Secret Sermon on the Mount*, the probationary path is called the 'wending up the mount' (*C.H.* xiii. 1), on the top of which the transfiguration and vision take place. In the same initiatory sermons elsewhere the neophyte is exhorted :

Seek for a guide to lead thee to the gnosis' gates, where shines clear light, pure of all darkness, where not a single soul is drunk, but all are sober, waked from their drunken sleep, with heart's eyes fixed on Him who willeth to be seen (*C.H.* vii. 2).

This is brought out still more finely in the passage :

But on the pious soul the Mind doth mount and guide it to the gnosis' light. And such a soul doth never tire in songs of praise to God and pouring blessing on all men, and doing good in word and deed to all, in imitation of its sire (*C.H.* x. 21).

The knowing of God is thus a knowing or 'seeing' with the 'eyes of the heart'; such eyes are called 'spiritual,' 'blessed,' 'immortal.' The eyes of the body are not the organs of true vision, as the souls lament when first shut in body: "Windows are these—not eyes!" The body is the 'veil of nescience,' the 'surround of darkness,' the 'carapace of selfhood'; for:

No ear can hear Him, nor can eye see Him, but only mind and heart (*C.H.* vii. 2).

Gnostic knowing is the intuition of the true or spiritual mind, immediate apprehension or apperception of the living reality. Though generally referred to metaphorically as seeing, vision or contemplation, because sight is the keenest of the differentiated senses, it is rather immediate insight; indeed it is called the one sense, the simple sense, the unitary sense, the 'sense of the intelligence.' It is spiritual tact or contact, immediate becoming, a state beyond subject and object, just as Plotinus describes it, a

single synthetic sense, for which he also uses the technical term tact or touch.

Intuition alone sees the unmanifest, inasmuch as it is itself unmanifest. If thou art able [to perceive it], it will be manifest to thy mind's eyes. . . . Unstinted is the bounteous nature of the Lord; 'tis manifest through all the world. Thou canst know it—nay see it, take it in thy very hands, and gaze upon God's image (*C.H.* v. 8).

Here the mind, or heart as it is elsewhere called, is the spiritual being or monad of the man, as with the Moslim Sūfis and most of the high mystics; it is not the so-called brain-mind or even the ratiocinative intellect; its knowing or seeing is of an immediate nature. It is this which is the image of God in man, and it is by this that the image of God in the universe or the Beauty of Life is contemplated. This knowing is called the 'power of divine vision,' which is no seeing but a becoming, as for instance in one of the Hermetic Extracts preserved by John Stobæus (*Ek.* I. xxi. 9):

He who doth not ignore these things, can know God in the accurate meaning of the term; nay, if one dare say so, can see Him by becoming the very thing he sees, and seeing thus becomes immortal.

Gnosis, moreover, bestows freedom, sovereignty, kingship. The kingdom of the gnosis is thus set over against the realm of fate or of the sensible world, and is therefore conceived of as the suprasensible or immaterial order, the world of spiritual freedom as contrasted with the mechanical world of cause and effect. Gnosis makes free; the spiritual mind is free, for:

Lord of all things is Mind, the Soul [= Spirit] of God; yea lord of fate and law and all things else. Naught is impossible for it,

neither to raise a human soul above the sway of fate, nor set beneath fate's sway a soul that has neglected it (*C.H.* xii. 9).

And so Zosimos, the Poemandrist and Alchemist,¹ at the end of the third century, quoting from Trismegistic writings that are no longer extant, tells us that Thrice-greatest Hermes calls natural men—*i.e.* the 'psychics,' as they were termed, or those who were as yet unable to contact the immaterial or spiritual consciously in themselves—the 'mindless,' and playthings or toys or processions of fate. Those, however, who have this spiritual mind active in them are called philosophers or wisdom-lovers; they are superior to fate and kings of themselves, because they know themselves in the gnostic way. So also in *The Perfect Sermon* (xii.) we are told that gnosis and philosophy, in the sense of love of wisdom, are one; for we read of "philosophy which doth consist alone in knowing the divinity—a vision oft renewed, the cult of sanctity."

It has been contended by some that gnosis was mainly magic, and its distinctive meaning was essentially knowledge of magical formulæ; and it is true that in some of the traditions we do find in the blend a wealth of such formulæ—*barbara nomina*, mystic sounds, vowel-permutations and combinations (perhaps sometimes to be regarded as a forgotten musical notation), the *detritus* of ancient, and therefore sacred, languages, and the rest. But this can certainly not be said of a number of the chief schools, and least of all of the Trismegistic tradition. Indeed, from the lost treatise *About the Inner Door*, Zosimos quotes Hermes as declaring:

The spiritual man, the man who knows himself, should not make anything succeed through magic, not even if he think the

¹ See Berthelot, *Les Alchimistes grecs*, pp. 229ff.

thing is good ; nor should he compel fate, but suffer it to take its natural course. He should move onward by the quest of his true self alone, and thus attaining unto gnosis of divinity, should gain the 'three' that has no name on earth, and let fate carry out its will on its own clay—that is upon the body. And if he understand it thus and order thus his life, he shall have vision of the Son of God becoming all things for the sake of saintly souls, in order that he may draw every soul out of the region of the fate into the realm where it is free of body.

The 'three' or 'triad' are, presumably, Light, Life and the Good, as we have seen above. The Son of God is the Mind, the Shepherd of Men, the Divine Guide unto the Light, who illuminates the mind of every soul and so bears it aloft, or makes it free of fate. As the attainment of gnosis connotes the idea of freedom and salvation, so also it suggests the notion of power, conquest and control. The possession of gnosis thus bestows 'authority,' a term interchangeable with 'power' in a gnostic sense.

A wealth of additional evidence could be brought forward, but enough has already been given to show that the ground-idea of gnosis is transmutation into spiritual being, and this is fundamentally an Oriental religious idea, the antipodes of philosophy in its general modern meaning of the fabrication of an intellectual system. Gnosis is thus accompanied with vision and revelation in the sense that the above quotations should have by this time made clear. It would further be easy to show that these also are the general characteristics of the gnosis in the Christianised systems as well, but that would require a paper in itself. It is enough here to quote a single pronouncement from a little known fragment of a Valentinian apocalypse preserved by Epiphanius (xxxi. 5) :

Greeting from Mind that never weary grows to minds that

nothing can make weary! Now will I wake in you again the memory of the mysteries above the heavens themselves, the mysteries to which no name can anyhow be given, of which no tongue can tell—the mysteries no rulership and no authority, no subject or mixed nature, have power to comprehend, but which have been made plain unto the understanding of the consciousness that stands above all change.

The above indications of the meaning of gnosis in the higher forms of Hellenistic mysticism may be not without interest to a more general public than the small number of those already acquainted with them. There is to-day a revival of interest in mystical subjects, and a number of books has recently been published dealing with religious experience of this nature. But for the most part the enquiry is devoted almost exclusively to mediæval and later Christian mysticism. The wealth of Eastern mystical literature is practically ignored, while of Western traditions outside the Church, beyond a reference or so to Plotinus, we hear scarcely anything of the many mystical movements of the early days, some at least of which are of very great interest and importance.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN IRRELIGIOUS MAN.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

“ROBERT HALL confessed that reading Miss Edgeworth’s novels hindered him for a week in his clerical functions ; he was completely disturbed by her pictures of a world of happy, active people *without* any visible interference of religion—a sensible, and, on the whole, healthy world, yet without warnings, without exhortations, without any apparent terrors concerning the state of souls.”¹

I confess to a feeling of satisfaction, not to say joy, in the fact that Robert Hall was thus disturbed. I hope I have myself disturbed in similar fashion those of my acquaintance who are disturbable. The religious-minded have often disturbed me, and it is only fair that there should be some reciprocation. My boyhood was made miserable by hell-fire sermons which made me hate God—made me even despise and condemn him, from a higher ethical platform ; for even a decent earthly father would not punish his child except for the child’s ultimate benefit, and not in the worst conceivable circumstances would he wish to inflict everlasting torment. In *Little Dorrit*, Dickens draws a picture of the little Clennam, “scared out of his senses by a horrible tract which commenced business with the poor child by asking him in its title,

¹ *Lewes’s Life of Goethe*, bk. vi., ch. 2.

why he was going to perdition?—a piece of curiosity that he really in a frock and drawers was not in a condition to satisfy—and which, for the further attraction of his infant mind, had a parenthesis in every other line with some such hiccougling reference as 2 *Ep. Thess.* c. iii., v. 6 and 7.” This is evidently drawn from the life. I know those tracts. A ‘religious visitor’ left one at our house every Sunday, taking away the old one to apply as cautery to the sinful soul of some other unregenerate. I am glad to say that my parents did not urge me to read these productions. Probably they had private doubts. But it is difficult to make a stand, and it was the custom of the chapel. No, I was not urged to read them, but, being of an inquiring turn of mind, I read everything that came in my way. Those tracts are among the few things that I wish I had not read.

Of course I know now—or rather I believe now—that the God of those tracts and of my old pastor, was not the real one. He was a false God—as false as Moloch and Baal and Dagon. He who imputes evil to the gods, makes them none. It is significant, and suggestive of the growingness of conscience, that the gods of the past are the devils of the present, by reason of their wickedness—their failure to come up to the standard required of a God. “Theology,” said O. W. Holmes, “has been largely diabolology.” Certainly it seems to me that in my boyhood the people’s God was a Devil whom they were ignorantly worshipping. I admit that His love was mentioned sometimes, but in an aside, as something not exactly to be apologised for, [but at least not to be unduly emphasised. The main feature of Him was that He would everlastingly punish those who did not accept the ‘plan of salvation.’

If they would not 'believe,' it was their own fault and they would deserve all they got. It shows curious psychological ignorance—an ignorance which popular misuse of the 'will-to-believe' phrase has done much to continue. Belief is not under the control of the will, as James of course knew well enough.

The strength of the old associations is immense. For the life of me I cannot wash that word 'God' clean from the terrible meanings which it bore in the tracts and in the mouth of our old minister at K—— Independent Chapel. He was a good man, but he knew not what he did. A saintly and zealous man can do a great deal of harm, or what at least looks like harm.

No doubt this early training had something to do with my development. It repelled me, and I grew away from religion. Also I absorbed the scientific nutriment provided by Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer; devoured the writings of that sweet-minded heretic Oliver Wendell Holmes; found inestimable stimulus and inspiration in Carlyle and Emerson; and, on the poetic side, learnt almost by heart the great 19th century scientific and philosophic poem, *In Memoriam*. By this time of course I was completely out of sympathy with the theology presented to me. I feel fairly sure that our minister had never read the writings of any of the above-named, except perhaps Tennyson. He seemed to read nothing except the Bible and old commentaries; and he apparently regarded unbelievers with as much horror and dread as if he had been a Catholic of the very darkest period.

But, even apart from this early warping of my mind, I believe I am naturally irreligious. I am Greek rather than Oriental. I am devoured with curiosity about this very wonderful world in which I find myself,

and I confess to a vigorous going about seeking some new thing, which was so distasteful to the Hebrew mind. I find it difficult, indeed, to the point of impossibility, to enter into the sphere of the religious man's mind, to stand at his point of view, to feel his feelings. Perhaps I had better narrow down the term, and say that by 'religious man' I mean a Christian of the type of St. Augustine, St. Teresa, Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley; people who have definite 'religious experiences' which mark them out in a class apart. I can to some extent enter into the feelings of the typical mystic, for I have at times had flickering perceptions, more or less transient glimpses, of a Oneness in which the multiplicity of contending units is resolved in a higher synthesis which is incomprehensible to the understanding and therefore incapable of being described in words, which are the understanding's tools and material. Yes, I can understand the mysticism, say, of Emerson. Once, on the top of Snowdon, and another time on a Yorkshire hill-top, alone, watching the setting sun and hearing 'the crimson blaring of its shawms,' I have felt the presence of the Over-Soul around and within. Those moments were the richest in my life's experience. They stand out from the dull years, like diamonds amid scorïæ, like rare and beautiful flowers in a wilderness of dark and tangled weeds, like rivers in a thirsty land. I still draw refreshment from the recollection of them. And with this help out of my own experience, I can understand — or, better, sympathise in its etymological meaning of 'feel with' — the nature-mysticism of Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, William Sharp, Jefferies, and their like, and even the more inner mysticism of Plotinus and the Indian sages.

But when the 'personal God' comes in, I fail. To me the very essence of the mystical experience is the transcending of personality, the getting above my own little self into Something which is different, which cannot be named, and which therefore is misdescribed if called 'personal.' It has no attributes which will go into words. As the Hindus of three thousand years ago saw, nothing can be predicated of it. "All that we can say of it is No, No." It may of course be urged that though it is incomprehensible, we are justified in calling it holy, powerful, etc., because these are admirable attributes and therefore must be possessed by the transcendental Something. In other words, that we are justified in believing in and praying to a personal God, because, though knowing that our notions of Him must fall far short of the truth, they are nevertheless the best and most applicable that we can formulate, and true as far as they go—as far as our faculties allow. I can sympathise with those who feel like that, and would never say a word against their attitude, still less try to alter it. Indeed I feel like that myself, sometimes—at those occasional times when I can partly forget the hell-teaching and can think of God as loving Father and not as Grand Inquisitor. But in a general way I adopt the other sort of attitude. It is my nature to. I am so keenly alive to my own limitations and utter insignificance in the scale of creation, that I feel it is blasphemy and desecration (if it were not too comic to be quite either) to try to pin our little labels on the inconceivable Something which lies behind the veil of the physical universe. We know as much of that universe (in Huxley's illustration) as a worm in a flower-pot on a London balcony knows of London itself. If we could

see into the worm's mind, could see it philosophising, arguing from the arrangements of its flower-pot that some very great and powerful worm must have made it with the special needs and desires of smaller worms in mind, should we not smile? A wiser worm might see beyond the pot, and might worship the maid-servant, on whose will and power the moisture and other life conditions of the pot-soil depended, but who clearly lived in a higher and wider world, with interests which had no apparent connexion with the worm tribe. And a still wiser worm—a Herbert Spencer or Shankara worm—might say: No, the whole is bigger than that, there are powers above the Maidservant God, powers which may indeed care for worms in a way, but which have aims and interests entirely beyond worm comprehension. Of the nature of these Beings we can form no true idea. If we think of them, we think of them as glorified worms; but they are not so. All we can say of them is 'No, No.' Therefore the sensible thing to do is (and here the wise and somewhat cynical worm quotes Voltaire) is *cultiver notre jardin*—do the best we can with ourselves and our flower-pot, and not waste much time in making guesses which in the nature of the case must be wrong.

The other worm, which worshipped the maid-servant or a spirit super-worm, would exclaim against this as a blend of atheism and superstition; and the vermomorphic theologian and philosopher would even call for stake and faggot, or their flower-pot equivalents.

Our flower-pot, say, is the Earth. Just think of the nature of its relation to the rest of the physical cosmos. It is one of the smallest of the planets Jupiter's diameter is eleven times greater. The Sun's mass is equal to 330,000 Earths. The Solar System

itself, compared with the universe, is like a small bunch of midges dancing in a wide landscape, or a group of people on a lonely moor,—a mere microscopic cluster of atoms out of the innumerable population. The Solar System is separated from the nearest stellar group by an unimaginable pit of emptiness. To cross it, a meteorite would take sixty million years. Even light, travelling at 186,000 miles a second, would still take years to cross that gulf—does take years, for what we call Sirius is really the pencil of rays which left Sirius eight and a half years ago. From the Sun, light reaches us in eight minutes.

The scale being so vast, is not the fitting attitude for us who crawl 'neath that inverted bowl we call the Sky, an attitude of humility and awe? "Canst thou lead Arcturus with his sons?"

I began by confessing my irreligiousness. But, after all, is my mind irreligious? In bowing my head before the inscrutable mystery of things, in refusing to belittle God by applying to Him labels which I know are unworthy and inadequate, am I not honouring Him more than the naïve anthropomorphic theist who accuses me of atheism or other heretical 'ism'? Personally, I feel sure that my attitude will be more pleasing to God than the attitude of the man who, in Arnold's famous phrase, describes Him as minutely as if He were a man in the next street. Would He not rather even be denied than wrongly conceived of? Says Plutarch: "Is the man a criminal who holds that there are no gods; and is not he that holds them to be such as the superstitious believe them, is he not possessed with notions infinitely more atrocious? I for my part would much rather have men say of me that there never was a Plutarch at all, nor is now,

than to say that Plutarch is a man inconsistent, fickle, easily moved to anger, revengeful for trifling provocations, vexed at small things."

I think two of the principal formative influences of my life have been astronomy and chemistry,—particularly astronomy. On my tenth birthday my father gave me as a birthday present a copy of the English translation of Gaston Tissandier's *Recréations Scientifiques*; a stout volume dealing, in popular but more than elementary fashion, with physics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, botany, and zoology. In those days books and toys were scarce with us, and we valued what we had accordingly. The present of a book was with me an annual event, and, the book having to last a year, it got read and digested. This *Scientific Recreations* introduced me to new worlds. The old narrow horizons fled away into infinite space; and, though the tone of the book was eminently religious—it made the proper conventional bow to God here and there—I was soon aware that this universe of science was a much larger and more wonderful affair than the universe of our Congregational minister, or of a 'literal interpretation' of the Bible. I was particularly fascinated with the astronomical portion. I learnt the plan of the solar system and its distances, Kepler's three laws, and the distances of such few of the fixed stars as had then been observed to show a parallax; and I even wrestled (almost in vain) with the trigonometry of star-distance measurement. At night when out of doors, and even from my bedroom window, I explored the heavens, naming the stars whose positions I had just memorised from the charts in my *Scientific Recreations*. Emerson says somewhere that the astronomer inevitably leaves his creeds behind

him when he enters his observatory, and O. W. Holmes expresses the same thought. Tennyson, looking through Lockyer's telescope at the nebula in Perseus, said: "One doesn't think much of the county families after that!" and he was accustomed to think, as a remedy for shyness when entering a drawing-room, of the fixed stars. I think all theological students ought to have a thorough grounding in astronomy. I know nothing like it for putting us in our place. "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou lead Arcturus with his sons?" Somewhat thus felt Immanuel Kant also: "Two things fill me with ever new and increasing admiration and awe: the starry heavens above, and the moral law within." Who will venture to say that a mind which can share that admiration and awe is irreligious? I shelter myself behind the great name of the sage of Königsberg. But, after all, I care little for words and labels. Let who will call me irreligious. My withers are unwrung. Epithets are only man-made stigmas or decorations. They need not distress; they ought not to cause exhilaration. Equable alike to blame or praise,—feeling them, as he must, being human, tolerating and learning from them, particularly from criticism—the seeker of wisdom maintains his path, lighted by his own lamp, such as it is.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

JEWISH MYSTICISM.

J. ABELSON, M.A., D.Lit.

MYSTICISM is a department of knowledge, whose scope is so comprehensive, and whose essence touches so many of the most sacred of sacred points in religion, that it is only natural to find, in the writings of scholars, a medley of diametrically opposed views upon its meaning and value. Thus—to quote one extreme instance—whereas a modern exponent like Rufus Jones can say of mysticism that it is “religion in its most acute, intense and living stage,” a philosopher like Max Nordau condemns it as “the result of an exhausted or degenerate brain.” This extreme difference of view, in all probability, springs from a combination of two causes.

One is that, in order to appreciate the peculiar world of thought and emotion in which the problems of mysticism move, it is necessary to be gifted with a suitable kind of temperament. Mysticism can make its appeal only to a mind which, whether congenitally or by artificial training, is adapted to receive its characteristic teaching. To a mind not so adapted, no matter how cultured and versatile it may be, no matter how receptive it may be of new and unaccustomed methods of reasoning and exposition, mysticism, even in its most obvious and most attractive presentation, appears a meaningless and frivolous waste of time. Hence, one reason why some of the finest intellects flout and ridicule it.

The other reason is due to a fact well known to all students of Jewish literature, *viz.* that mysticism, laying emphasis as it does upon the emotional side of human nature, is apt, when put to the touchstone of practice, to degenerate into extreme exhibitions of hilarity, frivolity and trickery. What does the mystic want? He wants personal intercourse with God. The soul must have union with its source—God. The mystic is dissatisfied, until, having crossed through all external media, he has entered the central shrine of the soul, that larger, deeper, mysterious Self who indwells him. Under the spell of such a feeling, it is quite easy to see how men, at certain moments of intense and ecstatic enthusiasm, would be entirely swept off their feet; would, in order to believe that they had found a road to the attainment of this exalted spiritual condition, cast aside all conventionality and give vent to certain eccentric movements of the body, or systematically adopt an extraordinary mode of life which to the uninitiated observer might seem extremely weird and repulsive. Hence, mysticism falls into disrepute.

But all this is really a side-issue. That mysticism is a noble rather than an ignoble phenomenon in the spiritual life of men, that the worthy and useful parts it has played in moulding both individuals and communities far eclipses any injury or ignominy which it may have inflicted here and there, is proved to the hilt by the recorded history of all nations. What is true of all nations is true of the Jew. It is generally said that India is the mother of mystics. Certainly the Hindu books on religion, dating back to centuries before the common era, show how the Hindu heart is drawn to mysticism in a quite exceptional measure.

It is the natural congenial attitude of the Hindu race-consciousness towards the Universe of Reality. But be this as it may, what about the Hebrew Bible? Does not the Psalmist, *e.g.*, touch the pith and marrow of mysticism when he says :

Whither shall I go from thy spirit or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in Sheol, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand hold me.

Here the constituent elements of the mystical consciousness are, many of them, given expression to in poetry of the most moving order. These elements are: (a) God is omnipresent. (b) God is immanent to the Psalmist in every particle of His creation; He speaks through nature. (c) God the Unseen is not a distant Beyond; He is near, within the veil of the seen. (d) God holding sway over places as far distant as Hades or the uttermost parts of the sea, must be greater than the universe. The latter is merely a portion of the Divine Immensity. (e) The Psalmist can experience the Divine sympathy, guidance and love, because God to him is a constant self-revealing spirit.

This brings me to the first of the series of ideas which, in my opinion, characterise Jewish mysticism. The Hebrew Bible (the Old Testament) is the starting-point of Judaism. The huge oak-tree of Jewish thought, with its widely-ramified branches covering numerous lands, grew up from the acorn of the Jewish Bible. Every precious thought in Jewish literature exists, in germ at least, there. Hence it follows that we must search the Old Testament for the first seeds of Jewish mysticism. And we are not disappointed in our search.

But now I have already quoted one passage

from the Old Testament—the excerpt from the 139th Psalm—I have shewn how its constituent ideas are in their essence very largely mystical. Can many more passages of similar import be quoted? I fear that they cannot. Mysticism, as generally understood, involves a mode of thinking as well as of expression which is far deeper and more abstruse than the thought or phraseology which pervade and colour the Old Testament. The Allness of God, God as the absolute Life, the Life of all lives, the Life of all worlds—the Hebrew Bible is a stranger to these high themes, it is too unphilosophical a book to enshrine such complex conceptions. It is true enough that the mediæval Jewish mysticism—like the mysticism of Plotinus and Eckhart—gives a large place to the doctrine (or rather doctrines) of Emanation. Everything emanates, comes forth from, the One, the Absolute First Principle, and coming forth from the One, it differentiates into a descending series of manifestations on the finite plane. But all this is miles beyond the scope and message of the Old Testament. And yet, as I have said, the first germs, the seedlings, of this elaborate thought are certainly to be found in the Old Testament.

What these seedlings are can best be explained as follows: God is a transcendent Being. As such He must be far away from man, dwelling somewhere in the heavens, outside the reach of the universe and of human affairs. If this is the case, then God is only a kind of law-giver, who has to be obeyed, because He, once upon a time, as we believe, gave us His Law and thereby claimed our eternal obedience to Him. If the Hebrew Bible described God as playing this transcendent *rôle* only, then we should be quite right in denying to it the possession of the faintest traces of mysticism.

But it is not so. The Hebrew Bible hints at not only a distant God but a near one, not a God confined to one locality but ubiquitous, not only an imperious law-giver but a Father, not only an isolated Being incomparable, unapproachable, but a Friend and Companion into Whose ear anyone can whisper a prayer, a petition, and feel that there is someone greater than himself who is ready and at hand to aid and shield and encourage him. To give quotations illustrating all this, is unnecessary. But—to come to my point—it is these teachings that are the ground-floor on which the edifice of mysticism is built. The nearness of God, the fatherhood of God, the omnipresence of God—of which and more the 139th Psalm is such a brilliant exposition—these are wide-spread Bible doctrines. These are the indispensable tools of the mystic's workshop.

But the Hebrew Bible, as we know, was the father of a huge progeny. Sparks from its lusty fire flew off in all directions. It gave the impetus to more than one succeeding literature of large proportions and of the greatest moment for the history of the world. Speaking for the Jew only, his Bible developed into (a) the Jewish Hellenistic literature, (b) the New Testament literature, (c) the Talmudic and Midrashic literature, (d) the mediæval Kabbalistic literature. Mystical elements enter largely into the composition of all these branches of Jewish literature, each one of which developed the subject in its own characteristic way and on widely divergent lines. In the small compass of a paper like the present it is impossible to touch even the fringe of these four varying treatments. I shall, therefore, select, for superficial consideration, some points in the mysticism of the two branches

which are essentially Jewish, *viz.* the Talmudic and Midrashic literature, more comprehensively styled 'Rabbinic literature,' and the mediæval Kabbalah.

We said just now that the Hebrew Bible presents us with certain axiomatic theological truths which are the indispensable preliminaries to all mysticism. The Rabbinic literature, as is only natural, took hold of these truths and out of them wove a great and heterogeneous mass of mystical doctrines, some of which have a permanent value, whereas others can very well be relegated to the limbo of the forgotten. To come to illustration. What is one all-important constituent of mysticism? It is that God while in the world is at the same time greater than the world, transcends it. So that not only is God in the world, but the world is also in God. This is the doctrine of the Divine Immanence or Indwelling. Nature is impregnated with, and under the control of, a purposeful Intelligence; there are signs everywhere of the working of an Infinite Mind; we are obliged to interpret nature in terms of Spirit and must logically infer a Great Intelligence creating and controlling with a definite purpose and with all-inclusiveness, every sentient creature from amoeba to man. God is the all-inclusive—from the bird of radiant wing to the stars of the distant firmament and the suns of blinding light. All have the 'king's arrow' on them and are included within the sweep of His majestic robe. The world is a revelation of the infinite energy. These are some of the modern ways of describing the Divine Immanence. And the Talmudic Rabbis expressed the same ideas in ways of their own. Thus, take their familiar adage: "God is called Makōm¹ because He is the dwelling-place

¹ Makōm = place.

of the universe, but the universe is not His dwelling-place." This latter phrase, 'the universe is not His dwelling-place,' means that the world is not large enough to be His dwelling-place. It is comprehended in God, who is greater than it. Or, as it is put in another oft-repeated passage—there are times when God is unable to be contained within the compass of the world, even as Solomon confessed in his prayer: "Behold the heavens and the highest heavens cannot contain thee." And there is a time when God can be compressed into so narrow a space as that between the two cherubims which were above the ark, as it is said :

And when Moses was gone into the Tabernacle of the Congregation to speak with him, then he heard the voice of one speaking to him from off the mercy-seat which was upon the ark of the testimony from between the two cherubims; and he spake unto him.

There can be no simpler, and at the same time more graphic, way of stating the great basic mystical truth of an ever-present Deity who, while controlling all things, is greater than they; and whose traces are embedded everywhere, in the universe and in man's organism. Or take another illustration of a similar mystical concept. An 'Amora' of the third century A.D., is asked by his friend: "How did God create light?" And he replies :

God wrapped Himself in a garment of light with which He illuminates the earth from end to end.

The very centre-point of much oriental mysticism is the idea that the universe may be seen as a Body of God. This Haggadic utterance just quoted echoes the same thought. The particles of light infiltrate them-

¹ Amora = a teacher in the Rabbinical academies of Babylon or Palestine.

selves everywhere; the universe is bathed in them; there is nothing which can possess itself of the world, more than light. And it is the prime cause of life. All the factors that compose what we commonly understand by life—*viz.* movement, action, controlling and directing force, energy, purpose—the possibilities of the action and interaction of all these life phenomena are dependent upon the light. Thus, this quaint Rabbinic aphorism, if interpreted in terms of modern thought, would amount to an assertion of no less importance than that the abounding life of the universe is thrilled through by a Divine energy, which is not only all-encompassing but which, by exhibiting the qualities of will and consciousness and intelligence, is the secret of the law and order and sequence that characterise the cosmos.

This brings me to my next point. It is part of the mystic consciousness not only to believe that union with God is possible, because the Divine Life circulates everywhere and therefore we, as it were, live in God and God expresses Himself through us; it posits also that this Divinity in which we are immersed exhibits all the manifestations of intelligence, consciousness, will and love. The Rabbis had glimmerings of these very same truths, although, strangely enough, they could never keep away from intertwining their ideas with a department of knowledge which, to us, appears to be hardly connected with the subject at all, *viz.* the old cosmological speculations, how did God create the world, did He create it Himself or did He employ a demiurge? Anyhow, there is a passage, in *T. B. Haggigah* 12a, which says that there were ten agencies through which God created the world,—*viz.* wisdom, insight, cognition, strength, power, inexorable-

ness, justice, right, love and mercy. There are other versions of the same statement, *e.g.* *Aboth de R. Nathan* 37, which count only seven, while in Schechter's edition there are ten, but not all identical with those of *Haggigah*.

If we want to know how deeply mystical are the implications of this extraordinary *dictum*, we must turn to three great specimens of Jewish literature, *viz.* (a) the Apocryphal Wisdom of Solomon, (b) Philo, (c) the Kabbalah.

In the Wisdom of Solomon it is surprising to see how successfully the author works out the idea of an immanent power and force and love which are, as it were, the pith and marrow of a Divinely-ordered and Divinely-sustained universe, without ever for a moment endangering the inexorable Jewish doctrines of (a) the Person of God, and (b) monotheism; and without ever laying himself open to the accusation of pantheism.

For wisdom is more mobile than any motion;

Yea, she pervadeth and penetrateth all things by reason of her pureness.

For she is a breath of the power of God,

And a clear effluence of the Glory of the Almighty;

Therefore can nothing defiled find entrance into her.

For she is an effulgence from everlasting light,

And an unspotted mirror of the working of God,

And an image of His goodness.

To discuss Philo in this connexion would lead us into the intricacies of his Logos, and it would take us beyond the scope of this paper. The mediæval Kabbalah has of course the 'ten Sefirot,' and these look like a highly elaborated development of the Rabbinic doctrine about the ten agencies. Let me quote here what *The Zohar*—the canonical book of the Kabbalists—says of these ten 'Sefirot.' Commenting

on the verse, *Isaiah* xl. 25: "Unto whom will ye compare me that I may be like," it goes on to a long explanation of the origin of the ten Sefirot—the principal attributes of God, and it continues thus:

Before having created any form in the world, before He had produced any image, He was alone, without form, resembling nothing. Who would be able to imagine Him as He then was, before creation, since He then had no form?

After some further remarks in this strain, it continues thus:

After having produced the form of the Heavenly Man,¹ God used him as a chariot² on which to descend; He desired to be known by that form which is the holy name of Jehovah³; He wished to make Himself known by His attributes, by each attribute separately, and thus He let Himself be named the God of pardon, the God of justice, the omnipotent, the God of armies, and *He who is*. His object was to make thus intelligible what were His qualities and how His justice and compassion extend throughout the universe just as well as over all the works of men. For, had He not shed His lights over all His creatures how would it have been possible for us to know Him? How could it be true to say that the universe is filled with His glory? Woe to him who would fain compare Him to even one of His essential attributes! Much less ought He to be assimilated to man who has come from the earth and who is destined for death! It is necessary to conceive of Him as above all His creatures and all His attributes. So that even when these things have been taken away there is left neither attribute, nor image, nor form. What remains is like the sea; for the waters of the sea are, by themselves, without limit and without form; but when they spread themselves over the earth then they produce an image,⁴ and we are enabled to make the following calculation: The source of the waters of the sea and the force of the current by which it spouts forth to spread itself over the ground are two different things. Then there is formed an immense basin, just as when one digs out a very deep hollow; this basin is occupied by the waters emanating from the source;

¹ Adam 'Īlā-ā.

² Merkābā.

³ YHVH.

⁴ Dimiōn.

it is the sea itself, but can be counted a third thing. At present, this immense hollow of waters divides itself into seven canals, which are like so many long tubes (ducts), by means of which the waters of the sea are conveyed. Hence, the source, the force of the current, the waters of the sea itself and the seven canals form all together the number ten. And should the workman who constructed these vessels come to break them up, then the waters return to their source, and there remains nothing but the *débris*, dried up and no water. It is thus that the *Cause of Causes* has produced the *ten Sefirot*. First the *Crown*, this is the Source whence there springs a light without end, and from which is derived the *En-Sôf*, the Infinite, designating the *Supreme Cause*; while in this state it has neither form nor figure; there are no means of comprehending it, there is no method by which it can be known. Then, there is formed a vessel (?) contracted to a mere point [the letter *yod*] into which, however, the Divine light penetrates; it is the source of wisdom, it is wisdom itself, in virtue of which the Supreme Cause makes itself called the God of Wisdom. After that, it constructs a channel, immense as the sea, which is called Intelligence. From this comes the designation of God as the Knowing or Intelligent One. We must know, however, that God is only intelligent and wise by His own essential substance; for wisdom does not merit this name by itself, but only through the instrumentality of Him who is wise, and produces it from the light emanating from Him; one cannot conceive what 'knowing' is by itself, but by Him who is the intelligent Being and who fills it with His own essential substance. Finally, the sea divides itself into seven branches, and there result from this division the seven precious channels which are called: (a) Compassion (or Greatness), Justice (or Force), Beauty, Victory, Glory, Royalty and Foundation. It is for this reason that God is designated the 'Great' or the 'Compassionate,' the 'Strong,' the 'Magnificent,' the 'God of Victories,' the 'Creator to whom all Glory belongs' and the 'Foundation of all things.' It is this latter attribute which sustains all the others as well as the totality of the worlds.

This long and intricate quotation from *The Zohar*—to the consideration of some of the enigmas contained in which we shall return further on—has been

quoted simply to show how the mediæval Kabbalah develops the mystical doctrine alluded to in the Talmud in only an elementary and fragmentary way—the doctrine that while God is the Infinite, placed at an immeasurable distance above and beyond the cosmos, He is yet the immanent source of all the power and intelligence that are embedded in the constitution of the world and in the heart of man. They are a revelation of the Presence of God, the universe is an emanation of Him.

Let me come now to one other salient point in Talmudic mysticism. It is an axiom in all mysticism that God is the one Eternal Reality, enshrined in the visible world and in the hidden life of man, and that the goal and end of man's striving is to have union with the Eternal Reality as well as the vision of it. Man looks for the truly real above and beyond all that appears, and the mystic is he who succeeds in catching glimpses of it. Understanding this, it is not difficult for us to appreciate the Talmudic descriptions of certain singular visions experienced by Rabbis. Unless they are viewed from the mystical standpoint, not only can they possess no literary value whatsoever, but they must appear mere childish drivel unworthy of serious consideration in the slightest degree. Thus, to come to illustrations :

The older parts of the Talmud speak of the four who entered into the 'garden,' the garden of esoteric knowledge. How otherwise can this entry 'into the garden' be explained than by saying that these four men (Ben 'Azai, Ben Zoma, 'Akiba and Elisha ben Abuyah) were mystics and theosophic speculators who, on this occasion, experienced a vision of an intensely and exclusively subjective character—a vision which

brought to them the realisation of what is the ultimate goal of all mystics—the sight of the Eternal Reality behind all phenomena?

Again, take a passage like the following, which belongs to the early period of the Palestinian Haggādah (1st and 2nd centuries A.D.):

Johanan ben Zakkai was once riding upon an ass and with him was Eliezer ben 'Arach. The latter said to Johanan, Teach me a chapter of the science of the Merkābā (Chariot). Have I not taught you, replied Johanan, that the Chariot is not to be taught to one pupil by himself unless he be very clever and of a penetrating mind? Very well then, replied Eliezer, will you permit me to tell you something that you have taught me? Yes, replied Johanan, tell me. Forthwith Johanan dismounted from his ass. . . . Why have you dismounted from your ass? queried Eliezer. If, answered Johanan, you are going to discourse to me about the Chariot, and the Shechinah is with us and the ministering angels are accompanying us, shall I be disrespectful enough to sit upon the ass. Then Eliezer b. 'Arach began his discourse, and no sooner had he begun than fire came down from heaven and encircled all the trees in the field, which with one accord began singing a song—viz. the 148th Psalm. R. Johanan at the end stood up, and after kissing him, said: Blessed be the God of Israel, who hath given a son to Abraham our Father—a son who is able to understand and seek out and elucidate the problems of the Merkābā.

On the gist of this weird and wonderful anecdote, three constructions are possible: (a) it is a mere fable and is to be lightly viewed like all those of its class; (b) it is a miracle, and is to be explained in the ways that all miracles in the history of early religion are explained; (c) it is a characteristic description of the subjective experiences of the early Rabbinic mystics. This latter supposition seems to me the most probable, and certainly the most fascinating interpretation. Readers of the great work of Baron von Hügel, *The*

Mystical Element of Religion, published three years ago, will come across many parallels to it.

A more sophisticated description of a subjective experience, and one which belongs to the later—the Amoraic—period of Rabbinic Literature, is that told in connexion with one of the synagogues of Nehardea, a town in Babylon.

The father of Samuel and Levi were, one day, sitting in the synagogue of Shef-we-Yatib, when the Shechinah came in. They heard a rustling sound and arose and went out. R. Shesheth had a similar experience in the same synagogue and did not walk out—the tacit reason for his not going out being that, as he was blind, the vision held no terrors for him. The whole event is narrated in the Talmud in a style which shows that it was meant to be accepted not as a fable or legend, but as a real occurrence. If it was so, then the only feasible standpoint from which to view it is, that it was a real occurrence only to the minds, the eyes and ears of those who saw and heard it. But although this experiencing of the Shechinah in this material way was a spasmodic, isolated phenomenon, something which befell an individual Rabbi here and an individual Rabbi there who chanced to possess the mystical temperament, there is a sense in which all the Rabbis, and all the communities who were influenced by their teachings, were mystics. For they one and all believed, with an assurance which they reiterated tirelessly, in a kind of universally-diffused Divine Presence, a Shechinah, or as it were a kind of Divine effluence, which, while residing in every nook and corner of the cosmos, imparting force and life and protecting power everywhere, yet found its abode more particularly in the brotherhood of Israel. It was some mysterious quality from on High which followed Israel

everywhere, an ocean of Divinity in which the Israelites in the mass and in the individual capacity were bathed. It was just this all-surrounding and all-filling influence (of which God was the source) that was the cause of Israel's marvellous staying power, the agent which brought about everything that was good and great and triumphant in the sphere of the Jew. It was a real union of a nation with God, an abiding vision of a commingling of the human factor with the Divine factor, obvious enough to even the superficial observer of passing events as well as to the reader of the storied glory of the past. "Whithersoever Israel wandered away into exile," runs the classic passage, "thither did the Divine Presence follow them." And then the details are given of the several peregrinations of the Jewish race from the earliest times. It is a captivating thought. The conception of a whole nation having its corporate life in union with God, a living group with many and diversified members joined together by one Spirit! It follows quite logically, that if a whole nation is thus a partaker of divinity, because it is beset with it on all sides, then each individual comprised in that nation must have an inward experience of that divinity, provided he order his life in a way that enables him to realise it. Hence the Rabbis looked upon the attainment of the Shechinah as the crowning ideal that man must pursue. In short, it seems to me that, according to Rabbinic belief, the perfect man must be a mystic and the mystic is the only perfect man. Such a statement I know gives rise to several paradoxes and is open to strong opposition. Let me only add that this branch of Rabbinic mystical doctrine will seem to many to be vitiated by one serious drawback: it is so strongly particularistic and national

in its outlook. The Shechinah is only for Israel; the direct vision of, and immediate contact and union with, the One who is the inner and eternal Reality, the Life of all lives, is only possible to the Jew. Can we accept a view so limited in its scope? Yes, provided we recognise the number of centuries which separate us from the age when these doctrines were first promulgated. If we, with our modern enlightenment, say that not only the Jew but the good and worthy of all races can hope for the realisation of this ideal in their own several cases, we shall not be far wrong, because the Rabbis themselves, in a number of their utterances, led us to believe the same.

When we turn to see how the many divergent branches of the mediæval Kabbalah took up all the foregoing topics and expanded them, we are ushered into an immensely rich new province of Jewish mysticism which is quite *sui generis*. In a paper it is only possible to cast a hurried glance at one or two noteworthy features. I spoke before of the 'ten Sefirot.' These are axiomatic to every province of the mediæval mysticism of Jews, no matter in what other fundamentals they differ from one another.

The ten Sefirot are: (1) Kether (Crown); (2) Ḥōmah (Wisdom); (3) Binah (Intelligence); (4) Ḥesed (Compassion); (5) Dīn (Justice); (6) Hōd (Beauty); (7) Netsah (Victory); (8) Tifereth (Glory); (9) Yesōd (Foundation); (10) Mālķūth (Sovereignty). What deep theological verities these Sefirot in their individual capacities or in their relations to one another really teach, is a matter of disagreement among the Kabbalists. Speaking broadly, however, it is safe to assume that they are a declaration that the Deity is the one eternal Life, the creative and original

soul of things, the infinite mysterious cosmic activity in which all things are, as it were, immured and immersed. All the different manifestations of activity in the cosmos, all the grades of spiritual and moral achievement in man, are due to a direct influence of some one or other of the Sefirot. The Sefirot being thus emanations of God, it follows that man and the world are also emanations of the Divine. And yet, as Luria and Cordovero¹ and others of their school are concerned to point out, God—the En-Sōf—does not live entirely in the Sefirot. For the latter are only, after all, certain visible manifestations of the Divine attributes, visible to our feeble human eye, perceivable to our limited human mind. But God—the En-Sōf—transcends all these things and transcends all ideas that we can possibly make of them. Here we have the characteristic Jewish safe-guarding of the Divine Transcendence and the counterblast to Pantheism.

It was said just now that the first of the ten Sefirot is the Crown. To quote the original Aramaic of *The Zohar*, it denotes “the principle of all principles, the mysterious wisdom, the highest of high crowns by which all crowns and diadems crown themselves.” A very enigmatic definition this, one that gives far more darkness than light! But on reading further descriptions of it by the mediæval Jewish mystics, its implication becomes more apparent. It is similar to the Hegelian idea of ‘pure being’ (*das reine Sein*). This ‘pure being’ or ‘existence’ is thought or reason, a mere abstraction. The starting-point of everything is ‘thought.’ The world is the ‘thought’ of God. It is in this ‘thought’ of God that everything is embraced. So that, to say that the first of the Sefirot denotes the

¹ The two most famous Kabbalists of the 16th century.

cosmos as comprehended in the thought of God, is tantamount to saying that it teaches the truth that the plan of the universe in its infinity of time and space, in all its endless varieties of form and colour and movement, ebb and flow, all these are part and parcel of a God who transcends all and is yet immanent in all.

The second and third Sefirot are Wisdom and Intelligence. These two are generally regarded by the Kabbalists as an outcome of the first Sefirah. Here we alight on two interesting points. Firstly we are presented with what is a feature in most branches of mystical literature, Christian and general, *viz.* the application of the idea of the sexual relationship to the solution of the problem of existence. Wisdom is the father, the active principle which engenders all things, and imposes on them form and measure. Intelligence is the mother, the passive principle. Out of the union of these two, comes a son who is dowered with the characteristics of both parents. This son is Reason. These three, father, mother and son, hold, and unite in themselves, all that which has been, which is and which will be. But they, in their turn, are all united to the first Sefirah (the Crown) who is the all-comprehensive One, who is, was and will be. Here is again what is customarily regarded as the Hegelian teaching of the identity of thought and being. The universe is an expression of the ideas or the absolute forms of intelligence.

The first three Sefirot (says Cordovero) must be considered as one and the same thing. The first represents 'knowledge,' the second 'the knower,' the third 'that which is known.' The Creator is Himself, at one and the same time, knowledge, the knower and the known. Indeed, His manner of knowing does not consist in applying His thought to things outside Him; it is by

self-knowledge that He knows and perceives everything which is. There exists nothing which is not united to Him and which He does not find in His own essence. He is the type of all being and all things exist in Him under their most pure and most perfect form. . . . It is thus that all existing things in the universe have their form in the Sefirot and the Sefirot have theirs in the source from which they emanate.

The other interesting point to which attention must be drawn is the fact that the putting together of the first three Sefirot and the picturing of them as father, mother and son has encouraged many Christian apologists to say that the Trinity is distinctly taught in the Jewish mystical literature. We, of course, know that the resemblance is quite a matter of accident. That there is a substantial admixture of foreign elements in all the branches of the Kabbalistic literature is quite certain. One considerable influence came from Salomon Ibn Gabirol's philosophy, which so largely echoes Plato. Neoplatonism, Gnosticism, Philonism and other systems have all left traces which peep through everywhere. But Christianity is a debtor to these sources also, as well as to Judaism; so that what appears to be Christian is probably but a development of the original material by an unbroken succession of Jewish minds. This original material is the old Talmudic and Midrashic exegesis, upon which was foisted the other systems just alluded to. That there should be a resultant resemblance to Christianity is quite a normal thing; but it is clear, beyond a doubt, that the two lie in quite distinct planes.

No paper on mysticism, whether Jewish or any other, can be said to have done even the barest justice to its subject unless it says something on the towering part played by the soul. Mysticism's centre of gravity is the kinship between the human and the divine; and

the only avenue through which this kinship can become real to us is the soul. If it were more generally known that the mystical theology of the Jew places a high premium upon the soul, the *quietus* would be given to the common cry that Judaism is not a religion but a formalism, not an answer to an inward call but a precise and mechanical obedience to a mere outward routine of law and regulation. The soul as a spiritual entity playing the highest of high parts in man's relation with the unseen, is certainly not a conspicuous element of either the Old Testament or the Rabbinical writings, but the deficiency is made good in the ample part assigned to the soul in all branches of the mediæval Kabbalah. In fact, the part is rather too ample, as is seen from the questionable value of Luria's doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

By means of his soul, says *The Zohar*, man unites the upper with the lower world—or, to quote a translation of the original :

As soon as man was created, everything was brought into a proper state, everything which is above and which is below, it is all comprehended in him, he is the perfection of all.

Or to quote a familiar idea, the Shechinah or the Adam Kadmon, the Celestial Adam, the first of the emanations of God, the Logos, identical in some ways with the first of the Sefirot, produced the earthly shechinah, the earthly Adam—man who is a kind of Divine Presence in human form. But we are not to think that this real man is made up solely of flesh and skin, veins and sinews. The real man is the soul and the other things are merely a vestment, a veil. Man's skin represents the firmament which extends everywhere and covers everything. His flesh puts us in

mind of the evil side of the universe, *i.e.* the elements which are purely exterior and of sense. The sinews and veins symbolise the Celestial Chariot, *i.e.* the interior forces of man which are the servitors of God. But all these are merely an outward covering. In the inner man there lies the mystery of the Celestial Adam who is God in action. In this kingdom of man's soul there are processes going on which are the exact counterpart of those which go on in the world above. We could not wish for any more pronouncedly literal portrayal of the Divine Immanence anywhere. The soul is threefold: (1) the Neshamah, which is the highest phase of its existence; (2) Ruah, which is the seat of good and evil, the abode of the moral attributes; (3) Nefesh, the grosser side of spirit, which is *en rapport* with the body and the cause of all the movements and instincts of the physical life. Each one of these three souls (or three aspects of the soul) has its source in some one of the ten Sefirot. The Neshamah, which, as we have said, is the soul in its most elevated and sublime sense, originates in the Sefirah of Wisdom. The Ruah, which, as we said, denotes the soul in its ethical aspect, comes from the Sefirah of Glory, which, according to some Kabbalists, though not according to others, is a combination of Justice and Mercy. The Nefesh, which, as we said, is the animal side of soul, is derived from the last of the ten Sefirot, Sovereignty, that element of divinity which comes most of all into contact with the material forces of earth.

That the soul had a heavenly pre-existence is a doctrine to be found in some shape or other in all sections of Jewish mysticism. The Talmudic Rabbis spoke of it and deduced it from certain remarks of

Scripture; but whether it was an original creation of theirs, or whether they merely built on the Platonic doctrine, is a moot point. Isaac Luria was of opinion that all souls were born with Adam and that every human being at birth received, by some Divine intervention, the soul that fitted it. Luria's doctrine of the soul comes perilously near to favouring the non-Jewish doctrine of original sin. For, according to him, all souls born with Adam constituted originally a one and only soul. Hence, when Adam sinned through disobedience, this one huge comprehensive soul born with him, and of which every future human being was at birth to receive a little microscopic bit, became involved in sin. But Luria clears himself from all suspicions of Christian doctrine and falls thoroughly into line with all the Jewish mystics, from the greatest of them even unto the least of them, in his insistence upon the soul's possibility, and hence duty, of working out its highest destiny unaided. This tenet, as a matter of fact, was just what gave the first impetus among these mystics to their weird theories of the transmigrations of the soul. The soul cannot cast off its dross and rehabilitate itself in the course of one life-time. It must pass through many bodies and experience many terrestrial existences, each one higher than the other, before it can reach the pinnacle of perfection which is its pre-destined end.

Jewish mysticism reflects the nature of the mysticism of all other creeds in the way in which it links together the two most indispensable factors of the spiritual life—love and the soul. The soul, says the mystic of all ages, seeks to enter consciously into the Presence of God. It can only do so under the spur of an overpowering ecstatic emotion called Love.

What Love means to the mystic can best be described in the words of a modern writer on the subject :

The word Love as applied to the mystics (says Evelyn Underhill) is to be understood in its deepest, fullest sense ; as the ultimate expression of the self's most vital tendencies, not as the superficial affection or emotion often dignified by this name. Mystic Love is the offspring of the Celestial Venus ; the deep-seated desire and tendency of the soul towards its source. It is a condition of humble access, a life-movement of the self ; more direct in its methods, more valid in its results—even in the hands of the least lettered of its adepts—than the most piercing intellectual vision of the greatest philosophic mind.

Jewish mysticism exhibits very much the same characteristics as have just been described. It tells us that in love lies the mystery of the soul's union with God. It is love that draws the one to the other, that lifts up everything which is, to that high degree where everything must necessarily blend into a unity. *The Zohar* gives some such connotation as this to the words "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One." A fine passage from *The Zohar* depicting one of the aspects of this mystic love is the following :

In one of the most mysterious and most exalted parts of the heaven there is a palace called the Palace of Love ; profound mysteries are enacted there ; there are assembled all the most well-beloved souls of the Heavenly King ; it is there that the Heavenly King, the Holy One (blessed be He!) lives together with these saintly souls and unites Himself to them by kisses of love.

"The Divine kiss," we are told in another passage, "is the union of the soul with the substance from which it draws its origin." These ideas are by no means the invention of mediæval Jewish mysticism. They are familiar to all students of the Talmud and Midrash. The old Rabbinic homilies on *The Song of Songs* reverberate throughout with the strains of this

deeply spiritual teaching, and it is no small attestation of the perennial moving force of mysticism in religion that the early Synagogue and the early Church—bitterly opposed as they were on so many points of belief—should have both, although in utterly diverse ways, tried to extract the truest meaning of *The Song of Songs* by the instrument of the mystical interpretation.

From all these scrappy and haphazard bits of information that I have pieced together in this paper one or two considerations emerge which are vital to a correct understanding and a just estimate of our subject. It is noticeable that the Jewish mystical literature, no matter of what age, always finds a place for the Bible. *The Zohar* is, as a matter of fact, written in the form of a commentary on Scripture. But all such productions either take the Bible as a starting-point for their theories, or appeal to it constantly for a confirmation of them. The result has been this: that mystical speculation among Jews kept its devotees admirably free from the dangers of pantheism. Clearly enough, there is always a kinship between mysticism and pantheism. To say that God is in all is next door to saying that God is all, and this again is very near to saying that all is God. But it is only so on a shallow and specious reasoning. In reality, the chasms separating these propositions are enormous. The Jewish mystic did not need the aid of any hard reasoning to show him their separateness. It was done for him by his inveterate worship of tradition and authority—tradition and authority as vested for him in his Bible, which, as the Divine Book, exacted from him a homage which he dared not question, leave alone disobey. If, finding God everywhere, in the world, in the round ocean, in the living air, in the recesses of

his own deepest self, the mystic was apt to run amuck into the materialism of pantheism, which is the negation of all religion, this risky attitude was at once corrected by the reverent realisation that God is, and must be, outward as well as inward, that He is Israel's law-giver and guide and deliverer, and that only in loyalty to the behests of this outward and transcendent God could happiness and blessedness be found. Thus we have the rare spectacle of some of the most pronounced Jewish mystics being at one and the same time the most conservative of formalists, the most unswerving upholders of the letter of Jewish tradition. Mysticism cannot be called into account for any palpable number of seceders from Judaism. And as for the Jew of to-day, the times call loudly for his adoption of a mystical standpoint in religion. What with the new scientific conceptions of the life here and the life hereafter, what with the 'higher criticism' of the Bible with its doubtings and denials of much that used to be thought divine and imperishable in Judaism, the Jew sorely needs convincing himself that his religion—like the religion of all other men—is not in the last resort at the mercy of these outward changing fashions. Its truth and validity rest on the fact that man can, if only he will, have an intimate life with God; and that the kernel of religion consists in a tireless search for union with a Divine Presence, which is the highest conceivable level of the spiritual life.

J. ABELSON.

JESUS' FEEDING OF THE MULTITUDE.

ROBERT EISLER, Ph.D.

IN the study of 'The Messianic Fish-meal of the Primitive Church,' in the last number of *THE QUEST*, we found ourselves able to explain all extant Early Christian fish-and-bread meal pictures, as fully as can be desired, without recurring once to the allied gospel-texts describing the multiplication of the loaves and fishes on the shore of Lake Genesareth. Nevertheless it is still worth while to analyse on their own account these evangelic traditions since they claim to describe an important incident in the life and ministry of the historical Jesus.

If the archæology of Christian origins has been entirely wrong in considering the above-analysed pictures as simple illustrations to the evangelic feeding-stories, and has thereby lost the opportunity of properly utilising some of the most ancient and valuable witnesses about the nature of the primitive Christian '*agapē*,' so should we also be ill-advised, if we yielded to the temptation to neglect the above-quoted traditions as entirely devoid of historical value and biographical interest, merely because it might now appear possible to take them as nothing more than projections of the customary fish-and-bread meal of the earliest Church into the earthly life of the Christ—invented in order to justify the preservation of this originally Jewish rite by the example of Jesus, just as the command of the risen Lord—"Go ye and

baptise all nations," etc.—has been arbitrarily inserted into the concluding verses of *Matthew*, in order to lend the authority of Jesus to the Christian development of the baptism of John and his disciples. For in that case we should expect a mention of the 'cup of blessing,' and above all—if not in A or B at least in C or D—an express order of Jesus, to repeat for ever this fish-and-bread meal, analogous to the word: "This do ye in remembrance of me" (*1 Cor.* 10²³ and *Luke* 22¹⁹), in the Pauline account of the Last Supper.

In pursuing therefore resolutely this further line of research, we shall best start from the feeding of the 4,000 (B), where—in the original text—no mention occurred of any fish.¹ To understand this tradition, we must remember that the popular Jewish eschatology expected the Messiah to repeat the Mosaic miracle of the Manna,² just as the Christ was expected to renew the marvellous production of life-giving water from the bare rock in the wilderness.³ Hunger and thirst—this is of course the meaning of these hopes—will be unknown in the Kingdom of God, where a miraculous fertility is to reign throughout: the earth will bring forth her fruits in myriads; a single vine will have a thousand branches; every branch of it a thousand clusters; every cluster a thousand grapes; and every grape will yield a barrel of wine. They who have been hungry will have plenty to eat, for in those times the manna will fall again from heaven, and they that live to see the end of the times, will again eat of it.⁴ A

¹ Cp. QUEST, vol. iv., p. 497.

² Cp. Jean Réville, *Le 4^{ème} Evangile*, p. 175 (2nd ed. p. 178).

³ "As the first Goël (=Moses) has produced a fountain, so will the second one bring forth water" (Schetgen, *Der wahre Messias*, I. 361).

⁴ *Syrian Apocalypsis of Baruch*, ch. 29, ed. Charles, p. 54. Cp. *Fragm. of Papias in Iren.* v. 333.

wheat-ear will grow higher than the mountains of Judah; yet it will not be difficult to harvest its grains, for God will send a wind, to scatter the 'corn from heaven' (*Psalms* 72:6)—changed already into flour—all over the earth,¹ etc.

Even if the fourth gospel (*Jn.* 6:31f.) did not expressly compare the multiplication of the bread by Jesus to the manna-miracle of Moses, we should not fail to perceive that the story of the miraculous feeding of the multitude is intended to show that *Jesus was indeed the true Messiah, who could at will feed as many of the hungry in Israel as he chose.* The multiplication itself is well known to be modelled on the prototype of an Elisha-legend in *2 Kings* 4:2, 44.² Indeed it is only with regard to this prototypic passage, that the fourth gospel makes the multiplied loaves consist of *barley*. Because Elisha lets his servant 'set before' the people, Jesus does not himself distribute the bread, but orders the Twelve to 'set' the bread 'before' the multitude—an artificial method of composition, the result of which is best characterised by the criticism of a small school-boy, who remarked indignantly to his father: "Now isn't it too bad, dad, that the apostles themselves did not get anything to eat and yet it was *their* bread that the Lord Jesus gave to the other men!"³ Indeed, as Jean Réville⁴ has acutely observed, the disciples ana-

¹ *2 Kethuboth* 111b.

² "A man from Baal-Shalisha . . . brought the man of God bread of the first fruits, twenty *loaves of barley* and full ears of corn in the husk thereof. And he said, Give unto the people, that they may eat. And his servitor said, What, should I set this before an *hundred men*. He said again, Give the people, that they may eat, for thus saith the Lord, *They shall eat and shall leave thereof.* So he set it before them, and they did eat, and left thereof according to the word of the Lord."

³ In A—if we abstract from the interpolation—no such difficulty is to be felt.

⁴ *Les Origines de l'Eucharistie* (Paris, 1908), p. 59 n. 1.

chronistically act in this story the rôle of the later 'deacons' (*Acts* 6.1-5) in the ceremonial of a Christian '*agapê*.' Still more influenced by the familiar notion of a Christian 'love-feast' is the detail of the fragments that are collected in the baskets. The Elisha-legend says only that the hundred men ate and left of the bread. In the Christian parallel, however, this is improved upon by means of a reminiscence from the ceremonial of an *agapê*, as it was celebrated in the houses or meeting-places of the community, where the crumbs that fell 'between the couches,' used to be swept up in an orderly way.¹ But who would think of sweeping the ground for the sake of cleanliness *after an improvised meal in the middle of the wilderness?* It becomes all the more evident that this detail can only be derived from the domestic meal-ceremonial of the Church, if we read in the prototypic manna-legend, that the Israelites were expressly *forbidden* to keep anything of that miraculous food for the next day (*Exod.* 16.19).

As to the *numbers* in this version, the 'seven' loaves and 'seven' baskets are simply the usual sacred number of these things; just as the 'twelve' baskets in the A version; or 'seven' is chosen here as the typical *lunar* number in order to allude to the popular conception of the moon as a loaf of bread, that always grows whole again however often pieces may have been cut off it,² and to the equally popular comparison of the moon to a basket;³ while the four-thousand (40×100) may—with some probability—be explained as suggested to the narrator by the two Old

¹ Cp. QUEST, vol. iv., p. 502.

² Aug. Schleicher, *Litt. Märchen*, etc. (Weimar, 1857), p. 88.

³ On '*buginnu*,' the 'basket' of the Babylonian Moon-god, see Frank, *Leips. Sem. Stud.* II. 2, p. 13f. 85 l. 7, p. 43a.

Testament prototypes, since one *hundred* men are fed by the 'man of God' Elisha, while on the other hand the manna is given to Israel during *forty* years (*Deut.* 82. 3).

From this account the parallel feeding of the five thousand (A) differs in three main points: first of all the meal is enriched by *the addition of fish* to the bread; secondly the locality of the feeding is described as a meadow with *fresh green grass*, so that the group of reclining eaters look *like the beds of a garden* in it, a peculiarity that has certainly a deeper meaning, since also in the above mentioned (p. 496) fresco of the Capella Graeca of S. Priscilla the fish-meal is celebrated on a verdant ground; finally the *two hundred* pennyworth of bread, the *five* fishes and *two* loaves and the *five* instead of four *thousand* participants—grouped in a *hundred* ranks of *fifty* men each—denote a *more developed numerical symbolism*.

As to the fish, they cannot be derived from the Manna-legend, unless the words of Moses in the latter (*Num.* 1122): "Shall (all) the flocks and the herds be slain for them, to suffice them? Or shall all the fish of the sea be gathered together for them to satiate them?"—be considered a sufficient reason for their introduction. Neither is it possible that the meal should be characterised as a sabbath-eve's supper, since it appears in the story as the merest chance that some, apparently cured fish, as they were frequently used for traveller's provisions,¹ are found in the wallet of one of the disciples. It is plain, however, from what has been said before² about *fish being the principal dish of the Messianic meal*, that in the author's intention the fortuitous, or rather providential, presence of this peculiar meal

¹ Cp. *Enc. Bibl.* 1529 §7.

² Cp. *QUEST*, vol. iv., p. 508.

enables Jesus to celebrate something like an anticipation of that *real* banquet of the Kingdom, which is to take place when the Son of Man will return in glory from the clouds of the sky.

This obvious explanation accounts also for the insistence of the author—who is emphatically followed in this respect by the fourth gospel¹—on the garden-like appearance of the spot. For the fish-meal of the saved in the Kingdom takes place in 'Gan Eden,' the Garden of (the recovered) Paradise. Consequently its anticipation must be enacted in a grassy, garden-like place.

In studying the more complicated numerical symbolism of this piece, it is best to depart from the 'two hundred 'pennyworth' of bread, since this has already been acutely explained from Philonic principles by E. A. Abbot.² According to the Alexandrian philosopher³ and his Neo-pythagorean mysticism, the number 200 denotes *repentance*. The unknown evangelist to whom we owe the A account of the feeding-miracle, then probably wanted to suggest by this detail in the reply of the disciples, that not all the repentance in the world could *buy* the bread from heaven for Israel; as a free gift it must be expected from the Divine Grace.

As to the *five* instead of the *seven* loaves, there is the constant tradition in the Church,⁴ from the earliest Fathers up to St. Bernard of Clairvaux, that they symbolise the technically so-called Pentateuch, the *five books* of the Mosaic Law. As to the *two* fishes—contrasted with the undefined number in the interpre-

¹ *Jn.* 6:20: "Now there was much grass in the place."

² *Enc. Bibl.* 1797; cp. *QUEST*, vol. ii., p. 285, n. 3.

³ On *Gen.* 5:22.

⁴ Cp. *Pitra, Spic. Sol.* iii. 526, § ii.

tation to B and with the seven fishes in a Mahomedan parallel¹—the Patristic opinion is not so unanimous. Some take the fishes as symbolising the Christ, an idea which is beforehand excluded by the plural number of fish, in spite of all the artificial subtleties to distinguish two different personalities of the Christ—the suffering and the glorified, the anointed King and the anointed High Priest, etc. Many Fathers, however, explain the two fishes, quite in accordance with the equation of the five loaves with the five books of Moses, as representing ‘the Prophets and the Psalms,’ that is to say ‘the Prophets and the Hagiographa’ (in Hebrew, *Nebijim v Kethubim*), the two remaining main divisions of sacred books, that make up, together with the Pentateuch, the *Thorah* properly so-called, the canon of Holy Scripture. To symbolise by ‘fishes’ sacred books or inscriptions—the latter in case we should by preference refer the *two fishes* to the *two stone tables of the Law*—is very much in the line of old Oriental allegorism; since we have Babylonian inscriptions where a certain sacred fish is called the ‘writing-table of Bel,’ and the Fish-god Hani acclaimed as the patron of the *dup-šarru* or tablet-writers, most probably because the well-known dove-tailed wedges of cuneiform writing led the popular fancy to a comparison of them with a shoal of fish swimming in various directions.

Finally the number ‘five thousand’—instead of ‘four thousand’ in B—is certainly to be explained according to the hint given in the sentence “they sat down in groups of 100×50 .” As in B., the number 100

¹ According to the 5th Surah (112-115) of the *Koran*, God sends a fully dressed table from heaven at the prayer of Jesus. Ibn Abbas and Al Dschalalam say that there were seven loaves and seven fishes on this *maidah* (Hughes, *Dict. of Islam*, p. 110).

is derived from the *hundred* men fed with bread by Elisha; 50 however is written in Hebrew with the sign נ, that is the letter N, which is pronounced *Nūn*, i.e. '*Fish*.' The reader, who remembers from a preceding paper¹ the familiar Jewish allegorism of calling a *pious* Israelite a 'fish,' will easily be able to decipher the numerical symbolism of the multitude grouped in ranks of '50' (נ) as suggesting that the hundreds of men, fed by Jesus on that occasion, were all 'fishes,' that is *pious* Israelites.

The most important result of this analysis is certainly that the Patristic equation of the food given by Jesus—the five loaves and two fishes—with the '*Thorah- Nebijm- Kethubim*' (Pentateuch, Prophets and Hagiographa), that is with the whole Sacred Scriptures, may indeed very well correspond to the original meaning of the unknown author of A. But, however this writer's intentions may be explained, we meet in any case as early as in *Matthew* 16¹¹,² with the express statement, that the loaves in the two feeding-stories are *not meant for real bread*, but for the word of God, which is 'leavened,' that is putrefied and perverted by the 'leaven,' that is by the doctrine of the Pharisees. This interpretation—which was elaborately exposed later on and complicated by the logosophic identification of the Messiah with the Word of God in the Gospel of John—is in perfect harmony with the fact that the common source from which *Matthew* and *Luke* derived a series of 'sayings' of Jesus, makes the Lord quote the famous sentence about the manna in *Deuteronomy* 8³, "Man doth not live by bread only, but by every [word] that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," in

¹ *Quæst.*, vol. iii., pp. 490ff.

² "How is it that you do not understand, that I spake not to you concerning loaves of bread?"

reply to the challenge, "If thou be the Son of God command that these stones be made bread,"—that is, in reply to an expectation which reflects the popular belief in the material blessings conveyed by the Messiah, in the same way as the analogous question in *John* 6³⁰ :

What sign shewest thou then, that we may see [it] and believe thee? What dost thou work? Our fathers did eat *manna* in the desert, as it is written (*Ps.* 78²⁴), He gave them bread from heaven to eat.

Such words as these would fit admirably into a situation, which may perfectly well be believed to have called forth the remarkable action—so full of deepest eschatological meaning—of the historic Jesus feeding the multitude. He may have been followed by a multitude of hearers to a lonely place, where he taught them about the impending Kingdom until nightfall. Then from the deeply excited hungry crowd of ardent believers in the Messianic hopes of Israel, the passionate cry for a sign may have arisen: If the banquet of the final Sabbath was as near as that, why could he not give them here and now a foretaste of it? Could he not change the stones into food (*lit.* bread) or let manna drop from heaven as Moses had done in the wilderness?

With the quiet calm, which is so impressively felt even in the distorted and made-up versions of our gospels, he made them all sit down, took from the wallet of one of his disciples the frugal supper of the little company, some bread and—may be—some cured fish. Then he looked up to heaven, said the *berakhah* in praise of the Creator of all food, broke the bread in the customary manner of the Jewish householder, and gave a morsel to each. And before disappointment could be felt among the partakers of this rare communion-meal, he began to teach them anew: how

it is written (*Deut.* 8:3) that man doth not live by food only, but by the word of God. He taught them—as his contemporary the Alexandrian philosopher tells his readers over and over again,¹ and as the Palestinian ‘allegorists,’ the ‘*dorshē reshūmōth*’ of his age, knew quite as well²—how the real manna and the true ‘bread from heaven’ is the divine Spirit, the revelation, that had been given to Israel on Mount Sinai,—even as the water that Moses drew from the rock, was in reality nothing else than the wholesome Law brought down from the mountain of God. Had not the Lord said through the mouth of Amos, the herdsman of Tekoa (8:10ff.) :

Behold, the days come . . . when I will send a hunger on the land, *not a hunger of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of Jahvè.*

And they shall wander from sea to sea and from the north even to the east, they shall run to and fro to seek *the word of Jahvè.* In that day shall the fair virgins and young men *faint for thirst.*³

He reminded them of Jahvè's promise, given through the prophet Isaiah (55:10) :

As the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, *giving seed for sowing and bread for eating, so shall my Word be that goeth forth out of my mouth.*

¹ Philo, II. *Leg. all.* 21; III. *Leg. all.* 59, 61; *Quod. det. pot. ius.* 31; *Quis rer. div. haer.* 15 and 89; *De profug.* 25, *De migr. Abrahami* 5.

² Cp. Lauterbach, *Jew. Quart. Review*, vol. i. p. 327. In *Sanhedr.* 70b it is said that the tree of knowledge, from which Adam ate, was *wheat*—a theory which by the by recurs in the *Korān*. This shows that the gigantic wheat-stalk in *Kethuboth* (above, p. 734) from which the heavenly corn is to fall down in the Messianic time, was identified with the tree of knowledge of good and evil in Paradise. The manna descending from the tree of knowledge—what can it be but the Law, which teaches men to discern good and evil? Cp. ‘*the bread of knowledge*’ and ‘*the water of wisdom*’ in *Sirah.* 15:3; *ibid.* 24, the marvellous vine is identified with Wisdom itself.

³ Cp. *Mark*, 8:3: “If I send them away fasting to their own homes they *will faint by the way*: for divers of them come from far.”

He reminded them perhaps of the powerful words of the prophet opening this very chapter :

Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that has no bread, come ye, buy and eat ! yea come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not food ? and your labour for that which satisfieth not ? Hearken diligently to me and eat ye that which is good !

Well may he have concluded with the saying (*Jn.* 6¹⁷) :

Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for the meat which endureth unto everlasting life—for the word of God !

And then dismissed the multitude with the blessing :

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst *after righteousness* ; for they shall be filled ! (*Matt.* 5⁶).

If this hypothetic reconstruction of the 'teaching' of Jesus, which is so emphatically mentioned in the A document, be admitted as plausible, I would ask the most critical reader, whether there is any difficulty in believing that a crowd which had been addressed in such or similar words, could feel really satiated in a deeper sense with 'bread from heaven,' and believe themselves to have been marvellously given a foretaste of the true Messianic meal ?

As far as I can see, there is not the slightest reason to deny the historicity of this symbolic 'banquet' of the Messiah, celebrated by Jesus somewhere on the shore of the Galilean Lake. More than this, the conviction that such an impressive incident really occurred during the short earthly career of the Nazarene prophet, is alone able to account for the ecstatic visions of his disciples, who even after his tragic death still beheld their deceased master feeding them on the flesh of one broiled fish.

In the light of these results, the incident related in C does not appear to be a literary variant to A and B, but rather a psychological reflection of the real facts underlying the latter. A special explanation is wanted only for one detail, *viz.* for the fact, that *Mark* designedly contrasts the *one* roasted fish of this feeding with the 'two' or 'some' fishes mentioned in his source (A and B). An uncautioned observer might easily feel tempted to explain this emphasis on the *one* fish, on the authority of Augustine, with reference to the well-known early Christian symbolism of Jesus as the IChThYS or divine 'Fish,' as it is met with, *e.g.* in the epitaph of Aberkios. Against this, however, militates the striking fact, that the fourth evangelist, while equating Jesus himself with the *bread* of the feeding-miracle ('I am the bread of life'), does not even think of the still more effective argument of allowing the Christ to say: 'I am the Fish of the living.'¹ And if *John* does not betray any acquaintance with the ichthys symbolism, can we venture to attribute this idea to *Mark*?

Moreover there is an entirely different and very plausible solution of the whole difficulty. We know from a great many *testimonia*,² that according to an old Jewish belief, the great cosmic fish *Leviathān* will rise from the primeval deep at the end of the times. Jahvè, or, with his aid, the angel Gabriel, will fish up the great monster, dismember and cook it, and then *feed the pious on it at the great Messianic banquet. Its taste will be like that of a fish from the lake of Tiberias.*³

At the bottom of this eschatologic idea there are

¹ Thus (ΙΧΘΥΣ ΖΩΝΤΩΝ) in an early Christian epitaph. (Doelger, p. 160, fig. 9).

² Scheftelowitz l.c., p. 6ff.

³ *Jalkut to Job.* § 41.

two essentially different notions. First, the conception that the beginning of the new æon will be exactly similar to the days of creation: as Jahvè caught and slew Rahab, the great monster, before he created the world,¹ even so will he slay Leviathān before the renewal of the cosmos. Second, a naïve popular theory of retaliation: according to *Jonah* 2₃, the belly of the great fish is identical with Sheol, the pale of Hell. During the whole of the present world the belly of the great monster—Hades—has devoured the children of man. On the last day, however, God will force it to render up all its victims, as the Leviathān had to vomit forth Jonah. More than that, after this resurrection of the dead, the ‘living ones’ in Paradise will have their revenge on Death itself and devour in their turn the great monster. Revenge will be sweet, and the flesh of the world-encompassing whale will be as delicate as the best fish from the Tiberiad. And if they have thus eaten up Death itself, blessed immortality will of course reign over the world. Consequently the eating of the Leviathān’s flesh at the Messianic banquet is in itself, like the eucharist in the Christian doctrine, the ‘medicine of immortality’ for the chosen.

Nothing seems more probable than that the visionary dreamer, who saw the risen Jesus feed his disciples on the one fish from the Galilean Lake, meant this meal to be intended for a foretaste of the great feast, the life-giving flesh of Leviathān, and the coal-fire on which the fish was roasted for a symbol of the final conflagration of the world—the one fire, which is large enough to roast a fish, that occupies a seventh of the whole ocean!

ROBERT EISLER.

¹ See Zimmern (*Alter Orient*, ii. 8, pp. 8f.), on *Ps.* 74; 89; *Is.* 51; *Ezek.* 32₃; *Job* 9 and 26, etc.

THE NATURE CURE.

KATE EMIL BEHNKE.

THE Nature Cure is a comprehensive, scientific method for the prevention, cure and alleviation of disease. It takes its name from the fact that its fundamental principle is that all disease is the result of the violation of the laws of Nature, and from the fact that it holds that cure can consequently be found only in the employment of natural therapeutic agencies and in the altering of the conditions which have brought about the result. The Nature Cure postulates the unity of disease and sees in the thousand and one diseases of medical science simply a variety of symptoms all indicative of one fact, *viz.* that the system is trying to rid itself of waste matter, the retention of which has been caused by the violation of Nature's laws. It looks upon the mere treatment and suppression of symptoms as unscientific and short-sighted, a waste of time, money and life. Modern medicine and surgery for the most part deal only with the emergency of the moment; not only is nothing done to help the system in its efforts to expel the mischief but nothing is done to instruct the patient as to what has caused the trouble, and as to how to arrange the conditions of life so as to prevent a recurrence.

Now the Nature Cure holds that illness is not an 'attack' but a summing-up, the bursting into flame of a fire which has long been smouldering, the final link in a long chain of causes, for the most part

so small and apparently unimportant as to have passed unnoticed. It shows that human life falls under certain clearly defined laws which can no more be transgressed with impunity than a plant can be expected to flourish in a dark corner, deprived of light and either under-watered or over-watered. Those who have made a study of the laws of Nature, both with regard to correct conditions for healthy human life and with regard to the therapeutic employment of natural agencies, are so amazed at the results that they can only feel aghast at the way money is poured out lavishly in a mere marking of time, whilst little or nothing is done on preventive lines. As Sir Almroth Wright said, not long ago, men fond of shooting band themselves together to investigate disease in grouse, but one never heard of their doing so to investigate their own diseases.

We are sadly behind the Continent, as usual, in this respect, for there a movement for investigating our own diseases was set on foot some sixty years ago and has steadily grown, gathered force and spread, till it may be said to constitute a banding together, the results of which are so remarkable that even conservative England cannot much longer ignore them. Nature Cure sanatoria, where these principles are carried out, with only a few trifling divergencies in details, are now to be found firmly established, meeting with ever-increasing success, all over the Continent, in Finland, Denmark, Holland, France, Germany, Bavaria, the Tyrol, Switzerland, Italy, etc., and so important a bearing are they considered to have on the national health that many of them are assisted by the State and Municipalities with grants of money or land. There is a beautifully equipped municipal Air Bath in Zürich, where the

admission is only a few centimes, and where every facility is provided for taking Sun, Air and Water Baths.

In Vienna, the Municipality has made a present to the town of a vast tract of land on the banks of the Danube where there is accommodation for no less than 4,000 people, and so much has Air Bathing been found to benefit general health that special facilities have been granted to workshops and schools.

In 1908 there were in Germany alone no less than 210 Nature Cure sanatoria. Yet in Great Britain the movement is practically unknown, and few people have heard of the Broadlands Sanatorium at Medstead, in Hampshire, the first Nature Cure to be established in England, where these methods are carried out as successfully as on the Continent.

Let it not be thought for one moment that our climate is unsuitable for the treatment. It is desirable that the treatment should be taken in the country in which the patient lives, and when the vagaries of the English climate are remembered it is clear that any method which will enable its variability to be withstood is to be welcomed.

It is of interest in this connection to remember that the Open Air treatment for tuberculosis came to us from Germany, and that it was at first looked upon as being totally unsuited to this climate. Some years' experience at the Broadlands Sanatorium has shown that the English climate is in every respect as suited to the carrying out of Nature Cure methods as that of any country in Europe; in fact, the best results are obtained in cooler climates, and it is of less importance to have sun—curious as this may seem—than to have cool air and gray skies for the Air Baths.

What it is necessary to realise is that there is no disease that is not more successfully treated under Open Air conditions. Sir Almroth Wright, in the address on 'Bacteriology and Hygiene,' to which allusion has already been made, asked why fresh air was only applied to tubercular disease, and stated that the whole doctrine of fresh air required to be revised. That is precisely what the Nature Cure is doing, and those who are interested in more rational methods of treating disease, as well as in the study of preventive measures on rational, humane lines, should lose no time in making themselves acquainted with the Nature Cure.

KATE EMIL BEHNKE.

THE PASSING OF RIKIU:
THE STORY OF A GREAT JAPANESE TEA
MASTER.

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

I.

RIKIU, the great Japanese Tea Master, sat in his garden. There was a smile of infinite peace upon his face as he gazed at the bent form of a pine-tree against the evening sky, noted the homeward flight of heron, and the bell-like song of an invisible cricket.

A shadow fell across a silver-sanded pathway, the shadow of a fair woman. When the Tea Master noticed it, he said to himself: "In the drinking of tea I find the Paradise of Wondrous Incense; but in the coming of a pretty woman even the Gods forget their divinity. Out of the flowers and butterflies and summer breezes is a woman made, and she lives her short day in the sun of human love."

O-Kon ('Deep Blue'), with a radiant smile, sat beside the Tea Master. "Still dreaming?" she said, stretching forth her hand and caressing one of Rikiu's dark grey sleeves. "If I were to take a bamboo tube and blow you up very, very big, no one would be able to distinguish you from the Dai-butsu at Kamakura! When I told Hideyoshi that, his ugly monkey-face wrinkled up, and he said: 'Funny! Funny! First of all I love my soldiers, then my favourite women, and then Prince Holy Tea'—meaning you."

O-Kon laughed; but there was something a little hard and bitter in her laughter as she looked into the Tea Master's solemn face.

"You are on intimate terms with the Regent Hideyoshi?" inquired Rikiu.

"His terms are always intimate. But what is that to me? Though he be robed in splendour he still reeks of the stable. A thousand times a day he calls himself 'Sun of the World,' and when I hear him, I say to myself: 'Oh, Monkey-face! Oh, Monkey-face, where is your equal for vanity?'"

"There is a fear in my heart to-night," said Rikiu, taking the woman's hand and lightly touching the fingers as if they were the white petals of a lotus. "I know Hideyoshi's good qualities, and they are many, but I also know his weaknesses. You must never gratify that mad lust of his that burns all that is best in a woman, and leaves behind a little heap of ashes best buried with the tears of pity. The colour of youth is splendid, but the end of snow is Nirvana."

"I may be driven to the folly of which you speak," said O-Kon gently. "Are you so absorbed in your great dream that you cannot read my heart? When in the night my shadow falls upon the *shoji* (paper slides), I say: Oh, lonely, lonely shadow! My heart cries for two shadows upon the *shoji*—yours and mine!"

The great Tea Master was silent for a moment. Then he said, in a voice that faltered: "O-Kon, you have pulled back the curtain of your heart to-night. I wish I had never seen how human it is, how clearly my own unworthy self lies marked upon it. There is no peace in your heart, O-Kon, but unrest, sorrow, yearning that is never satisfied."

"Never satisfied?" murmured O-Kon, with some-

thing defiant in her face that was made ghostly pale in the moonlight.

"Never satisfied," said Rikiu, with a half-stifled sob. "O-Kon, my poor O-Kon, cannot you find, as I have found, eternal peace in the liquid jade of the tea-plant? Cannot you find ——?"

"You mock me!" hissed O-Kon, striking the ground with her small hand. "I curse the liquid jade that takes you beyond my reach, and the tea and its frigid ceremonies that have turned your heart into an ice-cold stone. Above all I curse that fool Daruma whose severed eye-lids were transformed into the tea-plant.—My love for you has turned into hate. There will still be one shadow on the *shoji*, but, Prince Holy Tea, it will not be quite the same shadow.—Oh, it will be different, different!"

Rikiu looked upon the retreating figure of O-Kon with compassionate eyes. When she had disappeared, he murmured: "You have wronged the tea that has been to me the amber gate leading to everlasting beauty, and most of all you have wronged the music of your own fair soul. Though you slumber to-night with hate and vengeance in your heart, in the morning, when you wake, by the mercy and infinite goodness of the Lord Buddha, you shall find peace."

II.

When O-Kon awoke the next morning her hatred had not disappeared. It had grown more intense, and was now a deep, surging flood—the flood of vengeance that desired to tear down the man who had seen her love and yielded none in return. She put on her most beautiful *kimono*, the *kimono* with silk cherry-blossom.

She painted her lips, and was at length satisfied with the elaborate arrangement of her glossy black hair. She bent over a mirror and carefully examined every detail of her face. "Well, little mirror," she said with a smile, "shall I please Lord Monkey-face to-day?" The reflection of scarlet mouth, laughing eyes, and night-black hair seemed to whisper back, very softly: "You will, O-Kon, you will!" "Ah! little mirror, I wish you would always look back at me like that." Then O-Kon laid the metal disc aside, passed out into the street, and entered a palanquin. "To Hideyoshi's palace," she said sweetly to the bearers.

O-Kon had one little frown on her forehead as she leant back in the palanquin. She was never quite sure of Hideyoshi. He was a man of moods, gay to-day, gloomy to-morrow, liberal and meagre with his favours by turn. Could she twist him round her finger, or could he, with that brutal vanity of his, draw her down to his own level without attaining her end? She did not quite know. Much depended on his last night's slumber, and much, too, on the flatteries that immediately preceded her visit.

When the palanquin was lowered and O-Kon entered the palace, the frown had disappeared. Officials bowed before her, and the guards smiled when she had passed them. All knew O-Kon, and all knew that Hideyoshi loved her. After the sending of messages and a period of waiting that seemed interminable, O-Kon was favoured with a private audience with the Regent.

"Great Sun of the World!" cried O-Kon as she prostrated herself before Hideyoshi—only the backs of her little hands were aware of the concealed smile—"Great Sun of the World, whose glory transcends the

glory of the Celestial Kingdom, be honourably pleased, in all thy pomp, to hear my humble supplications."

More followed in a similar vein, and when O-Kon had repeated, parrot-fashion, all the Court jargon she could remember, Hideyoshi, with a leering, self-satisfied smile, bade her rise, delighted that this woman of all women should seek a private audience with him.

"Well, little one," said the Regent, "Sun of the World and Moon of the Night are together at last. What brings you here?"

"I have come to speak of Rikiu."

"Oh, Prince Holy Tea!" Hideyoshi yawned. "I have grown a little weary of him of late. Well?"

"My lord, your weariness is part of your great intelligence, but Rikiu's weariness of you shows his bad taste and impudence."

"So the slave tires of my exalted patronage? We allow licence to dreamers, but they must not go too far with their follies. The hand that gives can also take away, and the hand of Hideyoshi can strike with the force of the Thunder God."

"My lord, your words of wisdom overwhelm me. I pray you bear with your servant yet a little longer. This Rikiu, once your friend, is now your enemy. He has mocked you. He has called you Monkey-face, stable-upstart—you who are the Sun of the World! He seeks to put an end to your incomparable life. He seeks to poison you in a cup of tea."

The small eyes of Hideyoshi shone with anger. There were ugly blue patches on his face, and his hands twitched violently. "Enough, O-Kon!" he shouted. "This man who has made an idol of his tea shall find a dagger in the dregs. On a certain day he shall

commit *hara-kiri*. I shall be well rid of such a treacherous fellow."

These words filled O-Kon with joy. She was about to ask permission to leave his presence when she noticed a change in Hideyoshi's face.

"O-Kon," said the Regent, bending forward and lightly tapping his fan on the floor. "O-Kon, I have a mind to spare Rikiu's life this time." He paused a moment and read all too clearly the meaning of a tremor that shook the silk cherry-blossom, the meaning of the little teeth that gripped the bright-painted lips with vexation. "O-Kon," continued the Regent, "it rests with you whether I command the Tea Master to take his life or not."

"With me?" said O-Kon, with a terrible understanding.

"Yes," replied Hideyoshi, "with you. I give the word for Rikiu's death in exchange for your love. If you do not agree to this, then the Tea Master lives, but in future we will see that he confines his attention exclusively to the amber beverage. Well, O-Kon, which is it to be?"

"From the hour of Rikiu's death, my lord, I come to you!"

III.

A few days later Rikiu received a formal letter from Hideyoshi commanding that the Tea Master should take his life on a certain day. Rikiu read the missive as he sat in his garden. Never for a moment did the great Tea Master imagine that O-Kon had lied before his old friend the Regent, and that it was through her that he was compelled to commit *hara-kiri*. "I have enemies at the Court," he said, "and

they have plotted against me." His voice was steady. There was no trace of fear or regret upon his face. "I shall die," he went on, "even as I have lived. I shall pass into the Land of Eternal Spring, where I shall no longer need the spiritualising effect of tea or the music of haunting bells. When the Gods call, I shall be ready. When they beckon, I shall come!"

The great Tea Master went about his duties as usual. His servants had always good cause to remember his kindness of heart; but since he had received the order to end his life, they were still more impressed by his nobility of character. It was they, and not the Master, who wept. In the few days at his disposal he set his house in order. He studied the Buddhist scriptures, played upon the *biwa*, and always spoke cheerfully to those about him. One night, when no one was looking, he bade farewell to his beloved garden. All he said was: "Cannot I make you very small and take you with me?" His step was firm, and there were no tears in the eyes of one who had learnt the mystery of perpetual joy. One of the last duties he performed was to send out invitations to his disciples asking them to attend his final tea ceremony.

On the day appointed for Rikiu's death the guests assembled in the portico of his house. They gazed with sad eyes into the garden, where all the leaves seemed whispering together, ghosts talking of the departure of their beloved Master. Presently one of the disciples said: "Those who live beautifully know how to die beautifully too." When these words had been spoken sweet incense drifted out from the tea-room. It was a silent message bidding the disciples enter the calm and fragrant apartment.

One by one the disciples took their places. In the

tokonoma (alcove) hung a *kakemono*, and looking sorrowfully upon it they read of the passing of all earthly things, written by an old monk whose human remains had long rested in a little cemetery by the sea. The kettle boiled on the brazier. Once that boiling kettle had reminded them of a sunny, laughing stream, of pine-trees singing together, of the merry patter of little children's feet. Now the song was different, now it was like the cry of a cicada calling in vain to its absent mate.

At length the great Tea Master entered the apartment, calm and dignified, and served each guest with the precious beverage of the liquid jade. When he had done so he drank from his own cup in perfect silence, and then allowed the disciples to admire all the utensils connected with the tea-equipage. Then Rikiu presented each guest with a little gift, and taking his bowl in his hand, he exclaimed: "Never again shall this cup, polluted by the lips of misfortune, be used by man." And with these words he broke the vessel.

The ceremony was over. One by one the guests bade their dear Master a last farewell. When Rikiu was alone he took off his tea-gown and revealed beneath the white robe of Death. Then taking his dagger he said in a clear, steady voice :

" Welcome to thee
O sword of eternity !
Through Buddha
And through Daruma alike
Thou hast cleft thy way."

The great Tea Master, with "*Namu Amida Butsu !*" ("Hail, Omnipotent Buddha!") upon his

lips, passed down the road of earth into the peace of the far beyond.

For a moment there was silence in the room. The flower in the vase swayed in the breeze and the sweet incense still lingered in the apartment. Then there came a soft rustling sound, like the movement of silken garments. A curtain was slowly, cautiously pushed aside, and O-Kon entered. Her face was pale, and there was no paint on the quivering lips. She knelt by the side of the great Tea Master and lifted his head gently upon her lap. Tears fell on the lifeless face of Rikiu. "Oh, thou very beautiful," she said softly, "forgive, forgive! I shall not go back to Hideyoshi. I shall not go back. Oh, thou very beautiful, I am coming! Let there be two shadows in Eternity."

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

A SONG OF EARTH.

OH! my heart! How we loved the smell of wood-smoke when the first frosts came, sharpening the breath of twilight! How it quivered in the nostrils of the horses, till the joy of it sent their hoofs beating faster than waves in flood over the stones!

How we loved the pastures thickened and gray-white with dew of an Autumn morning! The cobwebs lay on the brambles, and the ripe mulberries thudded softly, softly, and very softly on to the grass.

Oh! my heart! These are small things, but for those who know them they come as the breath of delight! And no speech do they need to declare them.

Why is then that we speak of the brown old earth, you and I? Since we have seen it, and listened to its great heart beating heavily in the lull of a tempest, what need can there be of speech?

No need, no need, save that by speech we may free the soul of its fulness.

This then is why we talk of the ash and roses of the Autumn sky, my heart, and the moonstone green of the sea when the Spring blows over it.

This is why we talk of the orange fires of the sun, burning behind the fir-trees, burning so hot they make red paths on the snow.

And this is why we talk of the drumming of rain on the earth, that fills our mind and troubles us with longings that we do not understand.

Oh! Love, I am tired! I am tired! But the earth is very busy round us!

I have heard men say that scent is scent, and a little shadow passing forgotten across the nostrils!

I have heard men say that sound is sound, and a little beating upon the ear-drums!

I have heard men say that sight is sight, and a little flash of lightning striking upon the eye-balls!

So they say, my heart! So they say!

We know that scent is an unbreakable cord, drawing us to the graves of the Dead!

We know that sound is a full-voiced bell, ringing us to the cradles of the Unborn!

We know that sight is a flaming torch, beaconing us along the path with the Living!

Oh! Heart of my heart! I am tired of song! Come over the furrows of the new-turned earth, for there is work to be done. And the sky is growing deep and blue and star-shot with the night!

Life of my Soul! Come!

J. C. CHADWICK.

A SEA SUNSET.

THE chalice of the western firmament
All day awaits the sacrificial wine,
Until at even comes the hour divine
When Nature's God, whose bleeding heart is bent
Toward his calvary in the occident,
Fills full the cup with hues incarnadine,
Emblazoning the genuflecting line
Of waves, who endless orisons present.

He dies; a grey-cowled brotherhood of clouds
Takes up the high immortal ritual,
Till Twilight in his priestly vestments dressed
With star-embroidered veil the cup enshrouds,
And breathing benediction upon all
Intones the final: "Ite. Missa est."

H. H.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

MAIN CURRENTS OF MODERN THOUGHT.

A Study of the Spiritual and Intellectual Movements of the Present Day. By Rudolf Eucken, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Jena. Translated by Meyrick Booth, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Jena). London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 488; 12s. 6d. net.

THIS volume, translated from the 4th and considerably revised edition of *Geistige Strömungen der Gegenwart*, is in our opinion by far the most interesting and readable of the works of the now world-famous Jena philosopher which have so far appeared in English dress. Readers of *THE QUEST* are already familiar with Eucken's main ideas from articles and reviews in its pages; but his point of view is so fundamental, penetrating and vital that it fully deserves all the space we can give it, and all the more because this vindicator of the spiritual life as the goal of philosophy is preëminently in the forefront of modern thinkers who are upon that quest. Eucken is no formalist, he seeks for a vital solution of the world-riddle. "It would hardly be possible," he writes, "to conceive of anything more foolish than the claim set up by certain philosophical systems to exhaust, at a given period, the whole wealth of truth and to solve every riddle. That we remain thus in a state of quest, and at the same time, unavoidably, in error, cannot in any way disturb us if we possess the conviction that all human effort has a world of spiritual life behind it which can be ours only through freedom, but which is independent of our self-will" (p. 68).

Eucken's general method is the attempt to resolve contraries into a higher synthesis, and therefore with Hegel, though he is not an adherent of the latter's panlogism, he makes great appeal to history and prefaces each topic by tracing the development of its ideas and cultural phases in the past. In this, however, as was also the case with Hegel, he practically ignores the East; but even so we have enough to be very thankful for. Eucken's idea of history is, we believe, the true one. "Something timeless assists in every

great historical event, something superhuman in every spiritual ascent of man. It is a peculiar mission of philosophy to work out this timeless superhuman element—in a word this *absolute*" (p. 140). And again: "History is valuable to us only in so far as we are able to convert it into a timeless present; its main function is to lead us out of the narrowness and poverty of the merely momentary present into a wider present superior to, and encompassing time" (p. 268). Is it not Wobbermin who has suggested that the German terms *Geschichte* and *Historie*, instead of being used as simple synonyms, should be scientifically distinguished in a somewhat similar sense?

In all he writes Eucken pleads for a new synthesis, for something that will satisfy the whole man—feeling, intellect and will—subsumed in the master-idea of an independent spiritual life. Feeling alone, intellect alone, action alone, will allow us at best only to hobble towards truth, never to seize it immediately. Thus: "The strength of feeling," he writes, "is no guarantee whatever of the truth of any body of thought which may be developed from it (p. 47) . . . Each religion is confident of the entire genuineness of the fundamental feelings associated with it; yet the various religions arrive at quite different truths" (p. 48). Above all we should remember that "this striving towards truth has nothing to do with any passive state of being existing independently of life; rather does reality lie within life, attainable only through life" (p. 68). Not that Eucken, in this connection, will have anything to do with the pragmatic evaluation of truth as solely a useful means. For him truth can only exist as an end in itself. "Instrumental truth is no truth at all" (p. 78). For "what is true at all is true for all time—or better still it is true irrespective of time; although the statement, under particular circumstances, may be for a period of time only, the manner in which it is expressed is always timeless; as spiritual experience all truth involves a liberation from all time" (p. 267). So also with regard to ethical ideals, "a good (such as right, honour, love, or loyalty) which is arrived at on account of its usefulness, that is to say, as a mere means for the physical and social promotion of life, thereby undergoes an inward transformation and ceases to be a good" (p. 260).

As to intellect, it is indispensable, but it is by no means all. For "above and beyond all intellectual processes there develops an inner life, a life which exhibits, in spite of all manifoldness, a permanent character, persisting through all changes and move-

ments (p. 58). . . . Right through every species of change persists the movement of spiritual life towards a unity transcending contradictions" (p. 62). And here we must specially note that "a subjective or objective tendency within the spiritual life is fundamentally different from a subjective or objective tendency as opposed to spiritual life" (p. 62). With the spiritual life these become necessary complementary movements, whereby that life energises; as separately opposed to it they are partial and imperfect. In fundamental agreement with Bergson and Vaihinger, though of course all three approach the problem from very different points of view, the Jena philosopher declares: "Being a mere tool, intelligence cannot attain to inner continuity, secure self-dependence, or any content of its own" (p. 57). Scholarship and technical knowledge are admirable, nay indispensable instruments; but they are means, never ends. The present age is too prone to forget this. "We incline to substitute scholarly knowledge for spiritual life. This life of sympathetic understanding, which, after all, is never more than a half-life, leads us into the danger of increasingly surrendering a full life of our own, a life of clear thought and firm will" (p. 315). This intellect, moreover, is not genuine reason; and we most heartily agree with Eucken when he writes: "There are not two reasons, one theoretical and the other practical, existing side by side. The conception of self-activity, moreover, is to be included in that of reason, as one of its essential attributes. "Reason must not be conceived of as a thing utterly detached; it is the representative of a completely independent life—of reality self-poised and self-contained. In the absence of such a life there could be no truth at all" (p. 78). Nevertheless—and, therefore, paradoxically enough—the philosophy of activism claims, precisely because the whole of life must be linked up into a unity, and at the same time transformed into personal action (p. 95), that "it is under no inducement whatever to diminish in any way the importance of intellectual work. It cannot look upon the latter as an accessory to the central things of life, as something that could be quite well dispensed with. The desired reconstruction of life, the direction of life towards self-activity, will never by any chance be accomplished and maintained without energetic intellectual work" (p. 81). On the other hand, however, we must recognise that "intellectual work itself does not become positive and productive until it becomes an integral portion of *an inclusive spiritual life*, both receiving from that life and contributing to its advancement, until it is guided by

the resultant drift of great spiritual organisations and impelled by the energies which originate from these sources" (p. 85). True reason is not logic simply. "Real human thinking is by no means a mere uniform application of these laws of thought; over and beyond such application it preserves a characteristic quality which penetrates and dominates every detail and can come only from the whole of a life process" (p. 87). Thus it follows that "there is no intellectual truth apart from a spiritual truth as a whole, but this means nothing less than the transformation of the world into cosmic life, an apprehension of reality from within" (p. 94). Eucken again is in entire agreement with Bergson when he writes: "A new stage of life can never under any circumstances come into being as the result of a mere mingling or juxtaposition. The error in this line of argument is one not uncommon in the present age—the unperceived conversion of the *quantitative* into the *qualitative*" (p. 355). And even more so when he declares with all the emphasis of italics: "*At bottom the chief prop of determinism is intellectualism*" (p. 489).

The whole of Eucken's philosophy, therefore, we see, centres round the ideal of the spiritual life. What, then, does the Jena philosopher mean by this term? It is far from any simply withdrawn, or abstract, or subjective state. "The life of a spiritual being does not begin and end with its subjective condition; it includes the objective also, and must get into relationship with the objective; it is driven to insist that the rift between subjective and objective shall be overcome, and feels confinement to the merely subjective conditions as an intolerable restriction" (p. 48). Eucken regards spiritual life as "a fully active life which does not run its course between subject and object, but encompasses the antithesis from the very beginning" (p. 149). Spiritual life "becomes in itself an intolerable contradiction if it stands apart from and confronting the world and not within it, and if reality does not perfect itself in turning to spiritual life" (p. 58). Thus spiritual life is 'an independent self-contained life' (p. 58), itself 'giving rise to reality' (p. 60). Its nature is cosmic. "A whole world must come into effective actuality within man himself; a world raised above this contrast [subjective—objective], a world directly accessible to us and not refracted through the particularity of the individual medium. Then, and only then, can there be any truth for man" (p. 54). For "it is a life issuing from the whole of things, a cosmic life, . . . a new stage of cosmic development which supervenes not below but above the opposition between

subject and object" (p. 55). This cosmic character of life, however, "does not become vividly present to man if there be no vision of reality to support it" (p. 149). For the higher task or higher life of humanity is not natural life-preservation but spiritual self-preservation (p. 144). But here is a great danger, for in its contact with spiritual power self-preservation easily increases to a boundless egoism (p. 321). For power of any kind, though by no means a thing evil in itself, is morally indifferent; since it knows no higher goal than itself (p. 361). And this is especially important to remember at the present time when "society and the individual are both striving for an increase of power, a social-political and an artistic-individual type of culture struggling for the leadership of humanity. This shows with peculiar clearness the inner division of our age, a division which must at the same time operate as an imperative impulse towards an elevation above the antithesis, towards a transition from a merely human culture to an essential and spiritual culture capable of embracing the contrast" (p. 374). For us, for the future, spiritual life means the 'coming-to-itself' of the world-process, a 'becoming infinite,' for the spiritual stage consists essentially in the 'direct participation of each individual in the life of the whole' (p. 390).

But is this linking up the whole of life into a unity possible? To this Eucken replies: "The effort after unity would itself be impossible if the challenge which to man appears so unrealisable were not the fundamental reality of the spiritual life" (p. 95). But we must set to the task courageously, actively, energetically; such is constantly the admonition of Eucken's activism or positive idealism (p. 140). We must for ever seek a closer connection between truth and life; namely, the life of the spirit as a self-sufficient life (*ein Beisichselbstsein des Lebens*), an absolutely independent spiritual world (*eine bei sich selbst befindliche Geisteswelt*) working in us (pp. 79 and 114). The end of the quest of activism is spiritual freedom beginning with the awareness of an original presence which will extend an awakening and formative influence over the whole of life. "Now such a dominating factor is not to be found in this or that appurtenance of spiritual life, in this or that spiritual achievement, but in *spiritual life itself*," as Eucken understands it; namely, "the movement of reality towards spiritual freedom." For only in spiritual freedom is true being reached at all; "everything else is but the shadow of it." Such being, however, cannot lie outside activity, but only within it, and it issues out of the depths of activity as it organises itself

to a self-subsisting whole and passes, as a whole, into a variety of particular functions" (p. 302). For it is the fundamental conviction of the Jena philosopher that "there is absolutely no content without a self which unfolds itself in activity and actual events" (p. 419). It is the winning of this true self on which all our efforts should be bent. Therefore Eucken is a strenuous opponent of present-day realism and the denial of soul. Not that there need be any apprehension that the spirit which ever denies will win the day. For, as Eucken insists with all the vigour of italics, "*the soul will not allow itself to be eliminated*. The very attempt to deny the soul only arouses it to greater activity" (p. 107). The forces of denial, however, are in great strength just at present, and therefore "it is imperatively necessary to go back to the foundations of our existence and *fight a battle for the preservation of the human soul*" (p. 129). The most immediate duty is to gird on our armour for this quest, for "the very movement of reality drives us irresistibly beyond all mere collecting and classifying of phenomena to the winning of a soul." Indeed limitations could not be felt as such if human life and thought were not in some way superior to them. It is, therefore, the special mission of philosophy 'to champion this desire for soul' (p. 136). On the other hand, we must remember that a soul can never be had, it can only be (p. 228). This apparent contradiction is perhaps explained by Eucken when he writes: "For although it is certain that spiritual life must somehow be present to man as something superhuman and universally valid, its specific form is continually being influenced by much that is merely human. We do not possess spiritual life itself, but only a human spiritual life; that is a spiritual life whose superhuman core is never accessible to us except through human wrappings" (p. 229). It is this superhuman in man that is the source of all true greatness, and "it alone preserves civilisation from becoming a mere man worship, whether of individuals or of men in the mass" (p. 300).

Now as to personality in the high sense of the word, for the most part we cannot be said to possess one as yet; we have rather to strive to acquire it. Our great task, therefore, is the 'self-preservation of a world-embracing personality' (p. 138). Personal decision, so far from being a question of whim or dominant desire, is a decision of the whole man. "Nay, is there any genuine life at all without personal decision, and can there be personal decision without doubt and struggle, without transformation and recon-

struction?" (p. 386). Thus within the spiritual life "personality forms an ascent and a concentration which is reached only through the experiences and decisions of the whole man" (p. 416). Genuine personality, the true person, is thus the motive of our whole existence; it is the 'soul of souls' (p. 417). It is thus obviously not a possession, but the highest goal; and therefore for us the whole question is "rather a *becoming* personal than a *being* personal" (p. 417).

The way to reach unto this true self-life, however, requires a distinctive method of its own kind, for "with the conversion of things into a self-life there is here accomplished an overcoming of the contrast between subjective and objective treatment, the result being a treatment which may be called *sovereign* or *eigenständig*" (p. 421). Elsewhere Eucken calls it the 'supreme' method (p. 55), and even gives it a distinctive technical term, namely, *noölogical* (p. 61).

As to religion, what is the attitude of activism towards the great historical religions, such, for instance, as Christianity? While on the one hand Eucken holds that the form which it has historically acquired cannot be permanently retained (p. 277), on the other he is convinced that "humanity as a whole cannot be satisfied with any construction of life which does not comprise in itself the spiritual deepening and the moral earnestness which Christianity gave us, nor with any that rejects that liberation of the subject and that acquirement of an inner infinity which were the gifts of the modern world" (p. 323). Within the Christian idea the Jena philosopher is genuinely catholic and therefore he is not favourable to that great world-power "the Roman system, nominally catholic, but in reality as far removed from catholicism as is well possible" (p. 389); for although ecclesiastical Catholicism professes to offer an all-embracing unity, in that it is closely united to the mediæval mode of thought, "it is unavoidably placed in an ever-increasing opposition to the movements of the present age and the needs of the modern man, nay, to the inner necessities of spiritual life itself" (p. 389). Not that the present unrest in things religious is altogether so deplorable, but rather to be regarded as the necessary prerequisite towards the deepening of the spiritual life. For "in spite of all incompleteness and discomfort, one thing at any rate has been attained: from a supposed possession we have again come to a search, a diligent and eager search; the ancient and eternal questions come to the front again with fresh force" (p. 471). The days of quest are once more with

us, and therewith arises a new and deeper romance in life; and there is to be discovered also new beauty, for "without art there is no thorough spiritualisation of life" (p. 814).

Moreover in this spiritual renaissance and renewal we must have a special synthetic science and a genuinely independent philosophy,—a purified gnosis as it were. For "all aspiration towards knowledge rests upon a relationship of whole to whole." Nevertheless as "this relationship may remain in the background as a silent presupposition, and the work may concern itself with separate spheres or separate relationships," it is necessary to have a special science which treats the matter as a whole and above everything else fully elucidates the fundamental fact and seeks to explain its content and its relationship to the surrounding world (p. 133). This science is philosophy in the ancient and most honourable meaning of the term. For, Eucken adds in emphatic type, "*the corner-stone of all philosophic thought and the axiom of axioms is the fact of a world-embracing spiritual life*" (p. 133). The crying need of the day is synthesis. "The demand for a synthesis is again heard on every side. The synthesis is not, however, genuine if the connection established be nothing more than a juxtaposition. It does not really go to the root of the matter unless it discusses common ideas and convictions, and to do this it must take up a commanding position" (p. 128); in other words, there must be an 'independent' philosophy. We must, however, never forget that "when philosophy attempts to pass from the whole of spiritual life to the whole of reality, its work does not lie within a given sphere. It must first create this sphere. It does not find its world; it must make it" (p. 133). This great adventure is doubtless full of dangers; but what prize worth winning is not accompanied with risks and hazards? "If philosophy aims at converting our whole existence into freedom and transferring us from a given world to a self-constructed world of our own, then it must also accept the risks of freedom." Nevertheless, in Eucken's view, "the nature of philosophy assumes quite a different complexion from that it bore in the system based upon pure conceptual construction." For in the case of activism "the effort is directed in the first place towards a fact, a fact upon which thought itself rests, the fact of a *world-embracing spiritual life*; what it contains must be made manifest as a fact, it must be exhibited, not deduced" (p. 135). So far does this sovereign method of philosophy differ from the intellectual forms of system-mongering that "there must be a decisive break with

that unfettered speculation which believes itself able to produce a new world out of mere thought" (p. 146).

What, then, is knowledge according to this genuine synthetic philosophy, which so radically differs from Spencer's jig-saw puzzle variety of a synthesis? "Knowledge is nothing other than absorption into one's own life, a finding of oneself, a self-knowledge. Such knowledge can never be afforded us by the realm of sense experience, which does no more than provide a juxtaposition of events; nor is it attainable through the reshaping of things within the subjective life of the soul, the self-consciousness of the mere natural man. . . . It is only a spiritual life, seeking and finding itself in things, which reveals an inwardness not forced upon things from without but contained in their own being; with encompassing power this life converts outer resistances into inner obstacles, and transforms the struggle with them into an inner experience" (pp. 185, 186). For "even the hardest resistance does not produce a spiritual effect until it has been converted into an inner obstacle. Individuals, peoples, or whole epochs may suffer from the most serious evils without being greatly aroused by them or driven to any sort of protective measures." For "both great artists and great educators agree in maintaining that the spiritual organs are not brought with us ready-made, but must first be moulded into shape" (p. 150). This experience must be vital; it differs vastly from theoretical empiricism. We take it up into ourselves and yet remain superior to it. For "as a matter of fact we could not recognise this experiential character itself unless we occupied a position superior to mere experience" (p. 152). Experience, however, is not knowledge; least of all is knowledge a re-presentation of phenomena, or even an accurate description of them. "Knowledge develops subject to conditions and limitations, but it nevertheless remains in the first place a *product of spiritual life*. It does not develop itself *out of* experience, but only *in contact with* experience" (p. 153). Nor is the spiritual life alone sufficient; it "needs philosophy, because only through philosophy does it attain its full illumination, unification, and originative power" (p. 187). But philosophy here stands as throughout for vital gnosis, whose "chief accomplishment is not the deliverance of ready-made doctrines, but the inner elevation of the life-process, the gain of independence and originality, the ability to see things more as a whole, more inwardly, more in their essential nature" (p. 189). And if philosophy is once more to be restored to its ancient grandeur, so also will metaphysics, which has for so long

been treated with so much derision and contempt, return in this renaissance, but on a higher turn of the spiral; for "the undertaking must appear a reckless venture unless a metaphysic of life stands behind the metaphysic of thought" (p. 142). This we might easily learn from history: "Every important civilisation has its own metaphysics, in which it expresses its inmost being and intention; its desire is, in and through this metaphysics, to attain an essential character and a living soul, to idealise itself therein" (p. 145). And therefore it follows that the positive idealism of activism "is impelled towards metaphysics," not, however, through any "delight in forms and universals," but through "a desire for more character, for a profounder actuality, for a more energetic renovation of our sphere of life" (p. 148).

And here we come to Eucken's key-note which he is for ever sounding, nay hammering on—energism, activism, and therefore struggle, effort, work, tasks, problems, and the rest. What then is the task of the future? It is no longer to be the struggle for natural existence and the survival of the fittest—the fittest simply to exist, but the noble self-sacrificing battle for spiritual self-preservation which is a world-embracing spiritual life, inclusive not exclusive, pertaining to wholes not parts. It is nevertheless struggle still and the most strenuous of all fights, since "it is more especially true that it is through struggle alone that our life fathoms its full depth" (p. 154). The end, however, is not an individual but a social one; and yet in the social whole, as elsewhere, "spirituality does not maintain itself by virtue of its mere existence, but only through a continual renewal, an unceasing creation" (pp. 193, 194). Humanity is no longer a child, it is reaching to manhood, and must take on itself the tasks and responsibilities of that true manhood. Accordingly "it is no longer a question of assimilating an already existing reality. We have now to assist in the completion of an unfinished reality" (p. 254). What then is this struggle of the true man, the *conscious* task of the future? It is the full and joyous recognition of a new world of life, which is nevertheless very old. There are three tendencies or types of life. "One of these is exclusively directed towards permanence, nay, towards a state of eternal rest, and seeks as far as possible to free human being from all movement; another is wholly taken up with movement and will know of nothing that escapes its influence; the third strives to get beyond the antithesis and aims at an inward superiority which shall do justice to both sides. The first of these tendencies dominates the

antique and the second the modern construction of life; the third has from the earliest times been operative in the world's spiritual work, but it has yet to be recognised in principle and to be developed as a type of life into full power and clarity" (p. 275). This is the task of the future. Moreover history teaches us that there are recurring 'hard' and 'soft' periods. To-day we are predominantly in a soft stage. "Thus there is a widespread modern tendency to take sides with the child against the parent, with the pupil against the teacher, and in general with those in subordination against those in authority, as if all order and all discipline were a mere demonstration of selfishness and brutality" (p. 359).

As to the ultimate problems of good and evil and the ground of conviction in the final triumph of the good, Eucken frankly confesses, as every true philosopher must, the inability of the intellect to find any answer; *ignoramus*, and, short of the full realisation of the spiritual life, *ignorabimus*. "Where the resistance comes from; why higher is dragged downwards to lower; why the cycle of the universe should appear indifferent towards that which it itself seems to produce as a goal—these are questions which we men cannot possibly answer" (p. 460). And again: "If it be asked how such a self-activity, such a breaking forth of primordial spiritual life in man, is possible, and how it can be explained in relation to things as a whole, we must confess with complete frankness our inability to offer an answer" (p. 438). But there is no reason to despair because of this; on the contrary, we may go forward to our high tasks with the greatest confidence, for "if these increased difficulties in our existence have caused us to lose much, one thing we have gained, and this more than compensates for all that has been lost. We can *ourselves work towards the advancement of the whole*. We have passed from passive contemplation to active co-operation in the work of the great whole" (p. 461). The task of the future, therefore, is synergism, though Eucken does not use the term.

What more noble ideal can be set before the bravest spirits of the present age? With such men as Henri Bergson and Rudolf Eucken in the van of philosophic thought we may confidently look forward to a new era of fruitful work and the clearing away or solution of many a problem that has baffled the greatest thinkers who trusted to intellect alone to help them.

As to the translation, we congratulate Dr. Meyrick Booth on a fine piece of work and a very readable version. Personally we

abominate the feeble-sounding 'commence' when we have the sturdy Anglo-Saxon 'begin' at our service; and, as we have pointed out before, we think that the wearying repetition of the weak-kneed vocables 'mere' and 'merely,' of which Eucken is so fond, is not only a distinct blemish in style, but frequently an arresting warning to look out for an exaggeration of statement.

I DON'T KNOW.

By Mrs. S. R. Schofield. London (Duckworth); pp. 320; 6s.

THE authoress of the psychological phases of that interesting personality, *Elizabeth, Betsy and Bess*, at once captured a public by her clever portraiture and lively style. Mrs. Schofield now ventures into the uncanny regions of abnormal psychology and beyond, and in *I Don't Know* gives us an arresting study not only of the Jekyll and Hyde type, to use a familiar label, but of a still stranger mix of soul and body. Two men, an open air, honest, clean merchant captain and a wealthy drug-taking degenerate are drowned or, let us say, half-drowned, in the wreck of a pleasure yacht. The sailor's body is drowned and the other man's body is revived; but by some mysterious transference the soul of the sailor comes to consciousness in the other man's body, and finds it naturally a most inconvenient misfit. Hence arise extraordinary complications of all sorts, with the natural result of a nursing home and private asylum. But this is by no means all, for Mrs. Schofield introduces the still deeper problem of a beautiful, cultured, mentally enquiring and psychically curious wife who fears and detests her husband owing to the unhappy past of what from the start was a union of no real love. With the change of soul in the husband's body, however, comes a change of feeling in the wife, while on the other hand the sailor is tortured by the love he cannot conquer and by the dreadful fraud he is forced to play on the unsuspecting woman. Finally love conquers and the woman knows and accepts the knowledge gladly. There is a lot of clever work and graphic description in the book; it would, however, have been a miracle indeed if the creator of this strange psychical romance could have brought it to a really convincing conclusion, and Mrs. Schofield is well advised to have left the whole matter to the reader with the appropriate superscription *I Don't Know*.

THE WAY OF CONTENTMENT.

Translated from the Japanese of Kaibara Ekken by Ken Hoshino.
Wisdom of the East Series. London (Murray); pp. 124;
2s. net.

VERY few of us have even heard of Kaibara Ekken and his philosophy of pleasure, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Cranmer-Byng, the senior editor, for giving us the opportunity of making acquaintance with so delightful a Japanese worthy in a recent volume of the excellent *Wisdom of the East* series. Kaibara Ekken was born in 1629 and lived to a good old age. Though perhaps not so great a scholar or philosopher as some of his contemporaries, he was the greatest moral teacher and social reformer of his day, and his works are still held in high repute in Japan. His bent of mind is at once seen in his view of learning, the aim of which, he says, is not to widen knowledge but to form character, to make true men rather than learned men, to help us master our passions and preserve continual equanimity (p. 79). Ekken was first and foremost a great lover: "Humanity he loved, for he held that all men were brothers, flowers, birds, plants and animals also, for in them he saw the infinite love of Heaven" (p. 18); he was also a traveller and geographer, a botanist and physician, holding medical science in high respect as pre-eminently 'the art of benevolence'; some sensible and some quaint aphorisms from his medical lore are quoted. Though our sage looked to Confucius as his great teacher, in some ways there seems to be a Taoist influence in the main idea of his philosophy of pleasure, which is formulated as follows:

"In us all, whether wise or foolish, exists an harmonious Spirit—the spirit of pleasure. But while the Wise know of its existence, the Foolish do not, for their hearts are heavy with selfish desires.

"This harmonious Spirit exists not only in man, but also in the birds, the beasts and the fishes, and even in plants.

"Beasts play, birds sing, and fishes jump; while plants flourish, bloom and ripen. They know how to enjoy that Spirit: man often does not" (p. 30).

Thus, according to our philosopher, the only path on which mankind can find the truth, and which is at the same time the best way of serving Heaven, is "by the preservation of the beautiful nature which Heaven has implanted in us all, and by love for

humanity" (p. 71). Man has thus two 'hearts': the 'human heart,' which is subservient to the pleasures of the body, and the 'path heart' which "rises from the fountain of our nature—benevolence, justice, courtesy and wisdom" (pp. 85, 86). Benevolence is the great virtue of Heaven imparted to our hearts, and thus "the benevolent man loves others as he loves himself, and does not give others the things which he himself dislikes. Endeavouring to raise himself, he uplifts others. He is selfless. Therefore no effort is required for him to be kind and merciful" (p. 88)—all of which has a strong Taoist flavour. Kaibara Ekken was strongly opposed to popular Buddhism, and is very severe on anything that encouraged belief in the mysterious. Thus he writes:

"Do not listen to the many mysterious tales among the people. Many miraculous stories concerning the Buddhas and gods are false, for men, in order to enhance their virtue, manufacture wonderful tales concerning them, little realising that they are blaspheming the gods rather than exalting them.

"Do not speak about mysterious things, even though you fancy you may have witnessed them, for such vision is no more than a defect in the eyes or the mind. Many things which appear mysterious in reality are not so at all" (p. 101).

Ekken's writings are full of common sense and many a saying either as it stands or with a very slight modification could pass as current proverbial coin in the modern West—as, for instance, "never go to the gods to ask favour until you have done your human duty" (p. 108), and "do not endeavour to teach others those things with which they are not gifted, but teach them those things for which they have talent" (p. 118). *The Path of Contentment* is certainly a pleasure to read, and should appeal to many who admire the wisdom of what is wrongly called common sense.

THE MYSTIC WAY.

A Psychological Study in Christian Origins. By Evelyn Underhill.
London (Dent); pp. xiv. + 895; 12s. 6d. net.

If it is true that all great religious movements originate in the spiritual experience of individuals, the mystical element must have profoundly entered into Christianity from the start. It may be objected that the spiritual life and mysticism are not synonymous, that the former and not the latter was the main factor in nascent Christianity. But if we are persuaded that

mysticism in its best sense is precisely conscious growth in the spiritual life, then not only were Paul and the writer of the fourth gospel mystics of great originality, but the Jesus of the synoptics also appears as one pre-eminently dowered with the sense of spiritual union with the Divine. And if the Life of Jesus has been held up as the supreme example for all Christians, though many have led exemplary Christian lives without any mystical experience, it is those mystics who have striven to carry out that example in its relation both to God and man, who have more consciously penetrated to its inwardness.

It is very evident to all who are familiar with the subject, that in spite of the strenuous endeavours which have been made to interpret the writings of the New Testament on critical lines, we are still very far from any satisfactory solution; indeed along these lines our difficulties seem to increase to such an extent that there appears to be no way out in this direction. We are driven then to recognise that the main interest of the writers was not in objective history, but in spiritual things. And if we also have this interest, even though we may have personally enjoyed no high spiritual experience, we can at least endeavour to acquaint ourselves with the nature of such experience in others, and especially with the lives and writings of the great saints and mystics, and so bring this knowledge to bear on our study of the New Testament writings; and here some understanding of the nature of the psychology of religious experience will greatly help us. This is precisely what Miss Evelyn Underhill has endeavoured to do in her suggestive study, *The Mystic Way*, which follows at a comparatively short interval on her widely-praised volume, *Mysticism*. It may perhaps be objected to this method that the whole of Christian mysticism flows in last resort from the New Testament itself, and that therefore it is carrying coals to Newcastle to seek to interpret the original by its products. But if Christianity is anything, it is a life, and therefore the spirit of its chief records, the documents that gave the main impulse to its expansion, should be best interpreted from the lives of those who have entered most deeply and consciously into that spirit. Miss Underhill is a keen student of the mediæval mystics and it is their writings chiefly that she brings to bear with insight on her main task, namely the elucidation of the mystical element in the christology of the synoptic record and of the mystic way in the Pauline letters and the fourth gospel. A section follows on the mystic life in the Early Church as exemplified chiefly in

selections from Clement of Alexandria, Origen and Macarius of the Desert; and the volume is brought to a conclusion with an enquiry into 'The Witness of the Liturgy,' in which for the most part the mystical implications of the Mass are reverently and suggestively dealt with. Miss Underhill always writes well and holds the interest of the reader; but sometimes her pages are quite a mosaic of the great thoughts and striking and beautiful phrases she has culled in her studies, and this not only makes them more vivid but tends to create an atmosphere of intimacy that is very necessary in such an enquiry. Of modern writers our author makes great use of Bergson, Eucken and Tagore, who are certainly very helpful, each in his own way. Lovers of mysticism should welcome the book even though they cannot see eye to eye with the author on all points, for we need many such pioneer studies; the orthodox of the different schools will doubtless find grave fault each in their several ways, for it is a very venturesome business to enter the field of New Testament exegesis. For ourselves we should have been more content if Miss Underhill had called her book *The Mystic Way in Christianity*, and had made no attempt to contrast it with other traditions, for we live in hopes that the best in East and West will some day somehow join hands; and if this is not to be on the ground of spiritual experience and the path of the mystic way, it will never be; though of course we must all agree with Miss Underhill in insisting that that mysticism is best which gets but to give, and that love of God is no real love unless it be manifested in love and help to our fellows.

GREEK DIVINATION.

A Study of its Methods and Principles. By W. R. Halliday, B.A., B. Litt., Lecturer on Greek History and Archæology in the University of Glasgow. London (Macmillan); pp. xvi. + 809; 5s. net.

MR. HALLIDAY is one of the youngest of our Professors of Hellenism, and his *Greek Divination* is his first book. We hope that he will continue his labours on the very difficult and obscure subjects which he has begun to survey with careful industry, and which require not only a high equipment of scholarship, but also a wide experience of human nature and a mature judgment. The book before us is a very useful collection and survey of the material, and Mr. Halliday does good service in correcting a num-

ber of errors of observation; he, however, refrains from any detailed theorising, considering, quite rightly, that investigation has not yet proceeded far enough to justify any special inferences. We, hope, however, that in his next book he will have something to say to the general reader, and not address himself solely to scholars. His present study would be excellent as a *thèse pour le doctorat*; but we think it a mistake in this country to follow German academical models too closely, and overload one's pages with Greek, Latin, German, French and Italian quotations without translation; all the more so when, in dealing with special subjects, it is precisely in the translation of these passages that we show our real scholarship. Technical terms again are none the worse for explanation, for even scholars of wide reading are not specialists in every branch of research. Not to mention many of the most recent folk-lore and anthropological special labels, explanation or at least fuller description might very well have been given to all as well as a few of the many 'mancies,' such as: astragalomancy, axinomancy, belomancy, daktiliomancy, thrioboly, kleromancy, kledonmancy, lekanomancy, katoptromancy, koskinomancy, krithomancy, libanomancy, omoplatoscopy, scapulomancy, ooscopy, phyllomancy, rhabdomancy, sphondylomancy, hydromancy, alphitomancy, aleuromancy, etc. These are taken from the pages before us, but they might have been indefinitely increased, for mankind has divined by almost every conceivable means and method. In the 'Conclusion' Mr. Halliday sums up his general opinion as follows: "Man endeavours to wrest at any cost the maximum of information to guide him through the darkness that lies before him and is inevitably to be traversed. He tries to burst through the shackles of time and space by means of magic or divination. The impulse is vital and inevitable. Were its claims justified by reason or experience, the art of divination would be the most valuable of man's weapons in the struggle for existence. It is easily intelligible that he is loth to cast it away as useless. That is why divination is the longest lived of superstitions. That the presuppositions on which it rests are irrational is no fatal bar to longevity. How seldom in practical life is it possible to consider the ultimate presuppositions on which are based the theories embodied in our conduct—in political or social problems, for example!" (pp. 278, 274). But it is precisely the psychology of the irrational that we are beginning to find full of the profoundest interest; the logic of nature is not our logic; the logic of the emotions again is not the logic of the intellect. There may be

thus a 'logio' in the irrational; or if you refuse the term to every thing that falls under the abstract negation which the schools call the irrational, then let us say that man is the only animal that would make a logical and moral world, and that the world as world pays little attention to his efforts. Moreover there is a danger that we can be too superior; for instance it is not in keeping with the facts of psychical research that there can be no possible foretelling; the whole of divination, irrational and superstitious and contemptible as it may be, judged by the standards of rational integrity, cannot very well be reduced to as it were the spinning of a coin, heads or tails, yes or no. It is all very well for Prof. Witton Davies to tell us that the Urim and Thummin of the Jews were simply two stones put in the pocket of the priest's ephod, with the values respectively of yes and no, and that one of them was taken out and the question thus answered (p. 205). We can get a better run for our money from any Bond Street 'seeress' to-day, and the psychio element *did* enter into some kinds of divination largely.

RADICAL VIEWS ABOUT THE NEW TESTAMENT.

By Dr. G. A. van den Bergh van Eysinga. Translated from the Dutch by S. B. Slack, M.A., with an Introduction by the Translator. London (Watts); pp. xvi + 124; 2s. net.

IN this small volume Dr. van Eysinga sets forth very ably the position of the Dutch Radical School of N.T. criticism, chiefly with regard to the two central questions of the character of the gospel-narratives and the genuineness of the Pauline letters. This school dates from 1878, and includes the names of Allard Pierson, A. D. Loman, van Manen, Bolland, van Loon, and our author. It is directed chiefly against the positions of the wide movement generally known as Liberal Christianity, and is in some ways similar to the position taken up by W. B. Smith, Drews and others of the extreme left, and now familiar enough to our readers. Though in Germany Bruno Bauer roughly anticipated the Dutch Radical School in some of its points, Dr. van Eysinga protests that Dutch Radical criticism has by no means been 'made in Germany,' but that it is a genuine native product, and anticipated by many years the popular controversy that has been recently raging in Germany round the Christ-myth theory. The Dutch Radicals go beyond the Tübingen School; they claim to 'stand on the

shoulders' of these latter famous scholars (p. 8), for this Radical criticism declares all of the N.T. documents without exception to be pseudonymous; not one of them is genuine, *i.e.* written by the writer whose name it bears (p. 5). Loman (and this seems to be the general view of the School) contended that all these writings belong to the 2nd cent. (p. 18). The names of the distinguished scholars of this Radical group prevent their critics from summarily ascribing their position solely to subjective prejudice ignorant of the matter of inquiry or of sufficient method. They must be admitted to be well-equipped and skilled workmen; the trouble with them, in our own opinion, is that they are *over-critical*; they have not paid sufficient attention to the sage old tag 'nothing too much.' The main Pauline letters, for instance, we still hold to be genuine; they have on the whole, in our judgment, survived the fiercest onslaughts of the most determined assailants, including those of the Dutch Radicals. For ourselves we start with the genuine letters of Paul as the earliest authentic Christian documents; so that though in some respects we agree with what the Dutch Radical School says of the importance of gnosticism, we place it far earlier in date, not only as a phenomenon of general religion, but also in its Christianised form. The whole matter, however, has so often been dealt with in the pages of *THE QUEST*, that we shall content ourselves, in the present instance, with giving the summary of the main positions of the Dutch Radical School, as set forth chiefly in Dr. van Eysinga's 'Conclusion,' so that the instructed reader may see where they are similar to the general 'Christ-myth' view and the main tendency of Liberal critics and where they differ.

"The Church, while branding the Gnosis itself as heretical, at the same time appropriated the teaching of the Gnostics, after she had first of all made it innocuous by toning down its harsher features.

"Behind our Pauline Epistles we have been able to detect a Gospel which shows a more original form than the four Gospels which have been admitted into the Canon. It is more closely related than these to the hypothetical Earliest Gospel, which is of Gnostic origin" (p. 120).

As to this hypothetical Earliest Gospel, we are told, "it confined itself mostly to a sketch of the coming down from heaven of Jesus Christ, the Son of God; his appearance at Capernaum; his casting out of demons; the preaching of the Kingdom of Heaven; the Transfiguration; his Passion, Death and Resurrec-

tion" (p. 51); and we are further assured that the copy of the Gospel used by the Gnostic Marcion, somewhat prior to the middle of the second century, was more closely related to this Earliest Gospel than are our present Canonical Gospels.

The Dutch Radical School further holds the view that Matthew is the oldest and John the latest of the Canonical Gospels, and considers that the Synoptic Problem is best solved by the hypothesis that "they all made use of one and the same Synoptic source, which was an Aramaic revision of the Earliest (Greek) Gospel. This Aramaic source appeared anonymously, but was later ascribed to Matthew. This was the foundation on which all the Synoptics built. Possibly the Gospel of the Hebrews . . . may in its original form have been identical with this Aramaic source. Mark, in addition to this Aramaic source, which he probably used in a Greek translation, must also have had Matthew before him. Luke must have known both Matthew and Mark, and in addition to them a revision of the Earliest Gospel, a revision which formed the frame-work of Marcion's copy of the Gospel; a Gospel of the progressive party, written in the spirit of Paulinism, one which inclined towards asceticism and indifference to worldly things" (pp. 122, 123).

It is to be noted that the theory of the priority of Matthew has recently been argued with ability in this country. The theory of the priority of Mark, which is in chief favour for the time, has recently been questioned by several scholars. As to date, the Dutch Radicals hold that our Synoptics were all written in the first half of the 2nd century, and "represent the standpoint of the Catholic Church then in process of formation." They were all three written probably at Rome. In the Fourth Gospel are to be found traces of another stream of tradition, "which we may call Gnostic." It is doubtful whether John was acquainted with our Synoptics, "though it is certain he had before him a Gospel of a similar tendency." The Fourth Gospel was probably composed in Asia Minor about 140 A.D. (p. 122).

As to the Pauline Letters, Marcion "possessed a more original reading of the [ten] letters [he used] than that which stands in our canonical tradition. The Gnostic text of the Epistles of Paul was replaced in Catholic circles by the early Christian text. Everything, therefore, points to the origin of Paulinism from Gnostic sources" (pp. 86, 87). All fourteen canonical Pauline Letters are to be assigned to the period 120 to 140 A.D. (p. 123). The Epistle to the Hebrews and apparently the Catholic Epistles

are to be placed in the same period and are closely related to the same circle. As to the author of the Apocalypse, "he is a Christian Jew, and yet not entirely a stranger to universalistic tendencies." The place and time of writing of his book are tentatively assigned to Asia Minor and the middle of the second century (p. 124).

It will thus be seen that the main position of the Dutch Radical School stands or falls with the view they take of the chief Letters of Paul.

THE CLOUD OF UNKNOWING.

A Book of Contemplation called *The Cloud of Unknowing*, in the which a Soul is oned with God. Edited from the British Museum MS. Harl. 674, with an Introduction by Evelyn Underhill. London (Watkins); pp. 815; 8s. 6d. net.

THE student of mystical theology of any long standing will easily recall the time when it was extremely difficult in this country to obtain the classics of his subject. But now, thanks to the enterprise of such editors as Miss Evelyn Underhill, and such publishers as Mr. Watkins, the hitherto rarest works on mysticism are placed within the reach of the humblest enquirer.

That England can have ever produced such works as *The Cloud of Unknowing*, *The Scale of Perfection*, and *The Revelations of Divine Love*, is a little difficult to understand when the general absence of such works in English literature is noted.

For a brief period in the latter half of the fourteenth century there blossomed forth some of the finest contributions to mystical thought in Christian literature. But neither before nor after has our nation seemed able to produce such.

Those conversant with mysticism will be well aware of the unmistakeable distinction between the deep insight manifested in such a work as *The Cloud of Unknowing*, and the comparative superficiality of the writings even of Bunyan and Law. There is a quality in the former never approached in the latter. The long neglect and obscurity in which these works were suffered to lie, testify to the general indifference of the nation to mystical religion, and even now that they are being revived we may justly suspect that the interest in them is for the main part merely literary in character. It has always been a matter of great significance to the writer that the *apparent* revival of mediævalism known as the Oxford Movement has produced nothing noteworthy in mystical literature. The revivalists have been content rather

to restore the externals than the real spirit of the ages of faith, drawing their spirituality from the meagre and attenuated wells of seventeenth century Gallican piety, *e.g.* St. François de Sales, Fénelon, Mde. Guyon, etc., and when dealing with such a non-negligible work as *The Imitation*, issuing bowdlerised editions.

This consideration drives one to suspect what is known in some quarters as Neo-Catholicism, as being in reality Pseudo-Catholicism. It is easy to understand that a nation so long unacquainted with mysticism as the English will find works of mystical theology practically unintelligible unless some *Enchiridion* such as Miss Underhill's valuable volume on *Mysticism* has previously been read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested. And for this cause we heartily endorse the '*Monitum*,' prefixed to his work by the anonymous author of *The Cloud of Unknowing*, not to place the book in the hands of such who by virtue of their ignorance of the subject will read only with misunderstanding, or to scoff.

The only edition previous to this of *The Cloud of Unknowing* was that of the Rev. H. Collins (London, 1871), a very imperfect performance, and the present was greatly needed.

We congratulate Miss Underhill on her work, which has been conscientiously carried out, and have nothing but praise for the manner in which the publisher has done his part; the *format* of the book is excellent. Adapting St. Theresa's well-known saying about the advisability of assuming a comfortable position when praying, we would say that the pleasure of reading even the most absorbing work is greatly enhanced by the material conditions in which it is presented to us. This Mr. Watkins evidently recognises, and the result is the excellent type, the wide margins, and the tasteful binding that enshrine the present edition of a great work.

W. M. W.

DARNLEY PLACE.

By Richard Bagot. London (Methuen); pp. 468; 6s.

ADMIRERS of Mr. Bagot's work, and especially of his delineations of Italian life, character and scenery, if at the same time they wish to be thrilled with the complications of a psychic plot, and the powers for good and ill that lie behind spiritism, with the added excitement of how a cardinal on the one hand and a distinguished man of science on the other regarded them—will find all they need in *Darnley Place*. The only fault we have to find with it is its length; it might have been reduced by a third with advantage.

CHRISTIANITY AND OTHER FAITHS.

An Essay in Comparative Religion. By the Rev. W. St. Clair Tisdall, D.D., late James Long Lecturer on Oriental Religions. London (Scott); pp. xviii. + 284; 5s. net.

WE regret that we cannot congratulate the editor of 'The Library of Historic Theology' on his inclusion of Dr. Tisdall's volume in the series. It is one of the most unsympathetic treatments of the theme that we have read for many a long day, and that is saying a great deal. The author's position is that Christianity, so far from being one of the grandest phenomena of general religion, is the 'Absolute Religion' and other faiths are nowhere. Christianity is not in any way to be placed in the same category with them, but stands alone and unique, and to include it as a subject of 'comparative religion' is to do it violence and insult it. Dr. Tisdall has been a lecturer on oriental religions and has written a number of books in the narrowest missionary interest; his scholarship, however, is not always impeccable and his statements and judgments in many instances demonstrably false. It would be a waste of time to review his volume in detail, as it would mean comment and criticism on almost every page. We may take, however, as a specimen, one single point on which the author is forever harping. He contends that no religion but the Jewish and Christian has ever regarded God under the attribute of 'holiness.' This is not only not true with regard to the other great faiths, but also with regard even to early philosophy. Has Dr. Tisdall never read the famous passage in the *Theaetetus* of Plato (176 A): "Wherefore ought we to endeavour to flee hence thither as quickly as possible; and fleeing [means] likeness to God as far as can be, and likeness [means] becoming righteous and holy purposefully"? In order that it may not be said that we have manipulated the meaning in translation, we append Jowett's version, which preserves the crucial word 'holy':

"Wherefore we ought to fly away from earth to heaven as quickly as we can; and to fly away is to become like God, as far as this is possible; and to become like him, is to become holy, just and wise."

But even apart from philosophy and the great religions of the higher culture, in the lower culture as well the commonest phenomenon is that of the 'poor relation' of aristocratic holiness.

RIPOSTES.

Of Ezra Pound, whereto are appended the Complete Poetical Works of T. E. Hulme, with a Prefatory Note. London (Swift); pp. 64; 2s. 6d.

THE twenty-seven pieces of verse in this collection are mostly very short exercises in expression; Mr. Pound strives to spit on his rapier's point, to catch and register, fleeting and subtle impressions and to escape the obvious. He moves forward a stage in the perfecting of his medium and has many happy phrases. We, however, do not like the ending of his 'Pan is Dead'; the sense of 'hollow season' escapes us in the lines:

"How shall we show a reason,
That he has taken our Lord away
Upon such hollow-season?"

The longest piece is an apostrophe to Swinburne, written before the poet's death, and called 'Salve Pontifex,' with the reiteration 'High Priest of Iacchos.' It is perhaps the best thing in the book, though we do not think that 'Triplex Sisterhood' is a happy combination for the Fates. The only other poem of any length is 'The Seafarer,' adapted from the early Anglo-Saxon, and a good example of Mr. Pound's skill in this class of work. As to the five scraps by Mr. Hulme, we note the humour of the sub-title and the goodfellowship of the prefatory note, and *ter jacto pulvere imus*.

THE LATTER DAY SAINTS.

A Study of the Mormons in the Light of Economic Conditions.
By Ruth Kauffman and Reginald Wright Kauffman.
London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 868; 10s. 6d. net.

IN this interesting volume we have not only a history of the origin and development of an extravagant materially religious sect with a grossly anthropomorphic theology, but also an instructive enquiry into the economic conditions of its continual growth in prosperity and a recognition of the business ability of its leaders, which has finally consolidated Mormondom into an important cog-wheel in the political machine and a considerable factor in the industrial life of the United States. Mormonism had its rise in undisciplined psychism, accentuated by the influence of an unbalanced revivalistic environment and the phantastic exegesis of minds clogged

with a chaotic mass of undigested and unintelligent bible-reading. It is a strange story, but most instructive for those engaged in psychical research and the investigation of the psychology of religious experience in its cruder forms. The evasive legend of the finding of *The Book of Mormon*, to which Joseph Smith stuck to his dying day, though no one but himself ever set eyes on the original, runs as follows in his own words:

"After having received many visits from the angels of God, unfolding the majesty and glory of the events that should transpire in the last days, on the morning of 22nd September, A.D. 1827, the angel of the Lord delivered the records into my hands.

"These records were engraven on plates which had the appearance of gold. . . . They were filled with engravings in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume. . . . With the records were found a curious instrument which the ancients called 'Urim and Thummin,' which consisted of two transparent stones. . . .

"Through the medium of the Urim and Thummin I translated the record, by the gift and power of God."

That is to say, young Smith fancied that the 'Urim and Thummin' were a sort of psychic pair of spectacles, which enabled him to 'translate' the hieroglyphics of his golden-plate book. On one occasion he submitted the copy of a page of these 'hieroglyphics' to a scholar of distinction, who pronounced them to be a jumble of uncoördinated signs based mostly on Greek and Hebrew letters. Though the story is plainly devoid of all objective reality, we need not ascribe its invention entirely to direct conscious fraud, but rather to the confusion of a mind that had ceased to distinguish between its objective and subjective states. Thus probably based originally on genuine psychic experiences, of absorbing interest to the inexperienced youth who was the subject of them, founded thus on what we may even call in its degree a prophetism and revelation of its own phantastic kind, beyond the power of control of the credulous uncritical mind that was finally compelled to give itself up entirely to the suggestions of its visions and voices,—Mormonism rapidly spread through psychic contagion and was gradually consolidated by opposition and a hostility that developed into persecution, and finally bestowed the honour of martyrdom on some of the 'saints.' Meantime its founder-prophet and the prophets who followed, assumed all the privileges of an irresponsible high-priesthood or papacy; they rapidly established an autocratic sway over their credulous followers, and

set up not only a spiritual but also a temporal tyranny against which there was no appeal. As numbers and wealth accumulated the power of the prophet-pope was proportionately increased. 'Revelation' continued, though of course in considerably decreasing volume compared with the original very considerable output; it, however, now took on an increasingly secular and practical form, for it was established as the ultimate court of appeal in all matters of organisation, policy, and mode of life. For instance, the doctrine of polygamy was not only entirely absent from the original 'revelation,' but unknown in the earlier days even among the leaders of the sect. The doctrine of plural wives was sanctioned by a subsequent convenient 'revelation,' and that, too, to regularise open irregularities that had later arisen in the lives of the leading elect. This did not of course occur until economic conditions permitted, for naturally enough it was only the wealthy who could indulge themselves in the revival of this patriarchal practice. The Mormons might thus salve their consciences with biblical precedents, and find excuse in a *post factum* 'revelation' for the extra-marital *liasons* of the sanctimonious; but they had soon to learn that they could not flout the official marriage taboo of modern society with impunity. That unstable state of affairs which has to tolerate prostitution while it preaches the virtues of a rigid monogamy, felt that the legal basis of its chief social taboo was in danger, and raised such an outcry that the Mormon apostleship was finally forced to repudiate and foreswear, at any rate officially, the custom of polygamy. Henceforward it could no longer be practised openly, though, in spite of all public denial, it still remains privately as much as ever 'of religion' for the faithful. On the other hand it must be put to the credit of Mormondom that there is no prostitution in its communities; and indeed on the whole Mormons are found to be very industrious and frugal folk, and they are total abstainers from not only alcohol but also tobacco. As to their queer jumble of belief, they may be said to be Old Testament folk rather than New; indeed they regard themselves as the one and only 'chosen people.' This claim they base entirely on the phantasies of *The Book of Mormon*, the said Mormon being an imaginary figure feigned to be the last prophet of the lost 'ten tribes.' The outlines of the elaborate Mormon myth which Joseph Smith declared he had 'translated' from the gold-plate volume of his visions, may be gleaned from the following confused and ungrammatical description written by the prophet himself:

"We are informed by these records that America, in ancient times, has been inhabited by two distinct races of peoples. The first came directly from the city of Jerusalem, about six hundred years before Christ. They were principally Israelites of the descendants of Joseph. The Jaredites were destroyed about the time that the Israelites came from Jerusalem, who succeeded them in the inheritance of the country. The principal nation of the second race fell in battle towards the close of the fourth century. This book also tells us that our Saviour made his appearance upon this continent after his resurrection; that he planted the gospel here in all its fullness, and richness, and power, and blessing; that they had apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, and evangelists; the ordinances, gifts, powers, and blessing, as was enjoyed on the eastern continent; that the people were cut off in consequence of their transgressions; that the last of their prophets who existed among them were commanded to write an abridgment of their prophecies, history, etc., etc., and to hide it up in the earth, and that it should come forth and be united with the Bible, for the accomplishment of the purposes of God, in the last days."

There are a million fanatical believers in this phantastic stuff; they live by it and die by it. These people do not reside in the East or on some Pacific island, they are for the greater part inhabitants of the most up-to-date country in the world, while a strong contingent of them is also to be found in some of the great industrial centres of our own country, for they are a powerful propagandist body and continually adding to their numbers. They are in brief one of the many standing reproaches to the inefficiency of our general religious instruction, and especially to that lack of genuine spiritual experience which is content solely to hand on an unintelligent and mechanical traditional dogmatism.

INSTINCT AND EXPERIENCE.

By C. Lloyd Morgan, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S. London; (Methuen).
pp. 299; 5s. net.

THIS book is virtually to be divided into two parts: one a criticism of method, and the other an application of that method the author approves to the subjects in the title. The former, which in the book comes last, should be read first, as one studies a map before

one takes the road; and as his criticism of method is chiefly directed against a philosopher much before the public eye, it would seem as well to quote the passage which in our belief most clearly defines his fundamental position, as that of a champion of the 'one order' theory, in distinction from Bergson's method, as interpreted by him.

"It is part of M. Bergson's method to found on the results of analysis a sundering of orders of existence. An analysis of natural relationships leads us to distinguish the conscious and the organic from the mechanical and physical. This is straightway made the basis of a separation of two wholly different orders, that of the vital and that of the inert. Again: some measure of permanence and some measure of change are given together in perceptual experience; forthwith the permanence is bestowed unreservedly on the order of the inert; the change is restricted to the order of the vital. But all change involves time-relationship; and so duration becomes the sole prerogative of the vital and the conscious, and the material universe as such, is left timeless and irretrievably static."

He goes on to say that Bergson is 'wholly wrong' in restricting time and process and movement to the so-called vital order and leaving the material universe timeless, processless and immobile, and concludes by saying that "for him (Bergson) reality is in the order of the vital artificially sundered from the order of the inert. For us the reality is in the constitution of nature, many of the processes of which are not what we should term vital."

We believe that this interpretation is 'wholly wrong' with respect to one of the two processes which Bergson distinguishes. He acknowledges in the very beginning of *Creative Evolution* that we treat the physical order as if it were inert, but he immediately adds, "*pourtant la succession est un fait incontestable, même dans le monde matériel.*" Follows the well-known example of the melting of a lump of sugar, in which he concludes that though that particular isolated nexus of relations which we call melting can be treated as if it were a series of static moments, "*le tout dans lequel ils ont été découpés par mes sens et mon étendement progresse peut-être à la manière d'une conscience.*" Furthermore: "*Nous verrons que la matière a une tendance à constituer des systèmes isolables qui se puissent traiter géométriquement. C'est même par cette tendance que nous la définirons. Mais ce n'est qu'une tendance. La matière ne va pas jusqu'au bout, et l'isole-*

ment n'est jamais complet." Duration is immanent in the whole universe. And it is with this extraordinarily important proviso in our minds that we must study his 'method.'

What it really comes to, of course, is that Prof. Lloyd Morgan and Prof. Bergson are much more in agreement within a certain area than the former supposes; that area being those manifestations of life, instinct, and intelligence as observed *intra mundum*. Where Dr. Lloyd Morgan really parts company with M. Bergson, is in the latter's admittance of the discussion of source (what Dr. Lloyd Morgan calls the Metaphysics of Source) into the sphere of biology. 'All the pure memory business,' all the appeal to a life impetus as 'cause' rather than as 'ground' is 'outside the sphere of science,' because it is 'extra-mundane.'

It is quite right of course for the pure scientist to look with suspicion on any re-orientation of attitude, any movement towards anything but the mere description of observed phenomena; we can all remember the time when the same arguments were directed against any notice being taken of telepathy as unscientific. Scientists must be the most vigilant of lock-keepers on the stream of life; no irruption from metaphysical levels is anything but a danger; but sluices wear out occasionally, and the thin streams of fresh water burst in on their quiet locks. Forthwith new sluices go up, and it is still 'science' but with a new influx.

But, as we said, within this area there is a general agreement respecting the two modes of instinct and intelligence, intuition and intellect, as being different though often interpenetrative; they are the inner and outer directions of the self-same experience. For though the experienced and the experiencing are distinguishable in that the one is subject to the intellectual cognition, the other to intuitive enjoyment, they are, in life, inextricably mingled. 'Nothing can be experienced without experiencing.' But the latter must be translated into terms of the former to be understood by ratiocinative processes, and a 'natural history' of experience is only possible because, apart from the bursts of creative activity, which are *ex hypothesi* beyond the realm of intellection, there is a sufficient substratum of recurrent conscious phenomena, a sufficient number of 'identities' when taken in averages, in any series of contexts of interrelated stimuli and responses, to admit of scientific treatment. We can in fact 'think' experience as well as 'live' it.

The last chapter of this part deals with Finalism (Purpose) and Mechanism. But since Purpose as containing the idea of Source or Agency is one naturally admitted in the minds of such biologists

as follow Driesch, and since this meaning is summarily dismissed as outside the question, nothing of course remains but a discussion of Finalism in the terminology of the experienced (we purposely refrain from using 'mechanistic' because this may lead readers to think that Dr. Lloyd Morgan considers that life can be satisfactorily explained in chemico-physical terms, which is not his opinion)—that is to say, as connotating the possibility of scientific prediction by *observed* recurring phenomena in such vital processes as are unconscious, and as connotating the idea of an *observed* prospective reference as a desire for tendencies only, *i.e.* purposive rather than purposeful in conscious processes, which, he says, is obvious. He joins issue with McDougall in the implication that he hypostatizes the experiencing process into a controlling entity; the answer is, of course, that the opposite tendency of hypostatizing the products of experience as an observed integral process into almost as important an entity is the tendency of the opposite school. It is extremely hard for any system of thought *not* to tend to hypostatise, because in the realm of the purely intellectual 'cause and effect' is a dominant factor.

As to the conscious relationship, he concludes the final alternative to be thus: either it is "developed within *one* natural order, and is co-ordinate with other relationships, or there are two independent orders which interact"; and the discussion proceeds on this assumption of the stark alternative. May we suggest that there is a third alternative: namely, that there is 'one order' and two 'independent' ways of treating it—a form of duality which we believe is Bergson's, and which does not imply any similar objective duality in the universe as such?

Turning to the first half of the book we find an admirable and lucid biological and physiological treatment of the subject. Here the author has an established reputation, and is very much on his own ground. Its importance lies in the definitions, without a clear statement of which, no physiological approach is anything but a stumbling ground. He treats of instinct and intelligence in terms of cortical levels. 'Instinct' denotes those dispositions in animal behaviour which affect only the subcortical regions—it is unconscious and congenital. Instinctive congenital experience, effective consciousness (intelligence) and innate tendencies, all imply an extension into the cortical centres, when the higher arcs of neurones are switched on and make connection with the lower subcortical arcs. Emphasis is laid on the large and varied responses of behaviour which are empirically found only to affect

the lower brain centres, and which do not require, as it were, any trunk-calls to the higher centres.

All this is engrossing and is a distinct and authoritative contribution to that line of approach. The whole book is tinged with a courtesy of debate which is regrettably absent in many criticisms by 'biologists' of philosophical doctrines.

E. C. T.

A NEW PHILOSOPHY: HENRI BERGSON.

By Edouard Le Roy. Translated from the French by Vincent Benson, M. A. London (Williams & Norgate); pp.285; 5s.net.

WE are exceedingly glad to see Prof. Le Roy's extraordinarily sympathetic and able exposition and appreciation of Bergson's philosophy in English dress. Of all the books and articles we have read about Bergson, and their number is very large, nothing comes so near to the heart of the matter as the two articles respectively on the method and teaching of the new philosophy, which form the *fond* of the present work and which originally appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in February, 1912; to these articles Le Roy has now appended eight chapters of additional explanations dealing with the more important positions of Bergson's thought and with criticisms and even anticipations. The main characteristic of the work is that it is written *con amore*, yet independently. For Le Roy is not a pupil of Bergson's; on the contrary, he had already arrived at somewhat similar conclusions by himself, in his own valuable contributions to philosophical thought, and has now performed the remarkable feat (as Bergson himself phrases it) of "rethinking the subject in a personal and original manner." No better summary presentation, short of course of one by the philosopher himself, could be given us, and we have no hesitation whatever in recommending it most warmly to those who have not the time to read the books of Bergson themselves. Moreover this presentation of Le Roy's serves an additionally useful purpose, in clearly setting forth what the critics of Bergson have really to face; it places them at the heart of the matter, and brushes aside the superficial fault-finding that does not go beyond the cavilling at words and phrases. It also fairly meets the better-taken criticisms, provided the too stolid reader is not put off by an occasional immixture of metaphor, which so delights

the more imaginative and artistic, and which the matter-of-fact thinker, if he is generous, can himself easily change into more pedestrian phraseology, without eventually affecting the argument. Thus, for instance, the objection of 'irrationalism' brought against Bergson's intuitive method, is shown to collapse on the ground that this method seeks verification in action and appeals to the verdict of the intelligence itself. It is action that removes the barrier of the otherwise inescapable circle of the synthetic critical intelligence. "If intelligence accepts the risk of taking the leap into the phosphorescent fluid [i.e. the instinctual life movement] which bathes it and to which it is not altogether foreign, since it has broken off from it and in it dwell the complementary powers of the understanding, intelligence will soon become adapted and so will only be lost for a moment to re-appear greater, stronger, and of fuller content. It is action again under the name of experience which removes the danger of illusion or giddiness, it is action which *verifies*; by a practical demonstration, by an effort of enduring maturation which tests the idea in intimate contact with reality and judges it by its fruits. It always falls therefore to intelligence to pronounce the grand verdict in the sense that only that can be called true which will finally satisfy it; but we mean an intelligence duly enlarged and transformed by the very effect of the action it has lived" (p. 120).

To follow Le Roy through his fascinating volume is to track out Bergson himself to his inner retreat; and to say this is to bestow very high praise indeed. Not only so, we are even taken by our essayist a step further, in a quite poetic passage, where he writes of our penetrating still deeper into the hidden depths of the soul. "Here we are in these regions of twilight and dream, where our *ego* takes shape, where the spring within us gushes up, in the warm secrecy of the darkness which ushers our trembling being into birth. Distinctions fail us. Words are useless now. We hear the wells of consciousness at their mysterious task like an invisible shiver of running water through the mossy shadow of the caves. I dissolve in the joy of becoming. I abandon myself to the delight of being a pulsing reality. I no longer know whether I see scents, breathe sounds, or smell colours. Do I love? Do I think? The question has no longer a meaning for me. I am, in my complete self, each of my attitudes, each of my changes. It is not my sight which is indistinct or my attention which is idle. It is I who have resumed contact with pure

reality, whose essential movement admits no form of number. He who thus makes the really 'deep' and 'inner' effort necessary to becoming—were it only for an elusive moment—discovers, under the simplest appearance, inexhaustible sources of unsuspected wealth; the rhythm of his duration becomes amplified and refined; his acts become more conscious; and in what seemed to him at first sudden severance or instantaneous pulsation he discovers complex transitions imperceptibly shaded off, musical transitions full of unexpected repetitions and threaded movements" (pp. 75-77).

This enthusiastic passage will give the reader some idea of Le Roy's *quality* as a writer, and show that he is poet as well as thinker, and that his pegasus carries him well over the conventional fencing-off of the 'desirable building plots' of the academic suburbs, into the open country of the free quest. This may be *Dichtung* for the builder and contractor of our town lots, but it is towards freedom and *Wahrheit* for the soul. It is not, however, to be thought that this moving passage, and others like it, are relied on as the main means of winning the attention of the reader to Bergson's philosophy; the preparation and general treatment are founded on keen analysis and penetrating criticism.

DANTE AND THE MYSTICS.

A Study of the Mystical Aspect of the Divina Commedia and its Relations with Some of its Mediæval Sources. By Edmund G. Gardner, M.A., Barlow Lecturer on Dante in the University of London, University College. London (Dent); pp. xv. + 357; 7s. 6d. net.

THIS scholarly work should be in the hands of all Dante-lovers; it bears evidence throughout of wide and well-digested reading and of sound judgment on points of controversy. Mr. Gardner has no hesitation in admitting that the 'something more' in Dante flows from an immediate intuition, an experience of a spiritual nature. Nevertheless, the poet was the child of his age, and his thought-world was peopled with the images of what he had seen and heard and read; from all of which he had perforce to draw, consciously or unconsciously, for the clothing of his inspiration in the form-modes of time and space. And so Mr. Gardner quite rightly says: "The works of the Latin poets, the Aristotelian philosophy and the Ptolemaic astronomy, the writings of the earlier mystics, the

subtleties of contemporary schoolmen, the actual pageantry of thirteenth-century Italy, have all had their share in the actual formulation of the recollection of a spiritual experience which was in essence utterly removed from all these transitory things" (p. 24). It is Mr. Gardner's task to attempt to select from this general mental environment the mystical elements which may be considered as externally determining 'sources' of some of the great passages in the *Divina Commedia*. If it can be rightly said that the influence of Thomas Aquinas permeates the whole poem even more than that of Augustine (p. 248 n.), the three writers on whom Dante may be shown chiefly to base his mystical psychology are Augustine, St. Bernard and Richard of St. Victor (p. 48). As to the influence of Bonaventura, Mr. Gardner justly remarks that we must remember that both Dante and Bonaventura drew from the same sources—namely from those who were chiefly responsible for supplying and building up the *theologia mystica* of the later middle ages, that is to say Augustine and Dionysius (in Latin translation) from the past and Bernard and the Victorines in more recent times, though it is true that of the latter Bonaventura was more impressed by Hugh of St. Victor and Dante by Richard (p. 252). And here we may add that Mr. Gardner frankly admits the dependence in some things of the Pseudo-Dionysius on Proclus, while Augustine is confessedly a great admirer of Plotinus, so that we have thus an indirect link with later Platonic formalism in some fashion. Another great influence of a far less formal nature than any of these was the *poverello* of Assisi; while as to the thorny question of the prototype of Matelda in the Earthly Paradise, Mr. Gardner is inclined to favour her possible identification with Mechthild of Magdeburg, whose revelations the poet very likely read in Latin translation from the original German, while her identification with the other Mechthild of Hakeborn he consequently does not consider so probable. In introducing the above and other worthies such as Joachim of Flora, Ubertino of Casale, etc., our author has always something of interest to say and occasionally something of importance to add, and in this connection we are glad to note that Mr. Gardner is preparing a monograph upon the whole subject of Joachim and the history of the doctrine of the Everlasting Gospel (p. 187 n.), an intensely interesting subject.

In what then does the mystical element in Dante fundamentally consist? It is difficult to give any definition of mysticism that will generally satisfy the modern mind, but Mr. Gardner

ventures to describe it within the limits of his subject as "the love-illuminated quest of the soul to unite itself with the supra-sensible—with the absolute—with that which is" (p. 27). It may very well be that an intuition of such union was enjoyed by the poet and that his great master-piece was not so much the setting forth of that experience, as an attempt to lead the minds of others towards that consummation, by a subsequently poetically imagined scale of ascent, determined largely by traditional conventions; but in reality the flash came first and the rest followed, and had even perhaps at times to be painfully elaborated. The supreme mystical moment, however, is the main thing, for it is a taste of eternity, which, as suggested by Boëthius, in the fourth century, is as it were "the complete and perfect possession of unlimited life in a moment." Though then the grandiose conception of the poet was not what actually preceded, but what was subsequently elaborated, it is nevertheless good that it should be set forth and excellent that it should be expressed in forms of beauty not only of conception but also of diction. What may have been Dante's chief aim in setting forth his *Divina Commedia* we cannot now say; he probably felt *compelled* to write most of it. But if, as Mr. Gardner believes, the end of his mysticism is "to make spiritual experience a force for the reformation of mankind" (p. 828), then this end will be best served by a collection of illustrations of the nature of such experience, following the methods of comparative study, when it will become a commonplace that the forms in which the experience is clothed are largely determined by the limitations of the age in which the seer or poet lives, as indeed Mr. Gardner's labours have already well brought out. One point we should have liked to see treated at greater length, namely the heredity of the notion of the heavenly dance, but our author has done no more than mention the fact that "the whole motion of the universe is conceived as one cosmic dance of love," beginning in the highest angelic order, the Seraphim, characterised by Dante as the order "that loves most and that knows most" (p. 26).

The volume is furnished with three photogravure plates of Botticelli's illustrations of 'The Science of Love,' 'The Dark Night of the Soul,' and 'The Divine Pageant'; we cannot, however, honestly say we are much impressed by them.

PHILOSTRATUS: THE LIFE OF APOLLONIUS OF TYANA.

The Epistles of Apollonius and the Treatise of Eusebius. With an English translation by F. C. Conybeare, M.A., late Fellow of University College, Oxford, London (Heinemann); 2 vols., pp. 591 and 624; 5s. net each.

THESE two volumes are among the first of the Loeb Classical Library which aims at supplying us with literary translations of the classical masterpieces, intended to be read and enjoyed as literature, accompanied by the best editions of the original text printed side by side. It is somewhat remarkable that Philostratus' *Life of Apollonius* should appear so early in the series, and a by no means inconsiderable testimony to its literary merit. The book itself, as is well known, has been the subject of bitter controversy and severe criticism, owing to the unfortunate use made of it by Hierocles who, in a work of controversy against the Christians, written about 306 A.D., dragged in this *Life of Apollonius* in the discussion of miracles, and was answered by the Church Father Eusebius. In the sixteenth century the controversy as to non-Christian miracles arose again and the book of Philostratus gave so much trouble that the hypothesis of plagiarism was started: the *Life of Apollonius* was a Pagan plagiarism of the *Life of Jesus*. This view generally held the field for some three centuries. Eusebius and the Fathers that followed him, however, had not the slightest suspicion of this, and the latest scholarship exonerates Philostratus of any such knowledge or intention. Many are acquainted with the main incidents in the romantic life of this famous philosopher-reformer of the first century and his connection with the religious brotherhoods and associations of the times and with the rulers of the empire, and especially with his Indian travels, but few have read the life for themselves, even in translation, for the only English version, that of Berwick, was published in 1809, and is now practically unprocurable. We are, therefore, greatly indebted to Mr. Conybeare for giving us an excellent and most readable translation of the original, which is by no means so easy a task to accomplish as might be thought. We have tested it in many passages and find it most trustworthy and at the same time a pleasure to read. The translator prefixes a short introduction which is a model of succinct summary and judicious appreciation. There are excellent indexes, but perhaps a bibliography of the nineteenth century literature on the subject and of the most recent studies might have been added with advantage.

THE DIAMOND SŪTRA.

Chin-Kan-Ching or Prajna-Paramita. Translated from the Chinese with an Introduction and Notes. By William Gemmell. London (Kegan Paul); pp. xxxii. + 117; 2s. 6d. net.

THE *Diamond Sūtra* is one of the most famous treatises of Mahāyāna or 'Great Vehicle' Buddhism. Of it we already possess two English translations, by Beal (from the Chinese) and Max Müller (from the Sanskrit); also a German version by M. Schmidt (from the Tibetan), and a French version by de Harlez (from the Sanskrit). What then is the occasion of Mr. Gemmell's entering into the field with a new translation from the Chinese? He is very modest as to his own equipment, but has had the great advantage of the help of certain pious and learned monks in Central China to whom, he says, he "is everlastingly indebted for even a slight initiation into those inexhaustible truths, which are alike the heritage, and the glory, of the disciples of Buddha" (p. viii.). Above all Mr. Gemmell is sympathetic and an apt pupil, and though he does not profess to be a profound scholar, he has, with the help of his teachers, turned out a translation that is decidedly superior to Beale's. Thus, for instance (p. 45), he renders the text by "such a disciple will be endowed with spiritual powers commensurate with initiation in the supreme, incomparable and most wonderful Law," where Max Müller (from the Sanskrit) has: "will be endowed with the highest wonder (with what excites the highest wonder)"; and Beal (from the Chinese): "has acquired knowledge of the most excellent and desirable of all Laws."

As for the title of the sermon, it is so called because it was supposed to excel all others, just as the diamond excels all other gems. As the text says (p. 47): "This scripture shall be known as the *Diamond Sūtra*, 'The Transcendental Wisdom,' by means of which we reach the Other Shore,"—the sub-title (*Po-ro-po-lo-mi*, p. 8 n. 2) being evidently a translation of the Sanskrit *Prajñā-Pāramitā*, the Transcendental Wisdom, whereby a man transcends the Ocean of the Ever-becoming and reaches the Other Shore, true Being or Nirvāṇa. A point that Mr. Gemmell has not noticed, should be noted, namely, that on p. 68 there begins what is practically a repetition of the preceding part. This seems to point to the juxtaposition of two traditions (? two Chinese translations) of one and the same Sanskrit original.

In the notes, the translator conveniently appends to many passages Beal's and Max Müller's versions for purposes of comparison. For the rest he draws almost exclusively on Eitel's *Handbook of Chinese Buddhism* and Spence Hardy's *Eastern Monachism*, but without any discrimination or criticism of these early works; occasionally he ventures on the citation of N.T. parallels, but without any comments, and drags in even such inappropriate quotations as those from Huxley.

There is no critical treatment of the sūtra-material, and it is not for a reviewer to supply it. But even the most superficial reader cannot but be struck with the glaring contrast between the depth and sublimity of the spiritual philosophical doctrine and the naïve monkish setting that is forever harping on the surpassing nature of the doctrine and promising transcendent reward for the reading and handing on of this scripture (cp. pp. 43, 51, 62, etc.), all of which is evidence of redaction of a later date and of a lesser generation that had great difficulty in grasping the mystical spiritual teaching. Moreover there are signs of several such redactions, the naïvest forms of *phala-shruti*, or fruit of studying the scripture, of course coming last. As an example of the intermediate stage we may quote: "If in future ages, disciples destined to hear this scripture, neither become perturbed by its extreme modes of thought, nor alarmed by its lofty sentiments, nor apprehensive about realising its high ideals—these disciples also, by their intrinsic merit, will excite superlative wonder and praise" (pp. 54, 55)—a weak ending, but far superior to the later remarks of the same order.

The main doctrine of the treatise, it must be admitted, is difficult to understand, unless the true nature of the spiritual life is grasped. But once this is grasped, it is simple. There is only one truth, all else is impermanent and changing; not only all objective phenomena, but also all concepts, all ideas, and even the precepts of the Law itself. Thus the following declaration is put into the mouth of the Buddha as the constant burden of his teaching: "You disciples must realise that the Law which I enunciated, was presented before your minds in the simile of a raft. If the Law—having fulfilled its function in bearing you to the Other Shore (Nirvana)—with its coincident qualities and ideas must inevitably be abandoned, how much more inevitable must be the abandonment of qualities or ideas which have an existence apart from the Law?" (pp. 22-24.) Above all, it is repeated again and again that the Buddha taught no system,

a fact that students of Buddhism not only in the West but also in the East are for ever forgetting. No truly *spiritual* teacher ever inculcates a system; he knows that no man-made system can contain the spiritual life; they are all, even the best, but transitory means, never ends. Truth must be lived, it can never be imparted; information is not truth. Therefore, Subhuti, the chief interlocutor of the dialogue, declares: The Buddha "has no system of doctrine that can be specifically formulated" (p. 24); and again: "The Lord Buddha did not formulate a precise system of Law or doctrine" (p. 48). Or, as the Buddha is made himself to declare: "If a disciple affirmed that the Lord Buddha attained to supreme spiritual wisdom, it is necessary to state that there is no law whereby this condition of mind can be realised. The supreme spiritual wisdom to which the Lord Buddha attained, cannot, in its essence, be defined as real or unreal. Thus, the Lord Buddha declared that the ordinarily accepted term, 'the Buddhic Law,' is synonymous with every moral and spiritual Law. Subhuti, what are ordinarily declared to be 'systems of Law,' are not in reality 'systems of Law,' they are merely termed 'systems of Law'" (p. 74). All of which, though put into the Buddha's own mouth, is transparently commentary on earlier scripture, though put forward in the form of what the Christian Gnostics would have called 'post-resurrectional' teaching. The enlightenment of the Buddha was a spiritual consummation; it was no system-mongering. As Mr. Gemmell writes, under the influence of his teachers, "in the *power over the human heart of inward culture, and of love of others,*" the great Teacher discovered a foundation of Truth, where, with assurance of faith, he could securely rest" (p. 71 n.)—if indeed he can be said to have 'discovered' anything, and not rather that the truth was 'revealed' in him. The whole doctrine of the substantive part of the Sūtra is on the nature of the freedom of the spiritual life and the transcending of the opposites in a new synthesis. Thus the text declares again, through the mouth of the Buddha himself: "Subhuti, the sayings of the Lord Buddha are true, credible, and immutable. His utterances are neither extravagant nor chimerical. Subhuti, the plane [Chin. *Fah*=Law] of thought to which the Lord Buddha attained, cannot be explained in terms synonymous with reality or non-reality" (p. 60).

It is precisely over the term *Fah* (Sk. *Dharma*, Pāli *Dhammo*), the Law, that we think the translator is in some instances found tripping. This Sanskrit and Pāli technical term has a host of meanings, and very probably the Chinese

translators themselves come to grief in some cases. For instance, in the sentence "sensuous phenomena such as sound, odour, taste, touch or Law" (p. 14, cp. pp. 29, 30 n. 2, 59), surely *dharma* here means simply thing or concept or idea, and should not be given its highest connotation of 'law'? Again, in dealing with what he translates by 'Buddhist kingdoms' (p. 38), Mr. Gemmell seems to us in his note (*ibid.*) to go wide of the mark. Surely it is a question of 'Buddha-worlds,' and the teaching is simply insisting that even these *supercelestial* states are impermanent compared with the one reality?

We should also like to know what authority Edkins (whom our author quotes without comment) had for identifying the sacred mountain Sumeru with Elburz. It is not to be expected of course that one who is not a knower of Sanskrit or Pāli should have a consistent system of transliteration, but the mistake of jumbling up the Roman and Italic letters, in the ugly and cumbrous system of the S.B.E., into all Italic or all Roman should have been avoided. Of substantive misprints we have noticed 'except' for 'exempt' (p. 32, n), 'marker' for 'worker' (p. 57, n.). In spite, however, of the above criticisms, we are very glad to welcome Mr. Gemmell's version from the Chinese of this famous scripture of the Mahāyāna, and above all we appreciate his spirit of kindness, sympathy and appreciation in dealing with a subject which is very sacred to many millions of our fellow-men.

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