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**QUEST**

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**JOHN M. WATKINS,**  
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# THE QUEST

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THE QUEST welcomes contributions that exemplify the investigation and comparative study of religion, philosophy and science as complementary to one another in aiding the search for that reality which alone can give complete satisfaction. It desires to promote enquiry into the nature of religious and other supranormal experiences and the means of testing their value, to strengthen that love of wisdom which stimulates all efforts to formulate a practical philosophy of life, and to emphasise the need of a vital science to crown and complete the discoveries of physical research. It also invites contributions which treat of the purpose of art and the expression of the ideal in forms of beauty; and in literature interests itself in works of inspiration and of the creative imagination. THE QUEST will endeavour, as far as possible, to avoid technicalities, so as to meet the requirements of the more general public seriously interested in such matters. Space will be given to suitable correspondence, queries, notes and discussions.

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# THE QUEST.



## THE SUPERNORMAL.

JAMES H. HYSLOP, PH.D., LL.D.

As normal experience is either in favour of or consistent with the materialistic hypothesis of mind, we require to have supernormal phenomena of some kind as a condition of doubting the truth of materialism. Philosophy has failed to establish its claims and science has become the modern method of interrogating nature. To science, therefore, we must go to meet materialism on equal terms, and there we shall find that the supernormal is the condition of getting beyond the materialistic theory. I define this supernormal, so far as it affects the question of the existence of a soul and its survival, as those facts which can be held to represent the personal identity of the dead, and which have not been acquired by the person through whom they come, by any normal process of perception or knowledge. But there are other real or alleged supernormal phenomena in nature besides those which may be classed as bearing upon the identity of the dead. And as there are facts which are neither normal nor evidence of survival, there must be a further field which may

still serve as a basis for doubt about the proof of an after-life; and it is this possibility that every intelligent man has to reckon with in his reflections. The consequence is that the supernormal defines a real or alleged field of events which has to be carefully examined before we can draw any conclusions about survival.

At the very outset, however, every species of the supernormal, as alleged, has to be proved before we can use it as evidence for anything. There are scientific men who deny the very existence of the supernormal of any kind and thus tear up by the roots every claim to evidence for a soul and its survival. And it must be conceded that the burden of proof lies upon the claimant of the supernormal. The defender of existing knowledge in the normal field is sure of his territory, even though he may not be sure of its boundaries. Hence he enjoys an advantage in the problem. He appeals to our sense-perceptions as the normal basis of all knowledge, and can press the claimant for any other process very hard for conclusive evidence that man can get information by any other means. He may not find it easy himself to fix the limits clearly of sense-perception, but he can raise difficulties against any other assumed process. And indeed it is no easy task to prove that such a thing exists. There are several types of phenomena that can be classified by the term, but it is another matter to be sure that they are what they appear to be. I refer to telepathy, or mind-reading and thought-transference, clairvoyance or telæsthesia, premonitions, dowsing or finding water by methods which suggest unusual sources of information, etc. But all of these real or alleged phenomena are still under debate and we cannot appeal to them in proof of any special cause. Many hard-headed scientists deny that there is

any evidence for them at all and hence totally deny the existence of anything supernatural. If it were a mere question of unusual facts the case might easily be settled, but the real difficulty is that a term usually must mean something definite before we can set it up as defining a set of facts.

It is just here that the real difficulty with all the supernatural begins. What is it? What would be supernatural if such a thing exists? The opponent of such phenomena asks for a definition and an illustration. If the definition be given, he asks for a concrete fact illustrating it, and can then begin his denial of the application of the definition. He at once extends normal processes or uses the extension of them to make it more difficult to prove the fact that the definition applies. In other words, he avails himself of the right to point out the unsettled boundaries of the normal, and this either excludes the supernatural or pushes it into such remote regions that it seems either impossible to prove it or to connect it with any rational system of things when proved. This is to say that the extension of the normal leaves nothing but the impossible to define the supernatural. If the standard of the normal were a clearly fixed one, this sceptical procedure would not be so defensible; but we find that there are no fixed limits to it within certain defined conditions, and these obscure boundaries always offer the doubter his opportunity to justify his scepticism. If the believer in the supernatural did not associate such large theories with his facts and did not attack the philosophy which is based upon normal experience, his claims might be more readily granted. But it is his haste to set up a philosophy which denies well-established beliefs, that invites antagonism, and the critic

must not be blamed if he resorts to every legitimate device to prevent a rush into new and untried beliefs.

The terms normal and supernormal are both purely relative. The supernormal simply expresses a fact which transcends the limits of the normal. But what is the normal? That is what we have to determine before we can define or assert the existence of the supernormal. In average experience the normal is clear enough, but we are never sure of just this average. There are all kinds of extensions of this normal which lessen the area of the hitherto miraculous or inexplicable, and it is this extension that justifies cautiousness in admitting the claims of the still inexplicable. It is the association of the supernormal with the miraculous or supernatural that provokes opposition, and makes it extremely difficult to invite attention to really interesting phenomena on any such hypothesis. Men will believe all sorts of miracles provided they are clothed or concealed in 'natural' terms, but they will fight like madmen if the same facts are expressed in terms of spirit. I do not imply any criticism here. I am only stating a fact, and indicating what the believer in the supernormal has to contend with in his problem. If the supernormal did not appear inconsistent with the reigning philosophy of things, it would quickly be admitted and disbelief in it would be even wondered at. But the moment that we use it to overthrow a philosophy, it is called into doubt. It changes its meaning the moment that it cannot be reduced to known terms, even if we have to stretch these terms so far that the facts they cover would alter prevalent beliefs. Men are as afraid of words as they are of realities, perhaps more so, and half the controversies in the world are based

upon the desire to maintain verbal consistency in things.

I said the terms normal and supernormal were relative. If we fix the average normal at any specific limit, anything beyond it would be supernormal; and provided we did not offer this transcendence of the normal as the basis for revolutionary philosophies, we might avoid inviting controversy. For instance, most people cannot recognise letters of a certain size beyond the distance of five feet. The present writer recognised these letters at ten feet. In a system of experiments his results had to be cast out as spoiling the average. Now if the other results are to be characterised as normal, his are supernormal, but not as conflicting with any general interpretation of the cosmos as determined by normal results. In relation to the special case there would be no objection to defining them as supernormal, but that would not mean anything more than that they were beyond the normal, and perhaps merely the negation of the average and nothing more. Acute sensibility, or hyperæsthesia, might thus be regarded as supernormal, if we take the normal to be what hyperæsthesia assumes. So it is with all unusual experiences. What we mean by the supernormal is determined solely by what we define to be the normal; and that supernormal is as elastic as well may be, except that there are limits which we should not admit into it under any circumstances. For instance, we cannot assign any definite normal limits to the ordinary vision of objects at a distance, but the perception of certain objects a thousand miles off or through solid matter would not be regarded as normal. We might hear a whisper twenty or thirty feet off, and we might call it 'normal,' but we could not hear a

whisper a hundred miles distant. If we did perceive a whisper a hundred miles away we should have to call it supernatural. Even calling it normal at twenty or thirty feet might be a debatable question, under certain conditions; but no one would dispute the supernatural perception of a whisper at a hundred miles, assuming that the conditions are what we call normal. We might do it over the telephone and still regard it as normal, though even then we can do so only by altering the word normal as compared with ordinary experience as described by that term.

There is a type of phenomena which we should not call supernatural, though they do represent unusual facts. Such are perceptions at one time which do not occur at another, though the conditions of sense-perception are the same. For instance, I remember having often heard railway labourers dropping the rails or hammering them at a distance of four miles, while usually this could not be heard a quarter of a mile off. The cause of this phenomenon was a peculiar condition of the atmosphere. We could not call the perception of the sound at four miles' distance a supernatural fact, because the conditions were not due to anything in the sensorium of the subject, but to the external physical world. This indicates that the supernatural must always imply something peculiar about the subject perceiving, and that its cause is not primarily in the external facts perceived. So much will always hold for the definition of the supernatural.

All this shows again that the primary difficulty with the admission of the supernatural is its philosophic associations. We do not have any difficulty with the term 'abnormal,' though its nature and limits have to be determined in the same way that we determine any

variation from the normal. The subnormal, the abnormal, hyperæsthesia, and hosts of variations from what is known as normal, involve the determination of the normal as definitely as the supernormal may do; but they excite no opposition of a serious sort. We may have no clearly defined boundaries between the normal and the abnormal, between the normal and the subnormal, or between æsthesia and hyperæsthesia; but the admission of anything beyond the normal as described by these terms is not supposed to alter our materialistic philosophy, and hence no opposition is aroused or serious debating of the point indulged in. But the moment we set up the supernormal as modifying materialistic conceptions, the scientific world is up in arms, and there is no peace until the one or the other school triumphs. Hence it is side-issues that cause the controversy.

I propose to cut loose from all this confusion, and approach the question in another way. I cannot, however, forget that the idea of the supernormal depends on fixing the boundaries of the normal quite as much as it does on defining and illustrating the supernormal. This is often forgotten by the critic and sceptic. They seem to think that we know exactly and always what the normal is. But this is not true. We know that certain things are normal and we know what would be supernormal. The whole territory between the two extremes may be more or less debatable, but certain typical phenomena would not be debatable. It is only a question of evidence for their existence, and explanations may be suspended. Sceptics of the supernormal forget that their extensions of the normal may ultimately lead them into as great modifications of their original philosophy as any despised supernormal might

do. The admission that anything transcends another opens the door to as wide differences in the end as the supernormal may imply, and no one should be allowed to lose sight of this fact. Mr. Myers refers to a case where telepathy was alleged as the cause of inducing hypnosis in a subject in another room through intervening walls. The doubter undertook to explain it by suggestion from hearing the changed circulation of the blood in the operator who was willing the hypnosis. If the sceptic imagined he was eliminating the supernormal in this way he was badly deceived. Perception through a wall of sounds induced by change of circulation in response to an act of will is supernormal with a vengeance; only it employs language which conceals the fact while telepathy does not conceal it. It is thus evident that extensions of the normal will always bring us to the boundary line of the supernormal, and it is only a question of what we shall adopt as the definition of the normal which is to decide what we shall regard as supernormal.

In the first place, the supernormal may be treated as a negative conception simply and in this way have no implications of the supernatural with which critics like to associate it. As a negative idea it means that certain phenomena are *not* normal and also not abnormal. They simply transcend what we usually regard as normal. Whether they shall have any positive significance will depend on the accumulation of them and their evident meaning when collectively considered. So much no one will dispute. The only question is regarding what we should define as the normal. Now it may not be easy to fix the limits of the normal for all persons and in all cases, simply because degrees of sensibility and perception exist.



But we can clearly enough lay down lines beyond which the normal will not go. For instance I cannot fix uniformly how far off the eye can read a newspaper. The distance may vary with different people and with the same person at different times. Then when we have found the distance at which words can be read consciously, these limits may be extended when subconscious processes are considered. But whatever the difficulty of fixing the boundaries beyond which we cannot ordinarily read a newspaper, no one would call reading it at the distance of ten miles a normal act. We know well enough the decrease of sense-perception so very very far within any such limits as to pause in amazement at the thought of reading a newspaper at ten miles. I am not here supposing the latter either possible or a fact, but using the illustration as a means of making clear what the supernormal might be, if proved to be a fact. This means that we may easily enough determine both the normal and the supernormal in special instances, though we may not be able exactly to define the boundaries between them in other special instances. If that fact were kept in view by controversialists, the issue would be clearer and the facts would be better understood. We end every time at the point that it is the supposed implication of the supernormal that excites scepticism, and it is the implication of the normal that attracts support. Intelligent determination of the facts, however, will pay no attention to these interests, and so will keep the terms of classification in sufficiently elastic positions to fix the types and leave the intermediate phenomena to the solution which all such facts ultimately receive in a system which has continuity in it.

Some day the sceptic will be attacked right on

his own ground. He will be asked to make his terms clear and definite. It is all very easy to talk about hyperæsthesia, suggestion and a score of undetermined processes, to evade the admission of anything like telepathy, or telæsthesia. But it is another to prove that your use of these terms or the assumed extension of so-called normal processes in any respect differs in some cases from the much hated supernormal. For instance, suppose we are experimenting for what is called telepathy, and the percipient (the person supposed to read another's mind) holds the hand of the agent (the person who is supposed to transmit his thought to the percipient). If the agent is thinking of an object in the room that has to be touched, it is quite easy to explain a success by unconscious muscular hints to the percipient which he interprets and follows. Public performers have done this and afterwards boasted of it as an explanation of their performances. Indeed scientific men are quite familiar with unconscious muscular hints given in this way, and what is called telepathy must run the gauntlet of such an explanation, and adduce better evidence in order to be favourably received. But if the agent thinks of whistling, and the percipient does whistle, unconscious muscular hints from holding the hands will hardly explain the success. We may appeal to some other form of suggestion, such as unconscious whispering on the part of the agent. But this at least supposes a versatility on the part of the percipient in interpreting hints that is not usual, especially if he is accustomed to look for muscular suggestions from the hand. It is not enough to be for ever appealing to unconscious muscular suggestions without regard to the special thought in the mind of the agent. Each incident must be judged

by itself, and the hypothesis must be justified in its relation to the whole mass of them. It is true enough that much which has passed for evidence of telepathy is exposed to objection from unconscious muscular action and other subtle means of suggestion. But it is just as true that many an incident in which unconscious muscular hints were possible, would not accord with the kind of hints possible. Besides we may find by accurate experiment that telepathy itself may have continuous boundaries with all such phenomena. Who knows? It is not sufficient to assign *à priori* conditions for the settlement of such a problem. We must approach all conditions dispassionately and with a true scientific interest in the facts, regardless of any remote philosophic consequences. We may find that the normal and supernormal may touch at points, while they are clearly distinguished from each other at others.

There is a curious illusion on the part of some men, otherwise scientific or with the reputation of being so, in that they think, if you can explain a coincidence by an unconscious learning on the part of a percipient of an unconscious sign on the part of the agent, you have eliminated the supernormal. I would only say that you had proved it, 'only with a few other words,' as Goethe expressed it when Marguerite asked Faust about religion. I do not see the slightest difference between unconscious discovery of unconscious signs and telepathy or other supernormal processes. They both represent the unknown, only one conceals it and the other admits it. The former is respectable, the latter is not.

If the supernormal were the more frequent the situation would be the reverse. Men would accept it as the normal and what we now call the normal would

be the tabooed phenomenon. It is the familiar that rules human thought and rightly so. Our lots are cast amid the familiar, which is the proper index of the conditions in which our conduct has to be adjusted. Hence, if our sceptic always had an ethical purpose in his assault on the supernormal, he might meet with less antagonism. But he seldom displays any moral idealism in his doubts and as generally fails to recognise any idealism as possible, if the supernormal be a fact. The normal renders so much intelligible in the cosmos that unless we keep under its guidance we become unadjusted to things, and a rational life is not probable. But in spite of this the supernormal may be only another normal, different as it may be from that which has been so christened and limited. If a man were to limit himself to adhesion as his standard of nature or natural forces, he would dispute the existence of gravitation or regard it as supernatural. The same man would regard chemical affinity as supernatural. We call them natural because we are so familiar with them, and because they manifest no such caprice as we suppose the supernatural manifests. So it is with the normal and supernormal. If normal vision were limited, arbitrarily or naturally, to fifty feet distance, vision beyond that would be supernormal; and but for the stretching of what is called the normal, often into things more absurd and incredible than the supernormal can possibly be, the supernormal would be more widely recognised. It is a conception just as elastic as the normal, but poisoned by the metaphysical liberties taken with it.

Let me illustrate again by apparitions. Nothing is better established than the fact that many persons have apparitions of friends or relatives near the point of

death. These occur in all sorts of conditions of nearness or remoteness, so that the most extended normal perception cannot account for them. Other objections to their being supernormal information have to be discovered or invented. For instance, we have to try chance coincidence and hallucination to explain them. We are familiar with hallucinations, and we try that hypothesis on the facts. But they are too numerous to justify the supposition of chance coincidence. If only one or two such phenomena had occurred in history it would be easy to dismiss them with that explanation ; but the English Society for Psychical Research in its census for England and Wales, after limiting its cases to 52 out of 350, found it impossible to apply chance to these fifty-two cases. Dr. Hodgson had, he told me, about a thousand other cases on record in the United States. Some refer them to telepathy, an explanation designed to eliminate the application of spirits to the facts. But it is not necessary to explain any of them by either telepathy or spirits. The primary problem is to ascertain whether they involve supernormal information. We have to try all possible sources of normal explanation, but only to preserve the unity of knowledge and to disarm the sceptic. From the scientific point of view we are entitled to draw the line of the normal where we please and to the same extent limit the meaning of the supernormal. But philosophical unity and other interests require us to avoid the employment of a term which shall have only a negative import, because we cannot defend a philosophy on ideas that are merely the negative of the normal. It is that which makes the appeal to the supernormal dubious or dangerous.

But suppose that chance coincidence is excluded

from the explanation of apparitions, may not anxiety on the part of the person having the apparition discredit the supposition of the supernormal? It has been assumed, in the superabundance of caution, that anxiety and previous knowledge might give rise to an apparition in the form of an hallucination, and in this way instances have been thrown out of court as non-evidential of supernormal experiences. This is a necessary procedure in dealing with the sceptic, but it is not necessary in the scientific problem unless the evidence points that way. We may have a few instances in which we may suspect the influence of anxiety, but there is no scientific proof that it is operative as an influence in producing hallucinations of the kind. When we take the enormous number of instances in which anxiety does not produce hallucinations, it becomes extremely dubious when any special instance of it is claimed. Such a cause is as much subject to scientific proof as telepathy or other supernormal causes. The really scientific man would admit this, but it has become respectable to display any amount of credulity provided it is not on the side of the supernormal. No doubt we have to assume such things when trying to convert the sceptic to the supernormal; but a logical device in the contest of conversion, is not necessarily a scientific method of proof or explanation. It is only an *ad hominem* concession to a prejudice, and the sooner this is frankly admitted the better for one's real influence. In fact anxiety producing hallucinations is as near the supernormal as any other cause, and in fact has not even a small amount of evidence in its support compared with that for the supernormal of some kind. But it is a familiar word, and great is Diana of the Ephesians.

I am not impeaching measures of caution. I agree that we must press the normal until it breaks, and there are abundant evidences that the boundaries of the normal are not easily assigned. But we need some sense of humour to help us. We should recognise that by our enormous extensions of the normal we are changing present conceptions about as much as if we employed other terms, and not be blind to the fact or try to conceal it.

It is the legitimacy of the doubt about the supernormal that justifies the extension of the normal, and hence it will not appear a gracious task to insist on analysing the normal. One is exposed to the suspicion of wanting to believe in the supernormal or in some philosophy supposed to depend upon it. But strict scientific duty requires a man to be as honest about the indefinite meaning of the normal as about that of the supernormal, and hence this temper of mind will bring him to admit that in the end it is familiarity that is more important than the supposed distinction between the normal and the supernormal. Indeed this is so true that what is wholly unknown and inexplicable at first, becomes apparently intelligible the moment that it is perfectly familiar, and we might even go so far as to say that knowledge and familiarity, understanding and constancy in experience, are one and the same thing. The source of doubt is not so much what we call the supernormal or exceptional as it is the unusual and infrequent. It is laws of nature we want, and laws of nature are nothing whatever but uniformities of experience. When an exceptional fact has been observed often enough, we accept it as a matter of course, no matter how mysterious it really is. It is the disturbance to our dogmatic belief that nothing excep-

tional to our experience is possible, that invokes scepticism. But the whole of human progress has consisted in disturbing that lazy dogmatism, and the man who has not learned to see that his experience does not forbid the existence of something new, has not learned the scientific temper of mind. Further illustration of the resistance to the supernormal may be seen in the history of the idea of suggestion. It was a most useful conception at the outset of its usage, but when it had accomplished its object it lost its meaning. Mesmer and his followers insisted that some fluid or magnetic force was the explanation of the induced sleep or hypnosis which accompanied their cures. They supposed that a force extraneous to the subject was necessary to account for their influence over their patients and subjects. When the French physicians investigated the matter they either repudiated the facts, or explained the phenomena by imagination. But when Braid took up the subject he introduced the idea of 'suggestion' to 'explain' the facts, discarding fraud and imagination in the phenomena. By suggestion he meant that the cause was in the subject, not in an external force. The value of his point of view was in the denial of the mesmeric fluid, not in its explanation of the phenomena. He and his followers, as well as the French physicians who repudiated Mesmerism, had in mind the denial of the supernatural which had been associated with Mesmerism, and hence to refer the phenomena to some subjective or internal causes, whatever they were and whether understood or not, was to escape the implications and ideas set afloat by Mesmer and his followers. From that time on 'suggestion' has become a universal solvent when a man wants to get out of a difficulty. It was never



in fact an explanation of anything, and I doubt if any man living or dead could tell exactly what he means by the term; but it is very useful for throwing dust in the eyes of the public. It names no known cause and only increases mystery instead of removing it. But it keeps the public at bay, and that is its chief function. As a means of frightening away false ideas it is and has been useful, but as a means of explanation it is absolutely worthless. It only represents a change of *venue* in trial of what the phenomena are, and the point of view from which they have to be studied. 'Suggestion' does not name any known cause, and until it does so it is no better than 'odylic force' or some supernatural agent, which, if it were a familiar one, might be a reasonable hypothesis. So far as explanation is concerned 'suggestion' is a subterfuge, though important for pointing out the group of facts that are possibly inconsistent with fluidic theories. But it leaves the whole mystery where it found it. It does not clear up any perplexity. It had and has only a use for encouraging the pretence of knowledge. It may silence ignorant believers in the supernormal, just as Dr. Johnson silenced the old fish-woman in Billingsgate by calling her an isosceles triangle. Ignorance could make no reply to that. In fact 'suggestion' is as supernormal a fact as telepathy or clairvoyance, judged from the standpoint of ordinary causation. The mistake of the believer in Mesmer was in supposing that he had an explanation in some unknown force which had no properties that made its results intelligible. It was but a term for an unexplained mystery, and the same is true of 'suggestion,' though there are analogies in ordinary experience that enable us to make an approach toward under-

standing marginal phenomena associated with its influence.

It is the special forms of the real or alleged supernatural that give the trouble, when we come to define them or say exactly what they are. As phenomena transcending any given type of the normal they may be clear enough, but only as facts, not as explanatory conceptions. It has been the habit of psychical research to employ its various terms, such as telepathy, clairvoyance, premonition, etc., as if they explained something or indicated a known *modus operandi*, that has invited the assaults of scepticism, and hence it would have been well always to have made this fact clear. Many a pitfall would thereby have been escaped by the psychic researcher. The supernatural is not primarily a descriptive term, but a limiting one. That is, it denotes facts which are not easily, if at all, reducible to what passes for normal in our ordinary experience. It does not contain or imply an explanation, but negatively refers to a group of facts seeking an explanation. If this meaning of the term be kept in mind by the inquirer he will not get into difficulties with the sceptic.

JAMES H. HYSLOP.

# THE ONCE SECRET SCRIPTURES OF THE YEZIDIS, THE SO-CALLED DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS OF KURDISTAN.

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## INTRODUCTION.

IN his recent paper on the two sacred books of the Yezidis (*Anthropos*, vi.), the Carmelite friar P. Anastasi Maria of Baghdad writes: "I can say that I am delivering to-day to the public *one of the greatest literary treasures of our century* and certainly *the most secret that exists in the world.*"

This hyperbolic and, I am afraid, somewhat doubtful statement of the fortunate discoverer refers to his facsimile edition of tracings from a remarkable cypher-manuscript of the Yezidi 'bible,' in an ancient Kurdistānī dialect, which he obtained, *per nefas*, by bribing the 'librarian' of Mount Sinjār, the chief sanctuary of these so-called devil-worshippers. As to the real value of this great literary treasure, which our missionary author seems to esteem more highly than all that has been found in Egyptian *geniza's* and papyri, the readers may judge for themselves from what I shall presently translate of it; as to the profound secrecy of the texts, it may suffice to say that as early as 1895 the English traveller Oswald H. Parry published, in the appendix of his *Six Months in a Syrian Monastery (with Some Account of the Yezidis or*

*Devil-worshippers of Mosul and El Jilwah, and their Sacred Book*), an English version of these apocryphs from an Arabic MS. The same text from another copy was printed in 1909, by Dr. Jsyā Joseph, in *The American Journal of Semitic Languages* (xxv. pp. 156 and 218-254). Both these editions were unknown to the Carmelite missionary, who, however, in 1904, discovered a third copy of this Arabic version, in the possession of M. 'Aziz Ḳass Yusuf, dragoman of the French consul at Mosul, and compared it with still a fourth, which was copied, as were also the above-mentioned tracings, from an original in the sanctuary of Mount Sinjār.

Without the Arabic version Father A. M. would of course have never been able to read the strangely fantastic cypher shown in his tracings of the Kurdistānī MSS. It was only after having tried in vain all kinds of alphabets, that he finally acted on the advice of a young French Orientalist, M. Louis Massignon, and, in the regular way, which is always first applied in order to decipher unknown writings, looked for the proper names in the Arabic version. Equating these with the corresponding groups of signs in the unknown script, he obtained the key to the cypher. In the hands of the well-known Vienna Orientalist, Prof. Michael Bittner, a transcription of the cypher-manuscripts has proved to contain the original of the extant Arabic versions in a special dialect of ancient Kurdistānī. This scholar, however, who is just about to publish a critical edition of the Kurdistānī text, in the *Denkschriften* of the Vienna Academy of Sciences, leaves the question open as to whether these texts were not originally written in Arabic. According to Parry and Joseph, *The Book of Revelation* was composed in 1162/63, and *The Black Book* in 1342/43 A.D.

In spite, then, of the fact that the discovery of Father A. M. reveals nothing of real novelty for the student of the comparative science of religion, the scientific world will surely feel under some obligation to him for his—at least linguistically—valuable find. Our own congratulations would indeed be still more hearty, if it were not for the somewhat disagreeable impression made by the missionary's self-complacent account of the scarcely dignified proceedings which brought him at last the long-coveted knowledge of the Yezidi scriptures.

He relates how, in Baghdād, in the year 1898, a fine-looking young native of about thirty came to see him, professing to be a member of the Yezidi sect and expressing his desire to be converted to Christianity. This youth, called Habib, had been a servant of the Yezidi librarian in Sinjār for seven years, and had then passed into the service of the Chaldean monks living in the neighbourhood of his native place. Habib said he could not have embraced the Christian faith in his native place, because his coreligionists would have immediately killed him. He claimed, moreover, to have been favoured in dream with a revelation from above, the purport of which was that the Yezidi scriptures were to be torn up and destroyed, and that the way, the truth and the life were to be found only in Christ.

The missionary undertook to catechise and baptise the presumptive neophyte, but only on the condition that Habib would reveal to him all the secrets and ceremonies of his fathers, in order to prove the sincerity of his conversion.

He succeeded in overcoming the reluctance of his disciple by promising that he would not betray his

source of information during Habib's lifetime,<sup>1</sup> and was thus enabled to publish a series of interesting articles on the Yezidis in the Arabic review *Mashrik* of the Jesuit fathers in Beyruth.

It was only after seven months of continued persuasion that the Father could obtain from Habib the statement that the 'devil-worshippers' had two sacred books, the *Ktebi Jalweh* (*Book of Revelation*) and the *Mashaf Raš* (*Black Book*), both carefully concealed in a place known only to three persons—namely, the amir of the sect, their spiritual leader, and the keeper of their library, which was said to have come from a very ancient church (?) at Sinjār, and to contain Chaldean, Syraic, Arabic, Latin and Greek books. The librarian has to aërate all the books once every six months. For the rest of the year the two sacred volumes themselves are kept in a velvet-covered walnut chest, with silver ornaments, locked with three keys, which are severally in the keeping of the three above-named persons. The chest itself is hidden in a niche behind one of a series of exactly similar stones. The Yezidis themselves are strictly forbidden under pain of death to read these two MSS. or even to disclose their titles. The Arabic version, however, is occasionally read in their services by the son of the chief, but without the congregation understanding a word of it, since most of the people know only their own Kurdistāni vernacular.

The chest and the parchment leaves of the *Ktebi Jalweh* are said to be decorated with a crescent, a star, a peacock, a kind of turnip, the sun, two rivers, a three-leaved lily or fire-flame, and the head of a man

<sup>1</sup> Habib, or with his Christian name 'Abd-el-Mesih, is stated to have died of hemorrhage on the 9th of October, 1899.

with horns (evidently the usual head-gear of Oriental divinities in ancient art).

Since the Yezidis even nowadays worship the celestial bodies and the four elements, Father A. M. takes the 'turnip' for a symbol of the earth, the lily, or rather three-tongued flame (?) for the fire, the rivers for the water, the bird (?) for the air, etc.

The *Mashaf Raš* is not a book but a scroll of parchment. The Arabic version preserved at Sinjār was copied from the original in possession of the Yezidi chief for Habib, that is to say for Father A. M., by a Yezidi who had learnt to write the Arabic script in a Christian school at Mossul.

The Yezidis are wont to deny absolutely the very existence of their sacred scriptures, and some of them are known to have suffered the most cruel tortures because they refused to betray the secret of their coreligionists,—for, as Habib says, the Yezidis fear a general massacre if the Moslems or the Christians should come to know that their creeds are declared to be false in the Yezidi books. (It is well known, indeed, that in 1837 Reshid Pasha cruelly massacred several thousand Yezidis, when he plundered and desecrated their sanctuary.)

Under these circumstances, after taking such undue advantage of his pupil's 'revelation,' and acting himself throughout on the very doubtful moral principle of the purpose hallowing the methods, it is hardly possible to understand how the good missionary does not feel some compunction in writing as he does (p. 7): "Thus it is only thanks to their lies, which they consider as lawful and right, religious and sacred, that they have been able until now to maintain the secrecy of their cult and their national independence"!

A few lines below this comically naïve bit of pharisaism Father A. M. goes on to say: "Habib has allowed me to transcribe the Arabic version of the two sacred booklets, of which I have secretly kept the copies, without however authorising me to use them in any way, or even to say that I am in possession of them." Having once got hold of the Arabic translations, Fr. A. M. availed himself of an opportunity to see privately the Sinjār librarian himself—'un gros diable,' with large black eyes, as the Father describes him—and offered him a baksheesh of twenty pounds sterling if he would trace on transparent paper the original cypher-manuscripts in the sacred chest. The bargain 'inter clericos' was of course easily concluded, and at the end of two years—as the librarian had very few opportunities for his underhand work—Fr. A. M. found himself in the possession of his coveted treasure.

We will now leave the good missionary—whose only excuse is his being a native of Baghdād—to himself and take a rapid look at the contents of the Yezidi books.<sup>1</sup>

*The Book of Revelation* begins with a dogmatic *Preface*, which opens with a profession of faith of a similar character to the Muslim creed: "Allah is God and Mahomet his prophet." The historic personage who is here called the 'servant of the Peacock' (Abd-Taūs) is identical with the celebrated Yezedi prophet and saint Sheikh 'Adi.

<sup>1</sup> I am in the main using the Father's French translation of the Arabic version, correcting it by the critical notes as to variants in the four Arabic MSS. themselves and between them and the Kurdistāni original, published in the same volume of *Anthropos* by Prof. Michael Bittner, and occasionally comparing also the Kurdistāni original from a transcript of the tracings (published also in *Anthropos*) obtained by means of the Father's key to the cypher.



## THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

He who existed before all creatures is the Angel Peacock.<sup>1</sup> It is he who sent Abd-Tāūs into this world to separate (from the others) his chosen people, and make it wise and free it from ignorance and error, and that, first by oral teaching, but afterwards by means of this book called 'Revelation,' a book which no stranger to the faith may read.

## § I.

*I was, I am, and I shall be* until the end of the æons, ruling as sovereign over the creators,<sup>2</sup> and looking after the interests and the doings of all that are subject to my rule. I am ready to help all who trust in me and invoke me in their need. *I occupy all space. I am concerned with all the happenings which are called evils by the unbelievers; but they call them so only because they do not answer to their desires. Every time has its ruler; but he rules according to my counsel. In every century the leader of this world changes, and one after the other accomplishes his task. With perfect justice I let Nature carry out everything which is in conformity with her.* He who struggles against me will earn only regret and pain. The other gods do not meddle with my affairs, and cannot hinder the execution of my decrees, however they be.

The books in the hands of those who are strangers to my doctrine, do not possess any sanction, and [my] prophets have not written them. These unfortunates have led themselves into error, leaving the way of truth and beating their own track. Thus every one of their prophets abolishes what his predecessor has established. *Moreover, the true and the false may be recognised by experience. My retribution threatens those that speak of my covenant.*

I reserve for me certain things; certain works I forbid.<sup>3</sup> *Everything is in its time and in its place.* I instruct and direct

<sup>1</sup> Melek-Ṭāūs; Pers. *tavus*, Gk. *ταῦς*=peacock.

<sup>2</sup> *The Black Book* proves that here 'God' and not the Angel Peacock or his prophet are speaking. The creators (thus in the Kurdistānī text; Arab. the creatures) are the Seven Angels of *The Black Book* and the 'other gods' of § I. in *The Revelation*.

<sup>3</sup> This refers to the list of taboos which are given in *The Black Book*.

in the right way all who follow my doctrine, and they find true delight in submitting to my precepts.

§ II.

I requite and reward every man according to my knowledge. In my hand is everything above, and on, and underneath the earth. I suffer no *collision of the different worlds*. I do not militate against their own good [*sc.* of men], especially if their good luck is for the profit of those who follow me blindly. . . . I reveal myself in one way or another to those true to me. . . . It is I who give, I who take back, who make rich and poor, who *make man's happiness* and *permit his misfortune*. *But everything happens according to time and circumstance. None has a right to interfere with my doings or to resist me.* I send sickness and infirmity to those who refuse to obey me. But he who strives to satisfy me, *does not die like the rest of men*. I do not suffer anyone to live longer than I have determined; but if I choose, I can send him back twice or thrice to this earth by metempsychosis.

§ III.

I teach *without a book*. . . . I *punish in the other world* those who resist my laws. The children of this Adam are ignorant of what is reserved to them beyond the grave. . . . The rule of the worlds, the revolutions of the ages, and the overthrow of their rulers have been preordained from all eternity.

§ IV.

I do not resign my rights to any of the other gods. The four elements, the four seasons and the four corners of the world are established for the needs of the creatures. The books of the infidels are received for that in them which tallies with my law. As to the rest . . . it is a product of their own invention. . . . Those who suffer patiently the pains and misfortunes of this world, I shall not fail to reward in one of my worlds. I desire that all believers in me should congregate into one covenant in order to confront the strangers . . ., forbearing to pronounce my name or to mention my qualities to anyone. . . .

§ V.

Bestow all possible veneration upon my statue and upon my

image for it will recall to you my memory—a thing you have left undone for years. Obey my ministers, for it is they who instruct you as to the invisible and as to all that relates to me.

END OF *The Book of Revelation*.

### THE BLACK BOOK.

<sup>1</sup> In the beginning God procreated from out of his own secret [parts] a white pearl.<sup>1</sup> He created then a bird<sup>2</sup> . . . and [this bird] sat upon it for 40,000 years.

<sup>2</sup> The first day of creation, which is Sunday,<sup>3</sup> God created an angel named 'Israil' [*var.* Azrail, Azazël]. He has still another name, which is the angel Peacock (Taus Melek), and he is the prince of all angels.

<sup>3</sup> The second day, God created the angel Dardaïl, who is the Sheik Hasan.

<sup>4</sup> On Tuesday, He created Israfail [Raphael], who is the Sheikh Šams-ed-Din.

<sup>5</sup> On Wednesday, he drew from out of non-existence the angel Michael, that is the Sheik Abu Bekr.

<sup>6</sup> The angel Gabriel appeared from non-existence on Thursday. He is Saijjad-ed-Din.

<sup>7</sup> On Friday Samnail was created. He is known among us as Nasir-ed-Din.

<sup>8</sup> Only on Saturday Nurail appeared, who is none else than Fahr-ed-Din.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Melek Taus, the angel Peacock, was made the supreme chief of angels.

<sup>10</sup> God then created the seven skies, the earth, the sun and the moon.

<sup>11</sup> *Fahr-ed-Din created man*, the animals, the birds and the wild beasts. After that he put them into the pockets of his robe,

<sup>1</sup> The pearl stands here for the world-egg, which occurs so frequently in the most different cosmogonies, probably because 'pearls' were supposed to be generated by rays of sunlight striking down through the sea, on the floor of which they coagulated and took a material consistency in the oyster shell.

<sup>2</sup> Cp. the dove-like spirit of God, brooding over the abyss in *Bereshit Rabba*.

<sup>3</sup> This is clearly the Jewish view, the Christians beginning their week with Monday, the Mahommedans with Saturday.

<sup>4</sup> All these names belong to well-known heroes of Islāmic history.

and issued thus out of the pearl, accompanied by a host of angels. Then he uttered a mighty cry against the pearl, and instantly it broke into four parts.<sup>1</sup> Out of its womb sprang the water, which became the ocean. At that time the earth was round and without any cleft.

<sup>2</sup> God created Gabriel in the shape of a bird, and he put into his hands the four corners of the world. Then he created a ship,<sup>3</sup> in which he remained for 30,000 years. Then he came to inhabit Lališ.<sup>4</sup> He cried against the earth and it became solid. Having become hard, it began to quake. Then he took one piece of the pearl and put it under the earth in order to confirm it, and another piece he put on the door of the sky to decorate it. It is in this portion of the pearl the sun and moon are set. Then he scattered round these two luminaries the powdered pieces that had been left over from the breaking of the pearl, and they became the stars in the firmament, the whole being suspended from the sky.

<sup>5</sup> [Then] he made come forth from the soil the fruit-trees and the plants of the earth. And it is also he who made the mountains rise, to make the surface of the earth more pleasant. He established then the heavenly throne<sup>6</sup> and placed it on the carpet<sup>7</sup> of glory.

<sup>8</sup> Then the *Great God* said: O ye angels, I will create<sup>9</sup> Adam and Eve and will make them human beings. Of her progeny Sahr ibn Safar [*var.* Ibn Jebr] will descend, from whom one nation on the earth will take its issue. From the same Adam the nation Israil will come forth, that is the privileged nation of Taus Melek [the Angel Peacock], otherwise called the Yezidi nation. . . .

<sup>10</sup> The Sheik 'Adi ibn Mosafir will come [again] from the land of Syria to inhabit Lališ.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cp. the breaking of the world-egg in Plutarch's account of the Mazdean cosmogony, *De Iside*, 47.

<sup>2</sup> The barge of light of Mandean cosmology.

<sup>3</sup> The place inhabited by Sheikh 'Adi.

<sup>4</sup> The creation of the heavenly throne is a familiar Rabbinic legend.

<sup>5</sup> *Viz.* the earth.

<sup>6</sup> Cp. *Gen.* 1:26: "Let us make man."

<sup>7</sup> Note the future form of the verb—a prophecy, which interrupts the context. On Melek Taus' apparition to Sheik 'Adi, 'the prophet of the faith,' see Jackson, *Persia Past and Present*, p. 12.

<sup>16</sup> Then the Lord descended on the Black Mountain,<sup>1</sup> cried out and created at once 80,000 angels. He divided them into thirty choirs, and immediately they began to adore him. Then he handed the mover to the Angel Peacock and made them ascend the skies.

<sup>17</sup> Then the Lord went down to Jerusalem<sup>2</sup> and ordered Gabriel to bring some earth from the four corners of the earth.<sup>3</sup> And to this earth he added air, fire and water;<sup>4</sup> and it is thus he created the first man. He gave him a soul, taking it from out of his omnipotence. Then he ordered Gabriel to place Adam in the Paradise. He did so. God allowed this first man to eat of all the fruit in the Garden, but forbade him touch corn.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>18</sup> At the end of 100 years, the Angel Peacock said to God: How is Adam to multiply? Where is his generation?

God answered: I have put everything into thy hands; do as thou understandest. Taus Melek<sup>6</sup> then said to Adam: Hast thou eaten corn?—No, said Adam, for God has forbidden me to touch it.—Eat, it will do thee good!

Immediately after Adam had eaten of it, his belly swelled. Taus Melek then ascended the sky, abandoning him whom he had thus counselled.

<sup>19</sup> Adam felt very much distressed by the torment which he felt in his belly; for he could not ease his bowels. He was so perfectly shaped that there was no hole in his body. [Thereupon] touched with compassion, God sent him a bird with a long beak, which went and opened a place of issue, by giving him a skilful

<sup>1</sup> The World-Mountain in the North, a well known feature of Babylonian and Irānian cosmology, It is called 'Black' because during the night the sun hides behind it, so that it spreads darkness over the entire earth.

<sup>2</sup> Again a Jewish feature, to be compared with the importance of Jerusalem or the Jordan in the Mandaean literature.

<sup>3</sup> Again according to a Rabbinic legend.

<sup>4</sup> Man being composed of the four elements is an idea which occurs in Persian as well as in Judæan traditions.

<sup>5</sup> The equation of the tree of knowledge and the cereals occurs in the Talmud and in the *Ḳorān*.

<sup>6</sup> The Peacock plays here the rôle of Satan, the old serpent. Probably a Muhammedan idea, since there is an Islāmic legend, recorded in Java, that the peacock was the guardian of the gate of Paradise, and ate the devil, thus conveying him within the gate (*Med. Ned. Zend.* xxxii. 237ff.). In Asia Minor the peacock is regarded as the embodiment of evil (*Journ. Anthropol. Instit.* xx. 270).

stroke with its beak in the right place. Immediately Adam felt relieved.

<sup>20</sup> For 100 years Gabriel withdrew from Adam. And Adam felt disheartened and lamented his counsellor during this long period.

<sup>21</sup> Then God ordered Gabriel to create Eve. The angel, obeying the order of his Lord, drew the future companion of the first man out of his left arm-pit.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>22</sup> When the space of the 100 years was fulfilled, the Angel Peacock descended from heaven to the earth, to look after our nation<sup>2</sup> which was then created. Beside the ancient Assyrian sovereigns he gave us the following kings: Nisrokh, otherwise Nasir-ed-Din; Cambyzes (Kurd. 'Kamūs) or the angel Fahr-ed-Din; Artymus (*var.* Artamis) or the angel Šams-ed-Din; and then two other rulers who made themselves conspicuous amongst us, the two Shapūrs. Their rule lasted altogether for 150 years. From their direct lineage our amirs are descended up to the present day.

<sup>23</sup> We hate four rulers.<sup>3</sup> . . .

The following things are forbidden:<sup>4</sup>

Before all else lettuce (*hass*), because the name of it resembles that of our prophetess Hāsīeh;

1st, beans;

2nd, the colour blue (consequently it is forbidden to wear a blue dress or to keep any object of this colour);

3rd, we are absolutely forbidden to eat fish<sup>5</sup> out of respect for our prophet Jonah;<sup>6</sup>

4th, equally the gazelle, because she is the doe of one of our prophets;

<sup>1</sup> Something is missing here after this childish legend, for we do not hear of the origin of generation; but this is made good in Perry's and Joseph's MSS., though hardly reproducible in full translation.

<sup>2</sup> It is a familiar Jewish idea that each nation has a tutelary prince among the seven archangels. Thus Israil or the Angel Peacock is the tutelary of the Yezīdis.

<sup>3</sup> Their names must be missing here.

<sup>4</sup> With these taboos compare the equally strange prescriptions in the *Symbola Pythagoræorum*.

<sup>5</sup> So are the Mandeans and many Syrian tribes.

<sup>6</sup> Jonah is called *Du'l Nun*, Lord of the Fishes, in Arabic. Here he stands probably for the old Babylonian fish-god Oannes.

5th, the sheikh and his disciples must not touch the flesh of the cock, for this bird represents the image of Taus, and he is one of the seven distinguished gods who rule the universe;

6th, they must not dream of eating gourds;

7th, it is strictly forbidden to urinate standing up;

8th, no one must put on his trousers sitting;

9th, for excreting one must not use a fixed privy;<sup>1</sup>

10th, public baths are absolutely forbidden with us;

11th. This is the list of names which must not be pronounced:

*Shaitan*, for this is the name of our God<sup>2</sup>; nor may such words be uttered as bear a semblance to *Shaitan*—for instance, *kītan* [a rope], *shaṭṭ* [a river], *sharr* [evil]; nor must we pronounce the words *mal'un* [cursed], *la'neh* [curse], *na'l* [horseshoe, and also, in the vernacular, curse], and similar words.

<sup>3</sup> Before Jesus came into this world our religion was called paganism. The Jews, the Christians and the Moslems have always shown themselves hostile to our religion, likewise the Parsees.

<sup>4</sup> Among our ancient sovereigns there was one named Ahab. He bade each one of us give him a particular name, and our people called him in that age god Ahab or Beelzebub.<sup>5</sup> To-day he is known among us as Pir-Bub.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>7</sup> We had another king in Babylon called Nabuḥodonosor, in Persia the king Ahasver, and finally at Constantinople Agrikalus [Agricola?].

<sup>8</sup> 'Before the earth and the sky existed God abode on the oceans<sup>9</sup>. He had made unto himself a vessel and in it he drifted in the midst of the seas.

<sup>10</sup> God had created for himself a whole pearl to which he gave

<sup>1</sup> Demons are believed to abide in unclean places, near sinks or the like.

<sup>2</sup> An absolutely isolated statement, not to be explained from all the rest of the Yezidi theology.

<sup>3</sup> Confused reminiscences from Jewish history appropriated by the Yezidis, who boasted—just as the Samaritans and the Christians—of being the true Israel.

<sup>4</sup> Pir-Bub is still worshipped as a local Weli or saint by the Yezidis.

<sup>5</sup> Here begins another version of the Yezidi Genesis, related to vv. 1-12, somewhat as in the Mosaic creation story. Even the language shows differences from the rest.

<sup>6</sup> Cp. *Gen.* 12, the spirit of God upon the face of the waters.

orders for 40 years. At last he grew wrath with the pearl and kicked it [to pieces].

<sup>20</sup> And wonder of wonders, the noise [of the bursting pearl] became the mountains and the dust became the hills and the smoke the skies. Thereafter God ascended into the skies, condensed them, and fixed them without pillars.

<sup>21</sup> He locked up with a key the earth and the abysses, and then he took his pen in hand and wrote down the [subsequent] events of creation.

<sup>22</sup> Then he begat six gods<sup>1</sup> from his own essence and from his light; creating them in the same way as a man lights one lamp at another.

<sup>23</sup> The first god said to the second: I have drawn from the non-existing the sky alone; ascend thou into it and create something else. He ascended and became the sun. He then said the same to the third, and he became the moon. The fourth constituted himself the sphere of the heavenly bodies; the fifth proclaimed himself as the morning star; and the sixth metamorphosed himself into the atmosphere.

#### COMMENTS.

The reader will at once notice an essential difference between the two documents. With the exception of the preface and the concluding paragraph (V.) which make a somewhat piteous framework added by a later redactor, the *Ktebi Jalweh* is a continuous and harmonious composition, and in many respects a very remarkable production, beyond doubt the work of a philosophical mind and the vehicle of a lofty monotheism. On the other hand, the *Mashaf Raš* is no better than a collection of contradictory, often childish, mythic and cosmogonic traditions, a crude, syncretist mixture of Jewish and Muhammedan midrashic legends with very few specific Yezidi elements. Its main value

<sup>1</sup> The six gods, instead of the seven angels, are probably influenced by the Persian parallel of Ormazd creating the six Amshaspands.



consists in the help it may afford towards a right judgment of the inferior late accretions to *The Book of Revelation*, which have to be separated from the original work before we can arrive at a fair appreciation of Yezidism at its best.

If we did not learn from *The Black Book* that Melek Taus, the Angel Peacock, was a subordinate being of the Yezidi pantheon—a creature, although the very *first* creature of *God*—we could easily fall into the error that the self-revelation of the divinity's character given in the *Ktebi Jalweh* referred to the subject of the so-called 'preface,' that is to the Angel Peacock. This is of course quite impossible. The mysterious speaker of the *Revelation* is simply *God*, the first creator of all, whose creative actions we find described at greater length in *The Black Book*. The author of §§ I.-IV. himself would of course never have begun his work with so misleading a 'preface.' Moreover, if the opening sentences were his, he would have marked them § I. and not 'preface,' just as, for instance, the famous prologue of the fourth gospel is in no way separated from the evangel itself. Every modern author and every modern reader know that the preface to a book is written only when the book is finished. Sometimes it is the publisher or somebody else, who wishes to add a word about the author or about the book, to add a protest or a correction, etc., and this is the case with the 'preface' of the *Ktebi Jalweh*. Its author desired first to give the book a name, secondly to suggest that it was written by a prophet 'Abd-Taūs, and thirdly, that this inspired messenger derived the 'revelation' in question from the Angel Peacock, who appears in *The Black Book* (22) as the tutelary daimōn of the Yezidi nation.

The man whose lofty ideas about God are set forth in §§ I.-IV., would surely not have written: "*Bestow all possible veneration upon my statue and upon my image . . . a thing which you have left undone for years.*" For we know what image and what statue the Yezidis revere. Four of these 'idols' were looted by the soldiers of Reshid Pasha; and one of them was first sold to a Turkish antiquarian and then to a rich Christian of Mossul, Fath-Alhah-Abdud, in whose house it still is. It is a very fine piece of work, wrought iron with silver incrustations. This cult-image is either set on a pole and carried in procession as an ensign, or exposed on the top of a large copper candlestick to the veneration of the community.<sup>1</sup> As all may see, from the photograph in *Anthropos* (vi. 39), it represents a stately peacock, and Father A. M. says expressly that it is called Taus Melek by the Yezidis. As they have never been heard to possess any other cult-images, it is evident that the author of § V. meant by 'my statue' and 'my image' the iron peacock. Now since in §§ I.-IV. it is not the Angel Peacock who speaks, but the 'Great God,' the first creator, it is evident that § V. has also been added by the author of the preface, who erroneously refers the whole 'revelation' to Taus Melek. This author was obviously a Yezidi *priest*, as can easily be seen if we note the doctrine of all true mysticism and of all sincerely personal religion in §§ I.-IV., where God is made to say: "I reveal myself . . . to those true to me or who follow my counsel,"

<sup>1</sup> See *Anthropos*, vol. vi., p. 39. According to J. W. Crowfoot, who obtained his information from an Armenian, the statuette is hollow and has a hole in the middle of the back, with a lid to it. It is brought out by the head of the village, wrapped in linen and filled with water. The priest kisses the image and sips water through the beak, the others following his example. Five bronze images are sent round continually and every Yezidi must pay a visit to the peacock three times a year (*Man*, 1901, No. 122).

. . . "I teach without a book in an invisible way *my friends and my faithful followers,*" . . . and "I reveal my miracles and my supernatural works to those *who are so disposed and who ask me about them,*" and compare it with the well-known theory of the typically meddlesome and autocratic priestcraft which enjoins in § V.: "*Obey my ministers, for it is they who instruct you as to the invisible and as to all that relates to me.*"

If, therefore, we leave aside the preface and the conclusion as additions of the 'priestly redactor,' the remaining four chapters are a genuinely gnostic text. The fundamental question of the problem of evil, which led to the adoption of Iranian dualism in so many gnostic systems, has found here such a deeply philosophical monotheistic, nay monistic, solution, that even the most developed critical world-view of our time<sup>1</sup> has no better answer to offer to the ever-recurring and desperately sad question of suffering humanity: "I am concerned with all the happenings which are *called evils* by the unbelievers; but they *call* them so only because they do not answer to their desires." *There is no 'good' nor 'evil' in reality itself.* There are only conflicting currents of different natural powers, and men call 'evil' everything that counteracts the free expansion of their own life-energies, and 'good' everything that facilitates and flatters it. How can they expect divine justice to subordinate the 'welfare,' or, better, the free expansion, of all other currents of life or of inanimate energy to their own little aims and desires? "*With perfect justice,*" says God, "*I let Nature carry out every impulse of her being.*" Everything

<sup>1</sup> Cp. with the following gnostic system the admirable essay on 'Divine Fecundity,' by the late Father Tyrrell, in the first number of *THE QUEST*.

happens according to the inexorable necessity of circumstances in *time* and *space*, just as everything is preordained from all eternity by the initial state of the cosmos, the so-called *thema mundi* of ancient astrology. God helps those who trust in him, not, however, by interfering unjustly in their favour with the general trend of destiny, but by teaching them *not to resist fate* and not to quarrel with destiny. He who strives to obey this supreme law, dies not like the rest of mortals; in blissful beatitude he feels free from the struggle against necessity, which is itself the *only* evil in the world.

Of course there are inconsistencies left over in the system; it is, for instance, an obvious lack of logic if God says he does not permit the theoretically possible cosmic catastrophes that would ensue if two of the innumerable existing worlds were to crash into each other in a fatal collision.<sup>1</sup> It is another inconsequence if compensation in a subsequent world is offered for patiently borne evils of the present life.<sup>2</sup> Moreover, taboos, which the author recognises in passing—"I reserve for me certain things; certain works I forbid"—without, however, dwelling on the details of the subject, are manifestly incongruous with the whole system. They stick to it like pieces of egg-shell to the hatched chick.

Who, however, can reproach the ancient Yezidi sage with this racial inheritance, who remembers that side by side with the loftiest prophetic passages, the Old Testament contains the most jejune taboo-prescriptions as to not eating the hip-sinew or the

<sup>1</sup> Even this very human limitation of result will be found explained in the first pages of Father Tyrrell's above quoted paper.

<sup>2</sup> The reader will not forget, that this inconsequence is also found in Buddhism.

blood of animals, or as to not interweaving linen and woollen threads, etc., and that a philosopher like Empedocles still maintained that beans and laurel-leaves should not be eaten by men?

As to the conception of the supreme God, which is taught in *The Book of Revelation*, it can easily be classified. As in another better known *Revelation* (*Apoc. Jn.*), God says: "I was, I am, I shall be to the end of times," he declares also "I occupy all space." The student of the comparative science of religion knows that these are not the dogmas of God's eternity and omnipresence, but that the divinity whose operation is identical with that of Fate, Destiny, Necessity or Nature, is itself conceived as Boundless Space and Endless Time. The cult of this highest abstraction can be traced among the Ionian Greeks, and, under the name of Zrvanism, among their Persian adversaries; in Egyptian Hermetism as well as in the Indian Time-doctrine, which afterwards engendered Buddhism; among the Jewish worshippers of the Kabbalistic En-Sōf (the 'Boundless'), as well as among the heretic Mahomedan Dahri's or 'Time-worshippers'; and last, not least, as the Mithraic Æon-cult, all over the Roman empire. It was indeed the first 'world-religion' in every sense of the term.<sup>1</sup> The whole conception of such a world-encompassing divinity of Time and Space is due to the development of ancient sidereal mysticism. This is clearly visible even in this late Yezidi 'revelation,' for the 'other gods' that are mentioned in it are beyond doubt identical with the seven angels of *The Black Book*. Their connection with the days of the week, however, shows that they

<sup>1</sup> Cp. Robert Eisler, *Weltenmantel und Himmelszelt*, pp. 464-474, 490f., 508, 785, 740.

are nothing else but the seven planetary deities. In accordance with many other gnostic systems, they are called the creators of the world and partly appear as such in *The Black Book*. If God says in the *Jalweh*, that each age of the world is governed by its own ruler, we have here the well-known belief in the alternating rule of the planet gods over the successive æons of the world, which is as typical for all those 'Eternity' cults as is the theory of a plurality of worlds and of metempsychosis. It is expressly stated, however, that these planetary vice-gods rule their world only after the preordained order and decree of the Most High, who does not resign any of his rights to them. 'The four elements and the four seasons,' to both of which a cult is dedicated by the Yezidis, as well as by the Mithraic worshippers of Endless Time, are established by God only for the needs of the creatures. They too are not of themselves divine.

Anyone can see that the author of this theological system is no more of a devil-worshipper than the late Father Tyrrell or the present writer or any of our readers, though his supremely just and pitiless author of good and evil may very well have been identified with the Devil by 'unbelievers' who could not rise to so lofty a world-conception. No more than in the *Ktebi Jalweh* do we in the cosmogonic myths of *The Black Book* find any traces of what might justly be called Satan-worship. Melek Taus, who is certainly worshipped by the Yezidis, most probably because the peacock is an ancient totem-animal of these tribes, cannot be identified with Lucifer, the Morning Star or the Fallen Angel, since it is expressly said that the fifth of the secondary gods, that is Gabriel, establishes himself as the Morning Star. That Taus Melek plays

the rôle of Iblis in the Paradise-myth, or that it is forbidden to mention Satan's name—as the German proverb forbids, “*den Teufel an die Wand zu malen*,”<sup>1</sup> is scarcely a sufficient reason for accusing them of devil worship. Mithraic dedications like ‘*Deo Arimanio*’ prove that sacrifices and cult have been offered to the Devil by certain Persian sects; yet it seems not improbable that the name ‘devil-worshippers’ was first given the Yezidis by their Arabian conquerors, and then accepted by the people themselves, just as the originally abusive name of ‘Gueux’ was proudly borne by the Netherland patriots of the 16th century.

ARRIGO MANZA DE' NERI.

[In the Asiatic Saloon of the British Museum may be seen a recently acquired ‘Melek Taus.’ A hot controversy has been waged and is not yet settled on the question as to whether or no it is a genuine cult image of the Yezidis. It bears the legend: “Steel figure of a Peacock, said to have come from a temple of the Yezidi sect (devil-worshippers). From Dahadia near Diarbekr, Kurdistan. Persian work. Given by Imre Schwaiger, Esq., through the National Art Collections Fund, 1912.”—ED.]

<sup>1</sup> Cp. also such sayings as “*Wird der Teufel genannt, flugs kommt er gerannt.*”

## THE SPIRIT OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

SUKUMAR RAY.

I SHOULD like to make it clear from the beginning that I do not propose to attempt a comprehensive survey of the life and works of this illustrious poet; nor shall I be guilty of the presumption of attempting totally superfluous advertisement of his genius or personality. I shall content myself simply with reproducing, however imperfectly, what I consider to be the right background of thought and environment, for a fruitful study of Rabindranath's poetical works, and with indicating briefly their high value not merely as an effective analysis of present-day problems in India and elsewhere, but as an exposition of the root-problems of life itself.

In the midst of all our work and all our pleasures, we are often unconscious that we are ever carrying with us the burden of an eternal question. Very few of us indeed have anything more than a vague consciousness of its existence, and most of us are satisfied with an occasional mild intellectual interest in the problem. But in some lives—and these lives alone are truly great—the question has assumed an imperative form; and wherever the demand for an answer has been thus insistent, we have had one of those contributions to human thought that leave a definite impression on the ever-changing ideals of humanity. In this paper we shall deal with some of



the forms in which the mystery has revealed itself to-day to a poetic soul who has in his own way sought an answer to the riddle of life.

The present epoch is admittedly a highly critical period in human history. World-forces and world thought-currents have been roused to fierce activity and are working themselves out, openly or insidiously, for good or for evil, on a scale hitherto unknown. The commerce of ideas, no less than the commerce of wealth and industry, is fast weaving the many-coloured threads of human endeavour into one organic whole. Problems of state and politics, problems of society and religions, are rapidly becoming the common problems of humanity itself. The apparently irreconcilable contradictions of the many-sidedness of human nature, which have for ages provoked the fiercest conflict between man and man, are slowly subsiding into a truer unity and a more comprehensive harmony, which are all the more profound because of this ruthless disturbance of equilibria and the passionate struggle for a more comprehensive readjustment of life. Humanity, living apart in traditional grooves, separated by the prejudice of conventions and external forms, finds itself now called upon to respond to the stimulus of a wider appeal and express itself in terms of a wider sympathy.

We are not concerned here with the final outcome of this struggle, if indeed there can be any final solution of the problem. But, seldom, in the self-expression of an individual life, has this ideal of a world-wide *rapprochement* been sung with such freshness and perfection of harmonious diction as in the poetry and writings of Rabindranath Tagore. The inner growth of the poet's ideal, as clearly reflected in

the evolution of his poetry, is so typical of the fundamental laws of the emancipation of thought and of realisation through conflict, that it may almost be taken as a summarised history of the world-wide thought-adjustment through which we are passing at the present moment. The reconciliation of contradictory ideals, the re-construction of apparently anomalous fragments of philosophy, the reconvergence of the *à priori* idealistic and the objective evolutionary trends of thought, have all been foreshadowed and their battles fought over in the inspired outpourings of the poet's soul.

But first let us take a rapid survey of the various formative influences of tradition and environment that have led up to the production of his masterpieces,—of those literary and intellectual activities that preceded him and paved the way for the advent of his genius.

One of the most fundamental characteristics of the Hindu temperament, in theory at least, is the essential catholicity of its attitude towards the problems of life. In fact, so elastic has it been in its interpretation of religious beliefs and so comprehensive in the diversity of its aims and ideals, that a superficial observer may very easily be induced to believe that Hinduism itself is a mere conglomeration of heterogeneous creeds—and so it is, in fact, when divorced, and considered apart, from its central ideas and the prime sources of its inspiration. Pervading and spiritualising all its aims and ideals is an intense consciousness of the absolute and fundamental unity at the root of all things. From the earliest recognition of the essential oneness of the forces of nature—of the powers that drive the clouds or kindle the fire, of the powers that inspire our thoughts and actions, of the

powers that deal with life and death,—from the first inspiring glimpse of the *one* life and *one* consciousness that pervades the universe—life or matter, soul or body—the whole history of Hindu thought has been a series of onslaughts on everything that has stood in the way of a perfect realisation of this idea. And the whole history of Rabindranath Tagore's poetical career has been, consciously or unconsciously, a crusade against the ever-recurring bondage and tyranny of forms and conventions and sophisticated creeds that hamper the growth of the spirit and deny the self its proper fulfilment in the unfettered attainment of truth.

The Hindu's conception of religion and his logical attitude towards 'religions' should be essentially catholic. To him *Dharma*, or the Law, is one and eternal, and all the different 'religions' with all their apparent diversities of ideals and practices are but different *mārga's*, or paths, for the ultimate attainment of the same goal. For, it is *Dharma* itself, inherent in man, that makes its own triumph irresistible; it is *Dharma* that drives, lures and guides the soul to inevitable salvation. *Mukti*, or freedom (which is the Hindu's equivalent for salvation), is the fulfilment of the purpose of existence, and that fulfilment is perfect self-realisation. For therein lies the final solution of all spurious conflict between life and death, between mind and matter, between the soul within and the world without, between 'this,' 'that' and 'I'—all merged in one all-pervading, all-inclusive soul in whom each soul discovers its true untrammelled self.

What is this self? How is it to realise itself? What is it that prevents the realisation now? These are the questions we have to face. And yet, somehow, before we seek an answer to them, we require an assur-

ance that we are not following a mere phantom that leads us to nothing. Men have at times tried all the world over to do without such speculations; they have grown impatient of waiting for an answer to their own inner questionings. So they have proposed to solve the problem of life without any reference to ultimate realities. Thus we have had recently such conceptions as the 'welfare of society,' the 'progress of humanity,' the 'greatest good of the greatest number'—which we are invited to accept as the guiding principles of our life and conduct. And yet, when we try to translate such ideas into practice, when we look for some unerring guidance amidst the doubts and trials of our daily lives, we find ourselves asking: What is good? what is progress? what is welfare? And deep down at the bottom of all such queries we find the haunting shadow of the questions we have always tried to suppress: Who am I? what is this life? what is the purpose of my existence?

This *samsāra*, or procession of phenomena, as the Hindu calls the world, is but the outward expression of the mysterious self-seeking of the soul—a thought-episode of the birthless soul mapped out in time and space. And all this misery, all this blind helpless groping about, is simply because the soul, having started in its career of self-realisation, forgets its true eternal self and attaches itself to the fleeting things of the world with which it identifies itself. But why is it, it may be asked, that we fail to see all this? Why has the One and Eternal, the Perfect Soul of all souls, in setting free this stream of consciousness that expresses itself through my life, allowed it to lose sight of its true meaning? In asking this question we are really asking why there should be any creation or

limited existence at all; why the Perfect should want this elaborate make-believe of imperfections, this incessant striving after a perfection that is already there, this mysterious evolution from the Alone unto the Alone. This is the transcendent mystery of creation, the 'unknowable' of the agnostics, the one missing link in the unending chain of causation; for herein lie the root-problems of thought, of time and space, of consciousness and reality. All that philosophy can do is to give us analogies and supply symbolic conceptions to express rather than explain the nature of the mystery. Self-emancipation is the conquest of *māyā*, the false illusion of self, which gives the semblance of independent reality to all things, and which makes the one indivisible Reality appear as a duality, as subject and object, as mind and matter, as this, that and I. The idea of a fleeting world, the very notion of this life built up of incessant changes, nay, the very act and process of creation itself as *we* understand it, is a figment of *māyā*. This soul that we worldly men speak of, this spurious self that finds itself at variance with the world around, this 'I' that toils and suffers and is eternally at the mercy of death, all this is gross *māyā*. And yet, as we are emphatically reminded over and over again, by our illustrious poet, whatever it may or may not be, this *māyā* is, so far as we are concerned, as much a fact, as substantial a reality, as any fact or reality that we deal with in our lives; it is, in fact, *the* reality of our life and existence, of our daily round of pleasures and sorrows.

One phase of the Hindu's spiritual endeavour, therefore, is the conquest of *māyā*, which resolves itself into a rigorous process of disabusing the mind of all its preconceived notions of things imbibed from

its contact with its environments. "Not this, not this!" I am not this body; I am not this that suffers and dies; I am not this that is rent by passions and blinded by ignorance; I am not this fleeting stream of ceaseless changes. I am the reality of which all this is a shadow; I am the one, the unchanging amidst the changeful many, I am the perfection within myself, beyond sorrows, beyond doubts, beyond death. Such is the way of knowledge, of knowledge through perfection and of perfection through knowledge.

Against the sombre background of this relentless monism which is a direct legacy of premediæval Vedāntic thought, stands the inspiring form of *bhakti*, or supreme attachment to God. The tendency of this school of love is essentially dualistic, for its whole concern is with the personal aspect of God—God manifest, who expresses himself through the world-process and in the life and struggles of each individual. The general attitude of these two schools of religious thought towards each other is one of mutual distrust and even contempt. But though it is so common to find the advocates of the paths of knowledge and love opposing, and even denouncing, instead of supplementing, each other, it has been pointed out over and over again that there is in reality no inherent conflict between the two. Just as there can be no true knowledge without a supreme passion for it, so there can be no true love, no selfless devotion for anything, without knowledge, without a compelling consciousness that what we love is truly lovable. This conflict of thought, however, has served to emphasise the two-fold nature of the problem, and thus by insisting on our recognising the immediate as having as important a claim to our attentions as the

ultimate, it has helped to keep in view the practical problems of salvation as distinct (though logically inseparable) from a true conception of it.

Volumes might be written on the Vaishṇava cult of love, its mystic traditions, its profound symbolisms, its absorbing ecstasies. The ideal of the Bhākta is love of God for love's sake, without desires, without motives, without any purpose whatever—the mystery of love that he seeks without finding, the compelling love that comes to him unsought. During the 14th century, and for a long time afterwards, the phrase 'Bengali literature' was practically synonymous with Vaishṇava poetry, which is all centred round the divine love-story of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa. The story begins with the coming of Kṛṣṇa into the life and thoughts of Rādhā. Rādhā is absorbed in the contemplation of her lover; she lives in the midst of an intense dream in which the personality of her lover is mysteriously woven into all the physical realities surrounding her life. Sometimes he comes across her path and, though he passes away in silence, he always seems to leave a mysterious message behind. And when, at last, the passionate music of his flute is heard calling to her from beyond the river, between joys and fears, between hopes and doubts, Rādhā knows not what to do. Again and again the music is heard, till, finally, yielding to its insistent call, she leaves all and braves all and goes forth to meet her mysterious lover in the secret bower. This is the story which with various elaborations and embellishments has found widespread acceptance as truly allegorical of the dawning of divine love in the soul.

Such are the twin streams of love and knowledge

that have been so exquisitely harmonised and have found such perfect expression in the genius of Rabindranath Tagore. He has been claimed by many of his admirers as a true successor of the Vaishṇava poets. His poetry has even been described as an inspired restatement of Vaishṇava thought in the light of his own experience. But that is true only in a strictly limited sense. If we consider, not merely the poetry of a particular period of his life, but the whole of his literary activity, we are driven to the conclusion that Rabindranath is not the slave of any particular school of thought, that he is not the exponent of any particular system or 'ism,' and that he is, first and foremost, an exponent of the mystery of life and only incidentally a Vaishṇavist or Vedāntist, an idealist or rationalist. In fact, the unfettered evolution of his poetry was possible only through a constant shaking off of the limiting influences of mere tradition and sophisticated life. His temperamental kinship with the early Vaishṇava writers, and their lasting formative influence at the early impressionable stage of his poetry, are amply evidenced in the genuinely Vaishṇavic inspiration and *motif* of many of his poems; but he has, nevertheless, succeeded in breaking away most effectively from the tyranny of Vaishṇavist literary traditions, and the bulk of his poetry is Vaishṇava only in the sense that it is intensely humanistic and deals with the glory and joy of life. Otherwise he is almost as much a Vedāntist as a Vaishṇavist, for his outlook on the broader questions of life and existence is characterised by an element of rigid and subjective self-analysis that is almost foreign to the Vaishṇava writers. This is traceable very largely to the influence of his father, the Maharshi, whose remarkable religious



life had been very largely inspired by Vedāntic teachings.

The advent of Rabindranath Tagore's poetry happened at that critical moment when Bengali literature, having just recovered from the prolonged depression of a decadent period, was discovering its own potential greatness. For more than two centuries, before the rise of modern Bengali literature about seventy years ago, the whole literature of Bengal had, with rare exceptions, been showing pronounced symptoms of having lost touch with nature. This marked stagnation of thought was reflected everywhere in the sordid pettiness of literature, in the senseless tyranny of social conventions, in the shallowness of the practical interpretation of religion and philosophy. The noblest birthright of the nation, the priceless legacy of Hindu thought, seemed to have been completely smothered under a virulent growth of morbid parasitic forms and accretions, and all channels of freedom of thought and endeavour were silted up by the choking obstructions of a stagnant, form-ridden, tyrannised and tyrannising society. It was one of those periods in a nation's life when its faculties are dulled by a false feeling of self-satisfaction, when its life is divorced from the ideal, when servile indolence of thought displaces the genuine toleration of true understanding, when morbid sentimentalism masquerades under the garb of religious devotion, and a tawdry diffusiveness of thought poses as spiritual mysticism. The dormant Hindu intellect, ruminating on the remnants of an ancient and forgotten glory, was in urgent need of an external shock to rouse it and bring it face to face with the demands of an insistent present. And that shock did come at last with the introduction of English

education which followed the advent of Rajah Rammohan Ray, the greatest figure in modern Indian history.

The immediate consequence of this English education was the disastrous uprising of a group of reactionaries, violently anti-Hindu and anti-national in attitude. Their openly expressed contempt for the literature and culture, the manners and traditions, of their country acted as a great set back to all literary activities; until the great Vidyāsāgar and his illustrious colleagues took up the cause and ushered in that memorable period of literary upheaval (from Vidyāsāgar to Bankimchandra), which came immediately before the present period,—the epoch of Rabindranath.

One of the longest standing problems in Bengali literature had been the conflict between the academic and the dialectic forms of the language. Vidyāsāgar found the language in immediate danger of degenerating into vulgar colloquialism; but his scholarly adherence to its sanskritic form was only a phase in that cycle of movements and countermovements that culminated in the beautiful prose of Bankimchandra and the exquisite language of Rabindranath. Vidyāsāgar's language was undoubtedly the foundation on which the subsequent literature was based; but the superstructure was radically different in spirit and conception from the formal and prosaic design contemplated in the original plan. The advent of Rabindranath Tagore, with his bold departures from current traditions and originality of invention, was somewhat of a mild shock to the literary orthodoxy of Bengal.

When the foamy and diffusive fancy of an imaginative childhood began to subside and condense into

poetical creations, Rabindranath was a mere boy who had barely entered his teens. As was natural, he gave full play to his extravagant imagination, which completely overshadowed all the objective realities surrounding his life. From within his phantasy was evolved a world of dreams coloured with the sombre light of his own restless moods. Leaving aside the very earliest of his poems, which are for the most part merely fanciful, and are noted chiefly for their delightful metrical inventions, we find the whole of his earlier poetry characterised by an intensely self-centred egoism, which is not the comprehensive subjectivity of true self-knowledge, but a mere negation of objective interest in the problems of life. The poet was exploring the intricate mazes of his own restless imagination :

There is a forest called the heart ;  
 Endless, it extends on all sides.  
 Within its mazes I lost my way,  
 Where the trees with branches entwined  
 Nurse the darkness in its bosom.

This aimless wandering and vague hankering after something undefined was in a way characteristic of the literature of the period. In their study of Western literature, says Rabindranath, the writers of that period had found more intoxicant than food. Shakespeare, Milton and Byron had stirred their imagination and disturbed the tranquil flow of literature with a passionateness that aimed, not at the revelation of beauty, but at the sheer luxury of rousing the latent fury of emotional unrest. The essential importance of restraint and of genuine trueness-to-self had no chance of recognition in that turbulent and rebellious atmosphere which is clearly reflected in the defiantly

fanciful tone of many of our poet's earlier pieces. This was, however, only a prelude to what was yet to come, and the poet at this stage seems oppressed by a vague, almost morbid, sense of the appalling inadequacy of such a partial outlook on life. This pessimism, however, is not the pessimism of futility, for the singer seems almost to revel in this atmosphere of sadness, as if he were vaguely conscious of being on the threshold of emancipation from the tyranny of this limited self. We venture here to attempt a translation of his poem called 'The Heart's Monody,' which is in many ways fairly typical of his muse at this stage; but no translation can, of course, convey any idea of the wonderful fascination of the style of the original:

What tune is that, my heart, thou singest alone to thyself?  
In summer or winter, autumn or spring, day or night,

Restless, persistent,

What tune is that, my heart, thou singest alone to thyself?  
Round thee fall the faded leaves and flowers shed their petals,  
The dewdrops sparkle on the grass and vanish, the sunlight plays  
with shadows,

The rains patter on leaves.

And there in the midst of all, thy wasted weary soul  
Sings the same, the same, the same unchanging tune.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*                    \*

I wake up from sleep at night  
And listen through my heart-beats—  
The same voice whispering low,  
That knows no rest or pause.  
A spirit, sad and weary, sits silent at my doors,  
A constant dweller in my heart;  
I feel the rhythmic murmur of its breath.  
In the hush of mid-day, in my heart's desolate shadow,  
A lonely dove sits cooing, making the lone hours mournful.  
O my heart! Hast thou learnt naught else

But only one note?  
Then cease, cease my heart!

I am weary of the same, the same unchanging cry.

The general trend of these earlier poems will be apparent even from a cursory glance at some of their titles: 'The Suicide of a Star,' 'The Despair of Hope,' 'The Lament of Happiness,' 'Deserted,' 'The Invocation to Sorrow,' 'The Wail of Defeat,' and so on.

The next important stage of evolution is to be seen in the 'Songs of Sunrise,' where the poet, now past his teens, seems suddenly to have discovered himself. The unfolding of the alluring vision of life, the sheer joy of its colours and forms and music, give a definitely positive turn to his verse; and henceforth there is a notable absence of that vagueness and lack of objectivity that characterised his earlier poetry. I translate here a few lines from one of his poems, 'The Fountain's Awakening,' belonging to this transition stage, which is really allegorical of this inner awakening of the poet's soul, and his intense longing for a greater measure of the fullness of life.

Out of the morning-songs of birds  
One stray note, I know not how, has found its way into my secret  
cave to-day.

A trackless ray of the morning sun, I know not how,  
Has come to seek its home here within my heart—  
And my agelong sleep is over now.  
The music of the world has sent its message to me.  
Then strike, my heart, strike at the stony prison walls,  
Break the bonds of darkness around,  
And flood the world with joy.

I hear the call—the call of the distant sea.  
The world within its bosom held,  
The sea murmurs alone unto itself its own eternal thoughts.  
I long to hear the chant that breaks out from the unknown deep,  
Amid the silence of the listening sky.

The positive impetus of this new-found joy in

life is apparent in the immediate change in the trend of the poet's compositions. No longer do we hear him sing simply of sorrow and despair and futility, of the dreams and fancies of his fitful moods. But the same directness of an elemental style, the same delightful music of a simple diction, still pervade his poetry. Never before has pure lyrical Bengali expressed itself in poetry more melodious, never before has its feeble pomp or insipid trivialities been resolved into music more refreshing or sonorous. Henceforth begins that long process of emancipation through which the message of the poet and his interpretation of life rapidly transcend the limits of their own intense individualism, and the singer's inborn sense of kinship with nature asserts itself through the widening range of his poetry and his deeper appreciation of, and keener insight into, the fulness of life. From craftsmanship we see him rising to the heights of true art, and from art, and *through* art, to that realisation which is the consummation of all art. The gradual evolution through which each trend of thought leads him to the Infinite, the culmination of all the phases of his ideals and inspirations in the breaking down of the barriers of self before the consciousness of one supreme Unity, is all distinctly traceable in the development of his poetry. Over and over again he triumphs over that tendency towards mere abstraction and one-sidedness of thought which has always been a real danger in the portrayal of the Hindu ideal. The conflicting claims of faith and knowledge, of love and renunciation, of action and detachment, melt away before the supreme assurance of his poetry and the beautiful directness with which he carries us straight to the harmony that sings at the heart of life. What could be nobler or

simpler, what more supremely comprehensive than his ideal of nationality, as expressed in his own English prose-rendering (in the *Gītānjali*) ?

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 of the depth 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 !

The keen sense of the Infinite which characterises so much of his verse, may be seen in his poem called ‘The Beyond,’ of which I attempt the following version.

I am restless,

I am athirst for the great Beyond.

Sitting at my window,

I listen for its tread upon the air, as the day wears on.

My life goes out in longing

For the thrill of its touch.

I am athirst for the great Beyond.

O Beyond! Vast Beyond!

How passionate comes thy clarion call.

I forget, alas! that my hapless self,

Is self confined, with no wings to fly.

I am eager, wistful,

O Beyond, I am a stranger here.

Like hopeless hope never attained

Comes the whisper of thy unceasing call.

In thy message my listening heart

Has found its own, its inmost tongue.

O Beyond, I am a stranger here.

O Beyond, Vast Beyond!

How passionate comes thy clarion call.

I forget, alas! that my hapless self

Has no winged horse on a path unknown.

I am distraught,  
 O Beyond, I am forlorn.  
     In the languid sunlit hours,  
     In the murmur of leaves, in the dancing shadows,  
 What vision unfolds before my eyes  
 Of thee—in the wide blue sky?  
 O Beyond! Vast Beyond!  
 How passionate comes thy clarion call.  
     I forget, alas! that my hapless self  
     Lives in a house whose gates are closed.

Rabindranath's poems on Death, 'the last fulfilment of life,' written at all stages of his career, are among the most remarkable of his contributions. Here is one taken from the *Gītānjali* :

On the day when Death will knock at thy door, what wilt thou offer to him?

Oh, I will set before my guest the full vessel of my life—I will never let him go with empty hands.

All the sweet vintage of all my autumn days and summer nights, all the earnings and the gleanings of my busy life will I place before him at the close of my days, when death will knock at my door.

The supreme assurance of the poet, that 'because I love this life I will love Death also,' is characteristic of the tone of his later work. Contrast with this the opposite note struck by the singer in depicting the fear and distrust that is the common attitude of humanity towards death :

'Mother, mother,' we call out to thee, in our terror, if perchance the helpless voice should recall the mother in thee and soothe thy fury. The crushing fear of thy relentless wrath still hopes and pleads with thee.

Where poetry is coextensive with life itself, where art ceases to be the mere expression of imaginative impulse, it is futile to attempt a comprehensive analysis. Rabindranath's poetry is an echo of the



infinite variety of life, of the triumph of love, of the supreme unity of existence, of the joy that abides at the heart of all things. The whole development of his poetry is a sustained glorification of love. His philosophy of love is an interpretation of the mystery of existence itself. Love, in the form of intrinsic joy, is at once the stability and the dynamic impulse that make up the realities of life—the truest expression of all the forces and all the manifestations of nature. The inner impetus to the world-process is the eternal love waiting to be discovered, and existence itself is the melody of love sustained by the rhythm of its own self-surrendering renunciation. The objective of love is a constantly readjusted incentive—now of a self-centred vanity, now of the youthful visions of life, of half a woman half a dream, now the sheer passion of living, now the supreme joy of renunciation, of selfless service. And all this is a natural inborn process of emancipation, the outflowing of life pursuing the shadow of its own perfection and realising itself in the pursuit:

The incense seeks to melt away in fragrance,  
 The fragrance clings about the incense ;  
 Melody surrenders itself in the rhythm,  
     Rhythm strives to lead back to the melody.  
 The idea seeks expression in the form,  
     The form seeks its meaning in the idea ;  
 The limitless abides in the close touch of limits,  
     The limits lose themselves in the limitless.  
 In life and death what mysterious purpose this—  
 This ceaseless coming and going from the formless to the form !  
 Bondage struggles seeking for its freedom ;  
 Freedom longs for a home in the bondage of Love.

SUKUMAR RAY.

[The renderings of Mr. Sukumar Ray have been kindly revised by Mr. Tagore himself.—ED.]

# A Gnostic MYTH OF HOW THE GOSPEL CAME.

THE EDITOR.

FOREWORD.

THE following paper offers the general reader a full and very careful version of one of the greatest of the Christian gnostic myths. It is intended to be read simply as literature, and may perhaps serve as a sample of sympathetic translation, and thus call attention to the need of a series of such renderings, so that the long-silenced voices of the best of these earliest mystics of Christendom may speak again with some approximation to the not infrequent beauty of their utterances; for they were often artists and poets, both in conception and in execution, and by no means lacking in inspiration, as even the mangled fragments of their writings which can be recovered from their greatest foes at times testify.

When the reader has first got a clean contact with the mind of the gnostic writer, and has become familiarised with his lofty thought and daring speculations, it may be of interest to turn to the few remarks in the Afterword.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The frequent glosses or animadversions of the Church Father Hippolytus have been omitted, in order to recover as much as possible of the document itself as it lay before him. The following texts, all dependent on a single MS., the only one known, discovered at Mount Athos in 1842, have been carefully compared: Miller (E.), *Origenis Philosophumena* (Oxford, 1851), vii. 20 ff., pp. 230-244; Duncker (L.)—Schneidewin (F. G.), *S. Hippolyti Ref. Om. Hær.* (Göttingen, 1859), pp. 356-378; Cruico (P.), *Philosophumena* (Paris, 1860), pp. 344-367. The smaller figures prefixed to each paragraph are not found elsewhere and are solely for the purpose of reference in the notes of the Afterword. The only English version of Hippolytus' *Refutation* is the by no means satisfactory translation of J. H. Macmahon, in the *Antenicene Christian Library* (Edinburgh, 1868). There is also a partial version in my *Fragments* (London, 2nd ed., 1906), pp. 256-272.

## THE MYTH.

20. 1 There was when naught was. Nay, the very thought itself of 'naught' was not-existent. But, nakedly, and bare of all presupposition, clean of every fiction, there was not absolutely anything at all.
- 2 And when I say 'was,' I do not mean the 'was' in any sense of time; but, to give some indication of that which I would proffer, I say 'was absolutely naught.'
- 3 Now that is not utterly ineffable which has the name 'ineffable'; for, in any case, we *call* it the 'ineffable.' That, however, [which I would proffer] is not even the 'ineffable'; for what is not even the 'ineffable' is not *called* 'ineffable,' but transcends every name we name.
- 4 Nay, our names are not sufficient even for cosmos, so multifariously is it divided; they fall short.
- 5 Indeed I do not think it possible for language to find names for all in cosmos even. But we ought rather mentally, and not by names, to understand ineffably the special properties of things named.
- 6 For when different things have the same name, it makes confusion of the things themselves for those who hear the name, and so misleads them.
21. 1 Since, then, nothing existed,—no matter, no substance, no insubstantial, no compound, no simple, no sensible, no intelligible, no man, no angel, no god, absolutely not a single anything of things with names, or grasped by sense or intellect; but all being thus, or in a still more subtle way, eliminated utterly,—not-existent god, by act transcending intellect, and sense, and purpose, choice, feeling and affection, willed to make cosmos.

- 2 Now I say 'willed' to signify something transcending will, beyond all sensible and all intelligible operation; and 'cosmos,' not the extended and divisible world that afterwards evolved in time and difference, but the seed of cosmos.
- 3 And this 'seed of cosmos' had all things in itself; just as the mustard-germ gathers together in the tiniest point and holds them all at once,—roots, stem, and branches, leaves, the countless products of the one plant's germs, when other and still many other plants shed in their turn their seeds.
- 4 Thus not-existent god made not-existent cosmos out of not-existent things, planting and founding a single seed, containing wholly in itself the seed-power of the seeds of every kind in cosmos.
- 5 Just as the egg of some extremely variegated bird of many colours,—a peacock, for example, or one with plumage still more multiform, and richly painted,—though really one, has in itself a multitude of forms of many-shaped, and many-coloured, and manifoldly-blended substances; so is the not-existent seed of cosmos, planted by not-existent god, with all its many forms and many substances in one.
22. 1 All things, therefore, whatever we can speak of, and further what we must omit as not being yet discovered,—all things that were to suit the cosmos which was to come into existence from the seed, all growing individually and at necessitated times, by subsequent addition, as though caused by so vast and wise a god that the creation is incapable to speak of him, or even to have room for him in thought,—all consubstituted, treasured in the seed; just as we see that teeth are added after to a

new-born babe, and substance like its father's, and mind, and all the rest that were not there before, but which a man has, as he grows, by little and by little, from a babe.

- 2 But, since it would be an impracticable way to say some emanation of the not-existent god became a not-existent anything,—for of what sort of emanation is there need, or supposition of what sort of matter, for god to work out cosmos, just as the spider takes and works its web-stuffs, or mortal man with brass, or wood, or any of the parts of matter?—he spake, and it was so.
- 3 And this is what was said: “Let light be, and light was.”
- 4 Whence was that light? From nothing. For it is not written whence, but simply only from the voice of him who speaks. And he who speaks, did not exist, nor did the that which ‘was,’ exist. From not-existent things has come into existence the seed of cosmos, the uttered word: “Let light be!”
- 5 And this is what is spoken in the gospels: “Light was, the true, that lighteth every man that comes into the cosmos.” It is from that seed [man] derives his origins and is enlightened. This is the seed that has within itself the seed-power of the seeds of every kind.
- 6 Once, then, the cosmic seed is thus supposed, whatever else I say arose thereafter, seek not to know the whence. For it had all seeds treasured up and stored within itself as not-existent, yet foreordained, by not-existent god, to come into existence.
- 7 Now, in the seed itself, there was a triple sonship (in all things consubstantial with the not-existent

god) begotten out of not-existent things. Of this threefold-divided sonship, a part was light, another heavy, and the other needed purifying.

- 8 Accordingly, the subtle portion straightway, first, with the first planting of the seed by not-existent god, burst forth, arose, rushed upwards from below above, with speed like that of poet's 'wing or thought,' and was at-one with not-existent god.
- 9 For every nature longs for it, because of its surpassing bloom and beauty; but one in one and other in another way.
- 10 The heavier sonship still remaining in the seed, although it had a certain power of imitation, could not rush up aloft; for lacking far the lightness which the sonship that rushed up through it possessed, it was thus left behind.
- 11 Accordingly, the heavier sonship winged itself with holy spirit, which the sonship benefits, by being clothed with it, and [by which in its turn the sonship too] gains benefit.
- 12 It benefits; for just as a bird's wings, all by themselves, when taken off, could never be aloft or high in air, so, on the other hand, the bird without its wings could never soar aloft or rise into the air.
- 13 Some sort of a relation of this kind the sonship had to holy spirit, and spirit to the sonship.  
For the [second] sonship, carried upwards by the spirit as by wings, carried aloft its wings, that is the spirit; but, drawing near the subtle sonship and the not-existent god that causes to exist from not-existent things, it could no longer keep the spirit with it, for it was not of same substance or same nature with that sonship.
- 14 But just as pure dry air is contrary to their nature

and fatal to the fish, so to the holy spirit was that space of union with the not-existent god and sonship contrary to nature—a space ineffabler than the ineffables, surpassing every name.

- 15 The sonship, therefore, left the spirit nigh that blessed space which cannot be conceived in thought or be expressed by any word,—not altogether destitute, however, nor abandoned of the sonship.
- 16 But even as a most delicious unguent poured into a vase, though it be emptied out with all the greatest care that can be used, there nathless still remains some of the unguent's perfume, and this is left behind—though from the vase the unguent is removed, the vase still keeps the unguent's perfume, if not the unguent—so has the holy spirit portionless remained, abandoned of the sonship, yet keeping somewhat in itself the power—the perfume—of its unguent [or anointing].
- 17 And this is what is said: “As unguent on the head run [=poured] down on Aaron's beard”—the perfume from the holy spirit wafted from on high below, as far as the amorphousness and state of separation where we are, from which the sonship started to ascend, as though on eagle's wings, and carried on its back.
- 18 For all things hasten from below above, from worse to better states, and none of those in better states is so inept as to descend below.
- 19 But the third sonship, the one that needs purgation, has remained in that great mass of seed-power of the seeds of every kind, conferring and receiving benefit.
23. 1 Since, then, the first and second speeding upward of the sonship has [thus] come to pass, and holy

spirit has stopped there, a firmament ordained between things super-cosmic and the cosmos,—when, then, the firmament that is above the heaven, was in existence, there burst through, there was produced, out of the cosmic seed, yea, from the mass of seed-power of seeds of every kind, the mighty ruler, the head of cosmos, a beauty, greatness, and a power that cannot be destroyed.

- 2 For he is more ineffable than the ineffables, more powerful than the powerfuls, and wiser than the wise, surpassing all that may be said of all things beautiful.
- 3 And when he had come into being, he reared himself, and soared into the air, and all of him was borne right up unto the firmament.
- 4 And though he deemed the firmament the end of the ascension, and the limit of sublimity, and thought that there was absolutely nothing else beyond, yet was he wiser than all things beneath, which subsequently formed the cosmos,—more powerful, more distinguished, and more splendid, more everything of beauty one can mention, save only for the sonship that has still been left remaining in the seed-power of the seeds of every kind; for he was ignorant that it is wiser, and more powerful, and better than himself.
- 5 Deeming himself, then, lord, and owner, and wise master-builder, he turns to the detailed creation of the cosmos.
- 6 And first of all he thought fit not to be alone, but made and brought into existence for himself, from out the things beneath him, a son, far better and far wiser than himself.
- 7 For all these things the not-existent god had fore-



ordained, when he deposited the seed-power of the seeds of every kind.

- 8 When, then, he saw his son, he wondered at, and loved him, and was struck with amazement, so marvellous a beauty seemed his son's to the great ruler.
- 9 And so he made him sit on his right hand. This is the octave, where the great ruler sits.
- 10 Accordingly, the great artificer, the wise, himself worked on all of the heavenly creation—the ætherial. It was, however, the son born of him, in that he was far wiser than the artificer himself, who acted in him and advised.
24. 1 When all of the ætherial things had, then, been set in order, from the seed-power of the seeds of every kind again there rose another ruler, greater than all beneath him—except, however, for the sonship that has still been left behind,—but far inferior to the first.
- 2 He is called 'effable,' and his space the septenate.
- 3 And he is the administrator and artificer of all things under him, after he has himself made also for himself a son, from the seed-power of the seeds of every kind, and that, too, more sagacious, and wiser than himself.
- 4 And [down here] in this state of separation is the mass itself, yea the seed-power of the seeds of every kind; and the things that come into existence [here], do so according to their nature, when once this latter has been generated, by him who calculated when, and what, and how, the things that are to be, would have to be.
- 5 And of these no one is superintendent, nor caretaker, nor artificer; for sufficient for them is that calcu-

lation which the not-existent calculated when he made [their nature].

25. 1 Since then, the whole of cosmos and things super-cosmic have been perfected, and nothing lacks, but that there still remains, in the seed-power of the seeds of every kind, the sonship, the third one, left over in the seed, to give and to get benefit, and that it needs was that the sonship left below should be revealed, and be restored above, up there beyond the intermediary spirit, to union with the subtle sonship and the imitative one, and with the not-existent—
- 2 (As it is written : “ And the very creation groans in concert, and travails together, awaiting the revelation of the sons of god.”
- 3 And the ‘ sons ’ are the spiritual here, left behind to cosmify, and fitly shape, and rectify, and make perfect the souls, whose nature is to stay below [here] in this state of separation.
- 4 “ From Adam unto Moses,” then, “ sin [or fault] reigned,” as it is written; for the great ruler reigned, he with his limit at the firmament, who thinks that he alone is god and nothing is above him, for all [above] were hid in secret silence.
- 5 This is the mystery that was not known to former generations; but in those days, as it appeared, the mighty ruler, the [octave], was king and lord of wholes; while of this state of separation [here] the septenate was king and lord. And the octave is ineffable, but the septenate is effable.
- 6 He is the ruler of the septenate, the one who spake to Moses and who said : “ I am the god of Abraham and Isaac and of Jacob, and the name of God I showed them not ”—that is of god ineffable, the

ruler of the octave. All the prophets then, who were before the saviour, spake thence.—)

- 7 Since, therefore, it needs was the children of that god should be revealed, the gospel came into the cosmos, and passed through every rulership, and power, and lordship, and every name that's named.
  - 8 It really *came*, though nothing came *down* from above, nor did the blessed sonship cease from that unthinkable and blessed not-existent god.
  - 9 But just as naphtha, touched only at a very long way off, takes fire, so from below, from out of its amorphousness, the mass's powers extend above up to the sonship.
  - 10 For the son of the great ruler of the octave catches and takes, naphthawise, the thoughts, as though he were a sort of naphtha,—the intuitions from the blessed sonship past the boundary.
  - 11 For the sonship's power, within the holy spirit on the boundary, bestows the sonship's intuitions, as they stream and rush upon the son of the great ruler.
26. 1 The gospel, therefore, came first from the sonship, through the son that sits beside the ruler, to the ruler.
- 2 And [thus] the ruler learned that he was not god of the universals, but begotten, and that there was above him the hidden treasury of the ineffable and name-transcending one and of the sonship.
  - 3 And [so] he turned, and was afraid, being conscious of the state of ignorance in which he was.
  - 4 This is the saying: "Fear of the lord, wisdom's beginning."
  - 5 For he began to become wise, receiving first instruction from [or being catechised by] the anointed

[or the christ], that sat beside him, being taught who is the not-existent, what the sonship, what the holy spirit, and what the constitution of the wholes, and how things here [in separation] will be restored.

- 6 This is the wisdom uttered in a mystery, concerning which the scripture says: "Not in words taught of human wisdom, but taught of spirit."
- 7 When, then, the ruler had received instruction, and been taught, and made to fear, he offered full confession of the fault he had committed magnifying himself.
- 8 This is what has been said: "I was acquainted with my fault, and know my lawlessness; concerning this I will make full confession unto the age's end."
- 9 Since, therefore, the great ruler had received instruction, and the whole creation of the octave also had received instruction, and been taught, and so the mystery had been made known to the celestials,—it needs was that thereafter the gospel should come to the septenate, in order that the ruler of the septenate as well, in somewhat the same fashion, should be taught, and have the gospel preached to him.
- 10 Accordingly the son of the great ruler rayed upon the son of him who rules the septenate, the light he had himself caught from above, down from the sonship.
- 11 And [so] the son of him who rules the septenate became enlightened, and proclaimed the gospel to the ruler of the septenate; and in like fashion also as before, he also was in fear, and made confession fully [of his fault].

- 12 Since, therefore, all things in the septenate as well had been enlightened, and the gospel been proclaimed among them,—it needs was that thereafter the amorphousness in which we are, should also be enlightened, and the mystery revealed unto the sonship that was left behind in this amorphousness, as though to an abortion—the mystery that had not been made known to former generations, according as it has been written: “By revelation was the mystery made known to me,” and: “I heard utterances ineffable which 'tis not possible for man to speak.”
- 13 Down, therefore, from the septenate there came the light, that came down from the octave from above unto the son of the septenary, on ‘Jesus,’ son of ‘Mary,’ and he became enlightened, all lit up with the light that rayed forth into him.
- 14 This is what has been said: “Holy spirit shall come upon thee”—[light] from the sonship passing through the boundary spirit, and descending on the octave and the septenate as far as ‘Mary’—“and power of highest overshadow thee”—power of the unction from the height above, the great artificer, as far as his creation, that is his son.
- 15 Now cosmos will continue thus, until all of the sonship, that has been left behind to benefit the souls in the amorphousness and to gain benefit, by having shape bestowed on it, follows the Jesus, and speeds upward, and comes purified; yea, it becomes exceeding light, so that it speeds up through it [*sc.* the amorphousness] as the first did.
27. 1 When, therefore, the whole sonship shall arise, and be above the intermediary spirit, then the creation shall have mercy shown to it.

- 2 For it groans till now, and is tormented, and awaits the revelation of the sons of God, in order that all of the sonship's men may hence ascend above.
- 3 When this takes place, God will bring on the whole of cosmos the great ignorance, that all may stay according unto nature, and nothing long for any of the things contrary to nature.
- 4 Yea, all the souls within this state of separation here, that have a nature to continue without dying in this state alone, will stay [here], knowing nothing different from, or better than, this state; nor will there be news heard of those above among the ones below, nor any knowledge [of them], in order that the souls below may not be tortured by striving after things impossible—as though a fish should long to feed upon the mountains with the sheep; for such a longing would be ruin to them.
- 5 All, then, escape destruction if they stay just as they are; but they are ruined, if they would overstep and overleap the limits of their nature.
- 6 Accordingly, the ruler of the septenate will know naught of the things above him; for the great ignorance will seize on him as well, that grief, and pain, and groaning, may depart from him. For he will long for naught of things impossible, nor will grieve after them.
- 7 And, in like fashion, will this ignorance seize on the mighty ruler of the octave, too, and on all the creations subject to him, in like fashion, in order that he may in no way strive for any of things not according to his nature, and [so] suffer pain.
- 8 And thus shall be the restoration of all that had foundations laid according unto nature in the seed-power of the universals at the start, and

- which shall be restored at their own proper times.
- 9 And for the fact that each has its own times, sufficient is the saviour's saying: "My hour is not yet come," and the magians' beholding of the star.
- 10 For even he was subject to the birth-condition [or geniture] of the stars and of the restoration of the hours, being calculated out beforehand in the mighty mass.
- 11 He is the inner man, the spiritual in the psychical (invested then with his own proper soul)—that is, the sonship which leaves the soul behind down here, yet not to suffer death, but staying here according to its nature; just as above, the holy spirit, the intermediary, was left back by the sonship in its proper space.
- 12 The gospel, therefore, is that gnosis of the things beyond the cosmos of which the mighty ruler was in ignorance.
- 13 When, then, he had been shown how that there is the holy spirit, that is, the intermediary, and the sonship, and god the not-existent cause of all of these, he gladdened up at what was said, and gloried (*ἠγαλλιάσατο*, from *ἀγάλλω*) at it. This [glorying] is the gospel (*εὐ-αγγέλιον*).

## AFTERWORD.

The first effort of the gnostic writer, it will be at once seen, is to free the mind from the limitations of time and space, and raise it to the contemplation of, or rather plunge it into, the state transcending these fundamental categories of the practical intellect. Words here are meaningless; yet is there profoundest meaning and priceless value in the consummation of

such an exercise, the prerequisite of which is the sternest and most positive discipline, not only of the mind but of the whole being.

There follows (21 1,2) the finest exposition with which we are acquainted, of the spiritual dogma of creation *ex nihilo*, on which so much scorn has been poured by rationalists and materialists. Our intuitional philosopher refuses to use even the category of will, one of the most fundamental in human language. The operations of the spiritual world—no world in any sense we can conceive the term—transcends the limitations of all acts in time and space; they are immediate. This ideal cosmos is, for us in time and space, potential,—potential in every point of space and every moment of time, and yet the whole of it is everywhere and every-when. Not, however, that it is the realm of wholes or universals; it transcends even these, for the octave is their realm, and the octave is later logically than the æonic world. The latter is the state of oneness (20s); not, however, a static state where all is given, for the writer insists on the reality of evolution, development and growth; but the power of all is there; his philosophy is essentially dynamic and not static.

The manifested universe, within the realms of space and time, is conditioned by growth and the law of development. And if the gnostic seer will not hear of the supreme creative act being spoken of as will, much less will he use the term emanation as though it were a something, an efflux or projection from deity, or admit the need of supposing any substance or matter. He, therefore, resorts to the time-honoured analogy of speech, the uttered word; but that supreme word is no articulate human utterance, but as it were the manifestation of light, the most glorious phenomenon in the



universe; yet is it no physical light, but the light of supreme reason and spiritual consciousness (22s)—the gnosis. The source and universal germ of all things, organic and inorganic, is this spiritual *logos*,—that is, divine mind or thought ordering the life of all. It is this divine reason, creative thought, that foreordains and calculates all things. From this divine seed-power of seeds of every kind, the one source of the proper functions of every kind of life—the *panspermia*—there arises, under the superintelligible operation of divinity, the first born, the highest and the deepest and the best, the divine sonship, for the writer will not say son; he reserves that specific designation for a logically later stage. The sonship is the power that makes the son son, and that, too, ‘in the beginning,’ not son as of human parents, but a son begotten of the one and only parent, that is, only-begotten or self-created of a single generator, who thus gives birth to himself, alone.

This sonship was one essentially, but triple in its modes. For though the gnostic writer uses metaphorically the terms ‘light’ and ‘heavy’ and ‘needing purification’ (22v), he would be the first to say it is not really so; for the sonship is not substantial even, much less in time and space. It is the power of the spiritual. But as metaphysical terms fail him, he is constrained to use the language of myth. He tries to let the reader catch some glimpse of, as it were, a symbolic sensuous vision that typifies what is beyond all name and form. The sonship, conceived of as potential deity in all, is already now in one mode one with deity; it unites with sameness. Thus it is one; yet also is it many, in another mode; for it unites with difference, the realm of separation. And yet again, in its remaining mode, it is neither one nor many, neither

yet both, when it companies with spirit, which it benefits and by which it is benefited in turn (22<sup>s-17</sup>). This third and, as it were, equalising, reconciling and at-one-ing mode of one and many, sameness and otherness, is the means whereby all oppositions are resolved into the higher synthesis to which all of the spiritual eventually attain; it is the christ-state of the anointed by the superspiritual chrism.

Nor is there really any matter, for the mass that we call matter is the potentiality of all life of every kind, as yet amorphous or formless to our consciousness.

The first act of the drama of the vision is super-cosmic. The æonic and eternal and everlasting 'things' are shut off from the cosmos by the spirit, the intermediary between the cosmic and the super-cosmic. And thus we have, as it were, a closed system for cosmos,—not, however, materially closed, but spiritually determined.

The second act is the forthcoming of the triple cosmos, or the three worlds; octave and septenate and the state of separation here in earthy conditions.

As in the supercosmic there is deity and sonship, so by correspondence we have in both the octave and the septenate the ruler and his son; and, if we may say so, as not-existent deity fulfills itself in the fulness of its own being or the sonship, so in octave and in septenate the ruler is perfected in gnosis by his son. The term octave is of course taken over from the grandiose symbolism of sidereal religion, which represented the highest water-mark of the scientific notions of the day; it is the space beyond our solar system, the æther proper, the sphere of the fixed stars so-called; the septenate is our solar system, as known to the ancients, conceived symbolically as a world-whorl or

engine of seven concentric spheres; and the state of separation and amorphousness is our earth. The process of life-evolution is from ignorance to gnosis, in which the power of nature gradually gives way before the development of self-consciousness and finally self-realisation; yet is it all god energising in himself.

The oftentimes crude symbolism and not infrequently bitter antinomianism of a number of prior systems of the gnosis in Jewish-Christian tradition, are with our writer raised to a height of extreme beauty and refinement. There is here in reality no clash of god with god, no two gods or three, for all is foreordained by god supreme who brought all things into existence (27).

In gnostic symbolism the right hand corresponded to the height or to a superior state of consciousness (23). The fashioning of the world of any fashioner is wrought through him by means of the spiritual principle in him, to which he seems to give birth in temporal progression, but which is really fundamental and logically prior, and the medium of the final energising of deity itself.

The influence of the great sphere of the universe, the octave, our ultimate cosmic environment, as being ætherial, was thought to act on the very foundation of our substantial nature or ultimate embodiment; it was the system to which we belong, the septenate, that was held to determine us more definitely substantially. The complex of the influences of the septenate, which the gnostic thought of as psychic rather than material, was called the harmony or fate.

But this fate rules over souls on earth only so long as they are not awake to the freedom of the potential sonship in them. If they follow their psychic

impulses they are bound, not free, slaves to the septenate. But if they follow their spiritual intuitions, they will gradually win to freedom ; for here on earth, where in spite of its imperfection, and amorphousness or lack of spiritual form, is still the seed-mass, the source of all potentiality, there is no superintendent, save only the law of God supreme himself (24).

The next act of the drama has some reference to history, as of course history was conceived in Jewish-Christian tradition. Of one thing the mystical writer is very sure, that the great event, the consummation of the ages, has already begun to take place ; the ascension of the remaining sonship which required purification, has already begun in the persons of the most spiritual. Past ages, however, had had no knowledge of this mystery ; it was only in more recent times that a truly spiritual idea of god had arisen. The notion of god in the older deposits of the Old Covenant documents was exceedingly imperfect ; not only so but even the prophets had no real notion of the god of the gnosis ; they could not rise higher in their conceptions than the ruler of the octave ; while as for the cruder views of the ancient patriarchs, they could get no further than the ruler of the septenate (25-6).

Hereupon follows one of the most spiritual conceptions of the gospel that has ever been formulated. The gospel, the good news, the spiritual gnosis, though it is mythologically said to come, is really independent of the conditions of time and space ; it happens spiritually, it is an immediate gift of God to man. All the rest is words, no matter how wonderfully it is described. It is the mystery of 'conversion' ; here, however, we have to do not with some tendencies alone in man, but with the turning of his whole being to god,

so that it centres on divinity alone. And the teaching that ensues is not formal instruction, but spiritual gnosis, immediate self-realisation as son of God. In order that it may reach the heart of man, the exigencies of the myth require that the divine influence should be symbolised as streaming through the whole constitution of the cosmos first. But in reality there is no path or paths by which it travels; for spiritual man includes the cosmos, and the gnosis is direct, immediate, spontaneous; it is the mystery of the presence.

Yet for those who had their attention feverishly set on the expectation of the latter things, and the great judgment, for those who believed some sudden miraculous intervention of god was to reform and transform the actual earth, for those who trembled at the thought of the immediate end of the present state of things in time, it was necessary to give a more spiritual view of eschatology.

The gnostic prophet, therefore, concludes his myth of how the gospel came with a grandiose scheme of the restoration of the ages, in which he looked forward to a cosmic event in the natural sequence of times, and as the outcome of evolution and development, when, after due strivings by the creature, god would make all things well for the whole creation in its manifold degrees. Some would thus reach to the absolute freedom of the spirit; for the rest, the great mercy of not knowing anything beyond the bliss of rest, according to the fullest measure of their capacity, would be bestowed on them. But even so, this was not the end of all ends, the absolute consummation of all universes, but a stage in the eternal work of deity. They who remained unknowing of the transcendent and ineffable freedom of

union with God, would at the proper times, in their turn, reach unto it.

And if all this is but the high dream of one of the spiritual of seventeen centuries ago, it certainly contains no unworthy notion of the divine goodness; if it be heresy, then much that has passed for orthodoxy, has done far greater violence to true religion. And, for our part, we should rejoice if there were many to-day who could pen such fair dreams, and so help to take us for a moment out of the grey amorphousness, in which so many dull commentaries leave us groping.

G. R. S. MEAD.

# THE MORAL ASPECTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

REV. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.

ONE of the most persistent fallacies to which humanity is prone, is the constant assumption that we have reached the uttermost boundaries of legitimate and desirable knowledge. This attitude of mind has been responsible in the past for limiting and hindering the free scope of scientific research and progress; and although in the present age this spirit is much less prevalent than in former times, it is no uncommon thing to find it manifested in opposition to *Psychical Research* in all its branches. Even in the twentieth century we must apparently set our faces against the constant assumption that there are certain boundaries to human knowledge, and that beyond these there lies only the region of impious curiosity, where the meddler only comes to harm.

There is no boundary to knowledge, save our own capacity and ability to assimilate it. In many ages of the past the existence of such fated limits has been strongly maintained, yet each succeeding generation has disproved them by finding out something fresh; and all history seems to contradict this narrow outlook as we gaze at its rolling periods of gradual grand unfolding, its tremendous tidal sweep,—that steady onward pressure of events somewhither, which Watson has called

In million billowed consentaneousness  
The flowing, flowing, flowing of the world.

The boundary of human possibility, like the horizon that seems to hem us in, recedes as we advance; and as the star which the savage thinks is just above his reach, or which the child tries to touch with a long stick, recedes, to the eye of riper knowledge, into the unfathomed depths of space, even so as humanity progresses, far from coming within sight of the boundary of things, it comes to acknowledge the infinite remoteness of the confines of possibility. There is no fixed and fated limit to the upward striving of the human spirit. Rather the limit is in ourselves; and in the light of our growing knowledge (dim though it be) we can appreciate the meaning of the words:

When plumed for flight, the soul deploras  
The cage that foils the wing that soars,  
And when through adamantine doors,  
In dreams flung wide  
We hear resound on mortal shores  
The immortal tide.

That limitation which is within ourselves is one that perseverance, progress and effort will gradually dissolve.

It is well for us to realise that it is not merely our duty to advance, but that we are in a position when we *must* advance. Professor Ray Lancaster, in reviewing *The Physical Aspects of Scientific Investigation*, has told us that we have advanced so far, and the forces that we have invoked are so tremendous, that we "must go further or else suffer the doom that will inevitably fall upon half-hearted meddlers in great affairs." The words of the biologist apply with



peculiar force to that aspect of the universe with which Psychical Research is specially concerned.

So much has been done in this direction, that we must do more for our own sake, and for the world's sake. The obligation lies upon us as a spiritual and a moral responsibility. So much has been accomplished ; so much has been asserted ; so much fraud and self-deception have been proven ; above all, so much wonderful and detailed work has been done on the physical and material side of things, and so much of it has tended to undermine and overthrow former views held with a passionate conviction, that there is a tremendous responsibility resting upon those who feel that the belief in life after death can also be placed upon a scientific basis, and that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our current philosophies.

Scientists who are engaged upon the problem of human personality in its various aspects, whether biological, physiological or psychological, one and all come to a point where there seems to be some further unknown force in operation ; and they either attempt to bridge the chasm by some tremendous hypothesis or else say, as Professor James said in effect : " There my concern as psychologist ends, these other phenomena are not my business."

Let one try as one will to represent the cerebral activity in exclusively mechanical terms, I, for one, find it quite impossible to enumerate what seem to be the facts, and yet to make no mention of the psychic side which they possess. However it be with other drainage currents and discharges, the drainage and discharges of the brain are not purely physical facts. They are psycho-physical facts and the spiritual quality of them seems a co-determinant of their mechanical effectiveness.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> James, *Psychology*, vol. ii., p. 588.

This psychic force is in other words what he also terms 'the *vis a tergo* of our life.'

The last thirty or forty years have witnessed a great deal of work which has been devoted to exploring the unlit depths of our mysterious personality. Ghost stories, controls, mediums, telepathy, hypnotism, have all come in for their share of interest; and these aspects of existence certainly seem to merit as much attention as the dance of atoms and the evolution of embryos.

Sneered at often by Science, abused too frequently by Religion, a little band of workers has patiently pursued a course of careful investigation and analysis on these subjects, and some of the results have a profound bearing upon moral and spiritual problems. If the perusal of the literature dealing with this subject does nothing else, it at least, in Arnold's words, gives to men

A sense of awe,  
The vastness, the grandeur, the gloom,  
Of the unlit gulf of himself.

He goes on to represent Nature as exclaiming to her ambitious children :

Ye know not yourselves ;—and your bards,  
The clearest, the best who have read  
Most in themselves, have beheld  
Less than they left unrevealed.  
Yourselves and your fellows ye know not—and me  
The Mateless, the One, will ye know ?

Even for this very reason students of Psychological Research have turned to that unlit gulf of the subliminal self and its associated mysteries, venturing to endeavour to lift the veil which hangs between us and our ultimate destiny beyond the 'Portal we call Death.'

One of the most instructive results so far obtained has been to show the almost incredible extent to

which self-suggestion and self-deception have affected life and conduct. How many things which in former days would have been recorded as miraculous or diabolic, are now relegated to the regions of auto-suggestion, hypnotism, or telepathy? What a much richer, deeper, more mysterious thing our personality is than we had ever imagined. How unimaginably retentive is memory, in which, often apparently forgotten and obliterated, there lurk the impressions of things long past, which float again to the surface of consciousness, after many days, like the bodies of the drowned to that of the water. The thought or word you imagined resultless and dead is *there* as the germ of future action; the long-past impression lives as part of you to-day and in the quiet of the hypnotic trance or the mysterious state of sleep may suddenly return.

That the thoughts we think do not remain entirely our own, however we may conceal them, that we create a positive atmosphere, hurtful or beneficial, good or bad, helpful or depressing—these things have long been held as theories, and have been asserted by great thinkers and teachers from time to time; they have been considered ‘interesting’ and have been soon forgotten as a rule. But are not our experiments in telepathy and with various supersensitive beings showing these to be awful facts, at least in certain cases, carrying with them tremendous responsibility, and linking life to life with invisible bonds which are often not inaptly compared with those mysterious Herzian waves which are the winged messengers of wireless telegraphy.

Tennyson said that each of us comprises ‘a whole vanful of personalities.’ We are all conscious to some

extent of the truth of this statement, and allegories like Jekyll and Hyde have been written to illustrate it. But no work of fiction has ever brought home the absolute *fact* like those fascinating studies of multiple personality which constitute some of the most curiously interesting investigations ever made into human nature. The cases of Felida X., Mr. Hanna, Ansell Bourne, and the rest, are too well known to need more than a passing mention. These and other cases seem to be almost like some ingenious vivisection of the soul which displays the dual nature of man separated out and distinct.

More instructive still is the case of 'Achille,' who believed himself possessed by a devil, which uttered blasphemies and behaved itself in an unseemly manner generally. In former ages Satanic influence would have been instantly assumed; and in many cases even to-day an asylum would have been the resting place of Achille. Professor Janet, under whose notice the case came, finding he could not hypnotise the patient and that the diabolic tenant laughed his efforts to scorn, challenged the 'obsessing spirit' to put Achille to sleep himself. The challenge was accepted; Achille passed into the hypnotic state, and instantly he and his persecuting second self were at the mercy of modern science. The supposed demon then revealed itself as a subconscious activity of one part of Achille's mind, due to brooding upon some moral delinquency of which he had been guilty. Treatment by hypnotism and suggestion effected a complete cure. The moral and theological importance of this particular experiment hardly needs emphasising.

A great many people, however, to whom hypnotism and telepathy appear to be entirely legitimate and

harmless experiments, shrink back in dismay from investigations in spiritualism and mediumship. Let us then for a moment leave the question of evidence and validity on one side, and accepting the results as genuine, ask ourselves another question which seems of paramount importance from the moral aspect: Is it good, healthy or justifiable to call back the dead—to attract them into the sphere of earth-influences which they have presumably left? Is it a good thing to recall or hinder the journeying soul, and bring it back; or to endeavour by our prayers and clamours to procure its return to tell us something of the conditions of life beyond, which we are obviously only capable of comprehending to a very small degree?

Neo-theosophy once returned a very definite 'No' to all these questions, and asserted that though a few communications appear to come from higher spirits, the mass of spiritualistic phenomena are the work of 'shells' or 'astrals'—dull and dreaming spiritual husks, which the real self has deserted on its upward flight and left loitering, aimless and mischievous, on the threshold of existence awaiting their gradual dissolution. This theory undoubtedly fits a great deal of spiritualistic phenomena. And yet amid the chaff there are surely some precious grains which cannot be explained on this latter theory. On the other hand, many messages that have come through, or purported to do so, from those beyond, seem to indicate that there is an anxiety by some at least to communicate. But even then the question still remains over, is it good to encourage this?

There are some very suggestive phrases which purport to have come through from the late F. W. H. Myers. In the first place there is a series of some-

what disjointed remarks which suggest the effort of an entity in new surroundings trying very hard to master them, and not yet entirely successful in the effort.

It is not as easy as I thought, Lodge, in my impatience—Oh, Lodge, it is like looking at a misty picture, I can distinctly feel I should be taking a note of it. Tell them I am more stupid than some of those I had to deal with. . . . I was confused when I came here. I groped my way as if through passages before I knew I was dead—even when I saw people that I knew were dead I thought they were only visions.

Interspersed with this were many allusions to events and friends, and the whole tone of the communication made it “as convincing as anything of the kind could be.”

Two months later he alludes to his failure to communicate as he desires, and says: “I thought I knew better than to be such a miserable failure.” He goes on:

Why does she [the medium, Mrs. Thompson] pray to me and beg me to come? When she knows I want to be cleansed from earth first? I don't want her to call me back to earth at all times. They keep on calling me. I am wanted everywhere. I hear them calling and I can't make out who it is at first. They tell me I am wanted, but I want to concentrate in one place and not be split up. Do appeal to them not to break me up so. Make one appeal to them to let me be at rest for two or three weeks after they get the note. When Hodgson hears I have tried, however badly, ask him not to call me, and tell him if he does they will not let me hear him.

All this reminds one irresistibly of the plaint of Samuel when summoned up by the witch of Endor at the wish of Saul: “Why hast thou called me up to disquiet me?” At the same time there is no disinclination, but rather a *desire* to communicate, and there is one striking remark in which he alludes to his desire to see Tennyson, who had been a great personal friend.

“They told me that I must suffer for my promises first, and then I could have what I wanted.” Meanwhile a message purporting to come from Gurney through Miss Ransome runs to this effect :

I have come to warn you for my friend to implore you not to let them call him. He gets no rest day or night. On every side it is ‘call Myers,’ ‘bring Myers.’ There is not a place in England where they do not ask for him. It disturbs him and takes away his rest. For God’s sake don’t call him. *It is all right for him to go of his own accord.* What we want for him now is to rise and forget the earthly things. He cannot help any more. He gave his life to it and that must be the help. He was allowed just to say he continued. That was his great desire, but it will help no one that he should be called back and be made to hover near the earth, in fact it will only make him earth-bound.

Three years later, through the mediumship of Mrs. Holland, in India, he speaks of his earth-bound condition and says it is largely a matter of voluntary choice :

I am, as it were, actuated by the missionary spirit, and a great longing to speak to the souls in prison, still in the prison of the flesh, leads me to absent myself from felicity awhile.

Whether all this is genuine or not, is not for me to say; but it fairly represents the view which I venture to suggest, that it is not right to *clamour* mentally or verbally for some definite person’s recall. It seems not at all unreasonable to imagine that this may be the means of exercising a back-drag on an ascending soul; that thought-force is a power more full and deep in the realm of spirit than in the grosser environment of flesh. On the other hand, surely it is not unreasonable to think that if souls survive the dissolution of the body, they may sometimes have ‘the missionary spirit,’ and desire before they quit their old environment to send some message from the dimness

of the Beyond. "It is all right for him to come of his own accord" seems to strike the keynote. That we should be open to receive and should try to *fit ourselves* to receive more fully messages from the other side is one thing; it is a good thing, and perhaps one might even go further and say it is our bounden duty if it be at all possible. But to try to recall by force of yearning some half-reluctant journeying soul is not morally justifiable, by the code even of earthly ethics.

It is also one of the admitted and sad facts in connection with this subject that in many cases mediums are not characterised by that high moral nature which one would naturally desire in work upon such a subject as this. For this reason the effect of mediumship upon character and life opens up another large tract of debatable land. Experience seems to indicate that if carefully and sanely exercised, the gift is innocuous; while if it is abused it leads to a degradation of moral character and the weakening of self-control and physical fitness. That, however, is surely true of any great gift, quality or endowment. It is always possible that such may be prostituted to low ends, and, surely, though the whole subject be surrounded with difficulties and with dubious and dangerous problems, we have no right to shirk it for that reason.

Ours is an age in which for good or ill people seem to be less and less inclined to take the mere opinion of the past on matters of faith and belief; an age which demands of Religion, as it does of Science, proofs and facts. *If* there be dangers, and *if* many points are obscure, have we any right to allow these things to deter us from the work? In what branch of commercial enterprise, scientific research, exploration, or in short,



to what extent in the case of *any* material knowledge, would that argument weigh for a moment? If men give their lives, if necessary, not merely for theological opinions, but for the discovery of the Pole, the conquest of the air, the diminution of disease, the experimenting with Röntgen Rays, or the finding of a new gold field, shall we shrink and falter because the way to the discovery of spiritual facts or the examination of psychical phenomena, which we believe are bound up with the eternities, is not always plain and perchance is not devoid of danger? If that be our attitude, it is the last proof of the utter materialisation of our age. The remedy for such things is more knowledge, not less, more effort, not less, more thought, not less. Faith may be a great thing; it is undoubtedly a consolation to millions; but in very many cases it is absent. It is useless to argue with or to condemn such people; the grim fact remains that their minds are so constituted they *cannot help* analysing and wanting proofs. One may not believe that morality necessarily depends upon a life hereafter, yet to many the scientific answer of Psychical Research to the scientific dogmas of materialism would come as a boon and a blessing. Such a work would appear to be at once a moral, a scientific and a religious duty, and upon its conscientious performance would seem to depend the realisation of the great fact which Tennyson chants in *The Ancient Sage*—that

We the poor earth's dying race, and yet  
 No phantoms, watching from a phantom shore,  
 Await the last and largest sense to make  
 The phantom walls of this illusion fade,  
 And show us that the world is wholly fair.

E. SAVELL HICKS.

## 'POWER ON THE HEAD.'

E. E. KELLETT, M.A.

FEW passages in the whole New Testament are more obscure or more controverted than that (I. Cor. 11<sup>2-9</sup>) in which St. Paul gives his reasons for not permitting women to worship in Church bareheaded. Not the least extraordinary thing about it is the solemnity with which it is introduced—as if, indeed, the subject with which it deals were in the Apostle's mind fully as important as any of the doctrinal and moral subjects with which he is mainly concerned elsewhere. Having blamed the Corinthians for such serious offences as allowing a member of their Church to marry his step-mother, and having discussed the legitimacy of eating meats offered to idols, he continues as follows: "But I praise you that you remember me in all things, and maintain the traditions, as I handed them down to you"; and one of these traditions, to which he wishes to draw special attention, turns out to have to do with what to us seems this trifling question—as to whether a woman should cover her head while worshipping, or keep it bare. So important does this question seem to Paul that he defends his regulations by a series of metaphysical statements.

"Man," it appears, "is the head of woman, Christ the head of every man, and God the head of Christ." From this figurative assertion some literal conclusions are made to follow. A woman praying or prophesying with head uncovered dishonours her head, and might

as well be shaven! Equally dogmatically it is laid down that a man in the same circumstances dishonours his head if he *does* cover it. Nothing is said to show whether the head thus dishonoured is to be taken literally or metaphorically. The argument, in fact, is purely transcendental; but more is to come after. "A man," says St. Paul, "being the image and glory of God, ought *not* to cover his head; a woman, being merely the glory of man, *ought* to cover hers."

It is plain that we are here in the presence of a logic very different from that which prevails to-day; and it is not improbable that the preconceptions on which logic works, and which really induce assent, are also different from ours. This being perhaps the case, it is as well, for fear of misconceiving the argument, to translate what follows with as close a literality as possible. "For man is not from woman, but woman from man; for also man was not created on account of the woman, but woman on account of the man. On account of this the woman ought to have power (or better, *authority*) on her head on account of the angels." It is this last extraordinary phrase that has attracted to this passage the special attention of commentators; and it is to this phrase that we propose on the present occasion to devote our attention.

The number of attempted interpretations is so enormous that it is impossible, with due regard to space, even to mention them all. Fortunately, however, many of them are so improbable on the face of them that we run but small risk in passing them by unnoticed. It is tolerably plain that any explanation, to have a reasonable chance of being correct, must take account of the following considerations. 'Power' or 'authority' on the head must, by the whole trend of the argument,

denote some sort of covering—whatever be the exact metaphorical process by which it comes to do so. And it is highly improbable that the word, which invariably denotes power from the point of view of the holder of power, should here mean a sign of *subjection*. Again, it is unlikely that the preposition *διὰ* (which we have rendered somewhat clumsily ‘on account of’) repeated so often in so small a space, should vary in meaning to any marked extent. And yet further, the phrase ‘*the angels*’ is not to be taken as referring to bad angels or demons; both common sense and the universal usage of the New Testament show that the phrase, without a qualifying adjective, must mean the good angels. Thus in Matthew 25<sub>31</sub> (“When the Son of Man shall come in his glory and all the angels with him”) it is obviously unnecessary to add, as some late manuscripts do, the word ‘holy’ in order to exclude from the angels the hosts of hell.

Bearing these points in mind, we may without further consideration reject such an explanation as the ingenious idea of Hagenbach that *ἐξουσία* should be taken (as if from *ἐξ* and *εἶμι*) for ‘her origin’—a rendering which would necessitate the use of the definite article; or as that of Pott (quoted by Alford in his note on the passage), namely, “The woman ought to retain power *over* her head.” Equally inadmissible is Kypke’s—“On this account the woman is subject to power, so as to have a veil on her head”—*i.e.* in sign of her subjection to the authority of her husband, she wears a veil. Still more fantastic is the idea of St. Ambrose, that the angels are the presidents of the assemblies; an interpretation also applied by some commentators to the ‘angels of the churches’ to whom John writes in the early part of Revelation.

There can, we think, be little doubt that the word 'angel' is here used in its ordinary and natural sense; the sense it bears in Matthew 18<sup>10</sup>, where we are told that the 'angels' of children do always behold the face of the Father in heaven. Similarly, in Acts 12<sup>15</sup>, we read that the household of Mark, refusing to believe that Peter was really alive and knocking at the gate, leapt to the conclusion that it was 'his angel.' A very early interpretation of the passage in John's Gospel on the pool of Bethesda speaks of an angel that went down into the pool at certain seasons and troubled the water, thus giving it healing properties (John 5<sup>4</sup>). There is, in fact, no need to spend time in proving that the early Christians held to the full the doctrine that each man is attended by his *fravashi* or genius; a doctrine perhaps borrowed from Persia, but very easily naturalised in a religion which held that the 'daughters of men' could be wooed and won by the 'sons of Elohim' (Genesis 6<sup>1</sup>). Nor were these *fravashis* limited to attendance on individuals. States and churches might own them; Clement of Alexandria speaks of them as governing cities or nations; and the Seven Churches of Asia, as everyone knows, were not without them. But even so, we have not yet learned why a *woman* should take special precautions because of them, and that, too, at times when they might be supposed to be specially friendly. If such angels are always guarding us, we might seem to need no other defence, least of all in a consecrated place of worship.

A notable suggestion was made long ago by Tertullian and others of the Fathers; and it has been adopted in later times by many commentators. Adopting the opinion, which we have given reasons for regarding as

mistaken, that by 'the angels' are meant '*evil* spirits,' these critics point out that such spirits could have intercourse with women. More than one of the Fathers speak of these demons. Entrusted by God with the rule (and even, according to some, with the actual *creation*) of certain parts of the universe, these creatures, which were gifted or cursed with free will, lusted after women, fell victims to the temptations of the flesh, and as a result lost their 'first estate.' Thence-forward they became rulers of the air; and their Prince is Satan, the Prince of the Powers of the Air (Eph. 2<sub>a</sub>). When they have intercourse with women, their children are giants or demonic beings; what in fact Paul calls 'the spirit-hosts of wickedness in the æther' (Eph. 6<sub>12</sub>) with whom the Christian is engaged in perpetual conflict. During divine service, say these critics, the demons would be specially active and malignant; and hence special precautions would have to be taken against them. Now their mode of approach to women was through the nose, mouth, or ears, just as it was through these passages that they were usually ejected by the exorcists. A phylactery, therefore, or talisman round the head, carefully drawn down so as to cover the ears, would effectually keep the demons out. Such a talisman, probably inscribed with the sacred name of Christ, is what Paul recommends his female hearers to wear.

This explanation has much in its favour; it falls in precisely with the usual reasons assigned for the wearing of veils by Oriental women; it is eminently rational; it suits the context admirably, and it harmonises with known facts. But it involves some difficulties. The angels, as we have seen, can scarcely be *evil* spirits; and it needs some forcing to take *δὲ*

τοὺς ἀγγέλους, *on account* of the angels, as meaning *against* them. It is true that if the word *διά* occurred but once, such an interpretation would be easy. You can put on your overcoat *on account of the rain* or to defend you *against* the rain ; nor is there more than a shade of difference between the two phrases. But, as we observed above, it seems almost impossible to avoid taking the four *διά*'s, coming so close together, in one and the same sense ; and the sense *against*, though it may suit one *διά*, will not suit the other three. We are therefore driven to make a modification of this plausible theory.

And, first, there is no reason why the angels that loved women should be exclusively evil. Despite the view of many of the early Fathers, there is nothing in the words of Genesis 6: to show that the 'sons of Elohim' were demons ; nor did the Jewish interpreters as a rule so understand that passage. Asmodeus, it is true, was a 'fleshy incubus' ; but the book of Tobit (a work teeming with Persian angelology) by no means implies that only spirits like Asmodeus could love Sara. And that holy angels were, in early Christian times, regarded as loving women in precisely the same way as the gods of heathenism loved a Danaë or an Europa, is certain. A medieval Hymn to the Virgin Mary, doubtless basing its doctrine on a long tradition, proves that the Holy Ghost himself was regarded as having thus overshadowed the Virgin, and impregnated her *through the ears* :

" *Gaude, Virgo, Mater Chisti,  
Quæ per aurem concepisti.*"

In the Pseudo-Matthew, chapter xiii., we read of two midwives who attended Mary at the birth of Christ. One of them believed in the virginity of Mary, the

other, Salome, did not, and suffered, as a punishment, the withering of her hand. When she repented of her unbelief, "there stood by her a young man in shining garments, saying, Go to the child and adore him, and touch him with thy hand, and he will heal thee." This young man may well be the angelic lover. Very similarly, in the Nativity of Mary, chapter iii., we are told that an angel of the Lord stood by her father Joachim in a great light, and told him that as God had caused the barrenness of Joachim's wife Anna, so he would miraculously take it away. In the same book, chapter ix., we learn that when the angel Gabriel appeared to Mary in her turn, "the Virgin, who was already well acquainted with angelic faces, and was not unused to the light from heaven, was neither terrified by the vision of the angel, nor astonished at the greatness of the light. For *in choosing chastity, she had found favour with the Lord.*"

In the Acts of Philip, we hear of a certain proconsul whose wife has been bewitched and no longer allows him conjugal rights. She speaks to him with strange words, prays all the night through, and talks in a foreign tongue with a light shining round her; and groaning aloud she says: "Jesus the true light is come to me." When the proconsul tries to look through the window, the light nearly blinds him, "so that from that time forth he is afraid of the luminous Jesus." This Jesus is obviously the celestial Bridegroom. Still more clear is the evidence of the Acts of Thomas. As is well known, in this legend Thomas appears as the twin-brother of our Lord, and is so like him that the two are externally indistinguishable. The king's daughter is to be married, and Thomas is set to bless the marriage. In his place,



however, appears our Lord, who urges bride and bridegroom to hold apart from each other; if they keep this injunction, they will be companions of the heavenly Bridegroom. In the morning, when asked for an explanation by her father, the bride says: "I am in cheerfulness and joy, since the day of joy has not been disturbed; and *my earthly husband I hold of no account, since I have been joined in a different marriage*; and this temporary husband of mine is naught, since I have been united to a true Husband." To this behaviour of the bride the earthly bridegroom, who also has listened to the Lord's words, extends a willing approval; but the king her father is not unnaturally angry.

If we look at the ancient and possibly more or less authentic story of Paul and Thecla, we shall find traces of the same doctrine. The tale, of course, as is well-known, has to do with chastity. Paul, coming to the city of Iconium, preaches on the theme of virginity with immense power. Thecla, overhearing his sermon, drinks in the doctrine with such eagerness that she quite forgets the baldness, deformity, and diminutive stature of the preacher, and listens night and day to his discourse. As a result, she refuses to marry her betrothed lover Thamyris, and is in consequence, like so many other holy virgins of the martyrologies, condemned to be burnt. At the stake she sees Christ in the likeness of Paul (here again is the celestial Bridegroom) and cries out: "As I am unable to endure my lot, Paul has come to see me." The Governor, we are told, marvels at the power in her; and she is miraculously saved. Thenceforward she follows Paul from place to place. Against temptation to loose behaviour he promises her 'the seal in Christ'; when assailed by

a ravisher in the street she 'looks around for Paul.' At length she finds him in Myra, receives his blessing, and ends her life as a solitary maiden in hermit-like seclusion.

Such is a very brief sketch of the tale of Thecla; but it is worthy of note that the sermon of Paul which has such an effect upon her contains the words: "Blessed are they that have wives as not having them, for they shall receive God as their portion; blessed are they that have the fear of God, for *they shall become angels of God*; blessed are the bodies of the virgins, for they shall be well pleasing to God."

By way of digression, one may remark that not impossibly there are traces of the existence of a similar belief among the Jews. In the strange and fragmentary story of Moses and his wife Zipporah, we read that no sooner has he had a son by her than Jahweh meets him and seeks to kill him; but Zipporah, by the cunning device of throwing before Jahweh a symbolic portion of her son, saves her husband's life. It is of course absurd to dogmatise about so tattered a tale as is this in the form in which it has come down to us; but the probable meaning, in our opinion, is that Jahweh, like the angels in the Christian legends we have been quoting, had loved Zipporah and laid claim to her, and bitterly resented the intrusion of a human husband into his domain.

It may then, we think, be taken as fairly established that the main belief, or almost the main belief, of the first two centuries with regard to marriage was that all Christian women had, by the mere fact of accepting Christianity, surrendered themselves to divine or angelic husbands, and that therefore marriage with a mere man was void. Hence, for example, the symbo-

lism of the New Jerusalem as a bride adorned for her husband; hence the blessing on those who were not defiled with women, for they were virgins (Revelation 14), and hence the nunneries and vows of chastity which fill the history of the Middle Ages. The reader is, we fear, already wearied with examples. But we will venture to give him one more, to be found in the story of St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music, a story familiar to us all from its appearance in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, where it is assigned to the Second Nun. Cecilia is betrothed, and nominally married, to a noble youth named Valerian; but, as any student of martyrology would expect, she refuses him the dues of matrimony, and for the usual reason. Let us hear her reason in the words given to her by Chaucer:

And then at erst to him thus seyde she,  
 ' I have an angel, which that loveth me,  
 That with great love, wherso I wake or sleep,  
 Is ready aye my body for to keep.  
 And if that he may felen, out of dread,  
 That ye me touch or love in villainy,  
 He right anon will slay you with the dead,  
 And in your youthē thus ye shoulde die;  
 And if that ye in clenē love me gye,  
 He will you loven as me, for your cleanness,  
 And shoven you his joy and his brightnēss.'

The angel, in fact, was jealous of human lovers. As long as the intercourse between Cecilia and Valerian was purely platonic, he could put up with it; but closer intimacy he regarded as trenching on his own domain, and resented with murderous fury. Nor is this all that we can learn from the legend of Cecilia. Valerian, following the advice of Cecilia, goes to 'Via Apia,' and there is purged from sin by Pope Urban; immediately after which there appears to him an old man, clad in white clothes, whom, by the words that he

uses, we soon recognise as the Apostle Paul. It is plain, then, that to the author of the legend of Cecilia (and it is a very old one) the doctrine of angels who loved women was held as derived from the teaching of Paul; perhaps, indeed, as derived from this very Epistle to the Corinthians. It is difficult to avoid connecting this Pauline belief with that strange custom (not however unparalleled in the early enthusiastic stages of religions) by which men carried about with them virgin members of the Church, who lived in the closest intimacy with their protectors, but retained their virginity undefiled. Such a state of affairs is almost incredible unless it is accompanied by a firm belief in some supernatural power which will avenge at once and terribly any violation of the virgin-bond. A woman thus protected would, in a most emphatic sense, be safe 'on account of her angel,' whether she habitually wore a talisman on her head or not.

We are thus able to reconstruct the thoughts of Paul on this subject with some degree of accuracy. In a world which was soon to pass away there was no need to provide a new generation which must perish before it reached maturity; and those who resisted the promptings of desire would gain chief places in the New Jerusalem. At the church services men and women alike were waiting for the manifestation of the Lord. Men, women, and angels were present together in full force; demons also were watching in impotent wrath. Enthusiasm rose high at these meetings; there was "prophesying with accents terrible of dire combustion and confused events"; there was speaking with tongues; there were faith-healings and other miracles. But alas! as the enthusiasm arose, so the danger of carnal excitement increased, precisely as it so often

rises to a great height in our days during revival services or spiritualistic *séances*. Wise religious leaders, like Wesley, Irving, General Booth, have all felt the danger, and endeavoured to meet it. And here we see how the full force of the word *διά* in our passage may be retained, while yet a sound interpretation may be given to the word 'angels.' To a careful reader of this First Epistle to the Corinthians it must be quite plain that Paul, with his signal common-sense, was at least as alive to the danger as Wesley or Booth; but, being a child of his own age, he meets it, as he describes it, in a way no longer in vogue. Lest the men should look on the women with unhallowed eyes, the women should be veiled; nay, more, they should have a talisman on their heads. Thus protected, they will not excite evil desires in the men; but further—what was far more important in Paul's eyes—nothing will happen to excite the jealousy of the watchful angels who love them, and who are likely to resent, and even to avenge with bloodshed, any amorous behaviour on the part of the men. *On their account*, therefore, the women must wear their phylacteries; but it is *against* the men. Without such phylacteries they are defenceless; nay, they are actually as defenceless as if they removed the armour in which the strength of women, as of Nazirites, lies enmeshed—their hair.

Old customs have a habit of surviving long after their *raison d'être* is forgotten; and thus we see to-day when the whole doctrine of *fravashis* and geniuses has been consigned to oblivion, the rule still existing that men must uncover their heads in church, while women cover theirs. Whether their head-gear, however, is as successful in keeping out spirits as it used to be, may be left doubtful.

E. E. KELLETT.

## THE NEED OF A NEW CHRIST IN ART.

REV. JAMES BURNS, M.A.

FOR centuries artists in painting the face of Christ have followed a certain traditional likeness. They have done so because a deeply-rooted convention fetters the imagination, and because in this case popular objections to change assume formidable proportions.

The time has come, however, when the question should be raised whether the traditional likeness ought any longer to be followed; whether it has not failed to pourtray the ideal Christ, and whether Art ought not now to set out in an unfettered attempt to produce a more worthy ideal.

Doubtless did we possess an actual likeness such a suggestion would be regarded as impious. The desire for an authentic contemporary likeness of the Redeemer has been one of the unsatisfied longings of the ages. Carlyle once said to Holman Hunt that he would give one-third of all he possessed for a glimpse of such a portrait, and many would give much more. No such portrait, however, exists, and there is no evidence to prove that it has ever existed. The various supposed portraits—such as the St. Luke, the Veronica, the Edessa, and that said to be engraven on an emerald by command of Pilate and sent to Tiberius Cæsar—are all creations of a later date, and are of interest only to the simple and the curious. At a General Council, held at Constantinople in 754, all

the pictures declared to have come down direct from Christ and the Apostles were condemned and declared unauthentic.

The belief, however, that in the type of feature which has been traditionally accepted in portraying Christ, we possess some likeness to the Christ as He appeared upon earth, has been widely accepted, and the Catacombs have been carefully searched to prove that such a likeness existed from the earliest times. It cannot, however, be honestly affirmed that this effort has been crowned with success. The earliest representations in the Catacombs are ideal and symbolic in character. As Lanciani, in his *Pagan and Ancient Rome*, says :

It is evident that the Christian painters and sculptors of the first three centuries, in drawing or modelling the head of Jesus, had no intention of making a likeness, but only a conventional type, noble and classic, and suggestive of the eternal youth of the Word.

Instead of there being only one type of feature there are two, and the earlier has little or nothing in common with the traditional type which for so many centuries has been followed. The conclusion, therefore, to which scholars, however reluctantly, have come, is, that early Christian art gives no sure or definite clue as to the appearance of Christ as He walked amongst men.

When we turn from art to literature we make no further advance. First of all the Evangelists tell us nothing as to the personal appearance of Him whom they followed. Then when we turn to the Fathers we perceive that all recollection of Christ's appearance has been lost.

Influenced by Old Testament prophecy they differ

in their descriptions, most of them declaring that He was without personal beauty, and quoting in support the text, "His face was more marred than any man's." Others, however, influenced by the prophecy, "Thou shalt see the king in his beauty," describe Him as full of youthful grace. How far the early Christian Church was without reliable knowledge of Christ's actual likeness may be inferred from the following quotation of the fourth century.

The Empress Helena sent to Eusebius of Cæsarea asking him to send her a likeness of Christ, and Eusebius replies that:

If she means an image of the frail mortal flesh which He bore before His ascension, such images are forbidden in the Mosaic Law, and are nowhere to be found in the Churches. . . . Some poor woman brought me two painted figures like philosophers, and ventured to say that they represented Paul and the Saviour—I do not know on what ground. But to save her and others from offence, I took them from her and kept them by me, not thinking it right, in any case, that she should exhibit them further, that we may not seem idolaters to carry our God about with us.

This shows how deeply the influence of the Jewish law that it was impious to portray the divine Being, affected early Christianity and early Christian art. The two portraits, also, which the woman brought to her Bishop, were no doubt symbolical figures inspired by the ideals of the gods entertained in classical times.

The only other source of information on the subject of the appearance of Jesus Christ is the famous letter, purporting to have been sent to the Senate of Rome by Publius Lentulus, a friend of Pilate. The letter runs thus:

In this time appeared a man, who lives till now, a man endowed with great powers. Men call Him a great prophet; His own disciples term Him the Son of God. His name is Jesus Christ.



He restores the dead to life, and cures the sick from all manners of diseases. This man is of a noble and well-proportioned stature, with a face full of kindness and firmness, so that beholders both love Him, and fear Him. His hair is the colour of wine [probably meaning yellow] and golden at the root, straight and without lustre, but from the level of the ears curling and glossy, and divided down the middle after the fashion of the Nazarenes [Nazarites]. His forehead is even and smooth, His face without blemish, and enhanced by a tempered bloom; His countenance is ingenuous and kind; His beard is full, of the same colour as His hair, and forked in form; His eyes blue and extremely brilliant. In reproof and rebuke He is formidable; in exhortation gentle and amiable of tongue. None have ever seen Him to laugh, but many on the contrary to weep. His person is tall; His hands beautiful and straight. In speaking He is deliberate and grave, and little given to loquacity. In beauty surpassing most men.

This letter is of intense interest, and were it genuine it would go far to settle the question of how artists should treat the form of the Redeemer; but it has long since been stamped as a forgery, and is only of value in indicating the opinions held on the subject probably in the fifth century.

It will be seen now that all the lines of evidence on the subject of Christ's earthly appearance break down, and that nothing remains to us except the traditional likeness which was gradually evolved when Christian artists found themselves free to dismiss symbolism, and to treat Christ as an actual historical character. The representation was naturally coloured by the popular conceptions of the fourth century when the traditional likeness appeared; it became stereotyped in the hands of the Byzantine workers in the following centuries, and has been handed down, and mostly followed until the present day.

Since there is no actual authority for the traditional likeness, such a likeness having being created by a

consensus of opinion long after the knowledge of Christ's appearance had faded from men's minds, the question whether that conception is a worthy and satisfying one or not, is one at least which is perfectly open to discussion.

Has then Art produced a satisfying type of Christ? If we pass along the centuries, and review the great creations of past and present days, can it be said that the artists have given to the world a worthy interpretation of the highest type of manhood this world has seen?

Of course it may be answered, and with reason, that the subject is too great for Art; that the ideal can never be reached, and that Christ, while He is the most dominating, is also the most elusive Figure in history. That while Art may produce great creations, not even the greatest could express all the Christian worshipper finds in Christ. This may instantly be acknowledged, and must be remembered. Still, making this necessary admission, can it be said that Art has succeeded as well as we might expect? Are the Christs of Art worthy of their great subject? Do they satisfy the Christian ideal? Or when we survey them is it with a sense of disappointment—a disappointment not altogether explained away by the greatness of the subject? We have no doubt but that a consensus of opinion would admit disappointment. Even the greatest have failed here in an altogether unaccountable way. Let any one go patiently over the Christs of Art and he cannot fail to be struck by their prevailing weakness. Taken as a whole they are strangely unconvincing, are pervaded by a weak sentiment, and are almost wholly effeminate. There are exceptions, of course, but the small number of the exceptions only illustrates more strongly the prevailing sense of failure.

How now has this failure arisen? How can it be explained? It has not arisen from want of lofty purpose, from want of earnest effort, or from want of technical skill; it is to be explained, we hold, by the radical falseness of that conception of the Christ which tradition has imposed upon Art. When artists began to discard symbol and pourtray an actual Christ, the Church had drifted far from the simplicity of the faith, and from the life of Christ's early followers. Having become the accepted religion of the Empire, Christianity became exposed to dangers far more threatening to its life than all the fires of persecution to which in earlier days it had been exposed. It became the fashionable faith of a luxurious and decaying society; its primitive optimism of outlook diminished before the despiritualising influences which the world brought to bear upon it; its tranquil and kindly light became obscured by the vitiating atmosphere through which it shone. The gloomy ascetic became the ideal of the saintly life, and along with belief in a material heaven there arose the terrifying visions of an eternal hell. The Christ of the Gospels became the Christ of the Creeds, and the gentle Friend vanished in representations of the threatening Judge, or the austere Lawgiver, or the emaciated Sufferer. Let anyone carefully compare the Art of the early centuries with that which followed, and he cannot fail to be impressed by the change. What was the characteristic of that early Art? It was its radiant optimism. The Christ whom these early Christians delighted to dwell upon, was Christ as the 'Good Shepherd,' young, beautiful, and with the smile of immortal joy upon his lips. As Stanley, in his *Christian Institutions*, says :

It is the very reverse of that desponding, wailing, foreboding cry that we so often hear in later days, as if His religion were going to die out of the world; as if He were some dethroned Prince, whose cause was to be cherished by the reactionary, losing, vanquished parties of the world or Church. The popular conception of Him in the early Church was of the strong, the joyous youth, of eternal growth, of immortal grace.

From this glowing conception the Church had drifted in those days when Art was set the task of giving a traditional aspect to the portrait of Christ. It became the deadly function of the Art of this later period to dwell with a morbid delight upon the sufferings of Christ, upon His wounds, His agony, and His death, and so to falsify the whole perspective of Christian life and teaching. "The fall from faith, and all the corruptions of its abortive practice," says Ruskin, in his usual violent way, "may be summed up briefly in the habitual contemplation of Christ's *death*, instead of His *life*, and the substitution of His past sufferings for our present duty." This altering of the perspective has been calamitous, according to the late Dean Farrar, in the life of the Church, and in its effect upon the individual believer.

It is much to be feared (he says) that Christendom has lost in reverence, lost in the innocent brightness of life, lost in tolerance, lost in the exultation and singleness of heart, which, St. Luke tells us, were the beautiful characteristics of the early Christians, by altering the perspective of predominant thought respecting Christ, which prevails through His own teaching, and that of the Apostles. The mistaken application of two texts, which, taken in their true meaning, give no sanction to the all but exclusive contemplation of Christ's brief temporal sufferings, has led Christians to regard Him exclusively as the agonised Sufferer, and to substitute what once He did, for all that He was, and all that He does, and all that He eternally requires.

Whatever may have been the effect of all this upon the individual believer, there can be no doubt

of its effect upon Art in its treatment of the portrait of Christ. It has given to the traditional conception the prevailing characteristics of weakness and emaciation ; it has stamped it with an effeminacy of sentiment and of bearing which Art has never been able to throw off. Beautiful conceptions there are, many nobly appealing because of their profound pathos, but such a Christ as filled the minds of the worshippers of the first century there is hardly one.

The task, therefore, which artists have to set for themselves is that of breaking with a false tradition, and of rediscovering the Christ ; and since all knowledge of Christ's actual appearance is lost, this reconstruction must be effected through internal evidence, and by the aid of the Christian consciousness. We venture, now, to offer some suggestions for such a reconstruction.

First of all the inclination to represent Christ in Art as physically weak, or emaciated, or uninspiring in stature is to be condemned. Christ ought to be represented in Art as a noble commanding Figure, with a bearing denoting masculine energy and strength. Such characteristics are not only essential in portraying the ideal Christ, they are supported also by internal evidence. The Galileans as a race were famed for their energy and vigour. The bracing air of the hills, and the strenuous character of their lives, developed characteristics of masculine strength and courage. "The country," said Josephus with pride, "hath never been destitute of men of courage." The character of Christ's life, its early physical labours, its latter need of endurance, indicate that He was possessed of these physical characteristics. This has been admirably expressed by Keim, in his *Life of Christ* :

It is plain that His was a manly, commanding, prophetic Figure. The people, so much at the command of outward impressions, could not otherwise have greeted Him, and the reproach of His foes would else have attacked Him, even on the side of His bodily defects. Besides, we have the fact lying before us that His appearance on the scene, His word, His voice, His eye, seized and shook the beholders and hearers; that many men, women, and children felt happy at His feet and in His presence. The vigour of His health is proved by the wearing restlessness of His life, and by the daily expenditure of strength, both of mind and body, demanded by the stormy importunity of the mental and physical misery of Israel.

In addition to those characteristics of masculine strength and energy it is evident from the Scriptures that in His outward bearing Christ possessed a certain imperiousness and majesty. There was that in His appearance which marked Him out as a King amongst men, and which made men obey His slightest command. This majesty of bearing can be seen in His calling of His disciples, and especially in the fear which His presence evoked, and the awe with which they surveyed Him. One quotation is sufficient to indicate this. "And they were going up to Jerusalem, and Jesus went before them, and they were amazed, and as they followed they were afraid." It is impossible to conceive of that lonely Figure marching on to His doom, with the cowering disciples shrinking with fear, yet following Him, without realising the majesty and masculine dignity of His person.

Discarding, then, all those representations which would pourtray Christ as physically weak or unimposing of stature, we turn now to the consideration of His features. Tradition has determined that He should be represented as a man with long hair and somewhat full beard. Historically this must be regarded as

incorrect. Paul declares in his Letter to the Corinthians: "Doth not even nature itself teach you, that if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him?" It is impossible to conceive that Paul would have made such a declaration had his Master worn it thus. Amongst the Jews only the Nazarites wore their hair long, and Christ was not a Nazarite. It is certain therefore that the practice of representing Christ in Art with long flowing hair, parted in the middle, has no authority, and is to be objected to on the ground of effeminacy.

With regard to the beard it is not possible to speak with the same certainty. Certainly the oldest representations, going back to the Catacombs, and to the first Christian centuries, represent Him as beardless. The famous 'Good Shepherd' of the Lateran Museum, one of the earliest and most beautiful representations, is that of a beardless youth, but as these can in no way be regarded as efforts to represent the actual Christ, only slight weight can be attached to them. The balance of evidence indeed suggests its retention, as being in keeping with the general practice of the age. The only beardless Christs in Art are those of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo; but of representations of the Christ with short hair, there are, as far as we know, none.

With regard to the colour of the eyes, which tradition has declared to be blue, nothing can be said, except that in all probability they were dark, as also was His hair, and not the colour of auburn as tradition also declares. What is of more importance, however, is the expression both of the eyes and of the whole face. And it is here that the greatest failure of Art is to be discerned. The central thought which has influenced

artists in their portrayal of the face of Christ has been that of grief. There is not a truly joyful Christ in Art; and so wholly has this idea dominated men's minds of Christ as the Man of Sorrows, that no other conception seems possible until religious teachers instil into the minds of their hearers a healthier ideal, and one more true to the life of Him who came to bring light and gladness into the world. When those who lived nearest to Him thought of Him it was not as old, or marred of face, or worn in appearance, or with grief-haunted face, or with tears bedewing His cheeks. All this belongs to an age which had become hectic, and neurotic, and unbelieving. These early Christians, instead, thought of Him as young, and strong, full of grace and truth. His movements were light, His steps swift and gladsome, a smile was ever on His lips. It is to this early conception that artists must turn for inspiration if we are to possess a type of Christ which will satisfy the Christian consciousness and the growing ideal. It is significant of the growing sense of past failure, that artists, especially in Germany, are beginning to discuss this question among themselves, and are beginning to throw off the chains which have bound them to a false tradition. An even more significant fact, however, is the official action of the General Lutheran Conference of Germany, which requested the famous Biblical artist of Neuchâtel, Prof. E. Burnant, to outline the principles according to which Christ's portrait ought to be drawn. In his report he enumerates the following seven :

Christ must be pictured as a superior and superhuman being ; He must at the same time appear as a true man ; His human characteristics must be perfectly free from all evidence of sin or its results ; the leading characteristics of love, patience, and



poverty must also be in evidence; the perfect union between the spiritually perfect holiness and the special human conditions of His life must also appear; a proper moderation in portraying these seemingly contradictory characteristics must be observed; and finally, the beauty of Jesus must be found in His expression.

The chief value of this is its testimony to the awakening dissatisfaction with the portraits of Christ, and its resolve to strive after some healthier ideal. Before this can be done, however, we must break with that tradition which Art has done so much to perpetuate of a Christ 'who was never seen to smile'; whose eyes were ever haunted by melancholy; in whom grief was the prevailing characteristic; and who, as he approaches Calvary, staggers and faints. This conception is borrowed from the Old Testament, it is not the Christ of the Gospels. In the writings of the Evangelists little stress is laid upon Christ's physical sufferings, and He Himself expressly condemns it. The Christ of the Gospels is the revelation of a personality of rare nobility and grace, who by the magnetism of His presence drew the sinful and degraded to His feet; who smote with His majestic scorn the unhallowed lives of the Pharisees, and all who traded upon wrong-doing and hid their sin under a cloak of self-righteousness; who in the hour of danger set His face toward Jerusalem, and with utter fearlessness marched right into its doom; and who, at last, for the joy set before Him strode up the steep ascent of Calvary, and as a King laid down His life for men. No weak, emaciated, grief-laden Figure this, but the strong Man, the joyous Friend, the King of Love, as He claimed to be. It is the portrait of this Christ we demand from Art.

JAMES BURNS.

## THE FALLACY OF EXPLANATION.

REV. F. W. ORDE WARD, B.A.

WE may fairly question whether certain problems can be adequately solved by the mere reason. The demand for explanation at the present day positively amounts to an intellectual obsession and itself requires to be explained. Even in the physical world, it may be doubted if finality or complete elucidation can be effected, at any rate to universal satisfaction. The temporary settlement soon has to be settled again. No closed or ultimate solutions of any facts, however simple, seem possible. Questions, when answered by one age, clamour for a fresh response from the succeeding age and prove to be polyhedrons. Conditions change, points of view alter, and the matter must be all re-opened and re-considered in the light of new bearings and new speculations and extended knowledge. The smallest and most insignificant facts, so-called, have many sides, perhaps an infinite number of sides, and as time goes on side after side presents itself and insists on another inquiry. A different *milieu* asks for different scrutiny of different reactions. Even the past, strange and startling as it may appear to an unphilosophical judge, perpetually contradicts itself and revolutionises our views of it. If we accept evolution, we dare not believe that any event will look or indeed be the same to ensuing generations. The first interpretation was determined by the time and place and learning of the first students. Their judgments were entirely relative

and partial. The need and vision of subsequent generations, and so on for ever, would naturally and inevitably expand with the passage of the years and increased information. Therefore to demand a complete and final explanation, is to demand the impossible and the undesirable. Past occurrences develop or dwindle, according to their ultimate values. If they contain universal elements, their explanations will be endless and inexhaustible, and in (say) a thousand years the original outlines or records will bear no visible resemblance to the last.

For what are real events, but so many expressions of an ever-flowing and ever-shifting life? Their implicits, consequently, cannot be limited or permanently laid down. The formula soon becomes outgrown and fossilised, the definition that seemed so luminous is death. If the past were simply the past, not an integral portion of the present and future, and not a link in an eternal sequence, we might classify and catalogue it and have done with it for ever. But it lives and energises still. It throws out vivid and vital tendrils, 'bright shoots of everlastingness,' which interlace inextricably with the roots and branches thrown out by the present day. We are confronted with an immense and universal *complexus* of things, a continuity of life that admits of no severance. The broad induction, which seemed so comprehensive and covered so many interests, is quickly superseded by a broader. The deduction that stood out so defiantly logical and clear, looks false and foolish when the premisses have been restated. Our practical necessities, our religious cravings, our revised ideals, all tend to give us a new envisagement of any given past event. Past and present act and re-act on each other without

ceasing. The ink has hardly dried that traced triumphantly a particular explanation, when fresh light, perhaps from the ancient East and the labours of a Deissmann, makes it comparatively useless. If the fact so-called, *i.e.* the primitive version of it, could be really and truly fixed as to its meaning by contemporaries, it would immediately cease to be a fact and remain an unintelligible phrase or form eviscerated of all intelligible contents. It would descend to the level of a mechanical inoperative label, or trivial counter, as dead as the materials or instruments in bone or stone of primæval games unearthed in primæval burial grounds. The past lives and moves and influences us now. The etchings of palæolithic men even touch and affect the advanced artists of to-day.

There never was, there never will be, there never can be, anything like mere idle and empty happenings. Forgotten events were not just passing bubbles, but living acts that put forth fresh pullulations in the twentieth century. Occurrences, that took place thousands of years ago, run to meet us now with undiminished and immortal vitality. It is not so much that we resolve them, as that they evolve themselves, by the sheer force of inherent and irresistible life. And in the long chain of facts, who shall determine at the outset which is the most and which is the least valuable? The constant stream sends up new iridescences, just when it appears most stagnant and stationary, that mean new mutations and new departures in thought. Reality, which incessantly eludes our quantifying scales and scoops, our logical configurations and water-tight compartments, flashes out in rainbow coloured hues from this eternally changing and yet enlarging flux.

But for this perpetual movement, the play of event upon event, the interaction and inter-dependency of all things, the shufflings and re-shufflings of the cosmic cards that constitute life, ours would be the stable equilibrium of universal death. The last word of science, the secret of metaphysics, is contained in one word—transformation. And along with the persistent change of appearances, goes the accompanying mystery. Transformation implies transvaluation. But we find nowhere the least congestion, no obstructive and unemployable accumulation of materials. Things, fresh ideas, each fit in somehow and somewhere, and we call this progress, if we hardly can ascertain the issue or the probable goal. "The wind (the spirit) bloweth (or breatheth) where it listeth, and we cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." But we feel, we know it to be divine, and we dimly follow where it seems to lead. We may be sure of this, that we pause at our peril, and cry 'Halt' in vain to the eternal powers. Each fresh generation as it steps upon the stage of the world, regards things differently—

With larger other eyes than ours.

And it speaks, in spite of backwashes and occasional retrogression, with a larger utterance—

The larger utterance of the early Gods.

We have a development always, not only quantitative but qualitative, not only of degree but of kind. With the transcendental truths or inspirations that have made materialism for ever impracticable and condemned it to everlasting sterility, we idealists (for we are all idealists now, even our brothers the pragmatists, if they know it not) are a different kind of men from the men of only a century or two ago. Everything

at last has grown spiritualised, and we contemplate the cosmos and the pageant or procession of life *sub specie Spiritus Æterni*.

A very gifted lady has written a remarkably clever book on 'Meaning.' But the results we have already reached should show us that she has really mistaken the problem. To explain poetry, just turns it into prose. To explain wit, only makes it appear incredibly dull and foolish. Indeed, to explain anything with the intention of finality, can but make it hopelessly obscure or murder it at once, and defeat the proposed object. All living facts, all living sequences, refuse to be explained. And when decently interred in the coffin of some well-worn category, they possess the disconcerting power of bursting their iron cage, and re-arising from the dead with amazing vitality. Nothing really means anything particular, just because everything means everything. The universal persistently overflows from the special mould in which we endeavour to confine it. For the whole literally is in each smallest part. Organic unity, the solidarity of Nature, renders this an absolute necessity. There are no parentheses in the world. Piece belongs to piece, and life saturates and synthesises all.

St. Paul wrote (in *Romans* v. 20) that the Law came in as a parenthesis. We should not venture to use such language at the present day. Incidents or rather accidents do not happen, though miracles may and do, just because the continuity of things forbids such a belief. We are in the stream, whether consciously or unconsciously, and yet we play the part of free actors whenever we create as we must and do in every vital reaction. The past and not the future it is, that truly lives. The present lies too near us. And for any

profitable purposes of judgment it moves relatively dead to us, and we move relatively dead to it. Contemporaries always make the worst judges of their own times. In the immediate present facts have a disagreeable habit of obtruding the non-salient features, the non-differential points. The small bulks as big, and the big appears small. Things seem out of focus, when quite close at hand. "Distance lends enchantment (and also poise or balance) to the view." The great men of their time become the little men of the future, and the nonentities become the real entities. Battles, and parliamentary debates or questions, catch the public eye and ear. And perhaps in the long run they have an insignificant bearing on the stream of progress and spiritual expansion. Still waters run deep. The problems of eternity, the grand cosmic questions, need no advertisements of fife and drum or waving banners. They settle themselves by their intrinsic weight, and people must adjust or readjust their conduct towards them as they can. The meaning we put into them as they pass us and we pass with them and in them seems generally wrong. But time redresses the balance and revises estimates, and the process of transformation and transvaluation goes on, with or without our consent.

When events have happened and grown into history, the problems appear other than we thought and the facts other than we believed. They fall into their proper places, and we discern at last the inward interpretation. The perspective is truer now, the proportions more accurate. The various events gradually determine their own position and their own worth. They correct and qualify each other, and incorporate themselves automatically into the *continuum* and the totality of things. In the agony of conflict, the

gladiators on either side seldom know for what they are fighting.

And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,  
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame.

The combatants of the period often, alas, do entertain squalid ideas of this kind. But the driving force behind them, the dynamic impulse, the spiritual power, behind the smoke and din of warfare and the embroidered programmes, the life with the push and pull of gravitation, inspires the unconscious actors with all their energy. Honour obliges (*noblesse oblige*) and not honours. Many even of the protagonists have purely selfish motives. They struggle desperately for their own hands, they fight for power and place and the emoluments of office—the insubstantials of rank or riches or the *inania nobilitatis*. Were the leaders in the Reformation such very disinterested persons, as the Dean of Ripon would have us believe? Did they possess no ulterior, no selfish, no mercenary aims? Did they play the game for the Church, for the country, or for what and whom? No doubt there was, they had, the saving clause, of which they were unaware. And this, and this alone, the inspiring element, the *divinæ particula auræ*, lifted them up, imparted an overwhelming might, and carried them on and out to the victory. Individualism, the right of personal private judgment, triumphed over an effete and outgrown corporateness which had ceased to develop with the cosmic spirit. Ecclesiasticism must grow or go.

Did the stage-managers or manufacturers of the French Revolution know what they were blindly attempting to bring to the birth? Was their sanguinary engineering, with the assistance of phrases



and force, under the shadow of the guillotine, a simple explosion of outraged rights or a bid for a new and worse tyranny—mob rule by mob violence? We find it impossible to imagine that the chief actors really understood their time, or the meaning (in its ultimate significance) of the movement which they had captured for the hour. They were often retrogressive in their thoughts and obstructive in their actions. In fact, they did not know of what spirit they were, and the liberty of action for which they sacrificed so many lives was not seldom the last thing they considered or desired—for others. Government by epigram and the guillotine thwarted rather than helped their cause. Beneath the clamour and confusion of the epoch—

The blind hysterics of the Celt  
And red-fool-fury of the Seine,

worked steadily and strenuously out into act and fact, the long-slumbering potentialities of the great world-stream. Consciousness was unconsciousness at first. The elemental intuitions of freedom and fraternity, like a pent-up river at last broke its bonds and poured forth in an irresistible volume of fresh vitality. Sympathy and not antipathy constitutes the sole binding cement. But when we begin to intellectualise our intuitions, to rationalise our realities, to formulate our faith, to clap inspiring and inexplicable sentiments into syllogisms—when, in a word, we begin to explain things, ideas or acts, we proceed to explain them away. Life, truth, the final movement, the pulse of Nature, refuses to be weighed and measured, cut and pared into scholastic schemes. We possess no balances big enough, no categories in which to fix its fluid course.

Children frequently, when told what things are, as far as science has taught us, persist in asking again,

‘But what does it mean?’ To this no answer is possible, and no answer desirable. The veil, at which we soon arrive, whether men of science or metaphysicians, gives the crowning touch, the final charm. If life were not mysterious, who would care to exist? We should be robbed of all powerful incentives to work, all need of knowledge, all the springs of action. Revelations we have in abundance. And we each naturally and legitimately put our own construction upon them. For the revelations are those of ideas and ideals, which severally present a thousand sides and breed the variety which makes the beauty of living. *Tout dans l’écriture est idéal*—yes, and *tout dans le monde est idéal*. For the seer, and those with whom the spirit and spiritual interpretations come uppermost, the veil composes the vision. It reveals, but it ever declines to explain. The fossilising logical forms put together the articulated skeleton, but they only leave us dry dead bones. When reason and revelation conflict, as they never are obliged to do, reason must give way. For, as Bergson has proved or at any rate shown, this is but a little part of the mind and that not the most important. Who can be the wiser or happier or better, for believing the Holy Trinity to be Three Persons in One Substance, or Three Substances in One Essence? Does it make the least difference whether we accept the theory (for neither pretends to be more) of Eastern or Western theology? Faith with its inevitable assumptions must be the beginning and the end of every science and every philosophy. The man who hesitates is lost, and the man who insists on explaining everything to the bitter end, when he has completed his quantitative and qualitative analysis, cannot see the body for the bones. He does not understand life, and

never will, so long as he elucidates all into profounder obscurity. Reality has a far richer content than laws and labels, forms and formulæ. The attitude of the false philosopher to-day resembles the ancient magical ceremony of circumambulation. He walks round and round his subject, in the wrong direction, *withershins*, and inexorably arrives at erroneous results and estimates. And not so much consciousness as super-consciousness presides at the origin of life—which, being itself creative, can enter into the secret of creation. It does not require to be fed with the cat-lap of spatial expressions or logical concepts. Spiritual, it is able to reach the wellsprings of the world, the central sources of vitality, away in the spiritual universe so distant and yet so near. We may not defeat our destiny. The vital and vitalising stream continues to flow and fertilise at the roots all our actions. We may resist, we may oppose, but we shall not depotentialise or divert its fruitful course. God is unceasing life, action, freedom. The mops of all the academic professors on the earth will not stay for a moment the inevitable cosmic current. They are left behind explaining—

*Tendentisque manus ripæ ulterioris amore—*

yet the Divine stream flows on.

But, though no explanation can ever be final, there are certain universal factors of irreducible elements beyond which we cannot go. From historical events, out of physical facts, we may always disengage some permanent principles. Beyond these it is futile to inquire what does it mean? Yet even of these universals every individual will necessarily make his own interpretation and draw his own particular inference—if only because no two persons being exactly

alike, no two persons conceivably are able to evolve the same construction. The conclusion will be to some extent identical, but still with a difference. No experience, no vision, no estimate, in any two given cases would or could ever absolutely agree. And it is this note of personal appropriation and personal judgment which gives life its varied charms and perpetual freshness. The reaction of each individual on his environment, whether material or spiritual, whether subjective or objective, must be peculiar to the individual in certain points. The solidarity of Nature, the cosmic unity, as against this relation of severance, possesses the indivisible relation of the corporate whole. Accordingly we keep, we cannot lose, the one in the many, the agreement in difference. The countless constituents of the world only divide to unite more closely.

And in man himself thought, will, feeling, instinct and intelligence, consciousness and unconsciousness, all co-operate in the onward and upward process of life. Sometimes one, and sometimes another faculty, may and indeed must predominate, but the sub-dominants remain at work still. Of the universals that we meet everywhere, the æsthetic, the ethical, the religious, constitute the most important. But they all depend upon and act in the spiritual, of which they are vital expressions. What does artistry mean? Like all the fundamental factors of the cosmos, it has an elusive fragrance, an illusive bloom, an intangible grace, which we may not fix in words, because like all life it is fluid and evanescent. Directly we begin to explain, the beauty passes, the dew perishes. What is morality? A thousand systems arise and confront us, and declare themselves the sole authentic and final versions of the alleged facts. But the ethical impulse, though purified

and enlarged by time, was always there at the first and down below the animal passions and bestial vices of the savage. And the symmetry added by the philosopher may prove but a cemetery. It interprets itself, it is its own light, by the ceaseless interactions of society and the everlasting flux of life. What is religion? We have more creeds than condiments, but the christianity implicit or explicit in all alone contains the essential. And it is in the eternal principle of sacrifice, the self in the other and for the other, the heterotelic push, that we discover the general explanation of things.

Life comes to each of us as a vast spiritual adventure. We embark upon the unknown, we see no shore at first but only the boundless tossing ocean. Everything seems a mystery, especially the *ego*. But gradually, as consciousness awakens, light dawns inwardly and spreads from the centre to the circumference. Each end becomes a fresh beginning, for a fresh spiritual adventure: "*Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.*" —"But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus." So and evermore Christ reveals Himself, as the Keeper of the Keys, who alone explains us to ourselves and explains all.

F. W. ORDE WARD.

## SOME CHRISTIAN INFLUENCES IN THE GNOSTIC CONCEPT OF THE REDEEMER.

C. A. BAYNES.

ALTHOUGH by the general public the subject of Gnosticism is regarded as of interest only to the specialist, to readers of *THE QUEST* no apology is required when dealing with a theme of such immense value in the study of religious thought.

To all thoughtful students the importance must be apparent of retaining among open topics of discussion a theme which the acknowledged weight of opinion of brilliant scholars, such as Bousset, Reitzenstein and others, may have tended to relegate to the category of things more or less settled. Great has been the elucidation of the subject by the modern school of criticism. Yet finality of treatment is still premature in dealing with a problem as complicated as Gnosticism, one moreover of such far-reaching importance and interest to the student of Christian origins.

No cut-and-dried method of scientific enquiry will, it is certain, alone suffice to penetrate this often misshapen, yet intense and passionate attempt to realise the one truth in relation to the manifold needs of the intellect.

Gnosticism may justly be viewed as an unremitting effort to comprise in definite form every possible aspect of divine revelation, and to adapt it to the elaborate

workings of the abstract minds of Gnostic philosophers. Thus viewed, much that would otherwise appear to be mere unrelated and fantastic imaginings becomes clear, and the understatement of the human, and overstatement of the intellectual, aspect in the Gnostic treatment of the life of Christ grows more intelligible. Unable to relinquish any point gained by the mental travail of their philosophical schools of thought, yet subjugated by the new and radiant vision of the Christ, they attempted to combine elements that we perceive to be incompatible. Was not the error, therefore, into which the Gnostic fell, less frequently a perversion, than a too detailed particularisation of the truth, arising from his perception of the all-embracing character of the Christian ideal?

It should be the task, then, of those who hold this view, and who discern in Gnosticism something more than a mere re-shaping of existing beliefs, to withstand attempts that over-press any single line of scientific investigation. Especially is it desirable to enforce the necessity for discrimination when attempting to establish connections between given schools of thought.

Owing perhaps to the successful issue of that trend of criticism which seeks to find in Pagan schools of religious thought an origin for the doctrines of the Gnosis, there is a possibility of minimising the fact that many of these doctrines (more or less common to all the creeds forming the matrix of Christianity) exhibit, when making their appearance in Christian Gnosticism, certain new and characteristic features not to be paralleled in the outside religions. Significantly enough, moreover, these characteristics in some cases, do not well accord with those systems in which they now for the first time make their appearance. As a

supreme example of this incongruity one may instance the Gnostic type of Redeemer. Whilst acknowledging that for many of his features and functions, parallels to the Saviour-God are almost universally to be found, it is easy to distinguish the point at which the relationship ceases and a coloration peculiar to Christianity comes into the picture.

Much of the obscurity involving the origin of the Saviour-God has been dissipated by the work of Prof. Wilhelm Bousset in his *Hauptprobleme der Gnosis*. In chapter vi. (*Die Gestalt des gnostischen Erlösers*), he shows that the conception of the coming forth of a heavenly Being to effect a certain purpose, from his proper state into a region inferior to his own and usually antagonistic, is found in the earlier Pagan, and to some extent in later Hellenistic theology. And the parallel in the Gnostic redemptive scheme includes many of the functions of the Saviour-God of Paganism. The work he achieved certainly resembles that of the Gnostic and Christian Saviour. In some of their functions the two figures are identical. One need instance only two acts of the Saviour such as his victories over the powers of darkness, thereby effecting, according to some systems, the liberation of a ray of the supernal Light captive therein; or again—using terms of the Hermetic tradition—to bring to the soul sunk in ignorance knowledge of divine Truth, thus enabling it to regain its proper perfection. But it is at this point, as it appears to me, that the analogies cease, for that which comprised the chief activity of the Pagan Saviour was but one element in the redemptive mission of the Christ.

In the course of his enquiry into the probable source of the Gnostic doctrine of salvation, Bousset



narrates various Chaldæan and Babylonian myths of the descent of a Light-hero to subdue the infernal powers. But a comparison between these stories and their supposed analogy in the Gnostic scheme, reveals at the very outset, as Bousset himself allows, an irreconcilable point of difference as to the period in time of the descent. In Gnosticism and Christianity the Christ comes into a developed universe. In the Pagan systems, on the contrary, it is at the beginning of the world's history that the Saviour-God comes forth from the world of Light. An exception to this is found, indeed, in the Hermetic tradition; but it must be noted that the central figure in that system is a Teacher and Enlightener—not a Saviour in the Gnostic or Christian sense. Another point to be fixed, is that in many of the Pagan stories the descent of the Saviour is even more intimately connected with creative and ordering processes than with one of redemption. His purpose in fettering and overcoming the tenebrous powers of darkness is to achieve an organising of chaos through the creative power of the Light.

It is impossible here to enter into the details of these myths. They are fully dealt with by Bousset, and it is clear that the particular speculation in Gnosticism to which they are most closely related is not the redemption, properly so called, which takes place at a late period in time, but the doctrine described in the Valentinian system as the enformation of the *Sophia* according to substance and *gnōsis* (*μόρφωσις κατ' οὐσίαν* and *κατὰ γνῶσιν*). The first process is the equivalent of the ordering; the second, of the redemptive element in the work of the Pagan Saviour. In the Valentinian system, as is well known, the *Sophia*-figure embodies various conceptions. She may be regarded

as the Mother-principle of the universe. As such she represents the unorganised substance of the matter from which the natural world was formed. Her enformation by the Saviour initiates creation. But she is also the spiritual principle of life, the world-soul sunk and fettered in chaos and darkness, and for her liberation the Christ came forth from the Plērōma. The deliverance of the Sophia thus foreshadows and typifies the cosmical redemption. We must in fact regard her enformation as the earnest rather than as the accomplishment of the redemptive process.

But the story of the Sophia, variously related by the different schools as regards detail, is not, in Gnosticism, at an end, as seems to be the case in the analogical Pagan myths. It is the sequel that suggests an adaptation of a purely Christian doctrine. We are told that at the consummation of time, the number of elect souls being complete, the Sophia, united to the Christ, will enter the Plērōma. Of this part of the story Bousset disposes by stating that in the centre of the Valentinian gnosis there figured a Pagan myth dealing with the sacred marriage of two of the gods, and that artificially and mechanically this myth got connected with the doctrine of redemption by the historical Jesus Christ. He brings forward, however, no convincing parallels to support this statement. And, it may be asked, in which of the myths of the marriage of the gods is the union the culmination of a long redemptive process, the final act of a self-sacrificing love descending to seek and to save that which was lost? The stories in Paganism, as Bousset allows, relate to an initiatory work at the beginning of the world's history. Their connection with this particular feature in the Gnostic redemptive scheme seems,

surely, an unnecessarily artificial one, for does not Christianity offer directly to view its prototype and inspiration? Receptive of every phase of thought, seeking in every direction to realise in mystical imagery the problems of the human consciousness, is it not more than mere speculation that Gnostic minds found in the culminating act of the Christian redemption, the ultimate union between Christ and the Church a satisfactory conclusion to their own conception of the great world-drama? In the imagery of the Church as the whole body of the elect, the Mother of all spiritual births, the devout Gnostic would apprehend nothing foreign to his idea of the Sophia, Bride of Christ and genetrix of all pneumatic souls.

It is, I think, also clear that in attempting to establish connections between the Saviour-hero of Paganism and the Gnostic Redeemer the resemblance in the personal revelation must not be over-pressed. The special feature of the one was that he was a Light-hero—whose origin, as Bousset points out, is found in the solar myth—or that he came as a revealer of the light of Gnosis to those who were of the race of the Mind (as in the Hermetic tradition). The Gnostic and Christian Saviour on the contrary, when he came into the world, appeared not as a conquering God, but in the obscure form of a servant, and came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance.

To take another point. Prof. Bousset draws attention to a feature in the descent of the Gnostic Redeemer which is of interest. He refers to a theory common to many of the systems that the Saviour was unrecognised by the beings belonging to the various spheres through which he passed in the course of his descent to this world.

According to Bousset this notion is not to be explained by Christian premisses. He refers it solely to the Pagan source. This gives us the descent of the Light-hero into the world of Darkness for the purpose of wresting their power from the rulers of that sphere, a purpose he effected by means of strategy and disguise. But in the Pagan systems this descent is to the underworld, and primarily for purposes of conquest. In the Gnostic scheme, the Saviour descends to the world of men, and the conquest of the powers of evil is but a necessary element in a complete work of salvation. The notion, moreover, that the Gnostic Saviour was unrecognised during the course of his descent, can, I believe, be shown to have close affinity with the fundamental conception of the incarnate Redeemer which took final form in the canonical Gospels.

The account of this descent, given by certain Church Fathers, indicates that they readily supposed that an act of intentional deception had to be practised by the Gnostic Saviour in order to effect a passage into this world. But in original Gnostic writings and other sources, the material whence was derived this conception of a Christ, so deficient in power as to be compelled to win his way by trickery, is not clearly to be discerned. It seems probable that the idea may have existed solely in the prejudiced minds of the heresy-hunters, or, that misinterpreting certain figurative statements of the Gnostics respecting the unknown and invisible nature of the Christ, they entirely failed to see the real point of the story. According to the Coptic book *Pistis Sophia*—the most complete example of Gnostic literature we possess—the Saviour, instructing his disciples after his resurrection, speaks thus of the manner of his descent to earth: “And when I set

out for the world, I came to the midst of the rulers of the sphere. I took the form of Gabriel, the angel of the æon, and the rulers of the æon knew me not, but thought I was the angel Gabriel.”<sup>1</sup> Again, in the account given by Irenæus of the teaching of an unidentified school of Gnostics, we meet the same idea: “Moreover, they say that he descended through the seven heavens made like unto their sons, and stage by stage emptied out of them the virtue. For the entire besprinkling of Light is said to have run together to him.”<sup>2</sup> A preceding passage (I. xxx. 3) makes it clear that the *virtue* or *excellence* (*virtus*) of which the Saviour emptied the heavens was not the power belonging to those spheres, but a spiritual essence to which the Mother-principle of the universe had given birth, in consequence of a shedding upon her of a ray of the Divine Light. This *virtue*, which had been besprinkled with the Light, fell downwards and remained entangled in the various spheres of the universe until liberated by the coming of the Saviour. He drew from its prisoning the Light-besprinkled principle that recognised him; even as here on earth, clad in the likeness of the sons of men, he redeemed from the kingdom of this world those who knew and followed him. A third reference to the appearance of the Saviour will be found in the *Acta Thomæ*, a scripture of undoubted Gnostic tendencies. Certain demons relate to the Apostle Thomas their intentions with regard to the Messiah: “For once we meant to bring him too under our yoke, like the others, but he reversed [the situation] and subjugated us. For we knew him

<sup>1</sup> Πίστις Σοφία, ιβ. α, Cod. Askewianus, Brit. Mus. MS. Add. 5114. Schwartz-Petermann ed. text. 1851, p. 12.

<sup>2</sup> Iren. I. xxx. 12.

not, for he misled us through his inconspicuous appearance, through his poverty, and through his deficiency."<sup>1</sup> Now although the intention of the latter account may very well be to suggest that the demons, deceived by their own evil imaginations, believed that the Saviour was even as themselves, and accused him of an intention to deceive; yet in none of these passages is there contained anything more than a statement of the fact that owing to the form in which he appeared he was unrecognised. While therefore it is plain that as a consequence of the Saviour's presence being undetected he passed unopposed through the spheres of the universe, there is no need to assume that this effect was brought about by an intentional act of trickery. May we not rather adopt the simple explanation, that since to fulfil his purpose of universal redemption, he had of necessity to pass through the series of being which links the Divine life with the human, the Saviour was compelled to identify himself with every grade? Had he not done so, had there been any condition of life exterior to his consciousness, known outwardly, not inwardly, it could not have been truly said that he passed through and redeemed all. Inevitably, by the mere fact of his being obliged, in order to effect this identification, to assume bodies of the type common to the beings of the spheres through which he passed, his true nature was perceived only by those who were spiritually akin to him.

And the veil that on each plane appropriately hid his glory, was assumed by the Saviour only in the course of his descent to earth. Having accomplished the mystery of humility, having taken upon himself the forms of all servants, even to the lowest, he reascends

<sup>1</sup> *Acta Apostolorum Apocrypha*, ed. Lipsius et Bonnet, 1903, 2, ii. p. 162.

to the Plērōma, known and recognised by all. Laying aside, each in its proper place, the elements of which his bodies had been composed during his descent, he shines at every stage with an ever-increasing radiance, appearing in each sphere through which he passes in the body of glory, the ideal body, proper to that sphere's degree in creation.

Surely this story is simply the reflection, in the intricate schemes of Gnosticism, of the profound truth that the universal Saviour resumes in his own person every phase and condition of being. Further, by implication at least, we contact in this image the peculiarly gnostic idea that only by true self-knowledge can the presence of the Divine be recognised. The Gnostic believed in the need of a salvation for the whole universe, and taught that the Saviour assumed of necessity the first fruits of all which he was minded to redeem. Hence of necessity his elaborating instinct repeated for the manifold æons and spheres constituting his conception of the universe, the simple details of the Saviour's appearance on the human plane, where "being made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man," "the world knew him not." It is this idea of the disguise of familiarity which meets us again in *John*, vi. 41-42: "The Jews therefore murmured concerning him, because he said I am the bread which came down out of heaven. And they said: Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? how doth he now say I am come down out of heaven?"

One reason assigned by Bousset for his contention that the unrecognised Saviour of Gnosticism cannot be paralleled in the Christian theme, is, that as stated in the Gospels, he was known by the devils and evil spirits

when he appeared on earth. But this argument falls to the ground. For, according to the Gnostic theory, it is the beings proper to the sphere wherein he makes his appearance that fail to recognise the Saviour. On the human plane, therefore, we must test the hiddenness of Christ by the effect produced, not on devils, but on men. Interesting and valuable, however, though the foregoing points may be for the purpose at issue—Christian influences on Gnostic doctrine—they are but details of the story. The characteristic which primarily distinguishes Gnostic from Pagan ideas of redemption, and shows Christian influence, is the importance attached to the conception of a personal Redeemer, and of a salvation that was not only cosmic and general, but individual and particular. This idea, of which some fore-shadowing may be detected in certain of the outside systems, assumes, in Gnosticism, definite shape and far-reaching importance.

A fuller consideration of the subject, would, I believe, reveal the fact that allowing for certain resemblances in the various conceptions of the world's Redeemer, it is possible to point to many characteristics of the idea as it appears in Christian Gnosticism, not to be found in the extraneous systems. The question therefore arises: were these tendencies of doctrine developed spontaneously within the field of Gnosticism; or were they taken over from the primitive Christian Church, and fitted, by the different sects, into their existing systems as best they could? It is indubitably a significant fact that the Christian conception of the Redeemer, in its full development, fits but ill into some of the Gnostic schemes. If the balance of probability be in favour of adaptation from Christianity, the field of Christian Gnosticism becomes one of extra-



ordinary interest for the Christian apologist, since therein are seen the first signs of the victory that is in Christ.

If we look at the various systems of theology that represent the trend of religious thought before the beginning of the Christian era, we find many blends of Oriental and Hellenistic tradition, and we see, further, that all of them represented the great world-drama more or less in the same way. These stories cannot be regarded as incomplete, unsatisfactory schemes. A certain form of salvation was provided, and at first glance there appears to be no place for a Redeemer of the Christian type. And yet we find that the figure of Jesus Christ has been forced at all cost into systems which afford him no fitting place, and where much uncertainty was felt as to how he should be regarded and disposed of. This is shown by the fact that no two sects are agreed as to the manner of his revelation or the methods whereby he accomplished his mission.

What, then, is the explanation? What is the quality inherent in the Christian scheme of redemption that induced the philosopher and the intellectualist of the day thus to stoop from his world of abstractions, to clip the wings of his mind-soaring fancies, and accept the simplicity of Christ? Why did men of such obviously high mental attainment as were the leading Gnostic doctors make this intellectual sacrifice, and go out of their way to make their own that which to the Greek was foolishness and to the Jew a stumbling block?

The suggestion may be hazarded, that the Christian scheme of individual salvation provided a remedy for a disease of human nature, of which the far-reaching effects were becoming acutely realised as the Hellenistic

influence coloured more deeply the Eastern dualism in which Gnosticism had its root. This universal foundation of dualism, postulating for the evil principle as well as for the good, an activity and real being, merges into the conception in which evil was considered as deficiency, a quality attributed to matter in opposition to spirit. This process of thought assumes form in a system such as the pseudo-Basilidian in the *Philosophumena* of Hippolytus, in which we find only one active principle, the Good; and a passive matter, a negative potentiality without property. God was the only real being, and goodness the original principle of his manifestation. Matter having no real being, had in it nothing of the Good, and was considered defective—evil. Evil was deficiency of good and being, and things were considered evil as regards that which they are not. Precisely the same idea is expressed by the two Valentinian hypostases: the Plērōma, representing primarily the fulness of the divine Being, and the Hysterōma, the deficiency outside.

In the philosophic systems of Hellenism and Gnosticism, where this view of the situation had gained ground, but where as yet there was no tinge of Christianity, it is to be observed that the sense of deficiency as affecting created things, was, so far as the human being is concerned, located chiefly in the intellectual life—the branch of human activity with which the interest of the day was mostly concerned. But ignorance, thought to be the disease itself, is in reality only one of its manifestations; moreover for this symptom, ignorance, they provided in their schemes the sufficing remedy of the Gnosis of the Mind.

The leading ideas on the nature of evil in contemporary thought appear to be most frequently treated

from one point of view, and as having regard, generally speaking, to the Greek mind. One of the most recent articles on Gnosticism interprets this point of view as an identification of evil with the transitory element in things; secondly, as the issue of the sensual passions with which all things in the material world are bound up; and finally, as the effect of the domination of the stars.<sup>1</sup> The first two concepts, however, are representative of Attic rather than of Hellenistic thought. They serve, moreover, simply to express what the Greeks saw of the manifestation of evil and do not touch its nature. They betray a mode of thought unconscious of that divine dissatisfaction of the soul expressed in the Hellenistic view of the insufficiency of finite existence. On the one hand we have a type of mind that would be content to abide for ever in this world, were but the joys of this world permanent; on the other, a consciousness troubled less by the natural law of impermanence, than by the inability to satisfy, due to deficiency which is an inherent quality of things in themselves.

A brief digression may be permitted in order to present more fully this point of view. It is necessary to consider the substance-doctrine which was a widespread characteristic of the religious philosophy of the time. Metaphysical minds of those days, once they had abandoned Oriental dualism, found ready to their use the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle. The substance-doctrine, which gradually became a feature of Eastern theology, orthodox and unorthodox, was an application of that philosophy. It is also, I think, important to note two things. First, only in conjunction with this particular substance-doctrine, could their

<sup>1</sup> See the *Hibbert Journal*, Oct. 1912, 'The Gnostic Redeemer,' by Edwyn Bevan.

speculations on the subject of evil have reached the peculiar issue under consideration. Secondly, these two theories held in combination, prepare the mind for the perception of the absolute necessity of a redemptive process; thus accounting for the ready absorption of the Christian scheme of salvation, as interpreted by the theology of the Eastern Church, into the current phase of syncretic thought.

The real existence of qualities as things in themselves postulated in the Platonic and Aristotelian philosophies, appears in the substance-doctrine as the teaching that qualities were independent substances, which, though held in possession by entities and objects, had a real existence apart from them. Thus *humanness* or human nature was a substance or quality possessed by individual men, and *divineness* or divine nature another, possessed by God alone. The former quality, being deficient in the Good which is life and being, was of an impermanent, perishing nature; the latter, being the plērōma of life and being, was of an eternal nature. These two substances were utterly dissimilar and there was no scheme present to the religious minds of the time by which, from the lower standpoint, the one could be transmuted into the other. Therefore man, who was in possession only of the quality of *humanness*, without salvation, must inevitably suffer extinction and death, while the only type of salvation that could meet the need was a change of substance. Thus will be seen the peculiar aptness of the Christian scheme, for, according to the theologians, it was the impersonal undivided human nature or substance common to us all, that Christ assumed and took upon him, and with which, as a whole—since it is an indivisible essence or quality—he mingled divine-

ness, uniting the two natures in one. The working of this change is perhaps best realised under the image—so prevalent, be it noted, in modern psychology—of interpenetration. Thus also is explained why the early Eastern theologians dwelt little—and the Gnostics still less—on the death of the Saviour. It was his life that was of real account; the assumption of human nature by the Divine Being, whether understood in the full Christian sense of the Incarnation, or in the limited manner of Gnosticism. The redemptive process was less a remedy for sin, than a gift of endless life.

That this idea of the deficiency of all things that were unpossessed of the quality of *divineness*, which seems first to have troubled the Gnostic mind in so far as it affected the intellectual consciousness, was ultimately seen by them to embrace the whole of finite life, in every aspect and degree, may best be illustrated by reference to the systems and writings of the Gnostics themselves.

The fundamentality of the idea is perhaps most prominently seen in the Valentinian scheme. The Hysterēma is personified in the Sophia, who, in one aspect, represents in its primitive chaotic condition the substance of the matter from which the universe was formed, and from another view-point denotes the soul lost in a matter that is dead. From the literature itself two instances may be given showing the essentiality of this tenet in Gnostic doctrine. In the Coptic text *Pistis Sophia*, the Sophia—who here symbolises the soul of man—in her exile gives utterance to the following plaint: “Give heed, O Light, to my repentance (*μετάνοια*), for my power is filled with darkness and my light gone down into chaos . . . . I am become like unto a material body, which in the

height hath none to save ; I am also become like to material things (*ἕλαι*), from which the power is taken away, which lie in the chaos which thou hast not saved. . . . And now I am put down into the darkness beneath ; in darkness and in material things (*ἕλαι*) which are dead.”<sup>1</sup>

In a little known but profoundly interesting treatise contained in the Coptic Codex Brucianus, is an even more significant passage. Treating of an early stage in the creative process, mention is made of the sending forth by the Father of an ordering principle called the Investing Power, concerning whose operations and their result it is said : “ It divided all things according to order and according to law and according to forethought. Then *that-which-is* separated from *that-which-is-not* ; and *that-which-is-not* is the evil (*κακία*), which hath appeared in *matter* (*ἕλη*). And the Investing Power divided *those-which-are* from *those-which-are-not*, and it named *those-which-are*—Eternal (*αἰώνιος*) and *those-which-are-not*—Matter (*ἕλη*) ”.<sup>2</sup>

Turning to specifically Christian writings, perhaps the most interesting application of the idea occurs in Origen’s interpretation of the third verse of the Proem to the fourth Gospel. The writer is discussing the sense of the word *all-things* (*omnia*), that is, the things that were made through the Logos, and the nature of the *nothing* which became without him. He says that a clear definition of these words is necessary, since if evil were supposed to be a part of *all things*, “ then the whole matter of sin and everything that is wicked were made through the Logos. But we must regard this as false.

<sup>1</sup> Πίστις Σοφία, ξγ. β, Cod. Askewianus, Brit. Mus. MS. 5114. Schwartz-Petermann ed., text, 1851, p. 67.

<sup>2</sup> Cod. Brucianus, fol. 88, MS. 96 Bod. Lib. Schmidt ed., text, in Bd. VIII., *Teats u. Untersuchungen z. Gesch. d. Aitchrist. Lit.*, 1892, p. 252.

. . . Now some have held that since evil is not based in the constitution of things—for it did not exist at the beginning, and at the end it will have ceased—that therefore the evils of which we spoke are the *nothing* . . . so it has been supposed [by the Greeks] that all that is not of God is *nothing*, and has not even obtained through the Logos the subsistence it appears to have.” Enquiring whether it is possible to show from scripture that this is so, Origen continues: “As for the meaning of the words *nothing* and *not-being*, they would appear to be synonymous, for *nothing* can be spoken of as *not-being*, and the *not-being* can be described as the *nothing*. The Apostle, however, appears to count the things which *are not*, not amongst those which have no existence, but rather amongst the things which are evil. To him the *not-being* is evil. . . . The Saviour says, ‘None is good, but one, God the Father.’ The Good then is the same as *He who is* . . . whence it follows that evil and wickedness are the same as *that which is not*. . . . We have said that *not-being* and *nothing* are synonymous, and hence those who are *not-being* are *nothing*, and all evil is *nothing*, since it is *not-being*.”<sup>1</sup>

The realisation that it is privation, and deficiency, dearth of good and of being, that constitute evil and must result in death, is uttered for the whole creation in the appeal of the suffering Sophia. The same passion in the individual soul has its living cry in the words of the great Christian Hellenist, Paul: “O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?”

So soon as the human mind in its self-knowledge attained awareness of man’s utter destitution, the

<sup>1</sup> Origen, *Comm. Joh.*, tom. II., § 7.

attraction of Him who came into the world that men might have life and might have it more abundantly was bound to make profound appeal. No less supreme conception of the Redeemer than that offered by the all-embracing personality of Jesus Christ could suffice to needs so great and real. To this extremity of want and helplessness the Christian scheme of redemption offered the only efficient remedy and succour. To the Sophia outside in darkness and despair, came down the Saviour, perfect fruit of the whole Plērōma; and into the emptiness and deficiency of the human nature that he took upon him, the Christian Redeemer brought the all-sufficiency of God; for in him dwelt the whole fullness of the Divine nature bodily.

C. A. BAYNES.



## ATHENA.

C. DELISLE BURNS, M.A.

It was evening. The birds were twittering outside my window, seeking their places for sleep. The ivy at the casement moved as a swallow rested there a moment. The room was dark and I had let my book fall to the floor as I sat looking out over the low window-sill to where the olive-trees stood, seeming as lifeless as the rocks around them. The sound and the colour were subdued into one another. Presently I heard a noise of great wings beating the air, and without any cry an owl flew across. The wings darkened the window, so close were they.

I rose from my chair and took down my bronze lamp from the shelf; I trimmed its loose wick and I poured the sweet-smelling olive-oil into its cup. I lit the lamp. And then I almost let it fall, I was so startled; for the owl outside flew close to the window, passing back by the way it had come. My hand trembled as I pulled up the wick a little more from the oil, and the flame flared. I heard the owl's wings again and I looked out; but I saw nothing. It had become quickly dark, and now the birds were asleep. I stepped back to take up my book from the floor, and as I bent I saw, on the arm of my chair, the owl. It was so close to my face that its wise old eyes seemed to look me through; and I moved away. I suppose I was thinking of what I should do, and I must have

shut my eyes for a moment. When I looked again the room was full of light and there by my book stood a human form.

Taller than the daughters of men she seemed, but in face and form most like a dark-haired maiden. Her grey eyes shone beneath her dark brows and her broad forehead; and on her hair was a gleaming helmet. A fair saffron robe hung about her limbs, and on her breast were the snaky locks of the gorgon. In the folds of the robe there were embroidered the twisted forms of conquered giants and the straight figures of the gods. Also many shapes of men were there building ships and cities, and of women weaving. I put up the fingers of both hands to touch my temples as I bowed towards her, and then I held out my hands with the palms upward, as men should when they pray.

"Speak," she said, "for I give men grace of speech."

"Lady Athena," I replied, "I have suffered much from the irregular verb and therefore I cannot speak. Also I am not sure that I am awake."

"You called me, O man, not with grammar, accident or syntax, nor yet with iambic trimeter acatalectic nor yet with choric rhythm. And yet, I came."

"O maiden, daughter of Zeus, I called you that I might hear your voice. Do you speak therefore?"

"First then a blessing upon this shrine where you have worshipped me, and upon all who dream here, waking or sleeping."

"Lady," I whispered, "give me, of thy grace, to see thee in my waking hours."

"But why do you say you are not awake?"

"Because, O Pallas Athena, I try to believe that you do not exist."

“Your Attic salt is stale, friend; but you make me smile. So you try to maintain your belief in defiance of your own experience?”

“I don't really, O my Lady. I believe in you, but I dare not say so.”

“Why not?”

“When I was young I asked a learned man about you, O goddess, and he said you were a personification of natural forces, and I was too frightened by long words after that to tell anyone that I had seen you.”

“Truly you have strange ideas on earth now as to whom you count wise. Why did you believe your learned man when you knew in your heart what I was?”

“He smiled as he said ‘personification’ and he glowed as he said ‘natural forces’; so he gave me to understand that he had at last explained it all. For he held that all former ages had been foolish and that gods were created by the diseased imagination.”

“It was I who made him think that. For I give men madness too, when they are over wise. But surely I am strong to such men even though they call me vilely a ‘natural force’?”

“They say that you are an abstraction.”

“Speak words well said! Do you mean that men take me for a quality in themselves?”

“How else, O Triton-born?”

“Me, the daughter of Zeus, who shake the heaven and strike the earth?”

“O Aegis-bearer, you. For, since the northern barbarians have made a philosophy, Love and Thought and Delight have been made departments of a man's mind.”

“And have they not read my Plato then?”

"Alas, no! They have only written commentaries upon him."

"And so they reduce me to an episode in each man's life?"

"Pallas, forgive my unseemly words; but one man called you the pure Reason."

"Son, I find it not hard to forgive. To so slight a sin even the Erinyes might be kindly. Call me pure Reason if you will."

"But, goddess, I rather think he meant that you were an attribute of himself."

"He was mad perhaps."

"So sane, Lady mine, that no one could understand him."

"He was lonely then, poor man."

"And yet he and his following make our only modern theology."

"But why do they imagine that thought is part of themselves?"

"Because perhaps, Lady, their eyes are held. They count for not themselves the stones and the hills and the lightning," I replied.

"And anything they cannot see is themselves? You make me laugh. Are they children?"

"The owl of wisdom flies not far."

"But answer me this, son. Do men now imagine that they can think whenever they choose?"

"I suppose they do."

"Only if they could command it, would thought be part of themselves."

"You say well."

"Tell them therefore, for me, to observe that thought comes and goes not at their will."

"Ah, Lady, they will say that I am a mythologist."

“ They have perhaps read how I told Aristotle that the mythologist is a true philosopher.”

“ But the psychologists will slay me, O Champion ! ”

“ Nay, perhaps even they will see the point of my spear, as they round the far-off promontory.”

“ They sail barbarian seas, rough with long words, O Lady ; and perhaps they will not know your spear when they see it.”

“ Care not. Trust me. Tell them, I come to men and they know me not. Tell them, I make them build cities and great ships and I show them the secret paths of the lightning.”

“ Lady, they will say they did it all themselves.”

“ Then perhaps they will only learn when I am gone, and Aphrodite and Dionysus fling them up and down.”

“ Not even then, perhaps.”

“ Tell them then,” she said, and her voice was hard, and I lowered my eyes in shame, “ tell them that what they discover is shown to them by me. Let them not think that men toil in an unkindly world and dig her secrets from an unwilling Nature. No strength of theirs could avail, if the Gods designed to hide the truth. But now that they have been given power, let them not be over proud, saying it was their unaided strength that did it.”

She was silent.

I looked up and I saw no one there. I heard the wings of an owl growing fainter and fainter in the distance as they beat the still night air.

C. DELISLE BURNS.

## GNOMIC NOTES.

CLEMENT ANTROBUS HARRIS.

A PRINCIPLE is like a bubble, you can't have part of it.

A man will pride himself on a defect if it be a personal characteristic.

We think of others what we know of ourselves.

Faith is the momentum of knowledge.

No man is a good one who is not becoming a better one.

Incredulity is quite as capable of gulling a man as credulity.

'It'll do' won't do.

Nearly remembered is quite forgotten.

Nothing is lost from which something is learnt.

The best day for doing disagreeables on is the morrow of yesterday.

Nobody can play a piece who can't play with it.

Never be satisfied with doing well, however well, if you could do better.

The interest we get out of anything depends upon the work we put into it.

Ability to recognise failure is one of the first conditions of success.

If you want a secret kept, keep it yourself.

Some people are naturally artificial.

Always mistrust a man who never says he doesn't know.

'Don't crow till you're out of the wood'; and don't cry till you're in it.

Some people can only see a thing if it isn't there.

It is to the obvious that we are in most danger of being oblivious.

Investigate before you adjudicate.

Beware of the man who covets the confidence of his neighbours but never shows any in them.

'Nature rules'—and God over-rules.

It's not always better to do anything than to *think* whether to do something else—but it generally is.

It is as impossible to avoid simultaneous action without a common standard of reference as it is to achieve it; yet while the conductor who expected a synchronous attack from his orchestra without beating time would be considered a lunatic, the chairman who calls out 'now don't all speak at once' goes home with his reputation for sanity unimpaired.

When a boy acts as gentleman-in-waiting to a cow grazing by the roadside, as a choir-boy friend of mine does, is the cow's time of more value than the boy's?

Temperament rules; the optimistic man, having discovered the error of his ways, will be optimistic as to the results of his adoption of pessimism.

Temper takes many forms; calm insistence upon a point for insistence' sake, and out of all relation to its importance, corresponding to a senseless *tenuto* applied to short and insignificant notes, is one of the commonest, and least recognised as temper by its

victim, especially among people of a persevering character.

All the high numbers are made up of ones; this is why such ruinous results follow from men indulging themselves 'just for once.'

Relativity : Our inns are beggars' hotels.

'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players,' and all of us have our turn at the title-rôle, though the ruck of us only when the play is a funeral.

'Speak good of none but the dead' may be a bad translation of the Latin, but it is an only too exact one of most folks' conduct.

It is right to 'speak nothing but good of the dead,' despite the annoyance which many people would feel at having done it were the subject of their eulogies to come to life again.

Men often laugh as the only alternative to crying.

Some people are never satisfied merely to be in error; they can rest only in the precise opposite of the truth.

He is a good man who always puts duty before pleasure; and a wise one who finds his pleasure in his duty and has no need to drive tandem at all.

Mendelssohn was indifferent as to theories regarding the derivation of chords, and perhaps one should say impatient with those who keenly discussed them; if the *effect* of a chord was satisfactory, and musicians were agreed as to its practical treatment, what did it matter which, or indeed whether any, theory was true as to its derivation? None of the great composers was eminent as a theorist: Haydn declared that there was



not a rule in harmony he would not break if thereby he could get an effect he wanted.

Music has often been called the handmaid of religion; might not theologians take a leaf out of her score, and judge a writer's inspiration by what he wrote rather than by who he was? The root by the fruit, and not the fruit by the root.

In the game of life, as in see-saw, the best ups and downs and the only safe ones are dependent upon equipoise. Wide and healthy movement can be combined with stability only by equality in essentials; inequality of natural endowment can have no play without equality of opportunity.

It is a characteristic of snobs that they cannot bear equipoise; a snob is a man who can treat no one as an equal; he must either toady or be toadied.

He is a strong man who is obsequious to no one; and a stronger who dislikes others to be obsequious to him.

If to be an accessory to a guilty act—as by receiving stolen goods—is to share its guilt, and if there be anything ignominious in trade, it is as ignominious to the buyer as to the seller.

It matters less what sort of thing a man is professionally than what kind of that sort of thing he is—good or bad.

In one respect monarchical countries have been bolder and more radical than republican, for they have admitted women to the office of supreme governor—Queen or Empress—while no republic has as yet elected a woman as President.

A smaller proportion of women have been failures as Queens than of men as Kings.

It is encouraging that the Chinese are gradually discarding their unnatural restrictions on the development of a woman's foot—and Europeans theirs on her development at the other end.

Since history contains no record of spontaneous generation it is obvious that everybody is of as unbroken a line, is as nearly related to Adam, as everybody else; and the only difference between the upstart and the man of ancient lineage is that one can trace his ancestry and the other cannot; moreover, the inability of many men to trace their origin is more disgraceful to their fathers than to themselves.

We should think less of who a man's ancestors were than of what they begot.

True radicalism is best shown by our conduct not to those above but to those below us: 'Friend, come up higher.'

CLEMENT ANTROBUS HARRIS.

## 'LEAD ME ACROSS.'

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

I CAN never forget that scrap of a song I once heard in the early dawn in the midst of the din of the crowd that had collected for a festival the night before :  
“ Ferryman, take me across to the other shore ! ”

In the bustle of all our work there arises this cry, “ Take me across ! ” The carter in India sings while driving his cart, “ Take me across ! ” The grocer deals out his goods and sings, “ Take me across ! ”

What is the meaning of this cry ? We feel we have not reached our goal ; and we know, with all our striving and toiling we do not come to the end, we do not attain our object. Like a child dissatisfied with its dolls our heart cries, “ Not this, not this.” But what is that other ? Where is the further shore ?

Is it something else than what we have ? Is it somewhere else than where we are ? Is it to take rest from all our works, to be relieved from all the responsibilities of life ?

No ; in the very heart of our activities we are seeking for our end. We are crying for the ferry, there where we stand. So, while our lips utter their prayer to be carried away, our busy hands are never idle.

For, thou ocean of joy, this shore and the other shore are one and the same in thee. When I call this my own, the other lies estranged ; and missing the sense of that completeness which is in me, my heart incessantly cries out for the other. All my this and the other are waiting to be completely reconciled in thy love.

This 'I' of mine toils hard, day and night, for a home which it knows as its own. Alas, there will be no end of its sufferings so long as it is not able to call this home thine!

Till then it will struggle on and its heart will ever cry, "Ferryman, lead me across!" When this home of mine is made thine, that very moment is it taken across even while its walls enclose it.

This 'I' is restless. It is working for a gain which can never be assimilated with its spirit, which it never can hold and retain. In its efforts to clasp in its arms that which is for all, it hurts others and is being hurt in turn, and cries, "Lead me across!" But as soon as it is able to say, "All my work is thine," everything remains the same, only it is taken across.

Where can I meet thee unless in this mine home made thine? Where can I join thee unless in this my work transformed into thy work? If I leave my home I shall not reach thy home, if I cease my work I can never join thee in thy work. For thou dwellest in me and I in thee. Thou without me or I without thee are nothing.

Therefore, in the midst of our home and our work the prayer rises, "Lead me across!" For here rolls the sea and even here lies the other shore waiting to be crossed—yes, here is this everlasting present, not distant, not anywhere else.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

[This fine fragment is really the conclusion of Mr. Tagore's paper on 'The Realisation of Brahma,' which appeared in our last issue. It was, however, added at the last moment when the paper was read to the Quest Society, and the sheets of the last number had already been run.—ED.]

## A SONG OF PARADISE.

UNDER the smile  
Of crystal skies  
On a holy isle  
In Paradise,  
I watched the sails  
Of wingèd skiffs  
Where the blue sea pales  
Round dreaming cliffs.  
And here and there,  
Like petals swung  
In the flawless air,  
The white birds hung ;  
And round my feet  
And above my head,  
Clustering, sweet,  
The windflowers spread.

Then a grey wind over the water flew  
And all my world was born anew.

For each swift boat  
With its small white wing  
Was the gliding note  
Of a viol-string ;  
And the birds that swung  
In the limpid air  
Were a carol sung ;  
And the windflowers there  
Were the silver singing  
Of harp and horn,

Musical, ringing,  
 Divinely borne  
 Round and round  
 In eddies of sound.  
 And while I listened  
 The sweet sounds glistened,  
 Fluttered and drooped in a magic calm,  
 Then, changed again by a heavenly charm,  
 Froze to the scents of a thousand roses—  
 Scents that hang like a mist of wines  
 When June with her golden key uncloses  
 All the treasure of garden-shrines.

To vision that burns through form and show,  
 To wisdom born of the spirit, lo,  
 All lovely things  
 Where God reposes—  
 Flowers and wings  
 And the scent of roses,  
 Viol and horn and the harp-string's measure—  
 All are the ghosts of the soul's deep pleasure.

Therefore I wrought  
 By my soul's might  
 God's golden thought  
 To my own delight,  
 There in the smile  
 Of crystal skies  
 On a holy isle  
 In Paradise.

M. D. ARMSTRONG.

## DE SYMBOLO.

Is symbol the husk, the dry bone,  
Of the dead soul of ages ago?  
Finger-post of a pilgrimage way  
Untrodden for many a day?  
A derelict shrine in the fane  
Of an ancient faith, long since profane?  
A gew-gaw, once amulet?  
A forgotten creed's alphabet?

Or is it the screed on the veil  
That shuts us off from the pale,—  
Strange hieroglyphical print  
That the ages unceasingly mint  
On the wide world's brazen walls,  
Whose Mene Tekel appals,  
Whose Paraclete emblems console;  
While the stigmata of our soul  
Supply us the inner key  
To decipher this mystery  
Of Nature's palimpsest,  
Through which dimly shines confessed  
The giant uncial script  
Of the VERY GOD's manuscript?

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

### AN INTRODUCTION TO METAPHYSICS.

By Henri Bergson, Member of the Institute, Professor at the Collège de France. Authorised Translation by T. E. Hulme. London (Macmillan); pp. 79; 2s. net.

WE are very glad to welcome Mr. Hulme's excellent version of this important essay of Bergson's which appeared in the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale* in January, 1908; for it is not only an indispensable introduction to *Creative Evolution* (1907) but also to the whole of Bergson's philosophical works. From it we can more conveniently learn the *Wesen* of the method and principles of intuitionism than anywhere else in this distinguished thinker's writings.

Though Bergson has nothing to do with the abstract conceptual absolute of the schools, on the other hand he does not jettison the term as radical empiricism would have us do. For him the absolute is the object and not its representation, the original and not its translation, as such it is perfect "by being perfectly what it is" (p. 5); it is unique. Such an absolute, however, can be given only in an intuition, while everything else falls within the province of analysis. These two methods are opposed and yet complementary. What then is this intuition which so many readers of Bergson either frankly declare they cannot understand or misrepresent by misunderstanding? Intuition, Bergson tells us, is "the kind of *intellectual sympathy* [cp. p. 59, and note the philosopher's italics in both passages stressing *both* terms] by which one places oneself within an object in order to coincide with what is unique in it and consequently inexpressible" (p. 6). This immediately synthetic activity, which must not be confounded with any logically constructed synthesis, is to be sharply separated from analysis or "the operation which reduces the object to elements already known, that is, to elements common both to it and other objects" (p. 6). Intuition is thus the 'metaphysical



investigation' of what is essential and original in the object (p. 16), in other words that reality or absolute which Bergson has called 'duration.' But though the act of intuition is called an 'investigation,' it is a simple act, whereas analysis can go on to infinity (p. 7); analysis again operates always on the immobile, whereas intuition places itself in mobility, or, what comes to the same thing, in duration (p. 40). And so, in accordance with Bergson's fundamental dogma of the priority of mobility, from intuition we may pass to analysis, but not from analysis to intuition (p. 41). But if intuition is called a 'metaphysical investigation,' we must understand 'metaphysical' in Bergson's meaning, and take the object of metaphysics to be the performance of '*qualitative differentiations and integrations*' (p. 62); it itself being no generalisation of facts but 'integral experience' (p. 79).

What, then, constitutes the essence of metaphysics and of philosophy for the protagonist of creative evolution? The vital sciences of biology, psychology and sociology are to restore metaphysics to its ancient dignity and free it from the deadening shackles of a rigid conceptualism and contentless symbolism of the mathematical order. For Bergson, metaphysics is "the means of possessing a reality absolutely instead of knowing it relatively, of placing oneself within it instead of looking at it from outside points of view, of having the intuition instead of making the analysis: in short, of seizing it without any expression, translation or symbolic representation" (pp. 7 and 8). Metaphysics must thus transcend formal concepts and ideas to reach intuition (p. 18). It is an inversion of the ordinary method, but it must in its turn be practised methodically (p. 59). Metaphysics is thus "the science which claims to dispense with symbols" (p. 8). The practice of intuition is accordingly best begun with psychology, for there is at least one reality which we all seize from within by intuition, namely 'our own personality in its flowing through time' (p. 8). If, according to Bergson, consciousness (preferably self-consciousness?) means memory, thus "inner duration is the continuous life of a memory which prolongs the past into the present" (p. 88). But we must further each seize for ourselves this 'constitutive duration of our own being,' no concept will give us this (p. 18); such 'an inner, absolute knowledge of the duration of the self by the self' is possible (p. 20). Indeed this is precisely the task of philosophy, to recover possession of 'the simple intuition of the self by the self' (p. 88). For, according to Bergson, the essence of philosophy is not utilitarian pragmatism, or simply a 'practical

knowledge [of things] aimed at the profit to be drawn from them' (p. 87); its task is the sublime destiny of striving for immediate realisation, the effort 'to transcend the human condition' (p. 65).

What, then, is the nature of the self which has to be seized by intuition? It is a multiple unity or a unitary multiplicity, and the question of first importance for philosophy is "to know exactly what unity, what multiplicity, and what reality superior both to abstract unity and multiplicity the multiple unity of the self actually is" (p. 88). It is of course in 'duration' in which is found the synthesis of this unity and multiplicity (p. 49). But this synthesis must be seized immediately, for no mingling of contrary concepts will ever give anything resembling the self that endures. Thus, "if we are shown a solid cone, we see without any difficulty how it narrows towards the summit and tends to be lost in a mathematical point, and also how it enlarges in the direction of the base into an indefinitely increasing circle. But neither the point nor the circle, nor the juxtaposition of the two on a plane, would give us the least idea of a cone" (p. 89). So also of the unity and multiplicity of mental states. But, on the contrary, "from the object, seized by intuition, we pass easily in many cases to the two contrary concepts; and as in that way thesis and anti-thesis can be seen to spring from reality, we grasp at the same time how it is that the two are opposed and how they are reconciled" (p. 84). And here it may be of interest to remark that between pure intuition and symbolical concepts and formal ideas Bergson quite rightly makes room for a fluid order of what we might call living ideas, and what Le Roy refers to as 'dynamic schemes'; these 'supple, mobile and almost fluid representations' (p. 18) are the proper instruments and province of metaphysics.

All of these notions flow from Bergson's fundamental intuition of mobility as the prior, simpler and clearer reality; for him immobility is only "the extreme limit of the slowing down of movement, a limit reached only, perhaps, in thought and never realised in nature" (p. 44). He would thus have it that the truth is precisely the contrary of the principle which dominates the whole of the philosophy which begins with Plato and culminates in Plotinus and which may be formulated as follows: "There is more in the immutable than in the moving, and we pass to the unstable from the stable by a mere diminution" (p. 64). Instead of the ever-becoming being inferior to the ever-being, the precise opposite is the case. But surely it does not follow that because the Platonists thought of the cause of motion as being superior to

the moved or even the moving, that therefore they conceived that cause as the immobile, in the sense of the static, or of the immutable as that which *cannot* move. The changeless as lord of change is not the same as the changeless which is incapable of changing, otherwise it would be slave to immobility and not absolute. The immobile, again, in so far as it is thought of as resisting mobility, instead of being regarded as a slowing down of mobility, might on the contrary be conceived as a concentration of mobility, resisting the flux of mobility, and so still more mobile than what is deemed the original mobility! And indeed Bergson himself insists on the need of concentrated effort for resisting the current of the habitual in order to arrive at intuition, and that means immobility to it, before entering a new order of mobility. If it is activism and energism and not quietism that is required, at the same time this energetic effort to withstand the flux of conventional conceptualising is an immobility of its own kind; it is a standing up against the normal flow, prior to a dive into the depths where we are supposed to coincide with the life-flux in sameness with it, and therefore, if still conscious, still retaining an immobility of a certain order. For intuition is by no means a lapse into unpurposed instinct; on the contrary, consciousness must make the effort to arrive at intuition (pp. 14, 15 and 20). Indeed Bergson says that it must be a laborious, a violent (p. 48) and even painful effort, for he would have it that we must "remount the slope of thought in order to place ourselves directly, by a kind of intellectual expansion, within the thing studied" (p. 47). But do we not thus, we may ask, succeed in immobilising ourselves in it, so to speak? What we contend for here is that there is really no more virtue in mobility than in immobility, the immediate reality becomes conscious for us in the reciprocals of mobility and immobility, spiritualisation and materialisation if you will; but we can make these terms also in their turn mutual reciprocals, in that we can regard the spiritualising process from the standpoint of both mobility and immobility, and the materialising process also from both standpoints. And indeed for the attainment of the intuition of reality, as Bergson is for ever reminding us, the "mind has to do violence to itself, has to reverse the direction of the operation by which it habitually thinks, *has perpetually to revise, or rather to recast all its categories*" (p. 59), which is also precisely what Vaihinger contends is the proper task of scientific philosophy and logical psychology. Now mobility is the prime category of all Bergson's philosophy, and this as well as all the rest of the

categories the radical intuitionist must revise and recast if he would consistently carry out the philosopher's advice.

Finally, the exponent of creative evolution declares that there is 'nothing mysterious' in intuition. "Everyone," he adds, "has had occasion to exercise it to a certain extent" (p. 76). We cannot, however, say that the example of literary composition which he gives—the need of 'something more,' besides the collection of material and preliminary study, before setting about the work of composition—throws much light on the subject even for most literary people. In any case this philosophic intuition must be sharply distinguished from the uninvited flashes of genius and the facile guesses and instinctual feelings of the unthinking: "for we do not obtain an intuition from reality—that is, an intellectual sympathy with the most intimate part of it—unless we have won its confidence by a long fellowship with its superficial manifestations" (p. 77). In other words, the scientific definition of the problem is half way to the solution. But where Bergson is of special value is in his insistence upon the need of our devising ever new concepts, or rather of our replacing the old categories by a new order of dynamic schemes, and above all of growing ever more and more conscious of the nature of these living ideas; and this we can do only by continually seeking to plunge into the life-stream itself and not being content to take snapshots of its appearances from outside.

### THIRTY SONGS FROM THE PANJAB AND KASHMIR.

Recorded by Ratan Devi, with Introduction and Translations by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, and a Foreword by Rabindranath Tagore. Printed at the Old Bourne Press. London (Luzac); 10s. 6d.

WHAT distinguishes this book from others that have from time to time appeared on non-harmonic melody in general and on Indian music in particular, is the consistent effort it makes to present the song as a whole. The tune is recorded with such fidelity as our notation admits of; the words in the original—Panjabi, Hindostani, Kashmiri—are matched to this; excellent translations of the songs are supplied; and some particulars are given about the singer or the occasion. A dozen such books would put us in a position to appreciate the atmosphere of Indian song, and to estimate the position it holds in the world's music.

That position is no inconsiderable one. In the first place,

most of the documentary evidence we possess of the theory of Greek, and of the theory and practice of Ecclesiastical music—of the last three centuries B.C. and of the tenth to the fifteenth centuries A.D.—is elucidated by the still living practice and by the elaborate and age-long theory of India. There was no collusion. The three schools of music—Greece, the Church, and India—are independent; and their similarities and divergences are proportionately interesting. But in Europe we have to be content with what our scholarship can extract; in India we may put questions and receive answers.

Secondly, melody without harmony is known to us only in Folk-song; and even this we usually accommodate with an accompaniment, and so do not really hear it as its composer—an individual or a community—conceived it. But India has raised pure melody into the domain of art; and the problems of form and execution which that involves have a special interest. The same may be true also of China and Japan, but these systems have lacked up till now an adequate exposition.

Thirdly, Indian melody is conceived in terms of the voice only. Their instrumental music echoes the inflections of the voice just as a Toccata of Merulo or a Canzona of Gabrieli was constructed on the lines of Palestrina's motets. European melody is conceived in terms of the dance as well. Try as we will, we cannot at present unthink this heritage of the dance, with the close grip on tonality, or musical perspective, which it has given us. Tonality was not, as it is a commonplace to say it was, born with Monteverde's dominant seventh, nor will it necessarily die, as Professor Stanford suggests, with Debussy's whole tone chords; the hammers are now ringing on post-impressionist anvils which are beating out a new principle of unity. It is in Indian song that we may watch the behaviour of melodic outline before the principle of direct relation to a tonic had come in—when the melody was poised between two centripetal forces, attracting it on the one hand to the note of the *tessitura* and on the other to the drone-note. Meanwhile, with the help of Dr. Felber's *Die indische Musik der vedischen und der klassischen Zeit*, 1918, we may go back one step more and trace the emergence of the liturgical chant from the recitation of the Vedas.

The popular idea of this music is that the 'quarter-tones' present a difficulty which is for us insurmountable. Mr. Clements's book, *An Introduction to the Study of Indian Music*, 1918, has shown that these quarter-tones are not entities in themselves, but

increments of or defalcations from intervals with which we are familiar. Broadly speaking, they legitimatise and order systematically those elations and depressions of the voice which every great singer among ourselves uses at will for jubilant or pathetic effect. It is not here, then, that the difficulty lies, but rather in that shift of the centre of gravity alluded to above, which gives a new and unaccountable meaning to intervals which in themselves are perfectly familiar. Where we are baffled, is in the effort to feel the convincingness of quite ordinary sequences, the 'bite,' as we might say, of the salient notes.

A good deal of cant is talked on both sides of the isthmus of Suez about this art. Comparisons of merit are made between the music of Tyagarāja and the music of Beethoven which show an imperfect acquaintance with both. Anglo-Indians who can, or will, play no instrument but the gramophone, or who if they once knew have forgotten how to sing, seldom see beyond the 'weirdness' of this 'primitive' music. Even the illuminating 'Foreword' to this book prejudices for a moment when it says "our music is the music of cosmic emotion." *The music!* It is so, and rightly, to Rabindranath Tagore, who is thinking only of the best of his country's music; but so is our best to us. The fruitful thing is for each people to understand its own music, and that other as throwing light upon its own. It is here that these Thirty Songs are a help; they produce that frame of mind in which it would be possible for a musician to go to India and receive an æsthetic impression from what he hears there.

A. H. F. S.

#### THE TRAGEDY OF EDUCATION.

By Edmond Holmes. London (Constable); pp. 100; 2s. net.

THIS trenchantly written criticism and powerful appeal, by the author of *What is and What might be*, consists of three chapters: 1. The Poison of Dogmatism; 2. The Malady; 3. The Remedy. The first chapter appeared in the January number of *THE QUEST* and the whole, in somewhat shortened form, was read at one of the meetings of the Quest Society at the end of last year. There is no doubt that of all reforms the reform of education is most pressing, and no one has this cause more at heart than Mr. Holmes. He calls for no palliatives, but for a radical cure; the whole tradition of education is wrong; the child must be freed from the tyranny of dogmatic pressure, and allowed to evolve itself

naturally. Education should be a branch of the great service or art of 'growth-craft.' Children should be allowed, with suitable and sympathetic guidance, to work out their own salvation. Mr. Holmes believes firmly, if not in the original goodness of the heart of man, as did the Taoist of old, at any rate that the majority of children, if allowed to grow and develop naturally, have a far larger fund of spontaneous goodness in them than we have any conception of. He is an enthusiast for the Montessori system and a determined opponent of the soulless machine-system that grinds out 'results' and lets character take care of itself. Learning should be made a pleasure, not a task; the children should have a good time. We are very willing that the lives of the little ones should be made as happy as possible and that schooldays should be remembered with pleasure; but experience teaches that in life we have mostly to do things we do not like. If only we could be taught in childhood to do whatever has to be done with keenness and pleasure, *irrespective of whether we personally desired it or not*, how excellently would we be equipped for the struggles of after-life! But, on the other hand, how hard is self-discipline, let alone joy in duty, to achieve even with the best will in the world, and when the whole desire of the man or woman is set upon it! And are children made of sterner stuff? And who, again, of us in after years is not glad that he was *made* to do certain things by his teachers in childhood that he would have indubitably shirked if left to himself? Education should not consist only in the 'bringing out' of what is there, but also in the 'putting in' of a good deal. It is true that much of what is 'put in' had better be left out; but children must be taught and not allowed simply to educate themselves in pleasant surroundings.

#### A PRISONER IN FAIRYLAND.

The Book that 'Uncle Paul' wrote. By Algernon Blackwood.  
London (Macmillan); pp. 506; 6s.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD has so securely established himself in the first rank as a deft and suggestive writer on the eerie and mysterious, as a skilful weaver of psychological and psychical romance, and the creator of a fair faërydom of his own devising, that the announcement of a new work from his pen means for most of us the sure earnest of spending some more delightful hours in his company. And on this occasion we have been more impatient than usual to make acquaintance with his *Prisoner in Fairyland*,

for it purports to be the book that 'Uncle Paul' wrote, and *The Education of Uncle Paul* is a very pleasant memory with us. What this new fairyland of Mr. Blackwood's creative genius is, and how it was made, and who was imprisoned, we must leave the reader to discover for himself at leisure, for indeed the complicated plot is not easy to summarise. On its faëry side it has all to do with star-stuff, and star-rays and star-bodies, and getting 'out,' and helping folk in sleep, and keeping oneself innocent and child-like, and the power of kind thoughts and sympathy. On the 'wumbled' side, there is a host of delightful people to make acquaintance with, especially the children Jimbo, Monkey and Jane Anne, not to mention the cat, Mère Ricquette. It is only at the end that the creator of this fairyland turns up in the form of the 'Little Countess,' and love at first sight follows and the prisoner is still more imprisoned. We should have preferred ourselves to see that dainty little lady turn up earlier in the narrative; Mr. Blackwood does not give us enough of her and, we venture to think, spins out some of the other incidents at somewhat too great a length. Nevertheless it is all a delightful piece of pleasant phantasy.

#### PSALMS OF THE EARLY BUDDHISTS.

II.—Psalms of the Brethren. By Mrs. Rhys Davids, Fellow of University College, London, Lecturer in Indian Philosophy, Manchester University, etc. Published for the Pali Text Society. London (Frowde); pp. 446; 10s. net.

PART I.—*Psalms of the Sisters*—of this collection of Pre-Asokan verses known as the *Thera-theri-gâtâ*, or Songs of the Elders, Brethren and Sisters, was published in 1909, and reviewed in the April number of *THE QUEST*, 1910. In the same issue there also appeared Mrs. Rhys Davids' arresting paper on 'The Love of Nature in Buddhist Poems.' In it was finely brought out this pleasing and unexpected characteristic of these early ascetics. With ample quotations from her already published and charming renderings of the Spiritual Songs of the Sisters and from the still unpublished Psalms of the Brethren, Mrs. Rhys Davids easily vindicated her claim to their priority as nature-lovers centuries before the earliest examples of the love of nature in the West. We now heartily congratulate Mrs. Rhys Davids on the successful conclusion of her long labours and thank her unreservedly for making accessible to us one more monument of



Buddhist piety. These old-world sacred poems are preserved in the Short Group of the Sutta Collection of the Pāli Canon, and, though the majority of the names of the poets and poetesses are otherwise unknown, are in all probability genuinely early documents. The psalms are severally introduced by the prefaces of Dhammapāla's commentary (5th or 6th century A.D.), which preserve the brief traditions and legends of these ancient saints and the occasion of their poetic utterances. The doctrine of all the poems is indubitably early, and many of them are intended to be records of spiritual conversion or the finding of salvation; this is technically known as 'ac-knowledging' (*aññā*). It is the attainment of *arahatta*, that is the state of arahantship or holiness (the fruit of which is said to be *aññā*, that is, spiritual knowledge, Lat. *agnitio*, Gk. *gnōsis*); it is said that this is preceded by the two stages of illumination which bestowed the memory of past births and of the celestial vision. On this interesting custom of confession Mrs. Rhys Davids writes as follows in her illuminating introduction (p. xxxiii.):

"The history of this term, of its use and of its *non-use*, in Buddhism has not yet been written. Signifying literally *ad-sciens*, 'ac-knowledging,' *aññā* is used in the Suttanta books to signify that mental flash, or suffusion of intuitive knowledge and assurance of 'salvation,' constituting emancipation or arahantship. The Buddha testifies to having realised it under the Bodhi-Tree, but uses the kindred, less specialised word, *nāṇa*. In the mouth of bhikkhus such testifying was no guarantee of right (*sammā*) gnosis; it might be made through mental illusion, conceit, frenzy, or even evil design. Genuine, or *summa-d-aññā*, is, of course, intended by the Commentary. . . . That the testifying to it is as old as the Four *Nikāyas*, appears from the little episode in the *Anguttara Nikāya*, iii. 359:—Two disciples who have newly realised this intuitive knowledge or gnosis, wait upon the Buddha and testify to the same before him. As they again depart, the Buddha remarks: 'Even so do men of true breed declare gnosis (*aññā*);—they tell of the good they have won (*attha*), but they do not bring in their ego (*attā*).' That the public individual testimony to the assurance of salvation won, invited yesterday and to-day in Christian revivalist meetings, should have been thus anticipated 2,000 years ago in Buddhist usage, is an interesting link."

Not only so, but we may add that the Buddhist 'revivalism' of this remote past required more of the convert than

emotional exaltation. Genuine 'conversion' did not supervene immediately from the preaching; the determination to achieve, which the hearer vowed in his heart, when convinced emotionally or intellectually by the preaching, had to be actualised by strenuous discipline and long labour; then, and only then, when spiritual gnosis in the mode of an inner becoming had been gained, could the convert come forward and testify that he had realised the truth of Buddhist salvation.

It is unnecessary to add that the volume is replete with the fruit of ripe scholarship, and that the signs of unremitting care and labour are on every page. Mrs. Rhys Davids is very modest about her verse-renderings of these 264 psalms; but, apart from one or two terms, such as 'the Wake' for the Buddha and 'the Norm' for the Dhamma, we think she has achieved a high level of success.

#### THE IMMANENCE OF GOD IN RABBINICAL LITERATURE.

J. Abelson, M.A., D.Lit., Principal of Aria College, Portsmouth.  
London (Macmillan); pp. 387; 10s. net.

WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to this excellent study on the leading conceptions of Talmudic mysticism. Already they are acquainted with Dr. Abelson's quality and ripe scholarship by his paper in our last issue, and we shall very shortly have a volume from his pen on 'Jewish Mysticism' in the Quest Series. Dr. Abelson's thesis is that although the doctrine of the transcendence of God is fundamental in Judaism, it is not absolute, and that there are glimpses and suggestions of the doctrine of divine immanence even in the O.T. itself. And he continues (p. 14): "Investigation has made clear to me that the O.T. doctrine of angels, its frequent references to the spirit of God, its occasional references to the Holy Spirit, and its few other stray and spasmodic hints on the Immanence of God, are the immediate forerunners, we might say the parents, of the Rabbinic doctrines of Schechinah and Holy Spirit, terms which . . . connote the Rabbinic teachings of the Immanence of God." The essay thus treats mainly of the concepts of the Glory or Presence (Schechinah) and of the Holy or Divine Spirit (Ruah-ha-Kadesh), the chief aspects of the Divine Immanence, as developed by Talmudic Rabbinism, which was, in our opinion, strongly influenced, as far at least as the former conception is concerned, by the dominant Persian idea of the Divine Light, as

the glory or presence of God or King. The volume under notice breaks quite fresh ground in the wide field of Jewish studies, and is of interest not only as skilfully bringing out the similarities and differences between Rabbinic mystical notions and early Christian conceptions, but also indirectly as a contribution to present-day theology, as when Dr. Abelson writes: "Our answer from the modern standpoint to the question, 'What are the relations of the Supreme Divine Spirit to the universe and man, must be, that this Spirit is a *personal* God possessed of intelligence, reason, will, purpose, and love, who is the Power behind all phenomena. He is omnipotent. Every particle of creation reveals Him. He is eternally active. And it is by this eternal activity and eternal self-manifestation that He is directly known to us. Here we have our definition of Immanence. It is at once an answer to (a) Pantheism, which is synonymous with materialism; (b) the rationalistic Deism of the eighteenth century, which with its too great leaning upon transcendence, placed God outside the world and deprived Him of any influence therein; (c) a good deal of modern Agnosticism, which derives many of its arguments from the professed inability to reconcile many theological teachings, as *e.g.* Biblical miracles, inspiration, with the universally accepted dogmas of modern science. God indwells His creation, He is Infinite in power and Infinite Love manifested in and through this finite world of things and men. This is the way in which the best modern thinking presents God. This is the meaning of the phrase 'Divine Immanence'" (pp. 82, 83). For ourselves we do not acknowledge the necessity of being forced to choose between the categories 'personal' and 'impersonal'; God is personal in man and impersonal in nature, and neither theology nor philosophy can answer the greatest of all riddles in any really satisfactory way, and say what God really is. Nor is pantheism any more synonymous with materialism than with spiritualism in a philosophical sense; we have never been able to understand why pantheism should be such a bugbear to a certain type of theologian.

#### COSMIC ART.

And other Addresses. By Charles Spencer. London (Watkins); pp. 88; 2s. net.

THIS little book contains many stimulating ideas within its short space. The idea of truth, envisaged as that which *is*, is apt by comparison to make the world of phenomena seem like a

kaleidoscopic show, meaningless, incoherent, unreal. Mr. Spencer, however, would have us believe that life is not necessarily divorced from truth but may be a reflection of it. It is the mirror, the that which is not and yet is. Without this mirror which is nature—time, space, motion—the ‘I,’ he says, would be for ever unknown and unknowable. In this magic mirror we get a glimpse of what we really are. “All the wonderful phenomena [of this universe] exist solely by virtue and for the purpose of expressing, manifesting that which for ever eludes definition.” This is Divine or Cosmic Art.

Man also can achieve the impossible, give definitions to that which is indefinable, by means of art. The artist indeed defines, but in his very definition lurks the nameless ; the rightness of his art is inexplicable, for the Absolute comes forth into existence in the work of genius. The artist not only creates, he also interprets. Turner taught us to see the ‘infinite splendour and glory of a sunset’ and Corot has initiated us into the mysteries of another aspect of nature, that of ‘an indescribable calm, rest and peace.’ But the principal function in art, both for artist and beholder, is perhaps to free the little personal self from its imprisoning limitations. “Men cannot enjoy fine music, landscape or poetry if they are thinking about the gain or loss of material possessions.” Love of beauty helps us to give up our petty interests, to break through the circle of our egoism. And life itself may be made an art “if only we are willing to pay the price—that of unremitting care and patience, love and self-sacrifice which alone promote the manifestation of anything beautiful.”

The five addresses which follow are related to the same subject, namely to art as pre-eminently the expression of the One Self. A vein of optimism runs through the whole. The true artist, says the writer, sees Beauty and Goodness everywhere. “For him all evil is gathered up and transmuted into good.” “We are even now living in a perfect world of harmony and order. . . . But we have interpreted it crookedly ; we have thrown a veil over it from wrong thinking ; we have divorced ourselves in many ways from the real world in which we live. . . . We have built chambers of imagery for ourselves and persist in living in them.” To be saved we have to know ourselves, to get rid of the accumulated rubbish which the past has stored up in us, “the accumulation of subconscious involuntary thinking. We must stay our minds on the axioms of Divine Reason which reveal to us a perfect mind and a perfect body in a perfect universe.”

This sounds to most of us too good to be true, but after all who can say where the effects of true vision shall cease or set a limit to the actualisation of the Ideal in time and space? The great thing is to look inwardly instead of outwardly. If we deny the false idea that we are slaves in Egypt and recognise and affirm our kingly heritage, "we shall set all the machinery of the universe to work for us instead of *against* us."

Enough has now been said to show that these essays, though somewhat fragmentary in form, as the writer acknowledges in his preface, are certainly the work of a refined and thoughtful mind, of one who has something of the true mystic sense, and also in no small degree the love of art and of all things beautiful.

F. T.

#### A HANDBOOK OF MYSTICAL THEOLOGY.

Being an Abridgment of 'Il Direttorio Mistico,' by G. B. Scaramelli, S.J. By D. A. S. Nicholson. London (Watkins); pp. 176; 2s. net.

SCARAMELLI was born at Rome in 1687 and died at Macerata in 1752. His famous *Direttorio Mistico*, though translated into Latin, French, German, Spanish and Polish, has never yet been done into English. Pending a full version, to match the translation of this able writer's *Direttorio Ascetico*, which appeared in 1870-71, in four volumes, at Dublin, the present abridgment is a very opportune and useful piece of work; indeed, even if we had a full translation, it would still be of service, for it is exceedingly well done and a most convenient summary. Mr. Nicholson and his publisher are to be thanked for making accessible to a wider public than the full text would attract, a work of first importance which sums up and systematises the main types of mystical experience within the Roman Catholic Church, lays down rules of discipline for its ecstasies and canons for testing the worth of their experiences,—all of course, within the four corners of its dogmatic theology. There is, however, a large amount of common sense, bred of long experience, in the way that this Church deals with its ecstasies, and it would do the many modern psychics, outside the Roman communion, who think themselves mystics, a world of good to read, mark and inwardly digest this treatise. On the other hand, the dogmatic canon for testing the reliability of a revelation, *viz.* that it must be "in strict conformity with the teachings of the Church," excludes entirely the possibility of any

really new light from within, and would have put the Gospel itself out of court had it, *mutatis mutandis*, been applied in the days of Jesus, though quite in keeping with the intransigence of a Church that has so bitterly opposed every advance in human knowledge; it is the same spirit that has ever persecuted the prophets, though we quite agree that the prophets should be called strictly to account before they are accepted as of God. Again the arrogance of this Church with regard to non-Christians, though, contradictorily enough, laying down humility as the chief of all the virtues, is naïvely evidenced in the statement: "The existence of ecstasies in non-Christians necessitates the admission that such states may be produced naturally, and not directly by God." The discriminating student, however, can neglect such mediævalisms, and turn his attention to much that is of solid worth in the treatise.

#### THE DIWAN OF ZEB-UN-NISSA.

The first Fifty Ghazals rendered from the Persian by Magan Lal and Jessie Duncan Westbrook, with an Introduction and Notes. Wisdom of the East Series. London (Murray); pp. 112; 2s. net.

THE Mogul princess Zeb-un-Nissa (the Glory of Womankind), eldest daughter of the Emperor Aurungzebe, was born in 1689 and died in 1689. She was a highly cultured lady, and in religion a Sūfi; though a great beauty, she never married. Judging by her poems her life cannot have been a happy one; there is throughout a note of melancholy and unsatisfied longing which finds expression in graceful Sūfic modes that have a special Hindu fragrance of their own. She continued the tradition of Akbar in the liberalism of her views, which looked towards the unification of religions, and added to a profound knowledge of Islam, a knowledge of Hinduism and Zoroastrianism. The collection of her poems, known as the *Diwan-i-Makhfi* or *Book of the Hidden One*, has always been highly esteemed, and even to-day is a great favourite among the Persian-reading public in India. The nature of Makhfi's love-songs may be seen in the couplets:

"I have no hope, no comfort, anywhere,  
Caught by the fluttering tresses of thy hair.

"No flower can open in my garden bed  
Until my heart's blood dies its petals red."

Here we have the portrayal of the love-lorn soul caught in the toils of a Divine passion, an unending theme with the poetess, as again when she sings :

“ My tears fail, for they must ;  
The spring that fed their fountains has run dry ;  
Give me Thy peace, O Lord ; for what am I ?  
Only a handful of afflicted dust.

“ But flowers of hope return  
To bloom within my garden of desire,  
For God can call even from flames of fire  
Tulips like torches to arise and burn.”

Miss Westbrook is to be congratulated on the final form she has given to the renderings of the first fifty of the five hundred or so of these love-poems ; they make an interesting addition to the excellent Wisdom of the East Series.

#### EARLY ENGLISH INSTRUCTIONS AND DEVOTIONS.

Rendered into Modern English by Geraldine E. Hodgson, D.Litt.,  
Lecturer in Education in the University of Bristol.  
London (Watkins) ; pp. 147 ; 2s. net.

THE directness and simplicity of language and thought of these pieces of early English piety have a peculiar charm of their own even for those who have passed far beyond the strait orthodoxy of the times in which they were written. There is a sturdiness about it all that is invigorating, and the instruction goes straight to the point, even when the exegesis is very questionable. The contents include: Extracts from 12th century Homilies on Confession and Good Works, from the 14th century treatise called ‘The Again-biting of Conscience’ (‘Ayenbit of Inwyt’), from the 15th century ‘Mirror of Our Lady,’ and the 12th century ‘Lay Folks’ Mass Book’; also from certain ‘Meditations,’ by Bonaventura ‘drawn into’ English by Robert Manning in the 14th century. There is also an 11th century ‘Hymn to S. Dunstan,’ a ‘Præparatio Eucharistiæ’ of the 15th century, and some poems to the Blessed Virgin from the Lambeth MS. 858. The morals are excellent, the theology is orthodox, but the exegesis sometimes quaint as when we read—probably an echo from the *Philologus vitæ* some mediæval bestiary: “There is an adder that is called in Latin *aspis*, that is of such a kind that she stoppeth that one ear with earth, and that other with her tail that she hear

not the charmer"; and sometimes no more unsatisfactory than it has remained unto the present, as when the 'Lead us not into temptation' clause of the *Pater Noster* is glossed as follows: "Suffer us not for our unkindness and demerits to fall to sin by any temptation. This is a petition heartily to be asked. For none may profit in virtue without temptation, nor none may withstand any temptation be he never so perfect without special help and grace of God. And therefore, pray we our Father fearfully and desirously by this petition, not to keep us from temptation, but to keep us that we fall not by any temptation"—all no doubt very excellent and very satisfactory to the devout, but having not the remotest connection with the text "*et ne nos inducas in tentationem.*"

#### ETERNAL LIFE.

A Study of its Implications and Applications. By Baron Friederich von Hügel, author of 'The Mystical Element of Religion,' etc. Edinburgh (T. and T. Clark); pp. l. + 448; 8s. net.

THE intense conviction of the author of the supreme reality and incalculable importance of his subject characterises this volume from the first to the last page. The major part of the work is taken up with an able survey of the main movements in thought and religion as represented by the dominant personalities who did most to shape them, so as to discover how they advance or hinder the progressive apprehension of the nature of this transcendent ideal as it is conceived of by the essayist. The survey, however, is practically confined to the Western world, for the great Oriental religions, which in their highest phases are so rich in spiritual experience, are dismissed in some seven pages. Baron von Hügel writes from the standpoint of one who is whole-heartedly devoted to the Christian faith, and a staunch adherent of the Roman Catholic communion. At the same time, in the field of religion, he frequently refers to the works of members of other communions, and bestows unstinted praise where he feels able to give it, while in the domain of philosophy he generously recognises the virtues of every earnest attempt to grapple with the well-nigh superhuman problem of the nature of spiritual being and the mystery of the divine life, even when he thinks the view he is treating wrong-headed or profoundly disagrees with it. What, however, is plain on every page, and it is much to say, is that the unessential is always subordinated, and most strenuous efforts made to get to



the heart of the matter, whatever the views may be that come up for consideration. It would be too lengthy an undertaking to summarise even the chief points in the survey of the ground that this wide-read and highly equipped scholar and deep thinker has covered, seeing that his own careful summary even of the contents of the volume covers no less than thirty pages. In any case, what is of chief interest in such an enquiry is not so much the detailed appreciations and criticisms, valuable as they may be, as the statement of the final positions and conclusions arrived at by one who has undertaken so profound a study,—the something positive for him, his affirmations concerning the nature of the reality of the deepest religious experience as he apprehends it. Though these can be only very roughly suggested without quoting Baron von Hügel *in extenso*, we must do the best we can, reminding the reader that there are many qualifications and elaborations that have to be omitted.

The development of the consciousness of Eternal Life is to be found in religious experience alone; it is outside the province of science, while philosophy, as such, has not been able to do more than analyse and classify this religious conviction, or perhaps it would be better to say, find in its domain certain intimations and requirements converging to such a conviction. Philosophy alone has never been able to attain to this conviction for itself. As the author is convinced that priority must be given to personality as the fundamental reality, it follows that eternal life is not a cause but an effect, a relation between realities; it is the activity, the effect of God, or man, or of both. The beyond subject and object notion of the spiritual life seems thus to be excluded. In estimating the nature of Eternal Life in its fulness, that is of the Divine Life, and distinguishing it from Eternal Life as man can apprehend it, Baron von Hügel invokes the aid of the illuminating idea of duration, for the bringing of which into clearer definition than any other thinker has done, he warmly praises Bergson in the body of the work. The following paragraph, which we quote textually, brings out clearly the dominant thought that has guided the author throughout his study.

“Eternal Life in the fullest thinkable sense, involves three things, the plenitude of all goods and of all energisings that abide; the entire self-consciousness of the Being Which constitutes, and Which is expressed by, all these goods and energisings; and the pure activity, the non-successiveness, the simultaneity, of this Being in all It has, all It is. Eternal Life, in this sense, precludes

not only space, not only clock-time, that artificial chain of mutually exclusive, ever equal movements, but even *duration*, time as actually experienced by man, with its overlapping, interpenetrating successive stages. But Eternal Life precludes space and clock-time because of the very intensity of its life. The simultaneity is here the fullest expression of Supreme Richness, the unspeakable Concreteness, the overwhelming Aliveness of God; and is at the opposite pole from all empty unity, all mere being—any or all abstractions whatever" (p. 888).

This well brings out the dominant thought of our author, who is for ever insisting on the richness, abidingness and costliness of the spiritual life. But the above three characteristics of Eternal Life in its fullest sense exist in God alone. In man it is quasi-eternal, so to speak, or durational. It is real, very real, but seems to range between the true divine simultaneity and spatialised or clock-time; though unending it is never boundless, nor does it become entirely actual, at least down here, in any form of normal consciousness. Though necessarily the Eternal Living Spirit is incomprehensible by our own spirit, yet owing to our 'likeness in unlikeness' to it, it can be, and is, continuously apprehended by us, "since that Spirit really permeates us and all creatures," nevertheless God is ever transcendent. Duration, then, "is, for us men, not a barrier against Eternal Life, but the very stuff and means in and by which we vitally experience and apprehend that Life." But space and clock-time also have their virtues, are indeed indispensable for the development of the consciousness of Eternal Life, and that, too, together with mathematics and physics and their radical determinism. "For they provide that *preliminary* Pantheism, that transition through fate and utter dehumanisation, which will allow the soul to affirm, ultimately and as ultimate, a Libertarianism and Personalism free from all sentimentality and slovenliness, and immune against the attacks of *ultimate* Pantheism, which can *now* be vanquished as only the caricature of the poorer half of a far richer whole" (p. 886). Yet, strange to say, there have been and are men of profoundly spiritual lives, especially in the East, who have looked to the 'all in all' as precisely the consummation devoutly to be wished and for whom pantheism in this sense holds no fears but only joys ineffable. Both classes of souls feel the fulness, it is the mind that divides them. But to continue and conclude. And not only spacial concepts but material things must play their proper part in helping towards the development of the consciousness

of Eternal Life. The Life of the Spirit should never mean here for man aloofness from material things and the bodily senses, but rather a wise contact with them, so that there may come to man a progressive awakening by their means. Much else could be gleaned even from the summary of conclusions, but enough has now been written to give the reader some notion of the thought and spirit of a deep thinker and sincere worshipper; for the rest, and there is much else, the book must not only be read but studied. It remains only to add that it is furnished with one of the best indexes we have ever met with.

#### THE HISTORY OF MAGIC.

Including a Clear and Precise Exposition of its Procedure, its Rites and Mysteries. By Éliphas Lévi (Alphonse Louis Constant). Translated, with Preface and Notes, by Arthur Edward Waite. The Original Illustrations are included and Portraits of the Author. London (Rider); pp. 536; 15s. net.

THE original appeared in 1860 and is one of the half-dozen works on the 'occult arts' by this eccentric, paradoxical, evasive, but at times brilliant, writer. Mr. Waite has already, a number of years ago, given us a digest of Éliphas Lévi's works under the title *Mysteries of Magic* and also a translation of his *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*. The ex-Abbé Alphonse Louis Constant was not the man to write history of any kind. He was a born *romancier* who knew well how to adorn a tale; but it is impossible to rely on him as a sober chronicler. In his Preface Mr. Waite gives us a sufficient biography of this modern 'magus,' and a judicious appreciation of his complex character and literary output, and in numerous notes corrects his mis-statements. These notes, however, might have been indefinitely increased, for there is hardly a page of Lévi's that might not be criticised as to statement of fact, quite apart from all questions of opinion. Nevertheless, in spite of its provoking character, the book is very readable and contains much of interest. We do not, however, propose either to summarise or to criticise it; that would require a special article. A question of greater importance is: What are we to think of Éliphas Lévi as a student of magic and a professor of the *Kabalah*? We must confess that we are not much impressed with him. As to the *Kabalah*, which he speaks of in the most exaggerated terms, he evidently knew nothing but what

he could pick up from Knorr von Rosenroth's chaos of inaccurate Latin translations of the Zoharic documents, misnamed *Kabbala Denudata*. He knows nothing of the literary history of this 'esoteric' Talmud, and overlays its mysticism with all kinds of magical lumber. As to his magical pretensions, was Éliphas Lévi a charlatan or did he know anything really that could justify his boastful claims to be in possession of the key to its mysteries? Well, many years ago, we had in our possession a thousand letters of Éliphas Lévi written to one of his few pupils over a long series of years, and also three or four unpublished MSS., and finally a copy of what was considered to be the great secret—a series of pantacles or magical diagrams. This curious collection was regarded by the owner as very precious, and might still have been in our possession if we had consented to play the part of 'master' to the then venerable pupil of the deceased 'magus.' But as we did not happen to be in that line of business, we returned the documents to their owner. Now what was there in those thousand letters? It must be confessed that they were very disappointing. There was a hash and rehash of letter and number mystery-mongering, and speculations about the Sephiroth, and so on, interlarded with portentous hints about mysteries that could not be revealed or with tempting promises to disclose the real key later on. We do not say that Éliphas Lévi was a conscious charlatan; he probably believed in the value of a good deal of the lucubrations he concocted with so much ingenuity, and at times with much literary grace; but it was nevertheless all perilously near to charlatantry. And what of the famous MS. book of pantacles of which so much mystery was made? The 'magus' himself claimed that they were the instruments of 'transcendental magic,' of high evocation and holy theurgy. What, however, was evident even to an unpsychic nose was that the MS. simply stank; it further transpired that a young friend of ours and his wife who undertook to copy these precious 'keys' and who happened to be sensitive, had a very exciting time of it while the MS. was in their house. What Lévi believed about ceremonial magic he tells us at great length, but how far he had really practical knowledge of it is not very easy to discover; there was, however, one 'key' to the phenomena of which he was in possession. He knew something of mèsmerism and hypnotism, of 'animal magnetism,' and of the power of the imagination and self-suggestion; and he had got hold of the idea of what he calls the 'vital light' of nature, the 'open sesame'

of that great 'magical arcanum,' to use the cant of those *illuminati* of sorts of the time into whose doctrines he had very probably been initiated to some degree. It was Lévi who popularised the idea of the so-called 'astral light,' and his theories on the subject at times get on to the track of something of importance. For it is quite legitimate to believe that there are natural vital forces, just as there are physical natural forces; and quite reasonable to expect that science ere long will learn to use such forces as she now uses electricity. Mental and spiritual healing is effected by these vital agencies, and the whole play of the imagination of man and nature is conditioned by a vital medium through which these forces operate. Lévi accounts for all mediumistic phenomena through its agency and invokes it to explain all kinds of magical and theurgical appearances. It is true that he rode the hypothesis to death and made the label 'astral light' account for much with which it has nothing to do; nevertheless he did call attention to one of the genuine 'keys' to psychical knowledge. How mixed, how inaccurate and fantastic, and yet how suggestive he was, may be seen by quoting in conclusion one of his numerous passages referring to the subject:

"The truth is that the evocation of elementary spirits implies power to coagulate fluids by a projection of the Astral Light, and this power, so directed, can produce only disorders and misfortunes. . . . The grounds of the hypothesis and the evidence of its probability follow: Spirit is everywhere, and is that which animates matter; it overcomes the force of gravity by perfecting the vehicle which is its form. We see everywhere around us how form develops with instincts, till intelligence and beauty are attained: these are efforts of the light attracted by the charm of the spirit; they are part of the mystery of progressive and universal generation.

"The light is the efficient agent of forms and life, because it is both motion and heat. When fixed and polarised about a centre, it produces a living being and draws thereafter the plastic substance needed to perfect and preserve it. This plastic substance is, in the last analysis, formed of earth and water and, with good reason, is denominated slime [?] of the earth in the Bible. But this light is in no wise spirit, as believed by the Indian hierophants [!] and all schools of Goëtia: it is only the spirit's instrument. Nor is it the body of the *protoplastes*, though so regarded by theurgists of the school of Alexandria [!].

It is the first physical manifestation of the Divine Breath. God creates it eternally and man, who is in the image of God, modifies and seems to multiply it " (p. 110).

TANTRA OF THE GREAT LIBERATION.

Mahānirvāṇa Tantra. A Translation from the Sanskrit, with Introduction and Commentary. By Arthur Avalon. London (Luzac); pp. cxlvi + 859; 10s. net.

THE Tantras are a voluminous collection of rituals, rites and practices containing a mass of magical and mystical formulæ for the worship of the deities and for the attainment of super-human powers. They are mostly set forth in the form of an imagined dialogue between Shiva, the supreme creator, and Shakti, his active, creative energy or power, personified as the divine feminine. In his preface, Mr. Avalon says that these Tantras constitute the scriptures (*shāstra*) of the Kaliyuga, that is of the present supposedly degenerate (4th) age of the world, and are "the voluminous source of present and practical orthodox 'Hinduism.' " So far scholars have fought very shy of this Tāntrik and Shākta library, and with good reason. It is throughout involved with the equivocal symbolism of sex, and it is inextricably tangled up with a host of practices that are quite incomprehensible to the modern Western mind and with magical rites that are not infrequently sorcery pure and simple or worse. We doubt very much whether "orthodox 'Hinduism' " in general would acknowledge the parentage Mr. Avalon ascribes to it, even if we take the *Mahānirvāṇa Tantra*—by far the best of the lot—as the criterion of such orthodoxy. As a matter of fact the Tāntrika practices are generally looked upon by the educated in India with grave distrust when not condemned outright. It is all such a fearsome mixture of light and darkness, good and bad, sanity and insanity, that the subject is one of the most difficult to disentangle. An air of mystery surrounds everything connected with it; the overt prescriptions, it is averred, are frequently veilings of an esoteric doctrine; as Mr. Avalon says, "the key to much of its terminology and method rest with the initiate." On the other hand, as far as *The Tantra of the Great Liberation* is concerned, it is not only a ritual book and liturgy but also a law-book; it is a collection of rites and customs and practices for the regulation of life and religion transparently collected from the most heterogeneous

sources, and authenticated for the faithful by the device of setting it all forth in a revelation of Mahādeva to Durgā, that is of the secret instruction of Shiva to his divine consort. The idea is that the present feeble age has not the courage and determination and spiritual energy of the good old Vaidik times which produced the great sages and saints; the deity, therefore, in compassion is supposed to have relaxed the old rules and substituted for them laxer disciplines and less arduous forms of ritual and ceremony and modes of worship.

The complete MS. of this Tantra is very hard to obtain, and the present translation is of the first part only, the remaining part (which is generally believed to be lost) containing about twice as many *shlokas* as the first. Mr. Avalon has come across only one complete copy of the work, and was permitted to copy it only on condition that the second part should not be translated. The Nepalese pandit who owned it, gave as the reason for this stipulation that "virtue not being a condition precedent for the acquisition of *siddhi* [i.e. superhuman powers] in such *mantras* [invocations, incantations, chants and verbal magical formulæ, etc.], their publication might enable the evilly disposed to work harm against others, a crime which, he added, was, in his own country where the Tantra was current, punishable by the civil power." Mr. Avalon argued that the publication of the *mantras* without a knowledge of the *prayoga*, or directions for their use, which cannot be learned from books, would in any case be ineffectual. He, however, could not make the pandit budge from his position. This incident, he thinks, is proof that there is a lofty as well as a degraded Tantrism, and adds: "There are some to whom the Tantra, though they may not have read a line of it, is 'nothing but black magic,' and all its followers are 'black magicians.' This is of course absurd. In this connection I cannot avoid interposing the observation that certain practices are described in Tantra which, though they are alleged to have the results described therein, yet exist 'for delusion.' The true attitude of the higher Tāntrika is illustrated by the action of the pandit who, if he disappointed my expectations, at any rate by his refusal afforded an answer to these too general allegations."

There are Bengālī and Hindi translations of the first part of the Tantra, and also an imperfect English version made by a Bengālī editor some twelve years ago. We also remember reading a translation, probably of selections, that ran for some time in *The Theosophist* a number of years ago. Mr. Avalon's translation

is, therefore, a very useful piece of work, and practically opens up for us a new field of study, though perhaps the most baffling in the whole vast complex of Hindu religion. It cannot, however, be said that the method Mr. Avalon has adopted will be of much use to those who are ignorant of Sanskrit. His indispensable introduction, without which the text would be utterly unmeaning to the vast majority of readers, able though it is, is crammed with Sanskrit technical terms, which are not systematically translated or explained; there is no index and no glossary, and one has to turn backwards and forwards to find the meaning, and often in vain. The frequent reference 'See Introduction,' when the Introduction runs to 146pp., is irritating, to say the least of it. Sanskrit quotations are frequently given without translation, and in general the non-knower of Sanskrit is out of it. From one point of view, however, this is an advantage. The Tantra is sure to attract the attention of the host of the curious, the charlatans and 'occultists,' and the rest of the motley crowd who are out after 'powers'; but as most of them are unable to use a Sanskrit dictionary, they will get as little out of it as out of a magical papyrus.

For the serious student of comparative religion, however, the Tantra is a mine of information. The intransigent rationalist, and for that matter the protestant type of mind in general, will, of course, make little of it; but the man who knows something of ritual and ceremony and of the elaborate methods of inducing psychological religious states by means of external acts devised to aid the imagination in building up subjective instruments for communication with the invisible world and its life and intelligence, will find in this Tāntrik literature a living tradition which will enable him to find a clue to many a puzzle in the mystery and magical cults of Western antiquity. We have here an elaborate art of *mantravidyā*, the science of sounds used deliberately to bring about modifications not only in the physical atmosphere, but also, when used mentally, to induce transformation in the subtle surround or vehicle of extended consciousness, which is one of the fundamental postulates of traditional Indian psychology. Moreover we find in the Tantra an elaborate art of breathing, as it were a science of the control of the breath, and also elaborate practices whereby the vital currents, forces or ethers, are manipulated and the normal automatism of the body consciously utilised for various purposes, and, finally, a method of awakening a mysterious power in the body which, it is said, can be used to bring into activity a series of centres that are normally inactive, but when vitalised become as



it were the generators of an inner nervous system subtler than the physical.

The main characteristic of the Tantra is the cult of the female principle, in nature and in supernature, and this cult of the mother is by far the most popular form of worship in India. The outer forms of the cult are designed to lead up to the inner psychological practices, but it is to be conjectured that comparatively few know much about this side. The people perform the outer ceremonies quite mechanically without the slightest knowledge of their meaning or interest. What lies at the back of this Shākta cult, as of other modes of psychological religion in India, is the conviction that it is possible for the worshipper to create out of himself a subtle form or image in which he can enjoy union with a super-human consciousness, or with a mode of divine life or aspect of divine mind. It is a sublimation so to say of 'idol worship.' The worshipper calls into existence and builds up by means of external rites and chiefly by incantatory formulæ this image, which is as it were a new body for himself of a subtle nature; he then proceeds to vitalise it, and endow it with centres or organs of extended sense and action, and to clothe it with a symbolic form of a celestial nature, and then to transfer his own centre of consciousness to it, and so finally unite himself with a being of super-human life and intelligence. Such is the report of the tradition and such the assertion of these Tāntrik and other shāstras. From one point of view it is perhaps the most elaborate system of auto-suggestion in the world. But when we have said this we have simply used a label and explained nothing; for though one side of it is purely psychical and mental, the other side is very definitely physical and magical.

Sufficient has now been said to give the reader some slight indication of the problems and puzzles that await solution in this strange world of religious practice and experience contained in the Tantras. There are few who are in any way competent even to study the subject, much less to deal with it. Mr. Avalon is a courageous pioneer into this unknown land; he has already edited two Tāntrik texts and has two others in preparation. He also promises us three works, the first of which is already in the press—namely, *Principles of Tantra*, *The Six Centres*, and *The Ocean of Kula Tantra*. We wish him success in his labours, even though we are well aware that he is opening a door for many fools to rush in where angels fear to tread.

## THE SUBCONSCIOUS AND ITS FUNCTIONS.

Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research.  
 Section "B" of the American Institute for Scientific  
 Research, Vol. VII., No. 1, February, 1918; New York City,  
 519, West 149th Street; pp. 192; \$1.50.

IT is fortunate that the American Society for Psychical Research has so able a Secretary as Dr. James H. Hyslop, who complements his careful observation and analysis of psychical phenomena with an excellent philosophical and psychological equipment. His present study on the subconscious is an important contribution to the subject and might usefully be preceded by a careful perusal of the symposium which so conveniently brought together the very various views on the subject, by Hugo Münsterberg, Théodore Ribot, Pierre Janet, Joseph Jastrow, Bernard Hart and Morton Prince, published by Rebman in 1910, and reviewed in *THE QUEST* of January, 1911 (vol. ii. no. 2). Dr. Hyslop first deals with the nature of consciousness, a most difficult subject, and seeks for a practical definition and meaning of the term in connection with the notion of the subconscious. If, in the widest application of the term, consciousness is generally made the complement of all mental phenomena (p. 22), it being indeed the indefinable in terms of which all psychical phenomena are defined, for practical purposes it might more conveniently be taken to mean simply our waking state (p. 21). Moreover, for the immediate purpose of the present study no distinction need be drawn between consciousness and self-consciousness, *i.e.* between *having* mental states and being *aware* of them (p. 24). Consciousness in general may thus conveniently be taken as the most general function of self-knowledge; for if the materialist scientist is content to label it simply as a mode of motion, the metaphysician must add that this motion is cognitive as distinct from mechanical (p. 21). In studying the phenomena and problem of the subconscious, however, Dr. Hyslop would emphasise "the correlation and co-extension of normal introspective psychology with the idea of consciousness" (p. 29).

Now the novel view in psychology which marks the beginning of a new epoch of research, recognises that mind may be more than consciousness as usually defined and restricted after the Cartesian school (p. 57); that is to say, psychology now admits unconscious or subliminal mental actions (p. 88); where 'subliminal' refers to the *limen* or threshold of consciousness, or in other

words "the point at which we become aware of stimulus or outside impressions on the sensorium" (p. 80), and stimulus is nothing else than environment, causal action from without (p. 110). The new view, then, assumes that "'mind' is not exhausted by consciousness or functions that result in consciousness" (p. 88).

Dr. Hyslop then proceeds to deal systematically with Myers' theory of the subliminal; his intention, however, is neither to deny nor refute it, but "to classify some important confusions in it" (p. 88). His main classification is the drawing of a fundamental distinction between the supernormal and the subconscious, which are left confused by Myers, who includes in the subliminal both the upper and lower limits of his analogical spectrum of supraliminal consciousness. Thus Dr. Hyslop writes (p. 40): "The supernormal is conceived as transcending ordinary sense perception in the source of its information, the 'subconscious' does not so transcend it, but is provably connected with the normal. The supernormal implies that we have to go outside the organism for our explanations: the 'subconscious' implies that we remain within that organism for the explanation." This radical difference should never be confused, but Myers consistently does so; he also totally ignores the significance of the normal consciousness "which is the only standard of truth we have" (p. 88). Dr. Hyslop's contention is that telepathy, telæsthesia, and other such like unusual phenomena, on which Myers relied, will never prove survival; Myers, in his theory, neglected the special phenomena that count; for "we have to isolate an individual soul to disprove the materialist's claims, and that forces us into mediumistic phenomena as the type of fact to settle that problem" (p. 41). Take, for instance, the phenomenon of sleep; Myers was not content with the traditional physiological and psychological labelling of it as simply a suspension of consciousness, but believed that in sleep we pass into what he called the etherial or metetherial world to recuperate our energies. Dr. Hyslop by no means thinks that this view can be dismissed simply with a sneer at savage or 'paleolithic psychology,' but he demurs to bringing this forward in the first rank as a proof of survival; for he holds that we have now prior proof: sleep is one of the functions associated with the fact but not the fact itself. "Myers was either not aware of or concealed the influence of other facts that had proved survival and then resorted to irrelevant data for his proofs, making this concession to the respectability of any and every point of view but the correct one. The scientific man has refused to look the right

facts in the face and for the sake of respectability has allowed the discussion to rage around any and all things but those which settled his problem" (p. 42). What requires to be proved in the first place is an etherial or metetherial or if it be preferred, as we for our part by no means prefer, a spiritual world. If the phenomenon of sleep will not prove survival, neither will that of genius, for to characterise it as "an uprush of subliminal knowledge" into normal consciousness, as Myers does, does not advance us, seeing that "genius is an intelligence that differs from the normal only in the quantity of its capacity not in the quality of it" (p. 43). (This use of 'quantity' Bergson at any rate would not allow.) Dr. Hyslop would not therefore appeal to genius as in any respect evidence of power for survival, for "that idea is only a survival of the ancient aristocratic theory of immortality which was based on the *excellence*, not the *nature* of mind, on the *quantity* of intelligence, not the *fact* of it" (p. 47).

With regard then to terminology Dr. Hyslop proposes, as he has done before, to call the liminal field of consciousness the 'colliminal.' We thus have the subliminal or subnormal, the colliminal or normal, and the super-colliminal, super-conscious, transterminal, or supernormal fields. We would here also put in a plea for C. C. Massey's useful terms the cisliminal and transliminal as superior to Myers' supraliminal and subliminal. The distinction between the upper and lower limits is, in Dr. Hyslop's view, radical. "Telepathy, telæsthesia, mediumistic phenomena have an *extraneous origin* [our italics] that is wholly distinct from the origin of the ordinarily subconscious facts" (p. 53). The mistake is to take the subconscious as a *source*, when it may be only a *medium* or organ for transmitting influences. The distinction between the supernormal and both the normal and subnormal is to be found not in function, but in its *contents* of knowledge, which contents are taken as the evidence of the difference. For Dr. Hyslop contends that subliminal functions have all the characteristics of normal consciousness except sensibility and introspection (p. 57); that whereas there is a radical distinction of content though not of function between the subnormal and supernormal, the subsensible and supersensible, there is an essential identification of the normal and subliminal in respect of both function and knowledge, in other words the normal and subnormal functions are exactly the same *minus sensibility* (pp. 72, 74, 76). The phenomena of dissociation are thus not to be accounted for by difference of so-called 'faculty,'

but are to be attributed to displacement of sensibility or anæsthesia (p. 58); this suspension of sensibility is to be taken as an index of change of *rapport*, such change involving *rapport* with the environment or stimulus not accessible to normal consciousness (p. 116). If on the one hand the highly organised form of the subconscious, the group of states, generally called 'secondary personality,' is possibly the fundamental condition of anything like systematic supernormal phenomena (p. 61), such secondary and multiple personality is frequently due to the diseases of the inhibitions which are the regulators and adjusters of normal life (p. 62). In this Dr. Hyslop would probably agree with the leading ideas of Freud's method of psycho-analysis, for he writes: "The phenomena which normal life would inhibit are not inhibited but suppressed in disassociated and subconscious phenomena, but obtain expression parallel with the normal or co-existent with it" (p. 80). This suppression is what Freud's theory seeks to relieve, especially by reawakening the memory of the original stimuli, for, as Dr. Hyslop says, amnesia, or loss of memory, is "the primary mark or evidence of the cleavage between the primary and secondary personality initiated by anæsthesia" or suspension of sensibility (p. 71). And anæsthesia is the important fact in abnormal psychology, just as the threshold is the important fact in normal psychology, and therefore the subconscious may be defined as "the mind minus sensibility" (p. 170). Indeed elsewhere (p. 144), in speaking of a criterion to distinguish between the different kinds of subconscious phenomena and to decide that the stimuli are supersensible rather than sensible, Dr. Hyslop writes: "That criterion will not be the simple one that we now use in determining evidence of personal identity, but will involve the same complicated method that is employed in psycho-analysis."

If then we must identify the subliminal and the normal in respect of the functions involved, we must equally carry that identification of function into the supernormal if we are to get any unity in the mind, and this in spite of the difference in content of knowledge (p. 78). To account for such supernormal phenomena it is not necessary to invent 'faculties,' when external causation is all that is necessary to account for such phenomena, as indeed the whole field of telepathy assumes. The assumption of 'faculties' and 'powers,' Dr. Hyslop contends, are mere subterfuges to escape the spirit-hypothesis (p. 107). It is not 'faculty' but '*rapport*' that best explains the difference in the phenomena. Thus, "normal life is *rapport* with the physical world of sense,

and the non-appreciation of supersensible stimulus. Sleep would be *rapport* with the metetherial or spiritual world and the non-appreciation of the physical. Trance would be the intermediate state in which *rapport* with both worlds would prevail and cause the intermingling of their stimuli. It is the condition for commerce between them and partakes of the limitations of all such intermediations" (p. 117). In any case the primary point to be kept in mind is that "the law of stimulation and the fact of supersensible information make some sort of transcendental world apparent" (p. 125); it is, however, difficult to obtain the proof, as all indications must be "indirect effects on the world of sense perception." For if illusions, dreams, hallucinations and deliria are all correlated with stimulus, they do not represent it, or at least are not related to it in the same way as normal sensations (p. 141); but between such subjective phenomena and the phenomena of telepathy, for instance, there is a great distinction.

Most people imagine that the distinction between ordinary subconscious phenomena and the phenomena of telepathy, telæsthesia and other supernormal facts is not great, whereas the very opposite is nearer the truth (p. 126). Now the fundamental characteristic of the supernormal is that it represents a supersensible world; even if we go no further than telepathy, "we have a transcendental mental world required to account for the coincidences described, and it is non-physical in any recognised sense of the term physical as conceived by ordinary physical science" (p. 127). Telepathy, however, will by no means explain mediumistic phenomena, and those who try to do so, in order to escape the spiritualistic hypothesis, have to invent a telepathy without stimulus from another mind, whereas "all the evidence we have for telepathy connects it with that law" (pp. 180, 182). On the contrary, in these telepathic spiritistic phenomena the stimuli are foreign to the sensible world of ordinary experience. But as all is mediated by the subconscious, the fact that we get into connection with supersensible stimuli "does not guarantee that we shall obtain any more correct ideas of them than we do in illusions and hallucinations, or dreams and deliria. . . . All will depend on the extent to which we may be able to suppress the tendency of the mind to supply its own contents in response to the stimulus" (p. 142). For "many mental states and phantasms taken for spiritistic messages may be the effect of the mind's own action." (On this all competent investigators will agree, while the Philistine will substitute 'all' and 'are' for 'many' and 'may

be.) To this Dr. Hyslop adds generously "though the stimulus be spiritistic," and continues, for "there is nothing to hinder the stimulus being spiritistic and the apparent message a product of fancy or subconscious action, once aroused" (p. 143). To be a good medium, therefore, the subliminal function of the active type must be suppressed and the mind made as passive as possible for receiving and expressing foreign influence (p. 144). "The moment that the mind relaxes its tonal influence on the organism, mediumship begins, though the subconscious may still hold all that the normal consciousness has relinquished. The next step is then to have the subconscious relax its control so that the automatic machinery may give expression to foreign agencies" (p. 148). Thus mediumship, or at least the character of it, is "conditioned by the extent to which dissociation of both normal and subnormal consciousness from the automatic actions of the mind can be brought about" (p. 149). Where, then, do the 'spirits' come in, in the general mass of mediumistic phenomena? To this query Dr. Hyslop has an interesting passage which may serve as answer: "All that we can observe, at least superficially, is a group of unusual phenomena and in seeking a cause we assume that it is as direct as in normal life, when the fact may be that a whole series of concealed causes may be operative and spirits may have no other function than an initiative or instigating cause. They may do nothing more than the gunner who pulls the trigger in the hurling of a projectile. He can do nothing else. The other phenomena have other causes and he is but one in a series. So with spirits when we refer to them. They may have a small part in the total of phenomena associated with any particular case" (p. 128).

As to the after-death state, as of course provisionally inferred from spiritistic mediumistic phenomena, Dr. Hyslop makes the following suggestion: "Now as death removes the sensory consciousness and its stimulus, the soul is left with the 'dream faculty' and the contents of past experience. The functions that characterise the subliminal or subconscious determine its activities, at least until adjustment to an etherial world can take place, and hence creative fancy and imagination may have free play, just as they do in normal life, only in this last it is regulated or inhibited by the necessities of adjustment to a world of physical stimulus. But in the etherial world, which may be more largely mental in its nature, this function of creative imagination may have freer play. Physical wants have disappeared and mental or spiritual have

taken their place, and the mind may indulge free play with its 'day dreams,' creating its own worlds as it does in ordinary dreams or waking fancies. If then the spiritual world be a *rationalised dream life*, as one philosophic friend of mine hopes it is,—and poetry in normal life is this,—we might expect to realise our ideals in any direction and any proportion we desired. Spiritual activity in a transcendental world would be what it is here and now, the free activity of the mind along the line of its ideals, good or bad, we might add. There may also be reactions to stimuli of an ethereal type, but as that may not involve action, as in the physical world, for self-preservation, there would be greater freedom for spontaneous realisation of ideals characteristic of the mind or subject itself" (pp. 178, 179).

This phase of after-death consciousness would, presumably, give us little touch with reality. But would even ethereal stimuli do this, we may ask? And we are inclined to doubt it, and to think that the terms 'transcendental' and 'spiritual' should be retained for loftier or deeper categories of experience. However this may be, we welcome Dr. Hyslop's suggestive study of the subconscious as a step in the right direction, on a ground of sound method.

#### HINDU REALISM.

Being an Introduction to the Metaphysic of the Nyāya-Vaiśeṣhika System of Philosophy. By Jagadisha Chandra Chatterjee, B.A. (Cantab.), Director of the Archæological and Research Department, Kashmir State. Allahabad (The Indian Press); pp. 188; 4s. net.

THIS volume, unusually well printed and got up for the production of a press in India outside Bombay or Calcutta, is far and away the best introduction to the study of the metaphysical basis of the little understood systems of the Nyāya and the Vaiśeṣhika, at present available in any European language. It is an excellent piece of scholarly work, illustrating rather markedly the great value of a training in Europe for Indian students of Sanskrit philosophy and literature. Not of course that the work is faultlessly done; but in comparison with what is actually available and with the general type of studies in these directions published in India, it is really admirable. Every page bears evidence of real, scholarly research as well as careful and penetrating thought; while the eight-page list of Authorities and Sources prefixed to the



book, shows how carefully the ground has been covered and all the available material utilised.

As I believe that this work will prove of considerable interest to many readers of *THE QUEST*, in its general character, rather than in respect of its many technical merits or its relatively few technical defects, I think it will be best to give some account of its leading features and its positive attractions, rather than to devote this review to a minute discussion and criticism of technical points and details.

Especially I would desire to call the attention of all who are interested in Hindu thought, religion and philosophy to the brief 'Introduction.' Not only are these few pages marked by original thought, but they should prove invaluable to anyone entering upon these lines of study; first, because they bring out clearly and definitely the essential and fundamental differences between the standpoints of East and West in these matters; secondly, because they make clear a point almost invariably ignored by Western students, *viz.* the tacit presuppositions with which the Hindu mind enters on the study of philosophy; and, lastly, because of the distinctly illuminating though perhaps disputable view which the author maintains as to the relations to each other of the three fundamental standpoints which characterise those triple pairs of systems constituting the six great *darshanas* or systems of philosophy which are recognised as 'orthodox' among the Hindus.

It will be useful, I believe, to say a few words further on each of these topics, before going on to consider the substance of the book itself and the special standpoint of the Nyāya-Vaiśeṣika there expounded.

In the modern West, philosophy in general and more especially metaphysics are held to be essentially *speculative*; that is, they are regarded as embodying an effort to find and formulate truth with regard to such questions as the ultimate nature of reality, the nature and presuppositions of knowledge, the problem of deity, the bases of ethics, the validity and range of application of those basic presuppositions which underlie the various special sciences, the problems of space, time and perception, the relations of mind and body and the like. In brief, the effort is towards the *discovery* of truth of a special kind—that termed metaphysical or philosophical, and the problems met with are discussed and dealt with *primarily* for their own sake, as intellectual problems.

In the East, from time immemorial, on the other hand, as our

author puts it on a subsequent page, "the object of philosophy is not the mere solution of an intellectual problem for its own sake . . . but its object is to aid *suffering* man to understand truth which is put before him, so that, by understanding it, he may afterwards realise it; and by the realisation of truth may become free and thus end his sorrows and his sufferings."

Hence Hindu philosophy really starts from a tacit presupposition that the 'truth of things,' so far at least as necessary to enable man to escape from suffering, *is already before us and has already been formulated*; that truth having been 'revealed' or 'reached' or 'seen' in some way *other* than by process of thinking or intellectual speculation.

This essential difference between the ancient Hindu way of approaching philosophy and that now currently accepted in the West, is of fundamental importance to a right understanding and appreciation of the former. No student can afford to ignore or lose sight of it, for it is the key to many a misunderstanding on the part of translators or expositors among Orientalists.

The question as to how far the presupposition in question is justified or warranted, is another matter altogether. Even from the purely intellectual standpoint there is much that can be urged in its support; while at the least it must be admitted to an equal place in the great company of religious faiths and beliefs which are based upon some form or other of 'revelation.' But in studying Hindu thought it is far more the *fact* of the presence of this presupposition in the Hindu mind which is so important for the understanding of its systematic, philosophic thought, than any question of the validity or otherwise of this attitude. So Mr. Chatterjee has, I think, done no small service in bringing out this point with clearness and laying stress enough upon it to attract the necessary attention.

A further point worthy of careful note in the 'Introduction' is the brief and terse statement in which this is set out and its bearing upon the various systems of Hindu thought and their mutual relations expounded.

I cannot say that I like the term 'standard,' which the author has adopted in order to render the Sanskrit technical term *prasthāna*. The word 'standard' conveys no meaning at all in this connection to a philosophically schooled reader; while as a translation it does not appeal to me either. It must be admitted that there is, in fact, no term in use in philosophical writing at present, which is an adequate equivalent for the Sanskrit *pras-*

*thāna*; therefore I should have preferred to retain the original word with a full explanation.

In this volume we are concerned only with the Realistic or Creationist 'standard' or standpoint, represented by the Vaisēṣhika and Nyāya systems, i.e. with Hindu Realism.

In expounding this system, Mr. Chatterjee deals first with its analytic aspect, and introduces us to the nine classes of ultimate factors of which the universe consists. There is very much of great interest and value to the close student in his exposition and explanation of these nine *dravyas* or classes and their details. Many of his remarks and suggestions are extremely illuminative and clear up many points hitherto extremely obscure. But it would lead us too far to discuss these here in detail; so I will only observe that even the general reader will, I think, be extremely interested in the first clear outline of the reasoning and argumentation by which the system in question establishes the reality and nature of these nine ultimate factors constituting the universe.

This exposition forms the first part, about half, of this volume, and contains what is specially characteristic of the Realist, or Vaisēṣhika Nyāya, system of Hindu thought. The second part presents to us the synthetic as contrasted with the analytic view of the universe as seen from the Realist standpoint. But, broadly speaking, this synthetic aspect is more or less common to all the three main standpoints of Hindu thinking and its doctrines are in the main common to all alike. This part is also exceedingly well done and contains much matter of great interest not only to the student of Hindu thought but to all who are interested in the 'Quest' in its deeper sense.

B. V.

#### THE LOST LANGUAGE OF SYMBOLISM

An Enquiry into the Origin of certain Letters, Words, Names, Fairy-Tales, Folklore and Mythologies. By Harold Bayley. London (Williams & Norgate); 2 vols., pp. ix + 375 + 388; 25s. net.

IN reviewing Mr. Bayley's *New Light on the Renaissance in THE QUEST* for January, 1910, we remarked, "he is bound to modify his preliminary generalisations as he gets in closer touch"; but this is precisely what the author has not done in the two handsomely got-up and lavishly illustrated volumes before us. If it was difficult with all good-will to find sufficient ground for com

commendation of the former work, it is impossible to speak favourably of the present as far as the letter-press is concerned, though as regards the paper-marks themselves on which, as in his former volume, Mr. Bayley fundamentally bases his speculations, they are of much interest for historians of paper-making and as a collection of mediæval devices and symbols derived almost exclusively from Christian motives, as was inevitable in the middle ages. They are, however, seldom due to original research, but mostly reproduced from Briquet's monumental work in four volumes, *Les Filigranes : Dictionnaire historique des Marques du Papier dès leur Apparition vers 1282 jusqu'en 1600* (Quaritch). Moreover these *filigranes* are of no value artistically; they are generally very crude and casual, and manifestly in the majority of instances simply used for trade purposes. There may be just a possibility in some cases that they conceal a deeper purpose, but Mr. Bayley has exaggerated this possible particular into a dogmatically asserted universal, and so spoilt his chance of a favourable hearing. Christian symbolism, treated as a dialect of the general language of symbols, is a legitimate and important subject of comparative study; but it requires a high equipment, a scientific method and a nice judgment. Nor in saying this do we approach the subject from the standpoint of the Philistine; for though we regard it in itself as far more of an art than a science, comparative symbolism has to deal with history, with derivation, with evolution, and should therefore, in so far, best be treated scientifically. Mr. Bayley, however, has no method and no proportion or perspective in his excursions into the fields of comparative folklore, fairy-tale and mythology. He is, for instance, apparently fascinated with the widespread Cinderella-type of *Märchen*, and brings it in everywhere like King Charles' head. But what is quite insufferable is the pseudo-philology to which he devotes the major part of his exegesis. The rules for this nebulous and vacuous game are that vowels do not count and consonants are interchangeable. The laborious work on the science of phonetics, built up by generations of careful methodical research, is thrown to the winds, and Mr. Bayley outdoes the phantastic antics of the worst kind of naïve sound-play of the ancients. His two volumes are filled with the most comical illustrations of this absurdity. They can be found on almost every page. Here is the first that catches our eye in Vol. I.: "*Patriarch* must originally have been *pater-arch*, and meant Great Father. The patron saint of Ireland is presumably a corrupted form of PATERICK, the Great Father, and the

shamrock or clover may be regarded as the threefold symbol of *ac lover*, the Great Lover" (p. 808). Poor old Patricius, what has he done to have his name so taken in vain! To take another shot: "The word *goose* is evidently allied to *goost*, the ancient form of *ghost*, i.e. spirit" (p. 98)! We have not tried to select specimens; the above are two ordinary examples; the gems are worth the whole money as mottoes for chapters of a philological *Don't*. Mr. Bayley again is very unfortunate in some of his chief authorities (among whom we find ourselves, though fortunately not for the philology). Surely no one has taken seriously Le Plongeon's attempts to decipher Mayan; and as for Dr. Churchward's rehash of Gerald Massey with trimmings, we have written of that elsewhere. Finally we ask Mr. Bayley, if he thinks he is being unfairly treated, to answer this very simple question: Does he in all solemnity expect any sane person to believe that in *mediæval paper-marks* a B stands for the Sanskrit Brahmā and a V for Viṣṇu, and so on? Does he expect that anyone can treat him seriously when he writes (i. 286): "On the scroll emerging from the mouth of fig. 681 is a word that was almost certainly 'MANAS,' but two strokes of the letter N have unfortunately broken away. MANAS in Sanscrit means 'mind'," etc. Does he not know that Sanskrit was studied in Europe only by the very, very few first at the end of the 18th century? But perhaps he doesn't, for from a cognate tongue Zend Avesta appears in the strangest form we have ever seen as 'Zenda-Vesta.' Perhaps, however, this is intentional on the part of such a *lucus-a-non-lucendo* philologist as our author, and there is here to do with a cryptic Prisoner of Zenda, or at least a box of matches, and so with the Great Light not to mention the goddess of the hearth, and so of course with Cinderella again! It is with no pleasure whatever that we find ourselves compelled to thwack Mr. Bayley's coat of motely.

#### POEMS DRAMATIC AND LYRICAL.

By Clifford Bax. London (The Orpheus Press); 4s. 6d.

THE various mystical societies of our time have often been reproached with the lack of æsthetic accomplishment to be found in their ranks. Until recently this reproach was mainly true, but to-day it happily needs no great discernment to see that this indifference to beauty is passing, and among such signs of change the present volume should occupy an honourable position. In

Mr. Clifford Bax modern mystics may claim not only a poet, but a considerable poet, whose volume of collected poems unites good workmanship with breadth of outlook. As a thinker Mr. Bax is unfettered by any dogma, and possessed of a serene conviction of the beauty of earth, together with an unflinching faith in man's intimate relationship with the divine. One of the principal charms of this verse is its childlike unquestioning acceptance of desirable and comely things. "Never forget that beauty can heal a thousand ills" is the poet's 'Counsel,' and throughout he is refreshingly free from fashionable morbidities and twists of conscience. He has none of Blake's fierceness, little of Shelley's consuming longing, still less of Tennyson's self-questioning. His aspiration is pure and sweet; he is sure of his beliefs; he is of those who know how to wait.

These very qualities, however, hold their danger. The fault of the volume (why should critics dwell upon faults?) lies in a certain monotony of over-sweetness. Only occasionally, as in 'All things fleet away'—though on that occasion very successfully—does he sound a more poignant note. For the most part few of the poems contain any great sting, any great element of surprise—qualities pre-eminent in Mr. A. E. Housman's 'Shropshire Lad'—to take an example from contemporary verse. Indeed, upon analysis, Mr. Bax's form is not always clearly cut. There is in it little which we can chuckle over for its own sake, as we can (say) over the pattern of Beardsley, the silhouette of Rodin, or certain lines by Mr. Yeats. For instance, the beautiful poem 'Youth' conquers by reason of its supreme sweetness and sincerity of thought. In actual form it will be found that the first two verses turn upon four inversions, which even though they be perfectly legitimate inversions, do not, when coming together, burn and engrave the whole upon our memory.

Maurice de Guérin says in 'Le Centaure' that a god, if asked the history of his life, could give it in a single phrase. It is no detraction from the value of Mr. Bax's other poems to point out that the like may be said of him, his note being summed up in the four lines of the poem entitled, appropriately enough, 'The Secret'

"He who made earth fair and wild  
He who set the heaven with glory,  
Did but make them as a child  
Makes a wonder story."

C. F.

## STEPS IN SPIRITUAL GROWTH

By the Ven. Basil Wilberforce, D.D. London (Elliot Stock);  
8s. net.

## THERE IS NO DEATH

By the Ven. Basil Wilberforce, D.D. London (Elliot Stock);  
1s. 6d. net.

**THERE** are probably many readers of **THE QUEST** who welcome publications from the pen of this large-minded, spiritual thinker. The two small volumes of sermons recently issued by Messrs. Elliot Stock are in no way behind their predecessors in point of excellence. Drawn from the treasury of a personal, living faith in spiritual verities, they cannot fail to awaken in those sympathetically attuned a like enthusiasm. The Archdeacon's one unflinching theme of Divine Immanence and Divine Responsibility finds a fit preface in Professor Carruth's noble poem, 'A Fire-Mist and a Planet,' which is introduced as a Foreword to the larger volume, and the idea is expanded through thirteen suggestive and liberal discourses, all of them couched in telling and polished phraseology.

We may single out for special appreciation 'The Seed is the Logos,' and 'God sleeps in the Stone,' as significantly mystical and original in treatment. The recognition of the 'seed' as the Divine Nature sown in the 'soil' of human personality is the secret of true optimism. It liberates us "from the gloomy conception of some far distant arbitrary omnipotent mechanical engineer, of the rectitude of whose purpose we can never be quite sure. To recognise humanity as the result of the Omnipotent Sower 'sowing His seed,' and to know that the seed is the 'Word' or Eternal Reason, or self-utterance of the Omnipotent Sower, in other words parts of Himself, is . . . to be filled with an intense spiritual conviction of the ultimate triumph of truth and love, because an irresistible agency is advancing mankind to a condition of perfection purposed before the world was." At the same time this conception of the immanent life of the Logos which is truly the corner-stone of Christian philosophy, is not peculiarly Christian. This fact the Archdeacon recognises in many places throughout the volume. "It is a glorious truth, luminous with suggestion, that God's life in man has ever been the highest conception of the human mind, and that the 'Purusha' of the Upanishads, the 'Sophia' of the Septuagint, the 'Memra' of the

Targums, the 'Heavenly Man' of the Kabbala, the 'Good in Itself' of Plato, the Logos of Philo, the 'Word that was God' of St. John, the 'Logos Emphutos' of St. James, the 'Christ in you the hope of glory' of St. Paul, are variations in conception, and distinctions in definition of the universal Immanence of the Infinite Originator, the one All-Containing Soul, Life, Love of the Universe."

*There is No Death* is a collection of six sermons compiled chiefly for the bereaved. While putting forward advanced and spiritual views on the possibility of communion with friends beyond the Veil, and rightly emphasising higher methods than those of the *séance* room, the Archdeacon has omitted much that might fairly be said in favour of empirical methods of psychical investigation, and has confined himself to emphasising the darker side of the question. In this he does not seem to be entirely fair to a very important subject. It can very fairly be claimed for modern spiritualism that its best results have brought conviction to many who have long turned a deaf ear to teachings of a dogmatic nature. After making due allowance for a high percentage of fraud and misinterpretation, a sufficient amount of fact is left. But the Archdeacon knows this very well, and his seemingly contrary attitude is probably adopted as a much-needed warning to those—and they are many—who believe without careful discrimination.

The sermon on 'Beholding and Seeing' finely distinguishes between the Vision that may be trusted, and the vision that may deceive, and concludes with a striking personal testimony to the efficacy of the spiritual method of approach to the Unseen World.

C. E. W.



# THE QUEST

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# THE QUEST.



## BERGSON'S BIOLOGY.

Professor J. ARTHUR THOMSON, M.A., LL.D.,  
University of Aberdeen.

ALTHOUGH M. Henri Bergson does not profess to give any systematic treatment of biological problems, perhaps our title may be excused. He uses biological data abundantly, for he holds that philosophy must take account of all that the sciences have to offer, and believes that theory of knowledge and theory of life are inseparable, and should push each other on unceasingly. In return, so to speak, he throws a philosophical light on biological data. He tries them in new frames. And just as it is interesting to see a familiar landscape in an unusual light—such as that of dawn—so it is interesting to look through Bergson's philosophical eyes at some familiar facts of Biology.

Let us ask then how Bergson regards the organism in its everyday activity, the fact of variability, the general ascent of life, the relation between instinct and intelligence, and the urge or impetus of evolution.

## THE ORGANISM IN ITS EVERYDAY ACTIVITY.

The bee at the flower, the snail on the thorn, the lark at heaven's gate, what are the essential facts as regards their activity? Chemistry and Physics give us—more and more completely—an account of the chemico-physical changes that go on, but when we add up the sum it does not give us the answer we want. Bergson suggests that we should try to bring the life of the bee, the snail, the lark, the flower, the thorn, into line with what we really know most about—our own conscious life. There we recognise ceaseless change and yet stable persistence, continual incorporation of the lessons of experience and yet a shooting on to something new, a condensation of the past and yet an unforeseeable creativeness. And is not this what we must say about the everyday activity of an organism? Is it not also at once a historic and a creative life?

It seems to us that Bergson's view is entirely consistent with the sound Biology of the schools. Is it not agreed by all that the active organism is in ceaseless metabolism, always burning yet not consumed for many a day, the subject of what Huxley called 'cyclical development,' an agent always on the outlook to trade with time. Whether organisms began as insurgent fragments segregating themselves off from a primeval mass of colloidal carbonaceous slime, activated by ferments, or very much otherwise, as is also possible, must it not have been one of their fundamental insignia that they could somehow enregister within themselves their experience and utilise this in new experiment?

Bergson, like every good vitalist, is quite clear that

the organism is "subject to the same physical and chemical laws that govern any and every portion of matter"; the whole point is that the organism transcends this order of interpretation, being more or less of an *individual* that *endures*. "Its past, in its entirety, is prolonged into its present, and abides there, actual and acting. . . . Wherever anything lives, there is, open somewhere, a register in which time is being inscribed." In short, for an organism time *counts*; on a weathering stone or a rusting bar of iron, time simply tells.

Now is not this precisely the view that is taken by many an expert investigator of animal behaviour, though not, of course, by those of the mechanistic school? Professor Jennings says of his starfish: "The precise way in which each part shall act under the influence of the stimulus must be determined by the past history of that part; by the stimuli that have acted upon it, by the reactions which it has given, by the results which these actions have produced (as well as by the present relation of this part to other parts, and by the immediate effects of its present action). In other words, this complex harmonious working of the parts together is only intelligible on the view that there is a history behind it. . . . The starfish that we have before us has an actual history of untold ages, in which it has existed as germ-plasm or otherwise, and there can be no greater mistake in physiology than to leave this out of account." We have given this quotation from a paper by a skilful biologist, because it independently and impartially corroborates Bergson's conception of the organism as *a historic being*.

## THE FACT OF VARIABILITY.

“Organic evolution resembles the development of a consciousness, in which the past presses against the present and causes the upspringing of a new form of consciousness, incommensurable with its antecedents.”

So what we call in Biology ‘variations’—organic new departures—what are they but the larger steps in a continuous originality and unforeseeability of self-expression? Is Bergson’s view very different from Galton’s conception of the germ getting into a new position of organic equilibrium? Is it very different from Weismann’s conception of the hereditary biophors passing through struggle into harmony—constituting themselves a new unity at the start of each life? The idea of mutations as germinal experiments in self-expression is not far from the thoughts of many biologists.

## THE GENERAL ASCENT OF LIFE.

With bold strokes Bergson sketches the significant steps in the ascent of life. How vividly he makes us see the primeval parting of the ways, the first and ever-recurrent choice—between swimming and drifting, between activity and passivity, between thrust and parry, between relatively preponderant katabolism and relatively preponderant anabolism.

The one path in the main is that of animal evolution, the other in the main that of plant evolution. We must say ‘in the main,’ since some animals sink into vegetative torpor, and some plants stretch themselves as if half-awakening.

With clear insight Bergson sees that the dichotomy which split *Organisata* into Animals and Plants has

often recurred. It divides animals into what Prof. Arthur Willey calls Eleutherozoa and Statozoa—the free and the fixed. We see the alternative ever recurrent in the contrast between active Infusorians and passive Sporozoa, between feverish Birds and sluggish Reptiles. As the authors of *The Evolution of Sex* (1889) long ago contended, it is the same dichotomy that separates male from female, and masculine from feminine characters.

We are at one with Bergson, also, in recognising the extraordinary interest that attaches to the primitive worms—almost the first creatures to have bilateral symmetry, and the first to have head-brains, beginning the long process which has enabled us to tell our right hand from our left. He gives them their due, those early worms—“infinitely plastic forms, pregnant with an unlimited future, the common stock of Echinoderms, Molluscs, Arthropods, and Vertebrates.”

The four great series just named represent the four main directions of the Animal Kingdom above the ‘worm’ level, but only two have become highways—the Arthropods and the Vertebrates, both with multitudinous forms, both with a very high development of the sensori-motor system, both achieving remarkable freedom, but yet as contrasted as they could well be. The Arthropods have an exoskeleton of chitin, and are in the main creatures of instinct; the Vertebrates have an endoskeleton of bone, and are in the main creatures of intelligence.

#### THE RELATION BETWEEN INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE.

According to Bergson, the two powers ‘instinct’ and ‘intelligence,’ immanent in life and originally intermingled, had to part company. Instinct found its

highest expression in ants and bees, intelligence in man. They are on quite different tracks of evolution. One of the fundamental passages in *L'Évolution Créatrice* is this :

“The cardinal error which, from Aristotle downwards, has vitiated most of the philosophies of nature, is to see in vegetative, instinctive, and rational life, three successive degrees of the evolution of one and the same tendency, whereas they are three divergent directions of an activity which has split up as it evolved. The difference between them is not a difference of intensity, nor, more generally, of degree, but of kind.”

To this Bergson has, indeed, to add that intelligence and instinct are rarely to be caught pure, for instinct is often accompanied by gleams of intelligence, and there is no intelligence in which some traces of instinct may not be found.

The problem of instinct is one of the major problems of Biology, and Bergson's view is only one of several which are at present being much discussed. We shall be content to indicate its congruence with the useful contrast between the little-brain and the big-brain type, expounded many years ago by Sir Ray Lankester, who pointed out that the minute brain of the ant, rich in ready-made capacities, but far from docile, is on quite a different evolution-track from the big brain of the dog, relatively poor in instincts except of a general sort, but quick to learn,—eminently ‘educable.’

#### THE URGE OR IMPETUS OF EVOLUTION.

Evolution is racial transformation and it does not always spell progress. It has its minuses as well as



its pluses, its parasites as well as its pioneers, its hells as well as its heavens. The tapeworm is as well adapted to its inglorious lot, as the lark at heaven's gate. But, admitting all that, we stand face to face with the grand spectacle of the long ascent of Life. Throughout the ages Life has been slowly creeping upwards. And the question Why? has often been asked. More and more variety, we can understand, and more and more perfect adaptation, the exploitation of the whole of earth and sea, and the occupation of every niche, but why this extraordinary insurgence, this climbing of precipitous heights? Why the big lifts in evolution? We cannot expect a 'scientific' answer, but Bergson's is :

“Why, if there is not behind life an impulse, an immense impulse to climb higher and higher, to run greater and greater risks in order to arrive at greater and greater efficiency?” . . . . “I think it is hard to survey the whole of the evolution of life without the impression that this impulse is a reality.”

What is the nature of this vital impulse towards a higher and higher efficiency, something which ever seeks to transcend itself? Negatively, it is something that cannot be expressed in the abstractions used in formulating physical events. Positively, it partakes of the nature of consciousness.

#### SCIENCE AND METAPHYSICS.

Now let us pause and look back. When Bergson suggests that a specific hormone liberated from a modified organ may affect the germ-cells and thus influence the offspring, he makes a very interesting biological hypothesis—a contribution to the much

discussed question of the transmission of acquired characters.

When Bergson works out his contrast between plants and animals, he touches the highwater mark of biological exposition. To give a thrill of fresh interest to that tedious topic is genius. Similarly, to bring into relief the great steps in evolution and to appraise the various theories of the evolution, is all within the rubric of science.

When Bergson goes on to show, both directly and indirectly, that the formulæ and concepts which suffice for a description of the inanimate world and for a practical mastery of it too, do not suffice for the animate world (though they apply of course), then he is dealing, it seems to us, with a question of scientific method.

Furthermore, when Bergson insists that we cannot give an effective account of the behaviour of even an *Amœba*, nor of the everyday life of either frog or stork, nor of the general evolution of organisms, without recognising the *rôle* of consciousness, not as a phosphorescence on protoplasm, but as a reality that counts, he is still, it seems to us, discussing a question of scientific method.

Moreover, when he goes on to show that the conventional frames used in the intellectual constructions of Biology cannot be regarded as established for all eternity, but may require to be reconsidered in their relations to the rest of our mental furniture, we may call it metaphysics if we like, but it is metaphysics in the modern sense, as a methodological science like mathematics or logic,—a critical science of explanations.

But when Bergson goes on to tell us how he

conceives of the origin and nature of life, he plunges us into what is appropriately called the 'metaphysics of source'—speculative metaphysics. His metaphysical theory is that Life is Consciousness launched into Matter, 'availing itself of a slight elasticity in matter,' 'using matter for its own purposes.' Consciousness is at the origin of life, and consciousness is the motive power in organic evolution—it is 'a need of creation.' In the course of evolution it becomes more and more free, as the sensori-motor system becomes more perfect. "But, everywhere except in man, consciousness has let itself be caught in the net whose meshes it tried to pass through; it has remained the captive of the mechanisms it has set up." With man, however, a new freedom begins, consciousness breaking its chains. How free it may become, who shall say?

#### A SUGGESTION.

At these lofty altitudes, the biologist, who is a dweller in tents, loses his breath. Under the sway of his Evolution-idea, he finds it difficult to entertain the hypothesis of consciousness being launched into matter as a bolt from the blue. May it not have been that the *anima animans* has been with creation through and through, and from first to last? We think of the majestic order of the heavens and the perfection of the dewdrop, of the extraordinary surge of our whole solar system towards some unknown goal and of the internal 'life' of crystals. We wonder if Time has, after all, simply flowed over the opal and the agate, and whether the beryl has garnered no fruits of experience. Our photograph of a Zoophyte—*Sertularia cupressina*—is extraordinarily like that of the beautiful dendritic frescoes which imprisoned Manganese makes on the

sandstone walls of its cell! To take another example, we admire the intricate zonal structure of Liesegang's rings—formed, for instance, when a big drop of silver nitrate is placed on a film of gelatine, in which there is a trace of Potassium bichromate. There we see, as the diffusion and precipitation proceed, the rings of growth on a salmon's scale and the zones of the otoliths in his ear. There we see, as the diffusion and precipitation continue, the zones of growth on the stem of an oak, in the recesses of a pearl, on the vertebra of a fish, on the scale of a turtle, and on the barred feather of the hawk. No doubt a wide gulf is fixed, but the phenomena are extraordinarily similar phenomena as well as very different, and our point is simply that too much must not be made of the quality of 'inertness' in non-living material.

May it not be that an aspect of reality continuous with the clear consciousness in the higher reaches of life has been always present, though it is negligible for the practical purposes of science until the confines of the inorganic are passed? May it not be allowing us glimpses of its presence in the architecture of the crystal, in the hidden 'life' of jewels, and in radio-activity? May it not be expressing itself in the tendency that matter has to complexify—passing from atom to molecule, from simple molecule to complex molecule, and from molecule to colloid masses? May it not be behind the inorganic evolution which we are beginning to discover? May it not have been resident in the original nebula of our solar system and have in the atom its eternal home?

#### MECHANISM AND VITALISM.

Who can help wondering that there should be so

much oscillation of opinion in regard to the nature of life? The pendulum swings age after age between mechanistic and vitalistic theories, and we seem to make little progress towards the real truth about the living creature. Now it is a machine and again it is a spirit; now it is a free agent and again it is only an automaton; now it is an engine and again we discover that it has an entelechy.

There are several reasons for this continual see-saw, the chief one being that there is truth on both sides. For the purposes of Chemistry and Physics the organism may be adequately considered as a material system; for the purposes of Biology another aspect of its reality has to be recognised.

But another reason is given by Bergson in his theory of the limitation of our intellect. "The intellect, so skilful in dealing with the inert, is awkward the moment it touches the living." . . . "In vain we force the living into this or that one of our intellectual moulds. All the moulds crack."

#### THE SECRET OF LIFE.

What then can be done? Bergson's suggestion is that we have "powers complementary to the understanding by which we may get a vision—a fleeting vision—of what life essentially is." We have in that "fringe of vague intuition that surrounds our distinct—that is—intellectual representation" an invaluable organon.

But let no one suppose that this interrogation of instinct—of intuition—is easy. Instinct is like an artist who will not be questioned. "Instinct is sympathy; if it could extend its object and also reflect

upon itself, it would give us the key to vital operations." "By intuition," Bergson says, "I mean instinct that has become disinterested, self-conscious, capable of reflecting upon its object, and of enlarging it indefinitely." It brings us sympathetically into life's own domain, and makes us feel sure once more that Wordsworth, Emerson, Meredith and other Nature poets are the truest, because deepest, biologists of us all.

J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

# THE IDEALS OF THE POLISH POET KORNEL UJEJSKI.

MONICA M. GARDNER.

THE golden period of Polish literature—the half century that saw the great triad of Polish poets, Mickiewicz, Krasinski, and Słowacki—had closed before 1860. That literature is set on a fiery background of tragedy and storm. The Rising of 1830; the ruthless oppression of the Polish nationality that was its sequel; the Galician massacres in 1846; in one word, a long tale of bitter frustration and disillusioned hopes; such is the history that inspired the romantic and mournful poetry of Poland.

As supreme singers of their nation's agony, Mickiewicz and Krasinski stand first. Not only were their personal lives integrally affected by the Rising and its consequences; but they lived in days when the Polish poets were so profoundly moved by Poland's misery that they devoted their gifts to little else except to her. Pining in exile from the Lithuanian forests and marshes that had nursed his boyhood, Mickiewicz gave utterance to a passion of patriotic grief in his drama *The Ancestors*, where his Konrad, as the spokesman of the Polish nation, sinks, broken-hearted, under the weight of his people's sorrows. Krasinski, concealing under the pseudonym that he never abandoned a name that was disgraced in the eyes of his fellow-

Poles, rose above anguish of mind and bodily infirmities to proclaim the sublime morals of a national spirituality. More cosmopolitan than either Mickiewicz or Krasinski, Słowacki's best production is, however, given with the splendour and the power of a great artist to the sufferings of his mother country. Not one of these three poets lived to see old age. By the year 1859 they had each passed from a world where they had found little joy.

But their mantle may be said to have fallen upon a poet of the succeeding generation, whose poetry has appealed so strongly to the hearts of his countrymen that his famous *Chorale* has passed into the treasury of Polish national songs. Kornel Ujejski—born in 1823, dead in 1897—can scarcely, in point of birth, be considered as belonging to a younger generation than Zygmunt Krasinski, who was only eleven years his senior; but, surviving him by nearly forty years, writing under different conditions, and having been, moreover, a mere child during those disasters of the thirties that changed the lives of Mickiewicz, Krasinski, and Słowacki, his work, from a literary and moral standpoint, reads as that of one who came later.

He was the son of a noble house in Austrian Poland. The poet's private life, with the exception of the year of massacre in 1846, was outwardly prosperous, and experienced none of the troubles which fell to the lot of Mickiewicz and Krasinski. And yet over the greater part of his poetry, and especially upon its finest portion, hangs no less, perhaps an even deeper, sadness than that stamped on the writings of his predecessors. So terrible was the ordeal through which every devout son of Poland passed in the early years of her mourning, the thirties of the nineteenth century, that an inheri-



tance of profound melancholy was the inevitable birthright even of those Polish poets who were only children at the time. The Polish child was of necessity not only brought up on a chronicle of sorrow, but moreover those sorrows were living, were present to him. Every division of dismembered Poland was harassed by persecution. Ujejski said of himself that from his early childhood an atmosphere of tragedy enveloped him; that his first impressions of the world were such as to banish from his heart all childish joy, and to make his poetry a song of grief. "Bitter is the condition of the Pole on every point of the wide earth," wrote Krasinski. This of itself alone would suffice to explain the general tone of Ujejski's work; and when we remember that after he had reached manhood he beheld the calamities of 1846 and of the sixties overwhelm his nation, it is little wonder that his poems are among the saddest in Polish literature.

Like the other great poets of his race, Ujejski's poetical ideal, early conceived and put into practice equally early, was that of a moral teacher, and of one who was determined to hold up to the vision of his young compatriots the lessons of a pure and devoted patriotism as the object of their striving. In his days, when the Austrian, Prussian, and Russian governments were endeavouring to crush out every spark of Polish nationality by oppression in each branch of existence, whether great or small, it was to her poets that Poland looked for help and guidance. Ujejski, then, chose his calling, and remained faithful to it all his life. His prayer was, so he sings in his poem on the death of Mickiewicz, to follow in the footsteps of that high-souled leader of men, and speak to his people of the same national faith that Mickiewicz taught, albeit he

confesses he cannot do so with a power like to that of the greater poet ; to use the Polish lyre, however heavy the burden to himself, as an instrument of blessing, and never of evil, to his nation.

His love for his country soon found its way into verse. In one of his first poems—*The Song of the Grain* (1843)—the never-dying hopes of nature can teach him and his nation, for all their weary hearts, the moral of a new life to be born again. The sun sets, and with it the symbol of liberty. But the stars rising remind him that there are other stars, the stars, that is, of the faith and homely virtue of the peasants tilling the fields, that shall be as guiding fires to all Poland.

“ And our grief grows lighter, our hearts ache less, knowing that the flame trembles in every little spark,” and that great luminaries may be fashioned in time out of united stars.

Then, going out into the meadows at daybreak to sow the grain, when “ all the air is singing like a lark,” he learns the lesson of the wheat. The reader will remember how in Frank Norris' noble novel *The Octopus : The Epic of the Wheat*, after long anguish Vanamee, wandering through the night, sees the dawn flaming over ranchos once bare, now white with wheat, and reads therein that life springs from death, immortality from corruption, joy from pain, even as the seed fructifies out of dark places. To the young Pole, writing half a century earlier, the wheat speaks in like manner and, as he watches the peasants sowing the grain, he consoles himself in his heavy sorrow by the thought that the sons will reap where the fathers sowed. The sower will pass to the grave with the words on his lips :

"I die, but the seed will not die. Oh, it were sweet to dream thus in the hour preceding death!"

And another will take his place who can sow in his turn, and who will not spare his toil. Storms may beat upon the furrows; but Mother Earth shields the seed in her bosom, and slowly the spirit breathes and gives it life. And at last the poet beholds the fields golden with the harvest while the reapers load the waggons, singing songs of joy and freedom.

A year after he had written this poem, Ujejski saw Warsaw for the first time. This visit to the capital of his country, now the centre of the Russian persecution, had a far reaching influence on his subsequent life as a writer. Not only did it lay the foundations of the poem *Marathon* by which he made his name, but it was in Warsaw, with the spectacle of the nation's suffering before him, that he was inspired with the clear comprehension of his particular vocation as a poet. He tells us in the poem *The Lyre of Jeremias*, which he wrote in Warsaw, that now he casts his old lyre underfoot:

"For I shall sing no longer for myself. I stretch my hand to Jeremias' lyre to string it to the wailing of my brothers. I renounce myself. I cast all my own sorrows to the bottom of my heart; let them perish without echo. My whole nation is my family. Mine are the tears from her eyes, mine the blood from her wounds. Suffering her pain, I will sing. Ah, I suffer!"

He sits sorrowing and alone, with a city in mourning about him. His friends are gone, slain, or in the living graves of Siberia; and, as he watches at night,

"I hear the subterranean hollow drag of chains. I hear far off the beating of the hammer. It is my brothers toiling in the mines."

He sees in the snowy deserts his people, perishing of hunger and cold, dying with no memory left of them. He sees them from the Baltic to the Black Sea, ground down by oppression. And, likening the tears of Poland to those of Jerusalem, the poet, falling on his face for grief, cries upon the spirit of Jeremias, his favourite type of a national inspirer and prophet, to give him of his strength, for he sinks beneath his sorrow.

We shall see later with what deep psychological significance this figure of Jeremias is invested in Ujejski's eyes.

Up to the year of Ujejski's visit to Warsaw, his name was scarcely known. Then, after his return to Austrian Poland, as he was taking part one evening in a literary gathering in a friend's house, the boy of twenty-two read aloud a poem that he had just finished writing, entitled *Marathon*. Such was the patriotic power, the finished artistic beauty of these lines that the audience sat spell-bound in silent wonder and admiration. From that hour, Ujejski took his place among the great poets of his nation.

His purpose in writing *Marathon* may be gathered from the words of stinging reproach to his countrymen which form the preface, and from the quotation from Byron which he chooses as his motto :

The mountains look on Marathon,  
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;  
 And musing there an hour alone,  
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free,  
 For standing on the Persian's grave,  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

“You ask a song,” so Ujejski flings his poem forth into the world, “of charm and sweetness for your ears ; but, my compatriots, my only song for you is one that

shall remind you of the clanking of your chains. You ask a song as a flower in a garland to give you honour at the banquet; but I would fain steel your enervated souls with a fiery blush like armour in the flame."

Then he laments that to him, a boy, has fallen the task of speaking this language of sarcasm and upbraiding instead of that of love. He has long sought for some means by which he can infuse manhood into the hearts of men who are growing weak in bondage; and now he will raise the heroes of ancient history to point the way.

And so he sings the story of Marathon; in other words, of the victory of a few routing, by the strength of one common bond of devotion to their fatherland, the hosts of Persia. The poem opens with the burning of Sardis.

"A slave ran out from the burning town, and behind him ran in pursuit the wails of the dying that rang in his ears. And he fled, veiled by the darkness of night. Oft he cast backward his terrified eyes, and behind him the wind breathed fire on the heights and carried clamour upon it. He stood and he listened. Perchance even now the enemies butcher his brothers, give the aged mother to drink of the blood of her son, and level the hut with fire and with sword. But tarry he may not. With the satrap's command, oh, runner, speed on, for the way is still long. When thou returnest thou shalt count the corpses in ashes. He fled through the desert with the news he was bidden, and swiftly he ran till the sun had arisen; and when in the outposts he met with a runner, 'Sardis is in flames. To Susa! To Susa!' he cried, and he turned; and the other, like an ostrich wide-spreading its wings, flew, and vanished before the sun like a spectre of night."

In a series of virile word-paintings, Ujejski tersely but vigorously depicts the march to war of the Persian armies, the terror in Athens, the victory.

“From the four ends of the world the legions march. From the four ends of the world the vultures flock; until a mighty wind springs up from the fluttering of the flags, and a mighty humming from the rattling of the bows. The earth is blackened with the horses’ hoofs.”

Meanwhile, in Athens we have the moral point of the poem, that is, the speech of Miltiades, bidding him who would prefer to be a slave begone to Darius and to fawn upon him, like a hungry cur, for empty honours.

“But we others, let us remain, we who are linked in misfortune. Either we will wipe out the foe with this sword, or, by the holy gods, will we, free, find refuge from slavery in death.”

Impressing upon the Athenian crowds that, united, they are all-powerful against the most overwhelming odds, he reminds them that their ancestors are summoning them to the like glorious deeds as theirs.

Ujejski hardly describes the battle itself except to insist again upon that dominant, and to the Pole most significant, note of a handful confounding a multitude. The action transfers itself to Athens, to the women and old men awaiting tidings till the night is broken by the sound of hurrying feet, and the messenger, crying victory through the streets, falls dead without a wound.

“On the battle-field after the murderous day-long game is played, after the bloody toil, the raging war, thousands of men now sleep in peace. The Greek and Persian on one self-same bed lie without anger in eternal brotherhood. Over them ravens stalk and feast, and with hoarse voices bid their brethren come.”

*Marathon* was written in 1845. The following year Poland was stricken by one of the most terrible catastrophes that she has ever known, the uprising of the Galician peasantry against the Polish nobles. Their ignorance played upon by unscrupulous agitators, driven on by the instigations of the Austrian government, the peasants changed the national insurrection that a certain section of the Poles had been preparing into an appalling mob revolt. Maddened by drink, they forced their way into their landlords' houses and put the inhabitants to tortures, butchering men, women, and children. Whole families perished together at their hands. Terror reigned over the land.

Belonging as he did to a noble house, Ujejski, although he himself and his immediate family escaped destruction, lived in the midst of these scenes. The grief and horror of his soul are stamped upon the poems that streamed forth from his pen at this time. Passionately patriotic, devoted to the purest of national ideals, he saw the nation that he loved thrust down into an abyss of shame, dragged from the path of glory and salvation which he and every poet of his race had looked to see her tread, her fair fields become a shambles. For once his heart seems to fail him, and he complains that he can see God no longer. Nature, that had inspired him with the hope of the wheat, is now only cruel, parading her beauty, indifferent to human anguish.

“Oh, Earth, there is no heart nor love in thee. As a coquette decking herself at evening, thou dreamest only of ornaments, of splendour. Thou art an egotist. Drowned in thy flowers, thou dost forget thy suffering children. Gladly thou catchest every different voice, except one only—except the voice of pain.

“Many a time thy treacherous hand has woven

from the thorns thou bearest a crown of torment for thy child. That guilty thorn, drunken with innocent blood, blooms again as a white flower in the spring, and the birds sing of it to the world: 'Oh, what a white and stainless flower!'

"And over our flaming homes, when the conflagrations fling wide their crimson flags, and the mother, with her hair sparkling in the glare, casts herself on the cradle of her child, then the cloud floating in the dark night skies thus whispers to itself: 'See the gay fires that flame upon the earth. Oh, but they paint my bosom with their beauty!'

"Oh, Earth, thou ever, ever art the same. A demon of irony ever flies o'er thee that makes our pain thine ornament, thy splendour. They say that amber is a bird's tear, turned to stone. Oh, Earth, our blood is but a ruby to thee, our cry of grief thy music, our whitened bones thy easy couch.

"To-day I saw a string of cranes fly from across the sea, lured by the spring. And they flew fast, and with a joyful song they hailed the pond where lilies float, and hailed the hills with pine-trees crowned, and the silver rivers on the carpeted meads. And, flying their free trail above this earth, nought, nought they saw or heard—except the spring. I wept, and in my heart I said: 'Oh, Lord, why am I not a bird?' Old wish! Age after age repeats, better to be a bird than be a man." (*The Earth*, 1846.)

Under the burden of his own distress of mind and of his country's mourning, Ujejski, like the other Polish poets who had gone before him, poured out his soul in poetical inspiration. The figure of Jeremias, lamenting among the ruins of a fallen city, had already, as we have seen, captivated his imagination. In the



midst of the fresh national tragedy, he now turned again in thought to another oppressed race who had wept by the waters of strange lands—to the Hebrews of old. The peculiar part that their prophet-poets had played in raising and inspiring them, spoke straight to Ujejski's heart. His nation was now the outcast of peoples. He would send her a message of counsel and of consolation under the impersonation of a second Jeremias. Thus arose that famous cycle of lyrics that are among the most mournful poems even of Poland's tragic literature—Ujejski's *Complaints of Jeremias*.

Jeremias, the type of a national guide, flies, an angel of vengeance, over Poland. The land is one lake of blood. The skies are red with the fires of burning homes. The wails of the dying are mingled with the hoarse cries of the murderers. And Jeremias calls upon the nation to retaliate and avenge her wrongs by bloodshed on her side. She has been patient long enough. Heaven will not take pity on the weak, but gives the victory to brute force.

“Oh, Lord, Thou Who weighest in Thy hand our fate, open Thy heavens to this song. And when that day of ours shall come, that yearned-for day, bid Thy angels thunder on brazen trumpets to the four quarters of the world this watchword in that day: Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!

“And the nation trembled and moved: but dragged down by her chain she fell once more, for she breathed not the spirit of God, and it was not in God, but revenge that she woke from sleep.”

Then Jeremias repents him of his evil bidding, till at last, after long penance, his tongue is loosened to sing a higher strain of prayer and praise.

“Oh, my people!” cries the poet, in conclusion to

this, his preliminary poem *The Word of Jeremias*: "These songs of mine are my life's blood. Let this one word ring in your inspirations, let it flow in your veins. Let it die not on your lips before the jeering foe, and you shall need no other pillory for the foe—sorest punishment for Satan—than this word, *Praised be God.*"

The moral teaching of this poem is the more striking when we realise not only that it came from the heart of a youth at an age when the blood runs hottest at the sight of wrong, but that he was not, as it were, merely writing on paper, far removed from the passion of the conflict. What he described was a matter that touched his own life to the quick. The deep religious feeling and high ideal with which these lines are impregnated are the key-note of Ujejski's life-work.

The succeeding poems of the series continue on the like tone of faith, of pain, of prayer under intolerable affliction. As the poet keeps vigil on a summer's night, his soul revolts against the beauty and tranquillity of that night, where no trace remains of the tears that have watered it, of the blood with which it has streamed. The leaves are motionless on the trees, and swans dream where the lakes reflect the stars.

"The earth smells sweet, and the dawn flames. My God! My God!" is his horror-stricken refrain.

At another moment, he will paraphrase the Our Father, turning each of its invocations into a heart-broken entreaty for his nation.

"Oh, let the nations troubled by eternal war breathe again in brotherhood and love. Let this earth be engirdled by liberty and love. Let there be one God, one aim, one race. *Thy Kingdom come.*"

"Oh, then, then it were worth while to live, in

liberty beneath Thy care. To-day we knock in vain against the coffin's lid. *Thy Will be done.*"

In the *Chorale*, which Ujejski wrote before the other poems of the cycle and to which he subsequently added the latter, he reaches the height of power as a national and a moral poet, calling to the deepest things of the heart. One of the finest poems that he ever composed, it is still sung in Poland and at Polish gatherings, and remains among the best loved poems of his country.

"With the smoke of the burning fires, with the dust soaked with our brothers' blood, this voice, oh, Lord, beats up to Thee. Terrible is this our complaint. This is the last sigh of ours. Our hair grows white from such prayers as these. We know no songs now without complaints. The crown of thorns has grown into our brows. Eternally, as a monument to Thine anger, our imploring hands stretch out to Thee.

"How many times hast Thou not scourged us! And we, not yet cleansed from our fresh bleeding wounds, we cry out again: 'He has heard us and pardoned, for He is our father, for He is our Lord.' And we rise again more firmly hoping, and again by Thy will our enemy crushes us; and he flings us his gibe like a rock on our bosoms: '*Now where is that father and where is that God?*'

"And we look to the sky to see if a hundred suns will not fall from its height as a sign to our foes. All is still, all is still. In the blue the free bird still soars as of old. Then, rent asunder by fearful doubt, ere we can waken again our faith, our lips blaspheme Thee though our hearts are weeping. Oh, judge us by our hearts, not by our words.

"Oh, Lord, Lord, to the horror of the world time

has brought on us a terrible story. The son has slain his mother, the brother has slain his brother: a multitude of Cains is among us now. Lord, it is not they who are guilty, though they have thrust back our future; but other demons have done this deed. Oh, punish the hand, not the blind sword.

"See, in our misery ever the same, to Thy breast, to Thy stars we float on prayer like birds fain to sleep flying to rest in the nests that are theirs. Shelter us, shelter us with the hand of a father. Give us the vision of Thy mercies to come. Let the flower of martyrdom lull us by its fragrance, let the light of martyrdom surround us with glory.

"And with Thy archangel to lead us we will then go on to the mighty battle, and on Satan's cowering body we will fasten Thy conquering banner. We will open our hearts to our erring brothers;<sup>1</sup> the oil of freedom shall cleanse their guilt. And then shall the abject blasphemer hear our answer: '*God was and God is.*'" (*Chorale*, 1846.)

All through Ujejski's poetry, and most noticeably in the *Complaints of Jeremias*, written though they were under such tragic circumstances, the poet's attitude is never pessimistic.<sup>2</sup> Even in the hours of his deepest desolation, his confidence in a Divine ordering, however terrible the test by which it is tried, does not falter. The ideals that he places before the eyes of the youth of Poland are invariably those of

<sup>1</sup> Were it only from his expressions in the *Chorale* we should learn how completely Ujejski had pardoned the Galician peasantry; but his whole life, spent in working in their behalf, speaks for itself.

<sup>2</sup> It may be said that *The Earth* and a fragment which he wrote at the same time, during the massacres, and in which he says, "Terror blanched my face, I saw not God," convey an impression of utter hopelessness. But such language is so unusual with Ujejski that it must be considered as exceptional and only representing a moment of agony, not the habit of his mind.

faith, moral purity, constancy and hope. His grief, indeed, seems to approach despair in that poem from the *Complaints of Jeremias* where, at the end of each of the eight stanzas in which the poet commemorates the bitter sufferings of his country, tolls the cry of pain: "Oh, God, we are sorrowful." The nation, he says, has drunk to the dregs of her chalice. Upon the burning pyres of our brethren, on our sons thirsting at the stakes, heaven casts not dew, but thunderbolts. "We are filled with tears and mourning" that our homes know us no more but are given over to the stranger, while our bones are scattered over the wide world. The swallows chirp in their own tongue, but the Polish child no longer hears his language. Birds of passage may return, with the spring, to their country; the Pole, driven to the snows of Siberia, may never return again, and only the dead bodies of those fallen by the wayside mark his road.

"Then, Lord, wilt Thou never console Thy repentant people? We wither as leaves before Thine eyes; and wilt Thou not hasten the hour of redemption?"

But even here the poet can still reiterate that his nation kneels before her God. Ujejski, in fact, is always and definitely on the side of the angels. The *Act of Faith* that closes the *Complaints* shows us an undismayed soul that rose victorious above the temptations that encompass the children of a suffering and persecuted nation.

"Long I wept in the garden of Gethsemane. Long I tore the music of my lyre out from my tears. Now I rise me with a wearied body, but with a strong, a mighty and anointed soul."

Poland, having lain in the dust of humiliation, soars upward, crowned with stars; and Ujejski

dictates to her her act of faith. Here he follows more closely in the steps of Krasinski, that rapturous and ethereal prophet of the nation's glorification, than in any other of his poems. The echoes of the great mystic prophecies of Mesyanism that reached their noblest expression in Krasinski's magnificent prayer for his people—*The Psalm of Good Will*—cling about the lips of the younger poet likewise. Polish Mesyanism—that form of national mysticism upon which the most inspired poets of Poland built their hopes of salvation for their nation in the depths of her suffering—taught that those sufferings were to open a new way of light to the human race, led by Poland, victorious and purified by martyrdom. Ujejski's poetry is never so decided an expression of the strange, radiant theories of Mesyanism as we find in Mickiewicz's *Ancestors* and Krasinski's *Dawn* and *Psalms of the Future*. He is, indeed, far more what we might call Western in his line of thought, more concrete. But this *Act of Faith* is a clear testimony to Mesyanistic hopes.

“We believe, Lord, oh, firmly we believe that Thou hast set us as a torch by night to lead the human race to Thee. We believe that the light of our dawn is already dawning in the skies. We believe that Thou sowest stars upon our road. We believe that though Thou dost permit at times the weak to stagger, yet Thou dost shield us all from fall, and that Thou hast set Thy angels round the pit. We believe, oh, Lord, we are the sons of light. We believe that in some time not far away our country's bounds shall be from sea to sea, and all the nations will through the ages and the ages gaze on us as man gazes to the sun. We believe, oh, Lord, that Thou shalt rule us as our King.”

The *Complaints of Jeremias* touch the highest

point of Ujejski's national aspirations, and created a profound impression in his country. Under the literary aspect, he showed himself here as a master of lyrical form—Ujejski is almost exclusively a lyric poet—whose love of music gave his poetry a peculiar rhythmic charm. The patriotic fire that trembles through these poems never died. Using again the image of the chosen race in whom so many of the Polish poets saw the mystic counterpart of their own people, Ujejski wrote his *Biblical Melodies*. Albeit the subjects are scriptural, reading between the lines and especially in *Super Flumina Babylonis*, we know that the Polish singer is in reality thinking of no nation of the past, but of his Poland under a veil, letting these lessons of fidelity to a national cause, steadfastness under oppression, hope in the future, speak for themselves.

But it would be a mistake to imagine that the nature of Ujejski's patriotism is purely one of resignation and passive endurance. There is a strong martial side to his character. The *Angelus*, peaceful evening picture though it is, has yet a sterner and a rugged colouring. The mists of the coming night droop about the hamlet. Homing birds fly, crying, to their nests. The peasant boy in the hills is piping on his flute. Then the *Angelus* rings out from the village church. The scent of the flowers, the mist, the murmuring of the stream, the clamour of the birds, the flute of the boy, all join their voices in song and prayer. The sound of the bell reaches the dead in their graves who died for Poland, and they, too, pray. Then the poet asks of fate that when he in his turn goes down into his grave, after having sung to its depths the sorrow of his nation, with his last tears given to the mother earth he loved so well, these same sweet evening sounds

may breathe over him as his dying lips repeat the Angelus.

“Let them lay me in my coffin on a bloody shield. Let my songs of war murmur there around me. Let me dream that, dying, I beheld an armed people, radiant in their victory.”

Many years later, he prays that when he has finished his work of song for his nation :

“May that beloved earth, that natal earth fall on my bosom as though she mourned for me. She will not lie heavily on me who loved her. Softly as a mother’s hand will she rest upon mine eyes.”

And he bids that his bones shall be laid in a meadow that he knows, where, so popular tradition has it, the sons of Poland fell in the past fighting for their country, and where a legend foretells that the final victory of Poland will be fought. There, says the poet, spring blooms earlier than in any other field. There, the winds blow more freshly than elsewhere. There, the ghosts of those who gave up their lives for Poland hold their gatherings.

“Bear me there. Lay my head there beneath the turf. Let that great hope be my glory. I reckon not whether they bury me with lamenting and with weeping; but let that mighty hope be my death monument.”

“Oh, earth of my songs,” cries the poet with all the passion of the Pole for the soil. “Oh, thou who art my mother! Thou, who dost lavish comfort on thy faithful sons, thou wilt not drive my yearning soul away from thee.”

There he will lie till above his head resounds the clash of arms, and the peasants rise for Poland, the nation battles for her freedom. In that day of triumph,



of a conflict such as the world has never yet seen, in that day "I will arise again."

The pastoral scenes that he has painted in the *Angelus* were the setting of most of Ujejski's life. He married in 1849, and, as he sings in a poem to his wife, found in his happy marriage a refuge from adversity. From that time he spent nearly all of his tranquil days in the country, surrounded by domestic joys, devoting himself to unwearied labour for the welfare of the Galician peasants. From his youth upwards their condition had always been a subject dear to his heart. Their poverty and misfortunes are the theme of more than one of his poems, written to awake sympathy for their lot. For the last seventeen years of his life he wrote very little. But his nation was never forgotten. Not long before his death, on the celebration of his poetical jubilee, he said that life had deceived him, for it had given him what he had neither sought nor wished, fame and honours, but it had withheld from him the one desire of his heart, the resurrection of Poland. His place in Polish literature is that of a great lyric poet, and a teacher who never ceased to urge the youth of his nation towards the highest ideals, personal and national, and to inspire them with an evergreen hope for the restoration of their beloved and oppressed nation. These two tenets of hope and resurrection were his own cherished and life-long beacon-lights. We may, indeed, look upon them as being his last testament, the last words by which he chose to be remembered; for it was he who raised the inscription over the gate of the country graveyard near his home where his dust was to lie: "They shall rest and they shall rise."

MONICA M. GARDNER.

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

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THERE are several terms which are synonymous in the expression of mental states which lie below the threshold of normal consciousness. They are terms such as 'subconscious,' 'subliminal,' 'secondary personality,' and such phrases as 'unconscious cerebration' and 'latent modifications of consciousness,' as Sir William Hamilton called them.

'Secondary personality' names a highly organised system of subnormal mental states, which present all the appearance of being another personality or person than the normal person. The others name mental processes below the threshold which are not necessarily systematic or representative of a distinct or separate personality. They all represent, however, mental states of which normal consciousness is not aware, and obtain their name for that reason. We cannot go into the history of the phenomena here, but must be content with a somewhat dogmatic statement of their nature.

Consciousness or normal consciousness represents the mental states of which we are directly aware. This normal consciousness is the one process or phenomenon of which we are immediately aware, and which serves as the standard for understanding all else. Consciousness is the final court for certain and

<sup>1</sup> In the last number Dr. Hyslop dealt with 'The Supernormal.'—Ed.

assured knowledge. All other facts have to be interpreted by relation to it in some way.

The 'subconscious' or the 'subliminal,' as psychic researchers have called it, defines a class of phenomena to which consciousness does not have direct access, but which seem to have all other characteristics of intelligence or mental action.

Descartes and his followers would not admit the existence of mental states not known by consciousness, but would refer all that is not conscious to reflex and mechanical actions. Hence there are those who dispute the existence of subconscious mental states. But they cannot dispute the facts which have been so named, and in fact they do not dispute them.

Now it is the facts that are interesting and important, no matter what we call them, or whether we call them mental or not. The one thing certain about them is that there are states which show as much intelligence as normal consciousness, though they are not immediately known by normal consciousness; and this suffices to make them mental and so to refuse the limitation of mind to immediate conscious action. Otherwise we should have no means of distinguishing between what are called 'mechanical' and mental actions of any kind.

It may be that we shall ultimately discover an identity between 'mechanical' and mental actions in their real nature; but in spite of any such identity, real or supposed, there is a certain difference. What we call 'mechanical' actions do not show, superficially at least, any evidence of accompanying consciousness, and we so name them for that reason. Now if we classify the states which have been named 'subconscious' with mechanical actions, we assume that

intelligence can be a part or accompaniment of the 'mechanical,' and we should have no ground to distinguish the normally conscious from the 'mechanical.' If it were not for certain equivocations or associated ideas expressed or implied by the term 'mechanical,' I should not object to this identification; but with the liabilities of confusion we may have to cling to the distinction between them for a while longer. As long as we do so, we shall have to define the 'subconscious' mental states by their essential element of intelligence as distinct from 'mechanical.' They thus lie between the 'mechanical' reflexes and the normally conscious states.

That there are such states may be illustrated very easily. Thus, I was standing in the street waiting and watching for my street car. I wanted a car of a certain number. My eye caught the sign and I thought it was '940.' I could not see this number. I watched it for some seconds but could not distinguish the number. When the car got some fifty or perhaps a hundred feet nearer I could clearly see the '940,' so that my impression of the number at first was a subliminal one, an impression that lay below the threshold of consciousness.

The same is true of much that is in the indirect field of vision. Indeed Max Dessoir compares consciousness to the visual field, and the analogy is a good one. We see most distinctly in the centre of the field of vision. As we move out toward the margin of the retinal field we lose distinctness of perception, and many or all objects cannot be distinctly recognised. This marginal field fades off into wholly non-perceivable impressions, and there is every reason to believe that we can apply the same idea to the field of touch, except

that the comparison would be in terms of sensible and non-sensible stimuli rather than in terms of a central and marginal fields. Taking consciousness in general as represented by a field in which the clearest knowledge is the centre of attention, we should find normal consciousness fading off in the margin to impressions, like the number '940,' and we should probably find by instruments that stimuli were appreciated where no conscious impression at all is involved.

This last idea is fully proved by some phenomena of hysteria. Often hysterical patients cannot recognise an object in the indirect field of vision where normally it would be clearly perceivable. But if we put a pencil in the hand, they will write what the object is before the eye, though the eye does not see it. This is evidence that the stimulus is appreciated as in normal perception, except that visual consciousness has no knowledge of the stimulus. This is an excellent illustration of a purely subconscious mental state or perception.

Somnambulism and hypnosis give further evidence of mental states below the threshold, so to speak. The sleep-walker does and says all sorts of things, but does not know normally what they are. I have known a young man get up in the morning, dress himself as carefully as usual, eat his breakfast, smoke a cigar, tell all about what he did the night before, sit in the window in a dangerous position, carry on conversation apparently in a normal condition, except for his glazed eyes—and know nothing about it when awakened from this condition an hour or two later. He was simply asleep with his eyes open. His mind did all that it would do in a normal condition, and yet remembered nothing of it. The same is true under hypnosis. The

subject acts exactly as he would normally, save that he will do ridiculous things in hypnosis that he would inhibit in the waking state, and he knows nothing about them when normal.

Then there are the cases which we call 'secondary personality.' These are instances in which persons seem superficially to be leading a normal life, but awoken out of it only to find that they have not been living a normal life at all, and have no memory of the events during their so-called secondary state. Ansel Bourne is rather a celebrated case of this. He disappeared from home and eight weeks later suddenly awakened from his condition, not knowing where he was. He had in his secondary state been keeping a junk shop, though his normal life had been that of an itinerant preacher or labourer in other vocations. He remembered nothing of the events of these eight weeks after he awakened from his secondary condition, except two or three of the events and these only in a fragmentary manner. I have a case also of a man who remained four years in this secondary condition. His real name was Brewin, and in his waking trance he assumed the name Johnson and was employed in a tailoring establishment. He had been a merchant tailor in his normal condition. When he recovered his normal consciousness he knew nothing about the four years of the secondary state.

These phenomena, and many much nearer the borders of the normal state, give rise to the term 'sub-conscious' or 'subliminal' mental states, as being mental events rather than mechanical reflexes, because they manifest intelligence equal, or even superior, to the normal state at times, and rational adjustment to environment in the more developed forms of secondary

personality. There is good evidence that there are what we may call dreams lying beyond the reach of normal memory, and which may be called subliminal dreams, those which we recognise being in the margin of our recovering normal states. The subconscious thus lies between normal consciousness and the mechanical reflexes of the body. It has all the unconsciousness or regularity of the reflexes and all the intelligence of normal consciousness, and so has to be distinguished from both.

The characteristic which at once struck attention in such phenomena was the appearance in them of another person than the normal one. The subject normally could not introspect the subconscious phenomena; and with Cartesian preconceptions in the mind, the first interpretation with the layman was that a foreign agent was the cause. These phenomena had the superficial appearance of representing those cases which laid claim to being spirit-obsessions, and hence secondary personality came to mean just this in the minds of many laymen. In the more highly developed cases spirits were supposed to be the explanation.

But for the scientific psychologist this view had no temptations. A little examination showed that the conditions for a spiritistic hypothesis were usually or always absent. There was no trace of personal identity, such as seemed necessary to prove this theory. The mental phenomena, even when not remembered by the normal consciousness, were so often traced to normal experience that the subconsciousness appeared to be only a split-off group of mental states not remembered normally, though acquired normally. In this way subconscious phenomena became a means of staving off the application of

spirits to explain certain mediumistic phenomena. The 'subconscious' was a name for mental states not accessible to introspection and yet not expressive of any other personality. The fertility of these subconscious functions was so great that they could do or simulate anything but supernormal phenomena; and hence the subconscious became an important resource for limiting the application of supernormal theories.

One of the things that helped to make it a convenient resource for explaining away alleged supernormal phenomena, was the apparently remarkable memory of the subconscious. Another was the absence of evidence that the phenomena had a spiritistic origin. The two circumstances together made it a fit dumping ground for all that was mysterious to the normal mind. It was supposed to have an infinite memory and be capable of inventing or fabricating any conceivable thing that had superficial appearances of being supernormal. Flournoy's investigation of apparent communication with the planet Mars by a case of alleged reincarnation from that planet is a good illustration. The personality claiming to have this reincarnation could not prove his identity, but the language used had such unmistakable resemblances to the structure of the French, which was the native speech of the subject, that the whole magnificent product had to be explained by subconscious fabrication. It was the same with Dr. Morton Prince's case, that of Miss Beauchamp, though he did not publish all the facts.

All these things, the peculiar feats of memory, powers of fabrication, powers of dramatic representation, the resourcefulness of the dream-life, hyperæsthesia or acute sensibility, and many other phenomena,



make the subconscious a convenient source of explanation for phenomena that had otherwise appeared to have an origin outside the mind. Hence the subconscious became a means for limiting the supernormal, and that is its chief function in the hands of critics to-day. There is, however, too little effort to study it and to reduce it to scientific order. It is too convenient a means of circumventing the appeal to the supernormal to get any confession of ignorance from those who use it so generally to discredit the supernormal. In the course of their appeal to it, some writers have made it appear to be the most fundamental peculiarity of the mind, on which our whole normal life even is built. With men like Hartmann, it would seem that normal consciousness is nothing except the margin of subconscious activities. All the essential features of our mental life are subconscious in that school. Even Mr. Myers made it so large as to find in it the explanation of the mystery of mind, of genius, and of survival. The larger part of mental activities and the powers of the supernormal lay in its capacities.

Now the subconscious does assign limits to supernormal phenomena. It excludes all those incidents which are not evidence of agents outside the organism, and which are evidence of the subject's own action, though even here there is room for outside stimulus and inside action in response. But that has to be proved; while so much that was thought to be foreign, is undoubtedly the result of either normal stimuli and dissociated mental action or mere dream-fabrication, that we have to eliminate subconscious action of the spontaneous sort and all that is not evidence from the claims of the supernormal—at least until we learn more of the facts. We cannot talk about telepathy,

clairvoyance, and spiritistic phenomena until we are assured that subconscious action does not explain them. All supernormal claims must first be tried before that court.

But there is a view of the subconscious which may make it the instrument of the supernormal, and not necessarily the means of explaining such facts away. It has been quite a bugbear to the psychic researcher, whereas, if he knew his psychology rightly, he might make it the instrument by which he gets all his evidence. It will then be only a question of his mode of observation and experiment.

The fact that there is as great a cleavage, apparently, between normal consciousness and the subconscious as between two different persons, and also the fact that the subconscious has been appealed to for explaining away supernormal phenomena of all kinds, have created the feeling that it is necessarily an antagonistic conception to the supernormal. I must regard this, however, as illusory.

The cleavage which we mark between primary and secondary personality, between normal consciousness and the subconscious, is only one of memory and the absence often of normal sensibility. It is not the difference between two real persons. It is only the difference in the grouping of mental states. In other words, the functional activities of the subconscious are the same as in the normal consciousness, only they are minus either sensibility or memory or both.

Sensibility and normal consciousness are indices of our relation to the physical world. In them we recognise our environment and adjust ourselves to it. The threshold of consciousness is the indicator of where and when we become aware of stimulus normally.

Insensibility or anæsthesia marks the disappearance of this threshold, and so amnesia and anæsthesia, or absence of memory and of normal sensibility, are the marks of a change of relation to the physical world. They may not be necessary to this change of rapport or relation, but when they occur they are evidence of the change, at least the physiological evidence. Hence in normal consciousness we are most distinctly in rapport with the physical world.

In the subconscious we are distinctly out of rapport with the physical world, except for the mechanical reflexes and perhaps other unconscious mental activities, though we may not be in rapport with anything else. But if there be a world of energy transcendental to sense, it is possible that rapport with it might be established through the subconscious, with or without normal sensibility and memory.

It is clear to all those who have studied the facts alleged to be supernormal, that they are intimately connected with subconsciousness, and the critic of the supernormal cannot well deny or question this, because he always endeavours, as far as possible, to explain away the supernormal by the appeal to the subconscious. But as normal consciousness is always definitely related to stimulus, and the subconsciousness is always believed to be so related (except when reference is made to its fabricating powers, and even then stimulus may be admitted), we may find that the supernormal simply conforms to the law of stimulus, only that it is transcendental in another sense than that of the normal physical world.

Now it is precisely this relation which I think obtains with the subconscious. There is every reason to believe that it is as subject to the law of stimulus

as the normal consciousness; and, if that be granted, it clears the way for regarding the subconscious as the vehicle for conveying evidence of a world transcendental to sense, a spiritual world of discarnate spirits. It is only a matter of evidence, after that fact be assumed or admitted. No doubt the activities of the subconscious will interfere with the transmission of evidence. But only in so far as its inhibitions on the admission of outside information occur, will the process be hindered.

A spiritual world, if it exists and can act on the physical at all, must adapt its stimulus to the conditions that prevail in the physical world. On the other hand the influence of normal consciousness and the subconscious must be suspended in order to admit of that influence from the other side. We know that normal consciousness keeps up such a tonal influence, or tonicity of the muscles, as it is called, that muscular action from any other source is more or less prevented. The first conditions of transmitted evidence of a transcendental world is the suspension of this tonicity, the relaxation of normal consciousness, so that a transcendental consciousness may take its place.

But more is needed than the dissociation of normal consciousness from the control of the conditions necessary for foreign intrusions. The subconscious is quite as resistant to this intrusion as the normal mind; and it, too, must be dissociated, more or less, to admit of the invasion from the outside that will give expression to the facts that will be evidence of the invasion itself. The subconscious as the agent will be the medium of that expression, but it must inhibit the tendency to make the expression itself. It must retire

from controlling while it permits the use of its functions for the transmission of information.

Now it seems to the present writer that this is just what takes place in all such supernormal phenomena. The subconscious, as well as the normal consciousness, is sufficiently dissociated from ordinary action to admit of transmitted evidence of the transcendental. There are cases where it comes either through the normal consciousness and finds its physical expression through that, or concomitantly and parallel with automatic expression into the normal consciousness, but even in these cases the subconsciousness is the primary condition of the transmission. As this subconscious is merely the mind having its rapport with the spiritual world, either in addition to or without rapport with the physical, it is the instrument of foreign influences and not merely the means of eliminating them. It may be an obstacle to communication as well as the vehicle for it, but it certainly is the instrument of the supernormal. The believer in telepathy cannot escape this general view of the subconscious. He refers telepathic coincidences to an outside mental world, though it be a living one, but he must necessarily assume that the subconscious is the medium between the foreign mind and the normal consciousness of the subject which receives the message. It will be the same if we suppose the outside mind to be a discarnate one; and all that we observe in automatic writing and automatic speech suggests or proves that the subconscious will be the vehicle for the evidence of the spiritual world, when it comes.

The very fact that consciousness can exist without sensory form, as is the fact under anæsthesia or

insensibility, is so much in favour of the possibility that it may have other rapport than the physical. It is only a question of evidence, not of *à priori* denial. But this is not the place to go into this question, nor to analyse in detail what is meant by the subconscious. In dreams, hypnosis, deliria, somnambulism and insanity, it plays a most important part; and these phenomena will always occupy practical as well as scientific attention, and they will place limits on the claims of the supernormal where there is a disposition to use the supernatural too readily.

But all this does not affect the issue raised here : namely, whether the subconscious might not be the instrument of transcendental messages as well as an obstacle to their transmission in the purity in which many want them for affecting their convictions. The occurrence of subconscious processes in response to stimuli without introspective consciousness of them as stimuli, and the existence of supernormal facts, make the claim very probable, and we have accomplished enough here, if we have shown that such a view gives unity to the phenomena which lie so closely to the normal and abnormal phenomena of mind without being able to be classified with them.

With the law of stimulus applied to the subconscious as well as to the conscious, we should have a clearer clue to the complexities of the problem, than we have when we apply the law of stimulus to the normal life but refuse it to the supernormal life of the mind. We can both admit the limitations which it assigns to the supernormal and define the conditions which make them possible, while they modify them.

The real difficulty with the term 'subconscious' is that it is now used to denote the *events*, which are

distinguished from those of normal consciousness, and then used to denote the *functions* of the mind, which are the same as those of normal consciousness minus sensibility. This makes the term equivocal. Sometimes the latter usage identifies it with the soul; but that is not the meaning given it generally. In studying its relation to its environment, it may be considered practically as the soul, which is now in rapport with the physical world and so in normal action, and again out of relation to the physical world, and possibly not in rapport with any other. But it will be psychic or supernormal when its rapport with the spiritual world is established, no matter how, and can thus receive stimuli from it. What form the stimuli take is not the prime question here. The emphasis here is upon the relation of the subconscious to the supernormal as an instrument or vehicle of it, rather than as something necessarily opposed to it. This means that we should always expect the subconscious to affect all that is transmitted to it from a transcendental world.

The normal consciousness, according to the idealistic philosophy, shows a modifying influence on stimuli, and why not the subconscious on ethereal stimuli? Light, heat, and sound are as much products of the mind as they are effects of matter. The subconscious must modify messages quite as much as normal consciousness modifies stimuli. Messages must take the form of the medium affected. The organic habits of the mind and the subconscious must colour what comes to them, precisely as our normal minds colour a story when told us. The only thing that we have to do is to rest our case on facts which cannot be due to the normal experience of the subject through whom the transcendental finds expression. The sub-

conscious will thus become our experimental instrument and our limitation at the same time, but nevertheless the condition and not the total preventive of commerce with the spiritual.

The subconscious requires further investigation in order to understand fully its relation to this problem. Many people too readily assume that we know all about it, and use it for explaining things when, in fact, it does not clearly explain at all. So far as we know what it does, and in so far as its action either resembles that of the normal consciousness or is identical with it, the subconscious explains; but it does not solve problems simply to refer facts of a mysterious character to this source. We must know more about the source to be sure that they should even be referred there. The mere possibility that a fact is subconscious is not a reason for believing or asserting it to be a fact. We need evidence here as much as for the supernormal.

It is not possible in a short paper to go into the matter of the subconscious in detail. It suffices to indicate that it is not a substitute for the supernormal but the vehicle of it; so that we shall always be required to make clear the powers and limitations of the subconscious before we can be any surer the supernormal is excluded than that it is present.

JAMES H. HYSLOP.



## THE GNOSIS IN EARLY CHRISTENDOM.

THE EDITOR.

IN the last number a specimen of lofty Christian gnostic speculation was given, while in the July issue an attempt was made to bring out the meaning of gnosis in its best sense as exemplified in the highest forms of Hellenistic religion. A kindly fate allowed us a fleeting glimpse into the intimate workings of souls experienced in the spiritual quest at a period of great stress and tension; it lent us, as it were vicariously, a consciousness that let us for a few moments enter the inner shrines of those now far-off days, and watch the soul in spiritual labour, travailing to bring to birth the godhood hidden in its inmost essence; upon which there followed, it is said, the beginnings of a vital knowledge of an utterly new order, an ever-deepening sense of growth in being, first as a conscious sharing in the free life of the universe, as whole blended with whole, and at the end communion and in some way union with that reality in which and from which and because of which the universe itself and all its countless lives have being and becoming, and at the last their perfect consummation.

This was the bright side of the shield; but there was also a dark side. As the spiritual life intensifies the whole of man's nature, with all its manifold contradictions, the more brightly the light shines forth the blacker seems the surrounding murk and darkness.

It is not then surprising to find, at this most critical period of stress and tension in the ancient West—when so many souls attained to spiritual birth, and what was to develop into a new world-faith, adapted to the general needs of less strenuously believing days, was struggling for mastery amid a number of might-be's—that both within as well as outside the Christian area the better had ever painfully to win its way against, not only the most manifest open opposition, but also against the most insidious inner delusions of the worse, now all the more intensified because of this super-human quickening. It may be all for the best and the work of the profoundest wisdom; but to our ignorance it seems well-nigh heart-breaking that the more man strives for greater light and life, the more he brings upon himself a host of supernormal fears and longings, and therewith the subtlest forms of self-deception, which with amazing cunning counterfeit the unknown good for which he craves. His most implacable foes are of his own household; they know his every thought and mood; they lie in wait in his most secret chambers, and whisper in his ears the subtlest temptations of superhuman power and knowledge, to lure him from the life and light and love of God, and bind the shackles of self-bondage still more tightly round his soul than when he drifted in the common stream of normal life.

This is the testing that many of the men and women of that time had to undergo when they experienced the stirring of the spirit in those strenuous days of storm and stress; and if we cannot learn to sympathise with them we can never come to any understanding of their lives. No one who has not had experience of the struggle in himself, no one who has

not felt the direst need of inner strength and comfort when all earthly help has failed, can have the faintest understanding of the intense reality of the religious life in those days. It is easy for the prosaic modern mind to criticise the outer forms of extravagance and error of belief and expectation that abounded, but this gives us no insight into the inner transformations that were being wrought in the souls of those who were stirred to their very depths by such convictions. It is the inner personal facts of their lives alone that can provide the *data* for estimating spiritual values and the rate of deepening towards reality; and of these we can learn directly but little from the scanty, deformed and overwritten or reconstructed records of what they believed. We can at best only conjecture what their inner life must have been by a powerful effort of the sympathetic imagination, and then only too frequently after we have first suppressed a strong distaste for the forms in which we find their hopes and fears presented; and this is especially the case for the modern mind when first brought into contact with the elaborate constructions of the gnostic genius.

It would, however, be foolish to throw away the child with the bath water; for a little reflection might easily assure us that even the most popular forms of belief to which the prosaic course of history has given the lie direct, were in their day most potent means of reformation, and wrought a change of tendency so critical that it effected a transformation of the whole nature in the inner history of the soul. For instance, the Christians of the first generation lived in an utterly abnormal state of awe, in momentary expectation of the sudden and miraculous end of the world-order by the immediate act of God. It is impossible for us

now-a-days in our dull normal lives to realise the acute tension of the psychic and mental atmosphere which a whole-hearted faith in such an immediately impending catastrophe created. Men who proclaimed to their fellows with intense conviction that it might be next week, or next day, or even at the very moment of speaking, that judgment would be on them, and the divine presence flash forth in all its might and majesty in the twinkling of an eye; who whispered it to one another with bated breath in awe-struck tones in their daily gatherings; whose watchword was 'The Lord is at hand!'—what leisure had they for the ordinary things of life that absorb the whole energies of the multitude, what taste for the undertakings or the knowledge of the day, what interest in passing events, so soon to be set at naught and brought to an end for ever? They must have been strung up to a well-nigh unendurable pitch of strain which made their reason totter; yet at the same time this very strain forced their character to undergo a rapid transformation of a most drastic, penetrating and pregnant nature which left its mark indelibly upon them for all time.

Such an unnatural state of affairs could not possibly have continued without entire loss of mental balance, and fortunately the logic of facts gradually relieved the strain in this direction for all but the most fanatical; but in other directions, in subtler and more reasonable and spiritual modes, there was equal tension both within and without Christian circles. All this was intermingled with the heredity of the past and the presence of the immediate environment; but on all sides we find signs of the awakening of a new spirit, the growing assurance that saving means were somehow attainable,—from the most perfunctory rites

of external purification to the inmost cleansing of the heart by the sternest moral reformation of the whole nature. Men began to know by experience that their most precious treasure was the spiritual element in them, whereby they believed they were to be born into conscious kinship with angels and with God. The idea of regeneration, of a new birth, bringing with it the deep conviction of immortality, not only in the form of faith, but as a vital fact of the awakened spiritual consciousness, possessed itself of ever increasing numbers. This great truth, however, was not an entirely new thing, revealed by Christianity for the first time; the Christian novelty was the proclamation of it to the people without distinction. Hitherto it had been kept withdrawn, a carefully guarded secret of initiatory cults or private rites. It was the boast of Christianity that what had hitherto been whispered in the secret chambers was now proclaimed upon the house-tops. What justification could such a boast have had, if it did not envisage some hitherto jealously kept secret that was in existence before the coming of Jesus, and not simply the subsequently formulated creed of the general Church about Jesus? The idea of a saviour, of a divine rescuer and redeemer had been and was and continued to be current in many forms, but the spiritual fact of how such salvation was to be efficiently wrought, namely by the inner transformation of our human nature by the divine inworking, so that in the end man and God should come to conscious union, was unknown to the masses as a realisable possibility for all, irrespective of worldly rank or position or degree of worldly knowledge, provided only that they unfeignedly believed and gave themselves whole-heartedly to God.

It would, however, be a misconception of the spiritual nature of this reform and renaissance to imagine that the appeal could have been solely or even mainly to the outwardly poor and miserable and ignorant. Other saving cults of the time also enrolled the slaves and down-trodden; but in so far as the proclamation had true spiritual authority the call was to the spiritually poor and lame and halt and blind, whether or not they were lacking or rich in worldly goods or intellectual gifts.

The earliest extant documents of Christianity are the chief Letters of Paul. How can we possibly believe that the ministry of the man who wrote these letters, succeeded among a wholly unprepared and ignorant populace? Surely he would have only confused and amazed and left them gaping? It is precisely because of the intellectually charged and highly elaborated atmosphere in which we move when reading these epistles, so different from the simple miraculous story culminating in a physical resurrection from the dead which underlies the subsequent synoptic accounts, that scholars of repute have felt themselves compelled to pronounce all these letters to be pseudonymous, and the product of a far later development of the Christian consciousness, which they would assign to the first quarter of the second century. For criticism the synoptic gospel story has proved the greatest puzzle in history, and there seems no prospect of its ever being really solved with the existing material. Most of the early literature is irretrievably lost; but there were once many gospels of very various kinds, not only those of the stamp approximating to the later canonical standard, but also spiritual and gnostic gospels. If we had some of the earliest specimens of

this literature we might perhaps better understand Paul's strange silence as to the words and deeds of Jesus which are found in the synoptic documents. But the post-dating of the Pauline letters is the violent severing of the knot and not the patient unravelling of the tangle. After many years of study of the subject in all its aspects I remain convinced that the main Letters of Paul are intensely personal documents; they are not pseudonymous tendency-inventions of a later age, literary exercises concocted by a subsequent gnosticism to authenticate its claims. They are genuine historical documents, the most direct Christian writings we have of the first century, and their testimony is not to be whittled away or apologised for or violently brought into line with subsequent attempts at harmonising and uniformity. Paul is writing to people who for the most part have already a distinct religious heredity, to men and women acquainted, not only with the popular terms of Hellenistic religion, but in some places at any rate with the technicalities of a special form of tradition or blend of traditions, to people moreover who were, and had for long been, chiefly interested in cultivating certain 'spiritual gifts.' Surely we cannot believe that Paul originated all this? He must have found such a state of affairs already existing, and that, too, spread far and wide in the western circum-mediterranean area and also at Rome; and it was largely among the adherents of such cults that he found an audience. Why does he address them in such peculiar terms and criticise their religious exercises, if his hearers are only recently new-made Christians without any tradition or practice behind them, and for whom he is for the most part himself entirely responsible? The recent attempts that have been made by

apologists to extricate themselves from this dilemma and evince a common primitive Christianity for Paul and the earliest Palestinian apostles of the canonical Gospels and Acts, are by no means happy; the facts point to but one natural conclusion, namely that from the earliest days of Christian propaganda among the Gentiles we find the faith already in contact with people familiar with ideas and practices that are explained and developed only in later gnostic circles; in other words Gentile Christianity was involved from the start with a gnostic element. Such people were already familiar with developed views as to world-genesis and world-redemption by a saviour god, and with the cultivation of spiritual experience as the means whereby revelation and gnosis of spiritual mysteries were to be obtained. It was Paul's own spiritual experience that chiefly appealed to them; he held them by the power and authority which that experience gave him.

It is also highly probable that Jewish Christian propaganda worked in a somewhat similar, though perhaps more Oriental, environment, for the Jews had a peculiar genius for and interest in religion. In its earliest form Christianity seems to have been a Jewish Messianic sect; it arose among the Jews, its sacred books were the Hebrew scriptures. But these scriptures were at that time not simply the subsequently determined canonical books, for it was precisely the very spread of the Christian movement and its interest in and invention of apocalyptic and allied literature, that forced Rabbinic Talmudism to erect this canonical fence around the Law; just as within Christianity itself it was the gnostics and their enormous literary activity that forced out by reaction



the Christian canon in its turn. In the century prior to, and in the first century of, our era there was a very large popular Jewish Messianic prophetic, apocalyptic, mystical and wisdom literature, interblended with foreign, Oriental and Greek elements, which was far more eagerly read than the more ancient books; just as in the middle ages religious legend and romance was the food of the people and not the bible. The sparse extant remains of this once very voluminous literature bear eloquent testimony to the fact that both among the Palestinian Jews and also among the Dispersion of Israel throughout the nations, there was an intense religious activity and propaganda, and this propaganda must have been busiest among the very numerous movements and circles of Hellenistic, Egyptian, and Oriental religions, which had somewhat similar interests. Christianity itself became part and parcel of this propaganda, so that it moved in an environment which both indirectly and directly was tinged and tintured with gnostic elements and tendencies of the most various kinds.

What is to be chiefly noted is that already these gnostic elements were of all sorts; it is a hopeless task to try to trace them to a single parent type or source or even to one stream of heredity only. It cannot be said that there was a single pre-Christian gnosticism of a characteristic type; already there were complexes of the most divergent varieties of gnosis; of this main fact we can assure ourselves, though, with a few exceptions, it is impossible from the battered and confused scraps of information we now possess, to reconstruct even the outlines of these many movements, schools, communities, associations and groups. The impression with which we are left, is that of a

swirling mass of dim phantoms, felt rather than seen, on the margin or below the threshold of distinct historical memory.

Magnificent as is the splendid and intellectually fascinating attempt of Prof. Wilhelm Bousset<sup>1</sup> to bring into clear definition the main features of a pre-Christian gnosis of a single characteristic stamp, of which he would find, not only hereditary traces, but a precise family likeness, in the subsequent Christian forms of gnosis, it does not succeed in putting us in contact with the spiritual, intellectual and æsthetic heredity of that Christian gnosis. As an attempt to trace the evolution of part of the articulation of the skeleton of the general gnostic world-view it is a masterly exposition; but it tells us only what we knew before, though less perfectly, namely that gnostic thought, like all the culture of the time, moved within the determinations of a world-view that originated in Babylonian astral lore and was gradually developed, chiefly by Greek genius, into the vast complex of sidereal religion. This, however, was the limitation and not the source of the living impulse that gave birth to the creations of later gnostic genius, which looked to revelation for its inspiration and would not have recognised the parentage that Bousset seeks to impose upon it, seeing that the whole of its attention was turned in the opposite direction in quest of its spiritual origin. It is as though an ultra-Freudian were to endeavour to persuade us that by the psycho-analysis of our lower dream-consciousness we could arrive at the sources of our highest thoughts and aspirations. There is doubtless a certain parallelism of a kind, a mechanical associationism between the

<sup>1</sup> *Hauptprobleme der Gnosis*, Göttingen, 1907.

uncensored memories of childhood or of adolescence or vicious manhood, with all the crude and ugly and immoral pictures created by our animal desires and fears, and the fair imagery and symbolism of high dream and vision, generated by the lofty conceptions and ideas and aspirations of the moral and religious mind; and indeed it is not an uncommon fact of the psychology of the religious consciousness that in the very moments of high exaltation, the inner ear may be assailed by a mocking laughter and even with blasphemies and obscenities from the pit. This is one of the most tragical phenomena of the immemorial struggle between the spirit and the flesh; but the lower is not the cause or source of the higher nor its explanation. The genesis and meaning of high religious consciousness are not to be traced by the analysis of pathological or morbid states or physiological dreams.

Bousset's explorations into what we might call the lower strata of the sub-conscious of the gnostic genius are of enormous interest to lovers of the method of those anthropologists and comparative religionists who would make a simian ancestry the *fons et origo* of man's whole nature. He takes us with him on a voyage of discovery towards the embryonic beginnings of notions that crudely parallel on lower levels high ideas in the later gnosis, even to the lairs of monstrous myths, in the dim and far-off days when archaic Babylonian and Iranian and Semitic semi-savagery began to be transformed by early culture, and shows us how that culture, as it heightened, was ever haunted by the shadows of these primitive and crude imaginings. But if no experienced religious mind can believe that the high ideals and spiritual

attainments, or even the ritual forms and observances of Christianity can be accounted for, by pointing out dim parallels in religions of lower culture and in savage beliefs, as some dully have thought to do, equally so is it impossible to think that the higher forms of the gnosis, within or without Christianity, can receive any adequate explanation on these lines, for both are part and parcel of the same problem.

We may take as many photographs as we please of a man's body, from childhood to old age, but this will give us no notion of his mind, much less of him as a reasonable, moral and spiritual being; while if by some magic we could become possessed of a series of pictures of the prenatal stages of development of that body, we should be less than ever advantaged for our understanding of the man. And this is what by comparison a good deal of anthropological and primitive belief research work gives us when brought forward as explanatory of the inner life and mind and spirit of the great world-faiths.

On the other hand, Eugène de Faye, the latest historian of Christian gnosticism,<sup>1</sup> though he admits there were certain tendencies within Christianity in a gnostic direction in the latter half of the first century, contends that we have no facts on which to go but only legend and conjecture, and so he begins with the great doctors of the gnosis in the first half of the second century. He never once refers to the testimony of the Pauline letters, and has nothing to say about pre-Christian gnosticism or rather gnosticisms, or about the contemporary gnosis outside Christianity. He ascribes to Valentinus, of whom and of Basilides

<sup>1</sup> *Gnostiques et Gnosticisme, Étude critique des Documents du Gnosticisme chrétien aux II<sup>e</sup> et III<sup>e</sup> Siècle*, Paris, 1918.

he is a very great admirer, the invention of the sophia-mythus or wisdom-myth, a very striking and special feature of which we find already in Paul, when he speaks of his own revelation in vision and of his subsequent spiritual conversion and development, as comparable with the work of the Saviour, in the gnostic cosmic drama, on the 'abortion,' as it was called—*i.e.* on the formless world-stuff or substance that Wisdom is fabled to have brought forth of herself without her divine counterpart,—and the transforming of it into a perfect æon or eternity.

The Church Fathers, at the end of the second and beginning of the third century, who endeavoured to refute all heresies from the beginning, confused the most divergent forms of belief and speculation, and asserted that they all sprang from one common source, the legendary and mythical figure of Simon Magus, a fabulous construct based on phantoms of dim memories of apostolic times. They were clearly wrong in this one-source theory, but not in error in acknowledging that gnostic tradition went back to the earliest days. For De Faye, however, the gnosis begins historically in Christianity with Basilides and Valentinus, and is the outcome of the religious and philosophical culture of the age working on and in Christianity. It first shows itself at its best in this group of really creative geniuses, and in a number of gnosticisms rather than in one common form. The disciples of these brilliant pioneers of gnostic thought gradually fall away from the originality and vigour and restraint of their teachers up to the end of the second century, when a period of syncretism and blending of the various schools sets in, followed in the third century by a period of degeneration, culminating in the wildest

extravagance, in which the beauty of the original ideas was smothered under a welter of high-sounding but meaningless words and phrases, so that what began in fine conception and reasonable speculation ended in fantastic verbiage. Meantime, as De Faye thinks, what was best in gnosticism had been taken over by, or rather adapted into, the general Church by the work of such thinkers as Clement of Alexandria and Origen, who were of very similar mind to the great doctors of the gnosis. But whereas the latter had the disadvantage of putting forth their ideas at a period when they could not be understood by the general body of Christians, the former lived at a period of a higher level of general Christian culture, and were accordingly less misunderstood.

We must, however, never forget that we have no impartial account even of the genuine gnostic schools and scarcely any ungarbled quotations from their documents; we have only the scraps and fragments we can recover from those who were either their rivals, their indiscriminating critics or their bitterest foes; for the most part sentences or pieces torn from their contents or repeated from hearsay, or erroneous summaries, or weird mystical technicalities expressly selected for the purpose of caricature, derision or fierce denunciation. We possess, however, a few rough Coptic translations of Greek gnostic works that have escaped the heresy-hunters. They are very heterogeneous and depend on sources and tradition; nevertheless De Faye treats them all as more or less contemporaneous documents belonging to one and the same circle,—in keeping with his method of cramming the movement into a too narrow time-frame. From them we learn, amid much that is strange and unintelligible though

not infrequently surprisingly beautiful, how high was the moral standard of the gnostics ; indeed one special form of abomination that the Church Fathers sought to fix upon the gnosis, we find condemned by the gnostics in the most emphatic terms possible, as absolutely unforgivable for all time, and that, too, in a sublime scheme of forgiveness that is otherwise universal. From these generally extravagant documents we further learn that none had loftier ideas of the Christ or greater love of Him, that no other Christian writers have penned doctrines more abounding in love or held out promises of sublimer possibilities and ideals. It was right of the Church Fathers to protest, and protest strongly, against extravagance, but protestantism has not all the truth with it. The more prosaic Fathers could not understand even the soberest forms of the mystical gospel of the gnostics, who believed that the materially miraculous story of the life of Jesus was as it were a veiling of deep spiritual mysteries ; that the outer miraculous account was for the psychics, as they called them, those who needed the recital of material wonders to strengthen their faith. The spiritual gospel, they held, was of another order, and understandable by the spiritual alone. It must, however, be confessed that they far outdid the subsequently orthodox by the invention of subjective marvels in their post-resurrectional gospels, for they claimed that the Christ continued to teach in spirit years after the death of Jesus. Little wonder in those intolerant days, that the more prosaic minds who held to what they considered to be the sole historical view of the one gospel preached once for all by Jesus while he lived, rejected such claims and resented such pretensions, not only as born of spiritual pride, but

devised by the enemy of mankind himself. Nevertheless it remains a fact of history, one of the most amazing of the many contradictions of the time, that these same gnostics were not only the first critics of the Old and New Testament documents, but also the first exegetes and commentators of the canonical gospels; they were in fact the first theologians of Christianity, and built up the first courses of its christology. Thus though the general Church was persuaded by its militant Fathers to reject the gnostics root and branch, their influence could never be really eradicated, and no small portion of the general fruits of their labours had to be adapted to the needs of a rapidly evolving Christianity, that had reached a higher level of culture and was now contending on more equal terms with the intellectual life of the day.

For the gnosis, God, though immanent through Christ, remained still the transcendent mystery of mysteries. The gnostics had such profound awe and reverence for supreme deity, that they refused to believe that either reason or even deepest spiritual intuition or highest revelation could in the nature of things convey to mortal understanding any adequate notion of ultimate reality as it really is. To say, however, that they thus reduced God to the emptiest of abstractions, is a manifestly undeserved reproach. For in the first place most of them were mystics, none purely intellectualists, and religious ecstasis can be termed abstractionism only by a misuse of words, for the invariable report of the mystic is that he has entered into fuller life. If the best of the general Christians were filled with love of Christ as God, or love of Jesus as Christ, the best of the gnostics also were filled with an overmastering passion for the spiritual and divine.



They had a profound conviction that the end of all ends was to come to know God in a transcendent form of intimacy of which even their most sublime speculations, in which they exhausted the possibilities of language, could give no notion. They conceived in many forms the grandiose drama of a world-saving operated in the person of the world-saviour, not only as the redemption and perfecting eventually of the visible physical world, but of a vast invisible universe and even of a spiritual order out of time and space transcending all universes. Thus between God and man they placed countless grades of being, states and spaces; nevertheless this infinite temporal and spacial distinction could be bridged by the immediate presence of the Christ within the hearts of the spiritual, and Christ was the consummation of the plenitude of the divine goodness which could perfect and fulfil all things in the universe.

Thus man through Christ could return into the fulness. Jesus was the first-fruits of the saving process on earth; but all the spiritual in the end would be made perfect as he had been. This plenitude of divine goodness was no abstraction, but rather an inexhaustible superfluity of all that was best; it was eternal spiritual life, transcending time and space, no world of abstract ideas, but a living compenetration of the highest spiritual virtues in the fulness of being. Much less, then, could supreme deity be an abstraction, seeing that it transcended even eternal life and this fulness of all being; but before that ultimate mystery even the highest spirit in eternity or the whole plenitude of being must bow in worship.

Thus with regard to ultimate reality the gnostics thought similarly to the Indian philosophers of religion,

who make the necessary distinction of Deity with attributes and Deity transcending all attributes. The final end of gnosis, therefore, could not be an object of rational or scientific knowledge ; for not only God but also the universe as a whole and soul can never be objects of scientific knowledge. Gnosis was not knowledge of this order, though it did not despise the aid of the intellect. Essentially, it was a supra-intellectual or spiritual quest, as it were a will for becoming, an effort for transformation to a higher order of being. Though the gnostics strove by means of myth to suggest the way of origin of the universe and the soul, their speculations of this order were necessarily foreign to purely rational methods ; for the soul proper being subject can never fundamentally be an object of knowledge ; much less can the universe, for the universe being the all, can never be known by the part. It follows necessarily that the supreme idea of God as the transcendent reality can still less be an object of knowledge or even of contemplation. The gnostics then were quite justified in placing God as ultimate reality beyond all possibility of rational definition. This, however, by no means deprived them of a personal God, as object of worship, as a supreme individual or person, distinguished from all other individuals. They were keenly alive to the reality of immanent Deity, of God defined by positive attributes, by those highest virtues known to man only by their manifestation in man, though of course increased infinitely to adorn the Divine ideal. This infinity of virtues, the fulness of the Good Deity, reached its consummation in the idea of the Saviour, the Christ, the object of gnostic devotion ; and yet God transcended even this fulness and its consummation.

The means of reaching to this fulness, which was the consummation of all gnosis, lay close at hand, hidden within the heart, or deepest essence of the soul of man. It was the most precious treasure in the universe, the pearl of great price, the light of the divine life, the very kingdom of heaven itself. To find it the heart had to be cleansed from ignorance and sin. The gnostics made most desperate efforts to explain how sin and ignorance arose, to track out evil to its source; and this accounts largely for their cosmologising. They failed, as all have failed. The Light, they held, had fallen from the height into the darkness of the depth. That was an analysis of their own consciousness; but why darkness and light existed the supreme mystery alone knew, alone could know. Nevertheless they could not keep from speculating on the cause of this fall; the problem fascinated them, gave them no peace.

What was positive in it all was the fact that many had experienced a spiritual awakening, and that this resurrection from the dead brought with it the conviction that, in spirit, man was kin with the celestials and sharer in the divine life. Already in this mortal existence he could foretaste immortality, could in some way transcend himself, and become conscious of a greater life whose possibilities beggared all description, and roused his expectation and imagination to the highest pitch. Those who had had experience of such an exalted state, not only felt they had enjoyed the bliss of freedom from the constraints and sorrows and evils of the world, but that they had received some revelation of how it all was. They clothed their formless intuitions, or they were clothed for them, in symbol, myth and allegory, and they expressed their

joy in hymns of praise, and a wealth of scripture-writing.

We know sufficient now-a-days of the phenomena of seership and mediumship and automatism and the rest to orient ourselves at any rate vaguely with regard to such scripture-writing. But what we have to remember is that in those days aspiration and expectation were not only intense but over-strained, and that the minds of the gnostics were already filled with a mass of striking apocalyptic visions and daring speculations, which centred all their attention and interest on superhuman possibilities and problems. Whatever else they were, it cannot be said they were *bourgeois* in their tastes. There was nothing secular about them; the invisible world did not mean for them, as it seems to do for so many to-day who are once more experimenting with it, a state of affairs but slightly distinguishable from earthly conditions; for the gnostics it was a world of mysteries, of superhuman beings and unearthly surroundings, of cosmic happenings and celestial glories.

Of the two natural and necessarily opposed tendencies in early Christendom, the conservative and liberal, the reactionary and progressive, the Church Fathers stood for the former and the gnostics for the latter. This opposition came into clear and unmistakable definition, as the conflict of orthodoxy and heterodoxy, only about the middle of the second century. The tendencies were there of course at a far earlier date, perhaps even from the very beginning, but rigid lines of demarcation were only gradually evolved. In the earlier period all was still fluid, scripture was still in the making; there was an amazing industry in the compilation of gospels and the writing of apocalypses

and acts and religious romances of all kinds. Had this state of affairs been permitted to continue unchecked, it is difficult to see how any semblance of unity which the ordinary mind could comprehend, could have been maintained in the rapidly expanding Christian movement. The more scripture was written the more confused must necessarily have become the public mind. For the effective spreading of a world-faith, dogma, and very rigid dogma, was necessary. The heterogeneous mass of scripture had to be reduced to manageable proportions and some consistency. A canon and an orthodoxy had to be established, and this was the function of the Church Fathers, who had to cater for the mass of the faithful, for those who were amazed and confused by the superabundance of apocalypses and revelations, and above all by the recondite complexities of the unseen world in which so many of the gnostics delighted. The comparatively simple gospel story, the drama of which moved on earth, in every-day surroundings, though miraculously embellished, was largely comprehensible; the visions of the unseen, of the inner economy of the universe, of the hidden mysteries celebrated by the Saviour and his chosen in the invisible worlds and æons, were naturally beyond the understanding of the masses.

About the middle of the second century the idea of a closed canon of scripture emerges almost precisely in the form we now have it. This meant the rejection of a host of documents of all kinds. The course of events has proved that the documents selected were the fittest for adaptation to the general environment; but the philosopher of history cannot be content with a simple *post hoc propter hoc* judgment; he has to enter sympathetically into the mind of the time to estimate

the value of the 'might have beens.' In those days no one knew what the future of Christianity was to be. The different classes of mind naturally hoped that that future would run along their own lines; and those who found the greatest delight in apocalypses and revelations, who had had certain experiences, and were endowed with a measure of creative imagination, found their greatest joy in self-expression, and in new expression of what they considered a living and evolving truth. It is highly probable that had an Irenæus or Tertullian or Hippolytus belonged to the class of mind that makes scripture and myth, and is recipient of apocalyptic impressions, they would have written very differently of the gnosis. The heresiologist, the critic and commentator, the controversialist and apologist, see things at a very different angle from the seer and poet and creative artist.

As opposed to the Church Fathers, the gnostics necessarily rejected the idea of a closed canon of scripture. Scripture-making for them was part and parcel of the continued prophetic life, an integral element of earliest Christianity. They did not believe in a single formal revelation once for all; they believed in the continued inspiration of the spirit.

Though, of course, as in the case of the canonical books of the Old and New Testaments, there were also among the gnostics compilation, redaction and overwriting of prior sources, the scripture element proper played a foremost part. We may gain some insight into its nature by a study of the works and lives of such geniuses as Böhme, Swedenborg and Blake, for instance, and by familiarising ourselves with the process of mediumistic and spiritistic writings of the more elevated kind. Such writings are not cold-blooded

literary compilations. They are generally written under strong compulsion. The writer 'sees' or 'hears' or is directly written through, according to his own testimony. How all this is to be 'explained' is the most difficult problem of psychology; but it is absurd to ignore the facts, as writers on gnosticism almost invariably do. The gnosis in Early Christendom must be treated largely as a complex of mystical and psychical phenomena. The values to be sought are in the quality of the transcendental emotion and feeling aroused. There was 'tact' with a wider life, and those who were thus touched had their psychical content, which was of course formally determined by tradition and environment, ordered by the quality of that feeling. Those who are content with the labels automatism and the sub-conscious will seek no further light on the subject; for others a world of possibilities opens up in such phenomena that deserves the very best attention of the sanest and most open minds; and until we have a better understanding of the psychology of the religious life we shall not have a really competent history of the gnosis in Early Christendom.

G. R. S. MEAD.

## THE SOURCES OF THE 'LIFE' OF APOLLONIUS OF TYANA.<sup>1</sup>

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I AM conscious that in the following remarks, I put, myself certainly, and probably some of my readers as well, at a disadvantage, for I am obliged, owing to the limited space at my disposal, to assume a general acquaintance on their part with the work of Philostratus, and have only time to recall the more salient episodes in the life of his hero, Apollonius of Tyana.

If we accept provisionally the chronology of the Life composed by Olearius in his edition of 1709, A. was born just before the beginning of our era, and taken by his father to Tarsus for his education at the age of fourteen in A.D. 10. In the year 16 he lost his father, and resigned his patrimony to his brother; and then after some time spent in the temple of Æsculapius at Ægæ and a visit to Antioch, he kept a vow of more than Trappist silence during five years. He then set out for Babylon, which he reached during the reign of King Vardan in 42, continued his journey to India about the year 45, and in 47 returned thence to Greece and Asia Minor. He was present at the Olympic Games in 61, and at the close of a teaching tour in Greece and Crete visited Rome in the time of Nero, and confronted his minister Tigellinus in the year 63. He went to Spain in 66, was in the North of Africa in

<sup>1</sup> This essay was read before the Oxford Philological Society in 1912.—Ed.



67, in Sicily in 68, and met Vespasian in Alexandria in 69. After a visit to Ethiopia where he conversed with the Gymnosophists, he visited Titus in 70, was in Egypt and Cilicia in 72; and then after a long stay in Hellas, visited Rome and was cast into prison on a charge of being a magician by Domitian in 92. Acquitted, he returned to Hellas in 93, and died shortly after the accession of Nerva about the year 97.

Tillemont gives much the same chronology. According to it the life of the sage nearly coincided with the first century, and he must have lived nearly a hundred years. Professor Phillimore, however, argues in the Introduction to his new translation, that he was not born much before A.D. 40, and his view reduces his life to about 60 years. Although it clears up many difficulties, I think it needs further discussion before it can be accepted.

The most pressing of the problems about the Life is that which concerns the sources used by Philostratus, and particularly the memoirs of Damis which Philostratus declares he had in his hand. It is best here to cite our author's own words:

It seems to me then that I ought not to condone or acquiesce in the general ignorance, but write a true account of the man, detailing the exact times at which he said or did this or that, as also the habits and temper of wisdom by means of which he came near to being considered a supernatural and divine being. And I have gathered my information partly from the many cities where he was loved, and partly from the temples whose long-neglected and decayed rites he restored, and partly from the accounts left of him by others, and partly from his own letters. For he addressed these to kings, sophists, philosophers, to men of Elis, of Delphi, to Indians, and Egyptians; and his letters dealt with the subjects of the gods, of customs, of moral principles, of laws, and in all these departments he corrected the errors into which men had fallen. And the precise details which I have collected are as follows.

## CH. III.

There was a man, Damis, by no means stupid, who formerly dwelt in the ancient city of Nineveh. He resorted to Apollonius in order to study wisdom, and having shared, by his own account, his wanderings abroad, wrote an account of them. And he records his opinions and discourses and all his prophecies. And a certain kinsman of Damis drew the attention of the Empress Julia to the documents containing these memoirs hitherto unknown. Now I belonged to the circle of the Empress, for she was a devoted admirer of all rhetorical exercises; and she commanded me to recast and edit these essays, at the same time paying more attention to the style and diction of them; for the man of Nineveh had told his story clearly enough, yet somewhat awkwardly. And I also read the book of Maximus of Ægæ, which comprised all the life of Apollonius in Ægæ; and furthermore a will was composed by Apollonius, from which one can learn how rapturous and inspired a sage he really was. For we must not pay attention anyhow to Mœragenes, who composed four books about Apollonius and yet was ignorant of many of the circumstances of his life. That then I combined these scattered sources together and took trouble over my composition, I have said; but let my work, I pray, redound to the honour of the man who is the subject of my compilation, and also be of use to those who love learning. For assuredly they will here learn things of which as yet they are ignorant.

And accordingly almost on every page Philostratus appeals in behalf of his statements to the authority of Damis, using the phrase 'Damis says' this or that. On occasions however he assures us that Damis had omitted to relate what his master said or did, either because he was ignorant or because his master would not allow him to accompany him. And it is to be noted that there is throughout a humorous contrast between the master and his disciple which reminds us of Cervantes' contrast of Sancho with his master Don Quixote.

Now was Damis a real person, and were his memoirs a reality? or is he a mere impersonation, though a very skilful one, of the Greek rhetor Philostratus writing at the beginning of the third century? Such was the view of the late Dr. Bigg, and it is one which accords well with the old though, generally discarded, view of Meric Casaubon, Huet, William Lloyd and other scholars of the past, that the life of Apollonius was intentionally written as a counterblast to the four gospels. Here is a forcible passage in which Dr. Bigg expresses his view (*Origins of Christianity*, p. 309) :

The miracles wrought by Apollonius, after his discipline was perfected, were innumerable. He healed the sick, cast out devils, raised from death a young girl who was being carried out to burial. But the scene which best deserves our notice is that of his Passion. When Domitian began to persecute the Philosophers, Apollonius took ship to Italy to confront the tyrant. He was denounced by Euphrates, the Stoic Pharisee, and charged with having sacrificed a boy, with pretending to be God, and with speaking against Cæsar. He was not betrayed by a disciple. Celsus had urged the treason of Judas as a proof of the failure of Jesus, who had not succeeded in persuading even his own adherents. Apollonius appeared of his own accord before the emperor, was mocked and ill-treated, and scornfully challenged to save himself by a miracle. He accepted the challenge, and vanished from sight. On the afternoon of the same day, he appeared in a grotto at Dicæarchia or Puteoli on the Campanian shore, to two of his disciples, Damis and Demetrius. Demetrius could not believe his eyes till Apollonius stretched out his hand, saying, 'Touch me.' It can hardly be doubted what is the real source of all this. Philostratus is offering Julia Domna a new and improved edition of the Passion of our Lord.

And as to Damis he is equally uncompromising (p. 306) :

Julia had heard in one of her conferences of the existence of a kind of gospel attributed to one Damis of Ninus. . . . Damis

is certainly a fictitious person, and Ninus or Nineveh, where he is said to have lived, was then as now a mere heap of ruins. Maximus of *Ægæ* is nothing but a name. Letters of Apollonius still exist, but may safely be regarded as spurious. Eusebius quotes a work *On Sacrifices* as by Apollonius; but the book appears to have been unknown to Philostratus.

From this standpoint then the life of Apollonius can hardly be held to contain even a kernel of historical truth; and Dr. Bigg sums it all up as follows:

The Life can only be regarded as a romance, yet it has a high interest as a semi-official religious manifesto, and explains, better than any other book, that Neo-Paganism which was supplanting the barren old popular beliefs.

I confess that the manner in which Philostratus introduces the memoirs of Damis alongside of the four books of *Mœragenes*, leaves quite a different impression upon my mind, and fills me with confidence that, if the one work was real, so was the other. Now *Mœragenes* was an author read by Origen, who assures us that he wrote, we know not at what date, with the express intention of depreciating Apollonius, and making out that he was a cheat and a wizard. We shall see reason to believe that Damis wrote with exactly the opposite purpose, of showing namely that Apollonius was no wizard or magician, but a holy man, an ascetic who held converse with the gods, and by them was inspired with foreknowledge and endowed with the faculty of driving out the demons of disease, and of exorcising evil spirits in general. Why too should we discredit the work of Damis more than those letters of Apollonius, of which we hear in viii. 20, that Hadrian already had a collection of them in the library of his favourite palace at Antium in Italy? Why should we discredit the statement that Damis had composed

memoirs of his master any more than disbelieve that that master left behind him several written works as well as his testament? Another collection of letters was in the hands of Philostratus, and there still survives a collection which overlapped his, as well as many fragments independently preserved by Stobæus. The long fragment entitled *βιβλος σοφίας καὶ σύνεσεως ἀποτελεσμάτων*, by Apollonius, in vii. 175-181 of the *Catalogus Cod. Astrolog. Graec.* by Fr. Boll, may well be a Christian recension of a genuine work.

Again one of the most curious and important literary notices of antiquity is that of Philostratus to the effect that Apollonius composed a work on sacrifice in the Cappadocian language. This treatise Philostratus, in iii. 41, and iv. 19, declares he had found in several temples and in several cities and in the houses of many learned men; and he adds that anyone who is able to translate it, will find it to be instinct with the author's personality. What was his reason for making such an assertion as this, unless it was true? All through the Life the Hellenistic language and literature is extolled at the expense of barbarous dialects; why then should Philostratus insist on the fact of Apollonius having written this work in the Cappadocian tongue, if it was not true? Another work by Apollonius on the subject of astral theology, was, so Philostratus assures us, mentioned by Mœragenes; it was probably the basis of the astrological book above mentioned.

Still less can I see any rhyme or reason in Dr. Bigg's scepticism with regard to the memoirs of Apollonius's life at Ægæ composed by Maximus; for Philostratus ends his account of that period with the words:

These and many similar incidents are given by Maximus of *Ægæ* in his treatise, a writer whose reputation for oratory won him a position in the Emperor's Secretariate.

No words could have a greater ring of sincerity than the above. The truth is, Dr. Bigg treated the records of Apollonius with a degree of hypercriticism almost equal to that with which superficial writers of the stamp of Dr. Drews or Mr. J. M. Robertson approach the records of early Christianity. It is a great pity.

It is clear then, that the memoirs of Damis, juxtaposed, as we have seen them to be, by Philostratus with several other sources the reality of most of which it would be mere folly to doubt, have a considerable claim upon our acceptance.

A rather weaker degree of scepticism characterises the article of Dr. Miller on Apollonius in Pauly's *Real Encyclopædie*. He wavers somewhat in his views, and finds cause for doubt in Philostratus' account of how he came across these memoirs, and writes that they "prove themselves to be spurious quite apart from the way in which they are introduced by innumerable historical and geographical errors." He concludes accordingly that "the memoirs must be regarded either as a fiction of Philostratus himself, or more probably as the falsification of a forger."

Dr. Phillimore is another critic who "thinks it highly unlikely that Philostratus invented Damis," yet he allows himself to write: "It is certainly suspicious enough, the story how these hitherto unknown documents were brought to knowledge"; and he emphasises the 'mysterious' character of the 'kinsman of Damis.' But surely it was natural enough for a kinsman of Damis to possess these memoirs if

Damis really wrote them ; also for them to turn up in Tyana, where there was a temple raised in memory of the philosopher, and where, according to Professor Phillimore, Julia Domna placed the memoirs in the hands of the Greek rhetor as late as the year 215. Why, he seems to ask, had they not been published before? We do not know. *Habent sua fata libelli*. But it is easy to imagine a dozen reasons why they should never have been published, even if they had been written long before ; and the point is hardly one which should trouble Prof. Phillimore, for he seems to regard them as having been written only a few years before they came into the possession of Philostratus. They were anyhow, he adds, the work of 'an uneducated fool.' If so, they were no work of the highly cultured sophist Philostratus. This estimate of them also helps to explain why so long a time elapsed before they were published ; no one thought it worth while to lay them before the public. I cannot therefore understand Prof. Phillimore's scruples, so far as they are based on the fact of these memoirs having lain 'hitherto unknown' ; nor is there anything 'mysterious' in the kinsman of Damis. Who else but a kinsman would be likely to have them in his possession? Where else too would you be so likely to find memoirs of Apollonius as in his own city of Tyana?

No one, I think, who fairly considers the evidence, will doubt that Philostratus really used memoirs that pretended to have been written by a disciple and companion of the sage ; and the only question which remains over to be discussed, is whether their author Damis was not a knave as well as a fool ; whether he did not lie, when he said that he had been a companion of Apollonius, and whether he did not lie in particular

when he narrated how he had accompanied Apollonius to India and Egypt.

It is certainly easy to detect episodes in the Life which are as clearly from the pen of Damis, as they are obviously imaginary. Take the story of Timasion, the Cicerone of Apollonius and his party on their tour up the Nile, to visit the Gymnosophists and behold the cataracts of the Nile. This story is a commonplace of Greek romance, one which we meet in the *Ethiopica* of Heliodorus and in other romances; for Timasion is (vi. 3) a youth who had a stepmother who had fallen in love with him, and when he rejected her overtures, she had turned upon him treacherously, and by way of venting her spite upon him, poisoned his father's mind against him. It is the old story of *spretæ iniuria formæ*.

Now I would not deny that such an episode might be possible in real life; and indeed last winter in Rome I heard of just such a tragedy being enacted in the heart of an ancient Roman family whose ancestral palace lies within a stone's throw of the British School. Nevertheless I believe anyone perusing this sixth book of the Life will allow not only the incident itself, but probably Timasion, and all the details of the visit to the Gymnosophists, to be as imaginary as the account of the cataracts of the Nile demonstrably is.

So with the description of Babylon, which according to Pliny (vi. 30) and Pausanias (viii. 33) was a heap of ruins when Apollonius visited it, but which Damis describes in the very language of Herodotus and Ctesias.

Are we to infer then that Apollonius never went to Babylon and India, nor ever ascended the Nile? I think not; and for several reasons. Of all the stories of his tour up the Nile none is so absurd *prima facie* as that of the satyr who molested the women of an



Ethiopic village, and whom Apollonius made drunk by running wine into the drinking trough of the cattle. Yet there must be something underlying the story, for there was a letter extant, which Philostratus says he had read, in which the sage referred to such an episode ; and Philostratus, well aware that there were people who would call the story in question, on the ground that satyrs, like the Lion and the Unicorn in *Alice in Wonderland*, were no more than mythical monsters, naïvely adduces experiences of his own when a youth in Lemnos in order to prove to his readers " that satyrs both exist and are susceptible to the passion of love." It is evident, therefore, that Philostratus invented neither the tale of the Satyr nor the letter referring to it. He must have found the story in Damis, and regarded the letter, which no one will suggest was a forgery by Damis, as a corroboration of it.

Again Iarchas the leader of the Brahmans strikes one as an entirely fantastic personage in the account of the Indian tour, and yet Porphyry in his work *De Styge*, cites a letter of Apollonius to Iarchas ; and the letter in question refers to the initiation of Apollonius in the water of Tantalus, an allusion fully explained by Philostratus's narrative. Again nothing to many critics has seemed more fictitious than the story of how Apollonius visited in the land of Cissia, to-day called Chuzistan, the descendants of Darius's Eretrian captives, his restoration of their tombs, and his intercession with King Vardan in their behalf. Yet Philostratus assures us (i. 23, 24) that Damis's account was corroborated by a then extant letter of Apollonius to the well-known sophist of Clazomene, Scopelianus, in which he wrote an account of these Eretrians and of all he had effected for them. Another letter of

Apollonius, but about another subject, to the same sophist is preserved to us, and may well be genuine; for no possible reason can be supposed for the forgery of so insignificant a document. Not only then have we the evidence of the letters to this sophist in support of the story that he visited the Eretrians, but the very language in which he is described as having diverged, in order to visit them, from the high road which led to Nineveh, implies an accurate knowledge of the geography of the region; and we must remember that there was probably no map extant, or likely to be used by Philostratus, which would have shown this divergence of the roads from one another at this spot. Nor unless the story was true, would he be likely to have noted the fact that Apollonius thus diverged.

After all, truth is now and then stranger than fiction. If a contemporary of Philostratus had assured us that as early as Darius there had been a colony of Jews in Elephantine on the upper Nile worshipping Jahveh with burnt-offerings in a temple of their own in conjunction with two other Baals, no modern critics would have believed him; and we have at least one famous scholar among us who cannot bring himself to believe in the documents of these Jews, now that they have been discovered. In the same way Queen Semiramis was up to three years ago for all critics an utterly mythical personage, yet her recently found *stèle* and inscription shows that a kernel of solid historical fact underlies her legend.

Karl Münscher in the *Philologus* (Supplement, vol. x. 487), insists that when the details of the youth of Apollonius, taken from Maximus of *Ægæ* come to an end in the work of Philostratus (at page 19 of Kayser's text), a travel-document begins that lasts up to the eve

of the sage's death. I agree with him that we have here the memoirs of Damis, and that Philostratus did little more than substitute his own atticising style for the rough *koiné* of the Syro-Greek; yet I doubt if Damis ever really accompanied his master to India and to Ethiopia. For compared with the rest of the narrative these two episodes lack all verisimilitude, and are full of the sort of tales with which the Pseudo-Callisthenes decorated his half-imaginary Life of Alexander the Great. May be the sage humbugged a follower whom he found as ready to worship him, as the simple-minded people of Lystra were ready to worship Paul and his companion. I believe that on these occasions Apollonius imposed on Damis with travellers' tales, as he certainly did when he persuaded him that he had travelled miraculously from Rome to Cumæ in a couple of hours. Note that on the latter occasion Damis himself says that the sage arrived in a state of great physical exhaustion,—a proof, if any be needed, that as the narrative otherwise implies, he had been dismissed from the court of justice a day or two sooner than he had expected to be, and had ridden hard over the hundred miles that separate Rome from Cumæ. If he had been miraculously transferred, as he induced Damis to believe, he would not have been so fatigued as to want to go to bed at once without partaking of the supper prepared at his inn.

It has been remarked that Damis derives his account of Babylon, which was then in ruins, from Herodotus and Ctesias. In doing so he merely followed the method of the *aretalogus* or storyteller of antiquity. The Armenian historian, Moses of Chorene, describing his voyage to Egypt, derives his account of the city of Alexandria from the old Armenian version

of Philo's *Therapeutæ*. Eginard the historian of Charlemagne presses into the service of his narrative no less than forty passages of Suetonius. Sebeos the Armenian historian of the Muslim conquest of Asia Minor and an eyewitness of much that he narrated, when he would describe a battle of Heraclius, borrows one from the old Armenian version of the Alexander romance. But it may well have been Apollonius himself that was responsible for the vague geography of the Indian journey; for we must not forget that travellers in those days were not furnished with maps and compasses. Marco Polo is just as vague in his Chinese topography, and even nearer home he represents the Arabian coast from Aden to Hormuz as running steadily north west. Probably Apollonius like Marco held intercourse in India only with those of his own race, at any rate only with men who could talk Greek.

Children in their picture-books like to see their heroes labelled: "this is the wicked man," and, "this is the good man." For them there is nothing between. It is the same case with many historical critics; they want every document of the past to be wholly sincere or wholly false, and lose their bearings in the presence of one that is a blend of both. Still less have such critics learned to breathe the atmosphere of marvel and miracle in which the Oriental lives. They require all events to happen and to be reported as they might be in Oxford or in Bonn; and are therefore prone to condemn as myth many a statement or tale which is quite credible. I will take as an example the story of Apollonius and the plague in Ephesus (vol. i., p. 365 of my translation):

But when the plague began to rage in Ephesus, and no remedy

sufficed to check it, they sent a deputation to Apollonius asking him to become physician of their infirmity; and he thought that he ought not to postpone his journey, but said: "Let us go." And forthwith he was in Ephesus, performing the same feat, I believe, as Pythagoras, who was in Thurii and Metapontum at one and the same moment. He therefore called together the Ephesians, and said: "Take courage, for I will to-day put a stop to the course of the disease." And with these words he led the population entire to the theatre, where the image of the Averting god has been set up. And there he saw an old mendicant artfully blinking his eyes like a blind man, and he carried a wallet and a crust of bread in it; and he was clad in rags and was very squalid of countenance. Apollonius therefore ranged the Ephesians around him and said: "Pick up as many stones as you can and hurl them at this enemy of the gods." Now the Ephesians wondered what he meant, and were shocked at the idea of murdering a stranger so manifestly miserable; for he was begging and praying them to take mercy upon him. Nevertheless Apollonius insisted and egged on the Ephesians to launch themselves on him and not let him go. And as soon as some of them began to take shots and hit him with their stones, the beggar who had seemed to blink and be blind, gave them all a sudden glance and showed that his eyes were full of fire. Then the Ephesians recognised that he was a demon, and they stoned him so thoroughly that their stones were heaped into a great cairn around him. After a little pause Apollonius bade them remove the stones and acquaint themselves with the wild animal which they had slain. When therefore they had exposed the object which they thought they had thrown their missiles at, they found that he had disappeared and instead of him there was a hound who resembled in form and look a Molossian dog, but was in size the equal of the largest lion; there he lay before their eyes, pounded to a pulp by their stones and vomiting foam as mad dogs do. Accordingly the statue of the Averting god, namely Hercules, has been set up over the spot where the ghost was slain.

Behind the above it is easy to discern the figure of an ancient *pharmakos* or human scapegoat. Nevertheless a German critic, E. Mueller, in his dissertation,

Breslau, 1861, entitled *War Apollonius ein Weise oder ein Betrueger oder ein Schwaermer und Fanatiker* (as if he could not be all four at once), discovers an allegory in this tale. He supposes the plague to have been due to the unhealthy conditions under which the poor of Ephesus were living, and that the slums poisoned the atmosphere and bred disease. So far so good. But when he goes on to rationalise Philostratus' picturesque tale, and argue that the blind beggar was invented by him to symbolise the slum dweller of ancient Ephesus, and that his stoning is an allegory of the destruction of these slums and of the resulting health of the city, we find it hard to follow him. We are asked to believe that Apollonius was a modern sanitary inspector who advised that the slum dwellings should be pulled down and rebuilt. What a gargantuan appetite for allegory must Philostratus on this theory have looked for in his readers! And yet, barring the dog who could hardly fail to appear in the context, there is nothing unnatural in the story. It is only what we should expect of an ignorant and superstitious mob, maddened with terror of the plague, and prepared, as any ancient mob must have been, to resort to the murder of the wizard who had provoked it.

It is only two years ago that incidents quite as horrible marked the out-break of cholera in Italy. There, not only in Calabria, but in the very neighbourhood of Rome, thousands of fanatics got it into their heads that the epidemic was being spread by *jettatori* and *untori*, the former by use of the evil eye, the latter by greasing with a malefic oil the doorways of those to whom they wished ill. It was believed far and wide that the government of Victor Immanuel, the unholy invader of Papal Rome, had sent forth these emissaries

of Satan against populations faithful to the Madonna and the Saints. The scenes which ensued had much in common with that of Ephesus. The mob at Verbicaro, set on by self-constituted witch-finders, attacked the Secretary of the Mayor, slew him, cut off his head and sticking it on a pike, carried it round the city in procession. At Grisolia the crowd stoned the collector of taxes to death and burned his corpse. At Livorno and in the neighbourhood doors were torn down which, it was believed, the government *untori* had smeared with their ointment. We are happily far removed from the days when in 1484 Pope Innocent the Eighth issued a Bull for the destruction of *untori*; nevertheless in Italy they live on in the popular imagination.

I would surmise then that Apollonius as a stranger, as a reputed magician, as an eccentric oddly-coiffed and fantastically-dressed foreigner, caught the fancy of the mob, and was in danger of being strung up himself. Thereupon he cleverly turned their fury on to an unoffending beggar in order to save himself. Subsequently when the plague abated, he boasted of having scotched the demon of it. In modern Russia the peasants have been known to sacrifice a baby to the mysterious and vengeful goddess called Cholera.

There is another incident which has perplexed the critics, *viz.* the perception by Apollonius at Ephesus in an access of second sight of the murder of Domitian at Rome. We have an exact parallel to this in the case of Mr. John Williams who in 1812, being at Scorrier in Cornwall, saw in a dream Mr. Percival murdered by Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons that very night. I do not pretend that either story is true; I only argue that if such a tale could be

told of Mr. Williams in 1812, there is nothing inconceivable in a like tale having been related of Apollonius by his contemporaries.

In the life of St. Martin of Tours by Sulpicius Severus we have an apt parallel with the work of Damis. Sulpicius first saw the saint in the last year of his life in 396 ; he published his work on the morrow of the saint's death, and it was from the first a wild success. He followed it up with dialogues about the saint in which, forgetful of his earlier avowals, that he had only seen him during the last six months of his life, he pretended that he had been for long years his constant companion and favourite disciple. For the entire Christian world from the date of the appearance of his biography had begun to couple his name with that of the saint, and so he felt that he might henceforth exaggerate his intimacy with him with impunity. Like Philostratus, Severus assures us that he wrote "because he thought it a sin that so great a man's virtues should remain hidden"; and he protests his good faith in such words as these: "I implore my readers to believe all I say; let them not imagine that I have written anything I had not fully ascertained and proved. I would rather keep silent altogether than relate anything that is not true." In the *Dialogues* he calls Christ to bear witness to his good faith with equal effrontery, and avers that he will repeat nothing but what he saw himself, or heard from credible witnesses or from the lips of the saint himself. And yet both Biography and Dialogues are a mere anthology of second-hand miracles, culled from the *Life of Saint Anthony* by Athanasius, from that of *Paul the Hermit* by Jerome, from the apocryphal Acts of John, and from any other source that came handy.



Foreign churches now learned, as M. Babut remarks,<sup>1</sup> what till then they had not known, that Martin had been the most powerful man of God that had appeared since the days of the apostles. His least actions were more astonishing than the greatest of other men. His virtue healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, raised the dead. Animals were subject to his empire. He was master of the storm and of fire. All that was most powerful on earth had obeyed him, counts, prefects, the emperor himself; there was a look of heaven on his face. Never having wept or laughed, his unchanging serenity made men believe that he did not share their common humanity. He transcended it in fact, for his voice at times was not that of a mortal. One day his hands gleamed with rays of light; another a globe of fire rose from his head and mounted to heaven. He emitted fire, even against an emperor. He could turn men and animals to stone even at a distance. Like a god he was invulnerable; the wicked had tried to set fire to him, but the fire was struck out of their hands. Merely to set eyes on him was salvation. He lived in perpetual converse with the invisible world; demons came in troops and in a hundred guises to molest his solitude and howl their hatred at him; but he knew them all, and if he deigned to notice them, it was only to drive them away, with a word or with the sign of the cross. Saints and apostles had used to come down from heaven to hold converse with him, and he often held conversations with the angels. Such are the wonders with which Sulpicius stuffs the *Life of Saint Martin*, as if their number and variety

<sup>1</sup> See a series of articles by E. Ch. Babut on St. Martin of Tours in the *Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature*, Paris, Émile Nourry, New Series, vol. ii. for the year 1911.

could make up for the exiguity of his real acquaintance with him; for in spite of all the lies he relates Sulpicius had really known Martin, and the latter was no fictitious being. He had lived, and every one knew where he was born, and that he had been Bishop of Tours. Numbers of people had known him in the flesh, and the grave had barely closed upon him when Sulpicius' biography of him took a credulous world by storm. And apart from miracles, Sulpicius preserves many of his real traits; in spite of being divine Martin remains in his pages a good man, humble, compassionate and liberal of alms.

What lesson then do we learn from such literature? Surely this: not to assume offhand, because there are miracles in the plot, that the chief actor never lived. The object of a biographer in those days was not to reveal the truth, but to magnify the hero, and edify the reader; incidentally also to blacken the character of anyone who had crossed the path of the saint or hero. So Damis blackens the memory of Euphrates, a man to whose '*vitae sanctitas summa, comitas par,*' Pliny bears testimony. So Sulpicius set himself to blacken that of Britius, Martin's rival and successor in the see of Tours.

What, then, is the general issue of our remarks? This, I think: that in the *Vita* we have to sift two chief mediums of transmission.

First Damis, half Greek, half Oriental, a disciple and friend of Apollonius, but what Juvenal would have called a *mendax aretalogus* or a lying miraclemonger. Sulpicius Severus in spite of his ruling insincerity could not, as M. Babut remarks (p. 180), avoid giving us some genuine information about one whom he had

<sup>1</sup> 'Consummate holiness of life, his courtesy the same.'

seen and conversed with; no more could Damis. There were facts in the career of Martin so notorious, *e.g.* his opposition to the Catholic party in the Gallican church, that Sulpicius could only neutralise or try to distort them to the honour of the saint. Damis dealt in the same way with the quarrel of his master with the Stoics and Euphrates, a quarrel to which Apollonius' letters, whether genuine or not, bear independent testimony. As Sulpicius could not help telling the truth now and then, so could not Damis, and we may hope to extricate from the Life quite a number of genuine records both of the hero and of contemporary events. Martin already had a reputation—that is clear—as an ascetic and thaumaturge, before Sulpicius laid hold of him, and decked him a hundred-fold more with miraculous plumes borrowed from earlier works of saintly fiction. So we are sure that Apollonius, quite apart from Damis' exaggerations, enjoyed among the sympathetic of his contemporaries the reputation of being an inspired thaumaturge, among his enemies that of a pretentious impostor and evil wizard. In the same way Jesus and Paul enjoyed among Jews quite another reputation than among Christians. I have tried to show that we must not too summarily reject stories like that of the plague at Ephesus because the hero of them lacked academic sobriety.

The second medium is Philostratus; and his chief contribution consists rather in his attitude than in new additions to the narrative. And by his attitude I mean his determination to clear his hero from the dangerous imputation of magic and wizardry. He adds the episodes of the miraculous birth and death of Apollonius, just as the authors of Matthew and Luke's

Gospels added to the body of evangelic tradition their stories of the wonderful birth and resurrection of Jesus. Philostratus also worked into his theme the best stories about Apollonius which he found in Maximus of *Ægæ*. He also used the letters of Apollonius, but chiefly in confirmation of Damis' narrative; just as *mutatis mutandis* Paley used the letters of St. Paul to prove the sincerity of *Acts*. But in the main the Life preserves a paraphrase in Attic Greek of memoirs which Damis had penned in the simple rough Greek of Syria and Asia Minor, and of which certain pages probably bore a close resemblance in matters not only of style but of incident to the Gospel of Mark.

F. C. CONYBEARE.

## THE MANDÆAN CHRISM.

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE, M.R.A.S.

### PREFATORY.

THE 'Book of Souls' is a Mandæan mystery-ritual, with the title 'Quolasta, Hymns and Prayers for Baptism and Raising.' It is used by the present-day followers of John the Baptist.

A few Mandæans still live near the swamps of Bosra in Mesopotamia; they themselves assert that their Aramaic dialect was used by the Baptist and that their sacred books, the 'Codex Nazaræus' and the 'Book of Souls,' were extant in their present form before his day. Though no scholar would admit such a claim, it is highly probable that the ritual of lustration, chrim and initiation in the 'Book of Souls'<sup>1</sup> is very ancient. It has never been translated as a whole. The fragments translated by Prof. Ochser are noticed below.

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If maturity of mind and a religious imagination of a high and sustained order as the dominant power in a work imply a degree of inspiration, then the 'Book of Souls' is in this measure inspired; and if poetry is that mode of writing which conveys to us, by some

<sup>1</sup> For the first Hymns of Baptism from the 'Book of Souls' and the probable date, see QUNST, July, 1912; for the dialect, see QUNST, April, 1910.

subtle method of its own, the echo of some far-off spiritual music, then this ritual may be called a sacred poem possessing those indefinable qualities which make the soul pause to listen.

In the original there is also a certain cadence attained by the repetition of vowel sounds and occasionally by alliteration. The use of assonance suggests that it was intended to be chanted or intoned, perhaps to the accompaniment of some single instrument of music, as were all the great liturgical psalms in the temple services of ancient Babylon.

Curiously enough these ancient Sumerian liturgies seem to fall into the three main divisions of the 'Book of Souls'—*i.e.* purification, illumination and communion—and were named after three instruments of music, the flute, the lyre and the pipe or syrinx.<sup>1</sup> The flute was for wailing, accompanying the penitential psalms in the piacular and purifying rites; the lyre perhaps entranced, inducing illumination; and the pipes suggest joy, dancing, triumph and liberation.

As in so much Oriental work, we find here also that strange fluidity of metaphor which is sometimes rather a tax on our Western minds. As in the psalms the floods clap their hands and we are asked to make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation, so in our ritual the stream is sometimes water, sometimes a ray of light, and the soul rises on this light-ray by going down to the shores of the stream. We must not press the metaphors too far.

The idea of a light-stream would be suggested to the Mandæans by causes that lay near at hand, in the changes of their great river under the waxing and waning moon. From very ancient times Sin, the God

<sup>1</sup> Langdon (S.), *Sumerian Psalms* (Paris, 1909).

of Light, was said to have filled the 'great light-stream' or the 'shining river,' as the Euphrates was called.<sup>1</sup>

There is also the essentially Semitic characteristic of contrasts, as in this passage:

"He hath called us from darkness to light,

He hath called us from death to life and from evil to good";

and of parallelisms, such as: "Above the heavens his name; above the earth his honour," closely resembling *Psalm* xix.: "The heavens declare his glory; the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

In the last paper (*QUEST*, July, 1912) we saw the conclusion of the solemn lustration in the baptismal waters.

The 'stream' or place of lustration must have been obviously without the temple, as we saw that the rising from the stream is preceded by a blessing of the Outer Gate or Gate Beyond. One of the ancient Babylonian temple services took place in the 'Bit Rimki' or 'House of Washing' (King's *Babylonian Magic*, p. 16).

In Langdon's paper on Sumerian Liturgies at the Oxford Congress of 1908 (vol. i., p. 249), he translates Bit Rimki by 'House of Baptism.' This House or Court of Lustration may have been, King suggests, a temple by itself or a definite division of a large temple. In the Hymns to the Sun-god the phrase constantly occurs: "When thou enterest the House of Washing"; "When thou approachest the House of Washing."

According to Sayce (*Religion of Ancient Babylon*, p. 68), the temples "were provided with great basins of water for purificatory purposes resembling 'the sea' made by Solomon for his temple, and were called 'apsi'

<sup>1</sup> Vanderburgh (F. A.), *Sumerian Hymns* (New York, 1906), p. 58.

deeps or abysses." With these deeps was connected the work of the 'anointing priest.' The basins, he adds, doubtless stood in the open air in the great court in which was the temple itself. We still place the font at the Church door.

This outer court would correspond to the narthex in the Greek Church, and the Gates of Light which are opened to begin the Masikta, or Raising, in our ritual, would correspond to the inner doors, called the Iconostasis, guarding the Anaktoron, the Sanctuary or Telestērion,—the name for the place of initiation in the ancient Greek Mysteries.

The oiling and signing, robing and binding, of the candidate may also have been performed in the outer court, as is still the custom with the Armenians. They bring the catechumen to the door of the Church and, standing without, they say the Creed and *Psalm* cxviii. as far as "Open unto me the gates."

The hymns given below are translated for the first time into any European language; a few pieces following them were done into German by Prof. Oehser from a very defective lithograph (see QUEST, July, 1912).<sup>1</sup>

In these hymns we shall find the candidate sealed for immortality, but only when he is healed of all his physical diseases. This is another ancient Babylonian element. In the temples of Nineveh and Sippara a broken tooth was sufficient to debar a man from the

<sup>1</sup> His work begins at ch. xxv., in the middle of a sentence in the third line! He did not know it was from the 'Quolasta.' Then he gives ohh. xxvi. to xxix., and the first half of the xxxth chapter, which he runs straight on into four folios of rubric. He gives also broken chapters from the Raising ceremony mixed with the rubric in the same manner. He interleaves this with a Hebrew transliteration of his fragments, which would have been more valuable if he had collated them with Euting's edition, containing as it does the '*textus receptus*' of the 'Book of Souls' and a critical apparatus with the variants from the chief European MSS. Yet he quoted from the 'Quolasta' by name only recently in the *American Journal of Semitic Languages*, vol. xxii., p. 287.



honour of priesthood. The candidate is consecrated to a greater and more perfect life—‘after the manner of Enoch.’ He puts on, it seems, a body of the nature of Enoch, ‘who saw not death.’ The natural ecstasie expression, as this joy dawns in all its fulness upon the soul, is a sacred dance in which the spirits of the dead are invoked and in which they join. As in the *Bacchæ*, the initiate :

“ deep in mystic rites divine  
 And purified in holiest waters  
 Goes dancing on the Mount (or hills)  
 With Dionysos’ daughters.”

Now these main events are all repeated in the *Masikta*, or Raising ceremony, but on a different plane (and probably in an inner court or *Telestērion*), as it were in a setting of light and glory instead of water and oil—a repetition which gives the appearance of confusion described by Professor Krehl, who declared the ‘Book of Souls’ a hopeless tangle. I venture to suggest, after reading the nearly completed translation many times and reconstructing in imagination the progress of the ritual in a temple with its outer and inner sanctuaries, that there were several rites leading up to one ‘*Haupt-Moment*,’ and that the Baptism was a preface, foreshadowing the more spiritual experiences of the Raising ceremony.

These various rites were as intimately inter-related as baptism and confirmation and the various degrees of ordination in the Church of Rome. They must follow in a prescribed order. The washing in water foreshadows and typifies the baptism in light, the robing in white foreshadows the radiant garment, the ceremonial dance foreshadows the pneumatic dance of the *Masikta*, and the white head-dress or veil is the

crown of light which is wisdom. Many of the Hymns are therefore repeated almost word for word, yet as I suggest with a different 'motif,' and accompanied by different experiences of mind and soul.

#### THE CHRISM (Ch. xxii.).

"We sign in the Name of the Life, from the great Mixing-Bowl on high, boundless and infinite, with Joy! Joy! Joy! Baptised with the Baptism of the Great Ones of the Life—with Periawis who is the Water of Life—enshrined in the Shekinas—and [made in] the image of the House of Life with the Life of the Source—wherein it is immersed [or buried, entrenched?]  
—arise and see [the limits?] of the nature of those who are with Ufin, Ufafin and with Nebat, Nibto, the First One.

\* \* \* \*

"Ray out the Life of the Second One, Sama Semira, and of the Third One, Behram, Son of the Great Ones, the Mighty One. The words of Life come from these Just Men, the Chosen, from the House of the Life. Every one who signs himself with this oil over which I have invoked the Name of the Life of the Great Ones, the Unknown Ones, by the Hidden Names invoked over it, shall have healing of the body in great abundance and without stint.

"The Life conquers!"

There is no god Nebat or Nibto in the whole Babylonian pantheon; but in an Accadian hymn, Nibatu, as a divine name, is found twice, in Rawlinson's *Cuneiform Inscriptions of W. Asia*, quoted by Sayce in *Religion of Ancient Babylon* (p. 62).

The reference to 'Hidden Names' reminds us of

the baptismal consecration in the Marcisian ritual, as reported by Irenæus: "I baptise thee unto the Name of the Unknown Father of the Universals"; and of the formula of one of the higher initiations: "I invoke the Name hidden from every godhead and lordship."

This signing with oil constitutes the Chrism or Seal. It is called the Great Seal impressed on the whole body. There is no rubric to tell us the manner of signing; but later on there is reference to six parts of the body redeemed from evil: the eyes, lips, heart, hands, feet and knees. In the Armenian ritual the child, at baptism, is stamped in the same places with the addition of three more—the forehead, ears and backbone—while the priest says: "We seal him in Thy Name and ward off every spirit of error and the ghouls unclean and dumb. Give us, O Lord God, Thy Kiss and the Seal of Holiness."

The Kiss of God is said to renew the virginity of the soul.

It is still the Armenian custom to call the god-father the 'Seal-father.' He must be a man holy and unblemished and instructed. "He must be wise and understand the mystery of baptism and the seal. For baptism is one thing and the seal another."<sup>1</sup>

Speaking of the Mandæan cultus, Lidzbarski affirms that it did not concern itself with the body; that health of body was the gnosis of the lower culture (*die niedere Gnosis*, p. 691, *Z.D.M.G.*, vol. 61). But we have continually the words as above—'asita di fagra' ('healing of the body') being definitely mentioned; and it seems plain that with the Mandæan, as with all ancient Semitic cults, disease was ceremonial impurity. Like the Assyrians and Mazdæans, they had a code of

<sup>1</sup> Conybeare and McClean's *Rituale Armenorum*, p. 210.

ritual purity exceedingly burdensome. In the East also, as Farnell says (*Greece and Babylon*, 1911, p. 19), and in Egypt men were oppressed by their own cathartic system. From what we so far know of the great Sumerian rituals in the 'Temple of Washing' (Bit Rimki), the purificatory ceremony lasted during a whole night (Langdon's *Lectures on Babylonia and Palestine*, p. 109).

#### HYMN OF THE OIL (Ch. xxiii.).

" In the Name of the Life !

" Thou art, O Oil, the liquid surpassing the oil of white sesame, surpassing the liquid of the stream, surpassing tears,<sup>1</sup> surpassing the rays of light.

" The Life itself has laid its hands upon thee and sent thee into this world, that all who are born in it may be healed and raised up and established, and be at rest from all evil and chastisements and stripes, and the deceits and curses—from the seven mysteries that dwell in the body.

" Praise to thee, O Oil ! May we be signed by thee with the Life and the Gnosis of Life and by the Æons, the Sons of Peace, and by the Man, the Unknown One, glorious and honoured, the Perfect One who calls to the Chosen and Just, the Sons of Light, and says :

" " I give the Oil, the liquid of white sesame, surpassing the liquid of the stream, surpassing tears, surpassing the rays of light. When I anoint thee I bring for thy anointing the Oil of glory, light and honour.

" " The Oil with which I anoint you, I give it to you, not in the Name of Alaha, not in the Name of the Ruha, not in the Name of the Messiah, not in the

<sup>1</sup> Literally the liquid of graves.

Name of Ishtar. But this Oil that I anoint with, I give it in my Name and with my signs, in the name and sign of the Generations of the Living Ones, shining and rejoicing and glorious.

“ ‘ Every man who makes a sign over himself with this Oil shall be healed and established after the manner of Enoch, and his mouth shall be as the mouth of Enoch, and his body shall be as the body of Enoch, and his form as the form of Enoch, and he shall be saved from the second death, and from weeping and darkness, and from before him shall flee away all demons and devils and spirits and ruhas and amulet spirits and liliths, by the might and the power and the glory and the light of the Gnosis of Life.’

“ Praise to the Life ! ”

In the ‘ Book of Souls ’ Enoch is he ‘ who saw not death ’ (ch. xliv.).

In the Ethiopic Liturgy of St. John the Evangelist, in the Canon of the Mass the Priest says, at the consecration of the sacred elements: “ Jesus said unto them: ‘ This is my Body, the food of righteousness, which verily he who eats shall not die and he who takes shall not perish ’ ” (Neale’s *Primitive Liturgies*, p. 228).

It is very remarkable that out of eighty-two extant ancient liturgies, mainly Syro-Jacobite and Ethiopic, forty of them put these same words referring to everlasting life, or to ‘ new life for evermore ’ or to ‘ life eternal,’ into the mouth of Jesus Himself. St. Cyril’s Liturgy (Syro-Jacobite) has: “ This is my Body which is broken for you and prepares you and many of the Faithful to Life Eternal.” Only the Roman, the Muzarabic, and the Greek St. Basil omit it as a quotation; although the priest gives the assurance of

everlasting life to the body, as well as the soul, as he delivers the sacraments to each communicant.

The emphatic and explicit reference to the conferring of deathless powers after the manner of Enoch has no parallel in Christian baptism, the ritual of which reads like a pale imitation of a once fuller form.

There is a remarkable passage in the 'Codex Nazaræus' in which we find that the grievance of the Mandæan sect against Jesus the Messiah was that He claimed to be this Enoch the Incomparable Æon, a Son of Light, and that He actually said "I am Enoch of the Nazarenes." Have we not also the traditional saying: "I am come that they may have Life and that they may have it more abundantly"?

These Hymns of Sealing seem to illustrate very clearly the positive side of self-purification, in contrast to the wailing, penitential outpourings of timorous regrets to an angered deity, which are so characteristic of many Semitic ritual forms. When the postulant has cast off his sins in the sacred waters, he takes on an additional mystical vitality from the sacred oil; and with this new health and mystic power he is free to fast to the world, to give up a life which can no longer enchain him by temptation or claim him as a debtor. This is an essentially Greek point of view as opposed to the doing of penance and keeping under the body by severe and weakening disciplines.

The Mandæan candidate has, as Pindar said of the Eleusinian mystic, 'made atonement for an ancient woe,' and the tangible proof of this balancing up of natural debts is the possession of a physical body so pure and healthy that disease has no hold on it.

It may be true that we shall not meet the needs of our generation by advocating a revival of these great

rites, beautiful and devotional as they are, yet they may remind us of much that we once set ourselves to acquire in the far-off youth of the soul. If the last faint echoes of the mystery-cults are sounded in these Aramaic fragments, yet surely this pursuit of the Gnosis, this desire of the heart for Wisdom for its own sake, is very modern.

We seem once more to be striving after the same highly critical, intensely analytical morality on the one hand, and, on the other, after the same simplifying of life, after a deliberate purity in details of food, fresh air, and a complete abstinence from many luxuries, and, as Miss Harrison says of the Orphics, 'a marvellous gentleness to all living things.'

And, as with the Mandæans (to judge by their commination services and Misereres), we also are surrounded by would-be witches, verbose astrologers, credulous seekers after fortune-tellers, health-amulets and lucky jewels, dark séances and even evil rites of many kinds.

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

## THE MYSTIC EPITAPH OF BISHOP ABERKIOS.

ROBERT EISLER, PH.D.

IN the previous discussion of fish, bread and wine as the mystic food consumed in the love-meals of the primitive Church, we already mentioned incidentally the much-discussed epitaph of one Aberkios,<sup>1</sup>—probably the bishop Avirkios Markellos of Hieropolis in Phrygia Salutaris, who lived, according to the Church-History of Eusebius, towards the close of the 2nd century A.D.—the inscription itself being certainly anterior to an imitation of part of its context on another man's tombstone dating from the year 216 A.D. The document runs as follows :

- <sup>1</sup> As the citizen of a *select town*,  
I have erected this [monument] while I lived,  
in order to have in [due] time a place where to bury my body.  
My name is *Aberkios* ; I am a *disciple* of a holy *shepherd*  
<sup>2</sup> who feeds *flocks of sheep* on mountains and plains,  
who has great eyes that oversee everything.  
It is he who taught me the true *writings [of Life]*,  
who sent me to Rome, to visit *the majesty (basileian)*,  
to see a *queen (basilissan)* with golden garb and golden sandals.  
<sup>3</sup> There I saw a *people* wearing a *shining seal*.  
And I saw too the plain of Syria and all the towns,  
Nisibis, where I crossed the Euphrates. Paul I had as my  
guide (*epo [dōnta]*).

<sup>1</sup> The endless literature of the subject is conveniently summed up and catalogued in Dom Cabrol's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, s.v. 'Abercius.'

[N.B.—The very numerous notes and references of our learned contributor have been omitted, but will all appear in the book edition.—ED.]



*Faith*. however always went ahead and set before me as food  
a *fish* from a *fountain*, a huge one, a clean one,  
which a *holy virgin* has caught.

This she gave to the *friends* ever to eat as food,  
having good *wine*, and offering it watered, together with *bread*.  
Aberkios had this engraved when 72 years of age in truth.

*Whoever can understand this*, let him pray for Aberkios, etc.

As the last line of our quotation gives us quite plainly to understand, a number of words, which we have italicised, are obviously used in an unusual metaphorical sense, that is to say as terms of a Christian mystery-language.

The 'holy shepherd,' whom Aberkios praises as his master, is certainly Jesus, whose large fascinating eyes are such a marked feature of the Christ-type in the old Christian mosaics. The 'flocks' which he feeds on mountains and plains, are the churches scattered throughout the high- and low-lands of the ancient world; the 'true writings of Life' are the gospels. The Christ—possibly in a dream or in a vision—has sent the bishop on a pilgrimage to Rome. Even according to the most sceptical critics, at the end of the second century A.D. the supremacy of the Church of Rome was certainly recognised in the East.

Accordingly we have not the least hesitation in admitting that a Christian bishop of Phrygia might have likened the *ekklesia* (community of Christians) in Rome to a 'queen's' supreme 'majesty.' We know that Justin Martyr called the town of Rome a 'queen' (*basilis*) and we have, moreover, the epitaph of a Pagan official, one Antony Theodore, Katholikos of Egypt and Phœnicia, who prides himself on having lived for a long time in the 'queen-city of Rome' (*basileuousa Rômê*) and of having seen its marvels. Neither are the old epical epithets 'with golden shoes and golden garb'

difficult to account for in their application to a female personification of the Church, as it is met with *e.g.* in the *Shepherd of Hermas*, in Valentinus or Clement of Alexandria. We know from the Sermons of Methodios (*Or.* viii. c. 8), that the 45th Psalm—a marriage-hymn in honour of an Israelite king—was interpreted as celebrating the marriage of the King Messiah with the 'Church,' the 'queen' who stands on the right of the king in a gold-woven garment (vv. 10 and 14ff.). Even in late mediæval papal documents, we encounter the same idea, that Jesus Christ, the King of kings, clothes the Church as his queen *and bride* with a *golden garment* and places her on the right of his throne.

The 'people' distinguished by the 'shining seal' are the Christians, who have received the 'seal' of baptism, which is called shining with reference to the bright white garment of the newly initiated. Paul, the apostle, whose journey to Rome was on record in *Acts*, is the teacher, whose example invites Aberkios to visit the famous capital of the Empire, that is 'who puts him on the way.' 'Faith' (*Pistis*), a female personification, to be met with not infrequently on Pagan monuments, leads him from one community of 'friends,' that is fellow-believers, to the other, and everywhere sets before him the mystic 'fish,' which is to be eaten by them in common, together with wine and bread.

What remains to be explained and what has given rise to many discussions, are the various mystic epithets, which are given to the 'fish.' Why, indeed, is he called the 'all great one'<sup>1</sup> and the 'clean one';

<sup>1</sup> The only other passage where the *Christ* is called the 'great' fish is Paschasius Radbert's Commentary to Matthew, quoted by Pitra, *Spic. Solesm.* iii. 526. In the well-known passage of Tertullian where the Christians are called 'little fishes' after the image of the ΙΧΘΥΣ, we should expect to find he latter called the 'great Fish.' Nevertheless, the epithet is wanting here.

why a 'fish from the fountain'; and why is he considered the catch of a 'holy virgin'?

We have seen before that in *Jn.* 21 <sup>9, 13</sup>, the roasted and eaten fish probably symbolised the Leviathan, the fish which is to be the main dish of the great Messianic Banquet. If this monstrous animal were meant here as well, we could understand why that world-encompassing beast should be called '*panmegethēs*' ('all-great'), and also why it should be designated as 'clean,' since we have special decisions of the Rabbis that the Leviathan is to be reckoned among the clean (=eat-able) fish, because of its scales and fins. But we do *not* know of any myth which tells us that the Leviathan will be caught at the end of times by a 'virgin'; on the contrary, it is always either God the Father or the Archangel Michael or, possibly, the Christ, who is supposed to perform this heroic deed; neither can we explain why the Leviathan, who lives at the bottom of the sea (*Psalm* 104<sup>xx</sup>), should be called a '*fish from a spring*,' evidently in the sense of a freshwater or river fish.

Consequently we must suppose that the 'fish' signifies in this connection something else or something more than simply the Leviathan. Indeed it is *à priori* quite legitimate to expect here an allusion to the well-known fish-symbol of the suffering Messiah himself. Even as the Christian Fathers, beginning with Augustine (416 A.D.), take the roast fish of *John* 21, which was originally meant to suggest the Leviathan of the Jewish fish-banquet on the eve of the final world-sabbath, as a symbol for the suffering Christ, so also Aberkios evidently alludes to a food which is somehow connected with the '*continually*' celebrated rite of the Christian bread- and wine-communion (ll. 16f.).

Now, since it is well known that, for reasons which cannot be discussed here, the Christian Church, beginning at least from the age of Paul, if not indeed from the evening of the Last Supper, believed firmly and fervently that it ate the Christ himself, or at least of his 'mystic' body, in the blessed bread and wine of their ritual communion meals, nothing could be more probable than the following interpretation of the 'clean' and 'world-wide' fish in our inscription. The Jews expected to eat at the end of time the huge, yet Levitically considered 'clean,' that is ritually eatable, fish Leviathan. For the Christian devotee who *believes* that Jesus is the Messiah, who *has* already come and instituted the permanent Messianic Sabbath-eve's meal, the 'fish,' whose eating gives immortality, is Iêsous Christos Theou 'Yios Sôtër,—the reborn Joshuah ben Nun (=Fish) or reborn Nun (=Fish)—who gave at the Last Supper his own body to eat to his 'friends' and followers. The true 'great' (=exalted) and 'clean' (that is=sinless) 'Fish' of the Christians is the Messiah himself. To him who believes in the Messianity of Jesus, his 'Faith' offers daily the true Messianic 'Fish.'

If this is the correct solution of the puzzle set us by the bishop of Hieropolis, it should offer as well a plausible explanation why it is said the 'Fish' was caught by a Holy Virgin. The first thought of the modern reader would be to identify this 'Holy Virgin' with Mary and to seek for some myth about the Blessed Virgin drawing the infant Jesus—like a fish—from the water, even as the Egyptian princess did with Moses. As a fact we know of no such legend, although this certainly does not give us the right to say that such a story never existed, especially since we know of a great

many *Märchen* and sagas where the supernatural birth of the hero from a virgin or a formerly barren woman is brought into connection with the catching and eating of a certain fish—called in some instances the ‘king of the fishes’ or ‘father of fishes.’

In some instances the impregnation of the heroine is brought about by a drink of water *from a certain spring*, and there is at least one version where the incorporation of the fish is combined in a characteristic way with the fertilising draught of water.<sup>1</sup> Now it is indeed remarkable that we have a (Mandæan) tradition which purports that Mary conceived through drinking water from a certain spring at the bidding of God. In spite of its late date, the primitive character of this legend is evident for intrinsic reasons, and it may well have been already in existence at the time when the author of the Proto-Evangel of James related how Mary received the annunciation *in the very act of fetching a jar of water from the well*, if this feature of the story be not simply inspired by the reminiscence of Old Testament brides being chosen by their husbands while drawing water from the fountain. We should not be at all astonished if we should one day meet in some until now unknown or unedited apocryphal gospel-fragment, the typical variant of this miraculous birth-legend.

Fortunately, however, we need not wait for such a discovery to explain the crucial line about the ‘Virgin’s fish’ in the Aberkios epitaph. Even now we are perfectly acquainted with the strange symbolism that underlies Aberkios’ mystic description.

<sup>1</sup> Cp. Powell and Magnusson, *Islandic Legends*, coll. by Jan Arnason. London, 1864/66, p. 485; Maurer, *Isländische Volkssagen*, Leipzig, 1860, p. 284. The story is about an earl’s wife, to whom three women in blue mantles, the Norns, appear in a dream and command her to go to a stream near by and lay herself down to drink of it and try to get into her mouth a certain trout she will see there, when she will at once conceive. Everything happens as foretold, etc.

In the folk-lore of the most different parts of the world we find—for complex and different reasons, all of which, however, modern psycho-analysis would not find hard to explain—a highly developed sex symbolism connected with the idea of a fish.

If, moreover, the comparison of the act of conception with fishing can be proved to be the common property of Jews as well as Greeks,<sup>1</sup> we may quite legitimately presuppose the same metaphor also in a Christian monument like the epitaph of Aberkios. If the 'great' and 'clean fish' eaten by the faithful with bread and wine is to be understood for the Messiah, then the 'Holy Virgin,' who has caught this 'Fish,' must be meant for the mother of the Christ, whether Mary, the mother of Jesus 'after the flesh,' or—as we prefer to believe with Conybeare and Dölger, considering the archaic character of the whole monument—the *spiritual mother* of the Logos, the personified Church. Then the 'fount' from which she has 'caught,' that is conceived, can only be God the Father, who calls himself, according to *Jeremiah* 2<sub>13</sub>, the fount of 'living waters,' who is described in Philo as 'the most ancient ever-flowing fount of living water,' as the 'fountain of the most ancient Logos,' etc., and of whom the *Gospel of the Hebrews* says, that as 'the fountain of the whole Holy Spirit' he descended on Jesus at the baptism in the Jordan, reposed on him and uttered the words: "Thou art *my first-born son*," etc.

Dölger has shown that baptism itself was called a 'spring' or 'fountain' in the second century, and therefore proposes to introduce this sense of the

<sup>1</sup> A long section on comparative folk-lore and folk-custom instances, attesting the popularity of this comparison, has been omitted here, but will appear in the book edition.—ED.

mystery-word also into the Aberkios inscription. But the testimonies which he quotes, show clearly that baptism is only mystically called a fountain or spring, in so far as, according to the prophets, God the 'fountain of living water' will let a mystic spring of redemption and cleansing gush forth in the Last Days, and in so far as the Christians (*Ep. Barnabæ*, ch. 11) identified this purificatory fountain or spring with the waters of baptism. If we interpret the 'Fish' (=Iêsous Christos Theou 'Yios Sôtēr,=Jesus, Messiah and *Son of God*) 'from the Fountain' in the sense of 'from the Baptism,' this would also give a good sense along the line of the so-called Adoptionist theology, which taught that Jesus became Christ and Son of God, not by his physical birth from the Virgin, but through the descent of the Spirit at the baptism in the Jordan. This doctrine, which was censured as heretical in later times, but which is according to Harnack the truly primitive Christian idea about the genesis of the Messiah, will still be found expressed in our inscription, even if 'Fish from the Fountain' should only mean the Messiah ben Nun descended from God, the 'Fountain of Living Water,' as long as the 'catching of the Fish by the Virgin' is understood as the mystic *conception of the Logos-Christ by the 'Church,'* because according to the familiar idea of the Church 'regenerating' the neophyte, that is giving a second, new birth from above to the convert *by means of the baptism,* the Church can only be said to have *conceived* (=fished) *the Christ* at the moment when the Holy Spirit descended on the water and uttered the words: "Thou art my beloved son, to-day have I begotten thee."

There are, however, two possibilities, which would permit us to attribute a perfectly 'catholic' sense—in

the later meaning of the term—to the poem of the Hieropolitan bishop. The first would be to explain with Wilpert the ‘Virgin,’ who ‘caught the ‘Fish’ as the Virgin Mary, supposing, of course, in this case the existence of a corresponding legend concerning her virgin birth. The second would be to understand the ‘catching of the Fish’ not as the *conception* of the Messiah by his *Mother*—whether St. Mary or the Holy Mother Church—but as the symbolic expression for the mystic union between the Messiah and his spiritual ‘*Bride*,’ since the Church was even more frequently celebrated as the spouse of the Christ than as his mystic mother.

This shows at any rate that we must not *press* the meaning of any of these intentionally mysterious expressions, but content ourselves with guessing the principal meaning of the document, even if we cannot exactly determine by it the precise dogmatic position of the priestly poet.

Yet there is still one more surprise in store for the student who tries his wit on this much debated inscription; for I think it can amply be proved that where Aberkios invites him ‘*who understands this*’ to pray for his soul, he means, even as the author of *Rev. 18*<sup>18</sup>, also him ‘*who has understanding to count the number*,’ not only him who knows how to explain the *mystery-words*.

Indeed, first of all, the name *Aberkios* itself is an ‘*isopsēphon*’ or numerical equivalent for ‘fish.’

$IX\Theta Y \Sigma = 9 + 22 + 8 + 20 + 18 = 77 = 1 + 2 + 5 + 17 + 10 + 9 + 15 + 18 = ABEPKIO\Sigma$ , implying that—according to the expression of Tertullian (above p. 304)—Aberkios himself is a ‘fish’ or baptised Christian after the image of the ‘great’ Fish Jesus.



This fact is all the more striking, since in the Church-History of Eusebius the name of the bishop of Hieropolis is not spelt Aberkios but Avirkios Markellos. This suggests at once that the spelling of the name on the tombstone—and also in the Byzantine Life of Aberkios—was adopted *intentionally* by the bishop because of its arithmomantic connection with Ichthys. But what are we to say, if we find that ‘Avirkios’ too yields a mystic number?

$$\text{AYIPKIO}\Sigma = 1 + 20 + 9 + 17 + 10 + 9 + 15 + 18 = \mathbf{99}$$

which is again the famous and frequently recurring magical number of ‘Pythagoras.’

$$\text{PIY}\Theta\text{A}\Gamma\text{O}\text{P}\text{A}\Sigma = 16 + 20 + 8 + 1 \times 3 + 15 + 17 + 1 + 18 = \mathbf{99}$$

and of the ‘Divine Fish’ *Di-orphos*,

$$\Delta\text{IOP}\Phi\text{O}\Sigma = 4 + 9 + 15 + 17 + 21 + 15 + 18 = \mathbf{99}$$

mentioned as the son of Mithras in the Pseudo-Plutarchian treatise on the names of rivers and mountains, most probably the mythic representative of the sacred *orphoi*-fishes, which were revered on the coasts of Asia Minor? Is it too bold to conclude from so remarkable a coincidence, that this man Avirkios seems to have been *a member of an Orphic and Pythagorean mystery-society before he became a Christian*, and that, like many other Pythagoreans, he bore an arithmomantically significant name? that he changed the spelling of his name—as another Saulos-Paulos—in order to Christianise it through the new numerical allusion to the famous Ichthys formula?<sup>1</sup>

ROBERT EISLER.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Eisler gives a number of other curious numeral equivalents in the inscription; but these are held over for the book edition.—Ed.

## SWEDENBORG AND 'CORRESPONDENCES.'

REV. HENRY GORDON DRUMMOND.

MILTON, in his *Paradise Lost*, suggests a thought which he puts in the form of a question, and which has been variously expressed by writers before him and since :

What if earth  
Be but the shadow of heaven ; and things therein  
Each to the other like, more than on earth is thought ?

Charles Kingsley, in his *Village Sermons*, writing in something of the same strain but more confidently, says :

Now this earthly world which we do see, is an exact picture and pattern of the spiritual heavenly world which we do not see.

It was Swedenborg, however, who claimed to know the facts and phenomena of both worlds and their interrelation, not from hearsay, imagination or inspired guesswork, but by an experience granted him through many years of his life, and who testifies from that experience that there is a 'correspondence' between heaven and all things of the earth. All things which exist in nature, from the least to the greatest are correspondences.

And the reason he gives for this is that "the natural world with all that it contains exists and subsists from the spiritual world, and both worlds from the Divine Being."

This, then, is the principle to be borne in mind for the understanding of all he has to say on the subject. The universe, both seen and unseen, is one thing; it radiates outwards from a centre which is its origin or cause, to a circumference which is its ultimate or end; and all between these extremes is definitely related and connected. The universe in short is an organism, just as man is an organism; and nature is simply that which was "created to clothe what is spiritual, and to present it in a corresponding form in the ultimate sphere of order."

And not only is there this organic unity to be observed with respect to the connected worlds of nature and spirit, but also with man, who is an epitome of the whole, a microcosm, in which something of everything may be found. In him the two worlds meet, and through him they communicate. He is related to one from without, as the eye is related to light and the ear to sound; and to the other from within, as intelligence is related to truth and desire to good. The medium of communication in the one case is the material body, and in the other the immaterial soul. There is thus a double correspondence to be noted in him; and the same earth in which he recognises the shadow of heaven, shows him also the extended shadow or reflection of himself, with "things therein each to the other like."

The term 'correspondence' is one to be carefully noted. It is commonly understood as expressing in a general way agreement between two things; as a resemblance between objects in nature, similarity in shape or size, or adaptation of parts, as of the pistils to the stamens of a flower, or of a key to its lock, or as the right hand may be said to correspond to the left, or

the numbers in a catalogue to the articles they are used to indicate. But in Swedenborg's use of the term we meet with a relation which is specific and vital. It is evident that he has in mind no mere happy circumstance of external resemblance or fitness. There is no question with him of things being each to the other like in nature. The relation to which he points, is that in which an effect stands to its cause. And as an effect is distinguished from its cause by a discrete or discontinuous plane of existence, there is no correspondence, in the specific sense, between objects belonging to the same plane. Correspondences are analogies, but analogies are not necessarily correspondences. To speak of 'silver seas' or 'golden harvests' is to use poetical figures of speech, not correspondences; although of course the same figures might be used in a correspondential sense.

The true nature of correspondences may be seen from a consideration of the human face, which is everywhere recognised as the index to the mind. It expresses—as far as one permits it, and perhaps a little further at times—what the mind is thinking and feeling; the variations of its moods and the inflections of its ideas. And it does this without training; it requires no teaching to enable it to expand or contract its muscles in just the right direction, or to modify its form in the approved manner. The movement of smiling is instinctive, as we say, even from infancy. The features lend themselves to its complexity with a smoothness and directness that would amaze us if we were not so accustomed to the phenomenon as to think nothing of it. The explanation of the power by which it is accomplished, with no conscious effort and no faintest knowledge of how it is done, is in the fact that there is a correspondence

between the emotional structure and its physical counterpart. So we read :

In a face which has not been taught to dissemble, all the affections of the mind display themselves visibly in a natural form as in their true image, and thus man's spiritual world shows itself in his natural world. . . . The ideas of his understanding reveal themselves in his speech, and the determinations of his will in the gestures of his body. All things, therefore, which take effect in the body, whether in the face, speech or gestures, are called correspondents.

Taking these facts with respect to the human face as our guide, we come to see in what sense it is that we are asked to regard nature as a field of correspondences. Its objects are the effects, and therefore the expressions of spiritual causes. In the all-enveloping sky, sun, moon and stars; in atmospheric phenomena, wind, rain, snow and fog, light, shade, heat and cold, thunder and lightning; in the seasons and times of day; in animal, vegetable and mineral forms, and whatever the industry of man prepares from these in the way of food, clothing and shelter; in the attitudes of the body in running, walking, standing, sitting, resting, bending, as well as in its whole anatomy of parts, organs, and functions, a vocabulary is provided in which may be discovered the universal language of life; for life is clothed in these things, and speaks to us by their means.

And this we are assured by the seer is the key to the interpretation of the sacred scriptures: "The Word is written by pure correspondences." All its contents, down to the least particulars, are of this character. "If man had a knowledge of correspondences, he would understand the Word in the spiritual sense, and so obtain knowledge of hidden truths." By it also, he would have communication with heaven, as in the

ancient days. For this is not to be esteemed as a new system devised by its propounder, or a new discovery offered to the world ; it is the oldest of mysteries, the wisdom of primeval times : " With the ancients it was the chief of all knowledges." By it they had intercourse with angels. In its literal sense, the Word, having reference to natural phenomena and the doings of men and women in the world, may be compared to the material body, but in its spiritual sense, which consists of such things as are in heaven, it is like the soul.

Illustrations of the application of the principle might be offered at random from the Old Testament, from the Genesis account of Creation, the story of the Fall, the Flood, the Plagues in Egypt, the construction of the Tabernacle in the wilderness, the extraordinary and, in some respects, repulsive character of worship imposed upon the people by Moses. How in such manifestly earthly and even gross matters could anything Divine be recognised, apart from some principle of mystical or spiritual interpretation ? How otherwise are they to be received to-day by intelligent readers as inspired ? Is it to be wondered at that there should be a growing disposition, even among Christian teachers, to set them aside as mere records of quaint and happily obsolete custom ? Take, for example, the ceremony connected with the consecration of Aaron the priest to his office.

The tip of his right ear, the thumb of his right hand, and the great toe of his right foot are to be touched with the blood of a slain ram. Surely an entirely savage and offensive rite, not to be reconciled with our conceptions of a refined religion ! Could anything be more unspiritual ? Swedenborg comes to our relief with his magic key of correspondences, and immediately the

doors of the mystery are opened, the whole aspect is changed, the grossness has gone, a shining cluster of symbolic stars appears. Blood, he would have us know, symbolises Divine truth itself. The ram, as a member of the flock, and a follower of the shepherd, is the representative of innocence. Innocence, in his view, is the spirit or quality that is distinguished by claiming nothing to itself, but attributing everything to the Divine Source. It is non-assertive and non-resisting. The Divine truth of innocence is the consecrating and all-cleansing medium of life. The ear, as the organ of hearing, has its correspondence, he tells us, in the virtue of obedience. For to hear even in common speech signifies a willingness to perform. That there are none so deaf as those who will not hear, is a popular saying which crystallises the fact. In Hebrew, hearing and obedience are expressed by the same word; and when we read such passages as, "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandment, then had thy peace been as a river!" it is evident that the hearing of obedience is intended. The tip of the ear, as its extremity, indicates the degree of the hearing, the extent of the obedience involved—to the last point, the jot and tittle of the law. Of the thumb of the hand Swedenborg says, it denotes "truth in its power, and also *intellectual* truth; and in like manner the thumb or great toe of the foot, but in an inferior degree." The hand as the administrative instrument of the mind signifies *all* power. The foot upon which the body rests, as a house upon its foundation, has its correspondence also in power, but it is the power of the natural, subservient to the spiritual. Spiritual things rest upon natural bases. The hand cannot say to the foot, I have no need of thee.

In this connection it is interesting to note what is recorded of George Frederick Watts in the recently published annals of his life :

He saw that matter and spirit, being bound together, must work together sanely and equally. Not to use our reason whilst we are making the endeavour to understand in what the religious life consists, was, he maintained, as if we were told that our four fingers were made for service but the thumb was not to be used. Of the importance of reason to man in the use of his more spiritual faculties, he chose one day to make a little parable of the human hand. The first finger he called Reverence, the second Devotion, the third Faith, and the fourth Hope ; to the thumb he pointed as being Reason. With the four fingers, he said, man can climb like a monkey but he cannot thread a needle ; he cannot in fact do any real work without the thumb (p. 224).

What Watts called 'reason,' Swedenborg defines as 'intellectual truth.' With Watts it was a fanciful analogy ; with Swedenborg, a correspondence.

In the touching of the priest's ear, hand and foot with the blood of the ram, he is consecrated and pledged to hear, follow and fulfil Divine instruction, with no presumptuous assertion of selfhood, and no resistance on the part of the human will. The three planes make an interesting and suggestive trio : first, that of the perceptive will ; next, the administrative intelligence ; and, last, the natural executive. These, specifically on their *right* side—the right, according to Swedenborg, being the side of good,—become purged and purified by their mystical baptism.

One is accustomed to hear a good deal of the simplicity of the Sermon on the Mount. Preachers are referred to it as a pattern of the kind of sermon that would be universally acceptable and immediately understood. So far as the spiritual principles enunciated in that incomparable utterance are concerned, the



recommendation may be more than justified; but, as a matter of fact, few portions of scripture are more persistently figurative in expression, or in greater need of explanation. To be assured of this one has only to recall its instruction to turn the other cheek to the smiter, to give the cloak also to the thief and to travel the second mile freely in the company of the compeller. And what is there to be said of the plucking out of the offending eye, or the amputation of the hand? Are these simple matters either in theory or practice? On the contrary, we have to confess them no less difficult and dark—hardly less repulsive—than the bloody baptism of the priest. Swedenborg's theory of a Word written throughout by 'pure correspondences' is as effective in its application to *Matthew* as to *Leviticus*. By its means the cheek, cloak, mile, eye and hand stand out as letters of an alphabet of ancient wisdom, spelling out its words of radiant meaning and proclaiming the eternal laws of life. Offending eyes become mistaken and misleading apprehensions of truth, and offending hands, facilities for evil. What more necessary than that such things should be ruthlessly rejected by those who hope for heaven?

The brevity of this presentment of the subject—necessitated by limitations of space—lends itself perhaps to an impression of rigidity in the method of interpretation described, which would be quite foreign to its spirit. In what has been shown there is doubtless too much of the bare skeleton in evidence, and too little of the soft and living flesh—too much science and too little art. To obviate this would require a volume. Interpretation is an art. One might go further and declare it Art itself. All art is interpretation. The particular expression depends upon the mind of the

artist. To demand that it should be uniform would be to deny it life. Every eye has its own seeing, and "a new universe is created every time a child is born." But every art is based upon a science, the science of its own material and its own nature. And it is for the artist to master the science of his art. When he ignores it he courts disaster in his work. The painter, poet, musician, all are bound by laws as definite as nature itself. There are principles of colour, form and sound, of light and shade, proportion and perspective, contrast and harmony which each must recognise and bow to. May it not be that in the supreme art of scriptural interpretation the scientific basis is no less required, and that just such a necessary basis has been provided by Swedenborg for the use of the spiritual artist in his Science of Correspondences ?

HENRY GORDON DRUMMOND.

# THE ORPHEUS AND THE MEAL FRESCOES OF THE CATACOMBS.

A REPLY TO DR. EISLER.

ETHEL ROSS BARKER.

IN the course of a series of articles on comparative religion which have appeared in recent numbers of *THE QUEST*, Dr. Eisler has discussed certain subjects which were both represented frequently in the Roman Catacombs in the first three centuries of our era, and also treated in literature—patristic, epigraphic and liturgic—which is contemporary with the frescoes, and interprets them.

Of the innumerable points raised in these articles we can here consider two only: (1) the significance of the five Orpheus figures, at present known, to the Christians of the day (see *QUEST*, 1910, pp. 625ff.); (2) the significance of the frescoes which Dr. Eisler has interpreted as representing 'A Messianic Fish Meal' (*QUEST*, 1913, pp. 494ff.).

Since these can be treated here only superficially, for full details, for plates, and, above all, for justification of the mere statements to be made below, the reader may refer to Wilpert (*Die Malereien der Katakomben Roms*), who has spent a lifetime in the study of these frescoes, and whose interpretations are accepted universally by experts in the subject; also, on the Fish symbol, to Dölger (*IXΘΥΣ, Das Fischsymbol in frühchristlicher Zeit*, 1910) and Schmitt ('Jona' in *Forschungen zur Religion und Literatur des alten und*

*neuen Testaments*). For a brief and fairly comprehensive analysis of the whole subject of the frescoes there are articles in *The Burlington Magazine* for October and November last, by the present writer, from which a few quotations are made below.

We are not, here, considering the origin of these symbols, only their significance when adopted by the Christians.

To take the Orpheus frescoes first. There are two patristic passages which Dr. Eisler notes, and which interpret the frescoes—*viz.* in Clement of Alexandria (end 2nd cent.), and in Eusebius (b. 260), who is apparently developing Clement's idea. Dr. Eisler refers to these passages as "these artificial comparisons between Orpheus and the Logos-Christ . . . late as they are." As a matter of fact, Clement is earlier than four at least of the Orpheus frescoes which, according to Wilpert's dates, are respectively of the late 2nd century (tav. 37), 3rd (tavv. 55 and 98), 4th (in Priscilla) and late 4th. Thus it is not true that Clement is writing "some fifty years after the completion of the Orpheus pictures." Even Eusebius is writing before the last two were painted, and *he* is using an old idea. In the Clement passage, and more especially in the Eusebius reference, Dr. Eisler seems to stop short of the really significant words. Some lines further on in Clement we find :

A beautiful breathing instrument of music the Lord made man. . . . And He Himself, Who is the celestial Word, is the . . . holy instrument of God.

Some lines further down the Word is identified with Christ. In this passage, surely, it is the *incarnate* Christ who is connected with Orpheus.

But the Eusebius passage is clearer. Dr. Eisler

says: "Eusebius simply compares the Logos, taming and redeeming mankind, as if playing on an instrument, with Orpheus displaying his magical skill on a mystic lyre." But the *essential* point is again to be found a little further on. After describing Orpheus charming the beasts with his lyre, Eusebius writes:

Wherefore the all-wise and all-harmonious Word of God [the Logos] . . . took in His hands a musical instrument fashioned by His own wisdom, *even His human nature, and on it played a witching music*, not as Orpheus to the brutes, but to minds endowed with reason.

*These two passages combined show that the Orpheus was a symbol of the Incarnation.*

Is it just possible that Clement had in mind the passage in Plato's *Phædo* (85 E) in which Simmias tentatively compares the relation of body and soul to that between a lyre and the music made by it? Or did Clement and Plato too derive the idea, if it be borrowed, from the same Orphic source? It is significant that Simmias is a pupil of Philolaos, a teacher of Pythagoreanism, between which and Orphism there were many links. If this be so (and the subject is worth investigating), both the Christian painting and the Christian explanation of it are inspired by Orphic iconography and literature.

There is, however, a closer parallel to the passage in Clement of Alexandria than the *Phædo* metaphor. In the essay of Plutarch (*flor. c. 80 A.D.*) *On Isis and Osiris* (c. 55) are the following words:

"The story tells that Hermes [the Word] cut out the sinews of Typhon [the material principle] to use them as lyre strings; teaching thereby that the Word brought the all into harmony, and made it concordant, out of discordant parts."

Before quitting the subject of Orpheus the question

arises, as a side issue: Is there any evidence, apart from a series of what are frankly hypotheses, that Orpheus was in any way connected with fish? (See QUEST, 1909, p. 306)? Whatever the answer, is it not clear that, in the four centuries or more preceding Christianity, there was no such conception connected with him? And that, therefore, such an idea in connection with Orpheus must be, for historical reasons, alien to Christian art? Again, with regard to the juxtaposition of Orpheus and a fisherman on the sarcophagus of Firmus (I take Dr. Eisler's description on trust), such a juxtaposition does not imply identification of persons; it *does* possibly imply a relationship of the spiritual ideas for which these, to our notions, oddly chosen symbols, stand. The juxtaposition of *symbols* is a commonplace of primitive Christian iconography. Out of a hundred such, we may quote Orpheus and Daniel and Jonah, all three together; or Tobias and Abraham and the Children in the fiery furnace. There is no identification of any of these persons one with the other; they express part of the 'Symbol,' the 'Creed,' of primitive Christianity.

If we may be permitted yet another parenthetical remark, Dr. Eisler expresses surprise that the "pagan Hermes Kriophoros is . . . never figured in the Catacombs" (1910, p. 629). But surely those lovely sculptures, and numerous frescoes, of the Good Shepherd bearing the sheep, trace their artistic genealogy through Hellenistic and Classic art back to the archaic Kriophoros figures? The Christian interpretation is found in innumerable contemporary writers from the first century onwards.

Turning now to the second part of our subject, we

may consider the question of the 'Messianic Fish Meal.' Making a rough classification, and eliminating questions of detail, we may divide these frescoes into those which represent: (1) simply the fish, bread (and sometimes wine) in collocation; (2) persons taking part in a meal or ceremony in which these articles of food appear; (3) a subject which, we shall see, is allied, namely the symbolic representation of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes as recorded in the Gospels. (Dr. Eisler does not refer to this third class of fresco.)

Concerning the frescoes of the second division, Dr. Eisler rightly discerns that they represent "a ritual . . . meal, as the Christians still used to celebrate it at the time when these pictures were made." He calls it a 'fish-and-bread meal.' We shall see presently that it is only a *fish-meal* in a special significance. He then compares with these frescoes the story of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, a story older, as he truly says, than S. Mark's Gospel (even if the story be entirely imaginary). Dr. Eisler asserts that because the picturesque details of this incident are not represented in the meal frescoes, therefore there is no reference to the miracle in them, and that the seven (in one case ten) baskets of bread which appear in some of these meal frescoes, do not refer to it. But the writer seems here to have misunderstood the peculiar characteristic of the Catacomb frescoes—namely, that they are hardly ever historical, or picturesque, but nearly always symbolical, allegorical; they are in fact a sort of hieroglyphic shorthand, expressing the Symbol, the Creed, of the primitive Christian (see *The Burlington*).

So, *à priori*, these baskets of bread might very well refer symbolically to the Gospel miracle. They

might, of course, simply represent the baskets that were commonly used for carrying bread. This is certainly the significance of the big basket of bread with a *glass bottle* (not a 'cup') of wine in the middle, standing on a great fish, in the second century fresco of the Crypt of Lucina. The passage from Genesis quoted by Dr. Eisler does not much enlighten us. It is Jerome, who, as a lad, spent his summer holidays in enjoying the terrors of the Roman Catacombs, who explains it (see *The Burlington*):

Nothing can be richer than one who carries the Body of Christ in a basket made of twigs, and the Blood of Christ in a vessel of glass (*Ep. ad Rusticum*, 125 in *Pat. Lat. t. 22*, col. 1085).

To return to the baskets of bread as *possible* symbols of the Gospel miracle; is there any evidence to establish the fact? On this point Dr. Eisler seems to have overlooked those third and fourth century frescoes (nine are given in Wilpert), which all represent the miracle under the same symbol (there is one very slight variation from this type): Christ with a long rod touches one of seven baskets; no fish is to be seen. In two of the nine frescoes this scene is represented in close juxtaposition with a meal fresco; and in the remaining seven, the seven *baskets* (with a single exception, where ten appear: the fresco may be mutilated) are so seen. (One of these seven meal frescoes is the consecration over a tripod table.) These are all, with one exception, of the second century.

If now we turn to the literary commentaries, we shall find a number of passages, from the first century onward, explaining this miracle as a symbol of the Eucharist. It seems reasonable then, even before we have completed our evidence, to consider these meal frescoes with baskets as Eucharistic. But, bearing on



this point, what does the frequently recurring fish symbol mean—(1) when found in connection with the bread (and wine); (2) in other connections? On the second point Dr. Eisler has quoted (QUEST, 1910, p. 643) one of several contemporary passages showing that the fish is sometimes a symbol of Christ, in Baptism. It would seem likely then, though Dr. Eisler does not draw this conclusion, that the fish in collocation with the bread also signifies Christ. If, in connection with bread (whether represented alone, or with persons partaking of it) the fish does mean Christ, we have the whole Eucharistic doctrine complete, and these frescoes are Eucharistic. Have we any more definite proof of the truth of this hypothesis?

Amongst many others, there is the famous Abercius inscription of which Dr. Eisler quotes a small portion (1913, p. 503). (Dr. Eisler, as most scholars, accepts this as Christian.) But, as in the Orpheus quotations, Dr. Eisler here again seems to have missed the point, partly perhaps because he has merely indicated by dots a very significant portion of the passage. (The omission leaves one in doubt as to who 'she' is; and why is the word which may be translated 'her friends' written "Friends"?) The words omitted are in italics: "A pure fish from the fountain, *caught by a pure Virgin*. She gives it to her friends." The Virgin mother of Christ here seems to be a symbol of the Church. If the fish here, as elsewhere, means Christ, the Eucharistic significance of the whole passage is plain, but again Dr. Eisler fails to make this deduction. There are many other parallel passages interpreting the fish in a Eucharistic sense for which the reader must refer to the books and articles mentioned above.

We have established then that the fish is a symbol

of Christ, and where found in collocation with bread (sometimes wine) the sense is generally Eucharistic.

But, as a matter of fact, these meal frescoes (about twenty in number), with bread and fish (and sometimes wine), appear to represent *three different*, though allied subjects. It is not quite clear of which Dr. Eisler is really speaking; he appears to be describing some features of *all* of them, and giving the same explanation for all three. There is no doubt, amidst much that is still obscure, that certain of these frescoes are Eucharistic. A few of the others appear to represent the *agapē* (love-feast), which in primitive times seems to have been closely associated with the Eucharist. Four more of them certainly represent the Banquet of the Blessed in Paradise with Christ. These last are all of the fourth century, and, a significant fact, there are no baskets of bread. In one of the Catacomb inscriptions this Banquet of the Blessed is called *agapē*. The early literary commentaries explain this celestial banquet, which is the subject of many a vision of the primitive martyrs. As an example we may quote a passage from the *Passion of SS. Marianus and Jacobus* (Ruinart, *Acta Sincera*, p. 223), a document ranking high as regards authenticity. These martyrs, together with Agapius and others, suffered under Valerian. James writes:

Now I too hasten to come to the banquet of Agapius and the other blessed martyrs. This night did I see Agapius, who sat at a splendid and joyful banquet. Then I and Marianus were transported there, in a spirit of love and charity, to this banquet, as to an *agapē*. There we met one of the two children who, three days before, had suffered martyrdom with their mother. He wore a crown of roses round his neck, and held in his right hand a green branch of palm. "Be glad and rejoice," he said, "because to-morrow you too will feast with us."

The idea has passed into the Oriental liturgy:

Bring us, and these dead here, to the blessed feast of Thy kingdom.

So, to sum up, all these frescoes represent a 'fish-meal'; but only inasmuch as the fish is Christ, on which the faithful feed in the bread (and wine). A small number of them alone are 'Messianic' in the sense that they represent the feast of the Blessed with Christ in the kingdom of heaven. There are in addition those representing the *agapē*.

To counterbalance this consensus of evidence as to the interpretation of these frescoes, is there any evidence whatever for the statement of Dr. Eisler, that the primitive Christians celebrated a mystic fish-meal as distinct from the Eucharist? Further Dr. Eisler, quoting in part from M. Reinach's *Orpheus*, says: "[This] rite [*i.e.* of celebrating a mystic fish-meal] . . . must be resolutely identified with the private observance of a fish diet which is still enjoined for every Friday by the Roman Catholic [Church]." Is there any evidence to connect the ritual meal of the Catacomb frescoes, which is apparently a feast, with the Friday fast? Or any evidence that the Catholic Church ever enjoined the eating of fish, *qua* fish, on Friday? As to the last point, the historical facts are that in primitive times there was a rigorous *fast* on Friday and on Wednesday; a trifle later, also on Saturday; also on Vigils of martyrs, and for Lent, and so on. On a *fast* day practically all food (including fish) was prohibited. In much later times, on days of abstinence, when meat, etc., is forbidden, fish appears in a long list of *permitted* foods. Fridays, for the vast majority of Catholics, is such a day of abstinence; there was never any virtue in eating fish on those

days; many Catholics prefer eggs, haricot beans, etc. (which they eat without any reference to Pythagoreanism!). It is not by such general statements as to a Friday fast, or as to its connection (see QUEST, 1918, 505) with Venus-Ishtar-Atargatis and Jewish customs, or with names of days of the week used conventionally by primitive Christians, that a connection can be shown between these Catacomb frescoes and Pagan fish-deities. It does, however, seem possible that the fish, as a representation of Christ, was, in fact, taken over as being a sacred Pagan symbol of the fish-deities whose cult had travelled from India to Syria. The scholarly researches of Dölger and Schmitt (*vide supra*) are slowly establishing the facts concerning this subject, which may one day form sufficient ground for drawing conclusions. An examination of Oriental, African, and S. Italian Catacombs should throw light on this question.

But the essential point to remember in drawing comparisons between Paganism and Christianity is that the latter transformed whatever it touched; so Orpheus and the Fish become symbols of the holy of holies of primitive doctrine,—of Christ in the Incarnation, in Baptism and in the Eucharist.

ETHEL ROSS BARKER.

(A rejoinder from Dr. Eisler will be found under 'Discussions.'  
—ED.)

## SOME RELIGIOUS REVIVALS OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

A. CLAUD EVANS, B.A.

FEW pages of history are more fascinating than those in which the simple-minded old chroniclers have recorded those strange religious movements which pulsed through the life of the middle ages, and reveal to us the remarkable force and recuperative energy of the mediæval Church, ever striving to reform itself, even in the midst of a state of society which makes the modern reader shudder. It is not the intention of this article to treat of those great movements which are really an essential part of the history of Christendom in the middle ages: the Cluniaç revival, the 12th century monastic movement with St. Bernard as its hero, the events leading up to the Crusades. All these are part of the history of nations; their causes, or at any rate their antecedents, can be clearly seen and their influence gauged. But it is of smaller movements, by-paths of history, that the present paper is to treat; strange convulsions of society, local and transitory, mysterious in origin, which often end as suddenly as they come. They originate without exception among the lower classes, are usually lay movements, often ending in an outbreak of anti-sacerdotalism, against which the great engine of the Inquisition has to be set in motion. The home of these revivals was of course Italy, the country where flourished throughout the middle ages a mysticism

of an intensely popular and fervent kind. It was intensified by the prophecies of the Calabrian abbot Joachim, and reached its fullest bloom in that fascinating child of Mediæval Italy, St. Francis. The movements that are here to be described were really due to the spirit of Francis and Dominic acting on minds less balanced, though scarcely less enthusiastic.

One of the most characteristic of these revivals was that of 1233, called the Alleluia, for which Salimbene, the most picturesque chronicler of his time, is the prime authority.

It was a time of peace and tranquillity, all weapons were laid aside and everywhere was merriment and gladness, joy and exultation, praise and thanksgiving. All, both gentle and simple, burghers and country-folk, young and old, men and women, sang songs of praise to God. Great assemblies were held in all the cities of Italy, to which the country-folk flocked with banners, men and women, boys and girls, to hear the Word of God and to praise Him. And they sang songs of God, not of man; and all walked in the way of salvation. And they carried branches of trees and lighted tapers, and sermons were preached in the evening, and in the morning and at noonday, according to the word of the prophet: 'Evening and morning and at noon will I pray and cry aloud, and He shall hear my voice.' And the people assembled in the churches and open squares, and lifted up their hands to God, to praise and thank Him for ever and ever; nor could they cease from the praises of God, so intoxicated were they with His love; and blessed was the man who could do most to praise God. There was no wrath among them, nor strife nor hatred, but everywhere was peace and kindness; for they had drunk of the wine of the sweetness of God's spirit, and to the man who drinketh thereof, no more hath flesh any savour.

Here we have the essential features of most of these revivals—the street preaching, processions and peacemaking. Many cities gave extensive civil powers to the leaders of these movements, who were most

often friars, though one of the leaders of the Alleluia was simple and unlearned, and attached to no religious congregation. His name was Benedict, though he was more often styled the Brother of the Horn, because of a small horn of brass which he blew in the intervals of preaching and singing songs of praise. Salimbene likens him to another John the Baptist "as one who should go before the Lord to prepare for Him a perfect people." His appearance must have been very striking. On his head was an Armenian cap, and he had a long black beard. He wore a garment of sackcloth, falling to his feet, and he was girt with a girdle of skin. His mantle was like a soldier's cloak, and had a broad cross of scarlet before and behind, like that on a priest's chasuble. He went about the churches and squares followed by a number of children, carrying branches of trees and lighted tapers, who repeated his words of praise, ever and anon crying out Alleluia.

The most famous of the preachers of the Alleluia was John of Vincenza, a Dominican friar, whose fame reached the ears of Matthew Paris.

About that time (says that chronicler) a certain brother of the order of Preachers, named John, a man well read and eloquent and pleasant in preaching, was held at great repute in Italy. So much so that he made civil wars to cease, and God wrought miracles on his behalf, for he crossed rivers dry shod, and caused vultures flying on high to descend at his command.

He began his preaching in 1233 at Bologna, always laying stress on reconciliation and forgiveness of injuries. Many strifes were healed by him at Bologna, Padua, Verona, Vincenza, Mantua, Brescia, and elsewhere; and most of these cities entrusted him with extensive powers to reform their constitutions. He went even further, and tried to unite all the Lombard

cities by the force of his eloquence. But his head was turned by his successes, and he became intolerant, burning sixty citizens of Verona for heresy. He was put into prison, and though soon afterwards released at the request of the Pope, never regained his influence. As Matthew Paris says :

At length, by the scheming of the devil, he was puffed up by his greatness, and weakened by the friendship of carnal acquaintances, and deserved to lose the love of God, the honour of men, and the reverence of the rulers of the Church.

Another Dominican friar, Giacomino of Reggio, preached so eloquently, that his hearers, small and great, all worked lustily at the building of the Dominican church at Reggio, while the friar played the part of overseer.

It is to be feared, however, that the popular preachers were not always very scrupulous as to the means they used to impress their hearers. We hear how apparent miracles were arranged beforehand. Brother Gerard of Modena, who had been an intimate friend of St. Francis, would stand, Salimbene tells us, on a wooden erection, and in the middle of his sermon would stop and draw his hood over his face as if he was absorbed in meditation. Then after some time he would impress the people by words such as these :

"I was in the spirit on the Lord's day, and heard brother John of Vincenza preaching at Bologna on the banks of the Reno, and many people were listening to him ; and he began his sermon thus : 'Blessed are the people whose God is the Lord Jehovah, and blessed are the folk whom he hath chosen to be his inheritance.'" And he spake in the same way of the other revivalist preachers, who did the like of him. The people, never suspecting that it had all been arranged beforehand, marvelled greatly, and some sent messengers to hear if the things the friar had said were



true. When they found that they were so, many leaving their worldly affairs entered the orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic. And much good was done in divers ways and places during this devotion.

The same spirit that produced revivals such as the Alleluia, caused the extraordinary Children's Crusade, and that of the Pastoureaux. In the month of August, 1222, Jacobus de Voragine tells us, a Teuton pilgrim named Nicholas came to Genoa with a crowd of followers, small and great, including even infants. They seemed to expect the sea to be dried up so as to allow them to proceed to Jerusalem on foot. If the pious chronicler is to be believed, their morals were sufficiently bad to account for the premature end of this extraordinary outbreak.

Of the Pastoureaux, Matthew Paris says that "never since the time of Mahomet has such a dangerous pest undermined the Church of Christ." And yet they were at first patronised in high circles, notably by Queen Blanche of France, who hoped that the movement might end in the release of her son St. Louis from captivity in Egypt. It began with the preaching in 1251 of a man called the Hungarian, who held in his ever-clenched hand a letter which he said he had received from the Blessed Virgin herself. As a result shepherds left their sheep, husbandmen their ploughs, without asking leave of their masters, and followed him unarmed and on foot, not even asking how they were to be fed. The chronicler identifies this Hungarian with the youth who many years before had preached the Children's Crusade, and had "infatuated the whole nation of the French, calling to him an innumerable crowd of boys, who followed him with songs: and, marvellous to relate, they could

be held by no bolts or bars, nor enticed back by the command of their parents or the promise of gifts."

By far the most striking of all mediæval revivals, however, was that of the Flagellants. It was thought to be the beginning of the fulfilment of the abbot Joachim's prophecies, for his followers had fixed the date of the beginning of the new era, by ingenious calculation, at 1260. "This was the year," says Salimbene, "wherein that age should have begun which was foretold by abbot Joachim, who divided the world into three states; and they say that this last state of the world began with the Flagellants of 1260, who uttered the words of God and not those of man." But it was not to be; belief in Joachim's millenarianism gradually faded away, and the Flagellants disappeared under the stigma of heresy.

But while it lasted the devotion had an extraordinary vogue. Its origins are shrouded in mystery; it seems to have been spontaneous, and owed its popularity to the eloquence of no great preacher. Its antecedents were the famine of 1258 and the pestilence of 1259. Then in the autumn of 1260 appeared the Flagellants, instituted by an aged monk named Raniero Fasana, who appeared in Perugia clad in sackcloth with a rope round his waist and a scourge in his hand. Then immediately

Gentle and simple alike, old and young, even children of five years old, walked in procession through the streets of the cities almost naked, each holding in his hand a lash of thongs with which, midst groans and lamentations, they scourged their shoulders so severely that the blood ran. They besought the mercy of God and the assistance of His Mother with torrents of tears, as if they beheld with their bodily eyes the very Passion of the Saviour, praying that their sins might be forgiven, as had those of innumerable penitents before them. And not only by day

but also by night, holding lighted tapers in their hands, throughout the bitter cold of the wintry season, they went round the churches of the cities, by hundreds and thousands, and tens of thousands, preceded by the priests carrying crosses and banners, and prostrated themselves humbly before the altars. They did the same in the towns and hamlets, so that the country side and the very mountains seemed to ring with the voices of those who cried to the Lord. At that time were all musical instruments silent and love ditties were hushed. The sorrowful dirge of the penitents alone was heard on all sides, and by its piteous strain the hardest of hearts was softened, and the strongest eye was filled with tears. Nor did the women hold aloof from the devotion, for not only those of the city, but also noble matrons and tender maidens practised the like in their own chambers.

Such is the account of a Paduan monk; other details are supplied by a Dominican chronicler, Franciscus Pipinus, who pictures the rustics marching two by two with bare feet throughout the provinces singing songs in praise of the Lord and His Mother, and crying out at each cross-road 'Pax, Pax!' "And although," he says, "at first, they that so scourged themselves were held by some to be mad and crazy, at length the devotion increased, and it was held sacrilege to say a word against it."

Salimbene tells us that the Bishops were to be seen in these processions, and that so earnestly did the penitents confess their sins that the priests had scarce time to eat. The devotion was common to all the cities of Italy.

On the Monday which was the Feast of All Saints (says the chronicler) they all came from Modena to Reggio, both small and great; and all in the neighbourhood of Modena came with the Podesta and Bishop carrying the banners of the city and those of the guilds; and they scourged themselves through the whole city and most of them went on to Parma on the Tuesday. And on the morrow all the men of Reggio made banners for each quarter and

went in procession round the city, and so also did the Podesta, scourging himself. And when we arrived at Parma we found the devotion already there, for it flew 'as an eagle to the prey,' and continued in our city for many days, nor was there anyone so old or feeble as not to scourge himself gladly. Indeed, if anyone refused to so scourge himself, he was looked upon as worse than the devil, and everyone pointed at him as an evildoer and a limb of Satan; and further he would meet before long with some misfortune, either dying or falling into sore sickness.

It was accompanied by the usual peacemaking and mutual forgiveness of injuries.

All strifes were healed and those who had committed homicide went with bare swords to their enemies, and falling on their knees offered to undergo the penalty at the hands of the injured. Touched and softened by this humiliation, those who had been offended threw down their swords and embraced their offenders, giving them with many tears the kiss of peace.

Another account says that:

The prisons were opened and the inmates set free, while the exile was suffered to return home. So great was the repentance that it spread to countries outside the borders of Italy. Both the unlearned and the wise wondered greatly what the cause of such fervour could be, especially as the extraordinary display of contrition had not been originated by the Supreme Pontiff, nor by the labour of some preacher of note or of some other great man, but had been begun by men in no way out of the ordinary.

Many Princes attempted to stop the spread of this devotion. Pallavicino of Cremona erected gibbets on the banks of the Po for those Flagellants who dared to enter his city, "for he loved the good things of this life better than the salvation of souls, and the glory of the world more than the glory of God." Manfred and the Della Torre, amongst others, did the same. But still it spread into Bavaria, Austria, Bohemia and Moravia, even Poland. Henry Duke of Bavaria, and many Prince Bishops of Germany and Poland,

persecuted them, for by this time they had become tainted with heresy. Anti-sacerdotalism had crept in among them, and they confessed their sins to one another, giving each other absolution, though laicos. They, however, broke up into the more sober Confraternities of Penitence, and their songs began to take a more and more dramatic form, finally developing into *Morality and Mystery-plays*.

It must not be thought that these revivals had much permanent effect. As often as not civil war burst out as fiercely the year after the revival as it had ever done before. This is clearly seen in an account of a revival of the same kind from the chronicle of Jacobus de Voragine, Archbishop of Genoa, and author of *The Golden Legend*.

In the year 1295 (says the Archbishop), in the month of January, a general and universal peace was made throughout the state of Genoa, between those who are called Mascarati or Gibbelins and those called Rampini or Guelphs. For there had been for a long time many divisions and serious strifes, which had lasted for more than sixty years. But by the favour of the Saviour's grace all were brought to peace and concord, so that they all became one society, one brotherhood, one body; which caused great joy, and the whole city was full of exultation and merriment. We also, in full council, when peace had been proclaimed, clad in pontifical vestments, preached the Word of God, and then with our clergy sang a solemn *Te Deum Laudamus*, having with us four assistants chosen from among the Bishops and Abbots. Having partaken of refreshment we rode through the whole city, clad in pontifical vestments, mounted on a palfrey decked with muslin, and followed by all the soldiery, rejoicing and giving to all the blessing of God and ours, praising the Lord. But (proceeds the author of *The Golden Legend*) since the universal good is in Heaven, as the unmixed evil is in Hell, and the mixed good and evil in the world, even so, alas, our merriment was turned into mourning and our rejoicing into the sound of weeping. For in the December of the same year, on the fifth day after the

Nativity of our Lord, while our citizens were still rejoicing on account of the above mentioned peace, the enemy of mankind and the destroyer of human agreement incited our citizens to such strife and discord, that they fought with arms in their hands throughout the villages and streets of the cities, and for many days strove against one another. Whence many were wounded and killed, and houses were burnt and goods despoiled and plundered.

Fantastic, and not a little injurious, as such movements were, there is not the slightest evidence of insincerity in them, and they form a pathetic attempt to put an end to the strife and bloodshed which entered into the daily life of the Middle Ages in a way that the modern mind can scarcely grasp. They provide, also, an interesting study both for the historian and the psychologist.

A. CLAUD EVANS.

## SHADOWLAND: AN APOLOGUE.

E. P. LARKEN.

ONCE upon a time there was a people whose shadows were endowed with intelligence and powers of will. The shadows were not entirely independent of their owners—they were only partially so. If the owner kept a tight hold upon his shadow the power of independent volition on the part of the latter grew less and less. On the other hand, if the owner slackened his grip in the slightest degree the individuality of the shadow grew in proportion. Sometimes shadows were found who were scarcely subject at all to their owners' will, and in that case the owner suffered great loss. For the tendency of the shadows if left to themselves, free from the guidance and control of their owners, was to sink back into the mass of foul things of which they were composed; and this degradation of the shadow re-acted on its owner,—and hindered him in his efforts to fit himself for the land beyond his own. This land, to reach which was the aim and object of all the owners, was known as the 'Shadowless Land.'

The shadows themselves wore out after a time and had to be thrown away by their owners and fresh ones taken. What became of them then is a small matter,—out of dream-stuff they came, unto dream-stuff did they return. But, obviously, when we consider how the shadow could by its action influence the growth and destiny of its owner, when it came to the question of a new shadow, the owner was mightily

interested. As a matter of fact, however, the owner had no voice in the selection. The nature of the shadow was decided for him. To-day he might have, as his shadow, a king amongst shadows, and next day, when the king was worn out and thrown away, he would have to be content with a shadow beggar or a shadow thief. Nay he might even have to change the sex of his shadow. A shadow man was often followed by a shadow woman granted to the same owner; for the owner was bound by the law of Shadowland to go through, by means of his shadow, all sorts of experiences before he would be judged fit to pass into the Shadowless Land.

There was this further peculiarity in the relation between the two. Whilst the owner knew what his shadow was about and could, to a great extent, influence its actions—the shadow was almost, in some instances quite, ignorant of the very existence of its owner. If it did its owner's will on occasions it took to itself full credit for its action.

"What a good shadow," it would say, "am I to have done this noble deed!" or "What a clever shadow am I to have devised this brilliant idea!" And its fellow shadows echoed this judgment to the full and said: "What a good shadow this one is," or "That shadow is an amazingly clever shadow," or "We see to what heights of goodness and cleverness a shadow can rise when it chooses."

That of course was all very well for the owner—as far as it went. A shadow might, in theory, be as conceited as it pleased, if only it would act well and wisely; because good and wise actions on the part of the shadow tended, as we have seen, to hasten the time for the owner to pass into the Shadowless Land.



At the same time, this sense of self-satisfaction on the part of the shadow was not without considerable danger to the owner, and he regarded it with grave anxiety. The more self-satisfied a shadow became, the more difficult it grew for its owner to exercise due control over its movements. The most constant vigilance on the part of the owner was required to keep the tendency of the shadow to conceit within due bounds.

But the shadows who did the greatest things were generally they who recognised more clearly than others their owner's hands in the doing of them. The small or mediocre shadows were most in danger of being puffed up. Not, of course, that their conceit or self-satisfaction mattered much to the shadows themselves, except so far as it afforded them a passing feeling of pleasure;—dream-stuff they were and unto dream-stuff would they return. But it mattered very much indeed to the owners, whose progress towards the Shadowless Land was retarded almost more by the shadow's self-satisfaction than by any other influence.

The really great ones among the shadows were, as I said, free, or almost free, from this failing. The reason for that freedom was that the great ones, being more conscious of the existence of their owners, were more responsive to their owner's wills than their lesser fellows. In fact it was this responsiveness which caused them to grow to such a towering height over their fellows.

How did the owners communicate with their shadows so as to impress their wills upon them? The shadows, as we have seen, were, for the most part, quite unconscious of the very existence of their owners. The owners impressed their will upon their shadows in an

infinite number of ways. In fact no two ways were alike, because each shadow, being in certain respects different from each of his fellows, needed its own special means for receiving the impressed will of the owner. However it may be said generally that the owner corresponded with his shadow by appeals to that shadow's sense of beauty or goodness or pity or harmony or rhythm.

The object of each owner was to obtain absolute command of his shadow, so that the shadow should have no sense of individuality apart from that of the owner. As I have said, the more fully this was accomplished the more clear to the shadow did the existence of the owner grow. When the individuality of the shadow became, through the will of the owner, absorbed by, sucked into the owner's individuality, then the owner might pass to the Shadowless Land.

But it took a long time. Shadows came and shadows went, but still the owner of them lingered on in the Land of the Shadows. For the sense of individuality in the shadow was strong and hard to conquer. When the shadow was worn out and thrown away by its owner and a fresh shadow taken, the individuality of the former shadow yet remained, for a brief period, and was sometimes able to communicate with the shadows which were still in use. But little by little the shadow faded till at last it became non-existent—merged into the elemental dream-stuff.

At times acts of great heroism are recorded in the history of this people. We have seen how the owners thirsted for the Shadowless Land of their desire. Sometimes it is said, whether truly or falsely, an owner standing on the verge of that land would deliberately turn his back upon it and re-enter the Land of Shadows.

In such cases shadows innumerable had been the owner's, and one by one they had come more completely under his control. At last, after infinite pains, the work was completed. The will of the last shadow had been won wholly to himself and the Shadowless Land was within his grasp, but he renounced it in order that, by precept and example, he might aid his brethren who were still struggling in the Land of Shadows.

But resistance to their influence, latent in the shadows themselves, was not the only difficulty which the owners had to overcome, before that influence could be wholly asserted. Outside, and apart from, yet in close touch with, existing shadows there was a power wholly hostile to the owners of the shadows; a power the object of which was to thwart the owners in all their attempts at merging the shadow's personality into their own. This power did not act only as a dead inert weight to the drawing force of the owners, it showed its hostility actively.

This Power of Darkness, as it was called, was composed of two elements. I have said that when a shadow was finished and done with and cast aside by its owner, it did not pass at once into the dream-stuff from which it sprang, but that, in proportion to the strength of its self-consciousness, a part of it lingered on for a longer or a shorter period, and was even able at times, though rarely and only under exceptional circumstances, to communicate with and to influence directly its former fellows. The Power of Darkness was largely, perhaps mainly, made up of these decaying shadows—the cumulative mass of which was enormous. The failing strength of this mass, for of course it was constantly failing as the cast-off shadows passed more and more into the dream-stuff of their origin, was as

constantly being renewed by a fresh stream of cast-off shadows.

But the Power of Darkness was further reinforced, so it was believed, though of this nothing could be proved for certain, by personalities as distinct, and for all practical purposes as permanent, as the owners themselves, to whom they were wholly antagonistic. This Power of Darkness was unable to touch the owner directly—it could only do so through the shadows, and it was in this way that it fulfilled the law of its being—antagonism to the owners.

And the shadows, what part did they play in this great strife? They were, it is obvious, much more instinctively and consciously in touch with the Power of Darkness, which was composed, as we have seen, mainly of their own fellows, than they were with their owners. Mark, I do not say that they were much more closely in touch with the former, but that they were more instinctively and consciously in touch with them.

For this is an important point which should not be forgotten. Closeness of touch, whether with its owners or with the Power of Darkness, was by no means to be measured by the consciousness of being in touch. Thus many a shadow which in reality was in the fullest possible subjection to its owner, repudiated to itself and its fellow-shadows any such subjection and scoffed at the idea of it. On the other hand, not a few of the shadows, while boasting that they and their owners were one or almost one, were very far indeed from being in touch with them.

It was to this latter fact that the Power of Darkness addressed itself with most effect. For the shadow who, while repudiating all subjection to the owner,

was yet in close touch with him, was for this very reason proof against the drawing influence of the Power of Darkness—at least on one side. On the other hand, we have seen how self-complacency weakened the power of the owner over his shadow more than anything else; and self-complacency was never so much in danger of reaching it as when a shadow boasted of being in touch with its owner.

I do not say that always a shadow who was keenly aware of its owner's influence, was an easy prey for the Power of Darkness. Of course not. When the time for the owner to pass into the Shadowless Land was very near, the veil between him and his shadow was worn almost transparent, and the shadow could not fail to be keenly alive to its owner's presence. But when the shadow boasted of the influence of the owner and was puffed up by it—there the danger lay. The complacency of the shadow was the opportunity of the Power of Darkness. On such an occasion the shadow who was conscious of an influence not its own which made for the Shadowless Land, was more than at any other time liable to deceive itself by saying, "What a good shadow am I."

And yet there were times when the shadows were conscious, and rightly conscious, of the direct influence of their owners, but even then they were apt to mistake the true relationship which existed between them. They saw, as they themselves own, 'as in a glass, darkly.' Thus in childhood, which was the period of the lives of most of the shadows when their influence was most keenly felt, the shadows commonly and confidently spoke of their unseen 'guardians.' A mother would frequently say to her child, "Be good and your guardian will be happy. If you are naughty

you will make your guardian sorry." This simple statement was as it stood a perfectly accurate one if 'owner' had been substituted for 'guardian,' and if 'goodness' be held to be the drawing influence of the owners and 'naughtiness' that of the Power of Darkness. Nevertheless the statement did not convey the full truth to the mind of the child as, indeed, how could it since the full truth was not in the mind of the speaker? The child came to look upon the owner, whom he named his guardian, as something essentially apart from himself—as a great servant or glorified nurse.

Then again there were shadows who, in much later life, were conscious of their owners' influence to an acute degree. To them the owner was 'spirit' or 'daimon' or 'genius,' and the relationship was regarded much less confusedly. But these instances are by the way, and have only been introduced to show that it was quite possible for a shadow to become as fully conscious as it was possible for a shadow to become, of the influence of the owner, and to be in no danger from that of the Power of Darkness.

E. P. LARKEN.

## THE WAVE.

HELÈNE SCHEU-RIESZ.

ABOVE the slumbering sea lay the lightless early morning sky. In the dusky twilight they seemed to flow together, and a dull murmur broke from the quiet plain, as though the spirits of the deep, full of longing expectation, called their greetings to the coming day.

But far out in this watery wilderness a little wave was born.

How she was born, how she freed herself from the mass, and became a separate little wave, she did not know. The first seconds of her existence had quite disappeared from her memory. She could only remember the time when she could already roll quite nicely, and was rather inclined to believe that it could never have been otherwise. Of course this was only a vague feeling; for although to waves, seconds seem as years do to us, yet she was a very young, inexperienced little wave, with all her heart and soul bent on finding her right place in the world.

She only awoke to the consciousness of her own individuality in the moment when another wave came from somewhere, and pushing her aside, swished by.

Being hurled to one side had hurt so much that the little wave trembled with fear and anxiety. Which way should she go? Was there not some sheltered spot in which she could hide herself? How should she begin in this endless grey space, where on all sides watery mountains arose, to sink slowly and heavily again, so that all around the little wave-folk trembled and bowed their heads?

A feeling of intolerable loneliness came over her. Why had she been placed in the world? Before and behind her lay the great darkness, and she was so terribly afraid. Everything seemed to be threatening and hostile; there was no rest anywhere.

An old blackened ship's-beam floated by. He looked so learned that he quite won the heart of the little wave. "May I carry you a little?" she humbly asked; and graciously he allowed her to do so. She asked him all sorts of questions: from where had she come; to where she should go;—and the beam was a wise, experienced person, and knew everything. He told her about the aim of all living waves,—the shore, from whence came the great ships, and the tiny boats; and of the many wonderful things there,—white, merry, rattling pebbles, and dry sand which stretched its arm and would not let the waves go any further. Then one could also see there all kinds of remarkable animals; but the strangest of all were the men, who alone knew how to build the ships and boats, and yet were so weak that they could never cross the sea without his, the beam's, or similar help.

At last however, the little wave asked: "Who am I?" "You are part of the sea," said the beam. "You have come from the sea, and to the sea you will return."

This she could not understand. "But where is the sea?" she cried. "Where can it be seen? I can see waves, fishes, shells, seaweed, coral, and birds. What does the sea mean? What is it like?"

"Neither you nor I can see it," said the beam. "It is too great." And then he was silent.

Long, long, the little wave pondered this, but could not understand what she had heard. When the beam had floated far away from her, she asked one of



her sisters who was hurrying by: "What is the sea?"

"Nonsense!" was the reply. "Who has put that into your head? It is a fable. There is no sea. We are here, we waves. Are we not sufficient in ourselves? We live and struggle; those who are strong enough conquer and govern. Look—so!" and with that, she ran against quite a tiny wave and swallowed it; then proudly stretching her neck, went further.

But our little wave was still more afraid, for she did not feel ready to fight. She had not the courage to perform great deeds, and would gladly have given all her wave-splendour for a quiet, sheltered little place at the bottom of the sea.

She was just about to creep into a billowy furrow, when the first timid sunbeam crept lightly through the clouds. He peeped curiously into the world, and then, all at once, pushed aside a part of the misty cover. But when he saw the trembling little wave, how she helplessly tried to hide herself from her fate, he glided down to her and kissed her gently on the brow.

The little wave did not know what had happened to her, she suddenly felt so warm and full of joy, and an undreamed-of power filled her. She began to run and jump. All at once she felt capable of fighting all her sisters, if only they would attack her. They, however, languidly slipped back, stretching their pinions wide, and seeming old and weary.

As our little wave joyfully tossed her head in the air she received a glittering crown of foam.

How lovely it was to sail on like that, glowing in queenly jewels! How beautiful the world was! She was quite ecstatic in her joy. All the little fishes that came near she seized by their tails, and all the

shimmering shells she teased and tempted, crying, "Come with me! Come with me!"

The world grew brighter and brighter around her; then suddenly the whole demi-orb was one ball of light. The water became a deep blue, and shone as though torrents of gold had streamed down from the vaulted arches of heaven into it. All was filled with a delicious murmuring, rocking, and singing,—a devout choir, chanting the song of Life.

But the little wave dreamed of the shore. A dim yearning impelled her towards that unknown land at the end of the water-world. From each bird that flew over her, and each fly that dipped into her, she asked the way. It was far, terribly far, but she went on bravely. When she was tired she let herself be pushed by one of her big sisters. Often she struck upon the hard rocks which jut out of the ground. "Out of my way!" she cried quite annoyed. "I am a queen. Do you not see the crown on my head?" Of course the rocks were not moved, and she was obliged to give way and go round them.

Now she was proud of her loneliness. The far space around her was her kingdom. When she thought of all the old beam had told her, she smiled. Now she understood life better than all the old beams in the world. She herself, her rolling body, was life; her crown was life; and the power by which she threw on one side all that opposed her—this too was life. And if some huge fish, such as live underneath in the darkness, should come along and swallow her? Well, life would be over and gone. At first it made her feel sad when she thought of it, but later she quite forgot how to think—there was so much to see: the great polished stones which grew on the ground, and the dainty shells

that wandered with her; the boats with their white sails on which the wind leaned, and the great grey nets, which sank down from the boats, and were raised full of silvery fishes. . . .

The little wave went her way, and scarcely knew how she became larger, stronger and stormier. But still more passionate became her longing for the shore. All the life in her carried her towards the goal.

All at once she felt the soft ground beneath her. She wildly washed up the fine sand, and when it wanted to drink her she tore herself free, and carried quite a cloud of it with her. That made her muddy and ugly, but it did not trouble her, and in hot haste she rushed further.

Ah! here were the rattling stones;—how they babbled and begged her to stay with them! But she threw them before her and tossed them hither and thither, lashing and scattering them in blind fury. She was beside herself with excitement, for she knew that she had reached the culmination of her life.

She quivered in every drop of her shimmering light blood, and with frantic force broke away from the row of her sister waves. A bare, white stretch of stones lay before her, warm from the glowing mid-day sun. Every inch of the way burned her cool body, but she did not feel it. She suddenly sprang high up in the air, over the heads of all her sisters, and rolled forwards, falling with a mighty thud upon the sand.

The ground trembled under her, and her crown grew huge. As she turned round and proudly swept back, the hot white stones powerlessly rushed after her to carry her queenly train.

Still filled with the highest, most blissful feeling

of power, she tore the little waves that were tending toward the shore, back with her, and compelled them to follow her. But all at once the tension was loosed, her strong power sank, and a strange, still weariness came over her. And when she bowed her head before the glowing sunshine, she noticed that her crown had disappeared.

Slower and slower became her step, but she was not afraid. Within her was a gentle foreboding of the end.

All was still around her, while the sun shone steadily down, and a soft swaying came from the distance where the sky sank into the sea. Thence had she to wander now, not stormily and full of impatience as she had rushed to the shore, but with restful security—as one who knows that, whate'er betide, the end will be safely reached.

It was so beautiful to drift as though one were gently cradled, to be softly carried by this secret movement. And she no longer seemed to be alone, but belonging to the circle around her, which grew larger and larger before her eyes, till she could no longer see its boundaries.

On the distant beach there was a rustling and a chattering; there they were telling one another that our little wave was dead.

But she, still softly and in selfless devotion, journeyed on to the great ocean, from which all little waves come, and to which they all return. Perhaps, being now no longer a little wave, she knows what the sea is. But, if she should once more tear herself from its living unity, once more to make her way to the shore,—will she then know? **HELÈNE SCHEU-RIESZ.**

(Authorised Translation from the German by MARION WILKINS.)

## DYNAMIC LOVE.

Not to me  
The Unmoved Mover of philosophy  
And absolute still Sum of all that is,  
The God whom I adore: not this!  
Nay, rather a great moving wave of bliss,  
A surging torrent of dynamic love  
In passionate swift career,  
That down the sheer  
And fathomless abyss  
Of Being ever pours, his ecstasy to prove.

As the glad river's life  
More glad becomes in music of much strife,  
So does that spiritual flood  
Dashed in full song,  
In quick stupendous majesty of joy,  
The oppositions of the world among  
Come to fair crest in every breaking bud;  
Yea, can the very conflict's self employ  
A coloured spray of loveliness to fling  
Athwart the world-wide landscape on the wing  
Of every flying thing.

Dynamic love glints gay on the plume's tip  
Of fat and restless wrens, tears at the heart  
From the divine and vibrant bramble wreaths  
That mesh the hedge with beauty; it out-breathes  
Fragrance of pure surrender in the smart  
Of sacrificial hay-fields. On the lip

Of slim ecstatic poppies it brims up,  
 As flaming meditations in the soul  
 Drowsed with deep passion. In its narrow eup,  
 E'en the small trodden betony that strange  
 And awful tincture to fulfilment brings ;  
 There doth my Dear pursue his chemic art,  
 And thence distills the magic of the whole.  
 For love is time, succession, ardour, change ;  
 It is the holy thrust of living things  
 That seek a consummation, and enlace  
 Some fragment of the All in each fecund embrace  
 Whence life again flows forth upon its endless chase.

Love ever moves, yet love eternal is ;  
 Love ever seeks, yet seeks itself to find ;  
 And, all-surrendered to the leman's kiss,  
 Doth but itself with its own passion bind.  
 O sacred, ceaseless flow !  
 O wondrous meeting  
 Of the unchanging and the ever fleeting,  
 That still by the sad way of sorriest lust  
 Confers a secret glory on the teeming dust.  
 See! by love's loss we find ourselves indeed,  
 See! the world's death the world's true life doth feed,  
 And love dynamic to love's rest doth go.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

## THE MYSTICAL UNION OF EARTH AND HEAVEN.

### THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS AT SUNSET.

THE sunset gilds the crags with fire,  
And dyes the scarps a thousand tones,  
Each peak flames like a golden spire,  
O'er storied piles of precious stones,  
With walls of jasper, hyacinth  
Façades aglow with sapphire rays,  
And many a pinnacle and plinth  
Carved out of amber chrysoptase ;  
Cornelian and emerald hues  
Stain the white clouds' chalcedony,  
While amaranthine tints suffuse  
The diamond facets of the sea.  
Yon island, o'er whose summit gleams  
A solitary stunted ray,  
Draped to its foot in black, meseems  
The catafalque of dying day.  
The cloven tongues of fire descend,  
Richer and richer burns the glow ;  
The Pentecostal flames extend  
A deeper crimson on the snow.  
Oh Earth ! these myriad altar-lights,  
This sacramental ceremony ;—  
What are they but the mystic rites  
Of thine espousals with the sky ?

The organ winds are hushed. The light  
 Grows dimmer in the chancelled West ;  
 The Hills put off their robes, and Night  
 Leads the Recessional to rest.  
 And Lo ! the herald moon appears,  
 Chaste harbinger of love divine ;  
 The silver lilies that she bears  
 Fill with their light the dusky shrine.  
 An arras of pure amethyst  
 Glistens behind her radiant hair ;  
 Like incense rises up the mist  
 In clouds to meet her in the air.  
 From fell to fjord her pathways run,  
 A glittering stair of stepping-stones ;  
 Then sudden like a holy nun,  
 She thus her canticle intones :  
 " Oh Mother of all things create,  
 Yet spotless in thy purity !  
 Oh Virgin, thrice immaculate,  
 Ave Ancilla Domini !"  
 Her greeting o'er, she hastens hence.  
 Thy vigil, Earth, will not be long.  
 Hark ! hark ! the rolling spheres commence  
 For thee their wondrous bridal-song.  
 Amid a blaze of stars untold  
 Soon shall thy Lord descend to thee ;  
 Like Zeus of old in showers of gold  
 Came through the dusk to Danaë.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.



## DISCUSSIONS.

### THE CATACOMB ORPHEUS AND FISH FRESCOES.

IT is a pity that Miss E. R. Barker should have taken the trouble to criticise my series of papers before their publication in a revised and enlarged form. In my forthcoming book, *Orpheus the Fisher*, not a few of Miss Barker's and other still possible objections will be found answered. As the volume itself will be out shortly, I shall now briefly reply only to a few points of immediate interest. Miss Barker defends in the main the *current* theories of Christian archæologists on certain subjects upon which I have arrived at widely different opinions by starting from a widely different basis—that is from the study of comparative religion and from an analysis of Jewish documents that have, until now, been somewhat neglected by my predecessors in the same field. It is therefore quite superfluous to prepossess the reader in favour of Monsignor Wilpert's standpoint by stating that his interpretations are 'universally accepted by experts on the subject.' His descriptions and most of his chronological dates, etc., are of course highly reliable, and I am really nowhere in variance with him in archæological matters. But as to interpretations, I hope that Miss Barker knows, as well as every other student, that very many matters are controversial between Wilpert and such (Protestant) authors as v. Sybel, Achelis, V. Schultze, Joh. Ficker, etc., etc.

It was indeed a slip of inadvertence to say that Clement wrote half a century after the completion of the Orpheus pictures and it will be found corrected in the errata-list of my book. But the essential point remains, that Clement, the most 'hellenising' among the Christian fathers, shows bitter hostility against the Pagan 'theologian' Orpheus and, far from identifying Jesus and the 'founder of mysteries,' contrasts the Christ as the true musical magician with the Hellenic 'swindler' Orpheus. It is not he who would have approved of the Orpheus pictures in the catacombs, much less of the Berlin cameo with the image of the crucified

Jesus inscribed as 'Orpheos Bakkikos.' It is quite arbitrary to say that I 'stop short of the really significant words' in Clement and Eusebius. I knew these words very well, but I do *not* think that they have anything to do with the lyre and music, body and soul symbolism of the Thebanian Pythagoreans, which was as a fact *first* analysed in my book *Weltenmantel und Himmelszelt* (p. 243 n. 8; cp. p. 708 n. 2). On the contrary, the Christian lyre and logos symbolism is genuinely Jewish; cp. *Isaiah* 16<sup>11</sup>: "My bowels and my interior shall sound like a harp," and especially *Odes of Solomon* vi.: "As the hand moves over the harp and the strings speak so speaks in my members the Spirit of the Lord." On the other hand, Clement's *ethical* interpretation of the musically tamed animals is dependent on Philo (*De Præm.* 15 M., ii. 421f.). Eusebius is certainly *not* 'developing Clement's idea.' He follows another source which sympathises with the 'syncretism' of Orpheus and Jesus and shows no trace of any Anti-Orphic feeling. I am fully convinced myself that Orpheus was a symbol of the incarnated Logos for the early Christians; what I try to explain, and what is not accounted for either by Clement or by Eusebius, much less by Wilpert or Miss Barker, is that the Church was apparently forced by certain reasons to *assimilate* this one circle of Pagan mystery ideas, while she could satisfy herself with simply ridiculing others, as *e.g.* the Eleusinian ceremonial.

The question whether—apart from the etymological hypothesis Orpheus = Fisher and all the material accumulated in support of it—there is any evidence for the connection of Orpheus with fish and fishing mysteries, I can now answer in the affirmative.

A mystery-hall of the 'Three-years' Dionysos, that is to say an Orphic '*synagōgē*,' has been unearthed by English excavators in Melos (*Journ. Hell. Studies*, xviii.). In it a mosaic pavement has been found which shows side by side with the mystic 'Vine' of the Grape-Dionysos (Botrys or Eustaphylos) the mystic 'Fisher' (Dionysos Halieus, Zagreus or Orpheus) angling from his boat a number of fish, and using as a bait—*mirabile dictu*—a *glass bottle full of red wine*. I know Miss Barker and others will say, that these subjects are *simply decorative* and do not convey any mystic meaning, although an inscription is added: *monon mē hydōr*—'(fishes they are) *only* (that they do) *not* (drink) *water*.' Indeed, the same frivolous Lucian who has left for us in his dialogue *The Fisher* a satyric description of the mystic 'fishing of men'—with a bait composed of gold and a fig (a well-known sex symbol)—has also mentioned in his *True Story* (bk. i.,

ch. ii.) those wine-bibbing fishes that live in the wine-river of Dionysos. Bosanquet has already noticed that this mosaic (3rd or 4th century A.D.!) was directly imitated in several Christian basilicas. What becomes now of Miss Barker's 'historical reasons' why the idea of Orpheus as a Fisher *must* be alien to Christian art? My theory is and was that the etymological explanation of Orpheus as the Fisher formed part of the *secret* doctrine of the mysteries. Did Miss Barker expect me to produce literary evidence as to the jealously guarded central secrets of the Dionysian initiates? Or will she be satisfied if I can produce an inscription about a mystic fishing-pantomime, enacted by a mystery society in Gallipoli, and render it probable that the 'Lake of Orpheus' in Rome served an analogous purpose; if I can show that the individual Orphic societies were called '*spirae*,' that is 'meshes' of the great 'net' of *their* church; if I can prove that a ceremony existed of *fishing* Dionysos or his *phallos* or other relics of him from the sea, and that this ceremony is still performed *with the image of the Christ* on the shores of the Mediterranean and elsewhere; if, finally, I can prove from a red-figured Attic vase-painting that—along with other Dionysian animals (snake, roe, goat, bull or calf)—the raving Mænads also used to devour a sacred fish named *bakchos*?

As to Miss Barker's second parenthetical remark: I have only marvelled at the essentially *Pagan attributes* of the Hermes shepherd never being figured in Christian art. I know of course quite well the Pagan genealogy of the Christian Good Shepherd type. Indeed I shall be able to show in the book-edition of my *Orpheus*—side by side with the Christian Good Shepherd from the Lateran—the statue of an Orphic '*boukolos*' (cattleherd) from the Pisistratean time. My amiable critic will then have another occasion of turning to her hand-books of classic archæology—I recommend Collignon's—and telling me, that this is simply the votive-statue of a pious man, carrying a calf on his shoulders as a sacrifice to the altar of a god, for thus the monument has been happily explained until now.

As to the meal-pictures in the catacomb, my book will prove that I have not overlooked any of the monuments which Miss Barker has so fortunately discovered in Wilpert's book. Nor do I ignore the passage of Jerome, which she has found in the same place. But I do not believe, that by qualifying a meal as 'Eucharistic' you have given a sufficient explanation. I try to investigate in these and other studies—as many previous authors

have tried before—what the primitive ‘Eucharist’ really was, instead of using the term ‘Eucharistic Meal’ in the later fixed dogmatic sense. As to possible allusions to the multiplication miracle, even in the nine frescoes, where a man is seen to touch one of the baskets with a kind of magic rod, there is *no proof* whatever, that the artist meant this *wholly uncharacterised* figure for the Christ. In which of the gospels has Miss Barker read that Jesus—like unto Moses in Egypt—used a magic wand in order to perform his deeds of power? On the contrary, we know that the ‘overseers’ or bishops of the primitive Church, as well as the Christian ‘shepherds,’ *did* use staffs or croziers or the like. We know further, that in the third and fourth centuries, to which these frescoes belong, the belief was prevailing in the Christian Church, that by pronouncing the words ‘*This is my body*,’ etc., the bread was *miraculously* and *really*—that is, to use the proper technical term, magically—*trans-substantiated* into the flesh and blood of the sacrificed Messiah. Nothing can then prevent us from supposing that in all these nine cases a priestly officer of the community is represented in the act of ‘eucharistising,’ that is miraculously trans-substantiating the bread for the communion-meal by pronouncing the aforesaid formula over them. If the artist—or possibly already the ritual of the Church itself—wanted to express by a visible sign the magic or miraculous action on the nature of the bread, how could this be expressed more clearly for the ancient spectator than by making the priest touch the bread with a magic wand?

As to the *number* of the baskets, they are *eight* in one absolutely *not* mutilated fresco, and it is quite gratuitous to deny this *fact*, just as it is ridiculous to say that a cylindrical glass vessel full of wine, with no indication whatever of a neck in the picture, is a *bottle* and not a *glass cup*.

As to the Aberkios inscription, a whole chapter of my book is devoted to it.<sup>1</sup> Let me here only inform Miss Barker that ‘*she*’ is—according to all *competent* authors—Pistis (= Faith), so that it is really not the fault of my dots if Miss Barker has been in painful doubt about the subject of the sentence, in spite of my note on Pistis= Faith being a female personification. As to my writing ‘to the “Friends,”’ the reason is that ‘*philoï*’ is in this passage a mystery-word indicating the ‘friends’ (*sc.* members of the same religious community) of *Aberkios*, and I

<sup>1</sup> The substance of this chapter appears in the present issue under the title ‘The Mystic Epitaph of Bishop Aberkios.’—ED.

must leave it to the ingenuity of Miss Barker to translate it by 'her friends.'

Further, how can one say that the name 'Friday'—*dies Veneris* or *hēmera Aphroditēs*—together with the other planetary week-day names—was unknown to the primitive Christians? As to the witty argument that haricot-beans are eaten by Catholics without any reference to Pythagoreanism, does Miss Barker believe that Pythagoreans *did* eat beans? I have always found that they execrated them for various reasons. As to my critic's learned disquisitions on the history of fasts and fish-diet, M. Salomon Reinach and myself have a theory which is somewhat different from that which is found in handbooks and dictionaries under the headings 'Lent,' 'Fasts,' etc. But Miss Barker may be assured that the works of reference where she has found the current official theory, were not inaccessible to us in the Paris and Munich libraries. No, the Church never enjoined the eating of fish *quid* fish for Fridays, nor does the Jewish law *enjoin* eating the Sabbath fish. But neither does the Church enjoin the eating of the Easter-lamb, and yet the rite has certainly been taken over from the Jews by Christianity. Indeed the modern historian of Christian origins is sometimes more interested in unofficial rites and customs than in the official purified ceremonial of the Church and its *a posteriori* pseudo-historical juristic deductions.

Miss Barker hopes for the coming of the day when the 'scholarly researches of Dölger and Schmitt' will establish sufficient ground for drawing conclusions on our subject. Let me tell her that no further material is to be expected from H. Schmitt and that, thanks to his kindness, I knew all the material collected by the indefatigable Prof. Dölger-Münster before my critic had ever heard of this scholar's name. There is nothing unedited from 'Oriental, African and South Italian catacombs' even in the forthcoming vol. ii. of Dölger's book, which could invalidate any of my theories. Yet if we are to expect further 'light on this question' from the future well and good. When the prophet Elias shall return and disclose the hidden secrets at the last of days we shall all be wiser than now. In the meantime I have tried to draw conclusions from what we know to-day. I gladly take the risk of their being discarded in the future and I leave the exposition of 'dead certainties' to the authors of 'hand-books' and to their assiduous readers.

ROBERT EISLER.

## 'POWER ON THE HEAD.'

IN his article in the last number, under the above title, dealing with *I. Cor.* xi. 2-10, Mr. Kellett presents an interesting if elaborate theory in explanation of the puzzling final clause of verse 10—'because of the angels.' According to his interpretation the passage has relation to the angelic guardians of mankind, of whose passional nature we are given a not over-edifying glimpse. It may be worth while to set over against this complicated theory the simpler one to be found in Gnosticism, which relates the passage, not to the angels, but to the female members of the Church; and reduces the whole matter to a simple exhortation to modesty.

Such an explanation, however—which makes the final words 'because of the angels' refer to a well-known Gnostic myth—gives rise at once to the question how such a reference should come to be in a Pauline epistle, and, before dealing with the myth itself, two suggestions may be offered to account for this. First, the final clause of verse 10 may possibly be a gloss, added by one of the many copyists, who having the Gnostic story in mind was struck with what appeared to be a relationship. The words, it will be noted, have all the appearance of a gloss. They are in no sense necessary to or explanatory of the passage which they follow. The second suggestion demands rather fuller treatment. We have to realise at what an indefinite and elementary stage was the Christian philosophy of the time, and the necessarily fluid state of religious beliefs during the period of transition from the old to the new. Orthodoxy, if taken to mean a system of defined dogma, was built by slow degrees, emerging point by point out of the clash of opinions of that brilliantly speculative period. In the days of Paul there must have been many points still in debate; doctrines not as yet perceived to run counter to the growing body of defined dogma; truths, or partial truths, possessing a poetic beauty, useful for the purposes of edification—as the legends of the saints of later date. Many of the current doctrines were on the confines between the old religion and the new, were useful at a transition period, and were destined ultimately, not to destruction, but to a restatement. We have the word of Paul himself—in his speech to the men of Athens (*Acts* xvii. 23)—that he aimed not at destruction, but transformation. Orthodoxy, of which he laid the foundations, must have grasped and dealt with point after point

in the Pagan and Jewish doctrinal systems, and explained them in the fuller light of the Christian revelation.

We may perhaps see one such doctrine in the beautiful myth of the World-Mother, to a detail in whose story there is a reference—according to the Gnostic interpretation—in the final clause of verse 10 (*I. Cor. xi.*). As the story of the Sophia, this myth reached its most poetic development later, at the hands of that syncretist extraordinary, Valentinus, a disciple of Plato and Aristotle, and at the same time a prominent and almost lifelong member of the Catholic Church. The Sophia myth—to use the Valentinian terminology—would seem to be a great fundamental doctrine in a transitional state. The conception held by antiquity of the Motherhood of Nature, seen in full development in the cults of Isis, Rhea, Demeter, Cybele, Diana, culminates and is resolved, in Christianity, into the Motherhood of the Church, which represents mystically the field for the incarnation of the Divine in human society. This essential idea is further particularised in, and specially represented by, the Virgin Mary, the Theotokos, the second Eve and highest flower of Nature. The doctrine of the Universal Mother, as it appears in Christian Gnosticism, stands in a middle position and forms a connecting link. As the Mother-principle, of whose very substance the universe was formed, she connects with the older Pagan doctrine; while as the Sophia, the Bride of Christ and Mother of all spiritual births, she is correlated with the Church.

It is to an incident, then, in the life-story of the Mother, that the words 'because of the angels' in *I. Cor. xi. 10*, are said to refer. A brief summary of this story in its Valentinian form may be given. The Sophia, great prototype of Eve, the Mother of all Living, through desire for forbidden knowledge, fell from the unity and perfection of the Plērōma. Cast forth into the outer darkness, excluded from the Light and the Plērōma, and become, through her alienation from God, a deficiency without form or figure, the fallen Æon dwelt in darkness and vacuity. But Christ who dwelt on high was moved to pity for her, and coming forth from the Plērōma imparted to her an ordering and enformation of her chaotic substance. Endued, as a result, with a certain intelligence, which gave her some understanding and realisation of what she had lost, the Mother becomes a prey to a passion of repentance. The Valentinians further poetically affirmed that from the Mother's passions of grief and fear, perplexity and desire, was produced that substance from which the matter of this world

was formed. Filled with despair, burning with desire to return to the author of her life, the Mother turns in supplication to the Light which had left her. In answer to her prayer the Saviour comes to her and imparts the enformation according to gnōsis. Having in himself the whole fulness of the Divine Nature, he supplies her deficiencies and heals her passions. He appeared to her, we are told, with a retinue of the angelic hosts (Iren. I. iv. 5). The rest of the incident is thus related by Clement of Alexandria in his *Excerpta ex Theodoto*, §44: "*Now when the Sophia saw him in the likeness of the Light which had left her, she recognised and ran to him, rejoicing and adoring. But seeing the male angels who were sent forth with him, she turned from them and covered herself with a veil from modesty. On account, then, of this mystery Paul commandeth woman 'to have power (ἐξουσία) on her head because of the angels.'*" Irenæus also relates the incident (Iren. I. viii. 2), and adds in comment, that the Valentinians declared that it was to this that Paul referred when he said: "*a woman ought to have a veil (κάλυμμα) upon her head because of the angels.*"

It will be noticed that the Church Father here makes use of the word *κάλυμμα* (covering or veil) instead of the Pauline *ἐξουσία*. This appears to confirm Mr. Kellett's view that the 'power' on the head denotes a covering. We should bear in mind, in this connection, the frequent use by the apostle Paul of words with a double significance. To the Jews, as we know from Samson's story, 'power' was intimately associated with the hair; and we find that in verse 15 (*I. Cor. xi*), closely following the passage under discussion, the Apostle speaks of woman's hair as her 'glory,' adding, that her hair is given her for a covering (*περιβολή*). The sequence of thought is clear. If the covering provided by nature be not adopted, an artificial one must take its place.

Gnostically interpreted, then, the meaning of the passage is a simple one. Even as their great prototype, the Mother—ideal conception of all womankind—was adorned with the virtue of modesty; so let all women, following her example, be veiled in the presence of God and his angels.

C. A. BAYNES.



## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

### PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AND SURVIVAL.

By James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., LL.D., Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research. The Quest Series. London (Bell); pp. 208; 2s. 6d. net.

DR. HYSLOP'S work on various problems of psychical research is by this time sufficiently familiar to readers of *THE QUEST* for them to know that they may expect from him a thorough-going treatment of whatever subject he takes in hand. The present volume reviews the history and conditions of psychical research with main reference to the central problem of survival, and is of special value in clearly extricating from the tangle of phenomena and hypotheses what sort of evidence is required to satisfy those who are labouring to bring the matter within the range of scientific requirements. Dr. Hyslop is well equipped for his task; for not only has he wide experience, extending over a score of years, in methodically investigating various classes of psychical phenomena pertinent to the main question at issue, but also his long training in philosophy and psychology enables him to take an all-round view of the problem and so arrive at a fair estimate of its value in the general history of thought.

After a preface and introduction and prior to a general discussion of the problem itself, the author devotes two instructive chapters to a consideration of philosophical materialism and spiritualism respectively. He contends that it is a great mistake to think that because materialism as a label is no longer paraded, the attitude of mind associated with the term has at all weakened; it is on the contrary stronger than ever. Moreover it is precisely the philosophical attitude of mind—as to whether it fundamentally takes a materialistic or a spiritualistic view of life—that determines for most people the choice of hypothesis and the consequent interpretation of the phenomena. Soul and spirit are out of fashion in scientific circles, and so strong is the reaction against them, that demonstrably quite inadequate theories are desperately clung to, and any and every hypothesis strained beyond

breaking point, to avoid giving the despised soul and spirit a chance. There follows an interesting chapter on telepathy, that has so rapidly become an 'Open Sesame' of explanation for so many. But this is quite illegitimate. Telepathy is at present scientifically a convenient term used to classify certain coincidences between two living minds at a distance,—phenomena that cannot possibly be accounted for by chance, but depend on the law of stimulus of one mind by another. The sceptics and opponents of the spirit theory have seized upon telepathy and used it as a far-reaching explanation. They have wrested it from its legitimate meaning and transformed it into a widely selective agency that can fish any thing out of any mind. But to apply this as an explanation of phenomena that purport and claim to be communications from the dead, evinces a procedure that takes such a delight in falsehood and shows such a subtle and cunning genius for deception and self-deception as, if true, to be utterly devilish. The hypothesis of personal survival is then fairly considered, and this is followed by a very good chapter on the methods and difficulties of communication and a consideration of the inevitable part played by the subconscious and how far it can be obviated. Further subjects dealt with are apparitions and premonitions, deliberately reserved for treatment until after the discussion of the spiritist hypothesis, and the probable nature of the spirit world. The last chapter includes an inquiry as to motives and a sequel on the value of the idea of survival. The book is written from a very independent standpoint; but while it is severely critical, and acknowledges readily all the difficulties, it boldly faces them and finally unhesitatingly affirms the conviction of the writer that from the evidence before him he is personally assured of the fact of survival. Dr. Hyslop's book is most valuable and cannot be neglected by any serious student of this absorbing theme.

#### THE MISSING GODDESS.

And Other Legends. By Minnie B. Theobald. London (Bell), pp. 165; 8s. 6d. net.

An interesting preface tells us how these strange stories came to the writer quite unsought, even forced themselves upon her so to say against her will and ready made. A musician, with strong impulses to compose but no conscious desire to write, she found herself compelled to do so; she simply had to write the stories, or rather they were written by her hand, her head knowing nothing of

them till they were severally finished and read over by the writer, much to her own astonishment. The book, however, has something more to recommend it than the exemplification of the phenomenon of automatism, the interest of which, however, is at times enhanced by a note on the external stimuli that gave rise to some of the incidents in the stories. The legends, or psychical apologues, or however we may best name them, in their contents give evidence of a creative phantasy of an unusual kind. While the style of the narratives is quite simple and most of them might at first suggest fairy tales for children, the phantasy on closer inspection is found to be subtle and seems to aim at being symbolic or illustrative of possibilities of consciousness that are by no means confined to the stereotyped phases of psychism. There are hints of possible immediate contact with the life of nature and with the life of the body, and of consequent strange transmutations and exaltations of consciousness that are beyond the range of conventional imagination. Perhaps the most generally suggestive of these phantasies is the longest narrative, called 'Little Mary in Heaven,' which should prove for many even of those versed in speculations on the after-death state, a novel view. But though the pieces are very varied, each being devoted to a special theme, there is the same atmosphere round all, suggesting a feel of something that might almost be called non-human in its standpoint, or at any rate of modes of an instinctive life with a dominantly impersonal outlook very different from the exaggerated personalism of average psychism.

#### THE GARDENER.

By Rabindranath Tagore. Translated from the Original Bengali.  
London (Macmillan) ; pp. 150 ; 4s. 6d. net.

THERE are eighty-five short pieces in *The Gardener*, the whole collection taking its name from the first subject, and none of the poems bearing a distinctive title. In these graceful renderings in rhythmic prose from the original Bengali verse, we have specimens of the poet's art drawn from a period earlier than the maturer thought and deeper realisation which have made *Gītānjali* so deservedly famous. But already in *The Gardener* we have the same marvellous sympathy with nature and her moods, the same delicate appreciation of her beauty and mysterious charm. Of the many lines flowing from this intimate feeling with and joy in

nature, we may select the suggestive word-picture: "Languor was still upon the eyes of the dawn, and the dew in the air. The lazy smell of the damp grass hung in the thin mist above the earth"; or the blithe outburst: "Then come, my rainy nights with pattering feet: smile, my golden autumn; come, careless April, scattering your kisses abroad"; or the apostrophe: "Let your life lightly dance on the edges of Time like dew on the tip of a leaf."

In feeling his way to deeper things the poet is much pre-occupied with the mystery of human love and its subtle psychology of feeling. But at times a deeper and diviner under-current makes itself felt, and once or twice is openly declared, as in the line: "My heart is not mine to give to one only, it is given to the many"; or in the poem:

"Love, my heart longs day and night for the meeting with you—for the meeting that is like all-devouring death.

"Sweep me away like a storm; take everything I have; break upon my sleep and plunder my dreams. Rob me of my world.

"In that devastation, in the utter nakedness of spirit, let us become one in beauty.

"Alas for my vain desire! Where is this hope for union except in thee, my God?"

Other subjects deal with the love of animals and death, each in several pieces, and there is one very striking poem that tells of a deluded would-be asectic who leaves wife and child to seek for God, not knowing that he is thus forsaking Him.

#### THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

By Jessie L. Weston, author of 'The Legend of Sir Percival,' etc.  
The Quest Series. London (Bell); pp. 162; 2s. 6d. net.

It was entirely without premeditation on the part of author, editor or publishers that so appropriately entitled a volume as *The Quest of the Holy Grail* should chance to come first from the binders to inaugurate the Quest Series; for the strongest association in the popular mind with the idea Quest is that of the Grail—a subject of fairest romance and high striving. But in whatever order Miss Weston's study might have been published, it is very welcome, for it is not only the clearest and simplest account and analysis of the Grail literature that has yet appeared, but also sets

forth a probable solution of the problem of origin that shirks none of the facts.

This little volume is the cream of twenty years' unremitting study of the texts and an intimate acquaintance with the voluminous literature of theory and exposition. The contradictory types of Quest-story are reviewed and their development traced, and therewith the accompanying evolution of an originally food-providing talisman into the holiest hallow of Christianity, and the gradual transformation of a pagan story of natural religion into a highly elaborated ecclesiastical legend. Miss Weston finds it quite impossible in face of the evidence to accept the Christian theory of origin of the Grail cycle of romantic stories; on the other hand, she cannot be content with the Folk-lore theory of origin, though she thinks that there is still much in it that is sound. By itself, however, it affords no connecting link, no original element that could have been developed into the Christian high mystery of the Holy Grail. It is in what Miss Weston calls the Ritual theory that the link is to be found—that is to say, in the view that sees in the earliest form of Grail story preserved to us “the confused and fragmentary record of a special form of nature-worship, which, having been elevated to the dignity of a ‘mystery,’ survived in the form of a tradition.” The nature-worship element was connected with the life-cult, as seen in the ancient wide-spread popular ‘spirit of vegetation’ rites, as they are called, which were generally associated with primitive forms of initiation, and in periods of higher culture with loftier forms in which the end was no longer a knowledge of physical life and generation, but first of all symbolic rites and finally personal experience of regeneration. It is here that we find the link with Christianity, and herewith the common element that could be developed throughout the cycle of Grail literature with its otherwise heterogeneous and contradictory forms. In this latter connection one of the most interesting points brought out by Miss Weston is the invention of the Joseph of Arimathea legend, to parallel the Fécamp Nicodemus legend, by the monks of Glastonbury to glorify their own Abbey. Among the many problems, one of the greatest puzzles is the very short life of what we may call the creative period of the Grail literature—its sudden rise and sudden ceasing, at the end of the 12th and beginning of the 13th centuries, a period which in its utmost extent covers no more than fifty years. Its sudden rise in literature is now to be accounted for most probably by the

identification of Bleheris, to whom the earliest elements of the story are ascribed, with a certain Welsh prince Bledri (1070-1150) who was a great friend of the Norman conquerors of England and a famous story-teller. Thus the story found its way to Normandy and so spread on the Continent. As to the sudden ceasing of the literature, we must remember that it flourished in the age of the Crusades, when certain traditions of a 'Gnostic' nature found their way back from the East by the agency of some of the Western knights. Now it is remarkable that the Grail knights of Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzival* are called *Templeisen*. It may then be that the ever-increasing vigilance of the ecclesiastical authorities, which had so ruthlessly suppressed the Albigenses and Templars, played a part in the strangely sudden cessation of the Grail literature. It is highly remarkable at any rate that the ceasing of the literature and the suppression of the Templar Order are coincident in date. Though objectively convincing evidence is no longer available, Miss Weston thinks these two outstanding facts are directly connected. There are many other points of interest in this important and helpful study, but enough has been said to show that we have no more capable and prudent guide than Miss Weston to lead us through the puzzling mazes of the ever-fascinating romances of the Grail literature.

#### JEWISH MYSTICISM.

By J. Abelson, M.A., D.Lit., Principal of Aria College, Portsmouth.  
The Quest Series. London (Bell) ; pp. 184 ; 2s. 6d. net.

IT is somewhat remarkable that though the Christian religion began as a Jewish sect and has continued to use the Jewish scriptures down to this day, writers on Christian mysticism have almost invariably nothing to say of the cognate subject of Jewish mysticism. One of the reasons for this neglect is the surprising dearth of books on the subject. Dr. Abelson's introduction, therefore, is well-timed and should prove of great service to those who desire to be better informed on a matter of very great interest and importance for the comparative study of religion in its most intimate phases. In his recently published work on *The Immanence of God in Rabbinical Literature*, Dr. Abelson has already opened up a new line of research, and proved conclusively that the prevailing idea that Judaism taught solely the doctrine of Divine transcendence, has to be very considerably modified ; for there is

plentiful evidence that the complementary doctrine of Divine immanence, the presupposition of all mysticism, was richly developed in Rabbinical literature, based of course, as all final truth for the pious Jew must be based, on the Hebrew Bible (p. 108). And indeed the whole of Jewish mysticism is nothing "but a commentary on the Jewish Bible, an attempt to pierce through to its most intimate and truest meaning" (p. 82). But though every tenet of the mystics had to be substantiated or legitimised by the word of the sacred text, which was held to be in every respect infallible, the whole course of the development of mystical ideas throughout the centuries in Jewry reveals to the student of comparative religion that most of the mystics were busily engaged in adopting, absorbing and digesting ideas from outside. They were ever industrious fishers letting down their nets in the well-stocked waters of the Gentile religions and philosophies. This side of the subject, fascinating as it is, Dr. Abelson has been forced for lack of space to refer to only. Indeed so voluminous is the Jewish mystical literature itself, that he has been compelled to treat important developments in a cursory manner, in order to give adequate expression, as far as the narrow space allotted to him will allow, to the more salient features of the chief movements. This he has done with ability, sympathy and judgment, and we have consequently at last a convenient simple introduction to place in the hands of the enquirer. As the subject is that of Jewish mysticism and not of the appendages or bastard elements that almost invariably attach themselves to this proper soul of personal religion, we have always an attempt to separate out the one from the other. It may be that other writers would draw the line of separation higher or lower; but in any case Dr. Abelson approaches the subject from the standpoint of a knower of Jewish religion from within, and of a scholar of Rabbinical literature, and is therefore a safe guide of the perplexed in many things that puzzle or baffle the outsider. We can confidently recommend the book to our readers.

#### SĀDHANĀ.

The Realisation of Life. By Rabindranath Tagore. London (Macmillan); pp. 164; 5s. net.

HITHERTO Rabindranath Tagore has been made known to the English-reading public almost exclusively by the prose renderings of his Bengali verse compositions. In India, however, he is as famous for his prose as for his poetry; and some of his stories

have recently been translated. He now comes before us more openly as a philosopher of life and religion, and in a series of eight papers deals suggestively and illuminatively and with the true simplicity of an artist who has loved his subjects, with some of its most profound problems. In *Sādhanā*, which means Perfection or Accomplishment and is well rendered by the sub-title, we have the six papers recently read in London under the auspices of the Quest Society, namely 'The Relation of the Individual to the Universe,' 'Soul Consciousness,' 'The Problem of Evil,' 'The Problem of Self,' 'Realisation in Love' and the 'Realisation of the Infinite'—to which are added 'Realisation in Action' and a short sketch on 'The Realisation of Beauty.' One and all are expressions of the intimate thought of the poet, and give his maturest reflections on religion and on life. Though the whole is an individual vital interpretation and therefore necessarily brings something new, nevertheless to those who are intimately acquainted with the spirit of the originals, it is very plain that the deep note sounding throughout is a reverberation from the ancient music of the Upanishad singers. And it is very interesting and instructive to note how many who are (or would be) repelled by the ancient scores, and would no doubt deny that the melody is to be found in the past, are delighted above measure with the new setting. This is brought out very admirably by Tagore himself in the preface when he writes:

"For western scholars the great religious scriptures of India seem to possess merely a retrospective and archæological interest; but to us they are of living importance, and we cannot help thinking that they lose their significance when exhibited in labelled cases—mummied specimens of human thought and aspiration, preserved for all time in the wrappings of erudition.

"The meaning of the living words that come out of the experiences of great hearts can never be exhausted by any one system of logical interpretation. They have to be endlessly explained by the commentaries of individual lives, and they gain an added mystery in each new revelation. To me the verses of the Upanishads and the teachings of Buddha have ever been things of the spirit, and therefore endowed with boundless vital growth; and I have used them, both in my own life and in my preaching, as being instinct with individual meaning for me, as for others, and awaiting for their confirmation, my own special testimony, which must have its value because of its individuality."

As ever it is the spirit that vivifies and the letter that kills;



selection must of course be made of the jewels of real value, the truly living words, and they must be reset; and this is what Tagore has done with much good taste when using them. Our readers are by now so familiar with the thought of the writer that it is unnecessary to tell them what to expect or that *Sādhanā* deserves to be read and re-read.

#### SOME ENGLISH ALCHEMICAL BOOKS.

By Prof. John Fergusson, M.A., LL.D. Published for the Alchemical Society by H. K. Lewis, 156, Gower Street, W.C. ; pp. 16.

THIS is a useful piece of bibliographical work enumerating some part, and it seems to be a large part, of the English literature of Alchemy. Professor Fergusson, from what he has read of this very extensive and puzzling literature, is persuaded that most of it plainly refers to a metallic transmutation, and thinks that it is more difficult to find a mystical meaning in any of it than to discover its physical secrets—if there were any unknown to modern chemistry. The paper, we are informed, is on sale for 1s.

#### HENRIK IBSEN.

Poet, Mystic, and Moralist. By Henry Rose. London (A. C. Fifield); pp. 154.; 2s. 6d. net.

IBSEN is still too near for a precise estimate of his influence on European thought and conduct, and Mr. Rose does not attempt the task. He gives us a brief and sympathetic introduction to the plays, emphasising their poetical and mystical content; and this is well, for it is on that side that Ibsen has remained a stumbling-block to the generation that hailed him as a social iconoclast. But while he makes a discriminating survey of Ibsen's treatment of 'the duel of sex' in his very diverse pairs of lovers, he fails to see where Ibsen rises to the mystical conception of love as something wholly independent of sex union, and magically potent as in the case of Peer Gynt, whose 'higher self' is kept alive by the faith of the woman who believes in him to the end. We follow Mr. Rose in his analysis of that reaction of extreme selfishness which often—both in man and woman—follows the first challenge of accepted codes of morality. Hedda Gabler is the archetype of such reaction. But surely Hilda Wangel in *The Master Builder* does not come under this condemnation, nor should we too readily identify her

with the 'Viennese girl' described by Ibsen to Dr. Elias as a 'little bird of prey.' Dramatists should be protected from the citation of statements made in conversation while their play is yet on the stocks. In the case of Hilda, Ibsen seems to show that the unselfish woman is not always the 'good angel' of the man she loves. Hilda's romantic devotion to Solness is as pure and free from self-seeking as that of the wife of Brand.

It is curious that Mr. Rose scarcely mentions *The Pretenders*—a characteristic play which Mr. Lawrence Irving's recent revival has made fresh in many minds. If in *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* Ibsen took, as it were, the rod from the hand of Nietzsche for the scourging of the Christians,—if in *Emperor and Galilean* he suggested that third kingdom in which the best elements of Christianity and Paganism should be united,—he was still dealing with religion as a matter of the individual life. In *The Pretenders* he begins to deal with the individual in relation to society, and sets out with the thesis that the 'divine right' of kings lies in the possession of kingly qualities; Earl Skule is the Pretender because he lacks the power to lead and inspire men. From this tragedy Ibsen passes to the later dramas of conflict between public duty and the claims of the personal life, and of these Mr. Rose gives a general account.

E. W.

#### PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

By T. J. Hudson. London (Putnam); pp. 409; 6s. net.

THE recent 18th impression of *Psychic Phenomena*, by Thomson Jay Hudson, is sufficient testimony to the popular demand for the work. Time has, apparently, not robbed it of its value as a reasonable attempt to bring psychology within the domain of exact science, or of its worth as a chronological record (up to the time of the first edition) of the work done by the Society for Psychical Research and in the field of psycho-therapeutics. New-comers to the subject will find the early chapters useful as ground-work; we fancy, however, that the later researches into the subjective realm by Dr. Van Eeden and others, hardly favour Mr. Hudson's theory "that the subjective mind is incapable of inductive reasoning," while 'telepathy,' of which he makes so much use, is being recognised more and more as a convenient label for certain classes of phenomena, rather than as an explanation of anything.

L. H.

## ANIMA CELTICA.

By Reginald L. Hine. London (Elkin Mathews).

WERE it not that the author of this suggestive little volume, in his opening words, makes apology for its title, we would apply to it the old truism: "It is so good that it should be far better." In the present instance the word Celtic signifies Irish; Welsh and Breton literature and legend alike are left untouched. Moreover the Ireland herein studied is a limited Ireland. The great heroic stories are not sufficiently dwelt upon, their place being occupied by fragments, sufficiently charming, but hardly satisfying as examples of the national genius. There should have been a fine opportunity, for instance, for the comparison of the Mabinogion with Lady Gregory's noble renderings of the two great Irish cycles.

But if the reader is to be satisfied with a slight sketch, Mr. Hine's essay is worthy of serious praise. Though a fragment, it is evidently the work of a poet and enthusiast. Indeed, the writer appears to be so well equipped for his task, that we venture to hope he may some day think fit to expand his present work, when it should prove to be a real achievement.

C. F.

## RUDOLF EUCKEN: HIS PHILOSOPHY AND INFLUENCE.

By Meyrick Booth, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Jena). London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 207; 8s. 6d. net.

DR. MEYRICK BOOTH is already known to readers of *THE QUEST*, by his paper on 'Rudolf Eucken and the Mystics' in the last April number. The author of this useful volume has not only the advantage of being an old pupil of the Jena philosopher and also the translator of *Main Currents of Modern Thought*, but also a facility of exposition and a genius for bringing the thought of Eucken, which generally eschews the aid of illustration and the support of historical examples, into touch with the more concrete side of modern problems. There are many who have not sufficient leisure to peruse the voluminous writings of this great idealist, who pleads so strenuously for a philosophical reform based on the fundamental reality of the spiritual life, that will be glad to learn the main outlines of his teaching from this sympathetic introduction. Dr. Booth is to be congratulated for few things are more difficult than to present the spirit of the life-work of a great thinker in a popular form and yet with fidelity and just appreciation.

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## IN GOD'S NURSERY.

By C. C. Martindale, S.J. London (Longmans, Green); pp. 238;  
8s. 6d. net.

THESE eight sketches are the work of an accomplished classical scholar who at the same time is possessed of a creative imagination and high literary ability. They are stories mainly of the Pagan cults in contact with early Christianity, ranging from folk-faith to mysteries, while perhaps the best of them is a conversation between the shade of Vergil and a contemplative Catholic scholar in a charming old-world garden in Sussex. Father Martindale draws a powerful sketch of the sceptical Lucian, which may perhaps be correct; in any case it brings the man graphically before readers, most of whom probably know only his name. Whether the Isiac mysteries, however, culminated in a fraudulently counterfeited vision-drama, as the author suggests, must be left in doubt; it is now being recognised widely by scholars that dream and vision did enter largely into such matters, as Reitzenstein, in particular, has shown. Of course, the Pagan is God's Orphan to be finally mothered by the Church; but the stories are skilfully managed and the troubled soul of the devotee of the old faith is at the end brought into contact with a warm-hearted adherent of the new, and the rest is left to the imagination. Two stories have a modern setting, the nursling being an Oxford undergraduate.

## ON THE TRUTH OF DECORATIVE ART.

A Dialogue between an Oriental and an Occidental. By Lionel de Fonseka. New Popular Issue. London (Fifield); pp. 184; 2s. 6d. net.

HITHERTO, the words 'decorative art' have been used to demarcate a certain sphere from the general body of art, and we confess to a degree of surprise on opening this book to find that it is concerned with the whole realm of art and not a mere segment; in fact the author may be said to be attempting to give a new significance to art and thus to justify his title. In a word, art is shown to be 'decorative' of life, and this presumably is the 'truth' referred to in the title.

As to the form of the book, a dialogue between an occidental and an oriental, we confess we do not like it; it assumes that there is but one eastern and one western point of view, that all are

tarred with the same brush, or rather, that there are two brushes, one for us and one for the east. This generalisation is another weakness to the essay, and by being pressed too far, gives an exaggerated, uncritical flavour to the author's decisions. Moreover, in the case of the Greeks the 'oriental' again and again claims them for the east, until he has to find fault with them; then they belong to us!

Western peoples generally, we are told, have lost the faculty of expression; they have no artistic sense, that is, a sense of the fitness of things; they do not live artistically because they are self-conscious and unnatural. The western theory of art is that its chief function is *expression* (p. 5), and consequently all our artists by their music, painting, sculpture, dancing and architecture are discovered to be aiming at self-consciously expressing and revealing themselves and their ideas.

Our art, says Mr. de Fonseka, is divided into two sections, the 'fine' by which we express ourselves and the 'applied' by which we serve some useful purpose (p. 58). He seems to deny purpose as a true criterion of any art. 'Art for morality's sake,' and 'art for art's sake' are both illustrated by many examples and condemned, while 'life for art's sake,' which seems to be the logical corollary of the other two propositions, is said to be false.

Looking more closely into the weaknesses of western art, our author seems to discover their roots in certain psychological states common to our civilisation. Self-consciousness is a kind of *knowledge of our consciousness* and as it develops in us all, may be expected to appear in artists; but it is "fatal to art, to thinking, to feeling and to living." "By your self-consciousness you have turned art from a mirror into a manual of life" (pp. 76-77). "Knowledge is man's primal curse when sought . . . for its own sake." "You are incapable of emotion because you know all about it" (pp. 47-78).

All this may be very true, but it leads us no whither in the direction of the true art, even if we learn from Mr. de Fonseka how 'the east' has retained its simplicity and spontaneity. Well, the east has not lost it; that is all!

But oriental thinkers have formulated a theory of art—a movement in a dangerous direction; for may it not be that by *knowing* too much about art, they may, like us, lose their spontaneous powers? However, let us sit at Mr. de Fonseka's feet awhile and learn the theory. "In the east we believe that the end of art is decoration" (p. 6); "art for decoration's sake,

otherwise art for life's sake " (pp. 44). Art like the eyebrow is decorative, it is a natural excrescence of life passively accepted (p. 45). Art is to beautify life.

Eastern artists are first artisans and then decorators, they give form to substance and that form, as they come to appreciate it, is beauty. They make no universal appeal, but are *bons bourgeois*, quite parochial (p. 67).

We thus learn the meaning of the two divisions of Mr. de Fonseka's essay, 'On Decorating Life,' 'On Decorating Art,' and we are able to understand him when he tells us that eastern art aims at *repression* (p. 75) and forbids all self-conscious expression of personal feeling (p. 18). It is always anonymous and impersonal (p. 80) and uses great race-feelings as its conventions. Parables are ethical conventions, allegories are literary conventions, symbols are artistic conventions and refer only to the *form*, never to the *matter*. In the west it is our matter that is conventional, *e.g.* love, patriotism, beauty, etc., and we make our form realistic. The Greeks and the Indians accept the ancient gifts of nature and conventionalise them as the forms of their art, leaving the matter always free. Then Fate or Destiny stands behind Greek Drama as a universally accepted assumption and determines the form of the art (pp. 86, 100). We may be allowed to interject a remark that the time inevitably comes when a Euripides or a Shakespeare goes behind the scenes, or a sceptic questions the assumption and penetrates the convention. Is art the light of the moon by night or the glory of the sun by day? Is life a night or a day? While men are in doubt about that they will disagree about art.

W. L. H.

#### THE TRUTH OF RELIGION.

By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by W. Tudor Jones, Ph.D. (Jena).  
Theological Translation Library. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 600; 12s. 6d. net.

THIS is the second English edition of one of the most important works of the Jena philosopher whose views are by this time fairly familiar to the readers of THE QUEST. That the first large edition was exhausted in less than twelve months shows the wide appreciation of a thoughtful public interested in the bases of religion. The second edition has some considerable additions, for Eucken is for ever revising and adding to his greater works.

We have already on several occasions reviewed the philosopher's central doctrine of the spiritual life. His views on religion are largely, if not entirely, determined by Christianity in a spiritual sense, for he writes :

"It is on the ground of Christianity that religion constructs, for the first time, a Whole or, in other words, the one worthful kernel of the Spiritual Life ; and all the other provinces of life have no other problems than to lead into this kernel " (p. 65). Christianity for Eucken is thus by no means any form of Christian dogmatism, and we are very content so to regard it ; but we cannot at the same time help feeling that if he had used the same sympathy in the case of the other great faiths, he might have had something of more importance to say than is contained in the few paragraphs in which he sums them up and dismisses them. Nevertheless we cordially agree when he writes of the ideal of a one universal religion : "He who doubts whether any one of the historical religions, as it is at present constituted, will bring all other religions into subserviency to itself, has to strive after an encircling unity—a unity which does not confine itself within any particular sphere of civilisation and culture, but which is able to include the whole of mankind. This means that neither can mere general doctrines be raised up from the manifold content found in the religions of the world, nor that the different religions can be mashed together into one religion. It means that it is necessary, in the midst of all the particularity, to emphasise the *essentials* of human life—the *substantial* facts and experiences—and to strive for an understanding of these. Beyond all individual religions the religion of mankind must take its stand. We here discover ourselves in a situation similar to that of late antiquity. Now as then the spheres of history and of life extend beyond each of the different religions—religions which, in the first place, belonged to special nations. The movement here will not reach its goal until a religion and a religious community take unto themselves many of the elements of other religions, and, at the same time, rise victoriously above them all. Christianity did this in late antiquity and triumphed. If it is to triumph in the struggle of the present, it will have to bring about important transformations within itself ; and, therefore, it will have to ally itself more definitely with the whole Spiritual Life " (pp. 476, 477). This is very good ; but he who seeks in Eucken's *The Truth of Religion* a comparative study of the spiritual elements in the great religions will seek in vain.

## RELIGION IN CHINA.

**Universism: A Key to the Study of Taoism and Confucianism.**  
 By J. J. M. de Groot, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Sinology in  
 the University of Berlin. London (Putnam's), pp. 327;  
 6s. net.

THIS Xth volume of 'American Lectures on the History of Religions' is one of the best of that excellent series. A new study from the pen of so distinguished a Sinologist as Prof. de Groot is always somewhat of an event, but the present essay is specially arresting. Instead of laying stress on the differences between Taoism and Confucianism and treating them as opposed to one another in principle, as has been the case hitherto, the Berlin professor devotes his energies mainly to emphasising their common background and endeavouring to show that they have a common basis—namely the *Tao* or order of nature, that universism, as he calls it, which it is his object to show was the one most ancient religion of China. Indeed, though he does not treat the subject of Buddhism in China, the third of the three teachings of that ancient land, he would include Chinese Buddhism in his generalisation, and contend that "the three religions are three branches, growing from a common stem, which has existed from pre-historic times; this stem is the religion of the Universe, its parts and phenomena. This Universism . . . is the *one* religion of China. As these three religions are its three integral parts, every Chinese can feel himself equally at home in each without being offended or shocked by conflicting and mutually exclusive dogmatic principles" (pp. 2, 8). In other words, the subconscious of the Soul of China is as it were compenetrated with Universism. Further: "Universism is Taoism. Indeed, its starting-point is the *Tao*, which means the Road or Way, in which the Universe moves, its methods and its processes, its conduct and operation, the complex of phenomena regularly recurring in it, in short, the Order of the World, Nature or Natural Order" (p. 6). Such a religion, if its observation of phenomena were exact, might be called the 'religion of science'; but as it is, the whole system has lagged so far behind the exact methods of observation, that it remains as the most ancient and elaborate complex of 'superstitions,' in the original meaning of the term, extant.

Philosophical Taoism and Confucianism, from their birth in the sixth century B.C., were evidently rival schools. Both, how-



ever, claimed the backing of antiquity. The Taoists claimed a remote antiquity for their doctrines, and looked back to a primal golden age of Taoist perfection and to sages and emperors of 8000—2000 B.C. as the most shining exemplars of their doctrines. Confucius also claimed to be no innovator, but simply a hander-on of the wisdom of the ancients. As to the nature of the universe, it is true, they held certain dogmas or even a body of dogmas in common, and also perhaps in respect to man's place in and relation to the universe. It was with regard to education and government and the means of attaining human perfection that they differed. The Taoist, so to say, was the Montessorist of the time and believed in letting the 'natural goodness of the heart of man' or 'light of nature,' in which he believed as a fundamental fact, express itself spontaneously without the hampering of rules and regulations; the Confucian, on the other hand, believed very much in the efficacy of rules and regulations and system, and strove to impose them in every way upon recalcitrant human nature. For the Taoist, artificially acquired or even conscious virtue was no genuine virtue; the virtue of Heaven was natural, spontaneous. Man was really possessed of a divine nature, it was really innate in him, and if he allowed it spontaneous expression, all would be well, not only with him, but also with the state; for the Tao of Heaven would operate through him unimpeded, and so, without any attempt at ruling or any thought of being virtuous himself, he would let the virtue of Heaven rule harmoniously. For the Confucian the main thing was the purposeful acquirement of virtue and the systematic right ruling of the state. But both Confucianism and philosophical Taoism emerge out of a common past, and may very well have simply intensified pre-existing divergencies of tendencies in their common heredity of a remarkable world-view of the harmonious interaction of contraries.

Professor de Groot does good service in emphasising the fact that Tao in this sense is a frequent *terminus technicus* in Confucianism and should not be confined to the special significance that the Taoists have succeeded in giving it by adopting it as the name for their special method of philosophising. Though the two schools thus differ in their use of the term, they both use it in a certain common sense. Nevertheless we are somewhat surprised to find Prof. de Groot bringing forward Taoist stories which introduce Confucius himself as singing the praises of Tao in their own special sense; for we have hitherto supposed that these were *jeux d'esprit*, humorous or ironical devices, of these skilful

controversialists, and by no means narratives of historical fact, and that the Confucianists would repudiate such an illegitimate use of the name of their revered teacher. The Confucianists when speaking of the Tao of Heaven or the Tao of Earth or the Tao of Man seem to use the term in a far more material and objective sense than the high mystical and spiritual significance which the Taoists ascribed to their Tao. In our distinguished Sinologist's conclusion in summary of his first two chapters, however, he tells us that we may define even the ancient *system of religious ethics* of China as "the Tao or Way of Man, which consists of man's virtues or qualities (*teh*) and the method of acquiring them *spontaneously* [our italics]. The virtues or qualities are emanations from the virtues or qualities of the Universe" (p. 80). Nevertheless, in spite of Professor de Groot's great authority, we still venture to think that this 'spontaneity' is precisely the main characteristic of Taoist doctrine as *contrasted with* Confucianism, and not, as he would have it, that it is 'common good' for both of them.

Thus, according to the essayist's main thesis, that Confucianism which has reigned supreme in China to the present day, can be equally called Classicism, Universism or Taoism. "It alone is orthodox, since there is only one Tao in the Universe, and one set of Classics to maintain it among men" (p. 92). But granting that the Literati would agree with this latter statement, would they agree to have their Confucianism called Taoism? We hardly think so. And, on the other hand, it was precisely the Taoists who accused the philosophers, *i.e.* the Confucianists, of bringing all the trouble into the Middle Kingdom with their classics and rules and regulations.

A chapter of great interest is devoted to showing that in the long pre-Christian period which produced the great classics, and also prior to this, holiness was striven for by cultivating a Stoic frame of mind and by a moderate asceticism that avoided the extremes of celibacy and self-torture; to this was added much practice of certain modes of 'breathing' that were believed to prolong life. This opens up the important question how did ancient China possess herself of these practices. Did they arise spontaneously, or is there some connection between them and very similar practices in India, or was there a common source, and if so, where is it to be sought?

The rest of the volume Prof. de Groot devotes to the consideration of the popular and state religion which may be regarded

as the worship of the universe, as it were a polytheistic Naturism or Cosmism, in which the calendar plays a leading part, so that it might be called a calendrical mode of life, coupled with a most elaborate divinatory observation of natural phenomena, and a belief in magic high and low which is inrooted in the soul of China. These summaries are based upon a very wide study of a literature that is practically inexhaustible, even for a native scholar. The volume ends with the following interesting suggested estimate of the value of a thorough study of the political and social system of observation and divination of nature in China, the outcome of that Universism which it has been the learned author's chief aim to emphasise.

"Such a study would open to us an inexhaustible mine of information, suited to make the mouths of folk-lorists and ethnologists water. This system is the only one now existing in the world as a complete science, based on foundations that were laid in the darkest night of human history, when Babylonians and Egyptians were creating their systems of wisdom upon the Universistic base. Their systems, lost for so long time, modern science is now reconstructing piecemeal as a relic of ancient culture and thought. Is it improbable that a thorough study of the Chinese system, which has never died out, may facilitate the explanation of old Babylonian and Egyptian divinatory art and religious conceptions generally? Is it preposterous to suggest that such comparative study may lead to the discovery of the existence, at the dawn of human history, of one common root of religious development in Asia, namely, man's consciousness of the power of the Universe, and the necessity of avoiding its evil influences? I earnestly commend this question to students of ancient Western Asia and students of China."

#### NATURE MYSTICISM.

By J. Edward Mercer, D.D. Oxon., Bishop of Tasmania. London (Allen); pp. 263; 8s. 6d. net.

THIS is not only a sound and well-made book on a delightful subject and a pleasure to read, but also a distinct contribution to the philosophy of natural æsthetics free of all pedantry and technical jargon. It goes simply and straightforwardly to the heart of the matter. If the purpose of Dr. Mercer is to study the phenomena of nature in their mystical aspects, his method avoids

the pitfalls of abstractionism and supernaturalism that beset so much of what is called mystical. The term mysticism is used, he tells us, because, in spite of many misleading associations, it is hard to replace. 'Love of nature' is too general; 'cosmic emotion' is too specialised. "But let it at once be understood that the mysticism here contemplated is neither of the popular nor of the esoteric sort. In other words, it is not loosely synonymous with the magical or supernatural; nor is it a name for peculiar forms of ecstatic experience which claim to break away from the spheres of the senses and the intellect. It will simply be taken to cover the causes and the effects involved in that wide range of intuitions and emotions which nature stimulates without definite appeal to conscious reasoning processes. Mystic intuition and mystic emotion will thus be regarded, not as antagonistic to sense impression, but as dependent on it—not as scornful of reason, but merely as more basic and primitive" (p. 2).

Moreover the very idea of a conflict between science and natural mysticism is to be 'mercilessly scouted' (p. 25). Nevertheless the nature mystic is bound to reject the 'brute' matter doctrine just as decidedly as the unconditioned Absolute. "When man appeared upon the globe, he was not something introduced from without, different from and alien to the world of matter, but merely the outcome of a more intense activity of the same forces as were at work from the first and in the whole—in brief, a higher manifestation of the life which is the ultimate Ground of all modes of existence. There are not two different realms, that of brute matter and living spirit; but various planes, or grades, of life and consciousness. Leibniz had the beautiful and profound idea that life has three modes on earth—it sleeps in plant, it dreams in animals, and it wakes in man. Modern thought is expanding, universalising, this idea" (p. 26). A very interesting chapter is that entitled 'Nature not Symbolic,' at any rate for the nature-mystic. For "what the mystic is in search of is 'meaning' in its own right—'meaning' existing in and for itself. Anything less is a fraud" (p. 51). This is not to repudiate symbolism altogether; for "whoever understands the nature and conditions of human knowledge sees that symbolic systems, of endless variety, are necessary instruments in almost every department of theory, research, and practice. We cannot move without them. . . . But so long as, and in so far as, there is a 'standing for' instead of a 'being,' the mystic *quid* mystic, is defrauded of his direct communion with the Ground of things" (pp. 46, 47). We are

delighted to see that Dr. Mercer recognises in the first philosophers of Hellas, such as Thales, Anaximenes and Heraclitus, nature-mystics. These three he specially treats of when introducing the mysticism of the three great natural elements, water, air and fire. He would agree with Professor Carl Joël<sup>1</sup> that the genius of the earliest thinkers of Greece was not nurtured in the laboratory but in direct contact with living nature. For "the nature-mystic is not content to 'study.' He desires to hold communion with the spirit and the life which he feels and knows to be manifested in external nature. For him there is no such thing as 'brute' matter, nor even such a thing as 'mere' beauty. He hears deep calling unto deep—the life within to the life without—and he responds" (p. 263). And before the men of the laboratory and study dismiss all this as 'mere animism,' they had better peruse Dr. Mercer's chapters on 'Animism' and 'Will and Consciousness in Nature' to see how he orients himself to these profoundly natural intuitions of mankind. The volume under notice has many pleasing features, but perhaps the most delightful of its characteristics is the large charity, and genuine catholicity of view of the author towards primitive beliefs; here we recognise the gift of understanding, a rare possession and one none but the nature-mystic can acquire.

#### THE CROWN OF HINDUISM.

By J. N. Farquhar, M.A., Literary Secretary, National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations, India and Ceylon.  
London (Oxford University Press); pp. 469; 7s. 6d. net.

THE main object of this ably written volume is to persuade the reader that the popular phases of religion in India, which are all based on the principle of *bhakti*, or devotion to a personal deity, lead by natural evolution to Christianity, and that the steady advance of Western ideas and education which are slowly undermining all forms of traditional belief in India among the educated, is paving the way for the eventual Christianisation of that ancient land of manifold faiths. Mr. Farquhar has for long studied the problem on the spot and is a careful scholar. He is filled with good-will for India and evidently tries to be sympathetic and to avoid giving offence as much as he can. His Christianity is

<sup>1</sup> See the articles 'Romanticism and the First Thinkers of Hellas' and 'Archaic Romanticism: The Dawn of Nature Philosophy' in *THE QUEST* for July and October, 1912.

evangelical, and he makes it appear as all very simple and commonsense, as contrasted with the complex and elaborate beliefs and practices of Indian religion. But what the educated Indian will want to know is: Granted that Western science and Western methods and education are now on all sides being eagerly welcomed by vast numbers in the East, has the religion of the Western world kept pace with its intellectual development? Why should India accept a religion at the hands of the West when the intellect of the West is calling the traditional beliefs of that religion into question on all sides? The educated Indian may very justly ask us to compose our own religious differences and difficulties and to solve our own religious problems before we seek to impose them upon India. Not that Mr. Farquhar seeks to impose his belief upon anyone by unreasonable means; he sets forth his ideal persuasively and looks to the spiritual virtue of the true practice of the Christian life to act as the real compelling force. But this latter is unfortunately not what is meant by religion. If religion were simply the practice of virtue and doing deeds of self-sacrifice and helping our fellows in every way possible, there would be none of the innumerable contradictory beliefs and forms of worship and cult which keep the great religions apart from one another and the sects within them even more straitly separated. Mr. Farquhar contends that Christianity beyond all other faiths insists upon deeds of mercy and charity and loving-kindness. No one will deny that these are the most potent manifestations of what is best in man and the most unmistakable signs of the immediate inworking of the spirit of goodness. But Christianity to-day, unfortunately, does not stand simply for love of God and love of one's neighbour. That we would believe was the religion of Jesus, as it was the essence of religion for some of the Rabbis before him. Christianity to-day stands for an enormous body of doctrine *about* Jesus, and it is precisely the dogmas of Christian theology that the modern mind is calling into question. Mr. Farquhar quotes the Bible, both Old and New Testament, as though such a thing as Biblical criticism did not exist, yet he treats Indian religion, and rightly so, by the methods of modern critical research. By selection, however, it would be easy to find in the Indian scriptures a most admirable moral code that would be inferior in no respect to the Christian standard of ethics. It is then the matter of religious doctrines that is mainly in question, and here again by selection we can parallel well-nigh every dogma in the West with a dogma in the East. But, says the Christian

apologist, the great fact, the fact above all facts upon which we rely, is the historical incarnation of God Himself in Jesus ; other religions have had the idea, but in no faith has the realisation been consummated except in Christianity. Well, that is just what the educated Hindu cannot accept. He is prepared willingly to acknowledge that Jesus was a true prophet, an incarnation also, but not that there was an entire difference in kind between him and all the other great teachers and men of God. Moreover he will ask : What has religion, an essentially spiritual thing, got to do with history ? How can I base my faith on such unverifiable so-called facts of history that are now entirely removed from all possibility of experience ? Nay more, in exact proportion as Western ideas and criticisms break down his own traditional religious beliefs, so will he demand from the West in way of religion something that will triumphantly survive the most stringent tests of its own critical method. Mr. Farquhar of course believes that his Christianity will stand all tests of every kind ; but there are enormous numbers of people in the West who, while gladly acknowledging the beauty of Christian ethics, are looking for a reformation of the doctrines of the faith, and, curiously enough, some of them have found much to help them towards a better understanding of religion as religion in the study of Indian religious beliefs and practices. It is true that this has nothing to do with the present state of popular religion in India, which is the chief subject of Mr. Farquhar's study, and that the help has been obtained by following an eclectic method. Nevertheless the religious experience of India is so rich that it has gifts to offer of highest value towards the construction of a genuinely universal religion, if such a consummation is possible in this world of contradictions and clashing interests. It is true that popular religion in India requires drastic reform ; educated Indians are very conscious of the need of reformation but naturally think that it must be on the lines of their own spiritual heredity. As to the higher phases of Indian religion, then, the old mistake of the missionary in thinking he has all to give and nothing to receive must be abandoned if he is to do any really effective work. And this to some extent, at any rate, is seen by Mr. Farquhar, whose book is a pleasant relief from many volumes of a similar nature.

We have not thought it necessary to review his summary of Indian religion, as we think it is the duty of Hindus to defend their own faith if they object to the manner in which it is treated by sincere and able critics. To one point, however, which frequently

occurs, we would specially call Mr. Farquhar's attention. He would have it that caste is the direct outcome of the doctrines of karma and reincarnation. How can this be so when Buddhism, which knows nothing of caste, is also based upon these two cardinal doctrines of India? And also, if there is some truth in the idea of reincarnation, and there possibly may be, for it is by no means so easy to dispose of as Mr. Farquhar seems to think, then that is an asset on the side of India.

#### THE AGATE LAMP.

By Eva Gore-Booth. London (Longmans, Green); pp. 110 :  
2s. 6d. net.

WE welcome in the poetess whose verses are contained in *The Agate Lamp*, one of that ever-increasing band of women who are proving to the twentieth century the potentialities of the movement towards the emancipation of their sex from the narrow and restricted byways of their erstwhile pseudo-education. Contrast these stanzas with their width of scope and depth of insight with the volumes of verse put forth by the poetic womanhood of the early days of last century, and one immediately feels that an immense distance separates us from the 'Treasures of Verse' and various 'Albums' and 'Keepsakes' replete with shallow sentimentality which passed as woman's fitting contribution to English poetry.

The rare examples of superiority to the general mediocrity were beyond dispute the pioneers of the present Feminist movement, and latter-day toilers in the cause must ever look gratefully back to the memories of George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and their companions. But whilst they were few, struggling against bitter and astonished prejudice, we now are privileged to number many women eminent in all directions opposed by a rapidly disappearing body of reactionaries. We would commend to the consideration of these latter the lines on p. 98, of which we are tempted to say that they convey to us

"What oft was thought,  
But ne'er so well express'd."

These verses, ranging as they do from reflections suggested by the *chefs d'œuvres* of the Italian great masters to some of our own time, from Greek to Egyptian and thence to Irish legend, have a plaintive sweetness which recalls some of the most perfect of the



shorter poems of Longfellow. We would cordially recommend the addition of this volume to the shelves of the lover of verses to be taken up when the desire arises for the sweet music of words.

W. M. W.

#### A BEGINNER'S STAR-BOOK.

An Easy Guide to the Stars and to the Astronomical Uses of the Opera Glass, the Field Glass and the Telescope. By Kelvin McKready. Including seventy Illustrations. London (Putnam); 9s. net.

ASTRONOMY, the oldest of the sciences, is of value to the student of mythology, and from the Renaissance onward is linked up with profound human interest in the discoveries of Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, and others. It is now in a sense 'alive' and modern, mainly owing to the rapid development of correlated sciences. It appeals highly to the imagination, and broadens one's outlook, and enables us to obtain a detached view of many of the problems of life.

To acquire the foundations of astronomy, a pair of eyes is requisite with some keenness and interest in the subject. Mr. Kelvin McKready's *A Beginner's Star-Book* takes the student directly into the presence of the stars, and shows him when to look and where to look and what there is to see. The author insists upon it that it is worth while to know something of the things of the sky with that sense of actuality which comes from seeing the things themselves. The appeal is first to the unaided eyes and the mind, which are employed on the groupings of the stars, their movement, seasons, and individual characteristics. When familiarity with the heavens has been attained, recourse may be had to some small instrumental means. Hints are given as to simple optical instruments, including the opera-glass, field-glass, and telescope. Six night-charts for any year are given on left-hand pages, and the telescopic objects are explained by key-maps opposite each night-chart on the right-hand pages in three different classes: (a) those for the opera and field-glass, (b) those for telescopes of 2-inches, and (c) those for telescopes of 8-inches aperture. A brief catalogue is given of stellar telescopic objects, and to this is added a short history of the principal stars, a chapter on star-distances and magnitudes, and a brief bibliography. The photographs of the sun, moon and some of the planets are

obtained from highly equipped observatories in America, and are clear and good.

This book would form a useful observation manual for the general reader, to be employed concurrently with any of the modern text-books on astronomy, such as Sir Norman Lockyer's published by Macmillan.

J. S. B.

#### HYMNS TO THE GODDESS.

Translated from the Sanskrit. By Arthur and Ellen Avalon.  
London (Luzac); pp. 179; 4s. net.

THE hymns to the Eternal Feminine in this volume are taken from the Tartras and Purānas, from the Mahābhārata and Shankarāchārya. The Magna Mater of the Hindus, however, is by no means a simple conception for us to grasp. She is the mother of many names, even as she was in Hither Asia and in Egypt, in archaic and ancient days in the West. Not only so, but we are expressly told that God in Mother-form transcends every meaning we give to the term feminine. Thus in one of the Tantras we read: "That Devi, who is existence, consciousness, and bliss, should be thought of as a female, or as a male, or as pure Brahman. In reality, however, she is neither male nor female nor neuter."

The beauty of these outpourings in praise of Devi cannot be rendered in translation, for there is nothing in them of that natural simplicity that can at once appeal to us no matter in what tongue it is expressed. They are essentially Indian, and presuppose an intimate knowledge of the many myths and legends, of the innumerable divine names and titles and attributes, and of the elaborate symbolisms that are built into the religious consciousness of that ancient land of countless devotees and saints and sages. It is impossible to quote a stanza that would be intelligible without commentary or note of some kind. Thus, let us take the simplest we can find, from 'Waves of Bliss' (*Ānanda-lahari*) by Shankarāchārya :

"As iron touched by the loadstone becomes at once gold,  
As water of the roadway mixed with that of the Ganges becomes  
pure,  
In like manner will not my heart,  
Greatly soiled though it be by my great sins,  
Become pure if attached with devotion to thee?"

Here we are at once held up by the first line; we know it is not true that iron touched by the loadstone becomes gold, and we are thrown into doubt or have to seek for some legend or undermeaning. Or is it simply a mistranslation for 'the philosopher's stone'? It will doubtless be a surprise to many to make acquaintance for the first time with Shankarāchārya, the pure intellectualist and formalist as he is generally known to be from his great though sapless commentaries on the Upaniṣhads and Gītā, in a totally different character. Here in his *stotras* he is a Bhākta pure and simple, a whole-hearted devotee. We have heard some of his hymns chanted and they are beautiful; but they will not translate as literature. And so it is with the rest of this song-collection of praise to Ambikā, the Mother.

Here again, however, as in the case of the Tantra, Mr. 'Avalon' is a courageous pioneer, and deserves our grateful thanks, for he opens up still another field of research. The *stotra* literature of India is immense, and little of it has been rendered into English. One would imagine from the ill-informed and misinformed animadversions on Indian religion which we meet with so frequently in the West, that all ended there in empty abstraction without any emotional content whatever. But this is not so; for one religious philosopher of that type of abstractionism there are perhaps 100,000 Bhāktas in India. It is in the soul of the people that we must seek the main characteristics of a national religion and not in the mind of the exceptional philosopher.

#### MINDS IN DISTRESS.

A Psychological Study of the Masculine and Feminine Mind in Health and in Disorder. By A. E. Bridger, B.A., B.Sc., M.D., F.R.S. (Edin.). London (Methuen); pp. 181; 2s. 6d. net.

By the masculine and feminine mind Dr. Bridger does not mean the mind in the male and female, but two types of mind that may exist equally in men or women. These two classes of mind may be divided roughly as follows: "The one very practical, who demand proof before they accept a conclusion and rely only on facts, evidently regarding a so-called fact as a final truth; the other class, who live in a different plane of thought altogether, who assert that the effect will be so-and-so, who see the end to be attained and seem to be little concerned with the process by which it is reached, and much devoted to ideals. Among the former will

be found the plodding, steady people who achieve financial success, or at least stability; among the latter the brilliant, artistic, creative and the spiritual. The genius is of the latter class" (p. 17). More elaborate estimates of these two types are given elsewhere in the volume, and Dr. Bridger thinks the idea is novel, but it is surely familiar enough to many of us. However, the value of the present book is that this division is used to classify the psychology of mind, and to help in the treatment of mental disturbance, as shown in neurasthenia in the masculine type and hysteria in the feminine. The study is set forth in simple and untechnical language and the method of treatment is exceedingly common sense. Above all Dr. Bridger takes a most optimistic view of these minds in distress, which he distinguishes radically in a most interesting way from minds really diseased. His book deserves careful consideration by all who are interested in psychiatry, and by the innumerable folk who are to-day suffering from worry and over-strain.

#### THE YOKE OF PITY.

(L'Ordination). By Julien Benda. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. London (Unwin); pp. 178; 5s. net.

THIS psychological study in the form of a novel, now translated from the 18th French edition, has, apparently, given rise to considerable criticism across the Channel. The first part describes a passionate *liaison* and the subsequent ceasing of passion owing to its having been aroused in the first place by pity. The author, however, calls this passion love and the incident need not detain us further. The second part deals with the love of a father for his child; the child develops hip-disease and the passion of pity for the little one totally incapacitates the father for the strenuous intellectual work on which he is engaged, and absorbs him solely in the care of the child, apparently for the rest of his life. The same ungoverned individual is the subject of both parts. In a reply to his critics the author, in a note at the end of the book, says: "Obviously everyone will admit that intellectual activity at the highest pressure—like that of a seeker, or an active contemplative of any kind—demands the entire absorption of the soul wherein it dwells and cannot co-exist with any passion of the heart." He concludes, from the adverse criticism of his book, that 'intellectual passion' is unpopular, and that now-a-days there is

an extraordinary detestation felt for the 'religion of the mind,' whatever that may be. It seems to us, however, to be a mistake to treat a work of art as a scientific treatise, as both the critics and the author appear to do. The writer describes a single case, which may very well be a true one,—a case of failure. But to suppose that such a result invariably happens is utterly absurd; pain and sorrow and sympathy and pity have often—thank heaven—been the chief stimulus and incentive to some of the most brilliant intellectual achievements. Theoretically we may argue that the highest intensities of the emotional and intellectual activities cannot be simultaneously in consciousness. But in the story we are dealing with years; and any one who is absolutely absorbed in a passion of pity for one individual—and that too when the child herself is by no means unhappy, even according to the writer—without any relief, and especially one who is described as being exceptionally gifted intellectually, must be counted as perilously near to insanity, and therefore not a normal case. We think the critics have taken the author, and the author himself, too seriously.

#### THE CROCK OF GOLD.

By James Stephens. London (Macmillan); pp. 312; 6s.

NOT only lovers of Irish faërie but also lovers of literature will revel in this delightful volume; it is remarkable, not only for its intimate acquaintance with the way of life and thought and traditions of the Irish folk, and for an artistry which skilfully suggests that atmosphere of Celtic twilight that veils and yet reveals the gods and people of the Shee, but also as a construct of genuine creative imagination displaying a touch of genius that may well assure it a place as a literary masterpiece. Strange, improbable, impossible, as are many of its incidents, the 'something' in it, as well as its fine workmanship, may one day raise it to the rank of a classic in its class. Wit and wisdom, the joy and misery of life, play hide and seek with one another in a welter of strange fancies and conceits. Life and living nature and the ancient love of these, as the folk feel them and as the gods know them, are the theme; and if there be a moral we may look for it in the concluding paragraph, when the gods and people of the Shee rescue the Philosopher from prison: "And they took the Philosopher from his prison, even the Intellect of Man they took from the hands of the doctors and lawyers, from the sly

priests, from the professors whose mouths are gorged with sawdust, and the merchants who sell blades of grass—the awful people of the Fomor . . . and then they returned again, dancing and singing, to the country of the gods. . . .”

#### MYSTICISM IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By Caroline F. E. Spurgeon, Docteur de l'Université de Paris, Lecturer in English Literature, Bedford College, University of London. Cambridge (The University Press); pp. 168; 1s. net.

MISS SPURGEON has achieved a difficult task with a large measure of success and her little volume is a pleasure to read. Her object has been to examine, of course very briefly, “the chief English writers—men of letters and poets—whose inmost principle is rooted in mysticism, or whose work is on the whole so permeated by mystical thought that their attitude of mind is not fully to be understood apart from it” (p. 12). From this examination, however, American literature, at times so rich in mystical thought, has, from lack of space, been excluded. In discussing the various meanings of the term, Miss Spurgeon very rightly says that “mysticism is, in truth, a temper rather than a doctrine, an atmosphere rather than a system of philosophy” (p. 2). In writing of William Law, Böhme has of course to be noticed, and we specially recommend Miss Spurgeon's summary of his doctrine; it is very well done. In referring to Plotinus, a ‘Letter to Flaccus’ is quoted, perhaps from Vaughan's *Hours*; but we have not been able to trace this letter in any text of Plotinus, nor is it referred to in Bouillet. The writers dealt with are: (Love and Beauty Mystics) Shelley, Rossetti, Browning, Coventry Patmore and Keats; (Nature Mystics) Henry Vaughan, Wordsworth, Richard Jefferies; (Philosophical Mystics) Donne, Traherne, Emily Brontë and Tennyson, and William Law, Burke, Coleridge and Carlyle; (Devotional and Religious Mystics) the Early English Writers: Richard Rolle and Julian; Crashawe, Herbert, and Christopher Harvey; Blake and Francis Thompson. Other writers are referred to and of course a number have to be omitted; but we are somewhat surprised to find that the name of Ruskin is not so much as mentioned.

## KINGS AND GODS OF EGYPT.

By Alexandre Moret, Sub-director of the Musée Guimet, Professor of Egyptology in l'École des Hautes Études (Paris). Translated by Madame Moret. With 96 Illustrations and a Map. London (Putnam); pp. 281; 7s. 6d. net.

PROFESSOR MORET is already favourably known to English readers by his interesting work *In the Time of the Pharaohs*. The present volume is a collection of lectures or articles on subjects of interest in the wide and difficult field of Egyptology; though a work of *vulgarisation*, it bears every mark of acquaintance with the results of the most recent research and of efficient equipment. The main subjects dealt with are: Queen Hatshopsitu and her Temple of Deir-el-Bahari; The Religious Revolution of Amenophis IV.; The Passion of Osiris; The Immortality of the Soul and Moral Retribution through the Ages; The Mysteries of Isis; Some Legendary Travels of the Egyptians in Asia; Homer and Egypt; and The Reading of Hieroglyphics. Professor Moret is alive to the fact that the Egyptian priesthood had some knowledge of abnormal psychology and of hypnotism and the transmission of 'vital fluid' (*pace* the suggestionists), and this enables him to write with understanding of many things that otherwise are hopeless puzzles. Thus of a certain ceremony of enthroning when Thotmes I. transmitted the royal power to his daughter Hatshopsitu, he writes: "The King, seated, placed his daughter in front of him, embraced her, and proceeded to make the magic passes of the *setep sa* [sending forth the fluid of life] while the whole assembly, prostrate on the ground, aided in the sending forth of the protective magic fluid" (p. 23). Writing of 'The Passion of Osiris,' Professor Moret says: "That which is offered to Osiris . . . is his own body and blood, which the god divides among the priests and relatives, under the appearances of liquid and solid offerings. This holy food partaken of in common, this holy communion, makes clergy and worshippers together participants in the blessings of his passion and sacrifice." To this statement he appends the following suggestive passages and remarks: "'Osiris knows the day when he shall pass out.' Does not this foreboding imply that the god is resigned to his agony and obedient unto Death? 'The heart of Osiris is in every sacrifice,'—which is no less expressive of the voluntary, daily immolation of the god. 'Thou art the father and the mother of

men; they live upon thy breath; they eat the flesh of thy body,'—a forcible commentary on one of the epithets of Osiris, 'the great victim'" (p. 98). We note with interest that Geb is now considered the correct reading of the divine name formerly read as Seb (p. 60 n), and that according to the most recent researches, those of M. Loret, the hieroglyph or totemic form of Set or Setesh, which has hitherto been taken for either an ass or giraffe or okapi, is now supposed to be the wild hare (p. 74 n). We also note, on p. 188, that Professor Moret says the Orphic rites were inspired by Egypt; but this requires confirmation. The Orphic *Katabasis* of course bears a family resemblance to the Egyptian Descent into the Underworld; but we doubt very much that it is taken from Egypt. Orphism has an Asian heredity rather than an Egyptian.

#### PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY IN EGYPT.

By Philip David Scott-Moncrieff, M.A. Cantab. Cambridge (The University Press); pp. 225; 6s. net.

THE recent death of the author of this book at the early age of twenty-nine has robbed English scholarship of a highly equipped worker in a difficult field of research. Mr. Scott-Moncrieff was an assistant in the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities at the British Museum, and a good classical and Semitic scholar and very capable archæologist. The posthumous volume under notice is a study of the origins of Christianity in Egypt and of the genesis and early development of the Coptic Church, and is characterised not only by a thorough knowledge of the scanty material but also by sound method and judgment. The main subjects dealt with are the state of late Egyptian religion in the first three centuries; the documentary and archæological evidence as to the beginnings of Christianity in Egypt, a specially good chapter being devoted to early Christian iconography; the Coptic Gnostic works; and the rise of asceticism and monasticism. The chapters on the *Pistis Sophia* and the *Books of Ieou* are useful summaries of the labours of Carl Schmidt, and do not add anything original. We cannot, however, agree that these two Gnostic collections were composed about the same time. The *P.S.* is a composite work. Part IV. is earlier than the rest of the document and may be of the same date as the *Ieou* books; but 50 or 100 years may very well have



elapsed between this distinctly older deposit and the *Pistis Sophia* document proper, together with the *Questions of Mary*. On p. 131 Mr. Scott-Moncrieff tells us that the essential difference between the Christian and Egyptian religions was that the resurrection of the one was *spiritual* and that of the other *magical*. But surely the claim of orthodox Christian traditionalism as to the resurrection is that it was *physical* and not *spiritual*: "A spirit has neither flesh nor bones"!

#### FLEMISH TALES.

By J. Redwood-Anderson. London (Allen); pp. 158; 3s. 6d. net.

MR. REDWOOD-ANDERSON has previously to his credit several books of verse, such as 'The Music of Death,' 'The Legend of Eros and Psyche,' and 'The Mask,' of which favourable notice has already been taken in *THE QUEST*. The present volume consists of five pieces of some length, all dealing with Flemish life, with which the poet's long residence in Belgium has made him very familiar. Each tale is introduced by a mood-stimulating description of phases of its characteristic scenery skilfully done; the subjects are taken from the lives of the people, tales of love stronger than misery and death and tales of savage jealousy and revenge. Mr. Anderson can vividly create for his readers pictures of hopeless poverty and scenes of tragical passion, and also at the same time discover the triumph and beauty of love hidden behind the outer garb of wretchedness. At times the poet's imagination is almost too grim and ghastly, but he writes with distinction and his verse is flowing and carefully fashioned.

#### THE MASTER.

Known to the World as Jesus the Christ, His Life and Teachings.

By J. Todd Ferrier. London (Lund, Humphries); pp. 529;  
7s. 6d. net.

OF the making of 'Lives' of Jesus there is no end, and from every conceivable standpoint. This large volume is one of the psychological order. Mr. Todd Ferrier, we understand, has been the recipient of many visions and has psychically further experienced much that he has seen; this we are not unprepared to accept. The trouble is that others have had similar experiences, or claim to have had them, and profess to tell us just what

happened in the 'Life' and the how and why of it all; but they unfortunately flatly contradict one another. Mr. Todd Ferrier will have it that Jesus was first of all a member of an Essene order, as many others have conjectured, and he seems to admit the crucifixion as a historical fact; for the rest he treats most of the evangelical text as allegorical, elicits from it mystical meanings and records of inner cosmic happenings, and in general tells us nothing or next to nothing of the historical Jesus. His claim is that he has 'recovered' the 'inner meanings of the Master's teachings, and the nature of his Jesushood and Christ-hood.' If Mr. Ferrier had given us a careful description of his psychical experiences, it would doubtless have been very interesting and instructive; but the present controversial and didactic exposition is full of repetitions, and verbose, and though here and there suggestive is on the whole dull.

#### ACROSS THE BARRIER.

(A Record of True Experiences). By H. A. Dallas. With an Additional Chapter by H. B. Marriott Watson. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 212; 3s. 6d. net.

IN this small volume we have a simple and straightforward account of a series of extraordinary psychical phenomena occurring in a private family. It is all very human and suffused with emotion, for it mainly centres round the personality of a bright and winsome little seven-years old girl who died some years ago, but of whose continued presence with them her parents declare they are now assured by innumerable experiences of a psychical nature. Those who are unacquainted with the more intimate side of spiritism, have, in Miss Dallas' editing and sympathetic treatment of the record, a good introduction, by a careful student, to experiences that create problems of far-reaching importance, and are all the more difficult of treatment because for the experienced they refuse to be depersonalised. The sceptic may stand outside and deny and scoff and ridicule; but the people who have the experience cannot do this; they have to face the facts of their own consciousness and seek some interpretation that at least covers the facts, no matter how they are eventually evaluated. Through this family also others, as for instance the novelist Mr. Marriott Watson, have become convinced that survival is a fact.

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# THE QUEST.



## PROFESSOR EUCKEN AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF SELF-REALISATION.

EDMOND HOLMES, M.A.

A FRIEND of mine recently announced his intention of giving a course of lectures on the 'History of Civilisation'; and he sent me his programme. I found to my surprise (though perhaps I ought not to have been surprised) that he meant by 'Civilisation' the civilisation of the Western world, and of it only. The great and ancient and still living civilisations of Eastern Asia—not to speak of other parts of the world—he entirely ignored. I am reminded of this course of lectures by Professor Eucken's work on 'Main Currents of Modern Thought.' The title of the book is slightly misleading. 'Main Currents of *Western* Thought' would give a more accurate indication of its scope and purpose. For in the first place it is a survey of the movements of thought from the time of Plato and Aristotle down to the present day. And in the second place the thought with which it deals is almost exclusively Western. That, outside the limits of what is now called Christendom, man is and always has been incapable of thinking (in the deeper sense of the word)

1

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seems to be taken for granted. In the 478 pages of the book there are exactly four allusions—all very brief—to the philosophy of India; and in each of these the critical attitude adopted involves a radical misunderstanding of the Indian point of view.

What makes this uncompromising Occidentalism the more surprising, is that Professor Eucken himself has formulated an idealistic scheme of life which has much in common with the teaching of the Upanishads, and only falls below the level of that teaching because its author has not always the full courage of his convictions. Professor Eucken is, I believe, regarded as one of our greatest thinkers; and he is certainly—within the limits which he has imposed on himself—one of our greatest interpreters of the history of speculative thought. One feels that his scheme of life is not the work of a mere system-monger, but has been distilled, so to speak, from a sympathetic and impartial study of the main movements of thought in many ages and many lands. All the more significant is the fact that his researches and reflexions have led him—a whole-hearted Occidentalist—to conclusions which India had elaborated into philosophy, and transfigured into poetry and religion, in an age so remote that it probably preceded the earliest dawn of thought in Ancient Greece.

“How can man,” asks Professor Eucken, “who at first appears to be an infinitesimal point, participate in a self-contained world, in a world as a whole, such as the spiritual life now represents?” “It is certain,” he replies, “that he can only do so *if the spiritual life has existed within his being as a possibility, from the commencement,*<sup>1</sup> if it is in some way directly connected

<sup>1</sup> The italics are mine.



with him. It would not do for spiritual life to be communicated to him through the medium of his special nature (thus becoming alienated from itself); *it must in some fashion be present to him as a whole in all its infinity; it must hence, working from within, open up to him (if at first only as a possibility) a cosmic life and a cosmic being, thus enlarging his nature.*<sup>1</sup> In the absence of such an indwelling spirituality humanity can have no hope of making any progress. *If, in laying hold of spiritual life, he did not discover his own true self, the former could never be a power to him.*"<sup>1</sup>

This is the philosophy of the Upanishads; and if Professor Eucken could remain at this level he would stand where the sages of India stood 2,500 years ago. But the prejudices of popular thought in the West are too strong for him; and again and again he relapses into a crude dualism which makes his scheme of life unworkable, and involves him in many contradictions and in much confusion of thought. For, having told us, not once but many times, that the spiritual life is the real life of man, that it is the 'core of reality' and the 'core of man's own being,' that it is 'rooted in the essential nature of things,' and so forth, he must needs oppose it, not once but many times, to nature in general and to human nature in particular.

That he regards the spiritual life as the real life of man and also as the 'soul of all life,' is made clear by a hundred passages. Here are some of them. "Spiritual life" is "true self-life" and "cosmic life." It is "the unfolding of the depths which reality contains within itself." To participate in it is "to participate in a world-life." It "must from the very beginning have been operative in the whole, directing

<sup>1</sup> The italics are mine.

it towards itself." It "appertains to man's innermost being . . . and is at once natural and ideal." The ascent to it is "a specifically human achievement." It is man's "specific nature" and "true being" and "genuine self." It is "the core of man's own being." In realising it man "rises to a life of his own." It is "a spiritual necessity ruling within humanity." It is "rooted in the essential nature of things." It is "the development of our own soul." It is "the coming to itself of the world-process." It is "a cosmic force operative in man from the very outset." It "elevates man's essential being." It is "the dominating fundamental life-force," — "the dominating soul of all life."

Reading these and similar passages, one naturally concludes that the spiritual life is at the heart of nature, both cosmic and human. But no. The spiritual life is "a new stage of reality against that of nature." It is "a new stage of life" and not "a mere prolongation of nature." It is not "a continuation of nature." It is not "derived from mere nature." It is opposed to "mere humanity." It is "separated from and elevated above what is merely human." It is opposed to "the mere life of the soul." It is "superior to all merely human existence." It "reverses the current of man's life." It is "independent and sharply separated from human life." It is opposed to "the mere man," to "merely human life-conduct," to "merely human culture," to "human life," to "our human existence."

From these passages and from scores of others which have the same general purport, one gathers that the popular belief in the supernatural, with its implicit depreciation of nature, has so far influenced Professor

Eucken as to make him oppose the spiritual life, first to the life of nature and then to the life of man. But as he has already told us that the spiritual life is 'cosmic life' and 'true self-life,' that it is 'a cosmic force operative in man from the very outset,' and so on, he is open to the charge of having contradicted himself on a matter of vital importance; and in order to forestall this obvious criticism, he prefixes to the words 'man' and 'human' (and sometimes, though more rarely, to the words 'nature' and 'natural') the most elusive and delusive of all adjectives and adverbs, —*mere* and *merely*. 'Mere humanity,' 'the mere man,' 'merely human,' 'mere life of the soul,' 'mere existence,' are phrases which constantly occur in his writings. Now and again he speaks of 'mere nature' and the 'merely natural'; but as a rule he is content to assume (in company with the average man) that the 'natural' is opposed to the 'spiritual' as what is lower to what is higher, what is phenomenal to what is real.

Let us consider the phrase 'merely human.' What does it mean? What do the words 'mere' and 'merely' mean? The word 'mere' means, in the first instance, *undiluted, unmixed, pure*; and so it comes to mean *that and that only, that and nothing more*.<sup>1</sup> Thus 'mere folly' means *undiluted folly, folly and nothing but folly*. 'A mere boy' is *a boy and nothing more than a boy, a boy who could not possibly be mistaken for an adult man*. 'A mere joke' is *a joke and nothing more—a joke with no admixture of seriousness or malice*. 'Mere' and 'merely,' then, are words which limit, or seem to limit, but which do so by exclusion

<sup>1</sup> I take it that this is the meaning of the German word, probably *bloss*, which Dr. Meyrick Booth has translated as *mere* (or *merely*).

rather than by restriction. This distinction is all-important. In more than one passage Professor Eucken uses the phrase 'pettily human' as if it were equivalent to 'merely human.' That the two adverbs are not really equivalent, that they have little or nothing in common, I need not take pains to prove. It is true that both words seem to limit and disparage; but it will, I think, be found, if the matter be carefully considered, that *pettily* limits without really disparaging, whereas *merely* disparages without really limiting. The 'pettily human' is the lower, more trivial, less worthy side of human nature. The 'merely human' is that which is human and nothing more. 'Pettily' when prefixed to 'human,' limits the idea of humanity, by restricting it for the moment to a particular level or aspect of human life. But it does not disparage human nature. On the contrary it suggests to us that there is such a thing as the 'grandly human,' and in any case it leaves the intrinsic range and value of human nature unimpaired. 'Merely,' on the other hand, when prefixed to 'human,' excludes from the idea of humanity whatever is extraneous and accidental; and therefore, instead of limiting the idea, it suggests that there are limits to it and that these must be carefully observed. Hence its tendency to disparage. When I talk of the 'merely human,' I disparage human nature by suggesting that it has certain recognised limits which it can never transcend, and by leaving it to be inferred that the intrinsic range and value of human nature do not, after all, amount to very much.

It is clear, then, that if the word *mere* (or *merely*) is to be fairly and honestly used, we must give the noun (or adjective) to which it is prefixed its full range and depth of meaning, and we must not only know that the

corresponding thing (or idea) has limits, but also know in a general way what those limits are. Do we know what are the limits of the human? Are we quite sure that it has limits? Professor Eucken tells us that man's 'true life' is a 'cosmic life.' Would there be any meaning in the phrase 'merely cosmic'? The plain truth is that, instead of giving the word 'human' its full range and depth of meaning before he prefixes to it the disparaging adverb 'merely,' Professor Eucken deliberately empties the idea of humanity of all that is vital and essential in it. For on the one hand he expressly opposes the 'merely human' to that 'spiritual life' which 'appertains to man's innermost being,' which is the 'core of man's own being,' which is 'man's specific nature,' and 'true being' and 'genuine self'; and on the other hand he expressly identifies the 'merely human' with the 'pettily human,' with the 'average dead level,' with what is 'temporal and accidental,' with what is 'inadequate and base,' with 'immediate sense-existence,' with 'narrowness,' 'pettiness' and 'unreality.' In other words he expressly marks off what a plain unsophisticated man would call the lower side of human nature, and then opposes this to what a plain unsophisticated man would call the higher side, as the 'merely human' to the 'specifically human' or the 'genuinely human,' as 'mere humanity' to 'humanity,' as 'human life' or 'the mere life of the soul' to the 'true self-life' of man.

To abstract from human nature what, *on his own showing*, is of the very essence of human nature, and then to label the residue as 'human' (with or without the addition of 'merely') and oppose it to the 'genuinely human,' is a strange proceeding on the part of a responsible thinker; and one may well doubt the

soundness of the philosophical structure which needs to be buttressed by such a wanton misuse of language, and such grotesque confusion of thought. Nor will the need for such extraneous support surprise us when we remember that the misuse of language and confusion of thought in which Professor Eucken has involved himself, are the direct outcome of his deliberate attempt to find a dualistic basis for an intrinsically pantheistic<sup>1</sup> philosophy.

What is the explanation of Professor Eucken's leaning towards dualism? Why does he revel in 'contrasts,' 'oppositions,' 'reversals,' 'sharp separations,' and the like? The explanation is, I think (as I have already suggested) that, unconsciously or subconsciously, he is under the influence of one of the cardinal assumptions—or shall I say *the* cardinal assumption?—of popular thought. Behind human nature is nature as such; and the philosophy which recognised the essential unity and all-inclusiveness of human nature, would find itself compelled to predicate the same attributes of nature as such. But if nature as such were one and all-inclusive, what would become of that fundamental opposition of nature to the supernatural on which the whole system of popular thought is hinged? If this cardinal assumption is to be respected, provision must somehow or other be made for the division of the macrocosm into two dis severed worlds.<sup>2</sup> And if this division is to hold good, the

<sup>1</sup> I am using the word pantheistic in its Indian, not its Western sense.

<sup>2</sup> Now and again a philosophy arises in the West which suppresses one of the two worlds, and then labels itself as Monism, and boasts its superiority to Dualism. But the division into the two worlds must be made before either world can be suppressed; and this secret dualism is at the heart of almost *every* Western system of thought. A monism, whether materialistic or idealistic, is nothing but a dualism with one of its antithetical concepts reduced to zero.

microcosm (in which the macrocosm, as seen by us, reflects and bears witness to itself) must be similarly riven asunder.

The real reason, then, why Professor Eucken disparages 'human nature' and opposes it to the true being of man, is that he may be free to disparage 'nature' and oppose it to some higher order of things. And this he does with wearisome iteration. It is at the expense of nature, even more than of human nature, that the spiritual life is exalted. Nature is opposed to the 'soul,' opposed to the 'spiritual life,' opposed to the 'spiritual world,' opposed to man's 'life of his own.' "The life which develops in man" is "not a continuation of nature." "Man" and "humanity" "should rise above mere nature." "The development of spiritual life" has "raised man far above nature." Personality is developed by a "reversal of natural being." And so on.

What does Professor Eucken mean by *nature*? He tells us that "the natural world, with its thorough-going causal connexion" . . . . "keeps man bound down to the mere ego"; that "the natural world" is "blindly indifferent" "to the aims of spiritual life"; that nature "threatens to oppress and overwhelm humanity"; that "naturalism" ignores "the right of the subject," and "the life of the spirit." He identifies "nature" with "the pettily human," and the "world of nature" with "the sphere of visible existence." He speaks of "nature as seen from the mechanical point of view," of "mere natural self-preservation," of being "enslaved to nature." In other words, when he uses the word 'nature' in a depreciatory sense, he is evidently thinking of the 'nature' of the 'naturalist'; of physical nature, as it is sometimes

called; of the material plane of existence, and the animal side of human life.

But he does not always use 'nature' in a depreciatory sense. The intrinsic force of the word is too strong for him. He speaks of "man's spiritual nature," and opposes this to "mere humanity." He says that "nature and the inner world meet within a single reality"; that "the spiritual life has a nature of its own"; that it has its own "inner nature"; that it is "at once natural and ideal"; that "spiritual culture" is "rooted in the essential nature of things"; that "spiritual work" "separates what is genuine in nature from what is not"; that nature "has behind it a deeper reality" (and so generates spiritual life); that the "unity and inwardness of life" are "the most valuable element in man's nature"; that "man's specific nature" is "his own true being," "his genuine selfhood"; that "nature (in an inward sense) remains secret and aloof" and "withdraws its fundamental verities further and further from our gaze the more science penetrates into its territory."

How are we to account for these extraordinary contradictions and inconsistencies? To oppose 'spiritual nature' to 'nature' is as fatuous as to oppose the 'specifically human' to the 'purely human,' or 'humanity' to 'human nature.' One cannot get on terms with the thinker who uses language so loosely as this. Professor Eucken has well said that "words are not to be treated lightly. Their misuse may contribute towards the obscuration of genuine problems." And it is certain that his own misuse of the words 'human' and 'nature' has effectively obscured the 'genuine problems' which he has undertaken to solve. Like many another thinker he seems to have forgotten that



such a word as *nature* or *human* has an intrinsic meaning of its own (determined by centuries of usage) the range of which cannot be arbitrarily curtailed. He tries to limit the range of 'nature' to the lower levels of existence; but the concept refuses to be kept down to those levels, and its inherent buoyancy is such that he himself has no choice but to use the word when he is dealing with the highest level of all.

What then *is* nature? That it is not a mere stratum or plane of being, that on the contrary it belongs to every plane and every stratum, Professor Eucken himself has made abundantly clear. Everything that exists has a nature of its own. Every section of the world, every level of existence, every mode of being, every form of life has a nature of its own. As there is outward nature so there is inward nature. As there is physical nature so there is spiritual nature. As there is specific nature so there is generic nature. As there is individual nature so there is cosmic nature. The attempt to divide the Universe into Nature and the Supernatural is eternally stultified by the patent fact that even the Supernatural has a nature of its own. Taking the widest possible view of nature we may perhaps define it as *the way of the universe*, the central way which controls and determines and is itself the resultant of a billion lesser ways. This is nature in its totality. And when we speak of the nature of this or that particular thing we mean again *the way of that thing*, the central, the typical tendencies of its being.

It is of course true that within the illimitable limits of nature such distinctions as that between high and low, great and petty, spiritual and material, essential and accidental, hold good. But these opposites are

ever interpenetrating one another, and it is impossible to say where one ends and the other begins. The contrasts and oppositions in which dualism revels belong to another order of thought. The thinker who divides the Universe into Nature and the Supernatural, or into the material and the spiritual worlds, must needs draw a hard and fast line between his 'mighty opposites'; and this line of demarcation speedily opens out into a 'great gulf' like that which is 'fixed' between Heaven and Hell. And the nemesis of dualism in this, as in every other case, is that the gulf of separation drains into itself the reality of both the worlds which it separates;—drains away from 'Nature' its inwardness, its spirituality, its beauty, its glory, its vitalising purpose, till at last it becomes a mere body of death;—drains away from 'the Supernatural' its actuality, its substance, its knowableness, its significance, its nearness to human life, till at last it becomes the mere shadow of a shade.

When shall we learn that the remedy for dualism is not monism; that the opposition of dualism to monism is itself dualistic; that a monism, as I have recently suggested, is at heart a dualism,—a dualism which maintains the fundamental antithesis that it began by postulating, but which allows the impetus of its preference to carry it so far in one direction that it ends by denying content to the opposing and competing term? Thousands of years ago the higher thought of India freed itself from bondage to 'the opposites'; and the time has surely come for the higher thought of the West to take the same decisive step. Under the influence of the idea of evolution—with or without the consent of our 'thinkers'—all great gulfs are being gradually filled up, and all hard

and fast lines are being gradually effaced. Has not the time come for us to recognise the essential unity of the Universe, to realise that the All of Being is one living whole? If we could do this, if we could abolish the archetypal dualism of Nature and the Supernatural, all other dualisms (and monisms) would spontaneously disappear.

Not (I repeat) that oppositions and contrasts would disappear with them. Unity affirms itself in and through diversity, and self-identity is made possible by self-contradiction. Wherever there is development there is the opposition of *potential* and *actual*; and this primary opposition postulates a multitude of others. Language abounds in antithetical terms, such as *good* and *bad*, *true* and *false*, *high* and *low*, *swift* and *slow*, *strong* and *weak*. And in each of these antitheses the inferior term is, as it were, the 'promise and potency' of the higher. Evil has been defined as 'good in the making'; and it might perhaps be more accurately defined as 'undeveloped good.' Error has often proved to have been truth in the making. The low is on the way to becoming high. The slow is on the way to becoming swift. The weak is on the way to becoming strong.<sup>1</sup> There is no gulf fixed between the opposites in any of these antitheses. On the contrary; each of the antithetical ideas interpenetrates the other, and even follows it in its progress towards its own ideal pole. Thus there is no movement so slow but we can conceive of a slower, by comparison with which the movement of a snail is

<sup>1</sup> If I were looking towards the negative pole of the antithesis, I should, of course, have to invert each of these statements. My reason for looking towards the positive pole is that the process of human development, for which I am trying to find analogies, is in its essence a movement towards the positive pole of existence.

swift. And there is no movement so swift but we can conceive of a swifter, by comparison with which the movement of light would be slow. And each term owes its meaning to its contrast with the other, so that if either term were cancelled the other would share its fate. Take away evil, and what do we know of good? Take away error, and what do we know of truth? From dualism to monism is one step. From monism to nihilism is the next. To think away either of two opposing worlds or tendencies is to make the other null and void.

It is to the exigencies of everyday speech that we owe the dualism of popular thought. But though there is much dualism at the surface of language there is none at its heart. When one goes deeper into the usage of words one sees that a never-ending effort is being made to correct the fallacies which arise from our careless handling of a very imperfect instrument. We assume off-hand that antithetical terms stand for mutually exclusive entities; and we think and act accordingly. But when we give ourselves time to reflect on the corresponding ideas we find that the relation between them is one of identity even more than of opposition; the antithesis, however complete it may seem to be, falling always within the limits of an essential unity. In the fundamental antithesis of the *potential* and the *actual* the primary relation between the two ideas is obviously one of identity; for the actual is present in embryo in the potential, and the potential is what it is because the actual—real, but as yet unrealised—is at the heart of it. It is not by ‘reversing’ the process of development that we pass from the potential to the actual. It is not by reversing his steps that the climber passes from a lower to a

higher altitude. It is not by reversing its engines that a slow-moving locomotive quickens its pace. It is not by reversing the process of his physical growth that the weak child becomes the strong man. In each of these cases and in every similar case the change from the lower to the higher term in the antithesis is made by going forward, not by going back.

Is it not the same in that supreme antithesis which plays so prominent a part in Professor Eucken's system of thought? He calls the lower term in the antithesis *nature* (or *human nature*) and the higher term *the spiritual life*. He regards these as two separate worlds, and he holds that progress in the spiritual world is not to be achieved except by a 'reversal' of the order of the natural world. If this were so, what hope would there be for humanity? Man, according to Professor Eucken, is the meeting place of two worlds. If he is to live in the higher world he must reverse the whole course of the lower. Can he do this? Is it to be done? Will the mighty forces of nature suffer themselves to be reversed? If man is to wait for a reversal of the course of nature before he can begin to live in the spiritual world, will he not have to wait for ever; will not the spiritual life remain an unrealisable dream?

All analogy and all experience are against Professor Eucken. In every other antithesis the relation of opposition between the antithetical ideas is subordinate to and dependent on the more fundamental relation of identity. Let us assume, as we are surely entitled to do, that it is the same in the supreme antithesis. Let us assume that the relation between 'nature' and 'spirit' or 'supernature' is one of fundamental identity; that the natural world is

potentially spiritual; that the spiritual world is the self-realisation of the natural; that our choice lies, not between alternative worlds, but between the lower and the higher life of the same world; that our business is, not to 'reverse' the order of nature, but to co-operate with the natural forces which are struggling to spiritualise life. Let us assume this much, and we shall be able to give its full content of meaning to Professor Eucken's pregnant saying that "the spiritual life is the coming to itself of the world-process," and to a score of other passages in which the philosophy of his intuition breaks away from the philosophy of his reason; and we shall be able to provide for the due accomplishment of the mighty *rôle* which he assigns to humanity.

"The spiritual life," according to Professor Eucken, "has existed within man's being as a possibility from the commencement." "It is (and has ever been) present to him as a whole in all its infinity," and "working from within it opens up to him a cosmic life and a cosmic being," in realising which "he discovers his own true self." How ill this philosophy harmonises with the crude dualism which opposes 'spirit' to 'nature' in a truceless and unending war! And how well it harmonises with the higher naturalism which sees in the duality of 'becoming' the very counterpart of the unity of 'being,' and which therefore infers the self-identity of nature from the opposition of her higher to her lower self. The realisation of the spiritual life is the first and last duty of man. "Have we not to face great truths within ourselves," asks Professor Eucken, "in the development of our own souls?" What place is there, in such a life, for 'reversals' of, and 'sharp separations' from, the course of nature? If

there is any place for them it is the exact opposite of that which Professor Eucken, in his dualistic moods, assigns to them. Man, as a self-conscious being, is able either to further or hinder the evolution of spiritual life in his own soul; and in the choice between these two ways of living lies the whole drama of human life. As the spiritual life is the true life of the cosmos as well as the true life of man, it stands to reason that it does not so much 'reverse' the course of nature as crown and complete it. It is the egoistic, self-centred life—the very antipole to the spiritual—which tries to 'reverse' the central current of nature, and only fails because so far as it succeeds it 'sharply separates' itself from the life which is in its essence cosmic or universal, with the result that it is at last flung aside by the great stream of tendency with which it refuses to swim.

That what we call spiritual life is the real life of the cosmos and the real life of man, that in realising the potencies of spiritual life man both finds his own true self and attains to vital unity with—(a totally different thing from 'dreamy absorption' into)—the self or soul of the cosmos,—is the idea which dawned upon the 'deepest heart' of India in the far-off days of the Upanishads, and with which, through all the vicissitudes of the intervening centuries, she has never wholly lost touch. On the vital identity of this idea with that which has inspired Professor Eucken I need not insist. It is in his interpretation of the idea that the Western idealist of to-day differs from his precursors in that far-off age and that far-off land.<sup>1</sup> The former

<sup>1</sup> There is a passage in one of the Upanishads in which the teacher explains to his disciple that just as the banyan-tree, "as a whole in all its" greatness, is present, "as a possibility," in each of the specklike seeds of the banyan fruit, so the World-Soul, the "Self of all that is"—(the 'spiritual

thinks to glorify the spiritual life by disparaging its presumed opposite—'nature.' The latter saw that from the glorification of the spiritual life to the deification of nature there was but a single step. To take that step, without hesitation or reserve, was (and is) India's supreme contribution to the religious thought of the world. The cosmic life, which for India (as for Professor Eucken) is the reward of self-realisation, is the Divine Life; and the cosmic soul, with which the human soul, in the plenitude of its spiritual life, becomes one, is the Soul of God.

For teaching this, India has been accused of pantheism, a word which has no terrors for her, but which the Western mind, with its dualistic prejudices, uses as a term of bitter reproach. For in the popular thought of the West the supreme dualism is that of Nature and the Supernatural; and as the supernaturalist deliberately empties nature of its divine indwelling life, and as the anti-supernaturalist accepts and retains his rival's de-spiritualisation of nature, one cannot wonder that pantheism is regarded in the West as equivalent to materialistic denial of God. But to call the pantheism of India atheistic is to beg the whole question which is in dispute between the West and the Far East. If the sages of the Upanishads had regarded nature as soulless and godless they would not have deified it. The fact that they did deify it, shews on the one hand that they regarded it as all in all, and

life' or 'cosmic life' of Professor Eucken)—is present, "as a possibility," in the heart of each one of us. It follows from this simile, the aptness of which Professor Eucken would, I think, admit, that self-realisation is an entirely natural process. And it was undoubtedly so regarded by the idealistic thinkers of Ancient India. But for Professor Eucken, in his dualistic moods, the process is unnatural, anti-natural, supernatural, anything in fine but natural. And we are thus led by him to the paradoxical conclusion that by reversing the course of human nature man finds his true self. Might it not be said, with equal propriety, that by reversing the course of banyan-nature the banyan-seed becomes the banyan-tree?



on the other hand that they conceived of its 'essential being' as purely spiritual,—that (in Professor Eucken's well-chosen words) they regarded spiritual life as the "core of reality," as "rooted in the essential nature of things," as "the unfolding of the depths which reality contains within its own being," as "at once natural and ideal," as "the dominating soul of all life."

We are confronted by a practical paradox. A Western thinker of the Twentieth Century, who proposes to base his scheme of life on the fundamental opposition of 'nature' to 'spirit,' is constrained by subtle influences which seem to emanate from the very ideas that he handles, to emphasise in telling phrases the central doctrine of Indian 'pantheism,'—the doctrine of the naturalness of spiritual life, and (by implication) of the spirituality of nature. In the presence of this paradox one begins to ask oneself whether the saying "East is East and West is West" is really the final argument in the controversy between the pantheism of the older world and the supernaturalism of the younger; and one begins to wonder what the future may not have in store for us in the way of bringing those antithetical tendencies under the control of a higher unity and blending their respective gospels into a higher creed. In any case the broad fact remains that what seems to be the latest word of Western idealism was spoken 2,500 years ago in India; and that, if the utterance of that word in the West is faltering and indistinct, the reason is that the speaker, deferring unduly to the prejudices of the 'average man' (who makes and unmakes our systems and our creeds), cannot bring himself to accept in full the far-reaching consequences of the grand ideas which are at the heart of his faith. EDMOND HOLMES.

## A JAPANESE TEMPLE OF SILENCE.

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THE room where I am writing—(a while ago the temple bell rang, ‘trembling in its thousand ages’)—is twenty-four mats large, with a high ceiling unusual to a common Japanese house. It is in a temple; the space of the room is softened into a mellow silence through which the lonely aspirant can enter into the real heart of Buddhism. The temple, by the way, is Zoroku An, or Tortoise Temple. That is quite a good name for a temple, since a tortoise, it is said, is a symbol of the six virtues of modesty or shyness. On the *tokonoma* of the room I see hanging a large scroll with the picture of Dharuma, the ancient Hindoo monk who established the Zen, this religion of silence. He is represented, as usual, in meditation, his large eyes opened, extremely solemn; it is said that he sat still against a wall for nine long years before he arose with his religion. I once wrote upon this picture of Dharuma:

“ Oh, magic of meditation, witchery of silence,—  
Language for which secret has no power!  
Oh, vastness of the soul of night and death,  
Where time and pains cease to exist! ”

The room seems almost holy when I think that I can sit before the inextinguishable lamp of Faith, and seek the road of emancipation and poetry; it is here where, indeed, criticism vainly attempts to enter for arguing and denying. And I once wrote:

“The silence is whole and perfect, and makes your wizard life powerless; your true friendship with the ghosts and the beautiful will soon be established. You have to abandon yourself to the beautiful only to create the absolute beauty and grandeur that makes this our human world look trifling, hardly worth troubling about; it is the magical house of Faith where the real echo of the oldest song still vibrates with the newest wonder, and even a simple little thought, once under the touch of imagination, grows more splendid than art, more beautiful than life.”

To get the real silence, means to make imagination swell to its full swing. Through imagination I wish to go back to the age of emotion and true love, when the reality of the external world ceases to be a standard, and you yourself will be a revelation, therefore a great art itself, of hope and passion which will never fail.

You might look through the open doors of my room in this Tortoise Temple; you then would see facing you a great forest, which once delighted Hearn, of Japanese cedars, by whose shadows the Zen monks young or old will now and then be seen as spirits moving on the road of mystery. On the monk I once wrote:

“He is a pseudonym of the universal consciousness,  
 A person lonesome from concentration.  
 He is possessed of Nature’s instinct,  
 And burns white as a flame.  
 For him mortality and accident of life  
 No longer exist;  
 But only the silence and the soul of prayer.”

With this entering into the Temple of Silence, I dare say, my third spiritual awakening was well begun. You might ask now, what was, then, my first awaken-

ing. It was when I left San Francisco, a year after my arrival in California, in my nineteenth year, and went to the home of Joaquin Miller, an eccentric American bard. There I stayed some three years. *Seen and Unseen: Monologue of a Homeless Snail* came from my first retreat into dream and poetry, the world of silence where is no breath or speech, but the aloneness that is the soul of Nature. I awoke spiritually for a second time in London some eight or nine years later, when I found that poetry and art were the great force of life. I think I was not so sure of making poetry my life's work till I published *From the Eastern Sea*, because New York greatly stole away my precious literary dream of younger days. Now I am glad that I awoke for a third time from sleep with a book of poems entitled *The Pilgrimage at the Temple* where, as I once wrote:

“ Across the song of night and moon  
 (Oh perfume of perfumes!)  
 My soul, as a wind  
 Whose heart's too full to sing,  
 Only roams astray. . . .”

Let me recollect how I spent my first night there; that is now almost three years ago.

In the desolation of the Temple of Silence, Enkakuji of famous Kamakura, that Completely Awakened Temple, under the blessing of dusk; it is at evening that the temple tragically soars into the magnificence of loneliness under a chill air stirred up from mountain and glade by the roll of the evening bell. I had journeyed from Tokyo, that hive of noise, here to read a page or two of the whole language of silence, which, far from mocking you with all sorts of interrogation marks, soothes you with the song of

prayer. In truth, I came here to confess how little is our human intellect. I slowly climbed the steps, and passed by many a *tatchu* temple like Shorei An, Zoroku An, and others, which serve as vassals to great Enkakuji, and finally reached the priest-hall, to learn, to my no small delight, that the opening ceremony of *Dai Setshin*, or 'Great Meeting with Spirit,' was going to be held that very night.

For the priests of this Zen sect, to which Enkakuji belongs, the year is divided into four parts, each called a *ge*, which is three months. And the two *ges* running from August 15 to October 15, and from February 15 to May 15, called *Gekan* or *Seikan*, meaning 'Excused from Rule,' are the months of freedom for the *daishu*, as we call the priests, while they have strictly to observe every ascetic rule during the other two *ges*. We call the latter 'Within the Rule,' or *Seichu*. And the most important time during the *Seichus* is the week of *Dai Setshin*, which falls three times during the period from May 15 to August 15. Now as this was the 14th of May I was to have an opportunity of being present at the opening ceremony of the 'Great Meeting with Spirit,' which I had wished to attend for some long time.

The hall was not yet lighted, as it was a little before seven o'clock (that is the time of 'candles lighted') when I quietly crept into it like a wandering breeze seeking the soul of Nirvana. And I was at once conducted by a young priest into the Assembly Chamber. I say he was a young man; but who knows whether he were not an old priest?

It seemed to me that I was already led into a magic atmosphere in whose world-old incense—what a song of exclamation!—I lost all sense of time and place.

Here the silence-wrapped monks seemed to my eyes as if they had returned long since to those grey elements of nature which stand above Life and Death. And it is the very problem of Life and Death you have to solve with the Zen philosophy, if you like to call it philosophy.

The chamber, although it was quite dark already, could be seen to be wider than fifty mats; and here and there I observed that the *kojis* or laymen were taking their appointed places, doubtless communing in their souls with that silence which does not awe you, but to which you have to submit yourself without challenge, with a prayer. Silence is not here a weapon as it might be in some other place; it is a gospel whose unwritten words can be read through the virtue of self-forgetting.

I was gracefully entering into dream which is a path of retreat into the world of silence, when a priest brought into the chamber the lighted candles, announcing that the ceremony would soon begin. Right before me was a candle whose yellow flame rose in the shape of hands folded in prayer to the Buddha image, which I could observe behind the lattice door of the holy dais of the chamber. What a face of profundity, which is but mystery! And that mystery will become at once the soul of simplicity which is nature. I was told that the Buddha was nobody but the right mind to whom the perfect assimilation with great nature is emancipation, and that you and I can be the Buddha right on the spot. It is the dignity of this Zen Buddhism that it arises from devotion, pity, love and the like; it is not a religion born in your understanding, perhaps, but the highest state of mind before yourself were born, breaking the peace of the world. You have to leave your human knowledge before you may enter here. And so did I, to the best of my ability.

The *hangi* or wooden block was tapped, and the monks, fifty in all, slipped into the chamber from another independent house called the 'Meditation House,' shaven-headed, black-robed spectres from the abyss of night. They muttered the holy name, and then sat down in a row by the *shojis*. A moment later a grey coughing voice was heard without, and then the sound of straw slippers moving on the pavement. I looked back, and saw three *bonboris* (paper-shaded hand-candlesticks) floating forward, and then the figures of four priests. The chief priest, who lives in a house on the other side, was coming led by his attendants. The silence of the chamber was deepened when they slipped in and took their appointed places.

The chief priest sat before the lattice door of the Buddha-image shrine. He was a man of sixty, heavily built, and sleepy looking, doubtless from his saturation in silence; he wore a robe of yellowish brown colour, with a large scarf of old brocade across his shoulder.

He looked around and said '*Hai!*' We laymen with all the priests bent our heads upon the mats, and kept them so, while the chief priest finished the reading of Shogaku Kokushi's words of warning:

"We have three classes of students. One who casts away every affinity with fire, and studies his own self, is the very best. There is one whose practice is not so particularly pure, but he loves to learn; he is in the middle class. One who quenches his own spiritual light and delights in licking the Buddha's saliva is of the lowest. If there be one who drinks only the beauty of books, and lives by writing, we call him a shaven-headed layman, and he cannot be in even the lowest class of our students. [How despicable is one who writes for writing's sake!] And, of course,

we cannot admit into our Buddhist circle one who spends his time dissolutely eating and sleeping too fully; the ancient worthies used to call such an one a clothes-horse and a rice-bag. He is not a priest at all, and cannot be allowed to enter the temple-grounds as a student; indeed, even his temporary visit cannot be permitted, and of course he cannot beg to stay here with us. Thus I say; but you must not regard me as one who lacks sympathy or love. I only wish our students to find out their wrong and correct their faults, so as to become a seed and shoot of Buddhism and so grow."

Then the chief priest said:

"There is no dream which is not born from the bosom of reality; and we have no reality which does not sing of dream. You may call our life a dream if you will; there is no harm either to think of it as a reality. The main point is that you have to arise from the dream and the reality of life, and, let me say, from life itself. You must not be fettered by life. Death is nothing but another phase of nature, and we hear another harmony of beauty and music in it as in life. Let the pine tree be green, and the roses red. We have to observe the mystery of every existence, human or non-human; these do not challenge but submit to one another, and complete the truth of the universe. To connect mystery with our Zen Buddhism does it no justice. There is no mystery whatever in the world; and truth which may appear to an unclean mind to be a secret, is simplicity itself, which is the soul of nature and Buddha. To attain to the state of Buddha through the virtue of meditation whose word is silence, is our salvation. The language of silence cannot be understood by the way of reason, but by the power of



impulse which is abstraction. Sakyamuni, it is said, picked a flower which he showed to all the priests who gathered at Reizan Kaijo ; all of them were silent, but Kayo Sonja smiled. That smile is the truth of self-possession and deliverance ; we long for it."

All the priests stood and read the 'Dharani of Great Mercy,' and ended with their vows of consecration :

" We vow to save all innumerable mankind ;  
 We vow to cut down all the exhaustless lusts ;  
 We vow to learn all the boundless laws ;  
 We vow to perfect all the peerless understanding."

Then the tea was poured into our cups and some parched rice slightly sugared was served out on pieces of paper which we carried. (It is the temple's rule not to touch another's hand.) We drank the tea and ate the rice. Then the chief priest rose and departed in silence, accompanied by his three attendant priests as before. When their steps became inaudible in the silence of the night, and their *bonboris* disappeared in the bosom of darkness, all the priests rose and retired to their Meditation House, and I to the guest-room next to the Assembly Chamber, conducted thither by one of the *fuzuis* or under-secretaries of this priest-hall, who left with me a piece of writing. It read :

" Rising : two o'clock a.m.  
 Prayer : three o'clock.  
 Breakfast : four o'clock.  
 Offering to the Buddha : eight o'clock.  
 Prayer : nine o'clock.  
 Dinner : ten o'clock.  
 Morning bell struck : eleven o'clock.  
 Lecture : one o'clock p.m.

Prayer : half past two o'clock.

Supper : four o'clock.

Evening bell struck : twenty minutes past six o'clock.

Prayer : seven o'clock.

Sleep : eight o'clock."

The room in which I found myself had all the desolation of the senses which scorns the flame of excitement that I had found in the Assembly Chamber. The subduing of excitement is the first principle here. I felt the silence deepening when I perceived I had nobody near me, not even a priest silent as a ghost. Now and then the hooting of an owl searched my ear from the mountain at the back; and the candle burned lonesomely as my own solitary soul.

Some time ago I had heard the *hangi* struck announcing the time to put lights out and go to sleep. But I am sure there is many a priest who will meditate all night sitting up in the darkness; the darkness for him will be the Buddha's light to lead him into the silence of conception.

I tried but in vain to go to sleep; then my own soul—whatever it was—became more awakened. I read the words written on a *kakemono* hung on the *tokonoma*: "Hear the voice of thy hand." It must be one of those questions of which I have heard, put by the chief priest to the monks, to be answered through their own understanding. Here we must find our own salvation by the power of our contemplation. . . . Where is the voice of your hand except in yourself? And again where is the truth except in your own soul? To understand your own self is to understand the truth. The voice of truth is the voice of your own hand. I raised my head toward the *shoji*; through its broken

paper I caught sight of a star in the profundity of silence. "Silence is emancipation," I cried.

I could not rise at two o'clock next morning, as I had wished; and I felt ashamed to be called by a priest to leave my bed and get up for breakfast. When I made my appearance in the Assembly Chamber, which was a dining-room in turn, all the monks were already seated silently and even solemnly as on the previous evening. They muttered a short prayer before they brought out their bowls and chopsticks from under their black robes. (They are their only belongings, beside one or two sacred books.) With them I had the severest breakfast that ever I ate; it consisted only of some gruel, chiefly of barley, with a little rice as an apology, and a few slices of vegetables dipped in salted water. However I enjoyed it as they did.

I thought their diet was far beyond simplicity, while I admitted their pride of high thinking. And I wondered if it were true asceticism to abandon every human longing, so as to make the way clear for spiritual exaltation—for flying in the air as a bird, and not walking like any other animal. It is written, I am told, in the holy book, of the dignity of poverty, that it should be guarded as sacred law. (Oh, to think of the luxuries of the West!) These priests are sent out begging far and near every month. Begging is regarded as divine, a gift as the expression of sacrifice and self-immolation. They live on charity. They do not beg for the sake of begging, but to keep the spirit of the Buddha's law; then there is no begging. Meikei of Toganowo, the Buddhist teacher of Yasutoki Hojo, the Hojo feudal prince, was asked to accept a great piece of land of the Tanba province for his temple expenses; but he refused with many thanks, saying that there was no

greater enemy than luxury for priests, who, under its mockery, might become dissolute and cease to observe the holy law. "Mighty Poverty, I pray unto thy dignity to protect Buddhism from spiritual ruin," he exclaimed. Such is the Zen's loftiness. I remember somebody said that he could pray better when he was hungry. I read the following 'list of charity receipts' in the office of the *fusu* or chief secretary:

"Ten yen for the great feast.  
 Ten yen for Prajñā-reading.  
 Eight yen for the general feasting.  
 Four yen for feasting.  
 Three yen and a half for lunch-giving.  
 Three yen for gruel-giving.  
 Two yen and a half for rice-giving as a side-dish.  
 Seventy sen for cake-giving.  
 Thirty sen for bath-giving."

This Enkakuji embraces mountainous ground of some five hundred acres, where, in the olden days when we had more devotion, more than forty small temples used to stand; but to-day only twenty of them survive the accidental destruction of fire or natural ruin. By the way, the priest-hall belongs to Seizoku An, one of the *tachu* temples. Enkakuji was founded by Tokimune Hojo, hero of the Hojo feudal government, who cut off the heads of the envoys of Kublai Khan at Tatsunokuchi, and then destroyed the Mogul armies on the Tsukushi seas. He was a great believer in Zen Buddhism, and on its power he nourished his wonderful spirit of conviction and bravery which triumphed in Japan's first battle with the foreign invasion some six hundred years ago. And it was the Chinese priest called Sogen Zenji whom he invited here to this

Enkakuji, and to whom he made his student's obeisance. Indeed, here where I walk in the silence under the twittering of birds from the temple-eaves, through the sentinel-straight cedar trees, is the very place. Here he exchanged confidence and faith with mountains and stars. He must have sat, too, in the Meditation House, just as those fifty priests whom we see sitting there to-day. In truth, *zazen*, or sitting in abstraction, is the way to concentrate and intensify your mind so that it will never be alarmed even amid the crash of thunder or at the sight of mountains falling before your eyes.

You have to bend your right leg and set it in the crotch of your left, which, too, must be put on your right. Then the back of your right hand must be placed on the left leg, and the back of your left hand within your right palm; and both of your thumbs must be raised to form a circle. You must not look up nor down; your ears and shoulders must be straight in line, and also your nose and navel. Open your eyes as usual, and breathe in and out slowly. Above all, you must find the place of imaginary existence of your soul right in your left palm. Then will your mind grow into silence, as Buddha on the lotus-flower—how pure the silence of that flower!—floating on the peaceful bosom of the universe, pure from all the sense of life and death; you and nature being perfectly at one. Silence is the power of nature; it is the true state in which to perfect one's existence. It is non-action—which does not mean inactivity; it is the full urge of active actionlessness. It is the very completion of one's health and spirit.

Our forefathers thought it a matter of great pride to die right before their master's horse in battle; they

thought, as one saying goes, that to die was to return home. Life for them was a temporary exile which should not be taken too seriously. They respected frugality as a virtue; they did not think that speech was a proper defence, and entrenched themselves in the language of silence. The temple of silence, such as Enkakuji and others, was for them an indispensable shrine of spiritual education. Here at Kamakura they found their proper sanctuaries.

Enkakuji was burned down three or four times by the warriors' fire, all of it except one little temple, called Shari Den, beside the Meditation House, where some particles of Buddha's bones, some part of his jaw-bone, it is said, are enshrined. I could well believe that even the hearts of boorish warriors were melted by the warmth of Buddha's glory. Shari Den is a small affair of thirty-six feet square, crowned with a thatched roof. As perfect harmony with nature, not only spiritually but also physically, is the keynote of Zen Buddhism, the aged soft, dark-brown colour of thatch was preferred—the colour of submission and contentment. This small Shari Den is now under the government's protection as a model structure of the Zen sect temples of the Kamakura period which followed the So style of China.

The second gate of the temple enclosure, that mass of structure of two stories, carrying all the weariness and silence of ages in its colouring, is a giant of surprise which, however, does not amaze you unduly; but the magnificent aspect of its massive dignity will make you really wonder whether there may not be a certain power of spirit shining through its ashen surface, by which it still makes manifest its immensity of grandeur. Not only the gate, but many other things

about the grounds seem soaring beyond the grasp of ruin. I dare say they will continue to exist indefinitely by the power of prayer and silence. Indeed, this is the ground of mystery, however the Zen may deny it. You will learn, I am sure, that carvings, gargoyles, dragons and the like, are not everything even for a Japanese temple. And what a grandeur of simplicity! Let us learn here the grey simplicity of truth!

A somewhat squat building of a similar character of structure to that of the gate-tower, some fifteen *ken* square (one *ken* is six feet), will receive you after the gate, if you wish to offer your prayer. Prayer is the 'Great Clear Shining Treasure' of your mind, as the tablet carved from the autograph of the Emperor Gokogen which you see above the doors, has it. The floor is paved with the lichen-green squares of tiles which add their tragic emphasis to the already twilight soul of the edifice. Strangely gesticulating incense is seen rising from the altar toward Sakyamuni, colossal, gold-robed, and with a gold crown, who is accompanied by two lonely figures of guardian Bosatsus. This is the place where, by virtue of your prayer, you can forget your human speech, and rise on high into the light of silence. If only one could stay here till the blessed day of the Miroku—the expected Messiah whom the Buddha promised to give us after the lapse of five thousand years!

I walked slowly in the temple grounds, and again and again thought over what I had read of Zen Buddhism. And I repeated:

"The law of the world and man, for sage as well as for common folk, should not be forced to be understood; let it be as it is. It is neither difficult nor easy. To take it as it is, in truth, is the real

understanding. Drink tea when you are thirsty, eat food in your hunger. Rise with dawn, and sleep when the sun sets. But your trouble will begin when you let desire act freely; you have to soar above all personal desire. You may be far away from the real law when you first determine to reach the perfect understanding; but not to be perplexed with your doubt is the right road, whereby to enter into the true perception. We have no reality, neither goodness nor badness; we create them only by our own will. Separate yourself from love and hatred, or be not fettered with love and hatred; then the real law shall reveal itself clearly. The law is one only, but it expresses itself in a thousand different forms. Here are mountain, river, flower, grass; the moon is not the same thing as the sun. But the law which makes them to appear for their existence is the same law. To one who understands the law's true meaning, they are the same thing, or the same thing under different forms. The law is eternal; its power covers the whole world. And yet if you are blinded with your own self, you cannot see it at all. We call it disease of soul to have love fighting with hatred, goodness with badness; and if you do not understand the real state of the law, your silence will be foolishly disturbed. To gain the perfect silence, this is victory; it makes you soar high above your self and doubt. Silence is the expression of the real law of the world and man. By its virtue you can join perfectly with great Nature. Then are you Eternity itself, and you are Buddha."

To make the separate self to cease from its selfishness is the keynote of the Zen. After all, it is nothing but the religion of universal love and humanity.

YONÉ NOGUCHI.



## FICHTE'S ANTICIPATION OF BERGSON.

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IN a restricted sense only can we affirm that one philosopher has anticipated another. The question before us is not whether J. G. Fichte and Henri Bergson have said the same things on the same subjects, much less whether their systems agree in the number of questions they seek to answer or in the inter-relations of the answers they offer. No two thinkers in any age have faced even a single problem with precisely the same data at hand; moreover, differences of temperament in the widest sense of the term always render difficult any comparison of their contributions to the literature of speculation. Differences are even more apparent when we have before us the writings of men separated by a century of time. In view of the fact, however, that M. Bergson is constantly said to be an innovator, it seems worth while to point out that the movement of thought illustrated in his sweeping condemnation of current philosophical orthodoxies is not without a parallel in the history of speculation. Fichte stands to the Kantian philosophy in much the same relation as M. Bergson stands to the common ground of modern materialism and idealism.

Bergson makes at least two references to Fichte. These do not appear at first sight to suggest the comparison we are about to make, but this is because the

reference is in each case to a development in Fichte's system with which Bergson finds himself in disagreement; the similarity between the two philosophers lies in their starting-point and fundamental principle, rather than in the applications they make or the consequences they conceive must follow. Let it be admitted at the outset that the modern philosopher is fitted, not only by his wide range of scientific studies, but also by his deep appreciation of the imaginative life and the world of artistic creation, to give the central principle far wider and more fruitful application. There need be no attempt to overlook very important differences. To take a single instance, philosophy means to Fichte the reconstruction *after analysis* of that which is presented in ordinary consciousness as a whole and unanalysed. To Bergson philosophy is essentially an endeavour to be free from forms and habits that are strictly intellectual. "Its own special object is to speculate that is to see; its attitude toward the living should not be that of science, which aims only at action, and which, being able to act only by means of inert matter, presents to itself the rest of reality in this single respect."<sup>1</sup>

We have said that Fichte and Bergson have a similar starting-point. Kant had merely assumed certain 'categories' to be implied in self-consciousness, without showing why there should be twelve and twelve only, or how they are connected with one another into a system. Moreover, Kant accepted the distinction between mind and things as his starting-point. The final result of reason—and reason is for him the constant striving to pass beyond the limits of the world of sense-experience—is the empty notion of the 'thing-in-itself.' Fichte opposed both these positions; in his

<sup>1</sup> *Creative Evolution*, E.T., 206, 31.

*Wissenschaftlehre*, which we will henceforth call, for lack of a better name, *Science of Knowledge*, he shows how the existence of the not-self may be deduced from the innermost nature of self-consciousness. He refuses to start from an assumed distinction of self and not-self. He will have nothing to do with any 'things-in-themselves.' In a similar way, Bergson declines either to take as his starting-point *à priori* faculties with which mind is supposed to be endowed, or to accept an arbitrary distinction between mind and things, a distinction which appears not in experience itself, but in the philosopher's explanations of experience propounded after the experience. He starts, instead, in the actual present flow of life, which cannot be forced into any intellectual framework, and which can only be grasped as an artist grasps the object of his vision. By sensation and consciousness, as they operate in our everyday life, we cannot directly seize this flux;<sup>1</sup> only when we courageously break with scientific habits<sup>2</sup> which are adapted to the fundamental needs of thought, only when we 'do violence to the mind' and 'go counter to the natural bent of the intellect,' which is at home only when dealing with inert, rigid, solid bodies,—only then can we reach the true starting-point of philosophy. The real ground for this similarity of method is found in the central principle common to the two thinkers, which we must now proceed to examine.

Fichte continually insists that the primitive data of consciousness are not *facts* to be dealt with by intellect under certain necessary forms, but *acts*. "The practical Self is the Self of original self-consciousness; a rational being immediately perceives itself only

<sup>1</sup> *Conférences à l'Université d'Oxford*, May, 1911, p. 16.

<sup>2</sup> *Creat. Evol.* 31.

in willing; and were it not practical, it would perceive neither itself nor the world—would not be an intelligence at all. Will is in a special sense the essence of reason.”<sup>1</sup> The life of the Self is a striving which meets resistance; it is a system, therefore, of impulses, and the shock of resistance which the Self experiences in its practical activity is what renders intelligence possible.<sup>2</sup> This fundamental activity, the statement of which is the first truth of Fichte’s system, is freedom. It does not appear under the mechanical necessity which determines facts; it is intuitively grasped. This intuition, to which we shall return, is called in the later writings the ‘free activity of the Ego.’ The outer world, the not-self, is therefore as large as the activity of the self makes it. Our very assertion of an outer world of things and people is simply an affirmation of our own ‘wealthy and varied determination to be busy with things and with people.’<sup>3</sup> The whole nature of finite rational beings is thus summarised: first, as the basis of all, is the ‘original idea of our absolute being,’ but there follows the endeavour to grasp this idea through ‘reflection upon self.’ Then limitations are encountered,—limitations not of this endeavour or striving but of our real essential being, and this essential being is first realised through our finite limitations; self-consciousness develops out of this, especially awareness of our practical endeavours, and as a result our mental images are determined; thereby our actions are determined and a direction is given to our existence and movement in the world of sense-objects, the limits

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in Adamson’s *Fichte*, from *Werke*, iii. 20-21.

<sup>2</sup> In *Die Bestimmung des Menschen*, part iii., Fichte develops the thought that action is the end of existence.

<sup>3</sup> Cp. Royce, *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*, p. 158.

to our activity being continually extended.<sup>1</sup> This is an attempt to summarise an obscure but important passage. Fichte describes 'the nature of finite rational beings' in terms not of development in time but of *dialectical development* or metaphysical relations. To adopt as we have done terms which suggest chronological evolution of self-consciousness is, therefore, to distort somewhat the meaning of the original, though it presents the subject in terms more intelligible to us. However the underlying thought is what interests us and that is clearly of great importance.

Bergson is no less insistent upon the real and fundamental freedom of the self. This, however, is indefinable, just because we are free. The attempt to *define* freedom is doomed either to become futile or to ensure the victory of determinism, for if we persist in analysing what is really a process, we transform it into a thing, and thereby confusing time and space, we give ourselves up to the mercy of the materialist. "In place of the doing we put the already done; and as we have begun by, so to speak, stereotyping the activity of the self, we see spontaneity settling down into inertia and freedom into necessity."<sup>2</sup> This freedom is the relation of the concrete self to the act which it performs, an indefinable resemblance of the act to the whole personality, a resemblance similar to that which one sometimes finds between the artist and his work. The free act takes place in 'time flowing,' not in time which has already flown, and if any problem exists at all, it arises from "the attempt to interpret a succession by a simultaneity, and to express the idea of freedom in a language into which it is obviously untranslatable." Just as Fichte postulates the fundamental active

<sup>1</sup> *Werke*, i. 278.

<sup>2</sup> *Time and Free Will*, 219.

assertion of the Self, and then deduces from this the forms of intelligence, so Bergson, in discussing the nature of intelligence, starts from action. "Postulate action, and the very form of the intellect can be deduced from it."<sup>1</sup>

The similarity, indeed the anticipation, of which we have spoken, must be already obvious. With qualifications it can be further demonstrated by an examination of the doctrines of intuition and knowledge. For Fichte all certainty rests ultimately on immediate evidence or intuition. He himself speaks of an 'intellectual intuition,' but he does not mean, it would seem, the mode of knowing 'things-in-themselves,' which was Kant's use of the term; for this reason, as we have said, he speaks of it in his later writings as the free activity, indeed the product, of the Self. This intuition is limited by action, for it is not possible so long as we are immersed in practical activity and have our attention directed towards the obstacles which confront us as we act. "Thou canst indeed lose thyself in the intuition; and unless thou directest particular attention to thyself or takest an interest in some external action, thou dost so lose thyself naturally and necessarily."<sup>2</sup> "There is nothing enduring, either out of me, or in me, but only ceaseless change. Pictures there are, the only things which exist, and they know of themselves after the fashion of pictures; pictures which float past without there being anything past which they float; which, by means of like pictures, are connected with each other, pictures without anything which is pictured in them, without significance and without aim. I myself am one of these pictures; nay, merely a confused picture of the pictures. All reality

<sup>1</sup> *Creat. Evol.* 161.

<sup>2</sup> Fichte's *Popular Works*, 4th ed., 388.

is transformed into a strange dream, without a life which is dreamed of, and without a mind which dreams it, into a dream which is woven together in a dream of itself. Intuition is the dream; thought . . . is the dream of that dream."<sup>1</sup>

Now M. Bergson would perhaps be the last to admit that the intuition of which he so often speaks, is identical with that which is described by Fichte. Indeed, he makes a reference to the 'non-temporal intuition' of Kant's immediate successors by which they sought to escape from the Kantian relativism, and, while admitting that the idea of progress, of evolution, seems to occupy a large place in their philosophy, he questions whether duration does really play a part in it. His whole treatment of intellect and matter convincingly demonstrates that we must abandon the method of Kant's successors, which was that of *construction*.<sup>2</sup> At the same time, in so far as Fichte meant to affirm that we must take as our starting-point that which renders any consciousness or knowledge possible, that such a starting-point cannot be demonstrable fact, he was asserting what Bergson to-day asserts when he says that only by unmaking what our practical needs have made, may we "restore to intuition its original purity and so recover contact with the real."<sup>3</sup>

M. Bergson rightly says that one of the most important and most profound of the ideas of the *Critique of Pure Reason* is that metaphysics is possible, not by a dialectical effort, but by a vision. Kant's greatest service, he thinks, is the definite establishment of the principle that, if metaphysics is possible, it is perhaps only by an effort of intuition; Kant adds, however, that this intuition is impossible, and he was

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* 402.    <sup>2</sup> *Creat. Evol.* 882.    <sup>3</sup> *Matter and Memory*, 241.

compelled to add this because he conceived of the vision, not only as a detachment from, but as a repudiation of, the practical life. So long as it was believed that sensation and consciousness, as they function in everyday life, enable us to seize the movement of reality directly, it was inevitable that such a vision should be thought to involve a repudiation of the practical life; equally inevitable was the conclusion that the contradiction between thought and practice is inherent in reality itself, and that to escape from it we must pass out of the realm of change, and rise beyond time itself.<sup>1</sup> M. Bergson himself declares that we must make an effort to grasp change and duration in their original mobility. This can be accomplished only by intuition, that is, by "instinct that has become disinterested, self-conscious, capable of reflecting upon its object and of enlarging it indefinitely," and instinct, we are elsewhere told, is sympathy.<sup>2</sup> That the vision is not impossible, is proved by the fact that for ages there have been men whom we call artists, whose function has been precisely this, to see and to make us see what we should not otherwise have seen.<sup>3</sup> Philosophy has to seize what are, for all save the true artist, fleeting intuitions, sustain them, then expand them, and so unite them together.<sup>4</sup> If it be objected that it is only through intelligence that we can regard other forms of consciousness, and that we therefore cannot go beyond our intelligence, Bergson replies that the objector overlooks the fact that there remains around our logical, conceptual thought, "a vague nebulousness of the very substance at the expense of which is made the luminous core which we call intelligence."<sup>5</sup> In that

<sup>1</sup> *Conférences*, 14-15.

<sup>2</sup> *Creat. Evol.* 186.

<sup>3</sup> *Conf.* 9.

<sup>4</sup> *Creat. Evol.* 282.

<sup>5</sup> *Creat. Evol. Introd.* xiii.



nebulosity reside powers complementary to the understanding.<sup>1</sup>

Let us pass to the question of the function of knowledge. Kant at first gave his blessing to the work of Fichte, under the impression that it was simply a legitimate extension of the critical method he had himself established. Before long, however, he issued a disclaimer to the effect that Fichte's Science of Knowledge was merely abstract logic, without reference to reality, and apparently he always thought that its theoretical part attempted to extract reality out of mere forms of thought.<sup>2</sup> Fichte himself, however, saw clearly that within the limits of 'theoretical' Science of Knowledge the analysis of the categories which are implied in the recognition of a not-self by the self, had a merely formal value, while reality is given only in immediate perception; and feeling is not theoretical but practical. In the section entitled 'Faith,' in the work called *The Vocation of Man*, Fichte shows that the attempt to analyse the feeling of free activity by reason only revives the sceptical doubts described in the preceding section entitled 'Doubt.' We must simply accept the impulse to independence and realise that "thought is not supreme, but founded on our striving energies." "The true dignity of my understanding fills me with reverence. It is no longer the deceptive mirror which reflects a series of empty pictures proceeding from nothing and tending to nothing; it is bestowed upon me for a great purpose. Its cultivation for this purpose is entrusted to me; it is placed in my hands, and at my hands it will be

<sup>1</sup> Cp. "Intelligence remains the luminous nucleus around which instinct, even enlarged and purified into intuition, forms only a vague nebulosity." *Créat. Evol.* 187.

<sup>2</sup> Cp. Adamson's *Fichte*, 179.

required.”<sup>1</sup> “We do not act because we know, but we know because we are called upon to act. The practical reason is the root of all reason.”<sup>2</sup>

What we have already said, as we shall show, points to a fundamental similarity in the attitude of the two philosophers towards knowledge in general; but there is also a great similarity with regard to what is in Bergson's philosophy a particular point of great importance. In *Facts of Consciousness* Fichte declares that there are three elements in the consciousness of the self: (a) the feeling of impulse, of striving; (b) intuition of activity; (c) representation of the obstacle which confronts activity, a representation which is the work of productive imagination. We are immediately reminded that the perception of an object, for Bergson, is essentially an activity of selection, by which we attend to and perceive only that which has relevance to our action at the moment, or to our virtual, possible, or contemplated action. The surface of a solid object before us is essentially as known by us, the limit of our movement, or possible movement, in that direction. But Bergson goes further, and says that the problem of theory of knowledge is not how our perception extends so as to include more and more objects, but how it ever comes to be limited.<sup>3</sup> In the infinitely vast field of our possible or virtual knowledge, we have gathered, in order to make an actual knowledge, all that is relevant to our action on things, neglecting the rest. The brain appears to have been constructed for the very purpose of this work of selection.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fichte's *Popular Works*, 4th ed., 414.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 421.

<sup>3</sup> *Matter and Memory*, 84: “What you have to explain, then, is not how perception arises but how it is limited, since it should be the image of the whole and is in fact reduced to the image of that which interests you.”

<sup>4</sup> *Conférences*, 12.

Now there is a remarkable anticipation of this thought in the section entitled 'Knowledge,' in the work to which we have already referred, *The Vocation of Man*.<sup>1</sup> Speaking of the origin of his conceptions of objects outside himself, Fichte says that the measure of the limited portion of space which his mind necessarily sets apart, is the extent of his own sensibility, according to a principle which may be thus expressed: "Whatever affects me in such or such a manner is to be placed, in space, in such or such relation to the other things which affect me." It would have been a small step from this to the assertion that our movements (or possible movements) amongst objects determine our perceptions of them; the practical basis of perception is at any rate clearly indicated.

To return to the general question of knowledge; Bergson, of course, strongly insists that thought, in any purely logical sense, is unable to represent the real nature of life. Since thought is itself only one of the deposits of the evolutionary process, we cannot hope to force evolving life into any of the frameworks with which it provides us. Indeed, the chief difficulties of evolutionist philosophy have arisen as the result of attempts to make use of our habitual thought-forms, in dealing with that on which our industry has not had to exercise itself, and for which, therefore, these frameworks were never intended to be used.<sup>2</sup> The intelligence has for its chief object 'the unorganised solid,'<sup>3</sup> and it is characterised by a natural inability to comprehend the living<sup>4</sup>; "Whatever there is in the real that is fluid will escape it, partly at least, and whatever there is in the living that is really alive will escape it completely."<sup>5</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> Fichte's *Popular Works*, 4th ed., 391, 2.

<sup>2</sup> *Creat. Evol.* Intro. xii.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 162.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 174.

<sup>5</sup> Cp. *ibid.* 162.

justification of that line of evolution which has resulted in intelligence (that is to say, that process by which consciousness has concentrated itself on matter, and so has seemed to externalise itself), is our success in moving amongst objects and avoiding the obstacles they oppose to our movement.<sup>1</sup>

We cannot institute a comparison between the ethical consequences of the two philosophical systems, if we can rightly call them systems, save in a tentative way. Fichte deliberately laid before the Prussian people the consequences of his metaphysical position. M. Bergson, however, has so far left it to his readers to draw their own conclusions as to the consequences of his position, and while they are often obvious, it would be presumptuous to attempt to express them except in so far as we discern their bearing on the comparison we are engaged in making.

The moral results of Fichte's position are clearly expounded in more than one work. We cannot, of course, here show the steps by which the results are reached, but must be content merely to state them. Individuality cannot be conceived apart from a multiplicity of individuals.<sup>2</sup> A community of free persons can only exist so long as each recognises the limits to his own sphere of action involved in the existence of other free individuals. "Not merely to know, but according to thy knowledge to do, is thy vocation."<sup>3</sup> But remember, he would say, that others also are busy doing. "Assume it, as already known, that they can give a purpose to their own being wholly by themselves

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* 192.

<sup>2</sup> The recognition of individuality in others, by the way, involves the existence of material bodies, and so gives the sense-world added dignity as the ground and means of communication between free individuals.

<sup>3</sup> Fichte's *Popular Works*, 4th ed., 406.

and quite independently of thee; never interrupt the accomplishment of this purpose, but rather further it to the utmost of thy power."<sup>1</sup>

In a striking passage Fichte declares that there lies before humanity not only a conquest over nature in which human power, armed by human invention, shall gradually be extended; in the realm of freedom also there are victories to be won.

"Lawless hordes of savages still wander over vast wildernesses; they meet, and the victor devours his foe at the triumphal feast: or where culture has at length united these wild hordes under some social bond, they attack each other, as nations, with the power which law and union have given them. Defying toil and privation, their armies traverse peaceful plains and forests; they meet each other, and the sight of their brethren is the signal for slaughter. Equipped with the mightiest inventions of the human intellect, hostile fleets plough their way through the ocean; through storm and tempest man rushes to meet his fellow-men upon the lonely and inhospitable sea; they meet, and defy the fury of the elements that they may destroy each other with their own hands. Even in the interior of states, where men seem to be united in equality under the law, it is still for the most part only force and fraud which rule under that venerable name; and here the warfare is so much the more shameful that it is not openly declared to be war, and the party attacked is even deprived of defending himself against unjust oppression. Combinations of the few rejoice aloud in the ignorance, the folly, the vice, and the misery in which the greater number of their fellow-men are sunk, avowedly seeking to retain them in this state

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* 417.

of degradation, and even to plunge them deeper in it in order to perpetuate their slavery."<sup>1</sup>

But is this to go on for ever? No! it is the vocation of our race to unite itself into one single body. This cannot be attained until there can be free communication between all the parts of the inhabited world. One nation may have to pause on the great path of progress and wait for the advance of the others, and "each must bring as an offering to the universal commonwealth its ages of apparent immobility or retrogression." When once every useful discovery made known in one corner of the earth is immediately communicated to all other parts, then with united strength and equal step, humanity may progress to a higher culture which none can now predict.<sup>2</sup> Fichte more than once and quite explicitly declares that such progress is a process of ever-new creations. True as it is that he speaks of creative life as flowing forth in one continuous stream, whereas Bergson insists that there have been divergent lines of evolution, his language is often reminiscent of Bergson's now-famous *élan de vie*. Creative life reveals itself in a different shape in each corner of the universe as the power by which we ourselves were formed. Here it streams as self-creating and self-forming matter through human veins and muscles, and pours out its abundance into the tree, the plant and the grass. There it leaps and dances as spontaneous activity in the animal, and appears in ever-new forms. "Every thing that lives and moves follows this universal impulse."<sup>3</sup> Through that which to others seems a mere dead mass, Fichte beholds this life rising in ever-increasing growth, no longer the ever-recurring circle, or the eternally repeated play. "It is

<sup>1</sup> Fichte's *Popular Works*, 4th ed., 427.    <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 480.    <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 475.

not death that kills, but the more living life which, concealed behind the former, bursts forth into new development. Death and Birth are but the struggle of Life with itself to assume a more glorious and congenial form."<sup>1</sup>

We cannot make detailed reference to Bergson's doctrine of the *élan de vie*,<sup>2</sup> but an important passage in which it is alluded to<sup>3</sup> has several points of contact with what we have said of Fichte's doctrine. "Life as a whole, from the initial impulsion that thrust it into the world, will appear as a wave which rises, and which is opposed by the descending movement of matter. On the greater part of its surface, at different heights, the current is converted by matter into a vortex. At one point alone it passes freely, dragging with it the obstacle which will weigh on its progress but will not stop it. At this point is humanity; it is our privileged situation. . . . All organised beings, from the humblest to the highest, from the first origins of life to the time in which we are, and in all places as in all times, do but evidence a single impulsion, the inverse of the movement of matter, and in itself indivisible. All the living hold together, and all yield to the same tremendous push. The animal takes its stand on the plant, man bestrides animality, and the whole of humanity, in space and in time, is one immense army galloping beside and before and behind each of us in an overwhelming charge able to beat down every resistance and clear the most formidable obstacles, perhaps even death."

Fichte's moral doctrine becomes a theology, and

<sup>1</sup> Fichte's *Popular Works*, 4th ed., 476-7.

<sup>2</sup> See Index to *Creat. Evol.* sub 'vital impetus.'

<sup>3</sup> *Creat. Evol.* 284-6.

we cannot follow him further now ; but it would appear that the upshot of it all with him and with Bergson is this : God is not far from any one of us, and we must not seek him amongst the dead. Are we alive, active, moving? In our relations with our fellows, are we loyal to their freedom, organically one with them in useful endeavour? Is our finiteness taken as an opportunity for heroism, our ignorance as a humiliation from which we rise up refreshed? Then indeed God lives, moves, and has His being in us; we are branches and He is, not the root alone nor even the stem, but the whole Vine.

HAROLD E. B. SPEIGHT.



## THE REINCARNATIONISTS OF EARLY CHRISTENDOM.

THE EDITOR.

IN popular expositions of the reincarnation theory the claim is frequently met with that some of the Church Fathers taught the doctrine. This, however, is an error, owing chiefly to the looseness of thinking that uncritically equates the general notion of the pre-existence of the soul with the special theory of transcorporation in the sense of reincarnation in a series of bodies on earth. It is true that some of the Fathers valiantly defended the doctrine of preëxistence; but I have as yet found not a single patristic passage that favours the reincarnation theory, and doubt very much that any is to be found. Not only so, but Fathers who are quoted in popular books as believers in reincarnation, are found, when systematically interrogated, to reject transcorporation in the sense of reincarnation utterly.

For instance, Origen, who firmly believes in pre-existence, in commenting on and explaining away the Elijah-John the Baptist saying—the champion confirmatory text of the reincarnationists—severely criticises the doctrine of transcorporation, which he declares is “foreign to the Church of God, and not handed down by the apostles, or anywhere set forth in the scriptures” (*Com. in Matt. xiii. 1f.*). Nevertheless this most learned and philosophical of the Fathers is well aware that there is in Christendom a strong

body of opinion in favour of reincarnation, and that its defenders "possess a persuasiveness of argument that is by no means to be despised" (*Com. in Joh.* vi. 13). Who, then, were these thinkers who were reincarnationists and found nothing in the theory incompatible with their Christianity, but on the contrary relied on such texts as the Elijah-John the Baptist saying to support them? Origen does not further characterise them or give them any special name; he simply contrasts them with his *ecclesiasticus* or churchman. But wherever else they may have been found in the General Church, we know from other sources of information that most of the Gnostic schools of Early Christendom believed in the doctrine. The rest of this paper will accordingly be devoted to bringing together what information we possess on the subject. It has not been attempted before and may thus be a useful novelty.

Our information is derived from two sources: the major part comes from scattered references in the polemical writings of critics or bitter opponents; the only direct exposition is to be found in a single document preserved to us through the medium of Coptic translation.

Epiphanius, in refuting Marcion's reincarnationism, tells us (xlii. [330]) that Valentinus also and Marcus<sup>1</sup> and all the Gnostics and Manichæans (or, as he afterwards [331] says, Valentinus 'and the rest of the heresies') "pretend that there are transfusions (*μεταγγισμοί*)<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He says Colorbasus; but Colarbasus is one of the famous instances of the patristic duplication or multiplication of heretics by the personification of titles or doctrines. This particular error started with Irenæus. Colarbasus is confected from 'Chol-arba,' the Hebrew equivalent of Marcus' supernal Tetrad or Tetraktys.

<sup>2</sup> The Pythagorean technical term for transmigration, meaning literally pourings from one vessel (*ἄγγος*) into another.

of souls and transcorporations (*μετενσωματώσεις*) of the souls of those men who are in ignorance [as opposed to those in gnosis], as they mythologise. Such souls, they say, return and are transcorporated into some one of the animals until the soul gains gnosis, and after being purified and set free migrates to the celestial regions.”

From this passage we learn that the doctrine was widespread among the Gnostic schools; and we see no reason to doubt Epiphanius' general statement of fact, as it is amply confirmed by other earlier writers. As to the way in which the doctrine was held, however, we shall see that there were various views, and that Epiphanius chooses the crudest to characterise the whole belief.

Now Epiphanius, writing about 374-376, in dealing with Marcion (*fl. c. 125-150*), starts with the latter's older contemporary Valentinus, and says nothing of the earlier reincarnationists. But Irenæus, writing about 185, tells us practically that transmigration was part and parcel of the oldest tradition of the Gnosis in Christendom, which he traces back to Simon the Magian and Apostolic days. And indeed it was most probably a cardinal dogma in the majority of Pre-Christian gnosticisms, and in high probability, therefore, in contact with Christianity from the beginning, as we saw the Gnosis itself was in our last paper.<sup>1</sup>

Depersonalising the battered myth, which, in the hands of Irenæus (*I. xxiii. 2*), has become a scandalous story about Simon and Helen,<sup>2</sup> we learn that the 'philosophised' form of this old tradition regarded the

<sup>1</sup> See, in the January no., 'The Gnosis in Early Christendom.'

<sup>2</sup> Repeated from Irenæus by Tertullian, *De An.* 84, 86, and Hippolytus, vi. 19. Theodoret (*I. i.*) simply echoes a line from Irenæus.

emanated Thought of the Divine Mind as the beauty and intelligence of the World-soul, whereby the world-making angels or cosmic or instinctual world-powers were brought into existence. These being ignorant of the Divine Mind, imprisoned the World-soul among them so as to retain her Light. Thus she suffered a cosmic passion and was gradually imprisoned deeper and deeper in matter and separated bodies, until she was finally shut in the human body, and for ages transmigrated from one body to another, as though poured from one vessel into another. Salvation for this imprisoned light-soul, or individualised divine thought in man, was to be effected by the descent of the spiritual mind, who comes straight from the Divine Mind, through all intermediate states and unknown by all intermediate powers. This descent from the Divine Mind rescues the incarnated light-spark; they become one in a divine union, and so the wanderer is caught back to the bosom of the Father.

This is evidently a 'philosophised' form of the earlier overworking of a crude Old Oriental myth handed on to us in an intermediate form by Epiphanius (ii. 2), and which he probably got from the now lost Compendium of Hippolytus, which was founded on discourses of Irenæus, based in their turn on the lost Refutation of Justin Martyr (c. 140 A.D.). It runs as follows :

And constraining her so that she could not reascend, each [of the world-powers] had intercourse with her in every body of womanly and female constitution—she reincarnating from female bodies into different bodies, both of the human kingdom and of beasts and other things—in order that by means of their slaying and being slain, they might bring about a diminution of themselves through the shedding of blood, and that thus she by collecting the power would be enabled to reascend into heaven.

We have here in all probability a very early form of a myth originally derived from Magian sources and already containing transmigration as one of its chief elements. That the idea of reincarnation was very early in the Christianised Gnosis is confirmed by Irenæus in another place (I. xxx. 1), where he gives a long account of a tradition which he ascribes to the so-called Ophites, but which Hippolytus (vi. 53) assigns to those whom he calls Sethians<sup>1</sup>; they most probably called themselves by neither name. This tradition Wigan Harvey (i. 227) labels as 'a very ancient error'; and indeed it has evidently first passed through Jewish hands before its final elaboration by Christian Gnostics. At the end of his account (§14), Irenæus tells us that part of their doctrine as to Jesus was that :

He had tarried after the resurrection eighteen months,<sup>2</sup> and learned the clear truth through the descent of the [spiritual] sense upon him. And he taught these things to a few of his disciples whom he knew to be capable of such great mysteries; and thus was received up into heaven, where the Christ sits at the right hand of [*i.e.* in the Plērōma or spiritual world, above] Father Ialdabaōth [*i.e.* the World-father], in order that he may receive into himself the souls of those who have known them [*i.e.* the Christ and Jesus], after they have laid aside their mundane flesh,—he [thus] enriching himself, while his father [*i.e.* Ialdabaōth, the father of his flesh or mundane soul] remains in ignorance and not even seeing him; so that in proportion as Jesus enriches himself with holy souls, to that extent his [mundane] father suffers loss and is impoverished, being emptied of his power by these souls. For he will no longer have a hold on [such] holy souls to send them back again into the world, but only on those who are of his substance,—that is, who are of his inbreathing. And the consummation will be when the whole moistening (or dew) of the spirit of light [*i.e.* spiritual souls] is gathered together and caught away into the æon of incorruptibility [*i.e.* the Plērōma].

<sup>1</sup> The equation Seth=Zoroaster is now clearly established.

<sup>2</sup> This also was the tradition of the Valentinians (Iren. I. iii. 2).

It is thus evident from the last sentence but one that the doctrine of reincarnation was a fundamental element of this 'very ancient' system of the Christianised Gnosis.

Now among the Jewish Christian Gnostics, such as the Ebionites and Nazarenes, there was in wide circulation an apocalypse called *The Book of Elxai*, which I have elsewhere<sup>1</sup> given reasons for considering to be fairly early—say the end of the first century. The doctrine of this book, based on earlier views, applied a reincarnation theory to the Messiah himself. Hippolytus (ix. 14) tells us that this tradition taught that Jesus "the Christ was a man in common with all men, that he was not now for the first time born of a virgin, that he had been born previously, nay reborn many times, and being born had appeared and is existing, changing his births, and being transcorporated (μετενσωματούμενον)." And again (x. 29, epit.):

They do not admit that the [historic] Christ is one; it is the spiritual Christ that is one, and he is reincarnated (μεταγγιζόμενον) in many bodies many times, and now indeed in Jesus. In like manner he was born sometimes of God, and sometimes became spirit, and sometimes was of a virgin, and sometimes not; and hereafter will he continue to be reincarnated (μεταγγιζέσθαι) in bodies, and to be manifested in many [men] at appropriate times.

But the reincarnation theory with which the heresiological Fathers busied themselves the most, was that ascribed to the Carpocratians,<sup>2</sup> who, however, called themselves Gnostics simply (Iren. *l.c.* §6). Irenæus (I. xxv. 4ff.) fancies that he can deduce from their theory, which he totally misunderstands, that

<sup>1</sup> *Did Jesus live 100 B.C.?* pp. 865-871.

<sup>2</sup> Carpocras or Carpocrates is supposed to have lived at Alexandria in the reign of Hadrian (117-128 A.D.). Hippolytus referring to his strict asceticism says (x. 21) simply that he lived in Egypt. Origen (*C. Cels.* v. 62), however, knows nothing of Carpocratians, but speaks of Harpocratians, *i.e.* followers of the younger Horus.

they taught that the Gnostic ought to try to have experience of all things in a single life, and that therefore they must have thought themselves justified in plunging into every enormity. After this pretty piece of casuistry, however, he naïvely admits (§3) that he by no means believes they actually do these things, though they ought to if they were consistent and logical. The heresiological successors of Irenæus then took his argument for fact and bore on gradually, overwhelming these reincarnationists with upbraiding (Tert. *De An.* 35; Hipp. vii. 32; Epiph. xxvii. 2). To anyone who knows his Plato, however, it is very clear that these Gnostics were strongly influenced by the Attic master, as indeed we know from other doctrines of theirs, and that for their belief in the possibility of winning freedom in one righteous life, they fell back on the following mythological passage of the *Timæus* (42B) :

And if any man should hold these passions in subjection, his life would be righteous ; but unrighteous, if he should be overcome of them ; and whoever lived virtuously all the time appointed unto him should journey back to his kindred star and dwell there, and there should have a life blessed and conform to his nature : but whosoever fell short of this, he in his second birth, should pass into the nature of woman, etc.<sup>1</sup>

If Irenæus did not know enough Plato,<sup>2</sup> Hippolytus at any rate should have known better, and indeed

<sup>1</sup> Prof. J. A. Stewart's trans. in *Myths of Plato*.

<sup>2</sup> He superficially criticises (II. xxxii.) the popular views of Plato's mythologising of the reincarnation doctrine, but never deals with the philosopher's text.

The Trismegistic philosophers, however, denied emphatically that the rational soul could enter the body of an animal. As for the more direct successors of Plato, there was a distinct cleavage of opinion among them. Plotinus, Harpocration, Numenius and Amelins, for instance, seem to have handed on Plato's mythologising without remark ; whereas Porphyry, Jamblichus and Proclus are careful to 'philosophise' it, and draw a great distinction between the *life* of an animal and the *body* of an animal. Cp. Æneas of Gaza, *Theophrastus : On the Immortality of the Soul and the Resurrection of the Body*, ii. Æ. was a Christian philosopher of the Neoplatonic school who flourished about 487 A.D.

shows signs of it ; but what made these worthy Fathers so excusably angry was the view these Gnostics took of Jesus and his disciples. They tell us (Iren. I. xxv. 1 ; Hipp. vii. 32 ; Epiph. xxvii. 2) that this tradition maintained that :

The world and that which it contains was made by angels far below the ingenerable Father. Jesus was born of Joseph, born like other men, but he differed from the rest in that his soul was powerful and pure and remembered what it had seen in the circuit of the ingenerable God. And on this account power was sent by Him to him, so that he might escape the world-makers, and passing through all and being freed in all, might ascend to Him, and those souls also who comprehend like things to him, [might] in like fashion [ascend]. That the soul of Jesus though trained in Jewish customs, disdained them, and on this account brought to perfection powers by means of which he made of none effect those inherent passions in men which have to be corrected. The soul, therefore, that in like manner as the soul of Jesus is able to disdain the world-making rulers, receives in like manner powers for effecting like results. Wherefore are they [these Gnostics] come to such a pitch of conceit that they even say some [of them] are like unto Jesus himself, some are still more powerful and others more distinguished than his disciples, to wit Peter and Paul and the rest of the apostles, and that these latter [*sc.* Gnostics] in no case fall short of Jesus. For their souls descend from the same circuit [cp. II. xxxii. 3] and, therefore, in like manner disdain the world-makers and are thought worthy of the same power, and so of returning again to the same [source]. And should anyone disdain the things here more than he did, such an one can be more distinguished than him.

Hippolytus (vii. 33, 34) says that Cerinthus (end of 1st cent.) taught the same views as the Ebionites, who, he tells us, declared that "they are themselves able by acting in like fashion [as Jesus] to become Christs ; for that he also was a man in like fashion with all." This view accordingly was evidently very widespread and early.



Little wonder, then, that any means should be used by developing orthodoxy to discredit such pestilent folk; and so Irenæus (§ 4; cp. Tert. *De An.* 35, and Hipp. and Epiph. *ll. cc.*) proceeds:

At any rate [they teach] that through transmigrations into bodies, souls have to experience every kind of life and mode of activity. . . .<sup>1</sup>

So that, as their writings say, their souls by experiencing every benefit of life, may no longer be deficient in any thing . . . lest if any thing is wanting to freedom, they be compelled to return to the body. And for this reason, they declare, Jesus spake the parable: "When thou art in the way with thy adversary, be diligent to be freed from him, lest by chance he deliver thee to the judge, and the judge to the officer, and he cast thee into prison. Amēn, I say unto thee, thou shalt not come forth thence until thou payest the very last farthing."<sup>2</sup> And the 'adversary,' they say, is one of the angels who are in the world, whom they call Accuser (*Diabolos*), saying that he was made for the purpose of leading souls at death to the Ruler. The latter, they say, is the first of the world-makers, and that he hands over such souls to a second angel who ministers to him, in order that he may imprison them in bodies; for 'prison,' they say, is the body. And as to 'thou shalt not come forth thence until thou payest the very last farthing'—they interpret it as if such an one may not escape from the power of these angels who made the world, but he will go on being transcorporated until he have experience of every kind of activity that is in the world. And when nothing is lacking to him, then is his soul freed and escapes to that God who is above the angel-makers of the world. And thus are they saved, yea all souls are freed, whether of themselves in one visit they anticipate the experience of all activities, or by transmigrating from body to

<sup>1</sup> Here the worthy presbyter inserts his gloss on the possibility of accomplishing all in a single birth, and hence according to him the necessarily deduced commission of unspeakable enormities. He, however, elsewhere (II. xxxii. 2) keeps closer to the original when he says they taught that "they ought to take part in every activity and in every mode of life, so that if possible they may accomplish all things in one life-visit and so pass into the perfect state." This is good Platonism, and the 'all things' are of course all righteous things.

<sup>2</sup> This follows the Lukan text, xii. 58, 59; cp. *Matth.* v. 25, 26.

body, or when they are incarnated in some one kind of life they fulfil and pay their debts, so that they are no longer incorporated.

Here we can clearly see that Irenæus is again wrestling the original to his own purposes, for Hippolytus (vii. 32) says :

They say that souls suffer transcorporation until they have fulfilled all their sins ; and when none remain, then the soul is set free and departs to that God who is above the world-making angels, and thus all souls are saved. But if any in one coming anticipate this experience of all sins, they are no more incorporated, but paying all their debts at once, are set free from being any longer in body.

From this we get an insight into the second cause of Irenæus' confusion ; to the one-birth theory of the very righteous, as in the case of Jesus, is added the doctrine of the last compulsory earth-life for the average man when the debts of past unrighteousness are balanced. For surely the paying of debts, as in every other theory of reincarnation, in East or West, in the past or present, must be the expiating of sins committed and not the diabolic doctrine of the deliberate commission of sins of every kind to satisfy the presumed Devil who rules the world. The whole of the doctrines of the Gnosis are strictly opposed to such a view, and the reincarnation theory of Basilides (first quarter of 2nd cent.), who also lived in Egypt, emphatically contradicts it ; for Clement of Alexandria, in commenting on Book xxiii. of Basilides' *Exegetica*, writes :

But as for Basilides, his hypothesis states that the soul having sinned before in another life undergoes punishment here, the elect [soul] honourably by martyrdom, but others purified by appropriate punishment.

It is exceedingly probable that the Gnostics whom Irenæus calls Carpocratians, held similar views on clearing up past debts in one life, and believed that

martyrdom was a most efficacious way of wiping off the balance. Clement promises to discuss at length elsewhere the Basilidean doctrine of transcorporation, but his *Hypotypōses*, in which he presumably dealt with it, are unfortunately lost. However in his *Excerpts from Theodotus*,<sup>1</sup> he hands on an interesting scrap of Basilidean exegesis as follows :

'God repaying those that are disobedient unto the third and fourth generation'—this the Basilideans say is by means of incorporations (*ἐνσωματώσεις*).

The Valentinians however, he tells us, did not agree with the Basilideans on this particular point, but had a far more elaborate interpretation.

Another scrap of strained Basilidean exegesis is preserved for us by Origen (*In Ep. ad Rom. V.*, tom. iv. 549) :

Basilides, not noticing that these things ought to be understood of the natural law, strains the word of the Apostle [Paul] to inept and impious fables, and to the dogma of transcorporation (*μετενσωμάτωσις*)—*i.e.* he tried to contend from the saying of the Apostle that souls are successively poured into other and other bodies. For, he declares, the Apostle said [*Rom. vii. 9*] because 'I was living without the law once,' that is before I came into that body, I lived unto that kind of body which was not under the law—of a beast, to wit, or a bird.

The last phrase is evidently a gloss of Origen's, for it does not agree with Basilides' well-known doctrine of the 'appended' soul, *i.e.* the passional animal nature, the 'mortal' soul of the *Timæus*. These passions or appendages are of an animal nature, and almost the same verb is used of their attachment to the rational immortal soul as is employed by Plato.<sup>2</sup> But Basilides

<sup>1</sup> A Valentinian Gnostic of about the middle of the second century.

<sup>2</sup> Namely *προσεπιφύεσθαι* (*Clem. Strom. ii. p. 488*) and *προσφύντα* (*Tim. 42D*).

insists strongly on the unity of the soul and on moral responsibility, and says nothing of its being incarnated into the body of an animal.

As to whether Valentinus taught reincarnation, the only direct statement is that of Epiphanius (xlii.) which we have already quoted (p. 452). As, however, Valentinus (2nd quarter of the 2nd cent.) immediately succeeds Basilides and is contemporary with Marcion, and both the latter taught transcorporation, we may accept Epiphanius' statement, and with all the more confidence as Hippolytus (vi. 3) argues that Valentinus takes his doctrine from the Platonists and Pythagoreans, and specially singles out (§ 27) the reincarnation theory of the Pythagoreans for notice in this connection.

That Marcion taught the doctrine is clear from the following patristic passages. Clement of Alexandria (*Strom.* III. iii. 13), in criticising the asceticism and celibacy of the Marcionites, connects this with their reincarnation belief:

For they bring down the soul which is essentially divine, here into this world as into a place of correction, and according to them it is proper that incorporated souls should be purified. This dogma, however, is not peculiar to the Marcionites, but to those [? Gnostics] generally who deem that souls are incorporated and bound in one body after another and poured from one vessel into another.

Hippolytus (vii. 29, 61ff.) confirms this indirectly by his argument that Marcion was a disciple, *i.e.* based his views on the dogmas, of the famous Pythagorean philosopher Empedocles, a prominent teacher of transmigration. Commenting or quoting a commentary on a verse of Empedocles, Hippolytus says that by 'difficult ways' the Pythagorean means the soul's

'changes (*μεταβολάς*) and rearrangements (*μετακοσμήσεις*) into bodies.' "For souls exchange body after body, being transferred (*μεταβαλλόμεναι*) by Discord and purified and not permitted to remain in one [body]; but [he says] that the souls are punished in all chastisements by Discord by changing body after body." Discord or Strife and Harmony or Friendship are of course the two great opposites or extremes in the doctrine of Empedocles.

Moreover, Epiphanius (xlii. 4 [305]) asserts quite categorically that Marcion taught that the resurrection was not "a resurrection of bodies but of souls; and he confines salvation to souls and not to bodies, and conformably speaks of transfusions (*μεταγγισμούς*) of souls and their transcorporations (*μετενσωματώσεις*) from bodies to bodies." Later on (*ref.* 24 [330]) he assigns Marcion's practice of refraining from animal food to the same dogma, and follows this up with a general criticism of transmigration. There can thus be no doubt that reincarnation was one of the main planks of the Marcionite platform.

And indeed the reincarnation idea in some form or other seems to have been almost universal with the many gnosticisms of Early Christendom. In his treatment of the famous so-called Naassene Document, which on analysis reveals an early Pagan gnostic source overworked successively by Jewish and Christian Gnostics, Hippolytus (v. 7) tells us that this ancient tradition declared that "soul is very difficult to discover and hard to understand; for it does not remain of the same plan or shape all the time, or in one state, for one to describe it by a type or comprehend it by one essence"; and he continues, "these variegated metamorphoses (*ἐξαλλαγάς*—complete changes of the soul)

they have laid down in the gospel entitled According to the Egyptians.”

This gospel is now, unfortunately, lost, but for one or two brief quotations. Were, however, these changes transformations or transcorporations? It is very difficult to say. As far as we can discover from the hieroglyphs, the Egyptians taught metamorphosis but not reincarnation. Herodotus, when he asserts that the Egyptians taught transmigration, is thus thought to be in error. Clement of Alexandria (*Strom.* VI. iv. 35), who ought to have known, however, states that ‘the dogma about the transcorporations (*μετενσωματώσεις*) of the soul’ was chiefly derived from the Egyptians. A similar assertion is made by Æneas of Gaza, who in his *Theophrastus* (ii.) declares that “the Egyptians believe that the same soul can pass successively into the body of a man, ox, dog, bird and fish.” This, however, seems to be metamorphosis and not reincarnation proper. The Trismegistic tradition, which combined Greek philosophy with Egyptian notions, unquestionably taught reincarnation; it has, however, a doctrine of metamorphosis as well. But so far the hieroglyphs are dumb, and we cannot, therefore, assert that the Egyptians taught reincarnation. However this general question may be decided, it is highly probable that our so-called Naassene Gnostics did teach the doctrine, for in their ancient Hymn (*Hipp.* v. 10), we are told of the soul:

“Now, holding sway, she sees the light,  
 And, now, cast into piteous plight, she weeps;  
 Now she weeps, and now rejoices;  
 Now she weeps, and now is judged;  
 Now is judged, and now she dieth;  
 Now is born, with no way out for her; in misery  
 She enters in her wandering the labyrinth of ills.”

The 'labyrinth of ills' is indubitably the 'wheel of genesis,' and as indubitably the poet intends us to understand a series of alternations of birth and death and return.

Hippolytus (viii. 10) also hands on to us a document from another perhaps parallel stream of tradition, which he labels with the general title Docetic, though its adherents could not possibly have so called themselves, and which is probably a somewhat similar overworking of older material. The pertinent part of this document for our present enquiry runs as follows:

This God, then, whose form is fire, he who became fire from light, has made the world just as Moses says. He himself, however, has no sure foundation, but uses the darkness as his substance, and continually treats with despite the eternal impressions of the light that are held down from above [by the darkness]. Accordingly, until the appearance of the Saviour there was a widespread delusion of souls at the hands of the God of light in his fiery form,—the world-maker. For the [light-] forms are called souls (*ψυχαι*) because they are refrigerations of [coolings-down from (*ἀποψυγείσαι*)] those above; and so they continue to live in the darkness, being changed about from bodies to bodies, which are in the custody of the world-maker. And that this is so, he [the Gnostic writer] says, may be understood from the saying of Job: 'And I am a wanderer passing from place to place and from house to house'<sup>1</sup>; and the saying of the Saviour: 'And if ye will receive it, he [John the Baptist] is Elias who is to come. He that has ears to hear, let him hear' [*Matth.* xi. 14, 15]. But from the time of the Saviour transcorporation has ceased and faith is preached for the remission of sins.

There may be other references to the teachings of the reincarnationists in the heresiological writings of the Church Fathers, but a patient and extensive search has so far not discovered them to me. In any case

<sup>1</sup> *Job*, ii. 9, LXX. text, not in the English version, and supposed to have been added from an apocryphal source to the Greek translation. It refers to Job's wife.

sufficient testimony has now been adduced to show that there was a very widespread belief in reincarnation among the many Gnostic movements in the Early Church.

The rest of this paper will be devoted to the only direct evidence we possess, which, however, is fortunately ample and detailed enough to leave us in no doubt as to the fundamental part played by the doctrine in the tradition. It is found in the Coptic version of the originally Greek composite document known as the *Pistis Sophia*, which in its present form is now generally ascribed to the third century.<sup>1</sup>

The document is of the post-resurrectional type, and the Saviour is supposed, at the beginning of the main narrative, to have passed no less than twelve years instructing the disciples after the 'rising from the dead,' while in another appended document (357ff.) the action takes place immediately after the resurrection. First we have an account of the reincarnation of the soul of Elias in John the Baptist. The narrative is put in the mouth of the Saviour and is as follows :

(12) Now it came to pass when I was come into the midst of the Rulers of the æons [*i.e.* the region of the Lowest Light World, or Mixture of Light and Darkness], I looked down on the world of mankind, at the command of the First Mystery. I found Elizabeth, mother of John the Baptist, before she had conceived him, and I sowed in her a [light-] power which I had received from the Little Iaō, the Good,<sup>2</sup> him in the Midst [*i.e.* the last order of the Middle Light World], so that he [J.] should be able to preach before me, and should prepare my way and baptise with water of the remission of sins. That power is<sup>3</sup> now in the body of John. And further

<sup>1</sup> The references are to the pages of Schwartz.

<sup>2</sup> The Little Iaō, the Good, in the Lower Light, is the reflection of the Great Iaō the Good, in the Higher. Iaō equates with Zeus or Jupiter and represents the Creative or Demiurgic power in the Light.

<sup>3</sup> A very curious anachronism, repeated below.



in place of the soul of the Rulers which he is appointed to receive, I found the soul of the prophet Elias in the æons of the Sphere [in the region of the Mixture of Light and Darkness], and I took him [E.] up and took his soul and brought it to the Light Virgin<sup>1</sup> [the Judge, in the Midst], and she delivered it to her receivers; they brought it to the Sphere of the Rulers and cast it into the womb of Elizabeth. Now the power of the Little Iao, him of the Midst, and the soul of the prophet Elias, they are bound into the body of John the Baptist.

(18) Wherefore then were ye once in doubt when I said unto you: "John said: 'I am not the Christ'" [*Jn. i. 20*]; and ye said unto me: "It standeth written in the scripture: 'When the Christ shall come, Elias cometh before him and prepareth his way.'"<sup>2</sup> But I said unto you when ye said this unto me: "Elias verily is come and hath made ready all things as it stood written, and they have done unto him as they listed."<sup>3</sup> And when I perceived that ye had not understood that I had spoken unto you concerning the soul of Elias, which is bound into John the Baptist, I answered you in open speech face to face: "If ye would understand John the Baptist—he is Elias of whom I have said that he will come."<sup>4</sup>

At the end of that portion of the document which is subscribed 'Part of the Books of the Saviour,' there is a more generalised view of the reincarnation of the souls of the prophets, among whom Elias's is apparently but a special case. Thus in the 'Questions of Mary (Magdalene)' we read:

(355) The Saviour continued and spake unto Mary: Amēn,

<sup>1</sup> The Light Virgin or Virgin of Light is a frequently occurring figure, not only in the general P.S. document, but also in the appendix and in the 'Books of Ieou,' both of which are of earlier date. The Virgin of Light plays an important part in the religion of Māni, where she is closely connected with the (third) Light Messenger. In the recently discovered Manichæan MSS. from Turfan, both Māni and Jesus are called the Virgin of Light.

<sup>2</sup> Cp. *Malachi*, iv. 5, 6 (the last words of the O.T.): "Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet before the great and terrible day of the Lord come. And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to (or with) the children, and the heart of the children to (or with) their fathers; lest I come and smite the earth (or land) with a curse (or ban)." It is to be remembered that Elijah, like Enoch, was believed to have been 'taken up,' or to have ascended, to heaven in his actual physical body.

<sup>3</sup> Cp. *Matth.* xvii. 11, 12.

<sup>4</sup> Cp. *Matth.* xi. 14.

Amèn, I say unto you : No prophet is entered into the Light, but the Rulers of the æons have spoken with them out of the æons, and given them the mystery of the æons. And when I was come to the region of the æons I have turned Elias and sent him into the body of John the Baptist ; and the rest have I turned into righteous bodies which shall find the mysteries of the Light, ascend to the Height and inherit the Light Kingdom.

After the story of the reincarnation of the soul of Elias in John the Baptist, the Saviour describes the incarnation of himself and of the twelve disciples (13, 14). His whole interior economy is of the Light—power and soul from the highest grades of the Light-world. So also the powers of the disciples are from the Height, though naturally of lower grade than the Master's ; yet are they higher than the souls of the prophets, for we are told that they are born without any soul of the Rulers—that is the human mortal soul—being in them. As, however, a different story is told of their reincarnations later on in the MS., we can only conclude that their miraculous incarnation is a later phase of doctrine, and that what comes further on in the MS. is earlier in date as doctrine. The passages to which we refer are as follows. The Saviour is speaking of the purification of the emanations of Light in the Mixture of Light and Darkness and of the purification of the souls of the disciples. In the regions far above the earth, and above the Sphere (? in the superlunary regions), are the great ones or great-nesses of the emanations of the Light in the higher Mixture—angels, archangels, gods, lords and rulers ; in the world of men, on earth, are the disciples. He continues :

(248) And at the order of the First Mystery was the Mixture constrained until all the greatesses of the emanations of the Light and all their glory were purified and until they were purged

from the Mixture. Now they have not purified themselves of themselves, but have been purified by constraint (or of necessity), according to the ordering of the One and Only One, the Ineffable. And they have endured no suffering at all, nor undergone changes (*μεταβάλλεσθαι*) in [various] regions, nor have they at all been rent asunder [*i.e.* ceased from being wholes], nor been transfused (*μεταγγιζεσθαι*) into various kinds of bodies, nor have they been in any affliction.

But yourselves, of a surety, ye are the residue [dregs or purgations] of the Treasure, and ye are the residue of the region of the Right, and ye are the residue of the region of the Midst [*i.e.* of the three regions of the Middle Light World], and ye are the residue of all the Invisibles and all the Rulers [*viz.* the angels, etc., above-mentioned, who are emanations from the Light World in the Mixture above]; in a word, ye are the residue of all of these. And ye are [? have been] in great sufferings and great afflictions, through transfusions (*μεταγγισμοί*) into different kinds of bodies (249) of the world [*i.e.* the lower or sublunary cosmos]. And after all these sufferings ye have of yourselves struggled and fought, and renounced the whole world and all the matter therein. And ye cease not in your search until ye find the mysteries of the Light Kingdom which have purified you and made you refined Light, most pure, and ye have become pure Light. . . .

(251) Now, then, thou, O Andrew, and all thy brothers, thy co-disciples, because of your renunciations and all your sufferings which ye have endured in every region, and because of your changes (*μεταβολαί*) in every region and your transfusions (*μεταγγισμοί*) into different kinds of bodies, and because of all your afflictions, and after all this ye have received the purifying mysteries and are become refined Light, most pure—therefore will ye now ascend on high and enter into all the regions of all the great emanations of the Light and be kings in the Light Kingdom for ever.

The general method of the reincarnation of souls of lower grade, as set forth by this tradition, may be gleaned from the following passages which are taken from the detailed instructions given later on in the

same document. The after-death story of the soul of the ordinary sinner is being expatiated upon and what it was believed to undergo in hell and purgatory is described. Thereafter :

(285) When then the time of corrections of that soul in the judgments of the Rulers of the [lower] Midst [*i.e.* in the sublunary regions] shall be fulfilled, the counterfeit spirit [the daimōn or accuser attached to every soul] leadeth up the soul out of all the regions of the Rulers of the Midst and bringeth it before the light of the sun, according to the command of Ieou, the First Man,<sup>1</sup> and bringeth it before the Judge, the Light Virgin [in the region beyond the moon]. She proveth that soul and findeth that it is a sinning soul and she casteth into it her light-power [which had withdrawn to the Light Virgin at the death of the previous body (284)] for its establishment against<sup>2</sup> the body and the commerce with sense. . . . And the Light Virgin sealet<sup>3</sup> that soul, and handeth it over to one of her receivers, and hath it cast into a body appropriate to the sins it hath committed. And, Amēn, I say unto you, she will not set free that soul from changes (*μεταβολαί*) of body until it hath performed (or paid) its last cycle according to its deserts.

Later on Mary Magdalene 'interprets' this as follows :

(295) ' . . . The counterfeit spirit leadeth the soul to the Light Virgin, the Judge; and the Judge, the Light Virgin, proveth the soul, and findeth (296) that it hath sinned; and if she also hath not found the mysteries of Light in it, she handeth it over to one of her receivers, and her receiver leadeth it away and casteth it into the body,<sup>3</sup> and it cometh not out of the changes (*μεταβολαί*) of body, until it hath paid the last cycle'—with regard to this word, then, thou hast said unto us aforetime: 'Be reconciled with thy adversary whilst thou art in the way with him, lest thy

<sup>1</sup> Originally, in the earlier forms of the tradition, the Father of Light or of the Light Treasure, the Primal Heavenly Man, but here, in the later elaborated scheme, subordinated to the region of the Right immediately below the Treasure.

<sup>2</sup> The original is very obscure and all the versions unsatisfactory.

<sup>3</sup> In the 'reinterpretation' this phrase is changed into 'the sphere of the æons' (297).

adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and the officer cast thee into prison, and thou shalt not come forth from that place, until thou hast paid the last farthing.<sup>1</sup>

This is the lot of the ordinary sinner who has not received the mysteries; but for him who has received them and then fallen away, a worse fate is in store—the lower parallel with the inheritance of the Light Kingdom for those who receive and carry out the mysteries.

(807) Amēn, Amēn, I say unto you, all men who shall receive of the mysteries of the Ineffable,—blessed indeed are the souls who shall receive of those mysteries; but if they turn back and commit trespass and pass out of the body before they have repented, the judgment of these men is worse than all the judgments; and it is very great even if these souls are new and it is the first time of their coming into the world. They shall not return to the changes (*μεταβολαί*) of body from that hour and shall not be able to do anything; but they shall be cast out into the outer darkness and perish and be non-existent for ever.

Elsewhere in the document, however, a doctrine of universal forgiveness is contradictorily set forth, again pointing to sources of various dates. Later on, we find a stern warning against procrastination, the besetting sin of the drifting reincarnationist.

(817) The Saviour answered and spake unto his disciples: Preach unto the whole world and say unto men: Strive that ye may receive the mysteries of the Light in this time of stress and enter into the Light Kingdom. Add not day to day or cycle to cycle, and hope not ye will succeed in receiving the mysteries when ye come into the world in another cycle. And these know not when the number of perfect souls shall be ready; for if the number of perfect souls shall be complete, then shall I shut the doors of the Light, and no one shall from that hour forth enter therein nor any go out thereafter; because the number of the perfect souls is filled up and the mystery of the First Mystery is perfected

<sup>1</sup> Cp. *Matth.* v. 25, 26.

for the sake of which the universe hath arisen—that is, I am that mystery. And from that hour forth no one will be able to enter into the Light and no one to go out therefrom. For at the completion of the time of the number of the perfect souls, before I have set fire to the world that it may purify the æons and the curtains and the firmaments and the whole earth and also all matters that are on it, mankind (818) will still exist. At that time, then, the faith will still more reveal itself and the mysteries in those days; and many souls will come by means of the cycles of changes (*μεταβολαί*) of body, and coming into the world will be some of those in this present time who have heard me, how I taught, who at the completion of the number of the perfect souls will find the mysteries of the Light and receive them, and come to the doors of the Light and find that the number of the perfect souls is filled up, which is the perfection of the First Mystery and the gnosis of the universe. And they will find that I have shut the doors of the Light, and it is impossible for anyone to go in or any to go out from that hour forth. These souls, then, will knock at the doors of the Light, saying: Lord, open to us! And I will answer and say unto them: I know you not, whence ye are. And they will say unto me: We have received of thy mysteries and fulfilled all thy teaching, and thou hast taught us on the highways. And I will answer and say unto them: I know you not, who ye are, you who are doers of unlawfulness and evil until now; wherefore go ye into the outer darkness.<sup>1</sup>

Elsewhere, however, there is much on the mystery of the forgiveness of sins that sets free even from the outer darkness, and also the persistence, even in the exposition of the higher teaching, of an earlier doctrine and a more primitive use of magical names to free the sinner from the dungeons of the Dragon of Darkness. Thus we read as follows of the good fortune of the souls of very considerable sinners who, however, possess a knowledge of one of these saving names:

(838) And Ieon, the First Man, the Messenger of the First Limit, . . . proveth them; he findeth that they have

<sup>1</sup> Cp. *Matth.* xxv. 11, 12; vii. 22, 23; viii. 12; xxii. 13; *Lk.* xiii. 24ff.

completed their cycles, and that it is not lawful to bring them anew into the world, for it is not lawful to bring anew into the world all souls who shall be cast into the outer darkness. (If [however] they have not yet finished their number of cycles in the changes (*μεταβολαί*) of body, the receivers of Ieou keep them with them until they have accomplished the mystery of the Ineffable for them, and transfer them into a good body which will find the mysteries of the Light and inherit the Light Kingdom.<sup>1</sup>) But if Ieou proveth them and findeth that they have completed their cycles and that it is not lawful for them to return anew to the world, and that also the sign of the Ineffable (334) is not found with them, Ieou hath compassion on them and bringeth them before the seven Light Virgins,<sup>2</sup> etc.

They are baptised and for the rest of the æon set in a region of Light, but below the Inheritance of the Light Kingdom. This is of interest as showing how the higher teaching found room for, and even admitted the efficacy of, the primitive mechanical unmoral and magical tradition; only such souls had to be reinitiated and taught in the invisible worlds.

There are other passages (325, 326, 327, 330, 332, 333, 335) dealing with details, and in all of them the same phrase, 'changes (*μεταβολαί*) of body' occurs for transcorporation; but enough has now been given to allow the reader an insight into the style of instruction and exegesis of the doctrine of transcorporation in a document of the Christianised gnosis that has come down to us, in translation it is true, but free from the maltreatment of the heresiologist.

It is thus amply proved that reincarnation was a widespread doctrine among many who called them-

<sup>1</sup> Notice the cruder primitive teaching of a 'body' inheriting the Kingdom.

<sup>2</sup> These are the *taxis* or order of the servitors of the Virgin of Light. They appear in the so-called Mithra Liturgy and are supposed to be symbolised by the Stars of the Great Bear.

selves Christians in the early days ; it is also as certain from the documents that the Church Fathers rejected this belief. There were two great bodies of opinion, one holding that the doctrine was compatible with Christianity, the other maintaining that it was irreconcilable with it. The Fathers, however, on their side did not deal with the subject philosophically, but centred all their efforts on ridiculing the crude notion of transmigration, that is of a human soul passing into the body of an animal ; while of the Gnostics' side all that we can now recover is simply the assertion of the doctrine of reincarnation in a mythological or apocalyptic setting.

G. R. S. MEAD.



## ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF FRIENDSHIP.

COLUM COLLUM.

IN almost all the religions right conduct has been urged on man by means of a substantial bribe. Some temperaments have found this bribe most potent in the promise of virtual annihilation. Others, instinct with robust individualism, have found it easier to live righteously with the Christian heaven and hell looming in the future. Still another type of character has regulated its conduct by a cold and passionless acquiescence in what is—a passive acceptance of ‘nature,’ which yet finds its chief merit in denying all the passion and energy and enthusiasm burning in the very heart of nature. The bribe in this case is not so apparent as in Buddhism and Christianity and the crude paganisms of Europe and Africa, but it is there—a subtle promise of “absolute insensibility to those things which, painful or pleasurable, wear out the lives of men.”<sup>1</sup>

It may or may not be a proof of ethical progress that in these days men and women are revolting from all such bribes. A few—a very few—argue that there is no sound reason for right conduct on the part of those undesirous of winning some such reward; but most people to-day who take the trouble to enquire into their motives for right doing, are assisting in the gradual evolution of a new and compelling incentive to righteousness. It is hard to give it a fitting name.

<sup>1</sup> F. H. Balfour's *Taoism*.

In its general outer manifestation it can still be classed as humanitarianism, for it has all the practical benevolence of humanitarianism; but in its more intimate quality it has about it something of the generous fervour and whole-hearted delight in self-emptying of Sufi mysticism. In plain English I find no better word for it than the Philosophy of Friendship. That, of course, is open to all the objections to which precise definitions of ideas that never can be rigidly circumscribed, are always open. Our language, as befits the tongue of a practical people, is not sufficiently vague and elastic adequately to cover formless conceptions. It is better suited to the requirements of conventional dogma, whether theological or other. In English it is always easier to say what an idea does not convey than to express fairly what it does. Thus 'philosophy,' to begin with, is misleading, for it leaves out the element of practice, without which this new incentive to right conduct were no incentive at all; yet even so, it is a better word—because less prostitute in its current use and meaning—than religion, the very derivation of which suggests a task that is set by a benevolent taskmaster and accomplished by a bondman for a reward. The essence of the new incentive to right doing is that there is no compulsion from without, no fealty rendered as a duty, no seeking for a reward. It is service freely given, homage unasked, devotion that flows as naturally from the soul as the waters returning to the sea. Humanity, in realising its own godship, finds its chief good and ultimate happiness in service that none may command, and none degrade by proffering it a reward. The world, which probably will never advance beyond the Indian Prince and the Carpenter of Nazareth in right intention and sublime achievement, has yet far

advanced since those early centuries in concept and motive; and to-day those who can never hope to come near the lives of these two in point of conduct, feel little sympathy with the cosmogony and theology of either and gently repudiate the motives advanced by both.

The Buddha was born in an age when the men of his race would scarcely have understood that their religion was a selfish one, notwithstanding its cardinal principle of renunciation; and the Christ would have failed in his mission if he had preached a doctrine of righteousness without also bringing a message of hope appealing to the dearest desires of the Jews. The introspective Oriental, weary and oppressed with the contemplation of an endless progression of lives, longed above all things for the chain of existence to be broken. The Nirvāṇa which Gautama promised him seemed the highest good obtainable. The Jews, a virile individualistic race, desired a fuller life with greater opportunities. The idea of a heavenly hereafter in which each individual might win all of the happiness and comfort denied to him in this life, appealed strongly to them, as it has always in after times appealed to the virile individualistic peoples of the North. It was the loftiest conception of which the people were capable.

But to-day science has made a higher ideal possible. To every man of modern times the philosophies and religions of the whole world lie open. The seeker after truth may compare them every one, balancing the mysticism of the East against the utilitarianism of the West, eliminating what seems false and worthless and conserving those germs of truth and beauty common to them all. It is a process that makes for enlightenment, and it is hardly to be wondered at

that our ethical ideas have developed, and that we no longer hesitate to 'drink wine from Form's flagon' for fear that we may lose our ultimate reward, whether it be virtual extinction or individual persistence in a life of happiness beyond the grave. Gone for most thoughtful people is the bondman's anxiety to do his appointed task lest the master's scourge fall on his shoulders; gone, too, the utterly irreverent attitude which permitted a man to bargain with Deity for so much happiness hereafter in return for so much righteousness here. Just as he no longer acknowledges fealty to any taskmaster, so also does the modern man scorn to do well that he may reap a high interest of ultimate bliss from his miserable little investment of virtue in the present. If he devotes any thought to the matter at all, the modern rational person believes in the beauty of holiness and is convinced that righteousness is its own reward. The men and women who do think much on the subject, those who have learned the trick of introspection from the East, realise that there is something beyond this tacit admission of intrinsic worth in right conduct operating in the lives of good men and women to-day—and that something the new incentive of friendship in its universal and particular application. In its universal aspect it has been breezily sung by Walt Whitman as the 'love of comrades,' and by him most unpoetically designated 'adhesiveness.' In its more intimate working it has never been more beautifully described than by the old Persian poet in the lines:

Be thou the thrall of love ; make this thine object ;  
 For this one thing seemeth to wise men worthy.  
 Be thou love's thrall, that thou mayst win thy freedom,  
 Bear on thy breast its brand, that thou mayst blithe be.

Love's wine will warm thee and will steal thy senses ;  
 All else is soulless stupor and self-seeking.  
 Remembrances of love refresh the lover,  
 Whose voice when lauding love e'er waxeth loudest.  
 But that he drained a draught from this deep goblet  
 In the wide worlds not one would wot of Majnún.  
 Thousands of wise and wary men have wended  
 Through life, who, since for love they had no liking,  
 Have left nor name, nor note, nor sign, nor story,  
 Nor tale for future time, nor fame for fortune.  
 Sweet songsters 'midst the birds there are in plenty  
 Whose meed of praise men's mouths are mute to utter,  
 But, when love's lore is told by the love-learned,  
 Of moth and nightingale they most make mention.  
 Though in this world a hundred tasks thou tryest,  
 'Tis love alone which from thyself will loose thee.  
 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 Kur'án ?  
 A sage (so heard I), unto whom a scholar  
 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."<sup>1</sup>

The two most divine impulses of the human heart,  
 from the dawn of civilisation to the present day, have  
 ever been the worshipful recognition of Beauty and the  
 desire to sink self-interest for love of another. Through-  
 out the ages they have been expressed and given effect  
 to in a thousand different ways ; but wherever they  
 have existed they have been divine, and in so far as  
 they have influenced conduct they have acted as the  
 highest and noblest incentive to right doing. In them  
 are embraced all that is best in Art and Humanitarian-

<sup>1</sup> *Jámi's Yúsef ú Zuleykhd.* Edward G. Browne's translation in *Súfiism.*

ism. The old Norseman bowing before the god of the storm in some dim tempest-swept forest was awestruck and humbled. His emotion had more of realisation of Beauty in it than the propitiatory piety so often called religion. Unconsciously he was thrilled, as the artist is thrilled by a stirring manifestation of the Absolute Beauty. As far from our crude Northern ancestors in culture as the poles lie wide apart, the Chinese quietists based a whole system of religious philosophy on the Beauty of the Absolute as manifested in Nature. *Tao* was to them Absolute Beauty, Pure Being. In India, also, before Buddhism was evolved, there was a religion based on the recognition of the Beauty of the Absolute; but the Brāhman had more of the true artist in him than the Taoist—contemplation alone did not satisfy him. He bowed in an ecstasy of adoration before the Beauty of Being and desired the more intimate realisation of it that could only come by union. All these undogmatic systems of what has been loosely called Nature-worship, gave way before theologies and moral codes capable of being reduced to rules and regulations adaptable to the needs of religious organisations. Into each of them crept the bargaining spirit that is fatal to the worship of Absolute Beauty,—the most extraordinary development of all being the ecclesiastical doctrine of the Christ's vicarious sufferings for a sinful world in order that he might thus appease and placate an offended Judge-Deity. This was a markedly retrogressive step towards the primitive idea of propitiating malevolent divinities, and was a distinct descent from the loftier conceptions behind the formal Mithraism and Isis-worship with which so many of the peculiar features of early Christianity had close affinity. It is not too much to say that these religious systems went back on the older 'Nature'

religio-philosophies in exact proportion as they substituted the idea of doing right as a bondsman in order that future happiness might be assured, for the nobler conception of a rational and emotional devotion to the Deity as Absolute Beauty. Christianity might have borne even more wonderful fruit than the Churches, had the 'golden rule' evolved by its followers left out the complementary portion of the injunction: "Do good unto others—*that they may do good unto you.*"

If Western men and women to-day fail to be satisfied with all the beautiful teaching of Christianity (as others fail to be satisfied with Buddhism), it is partly because they instinctively shrink from what appears to them the irreverent attitude towards Life and all that lies behind it implied in the Christian motive and set forth in the Christian bribe, and because they consciously object to the *rôle* of bondmen which the theology of the later centuries would impose upon them.

Thou art Absolute Being: all else is naught but a phantasm,  
 For in Thy universe all things are one.  
 Thy world-captivating Beauty, to display its perfections,  
 Appears in thousands of mirrors, but it is one.  
 Although Thy Beauty accompanies all the beautiful,  
 In truth the Unique and Incomparable Heart-enslaver is one.<sup>1</sup>

This, though it was thus expressed by a Persian mystic of the 15th century, is the conviction of the modern man, albeit his scientific habit of mind might shrink from the picturesque and daring language of Jámí—who is not afraid to proclaim that "'Twas He to Shírín's lips who lent the sweetness which had power to steal the heart from Parvíz," or that "He did reveal his face through Joseph's coat, and so destroyed Zuleykhá's peace."

<sup>1</sup> Jámí. E. G. Browne's translation.

It is here that the incentive of comradeship, the 'Philosophy of Friendship,' operates to urge man on to right conduct and noble living. And it is here, too, that the connexion—so far not quite apparent, perhaps—is to be traced between the soul's realisation of the Absolute as Perfect Beauty and the human heart's practical good-doing as the result of friendship's incentive.

The fear of a hell and the bribe of an orthodox heaven hereafter no longer influence the minds of modern men and women. Wrong doing and right doing are recognised to be each their own reward—men themselves hold the keys of 'heaven' and 'hell,' and these conceptions have been proved to have very real counterparts in this life. Beyond this present life the modern man knows nothing, and he does not attempt to cloak his ignorance in a dogmatic dress that can only prove his irreverence to the unknown and the unknowable. A reverent agnosticism proclaims a nobler attitude towards the great facts of existence and that which lies behind than all the faiths. Left thus with only his own life to be quite certain about, it follows that the thoughtful man invests life with deeper meaning than did ever the pietist who looked upon it as a mere threshold to eternity. Above all he is never guilty of the nature-blasphemy which led the old-fashioned pietists to look on life and nature as a collection of temptations. It has been recognised at last that a complete acceptance of life in all its fullness and with all its possibilities is the proper course for man to pursue—only thus can he do honour to the principle of life animating him and nature alike. To drink deep of 'Form's flagon'—to drain the draught of life to its last drop—to live every moment of existence,



and to use every atom of force and energy,—that is the most practical method of worship open to any individual part of what we call creation; that is the physical joy of life which constitutes the finest hymn of praise to the Absolute Beauty that ever can be sung. But there is sadness in life too—such hideous sadness that many a man and woman who goes about the world with eyes and ears open, and is unafraid of contamination by the sordidness and misery hiding in dark places, often finds it a hopeless task to join in the singing of this best hymn of praise, and finds little of the joy of life in an existence which is so black with tragedy for fellow human beings. Then it is that the new incentive is strongest. Sympathy is but a more generalised and diffused manifestation of love, and love is but worship of the Absolute Beauty, whether it is expressed in the religious fervour of the pietist, the creative energy of the master-artist, or the love of one human being for another. For, to adopt the personal language of the Persian mystic—(they alone of all religionists seem to have foreshadowed something of the modern attitude to the Absolute and the Unknowable):

Thy world-captivating Beauty, to display its perfections,  
Appears in thousands of mirrors, but it is one.

It is the deep sense of brotherhood, of the divinity of man, that stirs the heart to something more profound than tears, more moving than pity, when one person is brought into contact with the misery and degradation of others. It is the tragedy of the 'world-captivating Beauty' shining through a broken and defaced mirror; and the appeal is irresistible, the incentive to right and noble doing immeasurably stronger than was ever the highest bribe proffered by religion. Call it humanitarianism if you will, but even that has a chill sound,

as of a duty sanctimoniously performed,—with a hint of a bribe in it too, in the suggestion that the doing of ‘the duty towards our neighbour’ will have the comfortable result of ‘making us feel good.’ Walt Whitman’s terrible expression ‘adhesiveness’ is better than that, for it is instinct with free love and has no smallest hint of a duty about it. In labour for the rest of mankind, for the rest of nature, is manifest the incentive of comradeship that seeks no reward, the new incentive that forms the outward expression of the modern philosophy of friendship.

There are some who are animated alone by this incentive in its general form. They do not belong to life’s aristocracy of happiness. In a thousand and one ways can the human being sing his pæan of praise to Life for Life by living fully and completely :

O while I live to be the ruler of life, not a slave !  
 To meet life as a powerful conqueror !  
 No fumes, no ennui, no more complaints or scornful criticisms,  
 To these proud laws of the air, the water and the ground, proving  
     my interior soul impregnable,  
 And nothing exterior shall ever take command of me.

O to struggle against great odds, to meet enemies undaunted !  
 To be entirely alone with them, to find how much one can stand !  
 To look strife, torture, prison, popular odium, face to face !  
 To mount the scaffold, to advance to the muzzles of guns with  
     perfect nonchalance !  
 To be indeed a God !

O to have life henceforth a poem of new joys !  
 To dance, clap hands, exult, shout, skip, leap, roll on, float on !  
 To be a sailor of the world bound for all ports,  
 A ship itself (see indeed these sails I spread to the sun and air),  
 A swift and swelling ship full of rich words, full of joys !  
 But he sings it best and he sings it most from the  
 heart when the intimate quality of the great incentive

stirs him, when he becomes 'the thrall of love'; for, as Agatho is made to say in the *Banquet*: "Though man be ever so much a stranger to the Muses, yet, as soon as his soul is touched by Love, he becomes a poet." Every lover is an artist, for to be an artist is to be lost in the rapturous contemplation of the Absolute Beauty, and the Absolute Beauty is as often revealed to the soul through a human veil as in the mirror of Nature or Art. "Whatever heart doth yield to love, He charms it," sings Jámí; and there is the whole secret of the power of friendship's incentive. It is God calling unto God—a free and perfect service in which no account is taken of self, no store set by the reward of so free a gift, no question of any contract by which the recipient of the gift is bound. In the contemplation of Beauty there is no room for ugly action; the man or woman whose heart is worshipping at the All-Beautiful's shrine finds in that very love a compelling force making for high and noble actions, a restraining power preventing wrong conduct.

Friendship is a word much abused, an elastic term stretched to cover the coolest of kindly feelings for our fellows, or contracted to take in only the highest expression of mutual love between two persons. It has become so nerveless and unresponsive a term that possibly comradeship pictures the true virile sense of it better, though it, too, limps far behind the reality it is used to express. In dwelling on the potency of the incentive to right doing found in this higher comradeship, it is not to be thought that a romantic idealism is being thrown about it. The essence of the strength of the incentive lies in its whole-hearted realism. Religionists of all times have preached that love of a human being must be bridled and curbed lest the

lover make an idol of the beloved object and thus do dishonour to the deity who, according to these religionists, claims first place in every lover's fealty. To transpose a saying of Mahmúd of Shabistar: "If the [priest] knew what the idol really was, he would know that there was true religion in idolatry." For, in the uncompromising terminology of the religionist, the idol *is* God—a truth put more poetically by the Sūfi mystic in the lines:

Although Thy beauty accompanies all the beautiful,  
In truth the Unique and Incomparable Heart-Enslaver is one.

Even the fifteenth century Sūfis, near as they came to expressing all of the truth now burgeoning in the consciousness of modern men and women, failed in the last resort; for to them the world was merely phenomenal—it had no actual existence—and with all their startling language it was the Deity *behind* the Veil, the All-Beautiful *reflected* in the Mirror, that they worshipped, not the God *in* the human being nor the Absolute Beauty manifested *in* Nature. We to-day go further, for we recognise the divinity in the human beloved, and our fealty is given to that human beloved—not by a prostrate worshipper, but by the divinity in ourselves claiming an equal godship and an equal comradeship. It is when this direct meaning is read into the poetry of the Persian mystics that it becomes for the twentieth century an almost perfect vehicle of expression,—as when Mahmúd exclaims: "He is both the Seer, and the Eye, and the Vision."

The love of comrade for comrade, of friend for friend, is in these days something definitely to take the place of religious devotion to an Ideal Being,—which, although described as absolute, is yet circumscribed by all the limitations of dogmatic theology and

a terminology borrowed from distinctly human relationships. This philosophy of friendship is, after all, nothing but a triumphant vindication of the central truth taught by Christ nineteen hundred years ago—the divinity of humanity; but in its bold realistic sense it frightens the Christian religionist of to-day, who has evolved a social and ecclesiastical system, together with a whole imposing theology, which bears about as much relation to the teaching of the Founder as modern Far Eastern Buddhism does to the philosophy of the Indian prince Gautama.

To love one human being well is to live the highest and fullest life; for, if it is true and honest love, it will touch the whole life of the lover with a tenderness and beauty that is bound to elevate and purify, and to make him more tender to the sorrows and follies of his fellows, more energetic in working for the enfranchisement of other lives. And it will kindle the artist in him so that he may see the Absolute Beauty in its thousands of mirrors, and perhaps become inspired to create something of beauty himself. He will be no sentimentalist seeing the world of men and things through a mist rising out of his own romanticism. Sentiment and love are enemies at bottom, as are sentiment and all true art. Sentiment is rather the handmaiden of Religion—a veiled thing nurtured in mock-modesty and draped about with romanticism. Love and Art are naked and unashamed, full of pulsing life and energy—gods of the Real, which, to those who have eyes to see, is a manifestation of the Ideal, and by no means antithetic to it. The lover, the true comrade, the perfect friend, has no room for sentiment in his emotion and no need to cloak his actions in romance. Least of all will he debase his love, set it on a lower

plane than his 'love of God.' If the terminology of the religionist is to be used, *his beloved is God*; let him love *God* then, when he comes to him, and not do violence to his own heart that it may supposedly serve 'God' with greater devotion, in an emotion that seems to him more refined because more attenuated and less robust. This idea of giving to 'God' a distilled essence of devotion rarer than that lavished on a human beloved or less forceful than that with which the artist embraces Beauty, comes of the same confusion of thought that prompts a man to give his love freely to a human being but to make conditions with his Deity as to fair exchange. It comes of man having lost sight of the Absolute Beauty. If he could but realise what the 'idol' really was, and could understand the true 'religion' of idolatry! There are, even among people outside the orthodox religions, those who talk of 'loving one person too much.' Such a postulate is a contradiction in terms, evidence of a muddled confusion of thought arising from an importation into the selflessness of love of the destructive element of selfishness, or sometimes from an ultra-individualism which sees in Nature a collection of eternally separate atoms presided over by a platonic deity apart from and superior to them all. If men and women could understand that any and every impulse towards Beauty must of necessity be a right and a true impulse (a wrong impulse is in its very nature destructive of Beauty) born of the god within them calling to the god without them, whether in inanimate nature, in the realms of pure thought, the character of a comrade, or the 'sweetness of Shírin's lips,' then the world would be a happier and a holier place and the melancholy of religion and the alleged wickedness of the infidel alike

would be banished. To-day there is a little group of artists and thinkers whose hearts have been so captivated by the Unique and Incomparable Heart-Enslaver and the Beauty which appears in 'thousands of mirrors,' that the new incentive stirs them to depict in stinging words and on canvases cruel in their faithful portraiture the tragedy of the broken mirrors. We call them Realists, and confusing romanticism with idealism, we condemn them for cynics and decadents and refuse to admit their title to idealism. But for all that they are the true idealists, and by their terrible indictments against the society and conventions which produce the broken mirrors they are doing more to restore our vision of the All-Beautiful—and our procreation of the beautiful—than all the weary creeds or the flourishing weed-like 'new religions' and post-impressionisms choking about their dead roots. That kind of love or comradeship with Nature's beauties which expresses itself in genuinely creative art is not for every man. (So many reproductive craftsmen would claim to be artists!) But the love that goes almost as far, and attains union with a human being, is possible for many. To the man or woman unafraid to drain 'Form's flagon' it will come for the calling, and the joy of it is so great that in setting it up as an incentive to right doing, there is almost a danger that the hypercritical might claim to find in it the bribe so scornfully repudiated in the older incentives. For it gives youth and happiness, contentment and striving, rest and energy to the heart that yields to it. Like the wearied man falling, who, kissing the breast of Earth, rises healed and invigorated, the man or woman who can fall in perfect worship of the Incomparable Heart-enslaver in another human

being, is not abased but privileged to kiss the breast of Beauty, and rises invigorated with all the godship—the youth and energy and joy—vested in the human race. To the man or woman who thus rises, all things are possible and all right actions are desirable; they have become conscious of the greatest and most potent incentive to noble living and right conduct that can ever animate the soul of humanity. After all, the human being is a transitive creature, needing a complement of its own kind. It is so much easier to find the God in a human idol than to find the All-Beautiful in a conception of the virgin human intellect. Such an idol wrought in the mind is our own handiwork; but the idol of the human beloved is the work of—the very form of—the Unknown, of the Unique and Incomparable Heart-enslaver, who is One.

And if this love of comrades, this loving of the Unique and Incomparable Heart-enslaver in another human being, is the greatest incentive to right doing, whereto does it all tend?

Is it only the eternal attraction of atoms, no more permanent in its result than the energy which binds together the death-dealing mass of a lyddite shell—foredoomed to shatter and separate when the impact is over? Is the Persian mystic right when he sings: “But Beauty cannot brook concealment and the veil, nor patient rest unseen and unadmired”?—and did the Absolute Beauty take on a hundred forms that love might come into being? Is every human soul but a part of the Absolute made individual that by love each might become aware of the great One, each strive to unite to some other that the marvellous Whole might once more be recreated? It were not such a grave matter to merge our identity in the Absolute—it is



indeed the highest conception to which Religion has yet risen—but in a Union that is “exempt from ‘I’ and ‘Thou’-ness, and apart from all duality,”<sup>1</sup> would the consummation of the noblest of all strivings—the passion to grow close to the heart of the loved one—ever make up for the consciousness of the beloved one’s nearness, which only exists by virtue of that loved one’s separate identity?

It is a question to which no human being may learn the answer; and it is because of that question and not from any anxiety as to bribes and punishments that the modern rational person, sure though he is of the eternal necessity for right conduct in this life, admits that “to die will be a very big adventure.”

COLUM COLLUM.

<sup>1</sup> *Jámi's Yūsuf ū Zuleykhá.*

## TRESPASSERS ON THE MYSTIC WAY.

Rev. WALTER WALSH, D.D.

LET it be granted that the mystic way is a lawful way to the supreme goal. It is necessary to premise that it is not the only way; that it is a comparatively narrow way; and that it is frequently an illusive way, like that of Arthur's knights who went on the Quest of the Holy Grail only to 'follow wandering fires.'

Let us begin with definitions. The word 'mystic' is rooted in the Greek *myein*, to initiate into the *mystérion*, the mystery, while the person thus initiated was termed the *mystēs*, and the corresponding adjective was *mystikós* or mystic, whence we get 'the mystic way,' *i.e.* the secret way, or the way of the secret rites. Calderwood was, therefore, historically as well as etymologically right when he defined mysticism as "a term which includes under it all philosophical speculations on transcendent problems which *break away from the facts of observation and experience, and which refuse the test presented by such facts.*"<sup>1</sup> We can thus understand why Vaughan commends the Germans for using two words—*mystik* and *mysticismus*—to denote the favourable and the unfavourable senses,—just as we say *piety* and *pietism*, or *rationality* and *rationalism*, keeping the first of each pair for use, the second for abuse."<sup>2</sup>

A full understanding of the modern mystery-cult

<sup>1</sup> *Vocabulary of Philosophy* (italics mine).

<sup>2</sup> *Hours with the Mystics*, vol. i. p. 28.

is possible only by tracing its descent from the mystery-cults of the past, with which it is generically connected—the Eleusinian, Orphic, Samothracian, and the Mithraic, which had become so widespread at the beginning of the Christo-Roman period. But on the present occasion all that must be assumed. We come straight to definition of the modern movement. And as it is admittedly non-rational, it is to be expected that the definitions will vary according to personal bias.

It is not enough to describe it as ‘the quest of the Absolute, undertaken in terms of adoration and desire’;<sup>1</sup> for it claims to be more than ‘quest’; it claims to be *realisation* of the Absolute. The same writer describes its ‘felt experiences’ as ‘first-hand *communications from the Transcendent Order,*’<sup>2</sup> which is very high ground indeed, lifting the alleged experiences altogether out of the region of human achievement into the sphere of divine revelation. Sometimes the word is used so loosely as almost to lose its generic meaning,—as by Coleridge, ‘a mode of faith or intuition.’ It is hopeless to give a definition to which some group of mystics—who are naturally sensitive beings—will not take exception. In her *Mysticism* (p. 533) Miss Underhill includes art, music, and even science, which is to prove too much, and therefore to prove nothing. Out of a glut of definitions, I select, as least likely to provoke the suspicion of partisanship, that of the *New International Dictionary*:

“The doctrine that the ultimate nature of reality or the divine essence may be known in an immediate apprehension, intuition, or insight, differing from all ordinary sensation or ratiocination; hence, the ex-

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn Underhill, *Hibbert Journal*, vol. vi. p. 875.

<sup>2</sup> *The Mystic Way*, p. 279 (italics mine).

perience or ecstasy of those mystics who claim to attain this insight in vision, trance, or sense of absorption in, or union with, the divine spirit or the ultimate being."

The same authority defines the ecclesiastical usage as: "The doctrine of the Mystics, who professed direct intercourse with the divine Spirit, and a knowledge of God and of spiritual things unattainable by the natural intellect, and incapable of being analysed or explained." The last clause, 'incapable of being analysed or explained,' has force given to it by the process of running the eye down the column over the allied words—mystery, mystagogy, mystification, mythology, mythogony, mytho-poetic, and so forth. In this abnormal region, it is small wonder if there are many trespassers, at some of whom Mr. G. R. S. Mead takes a side shot in his *Some Mystical Adventures* (p. 232), saying:

"That on all sides amateur practitioners of 'occult arts,' and swarms of charlatans of all kinds, should have arisen to cater for the public curiosity, and that books and articles and pamphlets and fly-sheets should be spawned forth in shoals, setting forth every nostrum under the sun with glaring self-advertisement, loudly extolling the advantages of 'business clairvoyance,' and—of course for a consideration—imparting tips for strengthening the will for 'business purposes,' etc., etc., and all the rest of the 'occult' baits for the lovers of self-aggrandisement,—all this is only what the experienced would expect, and proves that the impulse is 'great.'"

I advance the argument a stage. For it is not with obvious quacks I propose to deal; but with the sincere and talented disciples of a cult from which none of us will withhold his admiration. I do not hold with Max Nordau that mysticism is always 'the result of an

exhausted or degenerate brain."<sup>1</sup> But I propose to try to show that serious trespass is committed against reason, science, philosophy, and even human nature, by many of those who walk the mystic way. The subject is immense; life is short; nothing more than points and indications can be attempted.

Amongst those who pursue the mystic way I find the *obscurantist* with his feet in the bog and his head in the clouds. Rending human nature asunder, he pits heart against head, saying that heart knows better than 'lame halting reason' what is true, and recognises truth when it sees it. Now, no doubt, there may be times when, as Tennyson put it, the heart is entitled to rise up like a man in wrath and say, "I have felt." But when the mystic relies on the opinion that "truth is felt oftener than defined," he is opening the doors to every kind of self-delusion. All men know, in varying degrees, the difficulty of adequately expressing what they believe to be true; but it does not follow that the truth is in its essence incapable of being expressed. Still less does the fact justify the loose, ambiguous and vague expressing that meets us at every step along the mystic way. The claim to super-rational perception of truth—which is the claim of mysticism—constitutes not only an intellectual but a moral danger, and, as a critic has keenly said, has in the end proved 'more profitable for the churches than for religion.'<sup>2</sup> The modern mystic makes great play with the word 'empirical,' and has received a tremendous uplift from the pragmatism of William James, followed up by Henri Bergson. The very dictionary will admonish us that if the empiric is sometimes one who follows the sure path of observation

<sup>1</sup> THE QUEST, iv. 707.

<sup>2</sup> Professor Wilhelm Windelband, THE QUEST, Jan. 1918, p. 207.

and experiment and thus advances the beneficent sciences, he is sometimes one who despises that path and becomes a quack, a charlatan, or even a downright impostor. The pulpit mystic makes similar play with the word 'experience,' and claims an experiential authority for the doctrines he cannot rationally vindicate. It is 'a truth of experience,' he says, when he is unable to commend a doctrine to the rationality of his hearers. But experience is not knowledge, as Eucken gives a timely reminder,—knowledge "does not develop *out of* experience, but only *in contact with* experience."<sup>1</sup> But so it will go on as long as the historical is discarded for the intuitive method; so long as the recognised principles of epistemology are despised for the sake of a vaporous gnosiology; so long as the scientific methods of analysis and synthesis are not brought into play to correct or confirm the results of the meditative, inspirational, or ecstatic conditions. One might not refuse to accept an idea intuitively arrived at merely because it refused to submit itself to scientific tests, but he certainly must do so when it does not commend itself to his intelligence. And the refusal to submit to tests cannot but excite grave suspicion, and is one of the dangers which beset the pilgrims of the mystic way, leading to the incursions of fanaticism, and in the last resort to the incinerations of Smithfield.

Take for instance this mystic gem from our Dame Julian of Norwich, quoted with approbation by Miss Underhill<sup>2</sup>: "Our Lord Jesus oftentimes said, 'I it am, I it am; I it am that is highest, I it am that thou lovest, I it am that thou enjoyest, I it am that thou servest, I it am that thou longest for, I it am that thou desirest,

<sup>1</sup> *Main Currents of Modern Thought*, p. 153.

<sup>2</sup> *The Mystic Way*, p. 232.

I it am that thou meanest, I it am that is all.'” Miss Underhill endeavours to turn the edge of criticism away from the ecstatic visions and frequent amatory raptures of the initiates by the remark: “The rationalist will naturally attribute all these statements to the direct operation of those heavenly twins Hysteria and Hallucination.”<sup>1</sup> But that is only part of the rationalist’s objection, and the smallest part. He is willing to grant a certain reality within the individual consciousness of the seer or hearer (according to whether the state is one of ‘vision’ or ‘audition’—that is, according to whether it is a person or a world he sees, or a voice he hears); and will accept the hypothesis of William James in his *Varieties of Religious Experience* as being as good as any where demonstration is not to be looked for—the hypothesis, namely, that the ‘mystical states’ arise from a merging of the ‘supraliminal’ self into the ‘subliminal’ self. It is not necessary to choose the coarse hypothesis therefore that Miss Underhill would force upon us. It is undoubtedly possible for the visionary to visualise his own feelings, to materialise them into a mental picture whose features are formed by the traditions he has inherited or the creed he has been nourished on. It is possible for the votary to materialise the same traditions or creeds into a voice. It all depends upon whether he is clairvoyant or clairaudient. The rationalist therefore prefers the more respectful theory of self-suggestion. The process is nothing more nor less than that of appearing to give objective existence to that which exists only as a subjective condition of one’s own consciousness. This is the great trouble with the mystic: he will not admit that his assurance of objective reality is self-produced.

<sup>1</sup> *The Mystic Way*, p. 233.

He insists on making his religious feeling the test of ontological reality, with results that might be compared to the complete breaking up of that 'narrow-necked bottle opening on the Infinite' (the subliminal consciousness) in which Dr. Sanday, in his *Christologies Ancient and Modern*, thought to place the *locus* of Deity. We do not need to call up spirits from that vasty deep; they come uncalled.

Contrary to what one expects, I find also the *dogmatist* marching with firm tread along the mystic way. I observe that modern mysticism speaks quite disrespectfully of supernaturalism—"our ridiculous phrase 'supernatural,'" exclaims Miss Underhill.<sup>1</sup> And yet it accepts and adds new sanctions to those dogmas which are rooted in supernaturalism. Which reminds one of the wise *dictum* of Benjamin Paul Blood, the 'pluralistic mystic,' quoted by William James<sup>2</sup>: "If you use reason pragmatically, and deny it absolutely, you can't be beaten—be assured of that." A charmingly convenient method. For thus it happens that the 'truth' which is apprehended by intuition at one end of the scale, comes out in the form of one of the accepted dogmas at the other,—or it goes in as a dogma and becomes confirmed as an intuition. It would thus appear that there is something more disappointing about the mystic 'experience' than its self-delusion,—namely, that while it promised an escape from the heavy weight of dogmatism, it ends by adding to it, literally, 'confirmation strong as holy writ.' For while we were willing to believe the mystic when he professed to derive his religious beliefs from his 'experience,' we find to our grief that the alleged 'experience' is wholly conditioned by his pre-existing

<sup>1</sup> *Ib.* p. 148.

<sup>2</sup> *Hibbert Journal*, vol. viii. p. 755.



theology. Not only the eye, but apparently the soul also, sees just what it wants to see. The absolute and unvarying uniformity with which the mystic states his visions and voices in terms of the confessions and creeds of the church he belongs to, leaves no doubt of the fact that his theology conditions his mysticism, not his mysticism his theology. And thus the world gets no really new truth, but only professed additional proofs of—or rather personal testimony to—the affirmations already embedded in church symbols. And this is not to be explained on the ground that the mystic's 'experience' is from its nature really incommunicable—which one may readily grant—but because the 'experience' is not really drawn from the transcendent world, but only from the world latent within himself, and which is just the world he has inherited. One may be permitted to make these observations without being suspected of theological axe-grinding; my purpose is purely analytic. And a cover to cover study of Miss Underhill's book, rich in quoted 'experience' and testimonies of the church saints, leaves the reader, I make bold to say, without a single 'truth' in his mind which was not already there before, or, at any rate, which he could not have discovered before in some compendium of church orthodoxy. Take them one by one, the historic dogmas,—with a monotonous regularity which is not concealed by the glowing hues of the votaries' enthusiasms,—are set forth, dramatised, visualised, confirmed by internal voices. I give one concrete proof. In her quite proper anxiety to rescue mysticism from the charge of self-delusion, frivolity, and 'mere monkey-tricks of the soul'—to quote her own quotation of one of the greatest of them—Miss Underhill (p. 61) declares that "true Christian

mysticism rejects without hesitation all individual revelations which do not accord with the teaching and narrative of the canonical Scriptures—its final court of appeal.” Well then, we may ask, *cui bono*? If all that the mystics reveal is already in the Bible, already in our hands, why all this pother? There is a reply, which I will come to presently. But the complete and final entombment of our hopes takes place in her last chapter, when Miss Underhill heavily lays the Liturgy, including the Mass, upon their grave. The church Liturgies, especially the Mass, contain the entire mystical adventure in symbolic and dramatic form. So that the dome and arch of the mystic’s ‘experiences,’ after all, are limited by the inside of the biblicism, the dogmatism and the sacramentarianism determined by the traditions and standards of the church. And that is the end of those ‘experiences’ which promised to rend the veil, and see the Transcendent face to face.

The mystic’s answer, as I have just indicated, is ready. And it is to the effect that he never promised to make revelations to other people. His testimony is that he has himself had revelations, which, however, from their very nature are incommunicable. All he can do is to endeavour to rouse others to the effort to find such ‘experiences’ for themselves. “Hence the true object of Christianity”—says Miss Underhill (p. 33)—“is the effecting of the changes which lead to the production of such mystics.” And that conducts me straight into the presence of the next trespasser on the mystic way, namely, the *aristocrat*, as you will permit me to call him for want of a more descriptive title. Elsewhere, Miss Underhill speaks of “a strongly aristocratic strain in Christianity . . . from the

first." True to the generic spirit of the 'mystery' she holds to the difference between esoteric and exoteric, the initiate and the non-initiate, the 'elect' 'little flock' and 'the crowd.' Nor does she make me feel confident that with G. Bernard Shaw she is willing to have her "mob all Cæsars."<sup>1</sup> Now, of course, nobody denies that there are considerable differences in the capacity of men, intellectually, morally, psychologically; and that, consequently, the same truth will make different degrees of impression upon them. That is one thing. But it is quite another thing to say that a teacher is to constitute himself the deliberate judge of men's fitness to hear his message. Still less that a ring-fence of initiates is to exploit the shrine of knowledge, or the tree of life. The parable of the Sower should dispose of that. And yet it is undeniable that the mystery-cults which accompanied the rise of Christianity have coloured many pages of the New Testament. Let the teacher deliver his message. He that has ears will hear. If another has no ears, no harm is done. This esoteric doctrine would make the mystic the best man—perhaps the only really good man—in the world. The history of mysticism will not sustain that awful load of self-righteousness. And an age of democracy must refuse to be reconciled to it. But there is no need to elaborate. In all these phases of mysticism there is much emotional beating of the bush, but very little starting of the hare.

It is hard to get names for the things we are trying to describe, and I mean no disrespect when I describe the next trespasser on the mystic way as an *anti-scientist*. "A sympathy at once with the spirit

<sup>1</sup> *Man and Superman*, xxxvii.

of science and the spirit of mysticism is rare," said George Tyrrell,<sup>1</sup> but it is certain that the religion that does not combine them in due proportion will never command the allegiance of men who are at once intelligent and good. Religion requires the analytical and synthetic method of science; and science requires the idealising and inspiring influences of religion. Some kind of formalism, some kind of institutionalism must constitute the embodiment of the mystical temper, or—as it should be sufficient to say, so avoiding undesirable implications—the spiritual being. Now, whatever may be the excuse made for the mysticism of a pre-scientific age, it cannot be put forward as an apology for the same mystic phenomena in an age of science. Mysticism, in fact, which was at one time accompanied by ignorance of science, is now accompanied by disdain or despair of science. Hume's sensationalism can be lightly dispensed with by a philosophy which finds God and the universe in its own intuitions. Since its truths are held to be beyond human comprehension, it cannot submit them to the analytical and synthetic processes of the scientific mind. It appeals to its 'experience' to substantiate that which would otherwise be doubtful, and even to explain that which would be otherwise inexplicable. It is a high claim Miss Underhill puts in when she roots her psychology "not in the guessing games of the professors, but in the experience of the saints."<sup>2</sup> It is to be hoped that the professors will not allow themselves to be browbeaten by the saints. Mysticism is playing for high stakes. In case of disaster, the modern world would do well to have another anchor

<sup>1</sup> *Hibbert Journal*, vol. vii. p. 688.

<sup>2</sup> *The Mystic Way*, Preface, p. x.

to its faith. If the mystics will abate their high pontifical pretensions and put themselves into harness with us, they may be of great service in what Eucken somewhere describes as "the bringing of the supersensuous world to some kind of concrete expression."

Apologising again for the poverty of my language, I perceive the *ir-rationalist* airily disporting himself along the mystic way. "We are at present experiencing to a certain extent," says Professor Windelband, "the same change in our mode of thought which occurred about the year 1800, when Romanticism superseded Encyclopedism in the whole of Europe. . . . 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."<sup>1</sup> Here again our latest exponent of mysticism takes extraordinarily high ground. She incontinently sweeps aside the *Via Negativa*, which she describes as "the attempt to attain Being by the total rejection of Becoming,"<sup>2</sup> and everywhere displays the unfortunate, perhaps unintentional, influence of Bergson in fostering the anti-intellectual tendencies of our time in the interests of an intuitional philosophy. Our age must return to rationalism again—or, if you prefer it, to the categories of mind. Even if we never attain, we are bound to pursue the intellectual quest, in the belief that we shall come to some satisfying perception of ultimate being. If it were possible to think that the modern world would decline the steep and exalted path of rationality, it must inevitably gravitate towards ethical disaster. Meantime, we have to mourn the prevalence of an

<sup>1</sup> THE QUEST, Jan., 1918, p. 208.    <sup>2</sup> *The Mystic Way*, p. 17.

'empiricism' which appears to slight the categories of reason, of an 'experience' which in the nature of the case can be experience only of the relative, and of an 'immediacy' which, as Dean Inge says, implies that the quest of the Absolute is for the time being getting the go-by. But it will come again. The Absolute can bide its time.

WALTER WALSH.

## DIVINE LIMITATIONS.

C. B. WHEELER, M.A.

OF all the speculations which thrust themselves on us in this unintelligible world, the one which is most vital and most necessary, is yet the one from which the human mind, conscious of its own imperfections, has too often shrunk;—I mean the investigation of the nature and properties of that Power which we believe to lie behind, and in some sense to have given birth to, our universe; that God of whom theologians of all ages and countries have discoursed so glibly—though by no means always in unison—and who is described in the first of the XXXIX Articles as being ‘of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, the maker and preserver of all things both visible and invisible.’

The tremendous problem on which I propose to embark in this paper is nothing less than a consideration, ‘in the light of experience,’ of the accuracy of such a description; and if in the course of it I shall be compelled to do what, it is said, no wise man ever does, that is make a definite pronouncement of my own religion, I can only plead that without such a pronouncement the paper would be unintelligible. There are moreover many different kinds of wisdom in the world, and unfortunately each one of them must, as a rule, be pursued at the expense of the rest.

As a starting point of the enquiry we must assume

the existence of such a Power or Powers, an assumption which will be either granted or refused according to the type of mind which considers the problem. The theory that the universe is self-caused; that we, the latest seed of time, are but the outcome of blind, purposeless forces; that mind has no existence apart from matter; that after millions of years, when the last man gasps out his last breath on a frozen world, the whole shall be as though the human race had never existed—this theory, which has been held and is held to-day by no inconsiderable number of intelligent people, is one which no reason can refute. But, fortunately for mankind, we are not entirely, or solely, reasoning creatures; and, where the voice of reason is dumb, some of us can take refuge in the unrational, but not irrational, arms of faith, and believe—what can never be proven—that there is a definite meaning in the scheme of things, that the mighty machinery of evolution was in some way set in motion to achieve an end, and that the groanings and travailings of all creation are slowly bringing that end to pass.

This at least is the position we must take up if we are to enter on the subject of this paper. We must postulate a Power or Powers working through matter, through life, through man, to achieve some end which presumably could not be otherwise accomplished. To diverge for a minute from our subject, it may be worth while to try to estimate what this end is; and our only way of doing this is to see what—if anything—has been accomplished in the long ages of the past which can in any way be deemed to have a permanent value. Obviously there is no place here for anything material: the proudest work of men's hands, the stateliest fabrics,



the choicest works of art, the cleaving of continents and the draining of seas, are all but transient results, as certain to perish as the hands that wrought them; they can be but steps in the attainment of some more enduring end, useless in themselves and only of value in that through them something more permanent has been developed. Now the only thing whose continuous development we can see throughout the past is the human mind. In estimating a process that has gone on for countless ages, it is obviously absurd to reckon by mere centuries or even thousands of years; but if we consider human evolution from the days of the mastodon and the pterodactyl to the present time, it is impossible not to see that much hard thinking has gone to transform the men of the Stone Age into their modern descendants. Not that the progress has been as consistently in the direction of virtue, as it has been in the direction of intelligence; increased capacity means capacity for evil as well as for good, and it is not always the case that the most intelligent people are the most virtuous. Nor has the progress of the human race probably been in the direction of happiness; for 'he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow,' and it may well be that the happiest people in the world are those who think the least. But, putting aside the question whether we are better or happier than our remote ancestors, there can be no question that the race has developed enormously in ability. Despite long periods of darkness and apparent stagnation, it is safe to say that each generation has had new problems to solve, possibly similar to those of the past but never identical with them; for history never repeats itself. And sometimes the progress has been so rapid that we can see the younger generation mounting

on the shoulders of their elders and starting at almost the point where their fathers left off.

Now all this development of the human mind has been brought about only by hard thinking, by strenuous exercise of the mind, whether intellectual or emotional—and this in a word is what I conceive to be the end desired by the Author of the scheme.

I look on thought as being a kind of gas, or rather many different kinds of gas, given off by the mind of the thinker, and useful, not merely to him as resulting in some personal or social end, but also to the unseen Power whom I imagine as using the thinker for this purpose; much as a bee-keeper uses bees to provide him with honey.

By 'thought' I understand not merely intellectual effort of a high order, to which few of us can lay claim, but any exercise of the intelligence, such as we are all forced to use every day, and in an increasing degree as our lives grow more complex. This would not, of course, have the same value as the other; for I take it that a much more precious gas is thrown off by deep thinking on an abstract subject than by the concentration necessary to produce a new evening-dress or a new entrée. But to be of any value thought must be clear; the solution of the problem how to pay seven calls in different parts of London in one afternoon is to my mind more cosmically useful than a good deal of the foggy floundering among the eternal verities which is complimented with the name of Mysticism.

And further I would under the term 'thought' include the emotions as contributing special and very potent gases; and I am prepared to maintain that in its long progress the human race has grown in its capacity for love, as well as in its intellect. This is

most clearly seen in the wider range of goodwill and even affection that prevails in the modern world. There was a time when a man's affections were bounded by his own immediate belongings, when 'stranger' and 'enemy' were convertible terms; but the feeling of goodwill gradually extended to the tribe, then to the nation, and patriotism became a virtue. To-day the feeling of unity has so far outgrown these earlier limitations, that patriotism, in the sense in which our grandfathers used it, seems to many but a narrow virtue, and they extend their sympathies to all humanity—indeed to all that lives and feels.

The production of this 'mind-stuff' then seems to me the immediate object which the Author of the scheme desired; to what use it will be put I do not propose here to conjecture; nor do I find in my own mind any such impelling necessity to grope after the solution of this problem. The work of humanity, as I take it, is to make bricks; it need not concern itself with the laying of them, or propound theories as to the Architect's plans. And yet, if we would put our hearts into our work, it is imperative that we should have—or believe we have—some knowledge of the Architect; that we should have a belief, which is not contradicted by our experience, that he possesses certain attributes, even while we admit that these attributes make up but a small part of his nature. I propose for the rest of this paper to speak of this great Power as God, in spite of the anthropomorphic conceptions which have clustered round the term, in spite also of the sickly sentiment and grovelling servility which are associated with the term in many good people's minds.

It has been my misfortune to know many worthy people who were 'terribly at ease in Zion,' and who

seemed to have a perfectly clear-cut conception of God's nature and purpose, a conception which was to my mind so revolting, so hideously at variance with the truth, that I felt the first article of my duty towards God was to form another conception of him, one drawn, not from the teaching of others, but from such powers of observation and reflection as I possessed. For if there be, as I believe, a divine spark in the mind of each of us, there can be no greater crime than to quench it in obedience to the dictates of others. Human reason may be very fallible, as our observation of our neighbours proves, but it is, in any question where it speaks, the highest faculty in each of us, and it should be therefore the ultimate arbiter in all questions of thought as well as of conduct. Probability is not only what Butler called it, 'the guide of life'; it is, and it ought to be, the touchstone of belief, so that to each article of faith we apply the test, 'Is it more likely that this is true or false?'—and at the blast of that trumpet it is surprising what a number of walls have collapsed.

The first question about God is to my mind rather a trivial one, though wars and persecutions have raged round it in the past, and the Western world seems to have settled it unalterably for the future; it is the question whether there is one God or many. To me, as I say, the question is one of no great importance. The Greek pantheon may well seem to us, as it seemed to Plato, a congeries of immoral absurdities; Olympus and Valhalla may have been peopled with deities, fashioned without and within in the likeness of humanity, but less worthy of reverence than the men and women who—surely with many misgivings—paid them divine honour; but a republic of gods is no more

unreasonable in theory than a republic of men, and a belief in polytheism is quite as consistent with a high and noble life as that belief in the unity of God which theologians have declared to be such a notable advance on the complications of paganism.

Indeed granted that there be one Supreme Power—term it the Absolute, or what you will—it seems perhaps more likely than not, that this Power would delegate some parts of his authority to other and subordinate powers, indicating the result which was to be achieved, but leaving the subordinate a free hand in the selection of the means by which he was to achieve it. I see no objection then to the theory of a separate god for each solar system, and possibly, within each system, a separate god for each planet. Below this I think we cannot go; the conception of a number of different gods, invested with different powers and animated by different aims in their management of the earth and its occupants, would conflict with that uniformity in life and its achievements which impresses itself upon us with increasing force as we grow older; while if the separate gods are—like the ideal and quite imaginary British Cabinet—all of one mind in a house, they may for all purposes of argument be considered as one.

The question may be raised at this point as to the existence of a Power of Evil as well as a Power of Good: must we like the Manichæans or the Zoroastrians believe that the world is governed by a God and a Devil, each striving to thwart the other, and fighting a pitched battle in every human soul? I do not think we need. But to this point I will return later.

Of the two standing epithets applied to God in Christian liturgies, 'almighty' and 'everlasting,' it

would be but a waste of time to discuss the latter. The human mind cannot grasp the idea of infinity, and human experience can have nothing to say as to the correctness or incorrectness of attributing eternity to God. But the epithet 'almighty' demands a good deal more attention than it usually receives; like many another beautiful word in our language its glib and frequent utterance has shrouded from us the profundity of the idea it embodies, *all-mighty*. The only discussions I have seen on the possible limitations of this 'might,' dealt with such barren points as whether God could make two and two equal to five, or whether he could make that which has happened not to have happened. Such trivialities pale beside the question of the origin of evil, and its continued existence, the pain, the suffering, and what is called the sin we see all around us. We may hold that out of sorrow comes joy; that physical pain is nature's danger-signal, warning us to seek some remedy; that adversity, like the toad, bears yet a precious jewel in its head; that it is through shame we find courage, through suffering we learn patience, through blunderings we attain wisdom; we may believe that, like Antæus fighting with Hercules, each time we are flung to the earth we rise stronger—and yet we may ask, why, if God be all-powerful, are these ends *thus* achieved? Could not a God to whom all things are possible give us some easier road to tread, and yet bring us whither he would have us go? Omnipotence could choose all means to its end: why did it choose means so cruel? And when we put these questions to the Churches we are told that these things are a mystery, with the addition sometimes that it ill becomes the finite human intellect to probe into that which the Infinite in its wisdom has hidden. They

apparently forget their master's words, "there is nothing hidden which shall not be revealed," and that each fresh discovery in science is but the finding out of one of the secrets hidden by the Infinite. Before Darwin transformed the thought of the world in 1860, Sir John Herschell, the greatest astronomer of his day, spoke of the origin of the different species of plants and animals as 'the mystery of mysteries,' and now that mystery is revealed to everyone who cares to study a children's text-book. I am not, of course, claiming to be the Darwin who has solved this age-long problem. I am merely asserting my belief that it is the duty of every reasoning being to apply his mind to the solution of it, and that in no other way can he equally well perform his duty towards God.

We are then faced with the problem that God cannot be at once all-good and all-powerful, in the sense in which we understand the terms goodness and power. And here let me warn many good people who cling to decaying creeds, of the danger of the argument they generally use on this point. "How do you know," say they, "that God's standard of justice, and kindness, and truth, are the same as man's? Granted that to your finite mind a doctrine seems unreasonable, or the government of this world seems grossly unjust, how can you be sure that they are so in the eyes of God?" Such an argument is subversive of every decent instinct in mankind. If I cannot believe that my conscience, however warped by early training and crusted over by foolish fetishes which I have been too timid to break through, is yet the voice of God, the strongest motive for right action is pulverised. If God's sense of justice differs from mine, how shall I dare to act on mine, lest I conflict with his? To suppose the

two are at variance is indeed nothing short of a denial of the God who speaks in each man's heart; and it seems strange that this 'blasphemy against the Holy Ghost' should proceed from those who imagine themselves to be on the side of the angels.

If then we believe that, roughly but fundamentally, our ideas of right and wrong are the same as those of God, we are, as I say, confronted with the conclusion that God cannot be both all-good and all-powerful. There can surely be no doubt which of the two epithets we must reject. A God who is not all-good is at this stage of the world's progress unthinkable; but it is not difficult to conceive a God who is conditioned from without by certain limitations. The Greeks recognised the grim Necessity, *ἀνάγκη*, as coming above the gods and limiting their influence over human destiny; and we may in like manner believe that God chose the toilsome path along which mankind is travelling because he could choose no other. Wisdom as well as kindness dictates consideration for the workers if they are to produce the best results; and, believing God to be both wise and kind, we are driven to the conclusion that he did not obey this dictation because he could not.

God, as I take it, could not effect his end, the production of 'mind-stuff,' without making use of matter; and accordingly, far back in the infinities of time, before the beginning of days, he called in matter to his aid, energised it in some unthinkable way, and launched it on the age-long process which we call Evolution. But matter, though through the divine energy it had received it was forced to develop, yet developed in accordance with its own laws, laws wholly mechanical, unswerving in their application, and—except so far as mind can act upon matter, to which



point I shall return later—unalterable. The discovery of those laws constitutes the work of science in all its branches ; and with the operation of those laws God, I take it, cannot interfere. It is not enough to say that he will not; they are, many of them, so cruel, so altogether undivine, that he would be driven by wisdom and goodness alike to interfere if he could. The first then of the limitations of God I conceive to be this:—only in so far as mind can rule matter is God the ruler of this world ; apart from this he has no control over matter in any shape or form.

Let us come to the phrase, 'so far as mind can rule matter,' and try to estimate what it means. That a mind can act on the body which contains it of course needs no proof ; most of our bodily actions are carried out at the dictation of our minds. And the mind of one person may act on the body of another, but this is done by influences brought to bear on the other person's mind. The real problem is, how far can a mind act directly upon a body which does not possess a mind? It is one which has often been brought before the Society for Psychological Research, and so far no cogent evidence has been produced to show that any such action is possible. If we accept the statement of the author of the Fourth Gospel, that 'God is spirit,' we must believe him to be conditioned by those limitations to which spirit is subject; and if this is true, God can work on matter only by means of the spirit inhabiting that matter. Thus if God wants any material end brought about, if he wants the hungry fed or the naked clothed, if he wants the mighty put down from their seat and the humble and meek exalted, if he wants a mountain removed and cast into the midst of the sea, the only way he can accomplish any of these

things is suggesting to some corporeal creatures that they should do them. God has no arms or legs, and if there is work to be done in the world for which arms and legs are required, it is men and women who must do it.

When I first began to think on this subject many years ago, it was in connexion with the weather, a topic to which a good deal of speculation and many wearisome commonplaces of conversation are devoted in this country. Considering the ill effects on the health, the temper, the sobriety of a nation that are produced by a wet Bank holiday; the deprivation of salutary exercise, or attendance at some place of worship, which a wet Sunday often entails; the widespread distress among the very poor caused by prolonged periods of drought or of rain; considering, too, the utter futility of all attempts to effect climatic changes by prayers in the churches,—I was driven to the conclusion that the weather was quite independent of divine guidance. This very soon led me on to the further conclusion that all the operations of Nature are carried on along purely mechanical lines; that the material universe may be compared to a clock or other piece of mechanism which, having been once wound up, pursues its relentless, unimpassioned way, with no care for, because it has no knowledge of, the pleasure or pain which its working entails.

Whether matter was originally created by God or existed from everlasting is—so far as this argument is concerned—immaterial; the whole point is that God, though making use of matter to effect the growth of spirit, is forced to submit to the laws regulating matter, which are rigid laws of logical, cause-and-effect necessity.

It is, I think, on no other supposition that we can at all understand the accidents of life, how it is that servants of God of every creed, and of no creed, are constantly being cut down in their prime, leaving their work unfinished and often, for want of them, doomed to decay, while hoary-headed reprobates whose life is one long stain on humanity, will cumber the earth for eighty summers. If God be indeed the 'Creator and Preserver of all mankind,' if the issues of life and death are in his hand, does not such a policy appear incredible? It will make a material difference to a man's daily life if he believes that he will live, not 'as long as God pleases,' but as long as he himself can keep his body from accident and disease. If he holds the latter, and at the same time regards himself as the servant of God, the maintenance of his mind and body in perfect working order becomes a prime article of his Duty towards God, in order that his output in thought, word, and deed may be at its maximum. Of these thought is the most important; for if the thought be strong enough, word and deed will necessarily follow; while words and deeds with no thought behind them are apt to be valueless. As a rule of life, then, we might take Hamlet's words, with a little alteration: "There's nothing either right or wrong but its effect upon thinking makes it so." That is the true test by which we should regulate our lives; yet many excellent people seem to have believed that by abstaining from the lusts of the flesh in one form or another they were pleasing God! Of course if, as a result of such abstinence, their thoughts were deeper, and clearer, and more useful in the great scheme, they were perfectly right; otherwise their abstinence was not merely senseless, but wicked.

But to return to the question of a divinely ordered

or a mechanical cosmos. In practical affairs we have at least got so far as to rely increasingly on human action, and do not expect divine intervention. We no longer look on an outbreak of cholera or an earthquake as judgments from heaven for our unbelief and manifold offences; we overhaul our drains and build earthquake-proof houses on the Japanese model. One of my earliest recollections is of a serious outbreak of Foot-and-Mouth disease in the north; forthwith a Hymn on the Cattle Plague was written by some pious personage, set to music of an appropriate character and sung at a great choral gathering of the neighbouring parishes. I venture to think there are not many Churchmen who would seek to stay the plague in that fashion to-day; they would rather telegraph up to Whitehall for a Government Inspector. We are getting to recognise that physical events spring from physical causes and must be cured by physical means; we are getting to believe, that is, that God does not interfere with the working of external nature. And, as I said before, if we believe this, we must also believe that he cannot—or else surrender our belief in his goodness.

It is hard to see any reason why we should hesitate thus to limit the power of God, if by so doing we can understand him more and possibly serve him better. Is the physical universe so entirely admirable, is Nature so altogether beneficent, that we can trace throughout it the hand of an all-wise and all-good Architect? Those who think so must surely be credited with more capacity for faith than for observation; for there are so many undivine attributes in Nature that, to me at least, it is unthinkable that it should be under the control of God. Consider in the first place its extraordinary wastefulness; it has been

estimated, for instance, that of five million oysters one alone reaches maturity; and the chance of survival can be little more with the spawn of fish. Think of the thousands of spermatozoa that are wasted in each act of procreation—every one of them a potential life. Well-meaning but unintelligent people—I am sorry to say Goldsmith was one of them—have regarded the enormous risks attendant on animal life in its early stages as a proof of divine beneficence; for, say they, if every embryo developed into a full-grown animal, the earth would in a very short time become uninhabitable. This is a good instance of the nonsense people talk when they start with the determination to find the finger of God in everything, and refuse to apply such common sense as they possess to the investigation of the most important question in the world. No reasonable power would create merely to destroy, or take credit for a destruction which was only called for by the former needless creation.

Think of the beasts of prey, the venomous reptiles and insects which seem to serve no useful purpose in any of Nature's schemes. Think of the extraordinary cruelty that seems to reign throughout the animal world. Think of the pain and peril that accompany our entry into life, the illnesses, the aches and pains that beset us from the cradle to the grave. Think of the needless and uncomfortable complexity of this body of ours, and how poor a vehicle for thought it really is; how slavishly dependent on nutrition and fitting environment; how easily thrown out of gear—a grain of dust in the eye will absorb the attention of a saint; a change in the pressure or temperature of the atmosphere or in the direction of the wind will alter for a time many people's whole outlook on life.

Think of the wastefulness of sleep—not that I would breathe one word against that ‘blessed barrier between day and day,’ a priceless boon to man, as man is at present constituted; but were we so fashioned that we never needed sleep, surely the will of God (whatever that may be) would be accomplished the sooner. Think, above all, of Nature’s sublime indifference to morality, the absolute impartiality with which she sends rain on the just and the unjust, the rigour with which she metes out equal punishments to ignorance and deliberate intention. A child who gives its playfellow a handful of pretty berries plucked from a hedge is, from Nature’s point of view, as much a murderer as Locusta or Lucrezia Borgia with her poison-cupboard. To Nature motive counts for nothing, character counts for nothing; she smiled on Leopold II., King of the Belgians, and she slew Father Damien.

Are we not justified then if we refuse to see the finger of God in all this? if we believe that God, being pure spirit, is limited to purely spiritual action, and has no direct power whatever on anything in the realm of matter, whether organic or inorganic?

But this brings us face to face with another and no less important limitation, one without which the former would be hardly any limitation at all. For the mere inability to control matter directly would be little check on God’s power, if he could at all times inspire the minds of all the world with his thought. For most of the evils in the world there is probably a remedy, if mankind had but the wisdom to find it out and the will to apply it. God cannot be lacking in either of these qualities, and if he does not impart them to us, there can again be only one good and sufficient reason—that

he cannot. By dissociating God from matter we have relieved him of responsibility for most of the evils of life—only to saddle him with it again if we believe that he is able to inspire all men with wisdom, virtue, and happiness, and does not do so. The idea that he cannot is one not hard to grasp, if we reflect on the intimate connexion that exists between body and mind, and the distressing limitations of our own brains. God, as I take it, is hampered by man's inability to receive, and not by his own capacity to give. No amount of coaching will make an unmathematical man into a wrangler, or produce a great linguist from one who has no gift of tongues; and so God can only instil into a human brain as much wisdom or goodness as that brain is fitted to receive. There is of course the widest imaginable variation, intellectually and emotionally, between one person and another; and this we must suppose to be due—not in any way to the will of God, who surely would have had us all counterparts of himself—but to variation in the matter of the brain.

I said in an earlier part of my paper that I thought we could explain the existence of evil on a simpler hypothesis than that of a Devil. It was natural that primitive man, seeing the evil in the world, and wondering why it was there, should exercise his usual device of personification and imagine an objective Power of Evil, whom he not unnaturally sought to propitiate, that he might avert harm from himself and his belongings. But it is a sound philosophical maxim that entities should not be multiplied beyond what is necessary; and if the course of this world can be explained without that Ghostly Enemy, whom and all whose works we most of us renounced by proxy a few weeks after birth, we may dismiss—though with some

poetic regrets—the whole Miltonic pandemonium, and believe that the only sentient Power at the back of things is God.

For the existence of a Power of Evil, a Being who is, in all that affects goodness, the antithesis of God, is, to me at least, so flatly unthinkable that I am driven to seek a more plausible hypothesis. We can remotely conceive a Being of absolute goodness: we have but to consider each good quality we can detect in humanity as raised to the  $n^{\text{th}}$  power and united in one person. If I may put the matter mathematically, the formula is  $a^n + b^n + c^n + \&c. = \text{God}$ ; where  $a, b, c, \&c.$ , are various good qualities, and  $n$  is infinity. But with the Power of Evil the case is different. Each virtue, Aristotle has taught us, is the mean between two conflicting vices; thus, to take a simple instance, recklessness and cowardice are the two vicious extremes, and true courage is the virtuous mean between them. An entirely Evil Being then must be at the same time reckless and cowardly, not alternately, for that is a height to which mere humanity can rise, but always, inevitably, simultaneously; and this it seems to me is a combination which in the nature of things cannot exist. If we reduce it to a mathematical formula, we get  $p^n + q^n + r^n + s^n + \&c. = \text{Devil}$ ; where  $p, q, r, s, \&c.$ , are bad qualities and  $n$ , as before, is infinity. But of these bad qualities  $p$  is positive,  $q$  is negative,  $r$  is positive,  $s$  is negative and so on; so that each pair of terms cancels, and the left-hand side of the equation vanishes—in other words, the Devil is non-existent.

Such reasoning is a priori; but it is confirmed by experience. For the Devil, if there be one, seems always to have been fighting a losing battle. The more we study the big history of the world and the



little histories of our own lives, the more apparent is it that in the great majority of cases good comes out of evil. It is a comforting reflexion that however bad-tempered, or selfish, or tyrannical people may be, they yet, though not virtuous in themselves, may raise quite a considerable crop of virtues in others. In this way even boring and foolish persons may be seen to be useful in the great scheme, if they be regarded as dumb-bells, to use an expression I learnt from a friend ; for a dumb-bell is an object, inert and useless in itself, and deriving no benefit from its intercourse with the athlete ; but regular daily practice with it vitalises the frame and hardens the muscles and fits one to grapple with the enemy in the day of battle.

If then the very agents which the Devil uses are working for good, his whole campaign is stultified, and it seems reasonable to suppose that he would long ago have thrown up the sponge and retired from a conflict which subjected him to ceaseless humiliation.

My own theory as to the origin of evil is at least not so much at variance with probability as the Devil theory, though I do not profess to understand it. It is that inherent in matter, in each particle of matter, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous, there is something antagonistic to spirit and therefore evil. The history of Evolution from the time when spirit first informed matter has been, I take it, the history of the attempt on the part of spirit to subjugate matter and mould it to its own ends. It is not easy to see how evil can be inherent in say oxygen, or a mountain stream or a pebble, though by this hypothesis it must be ; but if we come nearer home and consider the relations of the human body and mind, we shall get something a little more within our comprehension.

But first, if I speak of the human body as evil, it is not in any sense that, like the early Fathers, I consider it shameful or unclean. If properly developed it is one of the most beautiful things in Nature; it is only unclean if its owner chooses to keep it so, and the only shameful thing about it is that we are ashamed of it. But the body has this element of evil, that in itself and for itself it wants things: it wants nice food and drink, soft clothing and easy beds, and—as means to get these—it wants money and power. Property in fact is what the body craves, and as most of the evil thoughts, words, and deeds in the world rise out of the love of property, or the desire for it, it is easy to see that there is a large element of evil in that component of man's nature which makes property its first consideration. There is no need to dwell on Christ's insistence on the evils of wealth:—"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God,"—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth,"—"Blessed be ye poor; for yours is the kingdom of God." Such texts have often been explained as meaning no more than that a devotion to money-grubbing was bad for the soul. As if Christ ever said anything so commonplace! It goes deeper too, I think, than the pretty obvious statement that 'one who has everything handsome about him' is apt to give his mind to such things, and become absorbed in worldly concerns. May there not lie behind the words some such idea as I have suggested, that all material things are, in some incomprehensible way, inherently evil?

There is another point in which the body wages a life-long warfare against the mind, and that is in the matter of routine. Left to itself the body is a mass of conventions; it is conservative in the worst sense of

the word; regularity and order are its watchwords and precedent is its fetish. The thing it has always done is the thing it would always do; all novelty is anathema. The innovator, the reformer, the ruthless trampler on habits and conventions, is the mind, which is ever suggesting something new, ever pressing forward to some new experience, can never know enough or feel enough, and occasionally goads and flogs the poor hum-drum, custom-ridden body till that outraged piece of mechanism takes its revenge by dying.

If then the body is set against progress, and yet is the only instrument whereby the will of God can be carried out, our duty towards it is clear. We do not shoot an unruly colt, we train him; and having trained him we feed him well and work him hard. And so with the body: to stamp out the lusts of the flesh is to deprive oneself of what might be made a very useful servant. Granted that in a low state of evolution "the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit," as the Article puts it, it is possible to pass beyond this, and reach a stage where one may say, with Rabbi Ben Ezra: "All good things are ours, Nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul."

It will be interesting to see how this theory will stand with regard to miracles. When Matthew Arnold scandalised a world that considered itself devout by the statement, "Miracles do not happen," he was presumably thinking of miracles on the physical plane; and, though he was supported by men of science, he was opposed by the churches in the name of religion. The hypothesis that God has no control over non-sentient matter, and can only influence sentient matter so far as he can inspire the mind within it, will of course support Matthew Arnold's *dictum*. But I resent the

restriction of the word miracle to what takes place on the physical plane. Defining a miracle as a sudden and apparently causeless interference with uniform order, I should say that in the human heart and brain miracles are not uncommon. "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed and doeth that which is lawful and right"; when the drunkard takes the pledge—and keeps it; whenever the phenomenon known, and often sneered at, as 'conversion' takes place—are not these miracles? No less miraculous are those flashes of inspiration which come at times to all of us, when some great thought strikes us and takes possession of us, clamouring for utterance. These to me are miracles, and they are found just where one would expect to find them, not in the mechanical world of matter, but in the field where God is striving to work—the mind of man.

A belief in God's limited power to communicate with man will explain many of the perplexities of life. There are several recorded cases of persons having been saved from a shipwreck or a railway accident by a premonition warning them against taking a certain boat or train. They have often seen herein the finger of God. But what of those who have received no such warning—who are thousands of times more numerous? Must we not tax God with great partiality—I would even say with incredible misjudgment, considering that it is often the most valuable lives that are lost, while the comparatively useless are saved? Or is it, as I suggest, that the brains of certain people—not necessarily the highest—have evolved in such a way as to become receptive of such a premonition, a premonition which would have been equally extended to all, if they had developed ears to hear it?

How again, if God is one and truth is one, can we explain the familiar but unsettling spectacle of two good and highly intelligent persons taking diametrically opposite views about some question of serious importance? Each believes himself to be in possession of God-sent light, and that the other is sitting in outer darkness. Has God two, conflicting, lights? Or is it that to each is given the only illumination which his brain can receive, and that, while neither is wholly right, neither is wholly wrong? For it is my increasing conviction that all life is a matter of compromise, and that we are none of us as much in the right as we fancy we are.

It may be thought perhaps that a God with these limitations is a very shrunken, attenuated deity, and that in seeking to explain his workings I have robbed him of all his majesty. That is not my view. On the contrary, I should consider that an omnipotent God needs no help from man; he has but to will and his will is accomplished; so what need have we "to fardels bear and grunt and sweat under a weary life," in the effort to do his will? And—what is more serious—looking on a world much of which I regard with horror and detestation, I should find it hard not to transfer some portion of those feelings to a God who had it in his power to alter it, but did not. If, on the other hand, God be such as I have conceived him, seeking to get into closer touch with man as ardently as man has ever desired to get into touch with him, but hampered by the existence of matter, over which he has no control; if God can do nothing whatever on the physical plane, but has there to work through a very faulty and often very unwilling human instrument,—have we not here a God whom we can revere

as wiser and better than ourselves at the height of our wisdom and goodness, whom we can serve with the eager gladness which comes from the knowledge that our service is essential to the carrying out of his will?

I do not know whether this theory of a God strictly limited in power is new or old. Experience has taught me that all the ideas which have struck me forcibly, and most of those which have struck other people, have already been put before the world and rejected or ignored. So I should not be surprised to hear that this idea was elaborated by the early Christian heretics, who seem, like heretics of all times, to have been far more in the right than their orthodox persecutors; or to learn that it was the subject of a book written the year before last by a German philosopher, or an ex-Roman Catholic priest, or a very advanced Nonconformist minister. It is of course quite immaterial whether the theory be old or new; the only important point is—is it true? In such a question truth cannot be attained with any finality; we can only pile up the facts in support of a theory on one side and those which conflict with it on the other, and then use our honest judgment to determine which pile is the bigger. To me it seems that a theory such as this offers a key to some at least of the mysteries of life, and increases human happiness—or should I say, lessens human sorrow?—by giving man a God whom he can entirely believe in, whom he can at least partially understand, and whom he can whole-heartedly honour and serve.

C. B. WHEELER.

## THE INSPIRATION OF GENIUS.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

WHERE do thoughts come from? It is not scientific to suppose they come from nowhere or nothing. *Ex nihilo, nihil fit*. Of course we can trace, in a supposititious sort of way, the cause of many of our thoughts. When somebody says 'canal,' we think of Panama or Suez or Mars, because those words, or what they denote, are 'associated' in our minds with the word and idea 'canal'; and we talk about worn brain-tracks and the like, though as a matter of fact we know little or nothing of the physiology of the process. But, waiving this kind of 'associated' mental performance, where do the *new* thoughts come from, the thoughts of the creative artist, poet, painter, musician, scientific discoverer?

If we are to form any sort of conception of the process at all, it must involve 'inspiration,'—an in-breathing, inrush of something from outside. No matter how materialistic science may talk, its own principles bring about—if pushed logically home—a doctrine of inspiration and revelation. Nothing comes from nothing. New truth is old existence, but newly perceived. Science, as well as art, is revelation. Darwin, Newton, Kepler, Bode, Avogadro, Mendeleef or Newlands, Mendel—to take names at random as they occur to the mind—all these received revelations. They saw what no one had seen before, as the great poets and painters do. They were inspired. New

thoughts were breathed into them. "O God," cried Kepler, when he perceived the laws of planetary motion, "I think again Thy thoughts after Thee!" Here the great scientific discoverer realises the grandeur of the thought, and ecstatically feels the communion with something higher than himself; but in the creative artist we see a fuller development of the same thing.

The creative writer feels, not only that he is re-thinking the thoughts of a greater than himself—which all of us do, in a smaller way, when we read Shakespeare—but also that he himself is actually standing aside, so to speak, in order to let that greater one think through him. This it is that is inspiration *in excelsis*. It is worth while to consider a few examples. We will take the actual words of the geniuses themselves, describing their own experiences. First let us hear Charlotte Brontë's statement, given in the preface to a later edition of *Wuthering Heights*, published after Emily's death. She is debating the question of whether it is right to create such a character as Heathcliff; and, with the clergyman's-daughter side perhaps temporarily mastering the artist, she is inclined to say that it is not. But:

" . . . this I know; the writer who possesses the creative gift owns something of which he is not always master—something that, at times, strangely wills and works for itself. He may lay down rules and devise principles, and to rules and principles it will perhaps for years lie in subjection; and then, haply without any warning of revolt, there comes a time when it will no longer consent to 'harrow the valleys, or be bound with a band in the furrow'—when it 'laughs at the multitude of the city, and regards not



the crying of the driver'—when, refusing absolutely to make ropes out of sea-sand any longer, it sets to work on statue-hewing, and you have a Pluto or a Jove, a Tisiphone or a Psyche, a Mermaid or a Madonna, as Fate or Inspiration direct. Be the work grim or glorious, dread or divine, you have little choice left but quiescent adoption. As for you—the nominal artist—your share in it has been to work passively under dictates you neither delivered nor could question—that would not be uttered at your prayer, nor suppressed nor changed at your caprice. If the result be attractive, the World will praise you, who little deserve praise; if it be repulsive, the same World will blame you, who almost as little deserve blame."

Charlotte was speaking from her own experience. On some days she could write freely, while at other times the story would hang fire for weeks at a time; then a burst of feverish activity, and she would write and write until she made herself ill. "When she came to 'Thornfield' she could not stop. Being short-sighted to excess, she wrote in little square paper-books, held close to her eyes, and (the first copy) in pencil. On she went writing incessantly for three weeks, by which time she had carried her heroine away from Thornfield, and was herself in a fever which compelled her to pause." (Harriet Martineau's obituary article on Charlotte Brontë in the *Daily News*, quoted in Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*, p. 317.) In this case the book was *Jane Eyre*; but we have the same testimony, from Charlotte herself, with regard to *Villette*. "When the mood leaves me (it has left me now, without vouchsafing so much as a word or a message when it will return) I put by the MS. and wait till it comes back again. God knows I sometimes

have to wait long—*very* long, it seems to me.” (*Charlotte Brontë at Home*, by Marion Harland, p. 235.)

Robert Louis Stevenson furnishes another example. He tells us that he wrote fifteen chapters of *Treasure Island* in fifteen days, then stuck completely, “ignominiously lost hold; my mouth was empty; there was not one word of *Treasure Island* in my bosom”; but again the tide rose, “and behold! it flowed from me like small talk,” and he finished the book at the rate of a chapter a day.<sup>1</sup> It is interesting to remember, in this connexion, that Stevenson used to *dream* most of his plots, as he describes in *Across the Plains*.

Scott, somewhat similarly, dictated *The Bride of Lammermoor* while ill and in an abnormal state, and when the book was put into his hands, a great part of it was quite strange to him; so much so, that he read on in a state of much disquietude lest he should find himself to have said something which his judgment would not approve. He had been suffering from a painful illness—probably biliary colic—and during the composition of the book he was more or less under the influence of opium.

It may be objected that these are only cases of imaginative creation. ‘Only!’ It seems to me that this fact of imaginative creation is much too big to be put aside with an ‘only.’ The universe itself may be called only a universe, but such a remark would not hurt it,—it would only qualify the remarker for a lunatic asylum. This creative gift, or whatever we like to call it, is inspiration. The quality of the matter may vary, and sometimes it may be so poor as to be worthless; though it is dangerous to be very sure, for it has often happened that the judges were at fault, the inspired

<sup>1</sup> *Essays in the Art of Writing*, pp. 124, 125.

one being in advance of his time, and only securing recognition—like Shakespeare—in a later generation. Still, it can hardly be denied that some inspired work is poor. W. B. Haydon had the authentic subjective feelings of inspiration, but his painting was not great. Our dreams, also, are mostly rubbish. The source of subconscious productions is, as Myers once said, part rubbish-heap and part King's treasury. But the thoughts come somehow and some-whence; yet not even the beginning of an explanation has yet been so much as glimpsed. Science is helpless before this problem. And it is not only fiction—the despised 'novel.' The prophets of old were inspired. They felt that some power not themselves was speaking through them, as wind blows through the organ-pipe. "Thus said the Lord!" was their continual word. Yet, lest it should be thought that all inspiration is bound up with this or that dogmatic system or that it authenticates any creed in any absolute way, we must remember that the genuine phenomenon of inspiration, so far as the subjective experiences go, is associated with all kinds of doctrine. The old prophets of Palestine were inspired; the Founder of Christianity and many of His disciples down to the present day were inspired; but so also was Friedrich Nietzsche, the anti-Christian! So much so, indeed, so keenly did he feel the divine breath blow through his being, that he doubted if anyone had had anything approaching his experience during the last few thousand years; perhaps he was thinking of the early Greek tragedies, Æschylus, Sophocles. The following is from Mrs. Förster-Nietzsche's introduction, pp. xxi, xxii, to Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra*.

"He often used to speak of the ecstatic mood in

which he wrote *Zarathustra*; how in his walks over hill and dale the ideas would crowd into his mind, and how he would note them down hastily in a note-book from which he would transcribe them on his return. . . . He says in a letter to me: 'You can have no idea of the vehemence of such composition,' and in *Ecce Homo* (autumn 1888) he describes as follows with passionate enthusiasm the incomparable mood in which he created *Zarathustra*: '—Has any one at the end of the nineteenth century any distinct notion of what poets of a stronger age understood by the word inspiration? If not, I will describe it. If one had the smallest vestige of superstition in one, it would hardly be possible to set aside completely the idea that one is the mere incarnation, mouth-piece or medium of an almighty power. The idea of revelation in the sense that something becomes suddenly visible and audible with indescribable certainty and accuracy, which profoundly convulses and upsets one—describes simply the matter of fact. One hears—one does not seek; one takes—one does not ask who gives; a thought suddenly flashes up like lightning, it comes with necessity, unhesitatingly—I have never had any choice in the matter. There is an ecstasy such that the immense strain of it is sometimes relaxed by a flood of tears. . . . There is the feeling that one is completely out of hand, with the very distinct consciousness of an endless number of fine thrills and quiverings to the very toes. . . . Everything happens quite involuntarily, as if in a tempestuous outburst of freedom, of absoluteness, of power and divinity. The involuntariness of the figures and similes is the most remarkable thing. . . . This is *my* experience of inspiration. I do not doubt but

that one would have to go back thousands of years in order to find some one who could say to me: 'It is mine also!'"

Probably Nietzsche had not studied the psychology of genius, or he would have found that his subjective experiences were much less exceptional than he thought. Almost every writer who is not a mere critic or logician, has experiences of the kind, in varying degree; and probably the feelings of mystics like Jacob Boehme and Richard Jefferies were as keen as those of Nietzsche, who apparently thought he was the first since Plotinus. Nay, even the second-rate seers—so to speak—the Edward Maitlands, Anna Kingsfords, Laurence Oliphants, seem to have had equally vivid experiences. The vividness and all-swallowingness of these latter is—as already said—no criterion of their value as judged by others. Haydon felt inspired, and painted poor pictures. Sir Gilbert Parker is sometimes in like case. Not that his books are quite like Haydon's pictures; but even Sir Gilbert himself would not claim to be a great genius. Yet the subjective phenomenon is there. Speaking of his story *When Valmond came to Pontiac*, he remarks in the preface to the uniform Imperial edition of his works just published by Scribner:

"The manuscript of the book was complete within four weeks. It possessed me. I wrote night and day . . . the world was shut out, I moved in a dream."

Mozart had a similar feeling. When asked by a friend what method he followed in composition, he said:

"All the finding and making only goes on in me as in a very vivid dream. . . . Whence and how—

that I do not know and cannot learn." (Hartmann's *Philosophy of the Unconscious*, i. 279.)

Watteau, even—not a very lofty soul,—was puzzled by the 'queer trick' he possessed, and could not tell how he did it. The creative artist never *can* tell; if he could he could teach others to do it. Something different from his everyday, conscious mind, wills and works within him; something which that conscious mind cannot see or get hold of. It is something which stands behind, so to speak, and the conscious mind cannot turn its head to see who is there. Oliver Wendell Holmes, himself not without experience of inspiration in its milder forms, yet with the somewhat unusual accompaniment of an introspective turn and a scientific training, describes it very aptly, in *Mechanism in Thought and Morals* :

"The more we examine the mechanism of thought, the more we shall see that the automatic, unconscious action of the mind enters largely into all its processes. Our definite ideas are stepping-stones; how we get from one to the other, we do not know: something carries us; we do not take the step. A creating and informing spirit which is with us, and not of us, is recognised everywhere in real and in storied life. It is the Zeus that kindled the rage of Achilles; it is the Muse of Homer; it is the Daimon of Socrates; it is the inspiration of the seer; it is the mocking devil that whispered to Margaret as she kneels at the altar; and the hobgoblin that cried, 'Sell him, sell him!' in the ear of John Bunyan; it shaped the forms that filled the soul of Michael Angelo when he saw the figure of the great Lawgiver in the yet unhewn marble, and the dome of the world's yet unbuilt basilica against the black horizon; it comes to the least of us,

as a voice that will be heard ; it tells us what we must believe ; it frames our sentences " (p. 57).

We have been considering, for the most part, extreme cases ; but, as Holmes says, the experience is that of every one of us, in greater or less degree. The materialism and utilitarianism of the nineteenth century, though good and useful in many ways—fostering applied science and the industries, and thus widening human relationships and raising the level of life—caused at the same time an inevitable tendency to regard all actions and thoughts as ‘rational’ or ‘logical.’ Indeed, ‘logical’ is still a word to conjure with, though ‘rational’ is happily falling into desuetude. Even the official organ of the Rationalist Press Association seems to have its doubts. Its title is *The Literary Guide and Rationalist Review*, but it prints *Literary Guide* in large type and the remainder in unobtrusive small. Indeed the small type part vanishes altogether on the inner pages, and in the *Writers’ and Artists’ Year Book* the paper is said to desire ‘articles on liberalism in religion,’ not anti-religious ones. This is a considerable taming and combing, as compared with the paper’s rampant days when I myself—though always regarded as somewhat of a Laodicean—contributed to the onslaught. My relations with the editor ‘continue friendly,’ as the *King’s Speech* says, for apparently we have moved together, or at least more or less parallel. No doubt the ‘logical’ fetish will in due time go the way of the ‘rational’ one. We are beginning to see and realise that a great deal of our mental as well as bodily life has nothing to do with logic or reasoning. We breathe because we cannot help it, we eat because we like to, and not primarily in order to keep ourselves

alive. If the latter were all, we should eat much less than we do, and might be the better for it. But we follow our inclinations, rather than our reason. Similarly in other things. We believe in this or that religion, or in no religion, or in this or that particular political doctrine, not principally because we have reasoned it out and decided that it is 'logical' or 'proved' to be true or beneficial, but because our total self responds thus and not otherwise to the surroundings in which it finds itself. And, in this self, the important factors are not the rational ones. The springs lie deeper. The background of consciousness, as in a landscape, covers more distance, includes a far wider area, than the foreground. Of this mental 'distance' we know nothing except by inference; for it is *ipso facto* not a part of consciousness. But it is operative. It knows all that goes on in our consciousness, and more besides. And it influences our opinions, whether we will it or not.

We each have a daimon—says Holmes—which is wiser than we. Modern psychology, wisely unwilling to multiply entities until it is shown to be necessary, does not accept the daimon; or, rather, ropes it into the sphere of the particular human self, and calls it the subliminal consciousness—the consciousness below the threshold. Thus genius is, in Myers' phrase, a 'subliminal uprush.' But the difficulty is, that we do not know where the farther frontiers lie, of this subliminal or transmarginal field. Inspiration may come either from or *through* this field; and we have no criterion to decide which it is. For my part, I think we may talk too much about the 'subliminal,' until we deceive ourselves. The one fact that is certain, is, that the thoughts of the creative artist or discoverer are



breathed into him from some greater source, outside his own normal consciousness. And, for my part, I often feel that writers like Shakespeare, Emerson, Whitman, and some others, are in touch with something greater than a 'subliminal self'; they seem like conduit-pipes from some tremendous lake or sea, like harps on which the great free winds are playing, like rays or sparks from an inconceivably stupendous sun-like source. They reveal to me something super-human, something greater than their fore-running men have thought. Therefore I recognise their inspiration, and I believe that they are real prophets, authentic conveyers of the thought of some mighty Spirit to the smaller minds of men.

As to what this Spirit is, I do not think it matters much what we call it, if we believe in it itself. I have no quarrel with those who call it God. For my part, however, I think it is a sudden jump from little man to the illimitable God, and I incline to think that inspiration comes proximately from an Earth-Spirit, whose body is the earth, as my body is that of my spirit. Our separate individualities inhere in the Earth and the Earth-Spirit—on the physical and spiritual sides respectively—and bear the same relation thereto as my blood-corpuses do to my body. Each of us is, so to speak, a corpuscle of the Earth-Spirit. In this larger Self, we, like the corpuscles of our own bodies, are contributing to the aims and actions and destiny of something greater than we can conceive. And as the earth is physically part of a solar system and of a universe the parts of which are intimately connected by gravitation, the whole universe being one in its totality and inner harmony, so is the Earth-Spirit part of the spiritual side of the

universe, intimately connected with the Spirits of other planets, sun, and stars. In short, God is a Spirit, and the physical universe is His body: the inspiration of man comes from the Earth-Spirit, but this latter being part of God, it is ultimately true that God Himself speaks through the mouth of prophet, poet, or other genius. Indeed, in our degree, we all are inspired; it is all a matter of relative size of the conduit-pipe. We are all in connection with the Source. In Him we live and move and have our being, as Paul said. We are therefore divine, as Jesus said, quoting David approvingly: "Is it not written in your law, 'Ye are gods'?" (*John*, x.). To realise that divinity which unites us, that great common humanity which is part of divinity, we must strive to transcend selfish individuality, and thus allow ourselves to widen for the passage of greater breaths of the Spirit of God which inspires us—for broader beams of that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

## THE WELLS OF LIGHT.

G. W. ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS, M.A.

IN early summer there are days when the light is so intense that the outlines of things appear as pointed edges stabbing the fathomless blue. The light and the new green go together and produce a pageant of freshness; youth reigns enthroned over all, that re-birth springing from the light. Jefferies always insisted that we do not pay sufficient heed to the marvels of light, for herein lies the inner history of Beauty. It is the value of the whole. This secret magic is displayed in the Wells of the sky.

Across the heavens are poised ridges of soft cloud; these scarcely move and hardly ever re-adjust themselves. They are not transparent, and yet in no sense the clouds of winter. Very different from the rolling banks of February, or the furrows of December, these beautiful ridges give the idea of sufficient substance to form real barriers and to constitute a geography of the sky. The openings in them are for the most part large spreading circles surrounded by white, luminous fields of cloud. And within the circle, there is the secret—depth unspeakable, light unfathomable, blueness which holds all the romance of heaven! How different this from the light of the swinging stars. Stars are so manifestly illuminated, so consciously lamps, so proud to stand as flaming torches before heavenly altars; but these cloud-

openings are Wells full of living translucent ether. It is impossible to paint in words the plunge through the blue distance within the lips of the circles. Infinite is no word for that distance, blueness no word for that colour.

When from the profusion around, the masses of wild flowers, the teeming earth, the universal uprush of life—when from the oppression of detail the gaze travels upwards . . . then the Wells of Light calling 'away, away into the very depths of Beauty,' and bearing upon their crystal waters the seeking, voyaging ships of the mind, sink into those cool founts of secret vision.

In the Wells of Light is a strange drawing as though infinity would manifest itself in a lure which we would fain leave all to follow. In high summer, when the vast void of the heavens is one expanse of blue, its very greatness seems to lessen its suggestion of infinity. We call it a 'dome,' a 'canopy'; and so it is. It appears as a covering resting on the far horizons; the penetration of its depth seems hardly to occur to the imagination, but down the Wells of Light the gaze sinks on and on enthralled and fascinated.

From the limpid flowing of the Wells of Light the mind stirs to the earth-spaces. The earth has caught the distance from overhead, and the desire of my mind to voyage through those shafts of living ether is shared by the innumerable children of the summertime. They too would spring with me from the encircling brink into the abysses of Light.

In summer all moves, all feels. You can see it in the leaves caressing the branches; in the swaying of the trees as they lean now this way, now that; in the

grasses as they bend and nod to the music of the wind; in the field-flowers giving off their scent with persistence and delight, opening their petals to the sun's kiss; in the delicate airs that play about over all, searching out the leaves, stealing at their back, breathing in and out of hedges, rustling the tender growths, dancing on the thymy hill-tops.

The moment of lovers and comrades is come; birds sing, beasts leap, and the heart of man stirs with nameless joy. All has awakened, the night is past, sleep is over and the spaces allure; the very stones cry out, the very dust joins in the universal movement. These creatures that we label animate and inanimate know fast enough what I would say. There is not one of all the countless denizens of the world, not one of all the starred jewels of the earth, but knows this strange wander-thirst for Beauty.

But only in man is this desire manifested to the full. From where I stand on the green eminence of Barcombe Cross, I see the Downs afar in a shimmering haze as distant peaks of vision hovering over tree and hedge. The lush grass at my feet springs high, and all around are gardens full of summer flowers. To my left, framed by bushes of white dog-roses, is Firle, in free contrast, poised as it were over the next field. It is a relief to the eye to let it travel from the riotous riches of the ground, the striving pulsing forms of life, to the cool spacious peak which mingles unfettered with the Wells of Light above. But still further to the east through those flower-bearing trees rises a shadowy wraith. It is Winddoor or Combe Hill seen as a 'faëry land forlorn,' an enchanted region too subtle to be trodden by our feet. Yet I would be there—on Firle . . . on Winddoor!

To the west again, I see the line of hills across the sunny lowlands, Wolstanbury, New Timber, the far heights of Bury. I would be there also!

No, it is here that I would track this deep-sunk lane bowered in hedges of odorous flowers and grass.

No, it is there on the Northern ridge that I would be, for surely thence I could absorb the whole spirit of the glorious Weald. I would taste the coolness of the forests round Crowborough and through the ancient trees . . . look beyond. I must take all into my spirit; I must know every detail, singly, yet in union with the rest. It is a veritable frenzy to savour each scent and touch each flower, to know the experience of all, to embrace all, to feel the life of all with its space, beauty and light flowing through me like a torrent.

To tread the summer is to tread ceaseless interior vision. It is not merely playing our part in a pageant of the senses; it is rather the realisation of the thoughts and deathless longings which each aspect of sense brings to the mind. For all is one. In very truth what I behold is the moving picture of past and future, of love and desire, of memory and life, of all the soul-processes and mental thrills. Before me, spread out in the fields and sunlight, in the meads and hills and cool streams, I recognise my own consciousness. It is as though the content of the mind became as an object unto itself.

But in spite of the recognition of the unity of mind, in spite of the breakdown of mere symbolism, I, nevertheless, remain the localised and still fettered onlooker. Here is the pain, the bitter pain, in the midst of so much joy. To see the world of beauty spread forth as a mental map, to throb with the sap of its life, to claim kinship with its every detail, to trace

each little strand and fibre, to be so cognisant of the part . . . and yet to be so limited as regards the whole. For it is the whole I want, the power to express at one and the same moment all visions and longings.

This larger consciousness is surely the ultimate destiny of humanity. All sense-appreciation is but mental feeling. What of the colours around me? Objectively there are none; they exist only as sensations in mind. What we term 'matter,' could it be conceived of apart from mind, would be dead, inert, lacking any attribute. If it were possible for us, without any power of thought, merely to look at objects, would they possess any value? Would not our gaze be that of a machine?

And yet if human consciousness depend only on sense-methods its state is but little better. It can only deal with aspects; it is narrowed by its own abstractions of intellect. By external means it can hardly establish any touch with the mental side of the very objects that give rise to its own sensations.

But if it would render itself independent of sense-methods and deal with mind direct, if it would learn cosmic thinking; then all would become its own by first-hand perception. In addition to the beauty of each object now viewed only as a symbol, it would know it in its truth. It would see things in mind, instead of mind in things. For the cosmic mind contains all things in itself; their very existence depends upon the ceaseless output of its thought.

I, indeed, perceive Firle Beacon yonder; my perception is real, beautiful and full of acute desire, but it is not complete; for I am not there as I would be. I can but construe my vision intellectually and so render it apart from my mentality as it is actually

from my body. But by the exercise of thought the cosmic intelligence can travel all reality, which is in truth its own thinking, not intellectually apart, but both intuitionally and scientifically at-one. In the universal mind alone, intellect is commensurate with intuition.

In this dream of summer England, this beauty of the Homeland, my mind must still taste the ancient pain because my intellect cannot in any adequate sense express my intuition. But look up! There in the sky are the Wells of Light! It is thence that Beauty descends upon the earth, thence that the fresh springs burst forth to illumine the land. 'The night of sense' is passing; already within the mind of man the larger mind is dawning. Man is entering upon his deathless heritage; looking within instead of without, he is perceiving that mentality which has been with him from all the ages. He is penetrating it, making it stir, hearing its voice. What else are the stirrings of the summer than the growing-pains of the mind? As in distant ages man passed from simple mind to knowledge of himself, so shall he transcend the consciousness of the race and think the thoughts of eternity.

All is arriving, and quicker than we know. The Wells of Light are gleaming; the Deeps are calling.

"The bell has sounded, brothers, soon the sun!"

G. W. ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS.



## THE SUICIDE.

As he went through Cold-Bath fields he saw  
A solitary cell ;  
And the devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint  
For improving his prisons in hell.

COLERIDGE.

In prison ?—But you thought they took away,  
Didn't you, what a man might use in there  
With which to vanquish life ?

And so they do.

Out in the world it is not hard to find  
A bullet, a keen blade, a sharp, strange draught,  
And, in a moment, pass.

But there ?—but there  
Have you bethought you how a man must lie  
In wait for weeks, maybe for months, to die ?  
How walking, eating, toiling and at prayer  
Provision's made that he shall no way find  
The awful gate of death—and so escape ?  
That argues in this man some stedfastness,  
Some method in his madness (those of you  
To whom all such are comfortably mad !)  
Doesn't it ?—doesn't it ?

Ah, you say no word,  
But stare, and think me of the maniacs, too.  
Well, think away ! Thought's good at any time ;  
God send we may attain the habit of 't.  
At any rate, think now, if not again :  
Think of the six lines that you read to-day

With just a stab of shock, and then forgot.  
 The man (you will remember he was young)  
 Had written—can you see that big, blue sheet  
 That bears a number, and the prison rules  
 Broken upon a split infinitive?—  
 To ask of one set in authority  
 If he might—be released? eat caviare?  
 Play with the moon?—no, no! if he might *hope*.  
 For (don't forget again the creature's youth)  
 His sentence was that he should lie in gaol  
 Throughout the term of his unnatural life.  
 (Oh, no, *I've* not forgotten what he did:  
 Bad!—brutal!—vile!—heap up your adjectives.)  
 But that—'the term' . . . can any glow of words  
 On such inferno cast a keener light  
 Than just 'the term'? I leave it—at itself.

And he—the lad? You may be sure he hoped  
 With a sick longing when that sheet had gone.  
 A week, ten days, a fortnight: then it came—  
 The answer, with its 'sees no reason why,'  
 Its curt, official and most final tone,  
 Buzzing upon his ears like some far hum  
 Of a Machine for crushing souls to dust—  
 In course of years.

O giant enterprise!  
 To eat away the fabric of the mind  
 With the slow dropping of monotonous days,  
 To clip the hours with a clanging bell,  
 Bury the spring, cut short the summer eves,  
 And hasten—God, how swiftly!—winter morns.  
 To shut out beauty as a thing accurst,  
 Nor make inroad on any avenue  
 Of spirit, save with deadly mockery

Of Bibles, and of empty hymns and prayers  
 To One Who is (presumably) content  
 With the Machine that He is asked to bless.

Do you not see that boy within his cell,  
 As, by the measure of his hopelessness,  
 He weighs what was his hope ?

Was this his cry ?

' God, if Thou art (for I have known Thee not)  
 Hear now this once what men have done to me,  
 And I will choose between you—God and Man.'

When did you choose as he?—you who have been  
 Sick unto death, in perils manifold,  
 Lonely, in want?—I care not what your plight!  
 You never cried, ' Give death,' but ' life—life—life !'  
 That is, you never lost the last of hope,  
 As he, this boy, with life still green in him,  
 Who set himself to find the difficult way  
 Through hopeless safety to a desperate hope.  
 The way. No sudden cleavage of the breath,  
 No sharp, swift end (for there is nothing swift,  
 Save sleep, in prisons) but . . . .

No, that's too much !

You will remember—must—without my help.  
 At least the thing, ere morning, was complete,  
 And he so utterly beyond recall  
 That it must out.

Your paper, like the rest,  
 Chronicled it—the young, defiant note  
 He left, the flare of jauntiness, the sob  
 As of a puzzled child . . . .

But it? but you ?

Can ye not read that writing on the wall  
 (Not his, but God's) that weighs in the balance—whom ?

Which of you ever loved his God so well ?  
 Trusted him to the point of death ? yea, chose  
 To anticipate the heaven of your hymns ?  
 Not you ! You choose this life, however bad  
 (Quaint comment on that heaven ! ) just as I.  
 And how much more would he, one might suppose,  
 Ignorant even of your hymns and harps,  
 Choose life ?—how heavy must, indeed, have been  
 The weight of it, for *him* to shake it off !  
 That's the indictment, written in his ink  
 Of blood—the only kind indelible.  
 What's the defence ?

He could not break his bars,  
 This boy, nor loose one inch of concrete walls ;  
 But of your civic temple—there, at least,  
 He leaves no stone upon another ! He,  
 Knowing not heaven, hardly knowing earth  
 (Sweet, un-lived, beckoning earth ! ) knew yet just this :  
 That not the dreariest heaven of them all,  
 The liveliest hell, could hold a fate more dread  
 Than this devised of man for man.

Ah, ye  
 Who never read a commentary yet  
 On aught save Bibles, read now his on life  
 (And take it from the Bible, if ye choose).  
 Lust—lust of cruelty ! This boy who fell  
 Into your pitiless hands, this boy ye took  
 And prisoned without hope, this boy to whom  
 Belonged by right of youth life's ecstasy—  
 From him in blood and agony ye forced,  
 In your humanitarian to-day,  
 The ultimate cry of limitless despair—  
 ' *Let me now fall into the hand of God !* '

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

## THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

BUT yesterday ye were a crowd  
With ugly hands and voices loud,  
Strange human beasts with tired eyes ;  
And I, and I, who felt so wise,  
Could scarcely bear to look on you.  
To-day I know that this is true :

Ye make up God ;  
The arc that is Infinity  
Cuts through your souls and of your souls is made.  
Not unafraid  
Be crowned with this your destiny ;  
Even as the sod  
Beareth a chaplet of bright flowers,  
A coronet of life.

Now let the pulsing hours  
Be still. The strife  
Of space, where stars would elbow stars away  
(Striving to clutch their portion of the day),  
All silent be.  
Silence the body ; bid your self be dumb.  
Then with wide thunder-wings through all the stillness  
numb,  
God comes. Crouch fearfully !  
Nay, fear ye not, for as the flood  
Passes athwart you, as through veins the blood,  
Know ye that ye are God, and that His Soul  
Is but the gathered Spirit of the Whole.

Now has the vision passed away,  
The wheel of time swings round the day.  
And I, who thought myself so wise,  
Look on the world with other eyes.  
No longer we, of God afraid,  
A jealous God like man have made,  
But know that man hath birth divine.  
Yea, Thou art we, and we are Thine!

AELFRIDA TILLYARD.

## BEHOLD THY KING !

It needs an eye that is King-discerning to recognise the King  
under any disguise.—FROM THE PERSIAN.

OF old, men waited for a mighty King,  
Who should deliverance bring,  
Who should restore the glories of their race,  
Plenteous in power and grace.  
But when He came, a Babe in lowly cot,  
The proud world knew Him not.  
Even His own would not receive. Their eyes  
Saw only the disguise.

Men wander still upon the yearning Quest  
To find the Heavenly-Best,  
And worship Him as King. Yet on the way,  
He meets us every day ;  
And we discern no King-ship. Yea, He stands  
And knocks with piercèd Hands  
Upon our very door ; and our dull eyes  
See, but not recognise.

Grant, Lord, that we may never pass Thee by  
With cold and careless eye ;  
That we even shadows of our King may see  
With ready loyalty.  
Enlighten Thou our dim and earth-bound eyes,  
Lest, under some disguise,  
We miss our King, and go not out to greet  
With joy and reverence meet.

C. M. PREVOST.

## DISCUSSION.

### THE CATACOMB ORPHEUS AND FISH FRESCOS.

THE significance of certain Pagan symbols *as adopted by the Christians* (this, and not the origin of the symbols is my present concern), which seemed to me so obscured in Dr. Eisler's series of papers in *THE QUEST*, has been amply cleared up, on several points, by his notes in 'Discussions' (January, 1914). He says there: "I am fully convinced myself that Orpheus was a symbol of the incarnated Logos for the early Christians." Further on, he says: "The Church never enjoined the eating of fish *quâ* fish for Fridays." As to the ineradicable paganism of many of her converts who were often "half-heathen: they have joined us with their bodies but never with heart and soul" (Augustine, *Pat. Lat.* 88. col. 428),—the dealings of the Church with them forms an interesting study in ecclesiastical diplomacy and comparative religion. Now, as to the Meal frescoes (which are not of one kind), it is essential to interpret them by the contemporary Christian documents (from Paul onwards), and use the quite primitive names for them—*agapē* and *eucharist*. While much is obscure, a great deal has been elucidated. It is at least more accurate, as I have shown, than to call them all *Messianic Fish Meals*.

The Basket of Bread frescoes, which Dr. Eisler had not mentioned (though he explicitly denies, in his article, there is any allusion to the multiplication of loaves and fishes in the Meal frescoes, where baskets sometimes appear), he interprets as symbolical of the "bishop," with his pastoral staff, "eucharistising" or "trans-substantiating the bread for the Communion meal." The fact that the bread was not consecrated in this manner, as other frescoes and documents show, does *not* militate against Dr. Eisler's interpretation, for this *symbolism* would be quite in the spirit of Christian iconography. But the main reasons why archæologists have interpreted them as *Christ multiplying the loaves* (with a eucharistic reference, as I have shown), are: (1) the contemporary



documents so explaining it; (2) the very numerous frescoes of the Raising of Lazarus (19 are given in Wilpert, but there are more) in which, in every case, the same little figure is seen with the same rod; (3) one fresco at least, where a similar figure with a rod is performing, apparently, a miracle on water-jars.<sup>1</sup>

As to the number of these frescoes with baskets given in Wilpert (there are, I think, a few more in the Catacombs), there are in all 22 (in various connections) in which this subject can be clearly discerned. Of these there are 7 (to which I had not referred) too mutilated, or obliterated, to be *quite* certain of the number of the baskets. Of the remaining 15 (one shows 8 baskets), no less than 13 show 7 baskets. I think we may, then, fairly conclude, that the intention is to represent 7 baskets. (I have here classified these frescoes differently from my article.)

As to the Melos fresco, excavated in 1896, in the Mystery Hall of the Three Years Dionysos, of the 3rd century A.D., it is not certain that it is Orphic at all. On this, and on other points, the excavator, Mr. Bosanquet, takes an entirely different view from Dr. Eisler. Mr. Bosanquet does not mention Orpheus—nor 'Halieus' nor 'Zagreus.' These identifications are exactly the point in question, and none of these names are recorded by the excavators on any of the inscriptions found there. Further, whichever of the two be correct, Mr. Bosanquet interprets this mosaic fisherman, surrounded by realistic and distinct species of fish<sup>2</sup> (and fishing with an object which, in the reproduction, is obviously a bottle of wine, but which the excavators, who saw the original, are much puzzled in identifying), as representing 'the fruits of the sea,' just as the vine represents the 'fruits of the earth.' There certainly was a festival in which Dionysos and Poseidon were associated, but I have not investigated the possible

<sup>1</sup> Why not rather 'eucharistising' the wine in the jars? And why not think of a *priestly* performer changing *magically* water into wine as the heretic Markos—and not he alone—used to do according to Epiphanius, *Adv. Hæres.* i. 18, 22.—R. E.

<sup>2</sup> Are not *realistic and distinct species* of fish figured on the early Byzantine baptismal font of Grottaferrata (reproduced in my book) as symbols for the *Christian* neophytes, one of whom is represented as jumping into the water while still in his human body?—R. E.

<sup>3</sup> I have often heard of *frutti di mare* in Italian restaurants; but where is anything said of 'fruits of the sea' in any Greek text? And if 'fruits of the sea' are sacred to Dionysos, why, then he is a god of fishermen and fishes!—R. E.

connection with this mosaic. Mr. Bosanquet (rightly or wrongly) interprets the *μόνον μὴ ὕδωρ* by Martial's distich on a bowl carved with fish (iii. 85):

“*Artis Phidiaeae toreuma clarum  
Piscis adspicis : adde aquam, natabunt.*”

(“ You see fish—a noble bit of Pheidian sculpture : add water and they will swim.”)

As to the vine design here found, it instantly recalls similar examples of various countries and dates—from pre-Christian monuments, from the Christian catacombs, from the Constantinian porphyry sarcophagus, etc., etc. The creatures that sport among the vine branches vary from cocks (?) to cupids, doves, peacocks, etc., in other pagan and Christian works. To turn to another question, the bathing of a sacred object is a commonplace in the ritual of many religions ; but bathing does not necessarily signify fishing. For example, the priest of Lycæan Zeus, who dipped a branch of sacred oak into the Arcadian spring in time of drought, was making it *rain*. But I have no space here to discuss that, or other points.

E. R. BARKER.

MISS E. R. BARKER seems to be the fortunate possessor of certain important secrets. Would she mind divulging to the uninitiated what, would certainly be the priceless ‘contemporary documents’ that explain the Meal frescoes in the catacombs as pictures of the Christ multiplying the loaves? Again, if she is ‘not certain,’ whether the *Mystery Hall* of Dionysos Trieterikos in Melos is ‘Orphic at all,’ she ought to ‘dance out,’ as the Greek would express it, what she alone knows about the difference between Dionysian mysteries—for holy *mystæ* and a *hierophant* are mentioned in Melos!—that were ‘Orphic,’ and Dionysos mysteries that were *non-Orphic*. I confess that I do not know a single classic author who makes this distinction ; but I know many, beginning with Euripides and Herodotos and ending with the Christian fathers up to Eusebios, who identify the ‘Orphic’ with the ‘Bakchic’ mysteries, and qualify Orpheus as ‘founder’ and ‘leader’ of the Dionysian mysteries or orgies. There may be a differentiation between the public Bakchos cult and the private

mysteries, between church and chapel of the mystic god, and between the 'chapel' and the reformed 'order' of 'Pythagoreans' for all we know—and little it is, alas! But as to Orphic and *non-Orphic* Bakchos cults, this distinction can be established only by those that know what Jupiter has whispered into the ears of Juno. That Mr. Bosanquet did not know or did not remember Tümpel's elaborate article on Dionysos Halieus=Dionysos the Fisher, when he had to explain the symbolism of the fishing-scene in a Dionysian mystery-hall is not my fault. We are so much obliged to him for having excavated and admirably published this important monument, that we shall certainly not reproach him for having missed certain details of its interpretation.<sup>1</sup> I shall have to show in my book that we have altogether four red-figured vase-paintings where a fisher is pictured, and that *all* of them depict the fisher in a typically *Bakchic* surrounding. In the British Museum (E92), Miss Barker will find the picture of a fishing Silenus, and in an inscription of the Boukoloi or Bakchic 'Cattleherds' of Pergamon the mention of three 'Sileni' as functionaries of the mysteries. She will find discussed the myths about the fishermen in the crew of Dionysos' sacred ship, and of the dolphin masquerade of the 'thyrsos-bearers' and the Dionysian baptism; also an analysis of the highly interesting plaster-works from the Augustean house in the Farnesina Garden, where again two fishermen are represented in the midst of Bakchic initiation scenes and side by side with the sacrament of the 'grape.' Why not wait for all this new or newly-interpreted material, before troubling Poseidon with the explanation of a Dionysian mystery-hall decoration, especially as in Africa, too, in Hadrumentum and Uthina, the fishing-scene is

<sup>1</sup> *E.g.* as to the *symbolon* μόνον μὴ ὕδωρ and the explanation of it which Sir John Sandys—not Bosanquet!—has suggested, I have the greatest possible respect for Sir John and Bosanquet, but *amicus mihi Platon, amicus mihi Socrates, magis amica—grammatica!* As Prof. Crusius—certainly a good authority in such questions, if it comes to Miss Barker's favourite *argumentum ad hominem*—has occasionally observed, the most vulgarly speaking Greek would have expressed what Sir John Sandys believes him to say, with the words μόνον οὐχ ὕδωρ ('only there is no water')! As to the wine-bottle of the fisher, *neither* the original *nor* Mr. Clark's excellent reproduction leaves the slightest doubt as to its identity. The excavators have only been puzzled, as they say themselves, because the bottle 'does not correspond with any known kind of fishing appliance'! But neither does the 'holy fig' of the mysteries, which is used as a bait in Lucian's parody of the Bakchic man-fishing rite with a gold coin, correspond with any appliance for fishing *real* fish!

coupled with the vintage and vine symbols and with the triumphs of Dionysos? And why on earth tell me of the many other Pagan and Christian vine-mosaics, which Bosanquet has already compared with the Melian composition, and tell me that the beasts to be found on the vine-branches gleaning the clusters 'vary from cocks to . . . doves, peacocks,' (goats, hares), etc. Are not all these animals and still others habitually assembled round Orpheus? And is there the slightest difficulty in understanding this whole 'zoo' or menagery on the basis of the Orphic or Bakchic dogma of soul-migration?

Again, why enunciate the commonplace, that a baptism of a god may be a rain-charm, to one who has read the interminable *Golden Bough* from beginning to end in all its editions, and admits freely that he has learned a great deal from it, if the problem remains entirely untouched by this argument—namely, why *the fishermen* of this or that place in Greece, Egypt, Belgium, Germany, Scotland, Cambodia, etc., etc., should be anxious to make *rain*, and why they should take the trouble to cast the god into the sea and to *fish him out with nets* or by diving after him, if they could peacefully swab his image on the shore with a sponge, as was in fact done in certain instances by the pious rain-makers?

Finally let me confess that, if Miss Barker complains of having *no space*—in spite of the Editor's liberality and the patience of the silent readers—to discuss still 'other points' in *THE QUEST*, I for one have certainly *no time* to spare for any further answers.

ROBERT EISLER.

(This Discussion must now cease.—ED.)

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

### THE MYSTICS OF ISLAM.

By Reynold A. Nicholson, M.A., Litt.D., Hon. LL.D. (Aberdeen),  
Lecturer on Persian in the University of Cambridge,  
formerly Fellow of Trinity College. The Quest Series.  
London (Bell); pp. 178; 2s. 6d. net.

THOSE of our readers who are not otherwise acquainted with Dr. Nicholson's substantive works—such as his fine translations of that oldest Persian treatise on Sūfism, the *Kashf al-Mahjūb* of Hujwiri, of the mystical odes, entitled *Tarjuman al-Ashwāq*, of Ibn al-'Arabi, and of *Select Odes* from the Divāni of Shamsi Tabriz—have most probably enjoyed his two instructive papers on Sūfism—'The Essence of Sūfism' and 'Ecstasy in Islam'—which appeared in the April and July numbers of THE QUEST for last year. We have now before us the best short introduction to Islamic mysticism which exists. Having read it with close attention in MS. and twice in proof we can unhesitatingly say that it has been a source of instruction and delight, in which we hope, but do not expect, that many will share. For twenty years Dr. Nicholson has been collecting material for a substantive history of Muslim mysticism in a number of volumes, and a portion of the cream of these labours is now given us in this admirable little treatise. Though only those who are best competent to judge know how justly to appreciate his thorough scholarship, the lay-folk of intelligence can enjoy and admire his delightful versions, while the mystically inclined, who have reached to some intuition of spiritual values, will find a rare feast set sympathetically before them. But this volume is by no means a *réchauffé* of familiar material; on the contrary, there is in it also matter that will be new even to Orientalists. We are most grateful to Dr. Nicholson for this handy, clear and instructive outline; at last we have a practical introduction to Sūfism to place in the hands of all serious and thoughtful enquirers. The time has come when we look to writers on mysticism to recognise that the only really fruitful treatment of the subject is by the comparative method. We have had enough

of dismissing the far richer mystical literature of the East in a few brief patronising paragraphs, which may deceive the ignorant but serves only to stress the incompetence of the writers for genuine students. And indeed the mysticism of Islam should have a wide appeal in the West, especially among Protestants. It is so virile; it is the religion of men. Moving, as it does, within the monotheistic notion, its theology and metaphysic and psychology, should appeal to Jew and Christian, and, as these also were determined in the clear philosophical atmosphere of the Hellenic spirit—the traditions of Plato and Aristotle—it should also appeal to the cultured. But this is the 'ought' of the matter; the actuality will probably be that only the few will take notice. The book and the subject are too good for the many. As is the case with all the volumes of the Quest Series, there are few competent reviewers to be found, while the incompetent journalists into whose hands such books are placed by an indifferent fate, can only quote from the introduction and preface a few bare statements. The general ignorance on these high matters is nothing less than appalling.

#### THE BOOK OF THE TWELVE BÉGUINES.

By Jan van Ruysbroeck. Translated from the Flemish by John Francis. With an Introduction and Notes. London (Watkins); pp. 124; 2s. net.

THIS is one of the latest works of John of the village of Ruusbroec near Brussels, the famous Flemish contemplative, and one of the most virile of the mediæval Catholic mystics (1298-1381). Mr. Watkins is to be congratulated on his choice of subject in this the latest of his valuable little series, and Mr. 'John Francis' has discharged his task of translator in good plain English and in sympathetic fashion. This short treatise, unnamed by the author, is practically, after a somewhat ordinary introduction (chh. i.-v.), a dissertation on contemplation and its modes (chh. vi.-xvi.), displaying insight and experience, and, naturally, conditioned by the *Summa* of Thomas and the *Theologia Mystica* of the Dionysian writer. In one or two passages we might almost think we were hearing echoes of Hierotheos; but the *Book of the Hidden Mysteries* could not possibly have been known to the excellent Jan or his mediæval predecessors. This booklet, which will, we hope, shortly be followed by Evelyn Underhill's study of Ruysbroeck in the Quest Series, may serve to call attention to the crying need of a faithful

translation of the works of the Flemish recluse. Those that exist, from the Latin of Surius to the French of Abbé Cuyllits and M. Chamonel, are not only frequently paraphrastic, but also bowdlerised in just such characteristic passages as give the student a deeper insight into Jan van Ruusbroec's mind. The strong crude imagery is toned down into conventional phrases and the thought becomes flat. In his notes, Mr. 'Francis' gives us a '*wortgetreu*' rendering of some of these strong things, though he has followed the bad example of his predecessors in the text. Thus the original gives us, in its eucharistic symbolism, the homely imagery, "My Flesh is well roasted," and "I will be thy cook and thy host"; while elsewhere we come across "swallow and digest Him." Though the Flemish of the fourteenth century may be difficult to render, we think, from the specimens he gives us, that Mr. Francis makes a little too much of this. Thus, on p. 102, while the text gives us quite plainly: "So also Jesus Christ sends us His Son and gives us His Spirit," Mr. Francis has set aside his better judgment and rendered it "So doth Jesus Christ His Son send and give unto us His Spirit." A translator has nothing to do with the interests of orthodox theology. Again, p. 106, surely '*hoechste kennisse*' is not 'communion,' as Mr. 'Francis' renders it; Surius is quite right to give it in Latin as '*cognitio*,' and the French translators wrong when they write '*connaissance*.' It can be nothing else but 'highest gnosis.' It is no good kicking at the term; it is a good old Christian mystic vocable. And last of all, on p. 108, in the phrase 'God, the beginning and the ending of our eternal Life,'—*einde* does not here mean 'ending' in the usual sense, least of all does it mean '*fons*' or 'source,' as translated by Surius, which is excused by Mr. 'Francis' because *einde* can mean either end of a thing. It is all very simple: God is the Alpha and Omega of our Eternal Life; He is the ἀρχή and τέλος, the *initium* and, not *finis*, but *perfectum*, of our spirit, in the new birth. And ἀρχή (ἀρχεσθαι) is the technical term for initiation into the mysteries, that is the start or beginning; and τέλος (τελείσθαι) the technical term for the 'perfecting' of the *initiatum*, when the *mystēs* becomes *epoptēs*. We do not say that Jan van Ruusbroec knew this philologically; but the tradition which he followed was perfectly familiar with the terms, and had taken them over in the first place from the Hellenistic mystery-religions. The full rite was called τελετή. A student of mediæval mysticism is severely handicapped if he is not acquainted with the origins of Christian mysticism and its evolution throughout the centuries.

## BUDDHIST SCRIPTURES.

A Selection translated from the Pāli, with Introduction. By E. J. Thomas, M.A. Wisdom of the East Series. London (Murray); pp. 124; 2s. net.

THIS is a very useful introduction to the scriptures of the Pāli tradition of Buddhism. It contains some of the most famous passages dealing with the chief moments in the Life of Buddha from the Sutta Piṭaka (or Basket of Discourses) and other canonical and extra-canonical books, and the translation is well done into good readable English. A prefatory introduction supplies the beginner with the necessary information for an intelligent perusal of the versions, and most of the chapters are begun with a short introductory paragraph. We are glad to notice that Mr. Thomas has included the Questions of Mālunkyāputta, Uttiya and Vacchagotta from the Sutta Piṭaka, or Sermon Collection of Buddhist scripture. These questions all dealt with root-puzzles of high metaphysic and ontology, and the answers ascribed to the Buddha show how he invariably set on one side the speculative and theoretical interest as a dangerous if not useless enquiry, as compared with the root-doctrine of practical ethical discipline to which he devoted the whole strength of his teaching. Thus Mālunkyāputta meditated: "These theories have been left unexplained by the Lord, set aside, and rejected, whether the world is eternal or not eternal, whether the world is finite or not, whether the soul (life) is the same as the body, or whether the soul is one thing and the body another, whether a Buddha (Tathāgata) exists after death or does not exist after death, whether a Buddha is non-existent and not non-existent after death." He approaches the Buddha and puts his questions, and receives the answer that all this is not concerned with the religious life, "does not conduce to aversion, absence of passion, cessation, tranquillity, super-natural faculty, perfect knowledge, Nirvana." But what does so conduce, that has been explained. "Suffering I have explained, the cause of suffering, the destruction of suffering, and the path that leads to the destruction of suffering have I explained" (pp. 64, 67). But what we have to notice is not that the Buddha denies there was an explanation; he neither denied nor affirmed when such dilemmas were laid before him. And so to the perhaps somewhat ironical final question of Uttiya, who was not a follower of the Buddha, "now what *has*<sup>1</sup> been explained by you, Sir Gotama?"—

<sup>1</sup> Our italics.



the Buddha again consistently affirms: "With higher knowledge, Uttiya, I teach the doctrine to disciples, for the purification of beings, for the overcoming of grief and lamentation, for the destruction of sorrow and suffering, for the acquiring of good conduct and the realisation of Nirvana" (p. 69). Again, the Buddha is made to answer the conundrums of Vacchagotta with the words: "The Tathāgata, Vaccha, is free from views, for this is what the Tathāgata holds: form, the cause of form, the destruction of form, sensation, the cause of sensation, the destruction of sensation, perception, the aggregates of qualities, consciousness, how they arise and perish. Therefore with the destruction of, and indifference towards, and the ceasing and abandonment of all imaginings, all agitations, all false views of the self or of anything belonging to a self, the Tathāgata is liberated, thus I say" (pp. 71, 72). Taking the analogy of the burning fire that depends for its existence on its clinging to grass and sticks, the Enlightened One continues: "And just so, Vaccha, that form by which one would assert the existence of a Tathāgata, has ceased, it is uprooted, it is pulled up like a talipot-palm, made non-existent, and not liable to arise again in the future. The Tathāgata, who is released from what is called form, is deep, immeasurable, hard to fathom, and like a great ocean. It does not fit the case to say he is born again, to say he is not born again, to say he is both born again and not born again, or to say he is neither born again nor not born again." Where is the annihilation here, where the contentless abstraction, where the denial of reality, where the soulless, godless doctrine except in the sense of the transcendence of the popular ignorance of the true nature of spirit? Could any other answer be given without untruth? If controversialists on both sides would meditate upon this famous passage, perhaps there might be less verbiage and more understanding.

The question of Buddhist and Christian scripture parallels is touched upon by Mr. Thomas in a lengthy note (pp. 107, 108); those quoted textually, however, are not very convincing, and as for the 'wheel of birth' of *James* iii. 6 having anything to do directly with the Buddhist *bhavachakra*, or 'wheel of being' or 'chain of causation,' it is, surely, a loan from Orphic terminology; that, however, both Orphism and Buddhism here threw back on a common primitive source, is exceedingly probable, in fact, we hold, it is provable from Babylonian monuments. We are also non-content with the translation which would make the cause of the fatal attack of dysentery that brought death to the body of the

great sage, 'truffles' instead of 'boar's flesh.' For, first, it is to be noted that this version is not supported by Buddhist commentators; secondly, that the Buddha was not rigidly a non-flesh eater, but that his rule was to eat what was put into the begging-bowl,—in brief, what was set before him. So that though, on the one hand, we deplore the bitter uncharity of the missionary professor who could write that "Gautama died from eating too much pork," on the other we see no necessity for weak-kneed apologetics, much less for such fantastic 'neo-esotericism' (though not mentioned by Mr. Thomas) as that which asserts it to be all an allegory—'boar' referring to the 'Boar Avatāra,' and suggesting that it was the corruption of Brāhmanism that eventually killed the Buddha and his pure doctrine. Associationism of the dream-consciousness order is prolific of absurdities and not the parent of understanding, much less of explanation.

#### QUESTS OLD AND NEW.

By G. R. S. Mead. London (Bell); pp. 838; 7s. 6d. net.

UNDER the appropriate title of *Quests Old and New* the Editor of THE QUEST has gathered together thirteen papers, most of which have appeared in his own magazine. Of these the first six deal with the philosophy of the Far East, the first two being Taoist, the next three Buddhist, while the theme of the sixth is the doctrine of Re-incarnation. Then come three papers which may be described as Gnostic (in the wide and true sense of that often misused word). The last four are studies of typical movements of contemporary thought.

Mr. Mead is an accomplished scholar and an indefatigable student. But he carries his load of learning lightly, and walks under it with a confident air and an easy stride. For this reason, and because he is by nature sympathetic, impartial, and wholly unpedantic, he makes an almost ideal expositor; and the papers which he has collected in this volume, though they are all worthy of their grave and weighty themes, can be read with pleasure and profit even by the 'uninitiated' reader.

His method is as simple as it is effective. He lets his 'seekers' speak for themselves, and contents himself with linking together the extracts from their writings by a running commentary which is always illuminating, and which is as a rule sympathetic rather than destructively critical. His self-effacement is admirable. The

contrast in this respect between his method and that of Professor Eucken, whose *Main Currents of Modern Thought* has been recently translated into English, is most striking. The German Professor, when studying a 'current of thought,' begins by defining its place in the history of philosophy, and determining its meaning and value from the historical point of view. Having in this way justified it up to a certain point, he then proceeds to expose its shortcomings, and goes on to infer from its failure the truth of his own brand of spiritual idealism, which he expounds at least thirty times in the course of that one volume. This method has the merit of investing the writer's studies with a certain unity of aim and purpose, in virtue of which his book is no mere sequence of essays, but an organic whole. It is, however, apt to weary the reader, who, when he has read two or three chapters, knows what he has to expect,—knows, in other words, that each system or tendency of thought will have to do homage to the critic's own philosophy, which is, as it were, the central axis that determines their several deviations from ideal truth.

It is a relief to turn from this type of criticism, with its too obvious purpose, to Mr. Mead's helpful, and sympathetic, yet wholly disinterested commentary. But perhaps it is possible to be too disinterested; and we are sometimes inclined to think that Mr. Mead has carried self-effacement a little too far. There is no reason why a critic should not have a philosophy of his own which, though unsystematised and always kept resolutely in reserve, might be sufficiently developed to furnish him with effective standards of criticism and illuminating points of view. But in Mr. Mead's case there is no sign of the presence of such a philosophy; and we sometimes begin to wonder whether the disinterested sympathy which he extends to all the doctrines that he expounds, may not be the outcome of an agnostic temperament which is able to enter with some measure of understanding into all creeds and systems, because it is constitutionally incapable of resting, even provisionally, in any of them.

Yet Mr. Mead can be critical (in the conventional sense of the word) when he pleases; and some of his criticisms are so apt and suggestive that he makes us wish for more of the same kind. For example, when Bergson contends (in opposition to the Platonists and Neo-Platonists) that the 'moving' is more real than the 'immutable,' and the 'ever-becoming' than the 'ever-being,' Mr. Mead replies, in defence of Platonism: "But surely it does not follow that because the Platonists thought of the cause of motion as being

superior to the moved or even the moving, they therefore conceived the cause as the immobile in the sense of the static, or of the immutable as that which *cannot* move. The changeless as lord of change is not the same as the changeless which is incapable of changing, otherwise it would be slave to immobility and not absolute. The immobile, again, in so far as it is thought of as resisting mobility, instead of being regarded as a slowing down of mobility, might on the contrary be conceived as a concentration of mobility, resisting the flux of mobility and so still more mobile than what is deemed the original mobility." This is acute and cogent criticism, to which, so far as we can see, there is no effective reply. So, too, when Eucken, having admitted that his philosophy may be held to approximate to mysticism, hastens to add that "the inwardness that we advocate is not a feeble echo and a yearning for dissolution, but is of an active and masculine nature, and rests on ceaseless self-determining activity," and that, if it is mysticism, "it is of a kind which cannot be charged with that which now appears to us the defect or error in the older form,"—Mr. Mead justly observes: "Here there appears to us to be a weakness and a false generalisation,—a weakness, for Eucken is terribly afraid of being thought to give up strenuousness for a single moment, as though activity were the absolute; and a false generalisation, for no single form can be ascribed to mysticism in the past; it is immensely varied, and the energy of some of the mystics of the past was almost appalling." Criticism of this searching and incisive type is a real help to the understanding of an author; and we could wish, as we have already said, that Mr. Mead had been less sparing of it.

If Mr. Mead's book lacks the organic unity which the obtrusion of his own ego would have conferred on it, it has an inward harmony of its own which is broken by only one discordant note. The book justifies its title. With one exception, all the thinkers whom it introduces to us are *seekers*, in the true sense of the word,—seekers after spiritual truth. The one exception is Professor Vaihinger. That remarkable thinker must feel ill at ease in his company. His theory—a 'fiction' on his own showing—that nothing is real except physical sensation—(as if that which feels were not at least as real as its own feelings, which, indeed, apart from it would be non-existent)—is surely the negation of all 'quests.'

Where all is good, it may seem invidious to discriminate. But of the thirteen papers in Mr. Mead's book we must avow our preference for the first four,—the two on Taoism, and the two on

Progressive Buddhism. These are, we think, masterpieces of exposition. One who had never heard of Taoism, and whose knowledge of Buddhism was limited to what he had been told about it by the 'man in the street,' would gain from these brief studies an insight into the soul of each of those great philosophies, which the perusal of a score of bulky volumes, packed with erudition but wanting in imaginative sympathy and in the sense of proportion, would fail to give him.

As we pass from the first four papers to the last two (those on Bergson and Eucken) we are sensible of a radical change of attitude and outlook (on the part of the thinkers, not of their interpreter) which makes us wish that in future numbers of *THE QUEST* Mr. Mead would give us a series of 'Imaginary Conversations' between thinkers of different ages and different lands. A dialogue between Chuang Tzū and Eucken, for example, would, we feel sure, be a delightful treat. One can imagine how the Chinese sage, who seems to have been a quaint humorist as well as a profound thinker, would have made fun of the modern Professor's fussy 'activism' and muddle-headed distrust of Nature. A dialogue between Chuang-Tzū and Bergson would also be entertaining as well as instructive. Had the two met they would, we think, have been fairly matched in intellect as well as wit. But the ancient philosopher might well have rallied the modern on his tendency to deify 'flux,' reminding him that Being is the counterpart and other self of Becoming, and that, except as the manifestation of Being, Becoming has no meaning and is certainly in no sense divine. And, having congratulated the brilliant Frenchman on the acute *intellectual* effort which had enabled him to subordinate intellect to intuition, he might have asked him to infer from his own conclusion that intuition, being the higher faculty, does not need to be vindicated by the lower, and therefore that he (Chuang Tzū) and his spiritual kinsmen in India were justified in accepting intuition—the vision of the soul—on its own evidence, and using it as the surest of all instruments for the research of truth.

"There shines no light save its own light to show  
Itself unto itself."

Or, again, we might have a dialogue between one of the exponents of Progressive Buddhism—the ancient Ashvaghosa or the modern Suzuki—and Bergson on the subject of 'flux.' Mr. Mead has done well to call our attention to the striking similarity between Bergson's doctrine "that Reality must be sought for essentially in movement, life, spirit, regarded as a perpetual

becoming," and Suzuki's formula "Nirvana is Samsara" (Reality is the ever-becoming). But does Suzuki take his paradox quite as seriously as Bergson takes his? Are we not to regard the words "Nirvana is Samsara" as a provisional overstatement, put forward as a timely protest rather than as a formulated truth? Towards the end of his paper on 'Spiritual Reality in Buddhism,' Mr. Mead gives an extract from the writings of Devala, another 'progressive Buddhist,' in the course of which he says: "Nirvana in truth consists in rejoicing at others being made happy, and Samsara is not so feeling." Here Nirvana, instead of being identified with Samsara, is directly opposed to it. The formula "Nirvana is Samsara" means, we imagine, that Nirvana cannot be separated from Samsara,—in other words, that Nirvana, oneness with real Being, is unattainable by man, except in and through that world of flux or Becoming, which, for us who live in it, is the continuous apocalypse of Being. Even as thus interpreted, the formula does not command our unqualified assent. As a rebuke to those who imagine that, by lifting themselves out of the stream of Becoming, in which the 'ignorant multitudes' are still struggling, they can enter into Nirvana, it is of course profoundly true. For attainment of unity is of the essence of Nirvana, and so long as the 'ignorant multitudes' are excluded from it, unity has not really been attained. True unity is oneness with the All. But if we are to infer from Suzuki's formula that the supreme end of Man's being is to serve one's fellow-men, then we must dissent both from his premisses and from his conclusion. For what is the best service that a man can render to his fellow-men? Surely to help them, each and all, to realise the supreme end of Man's being. But this, according to the formula which we are considering, is to serve one's fellow-men. And so the futile circle reproduces itself *ad infinitum*. The supreme end of Man's being must be the perfection of Man's being. To help others to attain to perfection, to rise to the Nirvanic level, to realise their oneness with the All, is indeed a noble task. But it is not the *τέλος τελειότατον* of existence. This much we must insist on. But this is our only quarrel with the 'Progressive Buddhists.' To help others to rise to a higher level of being is a work, the greatness of which and the necessity for which cannot be over-emphasised. He who flatters himself that he has attained to 'salvation,' yet is well content that thousands of millions of his fellow-men should have fallen short of it, is the victim of a dangerous delusion. His own sense of unity is still undeveloped,

and he is therefore as far from 'salvation' as any 'child of wrath.' Perhaps he is farther. We are told by one who spoke with authority that publicans and harlots go into the Kingdom of God before the self-righteous 'separatist'; and we may infer from this that an exclusive Heaven, such as we of the West and the Near East are fond of imagining, would be a veritable Hell.

In conclusion. We have to thank Mr. Mead for a book which we have already read through twice, the second reading having increased our already keen interest in its contents and warm appreciation of its merits, and which we hope to read again, and yet again.

E. H.

#### ST. COLUMBA.

A Study of Social Inheritance and Spiritual Development. By Victor Branford. Edinburgh (Patrick Geddes and Colleagues); pp. 88; 1s. net.

THIS little book, small though it be, contains a new philosophy of life, or rather is a re-statement for our times of a philosophy so old as to be half-forgotten and half-ignored. Mr. Branford here uses psychology and sociology, not in the abstract, but to illuminate and re-discover for us the meaning of certain types in history. His problem is the method by which ideal types are to be realised in society, and this he illustrates for us by showing us what were the influences that formed and developed the greatest of the Celtic missionary saints. He makes us feel how much we need kindred types to-day, and through all the flow of humour and the knowledge of many streams of tradition which diversify and enliven this really notable treatise, we feel the earnestness of a teacher who is able to show us something of the stored wisdom of the past illuminated by the science of the present.

"Interpret the lives of the saints," he says (pp. 16 and 17), "as recording poems of the dreams and the deeds of ideal regional and occupational types—then we have in these lives a concrete historical basis for studying the rise and growth, the decay and regeneration, and the rebirth of folk-ideals. It is perhaps for the lack of such knowledge that so many admirable experiments of social reformers in town and country are distressingly futile. Fruit-growing and co-operative dairies are admirable and indispensable things, but even with mutual banks, tea-meetings and the

cinematograph, they fall short of making a model village, by just that element that makes the difference between Dante and the daily newspaper. Fundamental is it in the village economy to cultivate a stock of pedigree pigs and prize poultry, but supreme is the (not unrelated) problem of how to preserve and develop the stock of ideals. Every village garden is an Eden in making or in decay; and the most the city can do for itself or the village, is to advance one process or the other. And for the better of these purposes a little knowledge may be worth a great deal of good intention." Mr. Branford quotes ancient Celtic monastic writers in support of his division of life at its highest, after childhood, into three parts: Adolescence culminating in the Quest; manhood in the Mission; old age in the Pilgrimage. "What is it," he asks, (p. 37), "that determines at adolescence whether a youth flames into passionate idealism or lapses into animalism, becomes poet or pot-boy—whether at manhood he hardens into mammonolatry or vibrates to the conviction of a message—whether at senescence he becomes a garrulous egoist or a noble patriarch?" One important part of the philosophy of life here put before us is that no one can be saved alone; Bunyan's pilgrim flying from the evil city is a false ideal, except in so far as he is making for a heavenly one; the saint and the sinner are alike the products of society, but that society is well constituted of which saints rather than sinners are the more characteristic and normal product; so that the problem is not merely how to realise ideals of personality in life but what kind of society will help towards this end. Mr. Branford is with the American sociologist Veblen in attacking the leisure class. "The illusion—for with all its academic prestige and popular acceptance, it is an illusion—that philosophy, like art, is a product of the leisure class, derives from the confusion of belief with make-believe. It belongs to the nature of a leisure class that as such it can have neither religion nor philosophy but only superstition or sophistry. . . . The adolescent preparation of mind and hand for philosophy—as teachers to-day in American schools begin to realise, as to-morrow in all our universities—is to participate in turn in all the elemental occupations—to use the aptitude and earn the experience of peasant as well as shepherd, of fisher and forester, of hunter and miner, as far as opportunity may in practice allow. Here and here only, in fact, is the better training than that of militarism; which we now understand afresh, as the natural rebound from the futile education of the leisured and the clerky classes" (p. 42). Such an education



naturally leads, when combined with the heritage of a rich tradition, to the making of an all-round personality who, given the opportunity of leadership, will prove true statesman. "Columba's work in Iona, looked to the care both of the place and the people. He conserved the forest. He introduced the culture of fruit trees and of bees and improved the stock of the island. He shortened the time between seed time and harvest. He organised the fishing and navigation. He drained the bog between the observatory and the cemetery hills, dammed up the water in a lake and ran it down the ravine to turn the mill wheel of his monastery. The piety of moderns has 'restored' the post-Columban Cathedral and likewise the bog. He tended the sick, comforted the afflicted, admonished and advised the erring, and was a holy and wholesome terror to evil-doers. He took special pains to exclude from his island citadel all persons of bad character. But the chief purpose of the island monastery was to train the successive bands of missionary monks who sallied forth—often with Columba at their head—into the islands and mainland of Pictish Scotland, and established therein a network of monastic settlements (*i.e.* radiating foci of practical idealism) which owed allegiance to Iona and looked to it for inspiration" (p. 61).

So the statesman passes into the aged pilgrim whose chief business is the transmission of ideals into the hearts of adolescents. This is the culmination of the saintly life, and it is the lack of such transmission which is the cause of many of our evils. We who are without the statesmen, perhaps even more conspicuously than we are lacking in the saints, may well look to earlier ages to endeavour to learn from them something of their secrets in the production of such personalities and the recognition of them when produced. Within the limits of this review it is impossible to do more than hint at the many ways to understanding of the past solutions of the problem opened up by Mr. Branford. Those to whom the problem of spiritual development and the relating of the individual to society is of interest should read the book for themselves. They will find in it much that will arouse and suggest brought together to form the most stimulating and illuminating work that it has been our fortune to read for many a day.

C. R.

## INITIATION INTO LITERATURE.

By Émile Faguet of the French Academy. Translated by Sir Home Gordon, Bart. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. xii. +220; 8s. 6d. net.

“AND he took him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the earth in a moment of time.” Some such feat has been attempted by M. Faguet, who in 209 pages conducts his gasping reader through some thirty-four centuries, beginning with the Vedas, and ending with George Meredith and M. Bergson. The *Mahābhārata*, the Bible, the Greek and Latin authors, the early Fathers, the mediæval romancers, the mediæval and modern literatures of the whole of Europe, with the exception of Scandinavia,—all these are the fish which M. Faguet has drawn to shore in his net. As Dr. Johnson said in another connexion, one ought not to expect such a thing to be done well, the wonder is that it can be done at all. It is perhaps even a greater wonder that anyone should wish to do it, for it is not easy to see for what kind of reader it is intended. Most adults have already received in their schooldays a more or less painful initiation into literature. It is no exaggeration to say that about half the names in the book will be familiar to the average newspaper reader, and if he wants to learn about the rest he will not be satisfied with the necessarily scanty details given by M. Faguet; details which might have been expanded a little had the author been willing to use a net of larger mesh and so allowed some of the smaller fry to slip through. In a World History it might be excusable to omit the names of Andocides, Hyperides, and the less known of the Troubadours.

The chief interest of the book will probably be found in M. Faguet's criticisms, some of which are rather baffling. He is naturally more at home in dealing with the literature of his own country; here his brief summaries are often admirable; but his judgment on English writers will not be universally accepted. There are people, for instance, who can see more in Bunyan than ‘an obstinate ascetic,’ who do not regard Macpherson as ‘a magnificent genius,’ and who resent the description of Shelley's private life as one ‘of the utmost disorder and even guilt.’

If M. Faguet would carry weight with an English public he would do well not to speak of Keats' poem ‘On a Greek Vase,’ or to attribute the ‘Skylark’ to him—he no doubt meant the ‘Ode to

a Nightingale.' It is unfortunate too that he cannot distinguish George Fox the Quaker from John Foxe the Martyrologist. The statement that Bacon was 'perhaps collaborator with Shakespeare' is, I think, one that will please neither side in the great controversy.

One would hesitate to think that M. Faguet's knowledge of the classics is as indifferent as his knowledge of English, but the statement that Burton, of the *Anatomy*, 'gave himself the pseudonym of Democritus Junior because he was consumed with sadness,' must give one pause; as must the confusion of 'euphemism' and 'euphuism,' a blunder of which a schoolboy would be ashamed. Lucan is called 'Lucian,' and Statius 'Stacius,' which is possibly a French guise; as certainly is 'Titus-Livy,' for which we would respectfully suggest 'Tite-Livius' as a variant.

The work is distinguished by quite a number of ugly or inappropriate words for which the translator presumably must be held responsible: 'epopee' (for 'epic'), 'the tragic' (for 'tragedian'), 'negligibly' (for 'neglectfully'), together with 'elegiast,' 'elegiacist,' 'descriptist' and 'odelettes' make up a collection more euphuistic than attractive. The extraordinary jingle of 'pure infinity, home of the Trinity' is not to be wondered at in one who can attribute to a poet the quality of 'viridity,' which, we learn from the dictionary, is 'the green hue acquired by oysters after feeding on certain vegetable organisms.'

C. B. W.

#### THE ARTS AND CRAFTS OF INDIA AND CEYLON.

By Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, D.Sc., F.G.S., M.R.A.S., Fellow of University College, London. With 225 illustrations. London and Edinburgh (Foulis); pp. 252; 5s. net.

THE name of Dr. Coomaraswamy on the title-page of a recent volume of the admirable 'World of Art Series' assures students of a learned and interpretative view of an important subject—the arts and crafts of India and Ceylon, including the sculpture of Java and Cambodia. From these 252 pages, with their fund of well-chosen illustrations, readers may gain a survey of the development and present condition of the national arts of India, and understanding of the ancient and deeply-rooted character of Indian painting, sculpture and architecture. Such an understanding is not merely a desirable part of a liberal æsthetic culture. Through want of it in the nation responsible for the art-administration of India the

national tradition of imaginative art may perish, is already confused and weakened. The four governmental art-schools in India were founded when the art of the East was mere barbarism to the West. Although to-day native arts of design are encouraged, the painting and sculpture which at their best are fit expressions of profound religious thought and emotion, are misjudged by those who see in them only the stereotyping of symbolic forms, or who are ignorant of the ideals of non-representative art.

Those ideals, and their influence on form, Dr. Coomaraswamy expresses well, within the limits of a brief and popular summary of a vast subject. The illustrations of the 'Dancing Shiva' from a tenth to twelfth century copper statue in the Madras Museum, and of a colossal Buddha of the fifth or sixth century, with the author's commentary on their profound significance, ensure initial understanding of the two supreme artistic inspirations formulated by the religious and interpretative genius of India. Further key-ideas are in the words "the great types are the fruit of communal thought . . . of the greatest and wisest minds . . . seeking to impress their vision on a whole race," and "the artist is required . . . to invoke and visualise and finally to identify himself in thought with the divinity to be represented . . . for none can really know what appears external to himself."

Such guidance leads to the inner view of the subject. Necessary to it is the knowledge which the author conveys in a summary of the complicated fabric of Hinduism, of the inter-relation of Buddhist and Hindu modes of thought, and of Islam, which during the two centuries of Mughal dominion created architectural monuments like the Taj Mahal, and enriched with portraiture the scope of Indian painting. Enumeration of the foreign elements in Indian art, and a descriptive classification of styles from early Buddhist to British—significantly detailed as 'decline of crafts, survival of architecture, school-of-art painting'—are useful features of the book as a work of reference.

R. S.

#### OUR ETERNITY.

By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. London (Methuen); pp. 248; 5s. net.

IN this volume M. Maeterlinck briefly reviews the various opinions as to our fate beyond death, and successively dismisses them as fundamentally unsatisfactory compared with the ideal of

a truly infinite spiritual state. There are many queries that might be raised in reviewing his survey in detail, but for this we have no space. Let us come to his conclusions. As to the opinions he finds himself compelled to put aside: annihilation he believes to be 'physically impossible'; while the religious solutions "occupy a citadel without doors or windows into which human reason does not penetrate." Concerning belief in the survival of the soul released from the body but retaining a full and unimpaired consciousness of its identity, he thinks that "this hypothesis strictly defined has very little likelihood and is not greatly to be desired, although, with the surrender of the body, the source of all our ills [!], it seems less to be feared than our actual existence." As to survival without consciousness, which is almost tantamount to annihilation, it could be no more dreadful than the latter, that is to say, "than a sleep with no dreams and with no awakening." There remains over the hypothesis of a 'cosmic consciousness' or of a 'modified consciousness.' This is the view that satisfies and fascinates the poet; for "either we believe that our evolution will one day stop, implying thereby an incomprehensible end and a sort of inconceivable death; or we admit that it has no limit, whereupon, being infinite, it assumes all the properties of infinity and must needs be lost in infinity and united with it." This 'either—or' cuts from under our feet the middle ground on which and over which the battle is being fought. But it is necessary in order to clear the way for the writer's more immediate interest in the ideal, and so that he can write: "Behold us then before the mystery of cosmic consciousness!" We may excuse somewhat the haste because of our sympathy with the view, though we have come to dislike and suspect the worn-out *cliché* 'cosmic consciousness.' It is at bottom the ideal of a truly spiritual consciousness, a wholeness of being, of an infinite nature, though it must be confessed that M. Maeterlinck is on occasion shaky as to the meaning of 'infinite,' and also in his employment of other terms. And so he writes of this 'cosmic consciousness': "As this consciousness or this thing [!] cannot be unhappy, because it is impossible that infinity should exist for its own unhappiness, neither shall we be unhappy when we are in it." Consciousness, however, is a very definite and limited concept, and we are here yearning after a superconsciousness or at any rate a state that breaks down our limitations; so that "if the infinity into which we shall be projected have no sort of consciousness nor anything that stands for it, the reason will be that consciousness or anything that might

replace it is not indispensable to eternal happiness." The comfort that M. Maeterlinck would hold out to us then rests on the belief that "infinity could not be malevolent." It must, however, be remarked that it is difficult to extract any intelligible reason for this faith out of his appended 'because'—"seeing that, if it eternally tortured the least among us, it would be torturing something which it cannot tear out of itself, and that it would therefore be torturing its very own self." But such insoluble riddles, the essayist thinks—and this shows his spiritual courage—are by no means disheartening; on the contrary: "We have not only to resign ourselves to living in the incomprehensible, but to rejoice that we cannot get out of it. If there were no more insoluble questions nor impenetrable riddles, infinity would not be infinite." For Maeterlinck, as for many other strong souls, the joy is forever in the quest and not in the attainment; for he ends with the striking words: "I would not wish my worst enemy, were his understanding a thousandfold loftier and a thousandfold mightier than mine, to be condemned eternally to inhabit a world of which he had surprised an essential secret and of which, as a man, he had begun to grasp the least tittle." And so not only *omnia exeunt in mysterium*, but it is the joy of life that they should. On the whole, however, we cannot say that we are impressed with this book, nor with the writer's philosophical equipment; nevertheless M. Maeterlinck has quite recently had the honour done him of having all his books placed on the Index.

#### THE SECRET DOCTRINE IN ISRAEL.

A Study of the Zohar and its Connections. By Arthur Edward Waite. With four Illustrations. London (Rider); pp. 880; 10s. 6d. net.

BETWEEN the years 1906 and 1911 there appeared the first complete version into any language of the *Sepher Ha-Zohar* (or *Book of Splendour*) from the original Aramaic (with some mixture of Hebrew). This French translation was the posthumous work of Jean de Pauly, whose early death robbed Hebraist scholarship of a devoted worker, and the publication of the six large volumes containing it was financed and supervised by the care of M. Émile Lafuma-Giraud. On a number of occasions we have drawn the attention of the readers of *THE QUEST* to this great undertaking, which inaugurates a new epoch of research into the confused and puzzling collection of Zoharic documents—that 'esoteric' Talmud

which constitutes the main subject-matter of Jewish mediæval mysticism generally known as the Kabbalah. It is now possible for those who are not Hebrew and Aramaic scholars, but who are otherwise equipped for so difficult a task, to get at the complete original at one remove, and examine and analyse it. We have already said on several occasions, and we repeat, that the publication of these six volumes rescues the Zohar from the monopoly of its professional custodians and the obscurantism of traditionalism on the one hand, and from the exploitation of charlatans and the maltreatment of unschooled so-called 'occultists' on the other, and makes it accessible to serious students of comparative religion and mysticism. But few can afford the outlay of frs. 150 and fewer still have the ability, time and patience to profit by the purchase when they possess it. We therefore owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Waite for his careful analysis and reasoned summary of whatever of the contents is germane to a limited field of comparative mysticism, and for his discriminating guidance in eliminating the wearisome casuistic of tortured biblical text-authentication, without which the Rabbinical mind dared not move a 'muscle,' and in clearing away the rubbish of manifold superstitions and the delusions of the 'occult arts' which invariably haunt the mystic ways. Mr. Waite's business, however, is not with sources and origins, and this work has yet to be done in a satisfactory manner; it is one of great importance and interest, but also of great length, and we are surprised at the number of casual notes we have ourselves unpremeditatedly jotted down on the pages even of Mr. Waite's summary, while the text itself is an almost inexhaustible happy hunting-ground for those who have a good acquaintance with the 'gnosis' of Western antiquity and of the near Orient of the past in all its manifold forms. That which specially concerns our colleague is the value of the Zoharic tradition for Christian mysticism, as exemplified from the Middle Age onwards; and here he comes to the task excellently equipped by his wide studies, not only in the lives and writings of the mystics proper, but also in the less-trodden fields of the Grail literature, Rosicrucianism, spiritual Alchemy, Templarism and other Masonic traditions, not to speak of an industrious *chiffonage* amid the mediæval magical middens; while for orienting himself in the Zoharic documents and the allied mediæval literature and the right of expressing a critical opinion, he has already served his apprenticeship by his earlier labours summed up in a volume called *The Doctrine and Literature of the Kabbalah* (1902).

From the time when, at the end of the fifteenth century, the existence of the Zohar was first made known to Humanism by Picus de Mirandola, numbers of Christian scholars have sought to find in its doctrines a sort of cryptic Christianity; the legitimacy of this contention has of course been strenuously denied by Rabbinical scholars, and with every show of reason, not to speak of superior knowledge of the original. Now Jean de Pauly himself—if we mistake not he was a convert from Jewry to Christianity—and the editors of his posthumous work, in particular M. Lafuma-Giraud, are obsessed with this prejudice, and we have ourselves already pointed out its entire lack of justification. Mr. Waite, though he confesses that if it were a fact, he would be the first to rejoice at it, is compelled to acknowledge that an unprejudiced study of the text can elicit no scientific confirmation of such a hypothesis. The explanation of the phenomena that have given rise to this belief, is a simple one. Both the Kabbalah and Christianity were planted and developed in the same soil; and though both took up into themselves common material from that soil, they each modified it according to their innate specific characteristics and moulding energy. Speaking in general, Mr. Waite does not find in the Zoharic documents any really new light on the central mystery of union common to all forms of genuine spiritual mysticism; what, however, has been developed by the inner tradition of Jewry to a clearer definition than anywhere in the West is a certain mystery of sex. To this difficult and delicate subject Mr. Waite devotes a searching enquiry. Nor is it surprising to find that a nation which regarded the command to increase and multiply as one of the first duties imposed upon it by divine decree, which bore a certain physical mark upon its person as the characteristic sign of its covenant with its God—its *signum fœderis*—should have made of marriage a chief sacrament, and found in it the sanction of spiritual espousals whereby a certain completion of human nature was achieved that it considered to be otherwise impossible. We are here touching on a genuine mystery of sex and on the spiritual complement of what the purely physical and secular propaganda of eugenics by itself will never effect. The present wide-spread revolt against marriage, the abysmal ignorance on all sides of the spiritual mystery it veils, show how far we have drifted from any secure anchorage. Mr. Waite says he has heard rumours of a somewhat similar discipline from India. He might very well have been more precise. It is all laid down in the Upanishads and Manu, and when we come to



the later Tantra literature, it pullulates with it, and, alas, opens wide the doors to an orgy of inversion and perversion of utter corruption, and of this also the doctors of the Kabbalah were well aware.

Those of us who are familiar with Mr. Waite's work and are his sincere well-wishers, are sometimes puzzled with his style of phrasing; it is a habit that not infrequently gives a vague turn to a phrase which would be all the better for greater precision, and which would be so if he allowed the sentence to fall into normal speech.

To one point we would draw the attention of students. Mr. Waite speaks of 'the valuable English version of the Babylonian Talmud' (p. 141). He refers to the translation of Michael L. Rodkinson (Cincinnati, 1896, etc.). With this estimate we cannot agree, and would repeat what we wrote in 1903 (*Did Jesus live 100 B.C.?*—p. 112): "Rodkinson's English version puts the mediæval censorship to the blush, proceeding as it does on lines of the most arbitrary bowdlerisation in the interest of apologetic 'purification.'" So also De Pauly's French version (Orléans, 1900) is little more than a summary of the arguments of the various tractates. The only translation is that into the German of Lazarus Goldschmidt (Berlin, 1896, etc.), *Der Babylonische Talmud . . . moeglichst wortgetreu übersetzt mit kurzen Erklärungen versehen*. Of the latter two Mr. Waite makes no mention, and it would be a matter of no importance, were it not that it is necessary to have a fair knowledge of the Talmud and its peculiar genius, before one can really understand the Zohar, for the Zohar, as we have already said, is an 'esoteric' Talmud.

#### THE DIVINE MYSTERY.

A Reading of the History of Christianity down to the Time of Christ. By Allen Upward, Author of 'The New Word.' Letchworth (Garden City Press); pp. 809; 10s. 6d. net.

SEVEN years ago Mr. Allen Upward published anonymously an arresting volume, called *The New Word*, and we were one of the first to discover and point out its value. Since then we have been waiting for some more of the same quality from his pen. Though the present study is not quite so exhilarating as that breezy production, we nevertheless have the author of *The New Word* at work again, manfully trying to keep his head up in the midst of

the meeting of the waters of the many streams of religious myth and rite, that gradually contributed their quota to the main current of that Divine Mystery which characterises the river of Christianity. Most writers on the comparative study of religion are sooner or later swamped with detail; and the more laborious and painstaking they are and the finer their scholarship, the sooner does their submerging take place. This is the case strikingly with that deservedly bepraised encyclopædist Professor Frazer, of whose labours Mr. Upward makes great use, though in his own way, as when he writes of the *motif* of *The Golden Bough* library: "The reader of Dr. Frazer's voluminous essay on the evolution of kingship, which takes as its starting point the historical figure of the King of the Arician grove, will find the whole treatise become luminous, and the enchanted figures resume their natural shape, as soon as he pronounces the word Genius whenever the learned author has written king" (p. 90). It was also transparently the case with that provokingly chaotic and slipshod, but at the same time as provokingly suggestive, self-trained genius Gerald Massey, who saw clearly that the antique medicine-man, as revealed by the modern study of psychical research, was at the bottom of much of it. Mr. Upward is loud in his praise and makes discriminating use of his labours, though he does not seem to be acquainted with Massey's last two volumes. *The Divine Mystery*, however, is not a book of references, but a well-written record of impressions and suggestions and here and there of brilliant epigrams. Indeed, it is in the notes of reference, for which the author thanks an assistant in the preface, that the chief errors of detail are discoverable; in one case, for instance, the title of a German book is a veritable railway accident (p. 8). This is rarely the case in the text, however, though we are bound to note the persistent error of Mahades for Mahadev (pp. 191-98). But apart from these errors of detail, and apart also from the many points on which we should like to remark did space permit, Mr. Upward, while treating the high mysteries of spiritual religion with deep respect, lays bare the workings of the savage mind with an insight sharpened by his practical experience years ago in Nigeria, and so, like others before him, rescues the history of early religion from the interested apologetics of obscurantism. At the same time, while he brings out in many cases, by a kind of psycho-analysis of history, the lower parentage of many a subsequently high rite and belief, he is perfectly alive to the necessity of estimating spiritual things at their proper value, and refuses to

follow the lines of a naïve evolutionism that advances in a mechanical straight line from lower to higher on the hypothesis of a purely material development. For, as he well says in a fine passage: "To the thoughtful mind all history is sacred, and the whole world is a holy land in which man walks as in a garden planted by the hand of his Creator. Mystery encompasses his steps on every side; a divine voice breathes in the rustling of the trees at eventide and in the songs of birds at sunrise; he reads the mighty scripture of the stars, and his heart accompanies the solemn chorus of the sea. There is a universe within him as without; the network of his frame is a battle-ground wherein unseen and uncalculated forces meet and struggle for the mastery; his very thoughts are not his own, but the reincarnation of ancestral spirits, or else the angels of heavenly and hellish powers" (p. xiv). And if, on the one hand, experienced in Nigeria and reinforced by the *Encyclopædia Biblica* and its outspoken scholars, Mr. Upward can speak of the 'ark of Yahweh' as 'containing a potent juju or medicine, and kept in the rustic sanctuary of Shiloh' (p. 240)—to the horror doubtless of any surviving Victorian reader who may chance upon his volume—it is the same writer who pens the illuminating line: "The new religion is the spiritual body of the old" (p. 146); and rightly contends that: "To trace a Mystery to its barbaric seed is not to discredit the spiritual interpretations that have since been found in it" (p. 56). And thus it comes about that the Communion ritual of the Church may be said to imitate in symbol "the dreadful rites of man's dark past" (p. 99), and in general that if "the new religion may repeat the language of the old, . . . it does so in a less literal sense, as the ascending spiral repeats the same curve on a higher level" (p. 119). We are also glad to note that Mr. Upward is alive to the great importance of ancient Persia in influencing the religions of the West, as, *e.g.*, when he writes: "We . . . now return to that region, midway between India and Europe, which stands out in history as the world Sinai, where the One True God revealed himself in a fiery shape to his prophet Zarathustra, and whence the lava stream of Puritanism spread slowly over the Western lands" (p. 165); not, however, that monotheism is an unmixed blessing, for its history is "the history of religious persecution, offensive on the part of monotheists and defensive on the part of those whom they attack, from the episode of the Aten worship in Egypt, fifteen centuries before Christ, to that of the Boxer Rising in China, nineteen centuries after him"

(p. 188). Mr. Upward hits very hard on occasion; but who will deny that there is truth in the bitter indictment?—: “If we may not say that Christ died to save the human race from Christianity, we may say at least that he died to save it from Christians. He it is, and no other, who lives in history as the champion of the sinner. In every age Jesus the Nazarene has been the true ‘Apostle of the Heretics.’ The Gospel has been the antidote to the Athanasian Creed. The story of the man who went about doing good, and forgiving sins, and resisting the righteous to the death, has been like a perennial spring of spiritual refreshment running amid the arid deserts of the Universal Faith” (p. 209). While holding firmly to the historicity of Jesus and the traditional date, Mr. Upward characterises the phenomena of the early communities which are so great a puzzle to us, as the “picture of a Christianity older than Jesus the Nazarene” (p. 301). “Paul spends two years on a heresy hunt through Judea (not Galilee), and wherever he goes he finds churches to persecute. . . . Peter is represented as making a sort of pastoral visitation through Palestine. He visits Lydda and Joppa and Jaffa, Samaria and Cæsarea, and everywhere he finds disciples and long-established communities, whose members are called the saints, or the brethren, or the People of Christ. . . . Apollos is described as Paul’s fellow labourer, whom Paul refuses to consider as an opponent, yet certainly does not claim as a follower. He was a Jew from Alexandria, that is to say from the headquarters of Gnosticism, who arrived at Ephesus and began preaching the Good News as he understood it”; nevertheless he does not seem to have known of Jesus the Nazarene (pp. 300-302). From these and similar all-important literary phenomena, Mr. Upward deduces that the ‘believers in Christ,’ and the believers in Jesus as the Christ, must be straitly distinguished: “The former were the original Church, the Church that had developed silently in the bosom of the Synagogue, and out of the sect of the Pharisees. It was distinguished from the general body of the Jews and proselytes by its faith in the celestial Messiah revealed to the prophets in vision, the Son of Man described in all the apocalyptic writings from Daniel to Revelation, and announced by John the Baptist. But this belief was itself a new and heretical one. It was a heresy against the strict monotheism which recognised no divine Person except Jehovah; it was a belief for which there was no warrant in the Law. And hence it exposed the Christians to persecution independently of any identification of the celestial Christ with Jesus crucified under Pontius Pilate”

(p. 308). This was, we also hold ourselves, as we have repeatedly stated, somewhat the state of affairs, complicated, however, with the immixture of a wide-spread 'gnostic' element. And in this connection we think that Mr. Upward makes a strong point against the uncritical accepters of a Jeschu of a century B.C. as the historical nucleole of the historical Jesus when he writes: "If Jesus had lived in the reign of Jannai, if he were the Yeshua ben Panthera put to death a hundred years before our era, these churches of Brethren, and People of Christ, would not be suddenly hearing of him for the first time in the middle of the first century." Setting aside Mr. Upward's error in the date of death of Jeschu the disciple of Jeheshua ben Perachiah, according to the *data* of the Talmud, we think that the argument will be found to hold. At the same time we should very much like to see how the genesis of the Talmud and Toldoth 'Jeschu' is to be explained, and what purpose it was thought to serve, for it is one of the most curious lines of research amid the chaos of controversies connected with Christian origins.

#### BUDDHIST CHINA.

By Reginald Fleming Johnston, Author of 'Lion and Dragon in Northern China,' etc. With illustrations. London (Murray); pp. 408; 15s. net.

MR. R. F. JOHNSTON is already known to readers of *THE QUEST* by his interesting paper on 'Buddhist and Christian Origins' which appeared in the October number for 1912. His long residence in China, intimate knowledge of the language and deep sympathy with the best in Buddhism, especially of the Mahāyāna type, make him a competent guide in a vast field of research that is at present very little known. In the volume before us there is much that is new even to Orientalists. As to the revolutionary position of affairs in China, when so much of the ancient *régime* is being put into the crucible, and there is danger of the valuable being swept away with the worthless, it is of interest to learn that "judging from the present activity of the Buddhists themselves, it seems more likely that what we are about to witness is not a collapse, but at least a partial revival of Buddhism" (p. viii.). Two admirably edited Buddhist magazines have recently appeared, the pioneers of a reform movement, which, though to a certain extent inspired from Japan, is yet genuinely and fundamentally Chinese (p. ix.). For those who believe that no great world-religion can

exist without containing some permanent element of genuine truth, this is a fair augury, and as China holds a greater number of Buddhists than any other country in the world, it may be the precursor of a widely-extended progressive movement.

The first part of the volume is devoted to a sketch of the early development of Buddhism, its introduction into China about the beginning of our era and its subsequent growth and fortunes in that land, where it constitutes with Confucianism and Taoism one of the 'three teachings.' The dominant type of Chinese Mahāyāna Buddhism is that of the Ch'an or Contemplative School. (Ch'an=Sk. Dhyāna, Pāli Jhāna, Jap. Zen.) The major part of Mr. Johnston's work, however, is given to a description and history of some of the most famous monasteries, notably those of the Chiu-hua mountain and of the island of Puto-shan, where he has himself on several occasions spent many pleasant months in most friendly converse with the monks. We are made acquainted with the pilgrimages and sacred hills of Buddhism, with the pilgrims' ways and the pilgrim's guide, and an instructive chapter on Ti-Tsang Pusa or Bodhisat corrects a large number of popular and learned errors on the subject. Ti-Tsang has been ignorantly identified with Yenlo, the ruler of hell; but so far is this from truth that, on the contrary, he is the glorious bodhisat, the saviour-deity who rescues souls from hell itself.

The brutal treatment of the peaceful monks, the destruction of their temples and robbery of their treasures and sacred things, by early European buccaneering savagery, intensified by religious fanaticism, is by no means pleasant reading; such traitors to the Christian name have been justly called by the Chinese 'barbarians' and 'foreign devils.' The excellent photographs of the beautiful retreats of the harmless members of the Sangha bring strikingly home to us the contrast. For those who are ignorant of Chinese, it is hard labour to remember the native names, and even then they are sounds signifying nothing. But when we get the name of monastery or monk rendered by Mr. Johnston, suddenly a new beauty is suggested or some pleasant quaintness, and the atmosphere is permitted to keep its steady calm without disturbing influence.

Thus, on our pilgrimage to Mount Chiu-hua, we come across such pleasing names as: First Gateway of Contemplation; Sweet Dew; Rock of the Tranquil Mind; Pavilion Halfway to the Sky; Tinted Clouds; Twin Peak; Gate of Heaven; and Diamond Hermitage. Passing to the Island of Puto, which is separated

from the mainland by the Chusan Sea—or as the monks call it Sea of Water-lilies, because of its foam-flecked waves in stormy weather—with its beautiful ‘Sands of a Thousand Paces’—“yellow as powdered gold, soft as moss,” as a Chinese poet has it—we find other fair names, such as: Hall of the Cave of the Tide-waves; Meditation Grove of the Spiritual Rock; Meditation Monastery of Universal Salvation; Meditation Monastery of the Rain of the Law; Holy Grotto of the Flower of the Law; Temple of the Sea-Mists; White Flower Peak (from the characteristic wild flower of Puto that grows everywhere in reckless profusion—the *gardenia florida*); and the Pools, Lustrous and Bright, and Spring of Wisdom.

On taking his vows every brother receives a special name in the Order; and so we hear of the brethren called: Spotless, Precious Body, Bright Moonlight, Universal Purity, Fruit of Great Wisdom, Trusting in Truth, or Pines and Fountains, Sweet Waters, True Pine Tree, and even of Shockheaded Ts'ai or Ts'ai of the Tangled Hair.

There are many other points to which we should like to refer had we space, and especially to that most enthralling figure of Chinese Buddhism, Kuan-yin, ‘The Great Teacher robed in White.’ Mr. Johnston has written a fascinating volume.

#### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

A Plea for the Thorough and Unbiased Investigation of Christian Science. By an Enquirer. London (Dent); pp. 204; 1s. net.

THE writer of this propagandist volume, Mr. Charles Herman Lea, far from being an enquirer, is a convinced and enthusiastic believer. The book is written from the standpoint of a business man, and not of a philosopher or scientist, and aims at presenting its case in a form comprehensible to the ordinary person. Christian Science is now so widespread and well-established a movement, that it certainly deserves a thorough and unbiased investigation; but this Mr. Lea complains it has not had, that its critics attack Christian Science without troubling themselves to find out what its philosophy really teaches. He, therefore, takes pains first of all to state what its fundamental positions are, and as he has submitted his proofs to the highest authorities of the cult, we may take it that his account is fundamentally correct. This is

all the more interesting as the writer frankly admits that "the whole case for Christian Science rests upon the assumption of the truth of its philosophy and religion"; a position which is supposed to follow from the fact, as he believes, that "every cure brought about by Christian Science is the direct result of mental work in accordance with its teaching." He, therefore, concludes: "Prove that its philosophy is unsound, and you destroy the whole fabric" (p. 10). The history of the world and of human thought, however, goes to show that men frequently arrive at correct results on a basis of erroneous or even demonstrably false hypotheses; we, therefore, think that Mr. Lea might, for his own sake, have been more cautious in presenting his case. However, let us see what are the main positions of Christian Science dogmatics. Mr. Lea tells us that Mrs. Eddy has stated in a simple paragraph "one of the most comprehensive systems of philosophy ever presented to the world." What, then, is this paragraph—the corner-stone of the faith? It runs as follows:

"There is no life, truth, intelligence, nor substance in matter. All is infinite Mind and its infinite manifestation, for God is All-in-All; Spirit is immortal Truth; matter is mortal error. Spirit is the real and eternal; matter is the unreal and temporal. Spirit is God, and Man is His image and likeness. Therefore man is not material; he is spiritual" (p. 21).

"Matter is mortal error"; matter is the lie. Here we are apparently up against a radical duality, and something very much resembling our old friend Manichæism once more. Though the wisest of us cannot say what matter really is, it is the unavoidable condition of concrete reality for us in our present existence, and we are compelled to posit it as the necessary basis of manifestation of the whole sensible universe, of a sense-world of any sort; and the sane evolution of humanity depends upon the progressive correction of sense by reason and science. To bestow a moral value on matter and call it either good or evil is to confound morality with physics.

If the above paragraph, however, means anything, it means that matter is evil and therefore the sense-world evil. And this seems to be the way that Christian Science takes it, for in insisting upon 'the vital difference between Christian Science teaching and all other philosophical and religious teachings,' Mr. Lea says: "The vital difference is that God is not and cannot be conscious of evil or of the material world as we know it, as in order to do so He would need the imperfect human consciousness to present to



Him wrongly His own perfect spiritual creation" (p. 12 n.); and again: "God has no knowledge of evil, and is not conscious of this material world, with all its sin, sickness, and suffering" (p. 85). Such a statement might well come from a Pagan who believed in the *incuria* of the Gods, but it is the flattest possible contradiction of all doctrine calling itself Christian. The way Mr. Lea extricates himself from this difficulty is instructive. Christian Science, he says, contends that "the teachings which appear to indicate such knowledge [on the part of God] are due to the pre-conceived ideas in the mind of either the writers or the translators of the New Testament" (p. 87). This is to say, that what is part and parcel of the fundamental teaching of Christianity has to be corrected by Mrs. Eddy. The human mind is conscious of all kinds of views that it may deem to be erroneous; indeed it would be impossible for it to make any judgment if it were not conscious of what it judges; much more then can a still higher consciousness—not to speak of the Divine—have knowledge of human consciousness and all its imperfections, and that, too, without any sinking to its imperfect level. And if God is All-in-All, as the paragraph states, He must be not only knowing but omniscient. God, however, we are told, would have to create evil in order to be conscious of it; but as He could not do this, it follows that evil is not real. We hold ourselves that no system of religion or philosophy has ever solved the ultimate problem *unde malum?*—but to deny the reality of not only natural but also moral evil is to lose one's time in juggling with words.

"Brahman is true, the world false" is a dogma of a certain type of Indian absolutism, where true and real and absolute are confused in a world-view of illusionism in which evolution is absent and a world-purpose non-existent. Though we may well believe that evil is not anything absolute, it is in experience definitely real. Anyone who contends that the wreck of the Titanic was not a reality, or that to rob a till does not have a real effect on the moral character, is playing with words and not dealing with facts. We are quite willing to admit that with regard to natural evil, it may be transformed into good, and used as an opportunity for displaying the highest virtues; but moral evil, when committed, is a very real thing, for it makes one false to his true self and to his God, and that is why the pain of it is so real to the spiritually conscious. This moral fact in itself should dispose of the Christian Scientist dogma that God is ignorant of the sin and sickness and suffering of the material world. The whole Christian doctrine of

the Saviour, in whatever way it may be conceived, is a baseless illusion if sin and suffering are unreal. This does not mean to say that there is not a higher reality in good; but it does mean that if we do not know how rightly to suffer we shall never know the meaning and value and reason of suffering,—that is, the good of it. This would seem to be from its consistent teaching and its history the science of Christianity, and as this appears to be the antipodes of the teaching of Christian Science, the latter label seems to be the most inappropriate that could well have been chosen. It is true, we believe, that knowing rightly how to suffer will bring the power of not suffering in the way we now suffer in ignorance, and in this way we may enter into the joy of a greater reality in the concrete reality of mortal existence. The transmutation of evil into good is a real transformation, by an act of will, not by a juggling of the mind and a denial of the facts of existence. We can understand that it is a great aid to say and realise: "I am not ill; my body is ill"; but to say that a cold in the head is a creation of mortal mind is an absurdity; for cows may have influenza and fish cancer. The power of mind over the body is immense; but so also is the power of the body over the mind. It may very well be that both the mental and the bodily are reciprocal modes, functions or aspects of the spiritual; or that spirit and matter are both modes of some divine reality; and in that case the absolute spiritualist is as far from the ultimate reality as the absolute materialist. A really satisfactory philosophy of life should conserve the values of the contraries and seek for a higher synthesis, and not erect either of a pair that mutually determine one another, into an absolute, as Christian Science does. Mental healing, however, is independent of philosophy; for though the most contradictory theories are held by mental healers, they attain similar results.

#### COPTIC APOCRYPHA IN THE DIALECT OF UPPER EGYPT.

Edited, with English Translations, by E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A.,  
Litt.D., Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities  
in the British Museum. Printed by Order of the Trustees  
and sold at the Museum; pp. lxxvi+404.

OF the six documents in this volume four only are apocrypha, the remaining two being a monkish life of Pistentius, Bishop of Coptos (7th cent.), and a series of Instructions by Pachomius the Archimandrite of Tabenna. The four apocrypha are respectively

entitled 'The Book of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ by Bartholomew the Apostle,' 'The Repose of Saint John the Evangelist and Apostle,' 'The Mysteries of St. John the Apostle and Holy Virgin,' and 'An Encomium on St. John the Baptist by St. John Chrysostom.' Three of these apocrypha are important, for they record traditions and legends hitherto unknown.

It seems highly improbable, however, that 'Our Holy Father Apa John, Archbishop of Constantinople, who was glorious in every respect, the holy Golden-mouthed,' really composed the Encomium ascribed to him. The main interest is in the second half of it, which consists of a lengthy extract from a hitherto unknown apocalypse. The writer recommends this document on the ground that it was among "the ancient manuscripts which the Apostles wrote and deposited in the Library of the Holy City Jerusalem." Now if the writer was really St. John Chrysostom, we should have to take into serious consideration this statement, for the writer is quite explicit and circumstantial in his assertion: "Now it happened to me to be in Jerusalem, and whilst I was staying in the church, there was an old man there, a God-loving presbyter, and he had authority therein. . . . Now I went through the books, and I had great enjoyment in this, and I found a little volume [among them] which concerned the Apostles, wherein it was written thus." Then follows the apocalyptic extract, which is of the post-resurrectional type: "And it came to pass that we the Apostles were gathered together to our Saviour upon the Mount of Olives, after that He had made Himself to rise again from the dead." The ascent of the *taxis* of the Apostles into the heavens led by the good Saviour, who shows the sights and answers the questions, is in the manner familiar to students of the Coptic Gnostic works. John the Baptist is shown in the 'Paradise of the third heaven,' and his virtues and honours described, the chief being the privilege of transporting the souls of those who have duly commemorated him on earth, over the sea of fire in a golden ferry-boat—which Dr. Budge says is "the survival of an ancient Egyptian legend which is found in the Pyramid texts of the VIth dynasty" (p. lxx).

'The Mysteries of John the Apostle, the Holy Virgin, which he learned in Heaven' is also of the post-resurrectional type. John desires to be taken to heaven and shown the mysteries. In answer to the prayer of the Saviour 'the heavens moved away upon this side and upon that,' up to the seventh, and a Cherubim

(*sic*) descends, and, at the command of the Saviour, takes John up upon his 'wing of light,' with charge to explain every question the Apostle should ask. The questions are mostly about the causes of natural phenomena and the Adam and Eve story, and it is all very naïve, the most interesting incident being the miraculous creation of corn to serve as the food of Adam after his expulsion from Paradise. Adam was an hungered, for he could find nothing to eat similar to the food of Paradise. So in compassion the Son of Goodness "took a little piece of His right side, of His divine flesh, and He rubbed it down into small pieces, and brought it to His Holy Father." And the Father of Compassion then "took out a portion of His own [invisible] body, and He made it into a grain of wheat, and He brought forth the seal of light wherewith He set a seal upon the worlds of light, and He sealed the grain of wheat in the middle thereof." Dr. Budge claims that this legend "is derived directly from the Egyptians, who believed that wheat was made of the body of the primæval god Pautti, and of the body of Osiris, or Neprâ-Osiris" (p. lxix.).

'The Repose of St. John the Evangelist' is of great interest, not for its novelty, but as a Coptic translation of the final scene—the *metastasis*—of the Gnostic *Acts of John* (see Bonnet's Greek text, *Acta Apost. Apoc.*, ii. pp. 208ff). Of this Dr. Budge seems to be unaware, as he does not mention the fact either in his Introduction or in the notes to the text; surely we should have had a critical treatment of the variants in such a publication! The conclusion differs from that of the Greek text in adding a wonder of the empty-grave type: "And they came out [of the city] on the morrow, and they could not find him, but they found his sandal" in the newly dug grave in which he was buried.

The 'Book of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ' is the most considerable document, though it is not a novelty, for Dulaurier published a short Coptic fragment of this apocalypse as early as 1835, and Lucau in 1894 about ¾ths of it from another MS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale, while Crum gave us the first English translation of the B.M. MS. in 1910. The apocryphon may be called Egyptian Gnostic. It gives us a description of the *Decensus ad Inferos* which is very Egyptian in its setting and dilates at length on the fate of Judas. Jesus is called the Saviour, the Living One, IAO̅, and in the mystic tongue, which is used here as in the *Pistis Sophia* and the allied documents, Tharkahariamath, and not Aberamenthō as in the latter.

We know from other sources that a good deal was made out

of the gardener reference in the canonical theophany narrative; perhaps even in other early accounts now lost the garden played a conspicuous part, for it certainly does in the Jewish Jesus-stories, in which we find the same *motif* of the stealing of the body by the gardener as we do here indirectly. The gardener is called Philogenes and he is made to say: "And I said unto them, 'There is a tomb quite close to my vegetable garden, carry Him thither and lay Him in it, and I myself will keep watch over it. Now I thought in my heart saying: When the Jews have gone away [from the tomb] and have entered their houses, I will go unto the tomb of my Lord, and I will carry him away.'" This seems to be an interesting echo of an old-time controversy; however, in the narrative, Philogenes, when he approaches the tomb in the middle of the night, has a marvellous vision which he relates to Mary in the morning. In order to give the reader some idea of the atmosphere in which the narrative moves, we may continue with the text at this point:

"And the Saviour appeared in their presence mounted upon the Chariot<sup>1</sup> of the Father of the Universe, and He cried out in the language of his Godhead, saying, 'MARI KHAR MARIATH,' whereof the interpretation is, 'Mary, the mother of the Son of God.' Then Mary, who knew the interpretation of the words, said 'HRAMBOUNE KATHLATHARI MIÔTH,' whereof the interpretation is, 'The Son of the Almighty, and the Master, and my Son.' And He said unto her, 'Hail, Mary, My mother. Hail, My holy ark. Hail, thou who hast sustained the life of the whole world. Hail, My holy garment, wherein I arrayed Myself. Hail, My water-pot, which is full of holy water. Hail, My mother, My house, My place of abode. Hail, My mother, My city, My place of refuge. Hail, thou who hast received in thyself the Seven Æons in one composition. Hail, thou who art the table which is set in the Paradise of the seventh heaven, the name of which is KHÔMTHÔMAKH, [that is to say,] the whole of Paradise is glad because of thee."

The original was doubtless in Greek, and it is clearly Gnostic, and therefore comparatively early, and of especial interest as showing that it was the Gnostics in Egypt who led the way in developing the cult of the Blessed Virgin and Mother of God.

Among the many visions is one of Adam and Eve in glory, clothed in light garments; Adam is four-score cubits in height and Eve fifty. "Eve was adorned with the adornments of the

<sup>1</sup> An interesting echo of the Jewish *Merkabah* mysticism.

Holy Spirit, and the Powers and the Virgins sang hymns to her in the celestial language, calling her 'ZÔÊ,' the mother of all the living." This is of course an echo of the Gnostic Sophia; and the Father is made to say: "And as for Mary, in whom My Son sojourned, with her Eve shall be a mother in My kingdom." The Saviour addresses the disciples as His 'holy members,' and the document ends with a mystical eucharist: "And the Apostles arose, and made preparation for the Offering. They brought bread carefully chosen, and a cup of pure wine, and a censer of sweet smelling incense. And Peter stood by the Sacrifice, and all the Apostles formed a crown round the table." Here follows unfortunately a break of four lines and a half; but apparently the Saviour manifests Himself and takes His seat. "His Body was on the table [about] which they were gathered together; and they divided It. They saw the Blood of Jesus pouring out as living blood down into the cup. And Peter answered [and said], 'Hear me, my fathers and brethren. God hath loved us more than all the peoples on earth, [for] He has made us see these great honours. And our Lord Jesus Christ hath allowed us to behold, and hath revealed to us the glory of His Body and His divine Blood.' Having said these things, afterwards they partook of the Body and Blood of Jesus, and glorified the Treasure of Light."

The grouping of the assistants in a ring and the use of incense in the rite and the glorifying of the Treasure of Light show that we are still moving in a Gnostic atmosphere to the end.

Throughout, the writer professes to be the Apostle Bartholomew, and to be very hesitating and modest about the great honour thrust upon him of recording the mysteries. But the other Apostles will have it that he is to be called 'Bartholomew the Keeper (?) of the mysteries of the Son of God.' In further deprecation of this great honour Bartholomew is made to say: "Forgive me, O my brethren the Apostles, I am of no use in [your] midst, and I am of no account before all men. I am a poor man in respect of my handicraft, and I justify [my existence] by my manner of life. The multitudes who are in the city are accustomed to see it, and they say, 'Is not this Bartholomew, the man of Italy, the gardener and the dealer in vegetables? Is not this the man who liveth in the garden of Hiêrôkês, the governor of the city?'"

Nothing is known elsewhere of this strange legend; is there any connection between it and the gardener *motif* above? As we

know nothing definite about Bartholomew (Nathanael) from canonical sources, all kinds of legends could be put into circulation about this Apostle; and indeed they were. The legendary Bartholomew is missionary to the most widely separated countries. According, however, to one group of accounts he preached the gospel among the Copts, and Jerome in his preface to *Matthew* mentions a 'Gospel of Bartholomew.' Is it possible that there may have been a Bartholomew literature and that it circulated most widely in Egypt? But concerning all such questions and innumerable others we gain no help from the present volume. Dr. Budge amazes us with the quantity of his output, but we look for more than a simple summary of the documents in the Introduction and a translation in the body of the work, from such an authority.

#### THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

An Enquiry into Christian Origins. By H. F. Hamilton, D.D.  
Oxford University Press; 2 vols., 18s. net.

IN pursuance of the enquiry described in the sub-title of this volume, a very wide field is covered, which falls into two divisions, to each of which a volume is given. The first volume deals with Israel; the second with the Church. Dr. Hamilton himself says: "It may, perhaps, be asked why two subjects so distinct from each other are not treated in two separate books. The answer is, because both are included in an account of Christian origins as organic parts of a single whole."

The leading idea of the book is that "Christianity is simply the religion of the Jews reorganised by Jesus the Messiah." This means that the basis of salvation was shifted from the Law to the Death of the Messiah. Hence, though Jesus shared the belief of the Jews in the supernatural authority of the Law, he delivered men from it by claiming to be endowed by God with a similar supernatural authority to annul the Old and inaugurate a New Covenant. The fact that Jesus, himself *ex hypothesi* the mediator of a new Covenant which abolished the obligation of the Law, yet acknowledged it as a divine revelation, finds its greatest difficulty in the apparent impossibility, at first sight, of harmonising such a belief with the results of modern scientific criticism of the Old Testament. Accordingly, the greater part of the first volume is taken up with a discussion of the Jewish religion and its value as compared with other religions. In this discussion the author's

standpoint with regard to the documents which compose the Old Testament is that of Dr. Driver and the moderate critical school. He has apparently never heard of Dr. Cheyne and the advanced critics, for all the mention he makes of them. Perhaps this is just as well for his own peace of mind and that of his readers, for it would only throw matters into confusion to discuss theories which are still in the crucible.

In the second volume he endeavours to show that Christianity came into existence for no other reason than because certain devout Jews became convinced that this Jesus of Nazareth had divine authority to reorganise the national religion. It follows that those who put their trust in Jesus constitute the true Israelites, the new, the Messianic Israel—the true People of God. In course of time they became known as ‘the Church’ and as ‘Christians.’

Of course, there is nothing new in this argument; it is as old as St. Paul and St. Peter, and Prof. Harnack has brought out the idea of Christians as the ‘New People’ in more than one of his writings, but Dr. Hamilton presents it in a new light and under a new aspect as giving the very *raison d'être* of the religion of Jesus, and thus he sketches an account of Christian origins which forms a consistent whole and which must stand or fall as a whole.

In dealing with the sources of Hebrew monotheism and the origin and line of development of the Jewish religion, good use is made of the results of modern critical study of the Old Testament. The philosophic monotheism of the wisest of the Greeks is contrasted with the naïve experimental monotheism of the Hebrew prophets. As he rightly says, Yahweh was originally just a Semitic God, the national God of Israel, in the same sense that Chemosh was the national god of Moab and so with the other gods of Semitic tribes and nations. How was it that the religion of Israel became mono-Yahwist, *i.e.* how was it that Yahweh, the national god of Israel, became advanced to the dignity of the One and only God of the whole earth?

It was through the agency of those among the prophets who understood the meaning of ‘righteousness,’ and recognised Yahweh as a ‘righteous’ god; and this not because of the fulfilment of, but in spite of the falsification of, all preconceived notions of worldly greatness, success and prosperity. This marked the distinction between the true and the false prophets, both equally claiming to speak in the name of Yahweh. The latter gauged the truth of their message by proclaiming victory and success to the people of Yahweh irrespective of righteousness, and when this expectation proved



baseless their only excuse was to be found in confessing that Yahweh was weaker than the gods of the nations, Assyria, Babylon, etc. Not so with the true prophets. The heavier the stress appeared, the more gloomy their outward circumstances, the more lowering the clouds, the darker the horizons, the more brightly glowed their faith. "You only have I known of all peoples, therefore will I punish you for your iniquities" was their message. But behind all shone the gleaming star of an undying hope in a coming 'Day of Yahweh' which should vindicate their faith. This is the Messianic Hope, which sustained them at all times, and which differentiates the Jewish religion under their guidance from all others. Yahweh had chosen Israel and He will intervene to deliver her for His Name's sake, and all the Gentiles shall be brought in, when she turns to him, and the purposes of judgment are accomplished. This was fulfilled in Jesus Christ. He claims universal homage, and His followers, both Jews and Gentiles, are now the People of God. This is the argument, and it is weighty and forcible.

As a consequence of this, Christ did not leave the new people of God without organisation, and the greater part of the second volume is occupied with a discussion of this organisation. This leads to a very clear and able argument in favour of episcopacy as Christ's design for the future government of His Church.

H. J. D. A.

#### BUDDHIST STORIES.

By Paul Dahlke, Author of 'Buddhist Essays,' 'Buddhism and Science,' etc. Translated by the Bikkhu Silacāra. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 890; 8s. 6d. net.

THESE five stories are designed to bring out the contrast between Buddhism, as the author conceives of Buddhism, and the West. Herr Dahlke has a somewhat heavy touch for a story-teller, but manages to make a readable volume, the chief interest of which is in his treatment of the motives, struggles and ideals of his Buddhist characters. We cannot, however, persuade ourselves that justice is fairly done to Buddhist doctrine; for Herr Dahlke lays all the stress on the suppression, not to say destruction, of egoity, and neglects the complementary doctrine of universal compassion, without which the suppression of egoity becomes a contentless negationism, that makes abortive the whole struggle for spiritual realisation.

## IN THE WAY OF THE SAINTS.

By Geraldine E. Hodgson, D.Litt. London (Longmans): pp. 131  
8s. net.

THIS little volume consists of four addresses to the members of the Girls' Diocesan Association, held at Oxford, during the long vacation, 1912. The last, treating of 'The Direct Vision of God,' will be of interest to lovers of mysticism. Dr. Hodgson's main contention is that the call of Christianity is absolute; it is for every man, for so she would interpret the few 'if any man' sayings. We are called to be saints; hence following in the way of the saints should be for every one. But there are many types of soul and many vocations; and though spiritual life sustains all who live a good life, the life of sanctity, as it is generally understood to-day, is a very special calling, and of the many called few are chosen. It may be that the future will give us clearer views on the nature of the calling of every man, and a less formal idea of sanctity than the traditional type, so that there may be an optimistic outlook, and not a hopelessly unrealisable ideal, for 'every man.'

## MYSTÈRES ÉGYPTIENS.

Par A. Moret, Conservateur du Musée Guimet, Directeur-adjoint d'Égyptologie à l'École des Hautes-Études. Paris (Librairie Armand Colin); pp. 326; 4fr.

A FASCINATING title for many, but a very obscure subject for readers of the hieroglyphs. Can the later high Greek views of the Egyptian mysteries be substantiated by the native records? We know the lofty view of Plutarch and the high claims of Apuleius for the Isiac mysteries; we know the intense personal spirituality of the Trismegistic literature and the pontifical claims as to theurgic mysteries by the Later Platonic writer of the *De Mysteriis*. But when we turn to the hieroglyphs, it has so far proved impossible to elicit any really satisfactory evidence of a confirmatory nature for much of this. There were the outer popular mystery-celebrations, like the mystery-dramas of the middle ages; there were also indubitably mimetic magical rites of the Osirification of the dead which were partly open and partly guarded as mysteries, and there was above all the mystery of the Pharaoh who was Osirified and deified while living. But of psychical initiation connected with hypnosis, trance or ecstasy we can so far learn exceedingly little even conjecturally. In the first hundred

pages of his interesting volume Prof. Moret has gathered together the pertinent material so far known and done what he can to elucidate it. His method connects the oldest form of the rites, shorn of their singularities, with rites of a similar nature known to us by the comparative study of early religions and magic and primitive culture. These pages are practically all there is on the special subject of the title. In the remaining part of the book we have first of all an interesting chapter on the mystery of the creative word and the very important part it played in Egyptian ideas, and then three studies in totemism, for which Prof. Moret naturally makes much use of the researches of Fraser. First of all he treats of it in connection with the Pharaoh and the Egyptian idea of royalty, a subject which he has made his own in a previous volume, translated into English in 1912. There then follows an instructive enquiry into the nature of the *ka*—with the thesis: is it a totem?—and he concludes that the idea of a personal *ka* for everyone persisted in Egyptian society as an echo of a very ancient conception, namely that of a vital force, common to creatures and things, which furnished existence and nourishment to all. It was exalted on the one hand into the idea of the *substratum* of all that exists and on the other gradually personified and specialised. The last chapter is devoted to 'Kings of Carnival'; and after an interesting survey of the subject in classical, mediæval and modern times, Prof. Moret goes back to Egypt and explains by analogy some features in certain of its customs. The book is rendered very attractive by fifty-seven engravings in the text and sixteen separate plates.

#### THE CRESCENT MOON.

By Rabindranath Tagore. Translated from the Original Bengali by the Author. With eight Illustrations in Colour. London (Macmillan); pp. 82; 4s. 6d. net.

It is unnecessary, in the pages of *THE QUEST*, to repeat what has been already so often said about Rabindranath Tagore's art and its spirit. *The Crescent Moon*, however, is a collection of pieces which bring out a special quality in the poet, and reveal him as possessed of a profoundly intimate feeling, not only for childhood, but also for babydom and motherhood, that is perhaps unequalled in any man writer, not even excepting 'Fiona Macleod' among ourselves. One or two of the pieces have already appeared in *Gitanjali*, the most beautiful of which is that with the refrain: "On the seashore of endless worlds children meet." The following

two prose-poems, which we select for quotation, speak for themselves; they are Hindu, but also universal, and exquisitely beautiful; and we say this all the more readily, as we are by no means merely indiscriminate admirers of everything our distinguished contributor has written. 'The End' is sad but beautiful in its sadness.

"It is time for me to go, mother; I am going.

When in the paling darkness of the lonely dawn you stretch out your arms for your baby in the bed, I shall say, 'Baby is not there!'—'mother, I am going.'

I shall become a delicate draught of air and caress you; and I shall be ripples in the water when you bathe, and kiss you and kiss you again.

In the gusty night when the rain patters on the leaves you will hear my whisper in your bed, and my laughter will flash with the lightning through the open window into your room.

If you lie awake, thinking of your baby till late into the night, I shall sing to you from the stars, 'Sleep, mother, sleep.'

On the straying moonbeams I shall steal over your bed, and lie upon your bosom while you sleep.

I shall become a dream, and through the little opening of your eyelids I shall slip into the depths of your sleep; and when you wake up and look round startled, like a twinkling firefly I shall flit out into the darkness. . . .

Dear auntie will come . . . and will ask, 'Where is our baby, sister?' Mother, you will tell her softly, 'He is in the pupils of my eyes, he is in my body and in my soul.'"

Pantheism!—some bigot will remark. Yes, pantheism and thank God for it. And here is a prayer, a benison and benediction upon all babies from the heart of the poet, that should find its way straight into every mother's heart.

"Bless this little heart, this white soul that has won the kiss of heaven for our earth.

He loves the light of the sun, he loves the sight of his mother's face.

He has not learned to despise the dust, and to hanker after gold.

Clasp him to your heart and bless him.

"He has come into this land of a hundred cross-roads.

I know not how he chose you from the crowd, came to your door, and grasped your hand to ask his way.

He will follow you, laughing and talking, and not a doubt in his heart.

Keep his trust, lead him straight and bless him."

Such verse is pure and good and holy; and how remote alas! from the decadent pose and preciousness of the mass of modern poetasters. Of the eight illustrations by young Bengali artists who are inaugurating a new school, we like best the remarkable strength of the drawing in the figure of mother and child by Babu Nandalall Bose, facing p. 1, and the colouring and composition, and especially the expression of the mother's face, in a similar subject by Babu Asit Kumari Halder, facing p. 15.

#### THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION.

An Examination of the Education Problem in the Light of Recent Psychological Research. By St. George Lane Fox Pitt, Member of the Permanent Executive Council of the International Moral Education Congress and Member of the Council of the Society for Psychical Research. Cambridge (The University Press); pp. 88; 2s. 6d. net.

MR. FOX PITT has performed a public service in applying the results of recent Psychical Research to an analysis of some of the problems of modern society and in particular to a classification of the purposes of education. He refuses, on the one hand, to accept the doctrine of original sin and, on the other, the theory of the child's fundamental goodness, so dear to Rousseau. For him personality is a *complexus* of variegated fluctuating psychical phases and potentialities. Like an iceberg this *complexus* is ever changing in structure and substance, and the greater part of its bulk, which corresponds to the subliminal self, is always submerged and invisible. The mind itself is made up of three types of complexes: minor, which correspond to personal experiences; intermediate, which are equivalent to the so-called concepts; and, lastly, the great complex of personality as a whole. The task of education is the harmonious development of these three different types of complexes.

If this is well and truly carried out, revelations of unsuspected truths follow and conviction is aroused. The importance of ideals is insisted on as well as their dynamic nature. Instinct again is defined as the synthetic experience of the race and an important distinction is drawn between egoism and personality. The personal element in any judgment however seemingly impartial is noted, and the higher and lower nature of instinct

analysed. The dangers of exaggerating the right of children are pointed out, and the confusion of character with reputation is cleared up, as well as that between love and affection. The author rightly emphasises our mutual interdependence, so often overlooked to-day, which is in fact due to the influence of the isolating and estranging postulates that underlie our present economic system.

We are unfortunately too prone to regard persons and institutions without property as 'having no stake in the country,' and money as a substitute for exertion. The solution is not to eradicate the economic factor but to subordinate it to the spiritual. In this way competition which is but egoism run mad would be 'abolished' in our schools. The author next passes to a discussion of specialisation, and notes the curious fact that it is one of the chief reasons of the craze for record-breaking, often in the most ephemeral matters. It can and should be combatted by a certain attempt at versatility. After pointing out the danger of regarding mere scientific phenomena as objective truth, Mr. Fox Pitt analyses the three-fold nature of our environment (a matter of special import in education) into three categories, which may perhaps be described as the universal, the contemporary and the personal. He brings out well the variable psychic factors in the word 'events,' which as he says is well illustrated in 'that aggregation of irreconcilable data which is compiled in the name of history.' Equally valuable is his determination of the limitations of scientific concepts. After dealing with the *idola* of religion, he uses with considerable effect his simile of the iceberg to explain conversion,—the centre of spiritual equilibrium has shifted and a submerged part of the complex comes into view. Transposition has in fact occurred. After rejecting the opposite ideals, of trying to make the world conform to certain *a priori* ideas, and of living according to nature, he finds a *via media*, not in ignoring, but sublimating the lower instincts, which leads to the ideal of being born anew in the spirit. He concludes with the conviction that the future lawyer, doctor and teacher will combine the office of both priest and healer.

These are but the dry bones of the book, but the mere examination of the topics dealt with should suffice to show its value. On the other hand, it should act as a reassurance and an encouragement to those teachers who are already on the right road, and, more valuable still, it should exercise a very powerful appeal on that large section of our leaders who think mainly in terms of science. Here is a gospel they can thoroughly grasp. C. B.

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# THE QUEST.

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## THE SOUL IN PLATO AND BERGSON.<sup>1</sup>

Professor W. R. BOYCE GIBSON, M.A., Melbourne  
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### I. THE SOUL FROM HOMER TO PLATO.

PROF. GOMPERZ in the first volume of his *Griechische Denker*<sup>2</sup> speaks of the Two-Soul theory implied in the pages of Homer. The soul of man, as Homer depicts it, is two-fold: there is the smoke-soul, or *θυμός* (cp. the Latin equivalent *fumus*), and the breath-soul, or the *ψυχή*. Now the smoke-soul, which seems originally to

<sup>1</sup> A paper read before the Classical Association, at Melbourne, Nov. 29, 1918. In discussing Plato's views I have omitted all reference to the vexed question of the Platonic Socrates. The controversy hinges mainly on the relations of Socrates and of Plato respectively to the Pythagorean beliefs. My own opinion (which is substantially that of Cornford, *From Religion to Philosophy*, p. 249) is that Socrates, though not an initiate, was at least familiar with the doctrines of the Pythagoreans, and was sufficiently sympathetic with their theory of ideas, and with their doctrines concerning the soul's origin and destiny, to justify the inference that the views expressed by Plato in the *Symposium*, *Phaedo* and *Republic* are what he, Socrates, had himself been feeling after, and therefore also to give dramatic appropriateness to the part assigned to him in Plato's own further development of the views in question. Plato, as I understand him, is here treating Socrates as Socrates treated other people, possibly Plato himself; he is helping him to bring his convictions to birth, helping to elicit the truth that was in him already but had not yet found adequate expression. In this sense and to this extent Plato's theory of the soul would express not only his own convictions but also the bias and persuasion of his master Socrates. [On the whole controversy, in its more modern aspect, see J. Burnet, *Early Greek Philosophy*, 2nd ed. pp. 354-356, and the introduction to his edition of the *Phaedo* (1911), also A. E. Taylor, *Varia Socratica*, R. Petrie, 'Aristophanes and Socrates,' *Mind*, Oct., 1911, and Cornford, *From Religion to Philosophy*, pp. 245-250.]

<sup>2</sup> Eng. Tr. by Laurie Magnus, *Greek Thinkers*, vol. i. pp. 248-252.

have been identified with 'the steam (or smoke) ascending from the warm and freshly-shed blood,' figures in Homer as the psychic agency operative in bodily feeling and action, yet perishing when the body dies. The psyche was this active smoke-soul's sleeping partner: idle or asleep during the body's life-time (except in dreams or trances) it survived its partner's decease, and forsaking the body passed away to the under-world. Thus the psyche came to be recognised as that element in man's nature which survived the shock of death.

This theory of Gomperz has been criticised by Erwin Rohde in a footnote of his classical work on the Psyche.<sup>1</sup> Whilst not quarrelling with the alleged nature of the distinction between *ψυχή* and *θυμός*, the breath-soul and the smoke-soul, Rohde objects to the *θυμός* being called a soul at all. Homer, he maintains, distinguishes between the soul or psyche, on the one hand, and the body with its properties (*θυμός, μένος, νόος, μήτις, βουλή*) on the other; and he points out that with Homer, the body, independent as it is of the psyche, is still lifeless without it.

There are two points in this criticism which are of special importance. In the first place, in lieu of the two-soul theory it leaves us with the familiar and fundamental distinction of soul and body, the term 'soul' being applied exclusively to the independent psyche which at death, on its own initiative, separates itself from the body and flits off to the underworld. And this indeed is the meaning which popular psychology has normally attached to the soul. In the second place, by making the psyche indispensable to the body's life whilst the body is not held indispensable

<sup>1</sup> *Psyche*, vol. i. p. 45.



to the life of the psyche, it virtually assigns to the soul the primacy over the body. And yet how paradoxical this primacy is. For how does Homer represent the psyche? As a being like the wind or the breath, a tenuous ghost-like wraith which at death issues from the mouth of the dying or from some gaping wound, and with a faint bat-like shriek whimpers off to the sunless world, a being without feeling, perception, thought or will—for in the composite mortal life these are the functions of the body, not of the soul. In exercising these functions the living body takes the whole initiative, making no call whatsoever on the soul. The soul, it is true, must be there. Were it to leave the body the body's functions would cease. But in itself this indispensable spectator is a shadow rather than a life. It has scarcely more life, as Rohde puts it, than the living person's image in the glass. Clearly we should be going too far if we accounted the Homeric psyche immortal.

The self for Homer, the characteristic self, is the complete man, body and soul together. There are passages, however, in which Homer speaks of the psyche in its separation from the body as the self, and others again, as in the opening verses of the *Iliad*, where he apparently refers to the corpses of slain heroes as 'themselves.' I say 'apparently' because it is only after the burning of the body that the Homeric soul can enter peacefully into Hades. Till then it remains to some extent related to the body, and the body therefore not wholly bereft of its vital powers. When Achilles does violence to the body of Hector he assumes, does he not? that since the body has not yet been cremated it is still in living touch with the psyche and will therefore feel to some extent at least

the insult and the pain. Hence we need hardly go so far as to admit that Homer ever refers to the corpse pure and simple as the self.

Once the body is burned the gates of Hades open to the soul and shut it in. Never again, as the shade of Patröklos informs Achilles in a dream, can it return to the upper world. Hence the importance of the cremation ceremony; it has the effect of banishing the soul for ever from the earth and, as Rohde points out, it was doubtless with the deliberate intention of freeing the world from the plague of dead souls, and from all those fears of ghosts and evil spirits which torment the mind of primitive peoples, that these ceremonies were so punctiliously carried out. Once safe in Hades the soul could do neither harm nor good to the earth-dwellers, and no incentive remained to any cultus of the departed. The living had rest from the dead, and their worship of the gods was not complicated by any fear of ghosts. The cultus of departed spirits belonged rather to a pre-homeric age, and there are traces of it, clearly survivals, in the Homeric Epos itself. The Homeric Age shows no such cult.

With regard then to the main point—the soul's independence of the body and its survival after death—though both these are recognised by Homer, their importance is reduced to a minimum. As a foreigner tenanted in the body, the soul has no such freedom as has the wilder soul of the savage. The latter may leave the body altogether in dreams; but in Homer the soul when dreaming still remains in the body, whilst gods and demons or special apparitions sent by these appear to it, or it may be the souls of those that have just died, whose bodies have not yet been cremated.

In the body then it stays; only is it freed in death, and, we should add, in trances resembling death, when the body seems bereft of feeling and needs no nourishment to sustain it. But even when freed the soul has no real liberty. Its destination is Hades and it is more unconscious than conscious. Alive enough to feel that it is dead, it is scarcely dead enough to forget it is alive.<sup>1</sup> In Homer, briefly, we have the form of independence and survival, but remarkably little substance. The psyche, the idle spectator, is practically a prisoner, whether lodged in the body or in the underworld. Its outlook is unrelievedly gloomy, and no powerful religious feeling could gather round its origin or destiny. We realise this more clearly when we turn to the view of life and experience which finds its reflection in Homer's treatment of the soul. With the Homeric heroes the main windows of life are open broad upon the world of sense and action, and the sky-light which looks upward upon death or brings glimpses from the world of sleep and of dreams, is kept more or less shaded. The plain facts are not blinked, but neither are they dwelt on. The deeper sentiments do not cluster round them, and therefore they reveal little. There is room for a new deepening of experience. Something may be learnt perhaps when the shutters of sense are down and the sky-lights are open. Reality may reveal itself in strange new ways; and with the new vision there may come a new insight and the whole problem of the soul appear in a new light. It is with a deepening of this kind and with the new insight that it brought with it that we have now to concern ourselves. Its consideration will bring us to the heart of the Platonic philosophy.

<sup>1</sup> Cp. James Adam, *The Religious Teachers of Greece*, p. 59.

The experience which, as it were, broke with fresh barbaric fervour through the limitations of the Homeric outlook, may be summed up in the word 'ecstasy.' Ecstasy is a mental rapture, self-induced, often by artificial methods, in which the soul appears separated from the body, and becomes one with a deeper life held by the ecstatic to be divine. The union of the soul with the object of its worship is felt to be the consummation and true end of human nature, and the living clue to the great secret of the soul. Hence the practice of ecstasy becomes the supreme religious rite, the rite reaching its climax when the deity enters into man and the man is, in the literal sense of the term, 'enthused.' This divine madness, this ecstasy culminating in enthusiasm, was the new experience which by revealing or seeming to reveal the divinity and the time-transcendence of the soul, endowed it with a supreme value and radically transformed the Homeric theory of its nature and destiny.

This new experience found its first and most rabid expression in the cult of Dionysus. The origins of this cult are obscure. There are some who trace it to Egyptian influence, and point for proof to the Book of the Dead; others see rather the influence of Persia or even India. But whatever the external stimulus may have been, we may take it that in Greece itself there was a soil ready to receive it and develop it. There were illuminations in Greek life and thought of which Homer preserves to us at most but a pale reflection. It has, for instance, been pointed out that the social stratum which meets us in the poetry of Hesiod is very different from that which greets us in Homer.<sup>1</sup> It is the voice of poverty and suffering, the voice of a

<sup>1</sup> Prof. Gilbert Murray, *Rise of the Greek Epic*, p. 78; cp. also pp. 50-55.

dark age, and to this distress and to the deeper needs which it awakened, the new experience with all that it involved would come almost as a divine response. It provided a centre about which the sense of suffering could become articulate, shaping after its own heart its legends and beliefs. We see this very clearly in the mythical structure which the new religion built up for itself. In the centre of its new belief it set a suffering god—Dionysus—or rather, to use the expression of Gomperz, “it took no account of heroic deeds, such as those of Hercules, the heavenly aristocrat, but it exalted the unmerited ‘sufferings’ of a popular god like Dionysus.”<sup>1</sup>

The central feature of this new cult was, as we have seen, an experience, a mystical experience, in which the soul felt itself united to its god, and in and through the union recognised and realised its own divinity. Through ecstasy the worshipper became one with the power which he worshipped. The accessories of the cult are crude, even revolting; and the illumination, through the intoxication of wine or hashish, of a very doubtful kind. None the less the central idea remains persistently present: through ecstasy the great gulf between the soul and its god is bridged over and a sublime foretaste afforded of the soul’s diviner nature. And when Orpheus took over this barbaric cult and spiritualised it, he did this by preserving the old Bacchic faith that a man might become a god, whilst he altered the conception of what a god was and what it might mean to have communion with him. For physical intoxication he substituted spiritual ecstasy, and in place of the ritual of wine, he set up abstinence and rites of purification, rites all symbolic

<sup>1</sup> *Greek Thinkers*, Eng. Tr., vol. i. p. 186.

of the union of the worshipper with his god. Orpheus was a Greek and his reform bears the Greek quality of measure and self-possession. His ritual instrument is not the Bacchic flute or cymbal but always the lute or the lyre, "nor," we read, "was he ever disturbed or distraught by his own music."<sup>1</sup> Through the old madness there runs a new strain of reverence.

Turning now to the characteristic Orphic doctrines, we realise at once how fundamental is the difference between the Orphic and the Homeric conceptions of the soul. The simple belief that the worshipper becomes one with his god radically differentiates the two beliefs. No one in the Homeric world ever dreamt of union with Zeus or Athene. To the orthodox Greek the aspiration to *be* a god or to become *one* with a god was just *ὑβρις*, an overweening pride or insolence, the overstepping of the limit, the very essence of sin; in the Orphic it is the means of salvation from sin and the very essence of the pure life. And when we consider all that is bound up in Orphic belief with this fundamental relationship of the soul to God, the gap between Orphism and the Homeric world grows broader and deeper. If the soul aspires to be one with the god it worships, it is because it accounts itself divine. Once indeed it *was* a god, but through antenatal sin fell from its star, a dethroned deity, and was entombed in a human body. For Homer life in the body is the real, the genuine life; for the Orphic it is not life, but death, and the body is the tomb. "Owing to certain sins," so ran the belief, "the soul is yoked with and buried in the body as in a tomb."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Jane Ellen Harrison, *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, p. 457.

<sup>2</sup> Cp. James Adam, *Religious Teachers of Greece*, p. 97 *sub finem*.

But the punishment is not merely retributive ; it is also regenerative. The soul may win its way back to its original divinity through purification. Hence the Orphic rites are rites of purification. Moreover in this conception of a purificatory discipline, so foreign to the spirit of Homer, we have much more than mere ritual. No doubt there are ceremonies, initiations and much degrading superstition. But the more important element is *ethical*: the essential thing is the ‘fasting from sin.’ There is no attempt to give to the natural passions a religious sanction. Orphic mysticism is at root moral. “The grand feature,” says Gomperz, “which distinguishes the Orphic branch of Greek religion from the rest of the mysteries, was the consistent, energetic force of its morality.”<sup>2</sup> And at the root of this morality, underlying the soul’s sense of sin and its passion for purification, lies its sense of individuality and individual responsibility. “With the doctrine of the fall of the soul from the stars went . . . the belief in an indestructible individual soul, persisting throughout its round of reincarnation.”<sup>3</sup> If then we piece together all these aspects of the psyche as conceived by the Orphics, and consider the views which accompanied them—the doctrine of an original divinity, of ante-natal sin, of successive reincarnations or entombments in various bodies, of earnest life-long purification, and at the heart of it all those fundamental experiences of ecstastic union with the object of worship when the soul has sight of its true origin and destiny—we recognise at once how far we are from the ghostly psyche of Homer. Homer

<sup>1</sup> Cp. Empedokles, *Frag.* 144 (Diels). R.P. 184c.

<sup>2</sup> *Greek Thinkers* (Eng. Tr.), i. 188.

<sup>3</sup> F. M. Cornford, *From Religion to Philosophy*, p. 196.

and Orpheus alike hold the psyche separate from the body; but the Orphic alone, by his apotheosis of the psyche, gives to this separation its deeper meaning and value.

Prof. Adam, in summing up his treatment of the Orphic teaching, indicates in a suggestive way what he holds to be the essential link of connexion between Orpheus and Plato. Before the central doctrine of the Orphic faith (the doctrine of the soul's divinity) "could attain to full development," he writes, "it had still to be freed from the entanglement of ritual and mythology, and elevated from the emotional to the intellectual plane. In one word, it had to be intellectualised." "The intellectualisation of this belief," he adds, "was effected by Plato."<sup>1</sup>

To appreciate what this Platonic intellectualism implies we must cast a brief glance at the Pythagorean movement, which was itself a refinement of Orphism and a movement with which Plato himself was intimately connected. Orphism as a way of life found its most important development in Pythagoreanism. And the development consisted essentially in this, that, in the case of the Pythagorean initiate, the moral purification which the Orphic prescribed for the soul, took a specifically intellectual turn. For him it was a fundamental conviction that the greatest of all purifications is disinterested science, and that the man who devoted himself to that, the true philosopher, is he who most effectually releases himself from the 'wheel of birth.'<sup>2</sup> Intellectual enquiry, in a word, is the supreme form of moral purification, and must be pursued as the best means of purifying the soul.

<sup>1</sup> *The Religious Teachers of Greece*, p. 114.

<sup>2</sup> See John Burnet, *Early Greek Philosophy*, 2nd ed., p. 108.



According to Cicero it was Pythagoras who first took the step of calling himself—not a wise man, like Solon, Bias and the rest, but ‘a seeker after wisdom,’ in other words a philosopher; and it was through the search after wisdom that the soul was purified, gaining thereby its final separation from the body. The true *katharsis* or purification of the soul is philosophy, and the true *ekstasis*, *theōria* or contemplation.

Now Plato, who was at heart a Pythagorean, also held tenaciously to the view that philosophy was the purification proper to the soul, and that only through philosophy could one become ‘the Friend of God’—as he puts it—and be immortal so far as mortal man may. He too held that the true ecstasy lay in the contemplation of all time and all existence, and in the enjoyment of that which satisfies intellectually the spirit of man. But for Plato there is a special form of *theōria* to which he gives the name of divine madness. This is the insight of recollection, “the recollection of those things which our soul once saw while following God,” and “he who employs aright these memories,” we read, “is ever being initiated into perfect mysteries and alone becomes truly perfect” (*Phaedrus*, 249). Thus the essence of divine madness, the essence of ecstasy, is the wonder which seizes the soul when it sees the beauty of earth, and in seeing it is transported with the recollection of the true beauty. For the philosopher, whose mind has wings, this revelation of reality through recollection is not a privilege to be enjoyed but once or twice in a lifetime, and then only by a direct vision of the ineffable; it is a perennial revelation, and is vouchsafed not to those only who gaze directly at realities with the eye of the mind, but to those who going to images behold in them the

realities, though only with difficulty. Plato in fact has universalised the insight through which the soul discovers her true nature, and has attached it to common things, to anything which through recollection becomes the vehicle of the ideal.

It is therefore not so strange after all that when Plato, by aid of his Theory of Recollection, seeks to show that the Ideas exist and that our souls which have knowledge of them must have existed prior to birth, he should turn for evidence to our common experience, and start from a psychological enquiry into the nature of Association.

The perception of *a* may recall the image of *b*, and this either through likeness or through contrast. But in the former case the recollector has the impression not only that there *is* likeness but that the likeness is not perfect. In other words, the empirical likeness has recalled an ideal likeness, and it is in this recall of the Ideal that the Platonic reminiscence consists. Reminiscence in general is not specifically Platonic; it is simply the recalling to mind through association of something we formerly knew but had forgotten. The *differentia* of Platonic reminiscence is that what is thus recalled is not on the same level of reality as the occasion which serves to reinstate it, but is heaven-high above it; hence the recollection is accompanied by a sense of amazement and rapture. Plato illustrates this specific type of recall by reference to our knowledge of the Idea of Equality. Equal things, he argues, such as stones of equal size, are not absolute equals. For seen at certain angles, for instance, they appear unequal, and it is impossible that absolute equals should even *seem* to be unequal. Now when we see with our eyes the two stones, and notice or suspect

a defect of equality, such consciousness of defect implies the recall of an Idea of absolute or standard equality. We must therefore at some previous time have had experience of this standard of absolute equality. Otherwise, seeing that this insight is never given to us in sense-experience, which presents us with the actual but not with the ideal, we could not possibly have recalled it. And further, since it is through the senses that we first become conscious of the discrepancy between equal things on the one hand, and absolute equals on the other, our knowledge of absolute equals must have been acquired prior to sense-experience, that is prior to birth. We must have received the knowledge of absolute equality before we were born, and seeing that this reasoning applies impartially to all Ideas, to all which we nowadays call the ideal, it follows that we must have received our knowledge of all these ideal realities before we were born. Our souls, therefore, the souls of all who can recollect, must have existed before birth, and not only existed, but existed as intelligent beings capable of a higher perception of reality than we now possess, entombed as we are in the body, like an oyster in its shell. Thus the gist of this famous proof from recollection is that, since there cling to our sense-experiences intimations of a deeper reality than these sense-experiences can themselves warrant, the knowledge to which these intimations point must have been acquired in a previous existence (*Phaedo*, 73ff).

These Platonic recollections of reality will no doubt call to our mind the Wordsworthian 'Intimations of Immortality.' The Platonic recollections and the Wordsworthian intimations alike refer to something ante-natal. But whereas with Wordsworth our know-

ledge of these intimations consists in a gradual losing or forgetting of them, with Plato our knowledge of them is a gradual recovery or remembering, and this first by the help of sensuous and imaginative forms, and later on in a more perfect and universal way through philosophical reflexion. "According to Wordsworth," says Archer-Hind, "we are born with the ante-natal radiance clinging about us, and spend our lives in gradually losing it; according to Plato we lose the vision at birth and spend our lives in gradually recovering it."<sup>1</sup> And this suggests a second point of difference noticed by Edward Caird.<sup>2</sup> For Wordsworth the highest consciousness of these intimations is given in a vague, inchoate form, in "those obstinate questionings of sense and outward things, blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realised." For Plato all such appreciation of the Ideas is preliminary; the Ideas can be truly apprehended only through the clear, defining thought of the philosopher. Whatever truth then there may be in the alleged connexion between the spirit of Platonic myth and certain deep-seated aboriginal feelings which seem to come to us from the most primæval strata of the soul, reverberations from a vegetative stage of existence, "when life was still as sound asleep as death and there was no time yet,"<sup>3</sup> such primæval echoes from the ancestral consciousness can have no bearing on the type of insight Plato indicates as reminiscence. For this insight reveals to us standards and ideals which are not vague and primitive, but rational and clear; and though Plato hardly realises it, it looks to the eternal rather than to the past.

<sup>1</sup> *The Phædo of Plato*, note to 76D.

<sup>2</sup> *The Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers*, i. pp. 201-203.

<sup>3</sup> Prof. J. A. Stewart, *The Myths of Plato*.

It is, I think, all-important in discussing Plato's theory of the soul in its broader aspects to approach it from the point of view of his intuition. Plato, like the Orphics before him, built up his theory of the soul out of definite experiences, experiences which in germinal form at least were present in the practice and aspiration of the Orphics. In the intellectual intuition of the *Symposium*, with its long preliminary ritual leading stair by stair to the light of lights and culminating in a sudden illumination, we have the ecstasy of the Orphics, with all its accessory staging, intellectualised, no doubt, but not in any sense which would divorce reason from intuition. And again in the insight of recollection we have the more perfected form of a characteristic Orphic tendency.

On the Petelia tablet, one of the eight inscribed lamina, all of very thin gold, which have recently been unearthed in certain tombs in Lower Italy and Crete, and on which directions similar to those in the Egyptian Book of the Dead are inscribed, to guide the departed soul on its entry to the Upper World, we read the following inscription: "Say,"—say, that is, to the warders—"I am a child of Earth and of Starry Heaven. But my race is of Heaven alone. This ye know yourselves. And lo, I am parched with thirst and I perish. Give me quickly the cold water flowing forth from the Lake of Memory." The Eleuthernæ tablet embodies directions entirely similar to these: "I am parched with thirst and I perish" says the soul on its arrival.—"Nay, drink of me," comes the answer back, "the well-spring flowing for ever on the right, where the Cypress is. Who art thou? Whence art thou?—I am son of Earth and of Starry Heaven."

The formula in which the avowal of origin is

couched simply asserts the soul's divinity. As Miss Harrison points out,<sup>1</sup> Hesiod uses exactly the same words in describing the parentage of the gods. He bids the Muses "Sing the holy race of Immortals, ever existing, Who from Earth were born and born from Starry Heaven." This claim to intrinsic divinity was an essential preliminary, since only the divine could drink from the Well of Mnemosyne, the Well of Remembrance; for frailer humanity there was the Well of Lethe. An Orphic hymn to the goddess Mnemosyne ends with the prayer:

" And in thy mystics waken memory  
Of the holy rite, and Lethe drive afar."

So too, when Plato in the *Phaedrus* myth speaks of the soul sinking to earth 'full of forgetfulness and vice,' he is echoing a typically Orphic sentiment. For the Orphic, then, Memory was a gateway to those deeper experiences of the soul with which the celestial individuality of the initiate was bound up. The memory of the holy rite is the link which reunites the new comer in the upper world with those great, ecstatic experiences in which the assurance of the soul's divinity was originally revealed. And Plato himself with his deeper vision draws from the Well of Remembrance the water which here and now spiritualises the every-day life. The *ἀνάμνησις*, though Orphic in its origin, as we have already indicated, has become with Plato an intuition at once more universal, more rational and more disinterested.

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(Part II.—'Plato v. Bergson'—will appear in the  
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<sup>1</sup> *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, pp. 578 ff.

## THE HYMN OF THE SOUL.

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### INTRODUCTORY.

THE translation given below of the 'Hymn of the Soul' is a revised version of that which I published in *Early Eastern Christianity*, pp. 218ff. (Murray, 1904). In that book will be found a general account of the Poem and of the Syriac *Acts of Judas Thomas*, in which it is preserved, but it has been thought that readers of *THE QUEST* might like to have it apart from the historical and theological subjects which occupy the greater part of my volume on the ancient Syriac-speaking Christianity of the Euphrates Valley.

I need only remark here, by way of introduction, that the 'Hymn,' whether or no it be an integral part of the *Acts of Thomas*, is perfectly comprehensible apart from that work. It comes in simply as a poem or hymn said by the Apostle Judas Thomas when he was in prison 'in the country of the Indians.' That it is an original Syriac composition is clear, because it is written in metre. It is arranged in lines of twelve syllables each, divided by a pause which breaks up the line into two half-verses of 6+6, or 5+7, syllables respectively. The division of the text into stanzas of five lines each, except the last, which has eight, seems to me too regular to be otherwise than intentional.

In the translation I have tried to represent each of the twelve-syllable lines of the Syriac by an English hexameter.

THE HYMN.

i.

When I was yet but a little child in the House of  
 my Father,  
 Brought up in luxury, well content with the life of the  
 Palace,  
 Far from the East our home my Parents sent me to  
 travel,  
 And from the royal Hoard they prepared me a load for  
 the journey,  
 Precious it was yet light, that alone I carried the  
 burden.

ii.

Median gold it contained and silver from Atropatene,  
 Garnet and ruby from Hindostan and Bactrian agate,  
 Adamant harness was girded upon me stronger than  
 iron ;  
 But they took off the Robe wherewith their love had  
 adorned me,  
 And the bright Mantle woven of scarlet and wrought  
 to my stature.

iii.

For they decreed and wrote on my heart that I should  
 not forget it :  
 ‘ If thou go down and bring from Egypt the Pearl, the  
 unique one,  
 ‘ Guarded there in the Sea that holds the all-swallowing  
 Serpent,



'Thou shalt be clothed again with thy Robe and the  
Mantle of scarlet,  
'And with thy Brother, the Prince, thou shalt inherit  
our Kingdom.'

## iv.

So I quitted the East, two Guardians guiding me  
downwards.  
Hard was the way for a child and a dangerous journey  
to travel.  
Soon I had passed Maishán, the mart of the Eastern  
merchants,  
Over the soil of Babylon then I hurried my footsteps,  
And my companions left me within the borders of  
Egypt.

## v.

Straight to the Serpent I went and near him settled  
my dwelling,  
Till he should slumber and sleep, and the Pearl could  
be snatched from his keeping.  
I was alone, an exile under a foreign dominion,  
None in the land did I see of the free-born race of the  
Easterns,  
Save one youth, a son of Maishán, who became my  
companion.

## vi.

He was my friend to whom I told the tale of my  
venture,  
Warned him against the Egyptians and all their ways  
of uncleanness ;  
Yet in their dress I clothed myself to escape recognition,  
Being afraid lest when they saw that I was a stranger

Come from afar for the Pearl, they would rouse the  
Serpent against me.

vii.

It was from him perchance they learnt I was none of  
their kindred,  
And in their guile they gave me to eat of their unclean  
dainties;  
Thus I forgot my race and I served the King of the  
country,  
Nay, I forgot the Pearl for which my Parents had sent  
me,  
While from their poisonous food I sank into slumber  
unconscious.

viii.

All that had chanced my Parents knew and they  
grieved for me sorely.  
Through the land they proclaimed for all at our Gate  
to assemble—  
Parthian Princes and Kings, and all the Eastern  
Chieftains.  
There they devised an escape that I should not perish  
in Egypt,  
Writing a letter signed in the name of each of the  
Chieftains.

ix.

‘From thy Father, the King of Kings,—from the  
Queen, thy Mother,—  
‘And from thy Brother,—to thee, our Son in Egypt,  
be greeting!  
‘Up and arise from sleep, and hear the words of our  
Letter!

‘Thou art a son of Kings: by whom art thou held in  
bondage?  
‘Think of the Pearl for which thou wast sent to  
sojourn in Egypt.

## x.

‘Think of thy shining Robe and remember thy glorious  
Mantle;  
‘These thou shalt wear when thy name is enrolled in  
the list of the valiant,  
‘And with thy Brother Viceroy thou shalt be in our  
Kingdom.’  
This was my Letter, sealed with the King’s own Seal  
on the cover,  
Lest it should fall in the hands of the fierce Babylonian  
demons.

## xi.

High it flew as an Eagle, King of the birds of the  
heaven,  
Flew and alighted beside me and spoke in the speech  
of my country,  
Then at the sound of its tones I started and rose from  
my slumber;  
Taking it up I kissed it and found, as I read what was  
in it,  
Like to the words engraved on my heart were the  
words of the Letter.

## xii.

So I remembered my Royal race and my free-born  
nature,  
So I remembered the Pearl, for which they had sent  
me to Egypt,

And I began to charm the dread all-swallowing  
Serpent:  
Down he sank into sleep at the sound of the Name of  
my Father,  
And at my Brother's Name, and the Name of the  
Queen my Mother.

## xiii.

Quickly I seized the Pearl and homewards started to  
journey,  
Leaving the unclean garb I had worn in Egypt behind  
me;  
Straight for the East I set my course, to the light of  
the home-land,  
And on the way in front I found the Letter that  
roused me—  
Once it awakened me, now it became a Light on my  
pathway.

## xiv.

Like a royal Banner it gleamed on the road I must  
travel,  
And with its voice and leading cheered my hurrying  
footsteps,  
Drawing me on in love across the perilous passage,  
Till I had left the land of Babylon safely behind me  
And I had reached Maishán, the sea-washed haven of  
merchants.

## xv.

What I had worn of old, my Robe and the Mantle of  
scarlet,  
Thither my parents sent from the far Hyrcanian  
mountains,

Brought by the hands of the faithful warders who had  
it in keeping ;  
I was a child when I left it nor could its fashion  
remember,  
But when I looked, the Robe had received my form  
and my likeness.

xvi.

It was myself that I saw before me as in a mirror ;  
Two in number we stood, yet only one in appearance,  
Not less alike were we than those twin guardian figures  
Bringing my Robe, each singly marked with the Royal  
Escutcheon,  
Servants both of the King whose troth restored me my  
Treasure.

xvii.

Truly a royal Treasure appeared my Robe in its glory,  
Gay it shone with beryl and gold, sardonyx and ruby,  
Over its varied hues there flashed the colour of sapphire,  
All its seams with stones of adamant firmly were  
fastened,  
And upon all the King of Kings himself was depicted.

xviii.

While I gazed it sprang into life as a sentient creature,  
Even as if endowed with speech and hearing I saw it.  
Then I heard the tones of its voice as it cried to the  
keepers :  
' I am one with the Hero, for whom I was reared by my  
Father—  
' Hast thou not marked me, how my stature grew with  
his labours ? '

## xix.

All the while with a kingly mien my Robe was  
 advancing,  
 Flowing towards me as if impatient with those who  
 had brought it ;  
 I too longed for it, ran to it, grasped it, put it upon me.  
 Once again I was clothed in my Robe and adorned  
 with its beauty,  
 And the bright-gleaming Mantle again was gathered  
 about me.

## xx.

Clad in my Robe I betook me up to the Gate of the  
 Palace,  
 Homage I paid to my Father's Viceroy for his protection ;  
 I had performed his behest and he had fulfilled what  
 he promised.  
 So in the Satraps' Court I joined the throng of his  
 Chieftains,  
 And he received me with favour to be with him in his  
 Kingdom,  
 All his servants rejoicing that he had preserved me in  
 safety.  
 Now to the King of Kings one day he has promised to  
 take me,  
 There by his side with my gift and my Pearl I shall  
 stand in the Presence.

## NOTES.

I take this opportunity of adding a few Notes, partly explanatory, partly a defence of certain renderings adopted in difficult passages. The Notes are not intended as a continuous Commentary, nor have I attempted to elucidate the esoteric meaning of the Hymn.

ii. 4, 5. Why *two* garments ? Probably because the Robe is

thought of as the body or form of the Soul, while the Mantle is, so to speak, the dress of the Heavenly Body. The word here translated 'Mantle' is in the Syriac a transliteration of the Latin *Toga*, which Orientals only knew of as the official dress of Roman Governors and Proconsuls. See *Malalas* (Dindorf, p. 88), who tells the legend of the invention of Tyrian purple, and adds that when the Romans conquered Phœnicia "they came to wear the true royal dress, called in their language *Toga*, which Roman Consuls even now wear," thus implying that purple or scarlet was the natural colour for a *Toga*.

iii. 8. The *all-swallowing* Serpent. The Serpent was believed to suck in its prey, as a dog or a jackal sniffs in what it smells (*Jerem.* ii. 24 Syr.). The word (*sāyḳā*) is not a common one, but it is used as an epithet for the evil Serpent or Dragon of the Manichees that sucked in and swallowed the Sons of the Light, as appears from S. Ephraim's *Refutations of Mani*, deciphered and published by C. W. Mitchell in 1912 (see esp. p. lxxxix.). This work, which is of very great importance for the study of early Syriac heretical philosophy, appears to contain other allusions to the 'Hymn of the Soul.' For instance, Ephraim says (Mitchell, p. cvii.): "For if the Soul came from a Place, as they say who know not what they say, how and why is it not able to remember its natural Place? For if it was sent forth when a child [same word as in *Hymn*, l. 1] it was here (*i.e.* in this World) that it received Understanding, and that Place (*i.e.* the Soul's natural home) has been found to be deprived of Intelligence." This is a good common-sense objection to the doctrine of our Hymn, regarded as scientific revelation instead of poetry and symbol. The inference is that the *Hymn* was known to the Manichees and Bardesanites whom Ephraim is attacking, and that by them it was considered to be more or less authoritative.

The Manichees spoke of conquering the Serpent by enchantment (Mitchell, p. lxxxviii.), but the word for enchantment is not the same as in the *Hymn*, xii. 8. In any case, if the evil or material principle be spoken of as a Serpent, the familiar figure of the snake-charmer naturally suggested 'incantation' as the method of subduing the power of evil.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I should like here to take the opportunity of suggesting that in the ancient Greek translation of xii. 8 (*Bonnet* 222<sub>13</sub>) the reading of the MS., *vis. ἡρχόμεν δὲ ἐφ' ἀρμασιν* is a corruption of *ἡρχ. δὲ φαρμάσσειν*.

iv. 4. The Geography of the Hymn. What is chiefly noteworthy about the places mentioned is that those far removed from Edessa and the Upper Euphrates Valley generally are real, while in proportion as they approach the writer's own country they become mythological. Atropatene (in the Syriac the place mentioned is Gazzak, Strabo's Γάζακα), Hyrcania, Maishán, are all as real as Hindostan or Bactria. But 'Babylon' by the time our poem was written was already a memory of past ages (*Aphraates*, 948a), and the 'Egypt' of the poem is frankly a land of fancy and symbol. Between Babylon and Egypt lies neither the trade-route of the Euphrates Valley nor the sea-voyage round Arabia, but a mysterious place called Sarbog. This is rendered in the Greek by Labyrinth. This I think is a mere guess, but poetically it is appropriate, for whatever archeological or mythological allusion may be contained in 'Sarbog,' the general sense is of a dangerous mysterious place through which one comes to the land of temptation and experience.<sup>1</sup>

v. 5, vi. 2, vii. 1. The 'Eastern youth' in Egypt. The mention of this personage is the most obscure point in the Hymn; we do not really know what part he is meant to play. Bonnet's Greek text supports the Syriac in vi. 2, in making the Prince warn the youth, so that we are not free to alter the text there. The place where something is evidently wrong is v. 5, for there is a lacuna at the end of that stanza. The Syriac text, as can be seen from the metre, has lost the greater part of a line and the construction is broken.

It is a mere conjecture of my own, expressed in my version of vii. 1, that the youth was in some way the cause of the Prince being detected as a stranger, come for the Pearl.

ix. 1. The Queen of the East. On the interpretation that the *Prince* is the Christian Soul, the *King of Kings* corresponds to God the Father, the *Queen of the East* to the Holy Spirit ('Spirit' being feminine in Syriac), and the *Brother, the Viceroy*, to Jesus Christ. But however this may be, it should be noted that the mention of these personages has been curiously illustrated lately by new discoveries. (i) Contrary to all expectation, some Greek leases on parchment drawn up in the 1st cent. B.C. at

<sup>1</sup> I am still persuaded that the name Sarbog is derived from the mythical Babylonian city of Shuruppak (*Journ. of Theol. Studies*, iv. 125).



Avroman (half way in a straight line between Ganzaka and Babylon) have come to light (see E. H. Minns's communication to the Society of Hellenic Studies, 11 Nov., 1918). These give the 'style' of the Parthian monarchs, and in each case the wives of the Arsacid king are mentioned by name, just as the 'Queen' is mentioned in this letter. (ii) The word translated 'Viceroy' in x. 8, corresponding to a word meaning 'second in rank' or 'next in command' in iii. 5, is in Syriac *Paḡgrībā*. Neither the derivation nor the exact meaning of this curious title is known, but it was discovered in 1906 that it occurs in an inscription on the great Columns in the citadel of Edessa. This inscription dates from the times of the old dynasty of the Abgars, which came to an end in 215 A.D. (see *PSBA* xxviii. 158).

xi. 4. An ingenious emendation of the Syriac of this line, whereby the Prince is represented as breaking the seal of the letter, is not supported by the Greek translation.

xiv. 1. The words translated 'royal Banner' are obscure in the Syriac, but the Greek translation implies the same as our text, for it reads ἡ ἀπὸ σηρικῶν ἐσθῆς βασιλική.

xviii. 4, 5. The general sense of these two lines is clear. The Robe, which is at once the heavenly *alter ego* of the Prince and also his Reward, has been kept in security; the Prince has been living an active life, but the passive Robe has grown with his growth and suffered with his sufferings. The construction of the Syriac is a little harsh, but that is appropriate to an ejaculation; the general sense is expressed accurately enough by the Greek, which has Ἐγὼ εἰμι ἐκείνου τῶν πάντων ἀνθρώπων ἀνδρειοτάτου, οὐ ἔνεκεν παρ' αὐτῆ τῆ πατρὶ ἐνεγράφη.<sup>1</sup> In the Syriac the only change necessary is to read *hau* for *hū* and 'deeds' for 'slaves' (in each case the change only involves the transposition of a single point). Possibly we ought to write the personal pronoun twice [(*e*)*nā* (*e*)*nā* for '*enā*]. 'Hast thou not marked me?' follows Prof. Bevan's suggestion, caused by the masculine form of the word 'marked.' *Robe* is feminine, but as this magic Robe is just passing into a double of the Prince, it was perhaps felt appropriate that when speaking it should use the masculine. In that case we might render the line 'I too have marked all the time, how my stature grew with his labours!'

<sup>1</sup> *Sic lege*: the MS. has ἐνεγράφη.

xx. I have regarded this Stanza as a long one of eight lines (8+8+2), closing the poem. Line 6 contains one unknown word which seems to mean 'acclamations,' but the text is perhaps altogether wrong. Line 7 in the Syriac is much too long, but by omitting the prosy particle 'again' and modifying a grammatical form we get *Weshtaudi dlathra' Mlek Malks 'ammeh eshtgar*, which has the required 12 syllables.

The text of the conclusion is thus somewhat uncertain, but it is difficult to see what could have been said if two verses had dropped out in the middle of the stanza. The Greek gives no help, as it appears to agree with our Syriac text, which I have come to regard as substantially trustworthy.

F. C. BURKITT.

## A REMARKABLE RECORD OF SO-CALLED MATERIALISATIONS.

THE EDITOR.

OF the various kinds of multitudinous phenomena which supply the raw material for psychical research, none has given rise to greater scepticism than the puzzling group of psycho-physical apparitions vulgarly termed 'materialisations.' Here we have to deal with the generally sudden appearance and disappearance of what purport to be not only physical objects but not infrequently living organisms. Such an otherwise unrecognised class of phenomena would, it goes without saying, if authenticated for official science, completely revolutionise, not only all its notions of what it regards as the legitimate possibilities of the physical universe, but also the whole world of the biological and psychological sciences. Scepticism is here, therefore, not only natural but justifiable. It is natural; for, in the first place, in the case of non-living objects, nothing in any way resembling such sudden integration and disintegration is known in the physical laboratory; and, in the second, in that of living bodies, everything so far known in scientifically surveyed nature points to the highest improbability of the possibility of such sudden appearance and disappearance. Scepticism is justifiable moreover; not only because the morality of scientific method demands the most convincing proof possible of the bare facts before it can go forward, with firm ground

beneath its feet, to the great adventure of seeking an adequate hypothesis, but also, unfortunately, because numerous cases of conscious and unconscious physical fraud connected with such phenomena have been indubitably established, even in the case of at times genuine mediums, such as, for instance, Eusapia Palladino. The whole subject is, therefore, surrounded with an atmosphere, not only of natural scepticism, but also of amply justifiable suspicion and distrust.

The most 'scientifically' annoying part of the business is that the psychologist pure and simple cannot dispose of the phenomena of materialisation off-hand; it is not to be dismissed by the facile theories of hallucination, individual or collective, or of imaginatively fulfilled vivid expectation or auto-suggestion. The very term 'materialisation,' however faulty it may be, denotes the claim that there is here something for the physicist to investigate. He is directly challenged by the assertion that a class of phenomena exists purporting to be an otherwise incredible extension of physical possibilities, and capable, therefore, of being physically tested. Such a claim is manifestly the most direct challenge to physical science that can possibly be issued in the whole field of psychical research. For the extension is not simply in the way of the orderly progress of physical enquiry, where the hitherto unknown falls naturally into line with and is explained by the known; it is apparently the sudden irruption of another order of physical forces into the carefully surveyed and mapped-out territory of acquired scientific fact. Moreover, as such phenomena have hitherto for the most part been connected with the question of the existence of an invisible world and the age-old belief

in spirits, which are, not only out of fashion with, but extremely repugnant to, the dominant modern official scientific tone of thought, the whole subject is involved in a tangled complex of presuppositions and prejudices, of beliefs and denials, that make this border-land, even when the phenomena are admitted, a truceless battle-ground between the so-called idealist and materialist camps, where no quarter is given. And pressing on the rear of these champions crowd the serried forces of dogmatic theology and equally dogmatic science shouting their war cries and urging on the combatants to redoubled efforts in the pitiless fray.

It is vain to say that such an attitude of mind on either side is contrary to the best interests of religion and eminently unscientific in the true sense of this ideal; we all say so, but continue to do otherwise. If by chance anyone has the hardihood to step in between the combatants and plead for a reasonable parley, he succeeds only in making both sides converge on himself for his own undoing. Nevertheless it seems that only by a growing number of such self-sacrificing martyrs to common sense can rest be given to the fighters for a short breathing space over the dead bodies of their common foes; and so invigorated, they fall to their mutual clapper-clawing again in the ceaseless internecine warfare for the advance of generally acquired knowledge. And that this is the ever-recurring way of it may be seen from the history of most of the now acquired facts of psychical science. Take, for instance, the case of mesmerism, now called hypnotism; its bitterest foes in the beginning were the academicians who flatly denied the facts in the name of dogmatic science. The facts we can presumably trust always

in the long run to look after themselves; but the attitude of mind that not only denies their existence when forced upon its notice, but spits in the face of the pioneers, is deplorable. Without doubt a healthy scepticism is absolutely necessary for sane progress; but an arbitrary radical scepticism that denies everything leads nowhere. What we want is a sanely critical attitude of mind. But let us still hope, for the sake of preserving our faith in the fundamental common-sense of mankind, that it is really not so much the facts themselves which are so fiercely fought against, as the naïve and immature attempts to explain the facts made by those who impatiently jump immediately to conclusions based on insufficient observation and unworkable hypotheses.

Now in the difficult case under review it is the bare facts that have first to be authenticated even for the most unprejudiced enquirers. How many of us, familiar with orthodox spiritistic materialisation *séances*, have been put off by the entirely unscientific nature of the proceedings and the overweening credulity of the *habitués*? how often, in spite of the appearance of genuineness at the time, have we not subsequently been left in doubt, unable to believe our senses, and falling back on the excuse of insufficient 'control,' as it is called, that is the preliminary and subsequent searching of the medium, and examination of the cabinet, room, etc., and on theories of collective hallucination, auto-suggestion and the like? How often have we not been persuaded that the apparition was simply the medium dressed-up, 'transfigured' as the believer will have it, though maybe still in a genuine trance or somnambulic state? For even when the draperies and the rest have not been consciously

and deliberately smuggled in by the medium, the smuggling may have been done by the trance- or secondary personality, by the so-called 'sub-conscious,'—that at times so highly intelligent and adroit 'sub-conscious,' of which we have of late learned so much,—while the normal waking consciousness may be all the time in honestly complete ignorance of perpetrating the fraud? Many such cases have been known to occur in the researches of hypnotism and abnormal psychology. And recently a most interesting case of attempted self-deception has come to light, where the sub-conscious, that is to say the automatic self during sleep, most cunningly endeavoured to deceive its normally conscious partner. And even suppose that we can convince ourselves that the dressing-up is due to 'materialised' stuff, we are face to face with a still subtler stratum of masquerade and deception; for the believers take the appearance to be what it pretends to be. How far this element of deception extends, we cannot say, but it presumably goes very deep and resorts to very subtle means. And already in general we may safely say that in certain psychical, hypnotic and somnambolic, states the secondary or so-called automatic personality frequently proves far more agile and capable than the primary personality, so that, in the case of automatic writing, for instance, the widespread vulgar presumption that it is invariably drivell is being effectively disposed of; part of the secret of genius may be looked for in this direction. We have to pit our brains accordingly against a by no means always despicable class of deception; indeed it may very well be that the psychology of the future will show that we are in this region face to face with the most subtle fundamental self-deceptions of human nature.

With regard then to the alleged phenomena of materialisation, the adventurer into this very unstable region of research must in the first instance rely chiefly on his own personal experience, always remembering, however, that experience by no means necessarily spells knowledge; experience becomes knowledge only when it has been most carefully tested and critically compared with the record of similar experiences and their testing. Before going further, then, it may be as well to say why the present writer finds himself unable to join the ranks of the radical sceptics and absolute negationists, and so tear himself violently out of the amazing difficulties and entanglements of this risky region of research. The most evidentially satisfactory 'materialisation' I have ever seen, will doubtless seem to the wonder-fed *habitué* of such *séances* a quite unimportant and unfinished product of the art. It happened over a quarter of a century ago in France, but I have still a contemporary note of the occurrence. Most *séances* of this nature are held either in obscurity or in complete darkness. This happened in bright light. The entranced medium was seated on an ordinary cane-bottomed chair, in the middle of a room, some 15ft. square, practically bare of furniture and carpet, so that there was at least some 6ft. of clear space around him. The assistants, consisting of 18 persons, 10 male and 8 female, were seated in a larger room connected with the former by folding doors, giving into the smaller apartment, and wide open. At the end of about a quarter of an hour, and after much groaning and contortion on the part of the medium, I observed what appeared to be a disturbance of the atmosphere, resembling 'heat-waves,' about the same size and height of the subject, taking place on the left-



hand side of the entranced youth. This disturbance seemed to move very slowly across the inner room, and halt near the end of one of the folding doors, and the door then swung slowly backwards and forwards a number of times. I was seated next the door and, by looking 'through the hinges,' could fully assure myself that there was no one behind it—indeed at first it was flat against the wall—nor could subsequently any mechanical means, such as a string or wire, be found to justify the suspicion of trickery. At that time I was already very fully fed-up with all the theories of hallucination, subjectivism and auto-suggestion, and did all I could to assure myself that I was in my normal state of consciousness, and not in a condition of high excitement, or vivid expectation and credulity, much less psychologised; on the contrary I was in a very sceptical mood, and all the more so as several of those present declared they recognised deceased relatives in the appearance, all of which at the time I attributed to self-suggestion. I have also seen forms and draperies of sorts with the usual cabinet paraphernalia, in obscurity or darkness; but I must confess that I have been invariably more tempted to take hold of them to see whether it was not simply the medium masquerading, than to believe on sight. This simpler case, however, sticks in my memory as an uncommonly difficult fact to get over as far as I am personally concerned.

After these perhaps not unnecessary preliminaries, let us come to our immediate subject. For the past six months or more, a furious battle has been raging in Germany and France over a painstaking record of what purport to be mediumistic physical phenomena, supported by a very remarkable series of photographs, a

selection of some 200 out of a still larger existing series. The German detailed record is contained in a large quarto volume of xi + 523 pp. and the French more summary description in one of xx + 311 pp. The author of the former is Baron A. von Schrenck-Notzing, and of the latter Mme. Juliette Alexandre-Bisson. The *bona fides* of these two distinguished *collaborateurs* in my opinion, after studying the chief documents of the controversy, remains intact.

Baron von Schrenck-Notzing is a prominent Munich physician, well known in Germany and Austria as an authority on nervous and mental disease and what the French call hypnology. For twenty-five years, moreover, he has made a special study of mediumistic phenomena, and for sixteen years has investigated and followed all the twists and turns of the phenomena of the notorious Eusapia Palladino, not to speak of other mediums. His practical work has thus, not only prepared him for a sympathetic understanding of the psychological conditions, but also warned him to guard against all the known 'tricks of the trade' both of conscious and unconscious mediumistic deception. He shows, moreover, a satisfactory knowledge of the wide literature of scientific research into the phenomena of mediumism in German, French and Italian, of the classical cases and various theories; unfortunately, however, he does not read English.

Mme. Bisson is the widow of the recently deceased Alexandre Bisson, the distinguished dramatist, a writer of comedies and vaudevilles, such as, for instance, the well-known farce, '*Le Comptroller des Wagons-Lits*,' that was a few years ago played in London in translation. The Bissons enjoyed a high position in Paris society, and no one who knew them could for a moment

doubt their *bona fides*. Moreover, Mme. Bisson has from childhood been interested in psychical subjects owing to her father, a distinguished physician, who had made a special study of hypnotism, telepathy and clairvoyance. Brought up in a scientific environment, Mme. B., though not a scientist herself, declares that her one preoccupation has been to have the phenomena put on a scientific basis. Mme. B. is also an artist, a capable sculptress. The preface to the book is by Dr. Maxwell, the well-known authority on what he calls metapsychical phenomena, who, though he has not himself taken part in any of the sittings, vouches in the most unqualified way for Mme. B's *honorabilité* and capability as an investigator.

The record extends over four years of experimentation (1909-1913). The medium was a young unmarried woman of the age, during these investigations, of 23-27 years. In the record she is called by the pseudonym Eva C[arrière]. As, however, has been brought out in the subsequent controversy, she is the Marthe Béraud of Professor Richet's experiments (*Les Phénomènes dits de Materialisation de la Villa Carmen*, at Algiers; Paris, 1905), and left a favourable impression upon him, in spite of the usual controversy. We are told that the reason for this pseudonymity was the strong representations of Eva's relatives. Mme. B. first of all called her Rose Dupont, but at Dr. v. S.'s suggestion, on purely æsthetic grounds, changed it to Eva C. In 1908 Eva came to Paris and sat for materialisation in certain spiritist circles. In 1909 she came to Mme. B. who from that time kept her entirely in her own family. Before she came to Paris Eva had given sittings for some four or five years, though apparently not as a paid professional, but while living or staying in private

families, such as that of General Noël's at Algiers. Dr. v. S. gives the medical history and psychological analysis of Eva C., from which it appears that though she was healthy and had suffered little from illness of any kind, and though she could not fairly be said to be a morbid pathological subject, she was nevertheless exceedingly sensitive and very impressionable, a creature of moods and subject to sudden fits of temper. She had no intellectual tastes or knowledge of the world; on the contrary, she was very ignorant and without any sense of the scientific importance of the phenomena, and appeared to submit to be experimented on and to try to do her best solely to please Mme. B., for whom she had a very great affection. On the contrary, her imagination was very vivid; to such an extent that truth and fiction, or objective and subjective, were often indistinguishable for her. Eva was easily excited by visits and gaieties and even shopping, and this quick response to superficial stimuli almost invariably had a bad effect on the immediately succeeding sittings, so that they were frequently without result. Indeed, the fact that 50% of the *séances* were entirely 'negative,' is a favourable indication of genuineness; for as a rule the professional gives something for the money at every sitting. Moreover, time and again Eva in a fit of temper or in disgust was on the point of giving up and returning home; for, as we shall see, she had to all appearances to go through very painful experiences.

It must be remembered that Eva's mediumship was developed in spiritistic circles, and that the *séances chez* Mme. B. began with the usual spiritistic ritual; this was, however, gradually changed, and finally abandoned. It is, therefore, not surprising to find

that the medium herself declares that the phenomena are produced through her entirely apart from her own volition, and ascribes them to the work of external intelligences. The compulsion to produce frequently comes unsought and unexpectedly. The most remarkable appearances have been photographed when Mme. B. alone has been present and with the medium unclothed; and in general it may be said the fewer present the better the result. It should also be noted that the photographs of the nude figure of the medium have been slightly altered (*insexuées*) for publication; the original *clichés*, however, are intact.

It is of course impossible here to give anything but a most summary indication of the nature of the appearances in the 150 sittings recorded. The results were of a more or less progressive nature, as the conditions, we are told, were gradually better understood and the medium habituated to what must have been, even if she were frauding, sometimes very painful experiences. The production of phenomena was as a rule accompanied by what Dr. v. S. compares with the labour of a woman in child-birth. The record is overstrewn with references to deep sighing, whimpering, crying and sobbing, stertorous breathing and a peculiar rattling in the throat, shrieking and even belling like a stag, extreme tension and straining and convulsive contortions, as is shown by the face of the medium in many a photograph. All this frequently goes on when nothing happens; and here it should be noted, in case of genuineness, that Eva's trance-personality frequently asks the sitters in such conditions whether they do not see this or that, as though she herself was assured of its objectivity. The radical opposition says of course that all this is pure pretence

and humbug to distract the attention of the *gobemouche* investigators. We are further told that the sudden touching of the substance causes E. great pain, and rough handling of it throws her into convulsions or renders her unconscious; so also does any sudden noise. The opposition naturally declares that this is simply a device to prevent people grabbing the stuff and detecting the fraud. As a strict promise is exacted from all the sitters that they will not attempt any such violence, owing to Mme. B.'s fear that E. would be made seriously ill, as has happened with mediums in other well-known cases, this precaution forms one of the main points of attack by adverse critics. They say that all of this is a most transparent dodge to avoid detection of the manifest fraud. According to our authors, white light hinders the manifestations, and even causes pain to the medium; while the sudden explosion of the magnesium flash-light in photographing brings about an intense nervous shock and frequently throws Eva into fainting fits, and even repeated swoons; she not infrequently retches and vomits, and sometimes throws up as much as a wine-glass full of blood. This last at any rate cannot be judged fraudulent even by the most robust sceptic; it is decidedly an unpleasant and alarming experience, and should be set down in the balance sheet to the debit of genuineness.

Moreover, unless one not only is a hardened swindler, but even takes a fiendish delight in tricking and deceiving one's fellow beings, it is not pleasant to be searched minutely as a suspected thief before a sitting, and room and cabinet and chair scrupulously examined. Every article of clothing, we are told, is searched, while the medium stands with only a *pégnoir* thrown over her; she is then put into a specially devised

costume of combination tights and a sort of pinafore overall, both of which are also closely inspected, and the garments are then sewn together, and sewed up at the neck and armholes. Sometimes also a net veil has been put over her head and sewn round the neck to the upper garment. And not only this, but also in a number of *séances* ears, nose and mouth are scrupulously inspected, the nostrils washed out, and the hair let down and examined. Nay, more; seeing that such places might possibly be used for hiding material, and have even been in one or two instances found to be so used, the posterior and anterior lower orifices are medically inspected, and the medium submitted to what is termed a gynæcological examination. The scoffing sceptic may say, and as a matter of fact does hint, that all this would delight an hysteriac. But suppose we have not to do with a morbid sensualist or a sexual degenerate, supposing the subject to be decently brought up, self-respecting and modest, as it might be a sister or daughter of our own, —to have to submit to such an examination must be of a most distressing nature, well-nigh an outrage. It is, therefore, not too much for those who believe in Eva's *bona fides*, to speak of this as a martyrdom suffered in the interests of science. Mme. B. tells us that it was only very gradually that she could get Eva to submit herself to all these requirements of rigid scientific research. It was effected only by a long and continued course of suggestion, and the daily hypnosis of Eva. So also with regard to the other painful experiences she had to undergo, the repeated sudden shocks, faintings and blood-spitting. She had to be strengthened by ever-renewed suggestion to endure this; and after every such crisis she has to be

tenderly calmed and reassured. It must be confessed that this all reads very naturally. But the opposition will have none of it; it is all feigned and counterfeited. It was only after long waiting that permission was given for the supposed 'materialised' stuff to be touched; Eva appeared to be as sensitive to such touch as if a nerve were exposed. On one occasion a young Professor at Munich tried suddenly to grab one of these phenomena; but failed to hold it. Eva was ill for several days after this attempted 'unmasking.' The opposition of course regards this as a lucky escape for Eva, and the illness cunningly simulated.

The phenomena, especially when they seemed to be of a vapoury nature, generally appeared to be very sensitive to white light,—that is to say they suddenly disappeared if white light was thrown upon them. The sittings were, therefore, for the most part held in red light, produced by coloured globes. The intensity of the illumination was gradually increased from one electric light of 16 candles to as many as 6, giving together a light of 126 candles. But indubitably the chief feature of the record is the extensive use made of photography. In 1909 two cameras were used, while in 1913 no less than 8 were employed, 5 in the room and 3 inside the cabinet. In a number of sittings M. de Fontenay, quite recently, unfortunately, deceased, the well-known specialist in such work, used his own apparatus. No other so complete photographic record of such experiments exists; and at the same time the photographing of the object from so many different points of view is a novelty. The critic is thus supplied with an ample mass of material on which to exercise his ingenuity. As these photographs at once eliminate all questions of hallucination and subjectivity, the



problem reduces itself to the simple alternative of genuine phenomena or of deliberate and cunningly contrived fraud. Apart from the nature of the objects photographed, even if their manipulation is simply contrived by conjuring, Eva must be diabolically clever and adroit, for at any moment, without warning, the electric button may be pressed, and the flash-light allow the cameras in a fraction of a second to record her every action. Moreover, in a number of photographs, we may see anxious investigators hanging on to Eva's hands and feet, and yet the appearances are registered.

It should be understood, however, that here we are looking at the record as a whole. It is not in every *séance* that all these methods of control were adopted. It is, therefore, easy for the intransigent critic to pick out this or that sitting, and say that as on this occasion she was not medically examined, she therefore frauded in the objectionable manner suggested, or on the other occasion, as they were not hanging on to both hands and feet, she used one or the other. The fact of the hands and feet being visible, goes for nothing for such a critic; and even when the hands are held, substitution it is said, and said justly, can take place. All this indeed has been urged by various hostile critics. Over against these objections to points of detail, however, stands the record as a whole.

To pass to another apparently important factor in the problem. There is no doubt that a strong sympathy exists between Mme. B. and Eva. There is not a single sitting recorded where Mme. B. has not been present; it is she who puts the medium into the somnambule or secondary hypnotic state; she who comforts her and quiets her after any disagreeable occurrence or shock; she who at Eva's request goes into the cabinet to give

her 'force'; and in other respects also there seems to be a psychical tie between them; Eva indeed calls it a '*fil*'—a thread or cord. It is Mme. B. who has trained Eva, has gradually overcome her repugnance, moderated her fits of temper, and attached both her waking and trance personality to her by bonds of deep affection. It is when Mme. B. is alone with Eva and the medium is completely undressed that the most remarkable phenomena are said to have occurred. It can thus be contended that Mme. B. is one of the chief factors in the whole performances; and it can be charged against her, as has actually been done, that she is an accomplice. Against a cruel accusation of this nature this much-abused lady can have no defence, except her well-known high character and position and otherwise spotless reputation, and the difficulty of assigning any adequate motive for so contemptible a conspiracy. Character, however, is of not the slightest weight with those who deny *à priori* the possibility of such phenomena, and who are thus bound to sacrifice everything and everyone on the altar of implacable negationism. Motive? they say—well, ambition and love of notoriety will go to any extreme to satisfy its passions. On the other hand, we have the photographs, both when others have been present, and when Mme. B. has been alone with Eva.

As to the substance which, we are told, disengages itself from various parts of the medium's body, and out of which the objects are formed, it appears first generally as nebulous and then condenses. It then presents the appearance of veils, tissues or webs, or of a fibrous mass, at times full of holes or with jagged edges. But if it is examined more closely, its irregular stripes and strange filamentations are,

it is said, not satisfactorily to be compared with gauze, tulle or muslin; at times even it suggests the idea of the epiploön—*i.e.* the caul or apron of intestines. It issues from various parts of the medium's body, and not infrequently from the mouth, breasts, navel and lower anterior orifice. The process of emergence from and reabsorption by the mouth has been cinematographed in the case of another medium, but not in the case of Eva. The record, however, describes the process, and Mme. B. affirms that she has repeatedly observed it at leisure with the medium entirely unclothed, and sometimes when no cabinet has been used. Both herself and Dr. v. S. declare that sometimes the substance seems to be living and self-mobile and to move in a sinuous snake-like fashion. To the touch it is generally heavy, moist and cold. Eva herself speaks of this palpable substance as 'waste' (*déchet*); it is, however, she declares, the invisible force which disengages itself from her that is the main thing; it is this that forms the substance into shapes like a sculptor moulds clay.

Some of the appearances are said to disappear suddenly into the obscurity of the cabinet, and do not evaporate into the medium; others are seen to be reabsorbed by her, and appear to be attached to her by a sort of 'cord.' This is most strikingly exemplified by the following narrative. Mme. B., alone with Eva, who was undressed, had just succeeded in getting a flash-light photograph of the phenomenon, and, without taking her eyes off Eva, was backing away slowly to close the apparatus, when she saw the thread of substance glide down the medium's legs and run along the carpet after her in reptilian fashion. Mme. B. stopped, waiting for the substance to come near enough

for her to take hold of it, when Eva suddenly shrieked out and fell forward, with arms outstretched, in a fainting fit, and the stuff was immediately reabsorbed into her. The hostile critic will at once here say, that this was Eva's usual *truc*; whenever she saw any likelihood of the stuff being seized she at once cried out and withdrew it. In this case she fell on top of it the better to conceal it. But where and how did she so suddenly hide it, seeing that she was entirely undressed?

As to the place of origin of the stuff, it does not always come from the orifices or mucous surfaces, but from the neck or back or shoulders or side of the medium. On one occasion, we read, Mme. B., on entering the cabinet, to re-enforce Eva, was covered with the stuff and could get it off her fingers only with difficulty. On another, the stuff was already appearing through Eva's clothes, when suddenly a ring was heard. Eva jumped up quite dazed and dizzy and ran into the adjoining studio, crying for help, and declaring that a living beast had entered her. She was in a terrible fright and it required the greatest efforts to calm her. It is supposed that the sudden start caused the half-formed substance suddenly to re-enter her, and this produced the sensation she described so graphically. A small quantity of the substance was several times collected, but the analysis of this viscous liquid disclosed for the most part nothing but the *detritus* of some outer cells of mucous membrane, or of skin, or minute filaments (perhaps of cotton). If the phenomena are what they purport to be, this is very disappointing, for the analysis shows only what might be moistening or smearing from the place of origin, or a particle of clothing.

For some time distinct efforts were made to influence Eva to 'materialise' certain objects, such as a hand or arm; these efforts gave rise to a series of very rudimentary attempts at fashioning such objects. Sometimes these objects touched the sitters. On one occasion, at her own request, the fingers of one of these 'hands' took hold of the fingers of one of the lady sitters. The lady immediately cried out: "She has sent me to sleep . . . . I . . . am asleep!"—and actually fell back asleep in her chair, and was not awaked till the end of the sitting. One photo, however, shows clearly that the 'hand' which is endeavouring to take hold of a cigarette presented by one of the sitters is a foot. Dr. v. S. admits that they found a small hole worn through in the medium's left stocking, but not large enough to allow 3 toes fully to bare themselves; moreover Eva's toes and those in the photograph are dissimilar, and further it was found impossible for Eva to get her foot up so high. The photograph does not show the feet of the medium, nor does the report say whether they were visible. This incident is made much of by the opposition. The hands were of different sizes, from an infant's to an adult's; sometimes they seemed to begin small and then grow large, and sometimes the contrary of this.

From the beginning also there were appearances of faces or heads; in some cases it was demonstrably Eva covered with the substance, or even dressed up. Then began the appearance of faces or masks apart from Eva.

On one occasion, when Mme. B. was alone with Eva, a 'death's head' seemed to come out of the medium and settle itself on her left knee. It produced the impression of someone looking out of the empty eye-sockets

at the observer, and made her shiver; the whole appearance was brutal and distressing. On another, Mme. B. and two other sitters recognised the face that appeared as a representation of her presumably dead nephew. On another, the authoress succeeded in cutting off a lock of golden hair from a head; Eva's hair is black. This was repeated at another *séance* when Dr. v. S. was present. Analysis and microphotographs of this hair and of Eva's are given. The opposition contends that this lock was of course simply cut from a smuggled-in wig. At times the faces are only half-formed, with features missing, or only indicated; sometimes it is, as it were, a skull barely covered with substance. Many of the faces are unfinished, with apparently rags and tatters hanging from the nose or surrounding other features. Once there appeared what seemed to be a double of the medium. There is a number of cases of heads apparently growing out of the side or back of the neck or hair of the medium, janus-fashion. One looks very much like a dog's head. A few of the faces are pretty or refined, most are coarse and repulsive, even horrible, and on the whole we might well call this record the 'book of horrors.' The photographs show that the heads and their make-up are very different in many ways. A few appear to be solid, if not living, and in a number there seems to be intelligence in the eyes, even when the rest of the appearance is clearly mask-like; but portraits can look life-like. Sometimes the same face is shewn in different sizes. Sometimes they appear flat, or crumpled as though drawn on paper or linen, with at times marks as though they had been folded up. At others they are in relief, and distinctly present the appearance of masks roughly, but not altogether

inartistically, made of pulped paper or linen, with rough jagged edges. Sometimes, towards the end, we see a draped figure, reduced, in one case, to what looks like drapery round a stick.

Among the appearances Mme. B. recognised one resembling her recently deceased husband. It was, however, the face of the deceased dramatist at 35; later on there were other variable representations of him, and one as he appeared just before his death. We have already mentioned the recognition of the face of a nephew, which appeared on several occasions; but we are not sure whether by this recognition the authoress means to record more than the fact of resemblance, *viz.* that she herself believes the appearances veridical apparitions. In both cases the camera inside the cabinet proves that the appearance was a mask; the photos of the face-side, however, show that the mask is not precisely the same or in the same state on any two occasions. On one occasion the plate shows Eva clearly holding up a mask with her hand; but she was not then frauding, for she told the sitters she would do so, as there was not enough force to keep it suspended as was usually the case. If she used her hands to hold up the masks on other occasions, it is strange that one of the numerous cameras ranged on all sides did not detect her. The opposition, as we shall see, says she sticks them on to the curtains, etc., with pins or hooks.

On the whole it must be confessed that this is the strangest possible collection of photographs to be put forward in the *dossier* for materialisation. It is all exceedingly disagreeable from many points of view, and more distressing for the spiritist than for anyone else. It is not pleasant to gaze upon matter issuing from

various orifices of the body, on at times seeming masses of intestinal tissues, or to read of the repeated cries of pain and of sounds of straining and convulsive effort, of faintings and vomitings and blood-spittings. Then as to the faces, many of them produce a disagreeable impression, if they do not make us positively shudder. It is, however, difficult to account for this impression if they are all such simple fakes as the adverse critics contend. There is no doubt that the faces are fabrications; but the strangest part of the business is that they do not appear to be simply physical fakes. Those who have tried to duplicate them in this way have not succeeded; and much of the controversy turns on very technical points in photography. The main *crux* of the whole matter is not, however, the possibility of faking such masks, but of smuggling them in and conjuring with them when hands and feet are held, and the camera ready at any moment to record every act. If it is all fraud, then Eva must be acknowledged to be at least an exceedingly skilful *préstitigitatrix*. The question of fraud, moreover, cannot be disposed of on the *à priori* prejudice that genuine materialisations cannot possibly occur, and therefore they *must* be due to trickery. For if such phenomena are all deliberate fraud, we are faced with the problem why they are reported in detail to occur practically all over the world in very similar circumstances, and frequently in private circles or intimate family groups. What reason can we possibly give for such a wide-spread epidemic of deliberate fraud, sometimes of the cruellest possible deception. The mediums may be quite mistaken in their beliefs, but in many cases they seem to base and order their whole lives on their convictions; spiritism becomes as it were a cult for them. Fraud certainly



does occur, and no end of malobservation and self-deception, and in a number of cases the medium degenerates physically and morally. But admitting all this, it cannot be explained as being all due to deliberate fraud.

The present record, however, is not put forward in the spiritistic interest; it purports to be, in the case of Dr. v. S., if not so much in the case of Mme. B., a painstaking effort to record accurately what happened simply, irrespective of any explanation, or even hypothesis, except in so far as Dr. v. S. is inclined to the hypothesis that the 'stuff,' which Prof. Richet called 'ectoplasm,' but which he rechristens for the worse as 'teleplasm,' is moulded by some ideoplastic energy of the sub-conscious of the medium.

How many sittings Mme. B. has had with Eva she does not say, but they must have been very numerous, as she mentions at least some 150; Dr. v. S. was present at at least 100 of them. Both are firmly convinced of Eva's genuineness; and indeed, if they were not, it is inconceivable that they would have ventured to present such a record to the scientific world. They have also both offered a large sum of money if the same phenomena can be produced under similar conditions by conjuring. No one has so far actually caught Eva cheating, or doing anything suspicious, and this though a detective bureau has shadowed the two ladies for 8 months. Nevertheless, every sort of suspicion has been advanced, and every accusation made.

As to the more superficial objections; if Mme. B. and Dr. v. S. have, after long testing, come to believe in Eva's honesty and genuineness, they cannot reasonably be treated, as they have been by some opponents, as wholly uncritical and fatuously credulous; nor can

they be fairly reproached with entire failure in scientific method because they have not on every occasion observed the strictest possible control of every kind. After taking such precautions over and over again, they were quite justified in relaxing some of them in later sittings. You cannot go on for ever treating a person as an utter fraud when with all your precautions you are unable to detect them cheating. Therefore if in later *séances* a sceptical new-comer objects that this or that detail of control was not strictly observed, it should not seriously militate against the general witness of the whole record.

Setting aside, then, a number of similar criticisms of minor importance in articles and letters in the press, we come to the main onslaughts on the genuineness of the phenomena. In the first place we have the brochure of Frau Mathilde von Kemnitz, a young woman doctor, who has just taken her degree, and who is entirely inexperienced in such research or even in abnormal psychological experimentation. She had never been to a *séance* before, and assisted at only one sitting, where also the medium was not Eva C., but a young Polish girl, Stanislawka P., with whom Dr. v. S. experimented at Munich, and gave some of the results in an appendix, solely to show that simple phenomena of a similar kind—*e.g.* matter issuing from the mouth and being reabsorbed, when the head and hands of the medium were netted—had occurred in another case. This young girl refused to submit to the bodily inspection and gynæcological examination; and so even if she be a fraud, and this has not been proved, it does not touch the case of Eva. Frau v. K.'s elaborate criticism and speculations therefore are here of no real help. To her brochure, however, is appended a lengthy attack by Dr. von Gulat-

Wellenburg, formerly a close friend of Dr. v. S. and under obligation to him. He assisted at five *séances*, and seems to have very much resented Mme. B.'s watch-dog attitude with regard to Eva, and that he was not allowed to seize the appearances. At first he was not so unfavourably impressed, but gradually became a most implacable opponent, and his onslaught finally degenerates into a bitter personal attack on Dr. v. S. of a deplorable nature. This also occurred in another case of previous friendship, and so outrageous has been the onslaught, that Dr. v. S. would have met his opponent with other weapons than the pen, had not a 'court of honour' decided that his personal honour was not in question. Dr. v. Gulat's main attack is on the lines of what is called the '*Ruminations-theorie.*' He had recently scientifically studied the case of a music-hall artist who swallows various things, including live frogs and brings them up again without the slightest inconvenience. This Hermann W. from a baby had the trick of bringing up his food and ruminating or rechewing it; and later on became quite an adept at stomach tricks of this strange nature. Dr. v. Gulat accordingly contends that frequently the material used by Eva to produce her phenomena is previously swallowed. Now, irrespective of the difficulty of swallowing paper or linen or muslin drawings or masks and bringing them up again, and opening them out and reswallowing them, and the rest of such a sickening business, on a number of occasions, after Dr. v. G. had started his theory, Eva was given at her evening meal before the sitting such strongly staining matter as whortleberry jam; but in spite of this the matter issuing from her mouth was found to be quite clear and colourless. It is also difficult to see how she could succeed in sicking-

up stuff through the close meshes of a veil entirely covering her head and secured on to her upper garment. However this is of no account to the adherents of the ruminating-medium theory, which becomes a sort of King-Charles'-head obsession. On the whole we are left with the impression that the chief explanation of Frau v. K. and Dr. v. G. puts a greater strain on our credulity than the acceptance of the genuineness of Eva's phenomena. For the rest, of course, Eva is supposed to have smuggled in all kinds of things, though not a single proof is given. But above all Dr. v. G. in microscopically examining the cabinet found a group of pinholes in the draping stuff. He regards this discovery as explaining how the masks were suspended. Dr. v. S., in reply, produces the evidence of the photographer, who avers that he used pins in fixing up the cameras in the cabinet. One pin also was found in the medium's chair; probably, says Dr. v. S., it was left by the upholsterer. But Dr. v. G. will have none of such probabilities; for he is not impartially weighing the pros and cons, but remorselessly carrying out his *a priori* dogmatic conviction that such phenomena cannot possibly occur genuinely, and that we are therefore justified in every possible suspicion, including the dishonesty of Mme. B. and the imbecile credulity of Dr. v. S. He, therefore, quotes as proved facts certain information with which he has been supplied by a certain detective bureau in Paris as to Eva's past and the theft of a photograph and other such matters, without, however, making the slightest attempt at verifying these assertions. To all of this Dr. v. S. brings forward the sworn denials of the various persons implicated. Of course if the brochure, *Moderne Mediumforschung*, is read by itself it has all the appearance of a very

damaging attack, but when studied with the records and with the replies, we fail to be impressed with it.

The most apposite and interesting critical point, however, has been brought forward by a Mlle. Berthe Barklay, who is partly of English nationality, and the *collaboratrice* of M. Henri Durville, the editor of a recently-founded popular fortnightly publication in French called *Psychic Magazine (sic)*. The brothers Durville are publishers of books on magnetism, hypnosis, occultism and spiritism, and the directors of an 'Institut du Magnétisme et du Psychisme expérimentale,' the advertisements of which are headed 'Voulez-vous posséder des Pouvoirs psychiques?' and 'Le Succès est à ceux qui développent leur Pouvoir psychique.' In a long series of articles, Mlle. Barklay, who is very personal and writes with bitter sarcasm, accuses Eva of being an out-and-out swindler, and Mme. B. of being a fool and a knave, and treats Dr. v. S. as though he were an ignorant deluded school-boy. It is true, however, that she has made a very important discovery.

One of the photographs shows a mass of substance on the left side of the medium's head and projecting behind it; on a band of this substance appear the letters 'M I R O.' At the next sitting the medium, in the hypnotic state, volunteered the following absurd statement: "Yesterday they wanted to explain that when the faces appear, they [the supposed spirits] see themselves as in a mirror! *La petite* [one of Eva's trance-personalities or controls, 'Berthe'] has shown you the word 'Mirror,' Juliette [Mme. B.]. Do you understand? She wanted you to see; but nothing could be done with you yesterday; you did not understand anything! . . . Mirror! She sees herself as

in a mirror ; that's why she is glad to show herself to you ; at the same time she has the joy of seeing herself." To this Mme. B. simply adds a note (p. 280) to say they had subsequently bought papers called *Le Miroir* and *Le Miroir des Modes*, but the lettering of the titles is different ; in this, however, she is mistaken. Dr. v. S. (p. 370) says nothing about these publications, and what Eva had said is repeated quite differently from Mme. B.

Already on November 6, at a meeting of the Psychologische Gesellschaft, at Munich, Dr. Kafka, who had attended one or two *séances*, drew attention to the similarity of the lettering of the 'MIRO' and the title of *Le Miroir* ; and in Pt. 51 of *Naturwissenschaften* he went into the subject at length, and came to the conclusion from this indication that the phenomena of Eva were certainly fraudulent. It does not seem to have occurred to him, however, that if Eva was a clever as well as a deliberate fraud, she would not have been fool enough to leave such a damning piece of evidence visible in her handiwork.

Subsequently, inspired by Mlle. Barklay, a series of sensational articles appeared in *Le Matin* (Dec. 15, 26, 27, 29, and Jan. 2, 3, 5 and 8), and also articles in the *Neue Wiener Tageblatt* (Dec. 28) and the *Wiener Journal* (Dec. 30). Mlle. Barklay, then, published her direct attack in the *Psychic Magazine*. Her contention is that there is not a single genuine materialisation produced by Eva ; on the contrary, the most striking faces are simply clumsy and childishly disfigured and retouched life-sized portraits of well-known people taken mostly from *Le Miroir*, a well-known weekly illustrated Parisian journal. In proof of this, she points to the resemblances between certain of the

faces in the photographs and the portraits of the actresses Lecomte, Faber and Monna Delza, and of the politician Dechanel, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Dr. Wilson, President of the U.S.A., and President Poincaré, and avers that without doubt the originals of the rest could be found if any one took the trouble to look for them. The controversy waxed fast and furious and many, especially of the spiritists, took up the cudgels to support Mme. B.s' replies in *Le Monde Illustré* and elsewhere. In his lengthy defence or *Verteidigungsschrift*, Dr. v. S. deals with this very pertinent discovery, and relies mostly on the evidence of the photographic experts, who declare that photographically they are not the *Miroir* portraits retouched. Dr. v. S. has to admit, however, that in three cases, there are such details of resemblance that the *Miroir* portraits must be taken as the originals of the faces, however they were copied. The rest he dismisses as belonging to the category of the most arbitrary free combination; faces fall easily into types, and doubtless every face in the book could be very closely duplicated from the photographs of well-known or obscure people. And in one case, that of Mme. Lecomte, it is difficult to see how Eva could have procured a copy of *Le Miroir* at Munich, faked the portrait for her purposes, and produced it at the *séance* less than 24 hours after publication in Paris. The striking resemblance in detail of the collar and tie in the Poincaré case as given by *Le Matin*, Dr. v. S. shows to be due to the 'overworking' of the reproduction of the impugned photograph; in brief the accuser has been here faking on his own account. Nevertheless, the close resemblance is very arresting. Perhaps the clearest case is that of the portrait of Dr. Wilson; though, on the

contrary, we are assured that photographically this could not be the case. There must be some intermediate process, and not the simple defacing and retouching of the *Miroir* original. Now the Wilson case is of special interest, for the photograph is said to have been taken under the following circumstances. With Eva undressed, and Mme. B. holding her hands, a gray moving 'shade' formed itself out of matter issuing from the medium's navel, and on this the face appeared. Before its appearance Eva was in an intense state of excitement, and resisting violently. She declared that she did not want to have anything to do with this man, that he hurt her, and did not know how to use the fluids; he was a brute and a blackguard. We hope no yellow journalist will make political capital out of this information! After referring to the circumstances under which the various photos were taken (with the exception of the case above, which I have extracted from Mme. B.) to show that they could not be simply smuggled-in and juggled-with fakes, Dr. v. S. is left with a number of resemblances on his hands that no ingenuity can overcome. As, however, he is still thoroughly persuaded of Eva's genuineness, he advances as the most probable working hypothesis the theory of cryptomnesia, or sub-conscious memory, a psychical phenomenon that has been extensively studied of late; innumerable marginal impressions that have never entered into direct consciousness are stored in the sub-conscious. Thus reminiscences of impressions of faces and portraits once seen, even unconsciously, are all there; and dream-transformations of these can be brought about by the ideoplastic activity of the creative imagination. What, however, this theory does not



explain, is the evident manual fabrication of these impugned portraits; they are not natural dream-transformations. If Eva is not a cheat but subconsciously an artist or sculptress of ability, we are face to face with a psychical stratum of subjective manipulation, as it were, and therewith a secondary *couche* of deception for those who believe that similar phenomena are the veridical images of dead or living entities. We must, however, here remember that the hypnotised are strongly suggestionable, and that Mme. B. herself is a skilful sculptress: Eva, moreover, has been used to seeing all the details of the art not only in Mme. B.'s studio, but, as we gather, elsewhere. Further, distinct attempts were made by suggestion at the beginning to have produced single limbs such as hands and arms, and these appeared at first very roughly fashioned, embryonic, or often flat as it were as yet unsewn gloves. As to the identified portraits, though Mme. B. did not take in *Le Miroir*, Eva could easily have seen it displayed in the kiosks.

But it is time to bring this lengthy review, though all too short in dealing with some thousands of pages of letterpress, to a conclusion. As this now classical case is still *sub judice*, and the controversy shews no signs of abating, it would be premature to pronounce a definite verdict. So far, Eva has not been caught either fabricating masks, or smuggling in stuff or hiding it away. Her *cachette* has so far not been discovered. It is said by Mlle. Barklay that she hides the material in the wicker *séance* chair, which is bound round and covered with black material, though this has been repeatedly minutely examined, and though similar phenomena have appeared in Dr. v. S.'s private laboratory, where a different chair is used, and to which Eva has

had no possible means of previous access, even also if we discount Mme. B.'s explicit statement that the *séance*-room in her own house is locked-up, and Eva has no access to it. We terminate this study with regret that the subject is involved in such an atmosphere of suspicion, and seems to be a problem for the detective and professional conjuror rather than for the psychical researcher pure and simple; but that has always been the case with the phenomena of so-called materialisation.

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## THE PERSIAN MYSTIC'S ATTITUDE TO PRAYER.

H. D. GRAVES LAW, I.C.S.

ONE of the fundamental instincts of man's nature, as ancient, as strong, as universal as his belief in the soul's immortality, is the need for prayer. And there are few aspects of human thought which present more baffling problems to the enquirer, and few questions to which there is a more bewildering variety of answers. It is a need which all feel; but peasant and philosopher, mystic and divine have each a different method of explaining this need. Nay more; if we sit down calmly to reason the matter with ourselves, there is scarcely one of us but wavers in his own belief, waging within himself the endless battle between instinct and reason.

In the pages that follow I shall endeavour to show how the Persian mystic faced the problem, and to bring out and illustrate the distinctive points of view he adopted; to trace in fact, if I can, some definite figure in a rather puzzling Oriental carpet. An interesting enquiry, I hope; for they were brave thinkers, those Persian Sūfis; and though they are long dead and buried, their thoughts are as living to-day as the eternal questions which they, as well as we, seek to answer.

At the very outset of any speculations as to the meaning or object of prayer, we are faced by one of the

chief difficulties connected with the subject: what is the precise significance of the word? By prayer in the general sense we mean, I think, simply the outward expression of those feelings of humility, fear, despair or gratitude which prompted our ancestors to offer sacrifices; man's instinctive worship of a power higher than himself, his appeal in time of need to a deity from whom he hopes to receive the help that he cannot expect from man. Thomas à Kempis' "Come to Me when it is not well with thee" expresses, in simple language, this aspect of prayer. It is an approach of man to God. By what road he travels matters little. To quote the words of a great Sūfi poet, Abū Sa'īd ibn Abi 'l-Khair :

"The way to Thee, however men tread it, is fair.

The street of Thee, in whatever direction men seek it, is fair.

Thy face, with whatever eyes men behold it, is fair.

The praise of Thee, by whatsoever name they call Thee, is fair."

So prayer comprises all manner of address, every form of words, every kind of ritual. And the only essential conditions are purity of heart and concentration of mind.

"If thou turnest over thy rosary of a hundred beads, it is well.

It is well, too, if thy hand never leaves the wine-cup.

Thou sayest: 'What shall I do? What gift bring to my Beloved?'

So thou comest not without thy love, whate'er thou bringest, it is well."<sup>1</sup>

Such generalisations, however, do not carry us

<sup>1</sup> Another verse of Abū Sa'īd's. This great mystic and poet lived in Khurāsān in Persia in the latter half of the Xth century A.D. He is the author of many beautiful quatrains.

very far. They take no account of the vast differences of degree which separate the various kinds of prayer, and which for the purposes of our enquiry must be clearly defined.

Modern thought recognises, in general, three divisions of prayer. These are: (1) prayers for material benefit—such as victory over an enemy, rain, or deliverance from pestilence; (2) prayers for moral health and well-being, the forgiveness of sins and the like; and, finally (3), the instinctive approach (often a silent approach) to God of a man's innermost being, devoid of any earthly object, and inspired by the desire of freeing the spirit from all its earthly associations, by the longing for union with the Absolute which only the deepest contemplation can bring. "This," says William Law, "is the last state of the spirit of Prayer," when man "does not so much pray as live in God"; when, after his fervour has "melted away all earthly passions and affections, no inclination is left save delight in God." And this 'last state' of prayer, if not considered as the only kind of prayer which is worthy of having a place in any serious religion,<sup>1</sup> is certainly regarded as the highest.

How far, then, does the Oriental mystic recognise that these differences exist; and how does he face the problem they present?

In the *Bhagavad Gītā* we get a very clear and systematic analysis of worship. "There are," says Arjuna, "four orders of doers of righteousness who worship me: the afflicted, the seeker after knowledge, the desirer of substance, and the man of knowledge. Of these most excellent is the man of knowledge worship-

<sup>1</sup> As by Miss Underhill, in her fine work *Mysticism*, where, however, I think she dismisses the problems of prayer with rather too scant courtesy.

ping me alone." And the whole teaching of that wonderful little book is directed to showing men that desire is altogether wrong, and that worship imposed by desire is not the worship that God wishes. And this view, that a pure, self-less worship is the highest of which a man is capable, is no less clearly laid down in the *Kashf al-Mahjūb*, the classical authority on Sūfism. In that delightful book Al-Hujwiri emphasises the fundamental principle that worship (*dhikr*) is 'presence with God'—in other words contemplation. At the other extreme he places that form of worship which is, in its essence, absence from God. This lofty point of view seems, at first sight, to indicate an uncompromising exclusion from the pale of real worship of all other kinds of prayer for material or spiritual benefits. But that conclusion would, I believe, be wrong. The sharp distinction drawn by Miss Underhill between 'prayer as understood by the multitude' and orison which is not articulate and has no forms, between the 'magic' of the orthodox Churchman's prayer for rain and the mysticism of contemplation, would not be accepted by the Persian mystics as a true distinction. They regarded all sincere prayer as having one real and ultimate object, the different kinds of prayer as being mere degrees. Moreover they approached the whole question from a standpoint peculiarly their own; the result of a peculiar distinctive mental environment which governed all their reasoning and led them to all their conclusions.

The problem which faced the Persian mystic was twofold: firstly, how to reconcile prayer with an all-powerful and all-merciful and all-wise God; and, secondly, how to reconcile prayer, as they understood it, with the rules of orthodox Islam.

The first difficulty is familiar enough at the present day; but to the Muslim who was surrounded, hedged in one might say, from the cradle to the grave by the idea of an absolutely all-powerful God who guided every action of his life, who was 'the centre and the circumference of the universe,' the difficulty was beyond words formidable. "Intercession avails not with One whose decrees are final"; and that logical statement of the difficulty is expressed no less emphatically by Jalāl-uddīn Rūmī in the *Masnavī*: "The omniscient God needs not to be informed of men's case, for He knows all; nor to be reminded of it, for He forgets nothing; nor to be urged to act mercifully, for He created men for their own benefit." And the conclusion is of extreme importance: "Such intercession implies ignorance of God." Is prayer then an impertinence?

Before the question can be answered, we must ascertain what it was which the Persian mystic regarded as the real object and essence of prayer. This was simply that very union which is at the same time the object and result of contemplation; what Jamblichus calls 'an indissoluble and sacred communion with the Gods.' And from this union springs entire forgetfulness of self.

"So pray to God," says Rūmī in the *Divān i Shamsi Tabrīz*, "that thou mayest forget thyself; that thou mayest be absorbed in Him to whom thou prayest—not distracted by thought of him who prayeth, or of his prayer."

"The marrow of prayer," says Ghazālī, "is seen when He who is invoked by prayer takes possession of the mind of him who prays; and the mind of the latter is absorbed in God whom he addresses, his prayer ceasing and no self-consciousness abiding in him, even to this

extent that a mere thought about his prayers appears to him a veil and a hindrance."

Union, then, with the Beloved, and absorption in Him, should be the object, as it will be the result, of real prayer. And this, surely, is not inconsistent with God's will. Thus would the Sūfi answer the question which Browning puts into the mouth of Ferishtah's pupil, who remonstrated with his master for having prayed for the recovery of a sick friend :

" Sir, let me understand of charity.  
 Yestereve, what was thine admonishment ?  
 All-wise, all-good, all-mighty—God is such.  
 How then should man, the all-unworthy, dare  
 Propose to set aside a thing ordained ?  
 To pray means—substitute man's will for God's."

The real object of prayer, he would say, is not to obtain material benefits, but to attain to a union with God. And thus prayer does not mean to substitute man's will for his Maker's. God forbid! Man ought to have no other will than that of God; he ought to identify himself with, and submit himself to, the Divine purpose unhesitatingly. 'Absolute resignation' is emphasised by the Sūfi time after time as the very essence of the spirit of worship. Al-Hujwīrī, who defines prayer as 'remembrance of God and submissiveness,' relates how Junayd, the great mystic, once said, when suffering from fever: "Last night I was about to tell Him, but a voice whispered in my heart: 'Thy body belongs to Me. I keep it well or ill as I please. Who art thou to interfere?'" And this doctrine of *taslīm* or resignation, which is one of the fundamental principles of Sūfism, can be reconciled with a direct petition for favour or mercy in one way



only—by the *spirit* of the prayer. An appeal to God for a worldly object is wrong. It is not consistent with an acknowledgment of God all-powerful and all-merciful; it is a violation of man's duty of submission.

“Do not pray,” says Hāfiz, “as the beggar does bargaining for a reward.

For the Master knows well how to look after His servants.”

And in another striking passage he expresses the thought that prayer is necessary to man lest he forget God; but that his prayer should be without hope of material reward.

“Thy duty, O Hāfiz, is to pray—and naught else.

Take no thought whether He hear thee or not.”

For the real object of your prayer should be to attain to absorption in God. You may pray with your lips for health, for victory over your enemies, for rain—and you may indeed hope that God will see fit to send you these good things—but with your heart you must resign yourself to His supreme will; in your heart you must realise that the true, ultimate object of your prayer is union with Him. And so we pass by an easy step to a realisation that therein, too, lies its chief reward. It is related that a dervish was travelling once towards Najaf. As he approached Baghdād, the Governor of that city espied him, and went out to meet him; and when he had enquired of him his purpose, told him that he would allow him to pass on his way through Baghdād only if he would solve him a difficulty. He then recited to the dervish the following couplet:

“When thou arrivest at Mount Sinai say not to thy Lord,<sup>1</sup> ‘Show Thyself to me,’ but pass on thy way.

<sup>1</sup> As Moses did.

For thy prayer is not worth the answer: 'Thou shalt not see Me.'

And the dervish replied :

"Knowest thou wherefore Moses said, 'Show Thyself to me,' on that mountain ?

Just that he might hear his Beloved speak, though it were only to say; 'Thou shalt not see Me.'

So we arrive at a conception of prayer as the outcome of a craving for nearness to God which looks to no profit, and which finds its own reward in its mere expression. This conception is a notable achievement, and it amply explains the apparent illogicality of addressing a "God who needs not to be reminded." Abū Sa'id states the problem in a beautiful quatrain :

"O thou who knowest the sorrows of the sorrowful,  
And canst give ease and balm to their anguish,  
Why should I tell thee the state of my heart?  
Though they are not spoken, Thou knowest of  
100,000 such as mine."

And he himself gives the answer :

"Thou art He who knoweth the burden of the  
weary of spirit,  
Full well Thou knowest the sorrows of the  
broken-hearted.  
If from my burning heart I call to Thee, Thou  
hearest,  
And if I keep silent,—Thou knowest the words  
of the dumb."

God then is all-wise ; and He knows your sorrows before you utter them. Yet you may pray to Him 'telling Him your secrets' for He will hear you ; and

in the knowledge of that you will get strength and consolation. And He is all-merciful. Yet you may pray to Him. In doing so you do not substitute your puny will for His infinite, all-powerful purpose. Rather by a spirit of complete resignation you seek to identify your will with His. And so, I believe, even those prayers, such as many of Abū Sa'id's, which have for their apparent object material benefit or spiritual well-being, are not futile, not impertinent. So long as a man realises that the true object of his prayer is higher than these, so long as he submits himself to the Divine will, expecting nothing, but content in the thought that by the very act of prayer he is approaching God—so long will his prayer be answered; he will achieve that union for which his soul yearns, and for him the unknown and hidden things of the Divine wisdom will be laid bare.

When we come to the second difficulty which confronted the Sūfi in his attitude to prayer, the difficulty, it will be remembered, of reconciling prayer, as he understood it, with the accepted rules and canons of the law of Mohammed, we are dealing with a far bigger question. In fact, how to harmonise his whole religious outlook, his beliefs and his acts, with that law, was a many-sided problem of which the question of prayer was merely one issue. Nevertheless it was a vitally important one, for in the life of the orthodox Muslim prayer held a very prominent place. Belief in the unseen, daily prayer, and charity, are indeed specified in the Koran as a Muslim's three principal duties. It is of the greatest interest, therefore, to see what position the Sūfi deliberately adopted. It must be clearly emphasised, first of all, that in his general attitude the Sūfi had no desire whatever to cut

himself off from the pale of Islam. He simply interpreted Islam from a mystical standpoint, laid stress upon the spirit of that faith rather than its mere externals. This was no violent innovation. There is a strong mystical strain running through the Koran, in which book, as Sh. Mohammed Iqbāl puts it,<sup>1</sup> the Sūfi found 'the justification of his view of the universe.' This esoteric teaching, which is so strongly indicated by the announcement of man's duty to 'believe in the unseen,' which is in his soul, was emphasised by the Sūfi, and provided him with a safe starting point for his adventurous journeying in the 'Sea of Love.' But—if we may carry the metaphor further—he took great care never to lose sight of the secure mainland. "True knowledge," says Al-Hujwiri, "is unsound without acceptance of the law." "Rejection of the law," he says in another passage, "is heresy. No man can ever be relieved of his religious obligations, for the law of Mohammed can never be abrogated"; and "any one who disrespectfully tramples on the reverence that is due to the evidences of God has no part or lot in the path of Sūfism."<sup>2</sup> And this emphatic declaration of the Sūfi's general position must be carefully borne in mind when we come to consider the application of his principles to the question of prayer.

I have, I hope, made clear what the Sūfi regarded as the true and only real object of prayer—the desire of union with the Friend. And such prayer should be inspired by love and a spirit of renunciation only. A faith which found its expression in forms of address that were prompted by a spirit of conformity, and fixed

<sup>1</sup> In his interesting and suggestive little book, *The Development of Metaphysics in Persia*.

<sup>2</sup> *Kashf al-Mahjūb*, translated by Dr. R. A. Nicholson.

by routine only, could have little depth or reality. As says Abū Sa'id :

“ When I am with Thee, my only desire is to pray;  
When I am absent from Thee, my prayers are  
all unreal.”

“ Four things are necessary to him who prays,” says one of the Shaikhs, quoted by Al-Hujwiri : “ annihilation of the lower soul, love of the natural powers, purity of the inmost heart, and perfect contemplation.” That is the true spirit of prayer, and herein lay the Sūfi's supreme difficulty, that that spirit seems totally inconsistent with the performance of the intricate and mechanical duties that the law of Mohammed prescribes. Could he manage to avoid an awkward collision with the orthodox Muslim on this point ?

It is unnecessary for me to cite instances of the many rules and regulations which are laid down in the Koran for the guidance of him who prays. Anyone who is curious to know how far exaggerated and (to an earnest mind) ridiculous formality can be carried, need only turn to Wilberforce-Clarke's translation of the *Awārif ul Ma'ārif*. Posture, intonation, words, the movement of hands and fingers, are all precisely and accurately detailed. This ritual can have had only one result—a state of ‘spiritual torpor,’ as Mr. Whinfield puts it, in the unfortunate, who knew all the time he invoked his Deity that the omission of even the smallest detail would vitiate the entire prayer. And it is not to be believed for a moment that the Sūfi regarded this ritual as aught but an obstacle to union. “ The law is one thing,” says Abū Sa'id, “ the way of love is different.” And in a singularly beautiful ghazal, the poet Irāqī draws a similar distinction :

“ When I prostrated myself on the ground there  
 came a voice from the ground  
 Saying, ‘ Thou dost Me wrong with thy hypocrite’s  
 prayer.’ ”

Thus the Sūfi always contrasts the outward acts with the spirit in which they are performed. So Abū Sa‘id :

“ What avails thee to lay down thy head on the  
 ground in worship ?

Rather lay down the pride that is in thy head.”

“ The only true mosque,” says Al-Hujwīrī, “ is in the hearts of saints.” And while warning his readers that even the holiest Sūfi is bound to obey the religious law, he reminds them that it is not the Ka‘aba which has real value, but the spirit of contemplation, and the desire to attain union to which the sight of the Ka‘aba should rightly be regarded as only a means. And in defence of this attitude could be quoted the saying of the Prophet himself: “ One hour’s contemplation is worth a year of prayers.”

In general, then, I think we may say that though he did not flagrantly depart from the principal rules ; though Junayd of Baghdād, for instance, is reported by Al-Hujwīrī ‘ never to have omitted one single item of the litanies of his youth ’ ; though Bāyazīd never once neglected to attend a congregational prayer on Friday, —nevertheless the Sūfi performed the customary rites with a strong mental reservation as to their precise value. If the Sūfi had any rule which he regarded as really important, it was such as would help him to realise the true object of his prayers. Thus Abū Sa‘id :

“ Arise in the night-season, for ’tis then that the  
 lovers tell their secrets,

'Tis then their thoughts fly round the mansion  
of their Beloved.

The doors of every house are fast closed at night  
Save the lovers'—for they open their doors wide."<sup>1</sup>

But it was not the object of the Sūfī to mark himself out prominently as a man apart from his fellows, a palpable heretic who had no respect for the law. His mission was to preach a truer, a more spiritual Islam ; and not to have conformed outwardly with the chief ordinances of that faith would have meant instant and complete failure. In the *Masnavī*, Jalāluddīn compares forms of prayer to gifts which friends make to one another, and which are but indications of the love that lies concealed within the heart. They are only a guide to a man's inner feelings. We need not try to push the Sūfī into a corner by asking the troublesome question whether God needs such a guide. If God does not, at least man does. For as Jalāluddīn says :

“Prayer and fasting and pilgrimage and holy war  
Bear witness to the faith of the heart.”

And if they bear witness to that faith before man, they should not be neglected, lest an ignorant and slack generation be led astray, by the example of pious men, into the notion that these duties are unnecessary for them. And for the Sūfī himself, too, they have their value. “Act,” says Al-Hujwīrī, “so that even if you fail to attain a high station in Sūfism, you may at any rate fall within the pale of the sacred law. Even if you lose *all else*, the *practices* of devotion will remain with you.”

There is one aspect of the modern problem of

<sup>1</sup> This reminds us of St. Francis, who kept vigil and prayed at night and sought solitude and “utterly avoided coughings and groanings and hard breathing and outward gestures.” (*The Life of St. Francis*, translated by Miss Salter.)

prayer upon which I have not touched, because I believe that it did not vex the Persian mystic to any great extent. I have explained above how I believe the Sūfi to have sought to reconcile prayers—even prayers for material benefits—with the belief in an all-powerful God, by his suggestion, namely, that the purpose of prayer is spiritual rather than material. The very act of praying brings a man near God, gives him strength and comfort, induces in him an attitude of mind whereby he learns “to do and be what and how his Beloved pleases,” as William Law puts it; and so itself gives him the answer to his appeal. The mere words, “O, Allah,” says Rūmī, are of themselves equivalent to the answer, “Here am I.” Prayer is in fact, as the author of the *Kashf al-Mahjūb* tells us, “a divine command which is not a *means* to anything.” But—and it is here that he avoids the perplexing difficulty of the modern inquirer—he did not therefore think that the material object prayed for might not be attained.

“If I raise my hands aloft in prayer,  
I can move mountains from their very roots.”

And these words of Abū Sa‘īd express the belief that God can do anything, which is such a stumbling block to the modern critical spirit. In one of his works Tyndall describes how he listened once to a congregation praying for rain in a little Swiss chapel; and he wondered whether the worthy people considered that it would be just as utterly impossible for a single drop of rain to fall in violation of the immutable laws of nature, as it would be for the tops of the highest Alps to come tumbling into the valleys. This problem which occurred to the great scientist, is one which did



not trouble the Sūfi. It may be doubted whether it ever does trouble more than a very small minority. "The man," says Lecky,<sup>1</sup> "who offers up his petitions with passionate earnestness, with unfaltering faith, and with a vivid realisation of the presence of an Unseen Being, has risen to a condition of mind which is itself eminently favourable both to his own happiness and to the expansion of his moral qualities. But he who expects nothing more will never attain this. To him who neither believes nor hopes that his petitions will receive a response such a mental state is impossible." This is probably true of the mass of men. And it is almost true of the Sūfi. For the Sūfi did certainly believe that his petitions *could* receive a response if such were the Almighty's will. "No leaf falls from a tree save by God's will," says Jalāluddīn. But he would never have doubted God's power to make every leaf of every tree fall just when and how He liked. In the *Masnavī* he tells the story of a man who prayed to be fed without doing any work, and whose prayer was answered because of its earnest spirit. "If He please," he says in another passage, "He will deliver you from that which ye shall cry to Him to avert."

Nevertheless men are cautioned not to prefer such requests to God without good cause. The poet Ansārī, for instance, clearly differentiates prayer from importunity. "If thou art content with God's gifts, how canst thou *importune*<sup>2</sup> such as He?" And Bāyazīd of Bistām preaches the same warning in a singularly outspoken passage: "Beware of testing God with two loaves. If a man is hungry let him beg of his fellow creatures and have done with the cant of trust in

<sup>1</sup> *The History of European Morals*, i. 36. <sup>2</sup> The word used is *mutaqāsi*.

God." For though God can, assuredly, do anything He wills, it is man's duty to refrain from pestering Him with petitions for mere material objects. Such prayers they considered not completely illogical (as the modern scientist might do), but as essentially wrong, because inspired by a wrong spirit. And it is to the spirit of the prayer that God looks.

"I regard not the outside and the words;  
I regard the inside and the state of the heart,  
I look at the heart if it be humble.  
How long wilt thou dwell on words and  
superficialities?  
A burning heart is what I want."<sup>1</sup>

So long then as the impulse to prayer is unworthy, it shall receive no response. "God who can do everything and give anything," says Rūmī in another passage, "deliberately delays granting a man's requests—to benefit him not to harm him. For a man is thus drawn to God, yea dragged by the hair to His courts."

For prayer is necessary to man. "The object of man's being," St. Francis tells us, is "to worship God." But it is more than that. It is a necessity. Ferishtah's answer to his questioning pupil, that prayer to God was the part of a 'wise humanity,' was the true answer, and was the answer which the Persian mystic would have given. It is a need that is common to all humanity, above all in time of sorrow or despair; and he who satisfies that need shows a deeper wisdom than the most learned sceptic.

"Knowledge has two wings," says Jalāluddīn Rūmī in one of those brilliant flashes of his understanding—a profound truth that all men have to realise

<sup>1</sup> *Masnavī*, p. 88 of Whinfield's Abridged Translation.]

at some time in their lives. Reason is one of the wings. But instinct is the other; and without the two the bird of a man's soul may not fly. Pure intellect alone will never satisfy all the needs of a man's nature. Useless to argue that we are illogical! It is thus that we have been formed.

Why does a man lay flowers by the graveside of a departed friend? That he may show to other men that he has not forgotten? Ah, no! For he would do it as instinctively on the slopes of the Himalayas or in the midst of the Sahara. Why then? Probably he could not himself give you the answer. And it matters little that he cannot. For the instinct which compels him to that simple act of reverence and love is deeper than the logic of the schools. From whatever source it has come, from whatever profound springs of his being, it is there within him. Even so, from his 'deep heart's core,' springs the force that compels his soul to seek the Infinite in prayer, that drives his 'poor rent spirit' towards the Fountain of spirits.

H. D. GRAVES LAW.

## THE TRAGEDY OF ORTHODOXY.

G. H. POWELL.

THERE is no pretence of originality or singularity in the sensation ; for the suffering, the embarrassment, the spiritual tragedy would seem to be the heritage of our time. Religion is not now a matter of physical conflict, of bloodstained scaffolds, racks, and *dragonnades*. Its martyrdoms no longer concern the military or police. Its tortures and miseries are esoteric. Indeed they have since the days of F. W. Robertson and Matthew Arnold affected every centre of thought and education, if not every upper class family, setting subject against authority, brother against brother, and parent against child, with results familiar to all students of educational and domestic history. That the phenomenon is inevitable, of chronic recurrence, affords little consolation.

Earth and heaven, flesh and spirit, the material world and the spiritual, the revealed or anthropomorphically imagined, are eternally attached by that mysterious tie or bond—*religio*.

They run mysteriously coupled, but are still twain ; and from time to time it would seem that one at least is destined to feel the restraint, to be jarred by the connecting link. At times the material and concrete realities of earthly life seem to be overpoweringly prominent ; at others the visions of the unseen world—evolved or pre-existent. "These things swing," as

the Greek poet says, "like a pendulum"—a pendulum that can never know repose.

If there are ages when the parallel instincts seem to rest from competition, when the dichotomy of man ceases to trouble him, when it is given to us to enjoy the full fruition of 'the thing' and the reason for it, of theory and system conjoined with freedom and actuality, there would seem to be many more which offer a glaring contrast to such a state, a contrast provocative of bitter lamentation from all those who feel the pathos of a palpable break in history, an apparent failure or futility in the labours and efforts of the past.

Singularly enough, while to no universe and to no human nature conceivable by us, could final satisfaction and repose—"the true thing *with* what proves its truth"—be even remotely attributable, on the other hand inconsistency, the imperfection of the scheme of things—whoever or whatever be responsible for it—continues to sting and fret us.

The immediate cause of the actual unhappiness, or its recurrence in our own particular case, is both simple and familiar, a platitude that will only bear the briefest rehearsal.

The intellectual renaissance inevitably following the great wave of wealth-creation in the nineteenth century, resembled some volcanic or seismic disturbance which overwhelmed vast areas of thought and belief, uprooted many great edifices from their foundations, and left others tottering to their fall.

That was the net result of the disturbing and disruptive side of the movement, to which the constructive does not necessarily provide any corresponding equivalent.

Something has been taken from us—that is the instinctive pang afflicting normal humanity—something that can never be enjoyed again.

And the loss, the ravishment, came through no choice of our own, as it seemed, but rather through some unknown quality, some undiscovered flaw in our nature and environment. Speaking, as we wish to speak, in popular language, of a widespread popular revolution, we *were* happy and at peace—that is the common feeling — we *are* disturbed and anxious. Beliefs, traditions of the past *used* to form a harmonious whole with the present. *Since then* there has been a break, a severance of continuity, which can never be repaired. “We look on,” as Browning says, “helplessly”; for if we are sane and normal, our beliefs are really settled for us by the *Zeitgeist*; we feel this, and yet we crave more of a personal interest in them. But we cannot believe what we would.

If we are born in the seventeenth century we may believe sincerely in magic and witchcraft, just as in the nineteenth we may not, however strongly personal sentiment, fancy and superstition may pull us in that direction.

And the orthodoxy which would have clothed us with decency and comfort at the date of the Great Exhibition, would long since have clung to us only like a Nessus-shirt, tormenting the spiritual consciousness with the poison of shame and remorse.

The strain, the torment, have been borne by tens of thousands of respectable men and women. As a commonplace of suffering it has become a thing too tiresome for discussion.

But to the impartial and unaffected mind, the appalling sense of waste in the vast accumulated para-

phernalia—material, literary, and intellectual—that make up our orthodox ecclesiastical heritage, yet which can no longer serve their purpose, is the most poignant of regrets.

The ‘antiquated’ *magnum opus*, the out-of-date war-ship, the ‘scrapped’ factory,—these represent familiar pangs to an age of change. But what are all such wastes and losses lumped together to the Religious tragedy, to the physical incapacity for believing what our fathers believed, in matters *not* reckoned as susceptible of change or improvement, but by their very nature committed to eternity—*aut Deus aut nihil*.

Ah! thrice fortunate age of our fathers and grand-fathers, we are moved to exclaim—*sua si bona norant!*—when, in comfortable prosperous Early Victorian England, the territory of Orthodox Christianity lay far extended, sunlit by the national glory like one of her own splendid rural domains—the magnificent antique mansion of the ‘English Church’ dominating ‘princely parks and flowing lawns’ of conventional piety and church-going happiness.

But beneath this seeming security and prosperity the scientific and historical miner was already at work delving and boring for that raw material of truth—more vital than all these fair external shows—by which alone the furnace of civilisation can be kept aflame. Withered and blackened with the smoke, the corrosive fumes of hostile actuality, is now that once fair and comfortable landscape,—the princely parks trampled down by vulgar traffic, and the stately mansion, shaken to its foundation, abandoned with bitter regrets as uninhabitable and dangerous. The pathos of the situation is heart-rending. The thing was so beautiful, splendid, beneficent, but its foundation was upon the sand, upon a

substratum infallibly destined by its mere antiquity, to be removed or to give way.

We are here merely concerned with the causes of popular indifference to ecclesiastical ideas and tenets as such, with the subconscious reasons which make the religion of the average refined, spiritual-minded, unselfish individual of our time, a thing either outside all the churches, or having but a slight external flavour or decoration derived from that source, while its substance is—of course quite inevitably—made up of modern positivist actualities, of modern humanity, modern tolerance and modern intelligence.

And surely, to the eye of modern civilisation, the most stinging element in the 'tragedy of orthodoxy' is the paradoxical monstrosity of the appearance it presents to us of an inverted pyramid, the eternal and all-important based upon what our historic sense can only regard as the trivial and ephemeral, a dazing defiance, so to speak, of the logical law of gravitation. For whereas with regard to all the marvels of the history of Christianity the question for discussion *used* to be: "How did they ever happen; how can they be proved—or disproved?" the question *now* is rather: "What can it all possibly *matter*?"

When St. Paul, for example, demanded the ascension of his master as an essential condition of all moral progress and happiness, was there no enlightened Pagan to protest against such *ex ante facto* academic extravagance, to urge:

"But you *are* a better man; you are *not* 'still in your sins'; you *have* achieved a positive moral and spiritual gain. How then can you aver that unless the laws of the universe—which have palpably nothing to



do with virtue and vice—be also altered, *all this is nothing?* ”

St. Paul, as we know him, is a living, clearly outlined fact. Yet what is his argument? That if something entirely outside his personality has failed to take place, he himself must *ipso facto* be and remain something quite different—which, we say to ourselves, is impossible. And in respect to miracles in general, to all the *incredibilia* of Christianity, the attitude of the modern individual, if no more inevitable than this, is even more obvious. It is not merely that the facts contended for, are extremely improbable or altogether outside the pale of intelligence or belief, but that they are totally immaterial.

The suggested mental and moral gymnastics have no use or place in modern life and morals.

The beauty of truth, love, honesty, industry, unselfishness, tenderness is fully apparent. And these things are pursued, by those who pursue them, for their own sakes and for no ulterior object.

Even supposing that something else may have been necessary or useful for the purpose of drawing attention to their excellence in remote ages, we can no more identify ourselves with that than with the scientific beliefs of a mediæval architect in whose house we happen to be dwelling.

Yet what the ecclesiastical religionist seems to be compelled to impose upon his understanding is the belief that, because ‘Christian’ virtue is desirable, therefore any proposition ever coupled up in one document with the precepts enjoining it is possible and credible.

In this way an attempt is made to obliterate the agonising paradox that traditional Christianity lays a fatal emphasis upon the *belief* which is notoriously be-

yond our control, as compared with the *action* for which alone we all feel ourselves instinctively responsible—a fact as repugnant to every modern conscience, as it was to that of Marcus Aurelius; whereas, of course, any degree of mystery connected with the primary genesis or promulgation of certain theories of conduct, however interesting to the speculative historian, is totally immaterial to the question of the *virtue* of the said theories—a matter that must depend on their effective application to life, which anyone can verify for himself. Most civilised Englishmen, for example, believe nowadays in the virtue of unselfishness (as outlined and emphasised in the New Testament), much as they believe in the law of gravitation. It would never occur to them that the latter conviction could be shaken by any sudden revelation as to the life and character of Sir Isaac Newton.

A religion, again, cannot—even by the most ardent believer in the most divine of Messiahs—be built up upon gratitude; nor any truth eternally confused either with its teacher, or with such archaic and dogmatic appendages as he or his generation may have striven to attach to it.

Thus the modern orthodox remain strangely tied in a prison of convention and unreality—a prison, it is true, fortified by all the resources of art, literature, long tradition, English conservatism, and the self-interest which tends as a dead drag upon all movement, to keep any system bad or good *in statu quo*.

This last influence, even if we may call it the common clay necessary to the structure of all enduring works, is at any rate an unfortunate association for personal religion, which its prominent influence in this country tends excessively to *materialise*.

Whatever may have been the case in earlier ages, 'the Church,' as now organised, beneficent and militant, is outside the true fold, the spiritual aristocracy of the nation, which, if by no means irreligious either in its conduct or its attitude towards the future and the unknown, is emphatically *un-orthodox* and *un-'church-going.'*

Her hierarchy, during the last quarter of a century, has been more and more exclusively recruited from three well-known types of Englishman: (a) the educated but unimaginative materialist, who accepts ecclesiasticism as a palpable and perfectly legal career for one whose scholarship and morality would otherwise go inadequately rewarded; (b) the simple-minded 'healthy Philistine,' of the rustic or athletic type, who goes into the Church in the sure and certain hope of doing practical good to his fellow-men—under a well-organised system—and with an equally distinct determination 'not to bother about doctrines'; and (c) the lower or middle-class 'candidate for orders,' who (the supply of gentlemen of first class birth and breeding being by no means what it was) while less intellectually sensible of the demands upon him, is more strongly tempted to make 'the national Church' an avenue for social advancement.

The more educated individual who swells her ranks in these days, enters the Church (as was urged in a leading educational organ some ten years ago) "by *closing a part of his nature for repairs.* The repairs are in fact never executed, and out of a stunted and maimed personality is manufactured that well-meaning but pathetic anachronism—the priest."

But a great institution based so largely upon philanthropic sophistry, self-interested obscurantism,

and ignorance—however honest and undisturbed—is in no secure or respectable position.

Even to simple Philistine minds the strain upon language—the printed word—on the one hand, and upon common sincerity on the other, has long since become almost intolerable. Hence apostasy from the orthodox ranks has become frequent, so much so that it is liable to be mistaken, nowadays, for a display of somewhat *banal* pedantry, there being so little left—in the living ecclesiastical organism—which is, so to speak, worth deserting.

Not that the embarrassment concerns only the article-bound priest, or could be thrown off with his frock; it affects the whole public which he addresses.

“I believe,” the candid layman might say, “in a God . . . or at least a ‘stream of tendency’ in the working of which I wish to maintain an imaginative interest. I believe in Handel’s music, in the poetry of Isaiah, . . . in Westminster Abbey, and quite a number of picturesque national traditions and associations . . .; yet I am confronted by the cut-and-dried dogmas of an age notoriously gone, by a Church that does not even pretend to a mystic and elusive self-sufficiency, as the Romish does, but takes its stand practically upon the same ground as I do. . .

“It is easy to say that the dilemma is immaterial to the modern cultured philosopher, that honest unbelief, indifference, is no longer discreditable, etc., etc., that the clergy themselves, brought up as I am, really share my feelings—(I may wink at the augur, but he must not smile back at me, English seriousness forbids it)—but meanwhile what am I *to do*?” he asks us, “. . . in particular *what am I to teach my children*?”

To grown-ups one may discourse grave conventions

with little feeling of guilt or remorse. They probably do not listen, and if they do, will repay us in the like coinage. But the child, the little girl or boy to whom a parent's words are Law and Gospel—what to say, when he or she propounds some simple yet piercing inquiry affecting the very roots of our candour and veracity?

“All very well, could I transport myself and them to some desert island. . . . But *here*, where the picturesque and stately white elephants of art, literature, architecture, custom, tradition, stand round about us, indestructible, impressive, yet imbuing the world with a deeply corrosive insincerity, the pretence, as Walt Whitman has it, ‘that what is notoriously gone is still here,’ has become an impossible scandal.”

We all know the remedy conventionally adopted—among those parents, of the educated classes, who are haunted by a spiritual consciousness—‘a light course of Orthodoxy’ it has been called—to be followed by the inevitable modern reaction—and inflicted or provided, usually *at second hand*, like other unpleasant necessities, at the instance of those who dislike the process but have a hazy prejudice in favour of the ultimate result.

“I believe . . . [that unbaptised children perish everlastingly] . . . *all this* I steadfastly believe.” “Whosoever will be saved”—as the same tenets are elsewhere put with a conveyancing precision that long since exposed them to the acutest philanthropic hostility—“*must thus think.*”

Such is the attitude still commanded by ‘the Church’ towards things which, if not self-evident, can scarcely be made so either by intimidation or hard swearing. Orthodoxy demands this precision. Yet we

console ourselves easily for the vague doubt or midnight darkness affecting thousands of minds as to the movements of the solar system and the immutable laws of science, and why? Because they can be safely left to themselves. Because all the laws that really concern us are, as the poet says, "laws that can enforce themselves."

The uncertainty, in many honest minds, whether the sun goes round the earth or the earth round the sun, matters little, because the truth matters little—to *them*, and for the purposes of practical life. Somebody, of course, must study and know facts which are the ultimate basis of human existence and civilisation. But there is no special virtue, but mere convenience, in our second-hand belief, or acquiescence, in what they tell us.

It is *religious* orthodoxy then, supported by its host of white elephants laden with the treasures of ancient sentiment and tradition, that affects to attach a preposterous and artificial importance—not to the merely incredible but—to the *insignificant*, to facts or theorems which, if ever so true and ever so useful (once upon a time) for purposes of advertisement, can never again be felt to be connected up with the springs of action.

*Christianity*, it need scarcely be asserted, is an *idea*, a *moral and spiritual attitude*, not a special intellectual taste in history. The rightness or wrongness of what I do this moment *can* depend only upon the existing nature of things, not upon the past, but upon future consequences.

That is the simple truth of the matter, as we all should see it were we not often brought up, in a special atmosphere, to think otherwise, and, in particular, to

'associate' the most discordant facts and qualities. But the question is: Is that good for us? Does it not blur our spiritual retina, blunt our sensibilities, coarsen our civilisation?

We can all remember loveable types of the Victorian age, pious and devoted mothers, 'dear old gentlemen,' as Stevenson called them, 'with bird's-eye neckcloths,' who could believe their souls to be braced by the perusal of some sanguinary and immoral biblical chronicle, and their manners softened by even the most blood-thirsty ebullitions from the Psalms. But that is one of the simple joys for ever lost to our generation. Had there been no intellectual renaissance, had our civilisation merely retrogressed, it is easy to conceive—for the simple and pious bead-teller of that age—that the rehearsal of the multiplication table or of a page from Bradshaw might have come to induce the feelings now supposed to be inspired by certain of the Church 'lessons.' It is merely one phase of the larger freedom induced by our political progress that people find it possible to practise something vitally useful to them *without* the observance of any *unmeaning* formalities.

Hence with the increase of Christians there seems somehow less and less need for the Church. Publicly indeed it becomes of ever less and less importance in the State. Yet hostility to it is, with our nature and associations, painful and shocking.

Even the French, who really act upon the theories that move them, have never come near to the demolition of Notre Dame. And Westminster Abbey—and Handel's music—are dearer still to us illogical Islanders.

The Englishman, for good social reasons, detests any sensational break with the past. He only asks it to let him alone. That he must ask.

The science of the past, the medicine, the mathematics of the past, the literature of the past,—all these repose quietly in their museums and galleries, honoured in their proper place, but essentially not of us or for us. Only the creed, the dogma of the past aspires to survive and to dominate. Like some fatal misprint, some newspaper libel now diffused broadcast beyond recall, the 'doctrine of the Trinity,' for example, outlined with more clarity than any moral or political principle, stares our embarrassed reason in the face at every turn!

Practically doubtless we have appended a slip of errata to recent editions: "These statements need not be taken seriously."

But how can we correct, reissue, the title-page, the literal text of Orthodoxy, which announces to the simple public in large type its terms of admission that signify, in the vulgar: "so much moral respectability—so much headache,"—as if the brightness of life grew out of mental obscurity, and charity and unselfishness were the first-fruits of evasion.

Well, the constantly increasing sense of embarrassment referred to leads even within the Church to the growing demand for a new freedom, for the re-definition, at the least, of things impossibly described, or the release from even attempted definition of the absolutely indescribable.

A revision of the Book of Common Prayer is asked for. Doubtless a prayer-book chronically revised up to date like a text-book of electricity is unthinkable. It would be safer to shift the whole doctrinal apparatus into the region of the optional, and thus release the ecclesiastic from the position of one at war with his class and generation.



Dogmatic teaching having, as experience shews weekly, *ceased to interest the mass of the public*, can there be any reason why Churchmen should any longer hide their heads in the sand—and sacrifice themselves in the pursuit of an object no longer attainable? The intellectual gymnastics referred to do not induce health but disease.

To 'conjure' modern actualities and delicacies into and out of the savagery of the Old and the mediævalism of the New Testament has ceased to amuse, to be worth while; since lay mankind have got *what they want* without it, and doubt whether the preacher himself has more than an interested or conventional attachment to the time-honoured ceremony.

Religious belief, in a word, where to the plain citizen it would seem most bound to subsist, is in a condition either of physical coma, like that which invades every respectable British household on Sunday afternoon, or of agonising moral suspense, the hope that some unexpected anti-rationalist revolution, some unlooked for 'squaring of the circle' by some latitudinarian Bergson, may somehow succeed in demonstrating that "what is notoriously gone *is* still here," and enable those who make so much of belief not only to believe again but—joyful thought!—to believe that they have always believed.

There is no demonstrating the general truth of such an account of the matter if it does not appeal to the reader's consciousness; but of the external state of things here sought to be explained there can surely be little doubt, of the discord, that is, between the mind of our age and those 'established facts, institutions, accredited dogmas,' of which Matthew Arnold some-

where speaks, among which that generation's life is to be lived, yet which are felt to be not its own, unfitted to it, 'customary not rational.' We have spoken of some such 'institutions.'

At the moment of writing these lines, there comes an ebullition from a dignitary of the Church, in a respectable weekly paper, concerning one of the most famous—nay, many would say, *the* most famous, splendid and imposing of all our 'institutions,' to wit, the University of Oxford.

There, it would appear, was about to take place nothing less than the practical abolition of (Christian or Doctrinal) Theology. Already, for that matter, in the study as carried on at Cambridge, 'Christianity' is simply 'left out.'

At the more distinguished, aristocratic, orthodox (and heterodox) establishment, the venerable 'home of lost causes,' the theological schools "had been assigned to the Church of England as a sort of 'reserve'"—in which she might inoffensively disport herself.

But other religions, quasi-religions, and no-religions have rushed in, until finally, to condense a chapter of recent history, "the Church has notice to quit."

All this seems, even to the Churchman who laments it, at once obvious and inevitable enough. But may not the impartial layman conclude with a respectful doubt of his summary of the dilemma?

Is the University—the home of splendid learning and culture, crowned with its aspiring motto '*Dominus illuminatio mea*'—being 'de-Christianised'? or is it, on the contrary, more full of unselfish devotion, love, truth, tenderness and spirituality than ever?—at any rate, is not this the material question?

It will not be admittedly so while Orthodoxy, still

powerful, like a dynasty which has 'learnt nothing and forgotten nothing,' urges that these precious ideals and refinements of conduct and feeling were given to the world *upon certain terms, viz.*, that the world should remain in the intellectual babyhood of the age when they were bestowed. But it need not be further reiterated—seeing that the conviction lies at the heart of all such changes as that we have here attempted to outline—that the gifts of Christianity like other spiritual gifts, whether derived from an all-wise and all-loving giver or from any other conceivable source—once conferred—were, must be, and remain by their very nature irrevocable and universal. The treasure is for all who believe in their own individuality and in goodness, the one faith that knows no Nemesis whatever knowledge be added unto us. And the orthodox doctrinaire is merely one who hugs to his breast the casket that once contained the jewel, but now, like other forms emptied by time of their meaning, holds but the pious dust of antiquarian sentiment.

The pathetic spectacle stands to warn us against the peril of dangers and disappointments otherwise recurrent. That even the best gifts of nature or the Deity have been subjected to much waste and corruption at the hands of human egoism is the lesson of all history. If the higher freedom, actuality and independence, the goal of our political struggles, has been long reaching even its present stage of maturity, so also does the soul come by similarly slow stages to its own. Privilege, convention and the normal indolence of the *status quo* have annexed, appropriated and still strive to dominate the religious as well as the social sphere of activity. Perhaps at this date, when but a few months ago, on occasion of a great Church Demonstration, a

weekly newspaper could express mild surprise that Londoners did not seem to recognise their own 'Metropolitan,' the idea of ecclesiastical authority is at much the same discount as that of aristocratic leadership in Reform Bill days.

" Our little systems have their day,  
They have their day and cease to be,"

and twentieth century religion may be freed from certain dangers by its dissociation from concrete things,—our own little world, or the 'universe.' The dark curtain spread so long over our natural environment made it easy for professional magicians to frighten mankind into obedience to the supposed authority of a cosmic system which, being sublimely incomprehensible, could be made to speak with any oracular voice.

In the fresher air, the fuller daylight of modern knowledge, realisation of *non-knowledge*, or (let us rather say) of freedom from a fidgety passion to outline and pigeon-hole the known, those mediæval oracles are dumb.

A fresh, a virgin purity of candour and courage gives a new edge to the terrestrial outlook of the human spirit, no longer hampered by any imagined dependency on material history, any supposed connection with the stupendous mechanics, the aimless order, the fiery tragedies of the whirling spheres, and no less confident that the discovery of a 'causative' element anywhere in the vast evolutionary process would, no more than any other link in the chain, affect the happiness of the soul, or alter one mite of its daily moral programme.

G. H. POWELL

## **THE SUBLIMINAL AND PERSONALITY: TWO NOTES ON PSYCHOLOGY.**

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### **(I) THE CONTENT OF THE SUBLIMINAL MIND.**

ONE may safely conclude that the investigations of Myers, Bergson and many others have definitely established the existence of a subliminal or subconscious mind, which is the source of instinctive and automatic life, and seems to be largely responsible for those abnormal phenomena which go by the name of 'psychic.' Most writers on this subject have moreover recognised that the existence of such an inner and wider mind is not a new discovery, and that the idea appears in a more or less definite form in various ancient spiritual philosophies and religions.

It is difficult not to connect it with the 'ancestral' or 'family' soul of Confucianism and Shintoism, with the 'transmigrating element' of Buddhism and even the 'universal soul' which is suggested by many mystics.

Christianity spiritualises the idea under the names of the 'Communion of Saints' and the 'Mystical Body of Christ'; but one must understand by the latter a co-ordination or polarisation of the universal soul by means of the Christ Ideal.

It is therefore legitimate to inquire whether the content of the subliminal mind is:

- (1) The accumulated emotional experiences of the whole ancestry of the individual; or
- (2) The accumulated experiences of all the incarnations which have led to the existence of the individual; or
- (3) The experience of the race; or
- (4) The combination of any or all of these.<sup>1</sup>

The Chinese and Japanese lean towards the first view. The great Confucian scholar Chu-Hsi or Chu-Fu-Tzu (12th century A.D.) says: "My life is that of my ancestors." A somewhat curious apparent violation of this idea appears in the Confucian practice of adopting children who are nevertheless capable of transmitting the family soul. One may of course suppose that a highly suggestive ritual combined with a continuous life in the family enables this suppression of one stock by another to occur. The same difficulty arises with regard to the women who marry into the family; and as a matter of fact it is 'tabu' for a woman bearing the same family name (and therefore of the same original stock) to marry into that family.

With regard to the metempsychosis theory, it is difficult to express the Buddhistic doctrine in terms which are appreciable by Occidentals.

That which re-incarnates is certainly not the 'self' which appears on the surface. Sakyamuni expressly

<sup>1</sup> There still remains another hypothesis which is more acceptable to those who feel little or no sympathy with antique or mystical ideas: *viz.* that the subliminal mind is simply associated with the sympathetic or ganglionic nervous system of the individual and has been developed by environment, its content consisting of the memories of the various experiences of the individual perpetuated by repetition until they become so automatic that they function irrespective of the brain and are dissociated from conscious memory. There is considerable difficulty in reconciling this hypothesis with the phenomena of 'vestigial retro-remembrance' as manifested in the sexual instinct and the artistic faculties. Moreover it does not well agree with the ontological theory of development which compels us to regard the cerebral system as a specialisation of the sympathetic system rather than the reverse.

states that this (outer) self does not persist; there is, however, some connection which carries the emotional products of the individual's experiences into another body.

Myers inclined to the view that the subliminal 'self' was a far greater thing than the supraliminal 'self,' which he conceived to be, as it were, a 'feeler' thrown up from the ocean of the inner-life into the area of consciousness. Similarly many mystics have felt that there was that within them which was one with all men and with God. It is not inconceivable, in fact it seems preferable, to think that all these are different ways of expressing the same truth; but to most persons the chain of heredity will appeal more strongly. It is not, however, difficult to shew that, if the content of the subliminal mind is transmitted by heredity, as it were, longitudinally in time, it also possesses elements common to the whole race.

As A. R. Wallace has shewn in regard to physical characteristics, the individual receives about half from his parents, one-fourth from his grand-parents, one-eighth from his great-grand-parents, etc., and  $\frac{1}{2^n}$  from the  $n$ th generation, totalling to unity. This would seem at first sight to reduce the influence of remote generations to a very minute amount. But it must be remembered that the parent himself was similarly situated; so that of the half received from the parents, one half of that, that is a quarter, came to them from their grand-parents. And by proceeding in this manner it will be seen that, instead of a little or nothing being attributable to the remote ancestors, almost everything belongs to them. Proceeding on another line, it is easy to shew that at a by no means distant date, the individual had ancestors comprising practically the whole of his own

nation and many individuals of other nations. Thus each individual has two parents, four grand-parents, eight great-grand-parents and so on to  $2^n$  in the  $n$ th generation. This number rapidly rises to a number greater than the present population of any country; the apparent discrepancy being of course due to the fact that, beyond a certain point, individuals are counted considerably more than once. Thus in England there are about 10,000,000 persons between the ages of 20 and 40, and assuming them to be each of a family of two, there are five million families each with two persons, giving another ten millions in the previous generation (of whom, of course, some are now dead). By going backwards for some few centuries, it will be found that the number of ancestors, after allowing for brethren and the identity of individuals in separate lines, exceeds the total population.

Migration and class-discrimination produce irregularities; but there can be little or no doubt that the average Englishman is the descendant of the whole English race as it existed at, say, the year 1,000 A.D., in addition to possessing blends from other nationalities each of which synthetised the whole of such other nation at a still earlier period.

It would appear from this that each of us possesses an ancestral soul which at some remote period was one with that of every other person. A consideration of this fact shews to some extent that hypotheses 1 and 3 are not contradictory; and it only remains, therefore, to discuss the Buddhistic idea.

It is a matter of common experience that the variations of the individual from the parental type are in many cases strongly marked, and the great differences between children of the same parents also indicate



some further factor. The theory associated with the name of Mendel, important as it no doubt is, does not alone seem adequate to explain the large divergences, especially of psychic character.

It is common to attribute these differences to Mendelian variation in the embryo combined with the physical and psychic impressions transmitted by the mother during gestation, and the influences of environment during the early years. Whether these causes be really adequate or not it is difficult to say, since the problem contains so many complex elements; but it is a general feeling that they are not sufficient, and it is at this point that an opportunity presents itself for a possibly favourable consideration of non-ancestral metempsychosis.

What the rationale of this process may be, if it occurs, can hardly be discussed; but it is not inconceivable that influences or currents, or whatever we may choose to call them, traverse the universal soul as it were perpendicularly or obliquely in time with a periodic character, so that at the birth of an individual, in addition to receiving ancestral elements, a new component of individuality may enter from another field. This would provide as it were a woof threading its way amid the warp of the ancestral fabric, and, assuming its occurrence, would provide a still more intimate connection between the different parts of humanity.

Buddhism has attached importance to the psychic features alone; and it is, therefore, somewhat difficult to point out any concrete example which may prove the existence of this kind of metempsychosis, because the structure of any psyche is indescribably complex. Some hint, however, of such an occurrence is provided

in the appearance in widely separated lines of physical evolution of similarity in the organs. This fact has been remarked on by Bergson in his *Creative Evolution*, and is understood by him to express a repetition of the quasi-intelligent efforts of the *élan vital* to find some suitable method of operating upon its environment.

## (II.) PERSONALITY.

The subject of 'personality' is a favourite one with students of abnormal psychology. Novelists have devoted considerable attention to what is termed 'personal magnetism,' and a large amount of catch-penny literature has been written to show how this faculty can be developed. While large discounts must often be taken from the statements made on this subject, there can be no doubt that certain individuals do possess the power of strongly suggesting superiority. Every man during the course of his life has probably met one or two persons who have, as the phrase goes, 'strongly impressed' him. There are numerous historical instances of individuals who gave their contemporaries this sensation in an extraordinary degree. Napoleon and the late Empress Dowager of China, Tzu Hsi, may be mentioned as examples, while all the founders of the great religions have had this power ascribed to them.

Again, in ordinary life, one frequently comes across cases where a pair of relatives or friends is linked by the bond of dominance in the one and submission in the other.

Putting aside all metaphysical discussions as to the nature of personality as being to some extent futile, this real psychical phenomenon of 'impressing'

and 'being impressed' is one of the most important factors in life. It should, therefore, be of great interest to analyse it.

The writer submits that it also comes within the category of 'suggestive' psychology. Whether the so-called 'occult' theory of personal 'auræ' has any foundation in fact or not, is immaterial to the question, since almost all the related phenomena can be to a great extent explained by the law of suggestion. Just as in hypnotic cases, too little attention is generally paid to the mental condition of the 'subject,' and the writer ventures to think that, in most instances, it will be found that the impression of personality takes its hold most strongly on persons who are permanently or temporarily in an unstable state of mind. Those who particularly create the impression ('radiate magnetism,' as the catch-penny books have it) are generally gifted with a physiognomy of the kind called 'striking,' because it has some colour contrast or feature which holds the attention. Note how a deformity, scar, mole or other feature will 'fascinate' the mind and so disturb thought. Jewels, unique arrangement of dress, peculiar methods of hair-dressing, marks painted on the face, all serve to draw attention. Compare also the fancy costumes affected by wizards and others of that ilk. Very dark persons have an advantage in this respect, especially when amongst fair people. Fair men amongst dark people have a somewhat similar effect. In the Far East, fair grey-eyed occidentals are thought to have the evil eye, just as in Europe a piercing black eye is regarded as similarly harmful. Again in Europe, devils are usually supposed to be dark, while in Central Africa, report has it that white is their true colour. There

can be no doubt that the strong contrast in each case holds the attention and enables suggestions to be more effectively made. This may account to some extent for the greater success of European hypnotists in the Far East and of Eastern 'occultists' in Europe and America. In the case of these 'dominating personalities' joined to the 'striking' appearance (which, by the way, must not possess any of those features which one mentally associates with feebleness of purpose, such as a retreating chin, quivering lip, blinking eyes, etc.), there is an enthusiasm or a marked ability in some particular direction. Add to this one or two successes in life, with a consequent reputation, and a 'glamour' soon develops. In those cases where the impression is received at the first encounter, the suggestion must be due either to the appearance alone or to a dogmatic method of speaking ('as one having authority' conveys the idea well).

This faculty can undoubtedly be developed; but there must be a certain bias from the beginning if strong impressions are to be made. Actors and politicians (without necessarily knowing the rationale) do so develop it; while clergy and religionists generally, unconsciously or otherwise, tend to do so. The suggestive 'atmosphere' in which these people live helps; but on the other hand a powerful and general anti-suggestion may in a moment destroy their 'reputation.' Personality not joined to actual ability and character is a bubble which may be pricked at any time. 'Popularity' is almost coincident with this and obeys the same laws. If the fact that a person aims at popularity becomes generally known, he or she is likely to lose that which they have; since, as in most cases of suggestion, the subject resists as soon

as he becomes aware of the process. Insistence may of course bear down the opposition in some cases; but, as hypnotic studies have shown, it is extremely difficult to implant a suggestion when the subject objects and knows that an attempt is being made to force him to accept it.

There are several types of impressive personality. There is the domineering, selfish and arrogant person who is a vigorous parasite on general humanity. Again, there is the insinuating, persistent and 'fascinating' individual who always 'gets what he wants,' but is not necessarily very harmful. Last, but by no means least, is the so-called 'magnetic' soul, animated by a great idea, domineering or insinuating according to circumstances, proud of his cause rather than of himself, and capable of acting as a most important factor in the evolution of society. Is it not the presence of some or all of these characteristics that alone relieves the tedium of biographies and histories? Success or failure in life largely depends on the extent to which the person concerned possesses this 'self-confidence' which is accepted by others as personality. In all branches of life there will be found men and women who owe their high positions to 'bluff,' accompanied by just a sufficient measure of brains and capacity to keep things running. The masters of finance and society do not necessarily rejoice in the exalted mentality and ability which one tends to attribute to them. They rather have the faculty of inducing others to believe in them. This condition of things is not so unjust as at first sight it appears. The lofty thinkers, whose knowledge of economics, science or philosophy would apparently fit them to take the lead, frequently lack the rapidity of decision

and consistency in suggestiveness which constitutes executive capacity.

It is one of the boasts of the English nation that the men trained in the 'public schools' and old universities form the best leaders of men. An investigation of the work done in those institutions shows that the intellectual standards there are frequently much inferior to those of less celebrated colleges; but on the other hand there is an attention paid (subconsciously in many instances) to the cultivation of self-confidence and knowledge of human inter-relationships which, combined with the glamour of their ancient traditions, does produce men, who, if they do not know how to do things, are adepts in the art of controlling others.

In the United States this knowledge is more widely spread, so that constituted authority, on the one hand, is more frequently called into question, while, on the other, there are few peoples among whom 'combinations' have such influence.

The nations of Asia find these personalities almost entirely amongst the ruling classes; but, as the faculty is only to a slight extent hereditary, the history of those peoples consists almost entirely of the rise and fall of dynasties founded by strong men and lost by weak ones.

The ever-growing acquaintance of the European and American peoples with the principles of suggestion (learned not from books, but from life itself) is the best possible augury of their future dominance of the world.

HERBERT CHATLEY.

## SWEDENBORG'S THEOLOGY.

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SWEDENBORG'S theological teaching presents itself under two widely different aspects which are apt to seem incongruous. On the one hand, he has given in his voluminous works the most positive, comprehensive and detailed exposition of the doctrines of Christianity which has ever been communicated to the world. On the other hand, he fully recognises the inevitableness of differences of opinion on such subjects, and indeed their usefulness in developing distinct types of character. He even says that the varieties of spiritual faculty needed for the perfection of the heavens could not be derived from men of only one religion.<sup>1</sup> These positions, however, are complementary, not contradictory.

All true belief, in every sphere of thought, must depend on the exactness of the knowledge we can obtain of the facts of the case. All rational explanation will be subsequent to and depend on this. Now Swedenborg undoubtedly claims that the doctrines given in his theological works came to him as a revelation of actual divine facts; but they were a revelation to his reason as well as to his perception, and are, therefore, capable of becoming the basis of a rational creed in others, so far as they acknowledge

<sup>1</sup> See *Divine Providence*, § 826.

the essential facts. This revelation was accomplished, first, by a long preparation covering his whole life to the age of 56, in the course of which he traversed the whole field of science known to his day; and subsequently by means of an habitual, open communication with the spiritual world which he enjoyed during the last twenty-eight years of his life; and, as a qualification essential to the right interpretation of this experience, by an elevation of his mind to an interior degree of intelligence which is normally latent or subconscious in man, but which in him was brought into full activity during his life on earth, so that he might be able to translate, as it were, the science of heaven into the natural thought of mankind. The sphere of spiritual truth or fact which Swedenborg was thus enabled to perceive and commissioned to disclose, he regarded as totally removed from the vagaries of opinion; and obviously, if there be such a thing as divine truth, it must be as exact and unalterable as the facts of nature. We may believe it or disbelieve it, but the facts remain the same. Hence the pronounced dogmatic form of Swedenborg's theological writings. He does not say, "I think this or that," but, "This is so, or so." He always speaks as one who knows.

From this point of view Swedenborg's exposition of Christian doctrine is the most exclusive that has ever been promulgated; and yet there is an inclusive side to it which is equally essential. It is clear that as regards the super-mundane order we can have no warrant for our beliefs but our own opinion or conviction that they are true. If we believe that a certain document, or collection of documents, contains a divine revelation, and therefore speaks to us with



absolute authority, we do so because, in our opinion, the evidence for its divine origin is conclusive. But nothing is more common than the experience that evidence which carries conviction to one mind fails to carry it to another. The devout Mahomedan is as firmly convinced that the Koran contains a divine revelation as the Christian is that the Bible does. What can he do, what can anyone do, but obey that which *seems to him* to be true? No religion can claim to be a universal religion unless it allows for this fundamental and unalterable fact; and Swedenborg, as I understand his teaching, represents Christianity as the universal religion, which, in the other world, when everything in man which is merely of circumstance has been stripped off and he stands revealed in his essential self, will embrace in its ample fold every man who has sincerely endeavoured to rule his life by the principles which he believed to be true, although in large measure they might not be so. For everyone who so lives acquires a love of truth and good for their own sakes—and not for anything which he can get from them in this world or the next—which enables him to assimilate easily the instruction which is provided for all in the other life who are willing and able—able because willing—to receive it.

It is not, however, with this inclusive aspect of Swedenborg's teaching that I have to deal, but its exclusive side, that as to which he admits no doubt as to the facts, although innumerable varieties of opinion about them may exist, have existed and probably always will exist. It is impossible within the available limits of space to give anything but a very brief and inadequate account of this doctrinal system. There are four doctrines which Swedenborg made the

subjects of separate short treatises, although he had dealt with them fully in his larger works—those of ‘The Lord,’ ‘The Word,’ ‘Faith,’ and ‘Life’—thereby signalling them as the most essential. I shall deal only with the first of these, though I shall have to glance incidentally at the second. It would, however, be impossible to give an intelligible account of this doctrine without a preliminary sketch of the constitution of the universe as conceived by Swedenborg; for this is an organic whole, to which every part is related, and no part of it can be rightly understood except in connexion with the whole.

Swedenborg says that the idea of God forms “the inmost of thought with all who have any religion,” and that if this is false, all the ideas which flow from it are falsified—“for the inmost constitutes the very essence of all things derived from it, and the essence, like a soul, forms them into a body after its own image.” The fundamental truth about God is that He is a Divine Man. We are all, I suppose, aware that every definite idea we can form of God, as possessing Love, Wisdom, Knowledge, Power and other attributes, is anthropomorphic, or based on our experience of various states of the human mind. Were we to divest our minds of the human qualities which we attribute to Him, we should in the process lose every possibility of thinking about Him, except as some unknown, incomprehensible entity pervading the universe. Everyone who thinks of God as Love and Wisdom inevitably thinks of Him more or less distinctly as a Man, although he might repudiate the term as derogatory to the divine Majesty and Infinity. Love and wisdom do not and cannot exist as abstractions; they can only exist as substances and forms; and in man these

substances and forms, by their union and mutual co-operation, constitute his mental human form, just as the substances and forms of the physical body, in *their* union and co-operation, constitute his physical human form. We cannot, therefore, approach to a right idea of God by stripping off from it the attributes of humanity; but rather by carrying them to the highest degree of perfection and, as it were, infinity which we are capable of imagining, and *then* recognising the fact that our ideas are utterly inadequate representations of the truth, not because they are too human but because they are not human enough. God, indeed, may be said to be the only Man, because He alone possesses in Himself the Love and Wisdom which essentially *are* Man. All finite human beings constantly derive their manhood from Him; and they are truly men to the extent and in the degree that they receive love and wisdom from Him.

Because God is a Divine Man, everything that He creates exhibits some adumbration of the human form; but especially man, individually and collectively, does so, because he alone of created beings is capable of a conscious and voluntary surrender to the divine Love and Wisdom which are God.

The human form is not to be conceived primarily as *shape*. It is something interior to shape, though whenever it becomes visible in any sphere of being it is seen as shape. It is essentially a union of all the qualities characteristic of the entity which exhibits it into one—so that all of them work together harmoniously for the common good. Every association of men for a common purpose binds them together into a unity or communion which exhibits more or less fully the human form. Thus every well-ordered family

exhibits the human form, every house of business, every institution for religious, educational, governmental or philanthropic purposes; every nation; the whole human race, and the whole of the inhabitants of the spiritual world, or what Swedenborg calls *Maximus Homo*—the Greatest Man—the entire human race in all worlds, regarded as a vast organic whole. Thus there are humanities within humanities, each working independently in its own particular sphere, but all capable of being gathered up into a wider humanity by a Power not their own, which, in accomplishing that union, works independently of their consciousness.

If this doctrine of the human form be accepted, it is not very difficult, I think, to grasp Swedenborg's teaching about the general constitution, or organic structure, of the spiritual world. All life, all love, all wisdom and all power have their source in God, and perpetually proceed from Him into finite and created forms without undergoing any change in themselves. The appearance of change is due to the limitations imposed by the finite forms themselves, which take up, as it were, so much of the Divine as they are capable of receiving. Thus there are three great divisions of the universal heaven formed by the different modes in which the angels who constitute them receive the divine influx.

The third or highest heaven, which Swedenborg calls the celestial heaven, is the heaven of love, because the angels who inhabit it receive the divine influx in the form of good. They do not think of truth as a subject for investigation, still less for discussion, but instantly grasp it as a means to good, as soon as it is presented to their minds. Truth to them *is* good. Their characteristic love is love to the Lord, or the

pure love of good for its own sake, in infinitely various forms.

The angels of the second or spiritual heaven are guided by truth. They first apprehend truth with their understanding, and then practise it. The love of the neighbour with them consists in acting towards him according to the dictates of truth.

The angels of the first heaven are relatively simple people, although their wisdom greatly exceeds any which can be attained by a man while he lives upon earth. It may be called the heaven of obedience; for the angels there have not the perceptions of truth of those who dwell in the heaven immediately above them, still less the perceptions of good of the celestial angels; but they love to do what they are taught to do, and have a perception, adequate to their needs and powers, that what they are taught is right. Beneath the first heaven is the great spiritual region which Swedenborg calls the world of spirits, where man dwells as a spiritual being during his life on earth, and where he remains after the death of the body, until he finally enters either heaven or hell.

In all these regions there are innumerable communities of angels or spirits, all differing in spiritual quality, comparatively as the various parts of the human body do. Each of the heavens, and each of the communities composing it, regarded separately, exhibits the human form in the perfection of its social organisation, every member of it working for all and all for each, as the organs of the animal body do. But in reality the various spiritual planes on which these human forms exist are not separated at all. On the contrary, they are intimately united, in such wise that the affections and thoughts of the higher heavens

actually *form* the affections and thoughts of angels in the lower heavens, and finally those of spirits in the world of spirits and of men upon earth, by putting on successively lower embodiments, adapted to the states of those to whom they are transmitted. If we realise the fact that affections and thoughts are not abstractions, but actual modifications of the substances and forms of the brain, and that all angels and spirits think by means of brains just as we do, though their brains are formed out of higher degrees of substance than ours; and that we too have these higher brains, although during our earthly life they only function unconsciously, it is not very difficult to conceive the universal descent of all life, that is of all love, intelligence and power of action, from an infinite, divinely human God, through innumerable channels in the spiritual world to men upon earth. It is a case of will and thought transference from first to last; but the influx is never received nor, consequently, transmitted unchanged. It is always modified in accordance with the mental forms of the various minds to which it is conveyed.

The point I have been trying to bring out in this account of the constitution of the spiritual world is the fact that the efflux from the Divine, which is the Logos or Divine Reason, and the source of order in all worlds, in its passage through the heavens down to men upon earth necessarily puts on, in its manifestation in finite beings, a tincture of human limitation and imperfection. In none of them is it the pure divine Truth itself, as it exists in God. It consists of appearances of Truth adapted to the apprehension of finite beings, which become progressively more general and imperfect representations of divine Truth itself,

as they descend into the lower ranges of humanity, and especially when they finally reach men upon earth, whose understandings are so gross that only the most general forms of truth can find lodgment in them.

Now let us turn to Swedenborg's doctrine of the Word, and bring it into relation with the doctrine of influx of which we have just spoken. The Word or divine Truth as it exists in the minds of angels, is imperfect and finite. It is the highest truth they can receive at the moment, but it is never complete, because they themselves are finite, and the Word as it exists in God is infinite. Unless, therefore, angels were provided with some embodiment of pure divine truth, expressed in terms their intellects could grasp, to which they could go for further enlightenment, they would be unable to advance in spiritual knowledge and consequently in usefulness; for all usefulness depends on knowledge, and all truth enters the mind at all stages of its existence from without, through the senses. Their own speculations and imaginings would no more afford them a firm ground for progress than do those of men upon earth. In all the heavens, therefore, as well as on earth, Swedenborg tells us, the Word exists in a pure form, a visible embodiment of divine truth. No one can ever understand it completely, for in its inmost it is divine; but everyone can understand it better and better progressively; and it forms, as it were, the storehouse from which both angels and men must draw their increments of wisdom, which never cease, when once they have gained a real, vital hold upon its truths in the only way possible—by striving to govern their lives by its precepts while on earth.

It would be impossible for the Word to be thus adapted to the intellectual powers of the angels of all the heavens and of men upon earth, unless it consisted of symbols capable of being unfolded into higher and higher meanings, adequate to the spiritual states of those to whom it is communicated. Symbols possess this power of indefinite amplification of meaning from the law of correspondence which pervades the created universe. Creation is effected by the passage of divine truth through degrees of substance like those which cause the three heavens to be distinct from each other—taking on successively lower embodiments in each, and finally clothing itself with physical forms in the natural world. Thus every good natural object is a symbol of divine truth and, could our perception trace the interior substances which produce it, would lead us up to the Divine itself. As the written Word does consist of such divine symbols or, as Swedenborg puts it, is written in pure correspondences, it can not only be the same Word, while yielding indefinitely various meanings to various orders of mind, but it forms a link of connexion between the angels of heaven and men upon earth; so that when a man in this world reads the Word devoutly, with a sincere desire to learn the truth in order that he may live according to it, the affections and thoughts of the angels flow into his mind and produce that illumination and reinforcement of spiritual energy which all devout readers of the Word have experienced in all ages. Moreover, the ideas aroused in man by the devout reading of the Word, kindle the thoughts and affections of good spirits and angels, so that there is a circle of spiritual communication established between them. This, indeed, is the supreme use of the Word.



It is a ladder set up between earth and heaven, on which "*the messengers of God,*" which are divine truths, "*ascend and descend.*"

And here we must break off, reserving the central point of the whole theology, to which the foregoing is but introductory, for separate treatment in a paper on 'Swedenborg's Doctrine of the Incarnation.'

J. HOWARD SPALDING.

## OUR FAITH IN ORDER.

RAY KNIGHT, late I.C.S.

No word in common use conveys a clearer import of its sense than the word Religion; yet none has proved itself less susceptible of logical definition. It is only necessary to glance at a few of the definitions that have been attempted in order to realise both their inadequacy and their mutual incompatibility. To Hegel, Religion is knowledge, the knowledge acquired by the finite spirit of its essence as an absolute spirit. To Edward Maitland, it is a feeling, the infelt sense of harmony with the Divine. Schopenhauer makes it a philosophy and terms it the metaphysics of the masses. Caird calls it the expression of a man's ultimate attitude to the universe, the summed-up meaning and purpose of his whole consciousness of things; G. B. Shaw, a common view of the nature of will, the purpose of life, the design of organism, and the intention of evolution. And, in an extraordinary effort after comprehensiveness, Henry James defines Religion as the feelings, acts and experiences of individual men in their solitude so far as they apprehend themselves to stand in relation to whatever they may consider the Divine—a definition which invites the many and obvious criticisms that acts belong to a sphere other than that of Religion, that feelings are hardly to be distinguished from experiences, that the qualification 'in their solitude' is either superfluous or ridiculous, and that the clause succeeding these words seems a mere restatement of the subject of the definition.

All this confusion is evidence of nothing but a lack of clear thought. It surely needs no very profound introspection to discover that Religion has a double import,—an emotional and an intellectual. It is either the failure to recognise this double meaning, or else the hopeless endeavour to comprise both senses within one formula, that has begotten the strange diversity of opinion. Religion sometimes means Faith, sometimes Belief, and the confusion is worse confounded by the common inaccuracy which uses Faith and Belief as tautologous, and often indeed as synonymous with Religion itself.

The man who says *I believe* primarily predicates something of himself. He enunciates a fact concerning his own consciousness, and if he speak honestly his assertion is absolutely true. But as regards the fact believed, it is his unfortunate habit to employ the verb in a double sense—a sense which may connote either complete certainty or complete uncertainty; and we can resolve the ambiguity only by an examination of the substance of the assertion. Thus the devout Christian 'believes that' Christ will come to judge the quick and the dead, and equally 'believes that' we shall have a fine afternoon or a severe winter. And we know that in the one case he is expressing a truth on whose verity he would stake his life, but in the other a random opinion which he may alter an hour later. Clearly therefore the state of consciousness which he discloses by the affirmation *I believe* is utterly different in the two cases. The one is a revelation of his very being, the other a passing affection; and whether he believes in the one sense or in the other can be ascertained only from that which he says he believes.

All will agree that Belief in its religious application has nothing to do with the inferior opinionative sense. The reader may notice that the expression *belief in* generally, though not invariably, intends Belief of the higher order, while *belief that* is apt to preface the mere opinion. In many cases, however, the laxity of our language permits the indifferent employment of either form. It is more important to observe the means of discrimination between the two kinds of Belief suggested in the preceding paragraph. Whether the fact believed is a matter of Faith with the man, or merely one of opinion, is to be determined by the tenacity with which he holds it. That is to say, he who asserts that he believes may ascertain for himself in which sense he employs the verb, by inquiring whether *in any conceivable circumstances* he would, or rather could, consent to renounce his belief. If he can answer the inquiry in the negative, he may rest assured that he has founded himself upon a veritable rock; if not, he must confess that his house is builded on the sand.

When, therefore, a man professes a genuine Belief, he is giving expression to a permanent state or aspect of his consciousness, an aspect of which he can never rid himself. His consciousness insists from time to time on assuming this condition, and it assumes it independently of his volition. It is this condition or aspect or state or quality or faculty of the consciousness that we term Faith. What can we learn of the essential character of this condition? We can define it only in and through its manifestations. We know it as that faculty within us which expresses itself in a body of convictions or intuitions regarding the universe and man's place and

purpose therein. It asserts, for example, that God is good; that matter and force are indestructible; that man was created for other and higher purposes than those of animal life; that cause and effect are mutually adequate; that natural law is continuous; that somehow and somewhen virtue must be rewarded and vice punished. And it maintains these assertions in despite of the sensuous evidence that sometimes seems to contradict them. Thus it posits certain principles as dominating and controlling the exterior and interior worlds of consciousness; in a word, it compels man to see the universe as a cosmos. Now the secret of its all-powerful influence over the mind is not far to seek. Man is himself a cosmos, the creature of order, synthesis, harmony. Even though he be but a chance conglomerate of blind atoms, none the less these atoms have chanced to group themselves in him with a high degree of method and regularity. This is manifest of his body; and as for his mind (if it be conceded that the mind is other than a function of the body)—well, the man whose mind is not obedient to the discipline that governs those of his fellows is consigned to the lunatic asylum. Man's consciousness is itself a unity, that is, a cosmos. Faith therefore is that which compels man to externalize the Order on which man's own being depends. A microcosm himself, he can tolerate naught but cosmos in his environment. Whether he like it or not, whether he acknowledge it or not, man has Faith; and he can no more rid himself of it than he can destroy his own individuality. His very self-consciousness is itself an act of Faith!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A remarkable example of Faith has lately been afforded by the attitude of men of science towards radium. So far as 'laboratory evidence' goes, the phenomena of that wonderful substance directly controvert their funda-

Now Faith insists on expressing itself objectively, that is to say, through the medium of the intellect. This for several reasons. First, because man is a rational being, and this, his one permanent emotion—if such it may be termed—demands rationalized expression. Secondly, because the intuitions or convictions which it inspires form the foundations upon which the intellect erects its superstructure; and the restless analysis of that faculty subjects every portion of its tenement to the narrowest scrutiny. Thirdly, because Faith is ever assuming that dynamic form which we call Conscience, and, for the sake and purposes of the social life to which our nature prompts us as well as for our intellectual satisfaction, we are obliged first to objectivize and then to rationalize its insistent monitions. Conscience, in fact, is one of the most difficult and most prominent factors of the problem that our nature compels us to solve.

Thus when a man professes a real Belief, he is giving expression to an emotion, indefeasible, incontrovertible, irrefragable. He feels; he knows that he feels; and no power in the universe can contradict him. But the expression of his feeling, the shape in which he objectivizes it to himself and communicates it to others, is susceptible of limitless variation. It depends upon his temperament, intellectual capacity and early training, and also upon the plasticity of the language in which he expresses himself. Just as a man may feel the noblest love or the

mental doctrine of the Conservation of Energy. But their Faith is too strong—and rightly so—for the evidence; and they construct an explanation which, true though it may be, cannot be demonstrated true to the senses for a thousand years to come, if so soon. At present, and throughout the lifetime of every scientific man now in existence, the facts are and will remain inconsistent with the doctrine; but the scientist, despite his avowed principles, finds himself compelled to devise an explanation which assumes that the facts will eventually reconcile themselves to the conviction.

most immitigable anger and yet be unable to express his emotion save through a few bald words, so may he be inspired by the loftiest Faith, and yet be powerless to objectivize it save as a series of dry and repellent dogmas. But whereas the transient emotions of love or anger may be otherwise manifested than through language, or may indeed be wholly denied manifestation, Faith, the permanent element in consciousness, insists upon an intellectual formulation. For Man *must* 'cosmopoetize,' or he ceases to be Man.

With most men, the convictions are more numerous and more powerful than the capacity of the intellect can synthesize. They imbibe in childhood a certain body of teachings—that is, a universe theory—whose truth they accept for two reasons: first, because the teachings were and are held as true by those in whom they have confidence; secondly, because the teachings are so constructed as to adapt themselves more or less effectively to the promptings of the Faith within them. For among all minds of the same approximate degree of evolution there is a great general similarity; and though no two of them will, or indeed can, believe exactly the same things in exactly the same sense, the shades of disagreement are inappreciable beside the broad outlines of agreement. Moreover, all alike unite in believing that all believe alike; for this belief in identity of belief is itself a Faith expression, being founded on the conviction that there cannot be two inconsistent truths. It is at once more satisfactory and more cosmic, so to speak, to believe that the theory held by yourself is identical with that held by your neighbours. It engenders confidence in the truth, that is in the adequacy, of the belief.

In others, however, Faith itself may be relatively feeble and intellect relatively powerful. It is these latter who find, or who think that they find, a sufficient interpretation of the universe in the postulation of a sorry law of Chance. Interpretation of some sort they must have, even though they ignore all the more important elements of the problem in order to attain it. With perhaps the majority of thinking men in this country, the conflict between the intuitions of Faith and the available universe theories seems so hopeless that the task of reconciling the two is abandoned in despair, and they either sink into the ranks of those who 'keep their science and their religion in separate water-tight compartments,' or deny that reconciliation is possible and profess themselves agnostics. Formally, the complete acceptance of either of these positions involves the acceptance of Chaos. But it is not the ultimate Cosmos that is doubted, but only the capacity of our minds to grasp it. Although these thinkers profess in all sincerity that they can discover no certainty in the universe, some not even shrinking from the dangerous affirmation of a negative and asserting that certainty can never be attained, there is not one among them whose belief reaches below the intellectual skin of his mentality. In daily life, in affairs of the greatest as of the least importance, in their non-ratiocinative thoughts, in everything except logical statement, they are not less fully assured of the Order that governs all things than the most unthinking or the most devout of their fellows; nor are they the less confident of the rising of to-morrow's sun in that they cannot intellectually envisage it as more than a high probability.

Thus Religion is a term signifying an interior con-



dition together with its exterior expression, condition and expression both being characteristic of the human psyche and therefore universal. Of the definitions noticed at the beginning, Maitland's and Henry James' confine themselves to the condition and Schopenhauer's to the expression. Those of Caird and Shaw are more or less indifferent paraphrases of Schopenhauer's, while Hegel's is intrinsically meaningless. It is simpler and more accurate to say that Religion is compounded of Faith and Belief; that Faith is the consciousness of various aspects of the Cosmos, and that Belief is the expression of that consciousness, in other words, *the individual's intellectual synthesis of the universe*.

If to this it be objected that the definition will include doctrines such as those of the determinist, the positivist and the materialist, doctrines whose supporters repudiate all that is properly implied by Religion, the answer is easy; indeed, it has already been given. The objection derives its force from the mistaken restriction of Religion to theistic systems; it disappears when we recognise that every synthesis that the human mind conceives is inspired by the same interior necessity. Whether the system postulate or deny a personal God, whether it acknowledge or ridicule the idea of survival after death, whether it read chance or design in the world about us, still—*it is a system*. It is an endeavour to co-ordinate and explain the facts, and in one form or another it is a mental necessity to every human being. Its content varies with the capacity of the individual. Some have no sense of personal relationship with the Unseen Power manifested in the universe, and therefore find no place for that sense in their syntheses. Others

who feel no intuitive difficulty in conceiving thought as a secretion of the brain, frame their explanations in accordance with their simple needs. Others again are so deeply impressed with the relative unimportance of material phenomena that they consider them hardly worth interpretation; while a very large number, to whom the miraculous interference of the Deity with His own laws involves a conception in no wise inconsistent with reverence, yield an unhesitating allegiance to the traditional universe theories of Christianity, Hinduism and other religions. But atheist or spiritualist, follower of Tom Paine or disciple of Mrs. Baker Eddy, to each and all there is this in common: the intuitional sense of Cosmos and the intellectual synthesis which it compels. If then the definition seem too wide, the fault lies, not in its extension to all systems of thought, but in the failure to comprehend the full range of its subject.

It will now become easy to understand the peculiar acerbity with which every man resents an attack upon his accustomed Belief. Such an attack, he instinctively feels, is levelled against the very foundation of his being; for if it succeed, his Cosmos is reduced to Chaos, and this is literal annihilation. Never having reflected upon the uses and limitations of the intellect, never having analysed the motive which insists that he shall believe, he has grown up to identify the outward expression with the inner prompting, the Letter—formulated and static—with the Spirit—formless and dynamic. It seems to him that if the one be destroyed, the other must likewise perish; or at the least that he will be put to indefinite trouble and discomfort ere he can reconstruct his conception of his environment and live with it in

harmony once more. No man therefore putteth new wine into old skins; for if he do, the wine is wasted, and the experiment is disastrous to the skins. But commonly in adolescence, sometimes in later life, this disagreeable reconstruction of the Cosmos conception is an experience through which most or many of us pass. In some men, the developing needs of the Faith within them demand a fuller and completer expression than is furnished by the formulæ instilled in childhood; and the procession of expansion is apt to be tedious and painful, though occasionally it seems to come instantaneously and, like Saul of Tarsus, the experient 'finds Religion' in a momentary flash. In others, the formulæ have never been really adapted to the requirements of the inner mind, and the man sheds them spontaneously and without a pang. But in one way or in another, by passive acquiescence or urgent endeavour, by sudden illumination or slow painstaking inquiry, the equilibrium has to be attained. Once established, its possessor regards the attempt to disturb it as an assault upon the very citadel of his being, a violation of the Holy of Holies. For by whatever name we term Him, alike to philosopher and to man of science, to ignorant devotee and to cultivated mystic, to holy saint and to impious blasphemer, God before all else, is ORDER.

RAY KNIGHT.

NOTE.—It may plausibly be argued that the idea which I have tried to elaborate furnishes the long-sought key to the problem of *Æsthetics*. For men derive their love of harmony and beauty from the Cosmos intuition within them, and in the cultivation of the arts they are seeking to find alternative modes of expression for their most imperative instinct. Belief, which provides the philosophical or metaphysical mode, comes first, for

it appeals to the intellect, and intellect must be served. Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, gratify the inner craving for Order through the sense of sight; while Poetry, working through the indirect stimulation of the senses as well as by the direct appeal to the mind, combines something of all the other modes in a method of its own, and achieves its highest triumphs when it transcends while yet submitting to the limitations of the imperfect tool which it employs. But Music, whose very soul is Order,—the only art which expresses itself by the direct use of a natural force, and thus is relatively free from the restrictions which hamper its sisters—affords the most effective means of appeal to the Divinity within us. Losing in definition what it gains in freedom, it stirs within us an emotion profounder than even poetry can excite, awakening a dim consciousness of a sphere wherein, this gross physical matter of our environment all left behind, the Cosmos Principle reigns unchallenged and supreme.

## THE POETRY OF YONÉ NOGUCHI.

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

As soon as Yoné Noguchi reached England last December he called upon his old friend Yoshio Markino. The meeting must have been very emotional if we may judge from Markino's piquant description of it. "When we met each other," writes the Japanese artist, "he embraced me with tears. . . . We looked into each other's eyes and laughed without any words for quite one minute." It must have been a very memorable meeting after an interval of ten eventful years; a meeting charged with deep feeling, and one that called forth a host of memories. So much has happened since they grubbed along together in a Brixton lodging-house, often without the wherewithal to pay their way. Both have suffered to the full, and both have now come into their own and reaped a reward they richly deserve.

Just as Rabindranath Tagore suddenly revealed the splendour of Indian poetry to many English people to whom it had been a closed book before, so has Yoné Noguchi made known in his poems something of the magic and glamour of the Land of the Gods. Both these poets are far from being representative of their predecessors. Neither is strictly Indian or Japanese, for both poets have been considerably influenced by Western thought, and it may be that this very compromise has enabled us to appreciate their work. If

their poems are derivative to a certain extent, they are nevertheless stamped with originality and fragrant with the dreamy, silken charm of the East. When sometimes a coin is borrowed from the West, it is always reminted in the fire of the Orient. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne writes: "To my thinking Mr. Noguchi at his best is not so much of a Japanese poet as an English poet in love with Japan, and permeated with its atmosphere and dreaming its dreams. Mr. Noguchi's Japanese idylls are not more, so to say, locally Japanese than such poets as Alfred de Musset or Gautier might have written, and his love-poems speak with the voice of lovers all over the world." It is going a little too far to describe Noguchi as 'an English poet in love with Japan.' Lafcadio Hearn was in love with Nippon, if ever a man were, but even he, with all the great prose-poems to his name, could not have written the poetry of Noguchi or anything like it, because the fire that burns behind, in spite of wanderings in other lands, is essentially Japanese, however much he may have ignored the ancient form of Nipponese versification. That Noguchi's love-poems should have something in common with love-poems throughout the world is inevitable, since love is a power common to all peoples. A mist gathers about Noguchi's passion; it seems to veil and make ghostly the women he is singing about just as vapour lingers round the summit of Mount Fuji. Noguchi is not a Japanese poet after the manner of Hitomara, or a poet in prose such as Chōmei. In his way Noguchi must have upset the literary dovecots of Japan as much as Masefield has done in this country. He seldom writes a *tanka* or *hokku*, and when he does so it is to fall far short of his great native poets. Noguchi spreads his wings for a

longer flight, untrammelled by thirty-one or seventeen syllables where he would but flutter feebly. He breaks rules, or rather he has no rules at all, and sings with the lyrical joy of a lark or with the peace of a home-going heron. The value and length of the flight entirely depends upon the intensity of his emotion. Most often he sings in a grey sky, as if he had abandoned his earthly nest and were in search of another somewhere in the clouds.

Yoshio Markino has won distinction as a writer partly because he has been able to give a new and quaint charm to our English language. He has taken certain words out of their conventional setting and made them laugh back at the reader in an odd and wholly delightful manner. He has gently poked fun at our dictionary and grammar, and somehow or other, I cannot explain it, he has formed a style of his own in which to express his kindly, shrewd, and often whimsical observations. Yoné Noguchi has also given something of a new value to our language which even the indefatigable Sir James Murray has not discovered. He has shaken or caressed out of words a meaning that often delights us, always leaves us expectant. It was something of a novelty when Noguchi first wrote and published his work in English, and that novelty has not quite worn off yet. But we are learning to appreciate Noguchi's work, not because it is quaint, but because it is essentially beautiful.

*From the Eastern Sea* was the first work of Yoné Noguchi's to be published in this country, and it appeared as a sixteen-page pamphlet in January, 1903. It was issued privately, and on the title-page was the following: 'Yoné Noguchi (Japanese).' The *format* was modest, as modest as the first edition of Omar, but

the poems were destined to receive high praise from George Meredith, Mrs. Meynell, Sir Sidney Colvin, Dr. Garnett, and many other distinguished writers. Mr. Thomas Hardy wrote in connection with the dinner given in honour of M. Anatole France that in these days "the literature of narrative and verse seems to be losing its qualities as an art." But in spite of the value he sets upon 'organic form and symmetry,' he wrote the following to the young Japanese poet ten years ago: "I am much attracted by the novel metaphors and qualifying words, which often are full of beauty, the luxuriance of phrase suggesting beds of Eastern flowers under the moonlight." Andrew Lang, none too ready to welcome new-comers as a rule, was scarcely less struck by Noguchi's 'remarkable command of our language.' The little volume contains many memorable poems, among them being 'Spirits of Fuji Mountain,' 'The Valley of Peace,' 'Under the Moon,' and 'O Cho San.' I quote a poem entitled 'Apparition':

" 'Twas morn ;  
 I felt the whiteness of her brow  
 Over my face ; I raised my eyes and saw  
 The breezes passing on dewy feet.

" 'Twas noon ;  
 Her slightly trembling lips of passion  
 I saw, but where she smiled  
 Were only yellow flakes of sunlight.

" 'Twas eve ;  
 The velvet shadows of her hair enfolded me ;  
 I eagerly stretched my hand to grasp her,  
 But touched the darkness of eve.



“ 'Twas night ;  
I heard her eloquent violet eyes  
Whispering love, but from the heaven  
Gazed down the stars in gathering tears.”

Noguchi's first two books, *Seen and Unseen* and *The Voice of the Valley*, were published in San Francisco in 1897. *Seen and Unseen* was issued by Messrs. Burgess and Garnett, who were, no doubt, friends of the poet, if we may judge from Mr. Burgess's very laudatory and very italicised introduction. He writes: “ In editing these poems, I have collaborated with Mr. Porter Garnett, whose sympathetic assistance has lightened a responsibility that only our regard for Yoné Noguchi might authorise; and if our hints and explanations of idiom and diction have aided him, and if our hands, laid reverently upon his writing, have in some places cleared a few ambiguous constructions, how generously has he repaid the debt. We gave him but the crude metal of our language, and he has returned it to us, minted into golden coin.” So much for these friendly publishers, who wrote of having received golden coin without a smile, while so many other publishers, more business-like but less friendly, do all the minting on their own account! The dedication in this volume could scarcely have been more modest. It runs thus: “ Ah, who will care for my poetry? I do not know yet, but I dare hope that there may be some unknown friends, and to them I lovingly dedicate these my songs.” It is rather unfortunate that the sub-title to this volume should be: ‘ Monologues of a Homeless Snail.’ It suggests a ditty by Sir W. S. Gilbert, and needless to say there is nothing Gilbertian about these mystical poems that lead Mr.

Burgess to be still more complex in his 'explanatory' remarks. "In one of these poems Noguchi inquires: '*Has no Romance been kept for me here?*' and comes the merciless answer, 'The ripples gone down far away, far away, they know!'" There is sadness in almost every line. The poet is lost in a mystical dream, and he cries, rather bitterly: "The icy word *alas* is made for me alone!" It is the work of a young poet-dreamer who is rather weighed down by the wonder of life than elated by it with the buoyancy of a Walt Whitman. Most of us who are not devoid of a spark of poetry and reverence, affect a rather feeble form of mysticism which we either grow out of and become tolerably cheerful, or exchange for the real mysticism of a Tauler or Suso. We need not, in spite of Mr. Burgess's heavy lubrications, take the mental tangles too seriously, for they are often nothing more than the Oriental version of Shakespeare's "Let's talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs." In one poem he writes:

"Dreamy Peace dwelt with me, whose magic vapours  
enclosed me, softly as lovers' shadows.

I ever nod upon the graves of Silence.

I ever loll upon waves of muteness, wrapping  
mists about my breast.

I ever roam around the unsettled land of Dawn,  
when the ruins moulder into their rest."

Omar wrote rather pessimistically of shadows.

Not so Noguchi when he sings:

"I delight in the shadow!

The shadow seems to me as radiant

Virtue, as honeyed Goodness,—as mirrory

Truth,—as royal servant,—as staid Stillness,—as  
restful

Meditation,—as watery Wisdom."

It is almost a relief, after much vain probing of mysteries, to discover a reference, however plaintive, to the Land of Fairies :

“My soul sails through the waveless, timeless  
mirror seas.

Oh, how near it seems to Fairyland !

Blow, blow a gust of wind ! Sweep away my soul-  
boat against that shore.”

If we remember later and more mature work, the poet's desire was fulfilled, for though he never loses his delicate spirituality, never breaks away from a wistful and pathetic tenderness, he attains, especially in his lullabies, a lightness of touch and a daintiness of fancy as if his thoughts were bright-winged butterflies that must settle on flowers rather than paper.

There is much fine work in *The Voice of the Valley*, noteworthy especially on account of its wonderful descriptions. In the previous volume the poet whispered his lines rather as a ghost whispering to shadows than as a human being. In *The Voice of the Valley* he shouts so that the hills may hear him. The glowing tribute of Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, of whom the poet wrote, “Thou and I, Charles, sit alone like two stars, west and east,” is well deserved. He writes : “His lines are charged with primitive eloquence ; his is the spontaneous song of a heart that is overflowing with melody—of a soul that would set all the world to music. There are passages in his poems as lofty and abrupt as the precipitous walls of the Valley he adores ; there are shadows also where the imagery is vague—as imagery should be where overshadowed ; there are heights dazzling with frost and sunshine ;

and over all is the fathomless and alluring sky, into which he soars like that aspiring soul of song that rests not this side the Gate of Heaven."

There were so many shadows in *Seen and Unseen*, so many timid peeps into the Beyond, and so much humility, the humility of a 'homeless snail,' that one is a little surprised to find in *The Voice of the Valley* a very marked assertion of the ego, frenzied outbursts a little reminiscent of some of the poems in Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. We are rather amazed that a Japanese poet writing in a foreign tongue should lay Solomon low, as it were, and name a cycle of his poems 'The Song of Songs Which is Noguchi's.' It scarcely harmonises with the very naïve dedication. When the poet writes: "I hail myself as I do Homer!" and when he exclaims that the Deity blesses him "in silence from the thousand temples of the stars," we begin to have our doubts about Japanese modesty and to wonder if it went out of fashion with *samurai*. Some of us may know the mystical interpretation of these lines, but those who do not will be inclined to agree with Noguchi when he writes, rather playfully, perhaps:

"O Yoné,—a ripple of the vanity-water, a rainbow  
from the vanity-cloud."

When the old Japanese poet wrote an amatory poem he did so with considerable restraint, partly because the *tanka* and *hokku* are so circumscribed in form as often not to admit of more than one thought, and partly because the Japanese woman's beauty was never described with the red-hot passion of a D. G. Rossetti, Verlaine, or Swinburne. Many Japanese artists have painted Yoshiwara beauties, but the

Japanese poet left them severely alone. He was always strictly decorous and felt that erotics were no fit theme for a lyrical fragment. But Yoné Noguchi, in a collection of prose-poems entitled *The Summer Cloud*, published in Tokyo, 1906, expresses love with a good deal of freedom. This is particularly noticeable in such poems as 'Yuki San,' 'I Have Seen Laughing Beauties Pass,' and 'Did You Go to Marriage Shrine?' It is when his love is more wistful, more subdued, that it is most effective, for Noguchi's work at its best is very far from being over-neurotic. He sings most sweetly when he is finding love, and not when he has seen "red shadows of dear Beauties, hot bosoms of dear Beauties, happy eyes of dear Beauties!" That sort of thing is scarcely worthy of Noguchi, not because it is a little licentious, but because it is altogether lacking in that fragrance and music and dreaminess which we associate with his work. He is capable of great love-poems where his suggestion points the way to far more doors of deep feeling than all his realism in some of the less restrained poems. 'Wave, Wave, Black Hair of My Beauty' is excellent. I quote in full 'Touch Me with Thy Soft Hands':

"Touch me with thy soft hands, O Yuki San!  
They are soft as soft moonbeams on the singing sands,  
O Yuki San! They are soft as soft kisses of the eve,  
thy soft hands, they are soft as soft rivulets over the  
Spring lands, O Yuki San!

"Oh touch me again with thy soft hands, O Yuki  
San! I feel the passion and truth of forgotten ages  
in their touches, O Yuki San! I feel the songs and  
incense in their touches, O Yuki San!

"Here by the sea I sit from dawn till dusk, O Yuki

San! I dream of thy soft hands, soft as soft foams on the laughing shore, O Yuki San! The sun is gone and the soft moon is rising, but never, never, never thy soft hands, thy soft hands again, O Yuki San!"

It is in *The Pilgrimage*, published in 1909, that we find the promise of great things in the earlier volumes fully realised. Mysticism, a devout love of Nature, the old wistfulness, and the gentle spirit of fairy, are all there. In these rice-paper pages, faintly powdered with silver, Yoné Noguchi has found himself, and in so doing he has perfected the medium of his song. The frenzy that lacked all balance has vanished, the grey mists have become opalescent, and there is a quiet strength, an individuality, in almost every line. In these poems he has sung songs that reach down to the heart of the spell-bound reader and fill it with rich dreams and fancies.

I have said that Noguchi's poetry is by no means typically Japanese, but at the same time his verse has that haunting touch of sadness, wistfulness, loneliness, that is common to nearly all the poetry of Japan. I have read many famous *tanka* and *hokku*, and while appreciating the subtle grace and clever play on words in these compositions, not one has given me the exquisite pleasure of Noguchi's work at its best. I feel that this Japanese poet has sprung from the dwarfed verses of his predecessors, and in a longer and more splendid flight has revealed, not the poetry of little things, but that larger poetry of great dreams and great desires.

Noguchi did not seek Fame. He trod patiently down life's road in search of Beauty, and when he found her he sang with a thrill of ecstasy, with a

tremor in his voice. It was his joy to sing so. He scarcely looked for recognition or he would not have written, in a moment of despair :

“I want no pleasure, love, success, only the mighty  
Nothing in No-more.”

Or :

“If I awaken not forever, pray, brother mortal,  
Make my grave under the greenest grass and carve  
this line : ‘HERE SLEEPS

A NAMELESS POET.’ ”

Ten years ago Professor B. H. Chamberlain wrote :  
“The so-called poems of Y. Noguchi, which have made  
a sensation (in California).” To-day there is no need  
for a parenthesis or a satirical reference to ‘so-called  
poems.’ To-day the literary world generally has seen  
fit to endorse the opinion of the Californians, who were  
among the first to recognise this poet's genius. Noguchi  
has the distinction of being Japan's greatest living poet,  
one whose song was too full of wonder, too charged  
with tears and laughter, too full of the hidden things  
of the heart and the pageantry of Nature, to be content  
with the limited versification of those who had gone  
before.

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

## THE DAISY WORLD.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

ADVENTURE means saying Yes, and being careless ; children say Yes to everything and are very careless indeed : even their No is usually a Yes, inverted or deferred. "I won't play," parsed by a psychologist, means "I'll play when I'm ready." The adventurous spirit accepts what offers regardless of consequences ; he who hesitates and thinks is a mere Policeman who prevents adventure. Now, everything offers itself to children, because they rightly think that everything belongs to them. Life is conditionless, if only people would let them accept it as it is. "Don't think ; accept !" expresses the law of their swift and fluid being. They act on it. They take everything they can—get. But it is the Policeman who adds the 'get,' changing the whole significance of life with one ugly syllable.

Each of the children possessed and treasured an adventure of its very own : an adventure-in-chief, private and particular, that could not possibly have happened to anybody else in the world. Grown-ups have these too, of course, whether they be kings, or married men, or private detectives. The child in us persists until the last hair and tooth fall out.

Thus, Jinny, Jimbo and Maria—three survivals in an age when education considers childhood a disease to be cured as hurriedly as possible—took their



adventure the instant that it came, and each was proud with a complete assurance of superiority that his or her particular one was unique. To no one else in the world could such a thing have happened, least of all to the other two. Each took it characteristically, according to his or her individual nature—Jinny, with a sense of Romance called deathless; Jimbo, with a taste for Poetic Drama, a dash of the supernatural in it; and Maria, with a magnificent inactivity that ruled the world by waiting for things to happen, then claiming them as her own. Her masterly instinct for repose ran no risk of failure from misdirected energy. And to all three secrecy, of course, was essential: “Don’t never tell the others, Uncle! Promise faithfully now!”

For, to every adventure Uncle Henry acted as audience, atmosphere and chorus. He watched whatever happened—audience; believed in its reality—atmosphere; and explained without explaining away—chorus. He had the unusual faculty of being ten years young as well as forty years old, and a real adventure was not possible without him.

The secrecy, of course, was not preserved for long; sooner or later the glory must be shared so that ‘the others’ knew—and envied. For only then was the joy complete, the splendour properly fulfilled. And so the old tired world went round and life grew more and more wonderful each day. For children are an epitome of life—a self-creating universe.

That week was memorable for several reasons. Daddy, overworked in an office, went for a change by sea to Scotland, taking Mother with him; Aunt Emily, in her black silk dress that crackled with disapproval, went to Tunbridge Wells—an awful place in another

century somewhere; and Uncle Henry was left behind to "take charge of 'em,"—"em" being the children and himself. It was evidence of monumental trust and power, placing him in their imaginations even above the recognised Authorities. His sway was never for a moment questioned.

"No lessons, then!" he had insisted as a condition of acceptance, and after much confabulation the point was yielded with reluctance. Maria claimed the victory, of course, by merely sitting still and affirming that her state of health was not satisfactory. Anyhow, it was to be a ten days' holiday all round. They had the house and grounds entirely to themselves, and with the departure of the elders a sheet was pulled by someone off the world, a curtain rolled away, another drop-scene fell, the word No disappeared, they saw invisible things.

Another reason, however, made the week memorable—the daisies. It was extraordinary. The very day after the grown-ups left the daisies came. Like thousands of small white birds, with bright and steady eyes, they arrived and settled, thick and plentiful. They appeared in sheets and clouds upon the grass, all of their own accord and unexplained. In a night the lawns turned white. It seemed a pre-arranged invasion. Jinny, first awake that morning, looked out of her window to watch a squirrel playing, and noticed them. Then she told the others; and Maria, one eye above the blankets, ejaculated "Ah!" She claimed the daisies too.

Now, whereas a single daisy has no smell and seems a common, unimportant thing, a bunch of several hundred holds all the perfume of the spring. No flowers lie closer to the soil or bring the smell of

earth more sweetly to the mind; upon the lips and cheeks they are softer than a kitten's fur, and lie against the skin like tired eyelids. They are, perhaps, the common people of the flower world, but they have in virtue of that fact the beauty and simplicity of the common people. They own a subdued and unostentatious strength, are humble and ignored, are walked upon, unnoticed, rarely thought about and never praised; they are cut off in early youth by mowing machines; yet their pain in fading is unreported, their little sufferings unsung. They cling to earth and never aspire to climb, but they hold the sweetest dew and nurse the tiniest little winds imaginable. Their patience is divine. They are proud to be the carpet for all walking, running things, and in their universal service is their strength. The rain stays longer with them than with grander flowers, and the best sunlight goes to sleep among them in great pools of fragrant and delicious heat. The daisies are a stalwart little people altogether.

But they have another quality as well—something elfin, wayward, mischievous. They peep and whisper. It is said they can cast spells. Certainly they can coax humans into their own lovely world and keep them there. There is a hint of impudence in their private conduct, half audacity, half wickedness, that shows itself a little in the way they stare unwinkingly all day at everything above them—at the stately things that tower proudly in the air—then just shut up at sunset without a word of explanation or apology. They see everything, but keep their opinions to themselves. Because people notice them so little, and even tread upon their tiny and enquiring faces, they are up to things all the time—undiscovered things. They

know, it is said, the thoughts of Marble Whites and Clouded Brimstones, as well as the intentions of the disappearing golden flies; why wind keeps often close to the ground when the tree-tops are without a single breath; but, also, they know what is going on *below* the surface. They live, moreover, in every country of the globe, and their system of inter-communication is so perfect that even birds and flying things can learn from it. They prove their breeding by their perfect taste in dress, the well-bred being ever inconspicuous; and their simplicity conceals enormous, undecipherable wonder. One daisy out of doors is worth a hundred shelves of text books in the house. Their mischief, moreover, is not revenge, though some might think it so—but a natural desire to be recognised and thought about and talked about a little. Daisies, in a word are—daisies.

And it was by way of the daisies that Jinny's great adventure came to her, the particular adventure that was her very own. For she had deep sympathy with flowers, a sympathy lacking in her brother and sister, and it was natural that her adventure in chief should come that way. She could play with flowers for long periods at a time; she knew their names and habits; she picked them gently, without cruelty, and never merely for the 'fun' of picking them; while the way she arranged them about the house proved that she understood their silent, inner natures, their likes and dislikes—in a word, their souls. As has been seen, she was the first to notice the arrival of the daisies. From the bedroom window she waved her arm to them, and showed plainly the pleasure that she felt. They arrived in troops and armies. Risen to the surface of the lawn like cream, she saw them

staring wide-eyed with suspicious innocence at the sky. They stared at *her*.

"Just when the others have gone away!" was her instant thought, though unexpressed in words. There was meaning somewhere in this calculated arrival!

"They *are* alive," she asked that afternoon, "aren't they? But why do they all shut up at night? Who—" she changed the word—"what closes them?"

She was alone with Uncle Henry, and they had chosen with great difficulty a spot where they could lie down without crushing a single flower with their enormous bodies. With considerable difficulty they had found it. Having done a great many things since lunch—a feast involving several second helpings—they were feeling heavy and exhausted. So Jinny chose this moment for her simple question. The world required explanation.

"There's life in everything," he mumbled with his face against the grass, "everything that grows especially." And having said it he settled down comfortably again to doze. His pipe was out. He felt rather like a log.

"But stopping growing isn't dying," she informed him sharply.

"Oh, no," he agreed lazily. "You're alive for a long time after that."

"Because *you* stopped growing before I was born."

"And I'm not quite dead yet."

"Exactly," she said, "so daisies *are* alive."

It was absurd to think of dozing at such a time. He rolled round heavily and gazed at her through half closed eyelids. "A daisy breathes," he murmured, "and drinks and eats; sap circulates in its little body."

Probably it feels as well. Delicate threads like nerves run through it everywhere. It knows when it is being picked or walked on. Oh yes; a daisy is alive all right enough." He sighed like a big dog that has just shaken a fly off its nose and lies waiting for the next attack. It came at once.

"But who knows it?" she asked. "I mean—there's no good being alive unless someone else knows it too!"

Then he sat up and stared at her. Jinny, he remembered, knew a lot of things she could tell to no one, not even to herself—and this seemed one of them. The question was a startling one.

"An intellectual mystic at thirteen!" he gasped. "How on earth did you manage it?"

"I'm not quite thirteen," she replied gravely, "and I'm not a mistylectual insect at all. But what's the good of being alive, even like a daisy, unless all the others know it—*us*, for instance?"

He still stared at her, sitting up stiffly, and propped by his hands upon the grass behind him. After prolonged reflection, during which he closed his eyes and opened them several times in succession, sighing laboriously while he did so, low mumbled words became audible:

"Forgive my apparent slowness," he said, "but I feel like a mowing machine this afternoon. I want oiling and pushing. The answer to your enquiry, however, is as follows: We could—*if* we took the trouble."

"Could know that daisies are alive?" she cried.

His great head nodded.

"If we thought about them very, very hard indeed," he replied, "and for a very, very long time, we could

feel as they feel, and so understand them and know exactly *how* they are alive."

And the way he said it, the grave, thoughtful, solemn way, convinced her, who already was convinced beforehand.

"I do believe we could," she answered simply.

"I'm sure of it," he said.

"Let's try!" she whispered breathlessly.

For a minute and a half they stared into each other's eyes, knowing themselves upon the verge of an immense discovery. They balanced on the threshold of untold adventure. She did not doubt or question; she did not jeer and tell him he was only humbugging. Her heart thrilled with the right conditions—expectation and delight. Her dark brown eyes were burning.

He murmured something then she did not properly understand.

"Expect and delight  
Is the way to invite;  
Delight and expect—  
And you'll know things direct!"

"Let's try!" she repeated, and her face proved that she fulfilled his conditions without knowing it; she was delighted, and she expected everything.

He scratched his head, wrinkling his nose and pursing up his lips a moment. "There's a dodge about it," he explained, "a certain kind of dodge. To know a flower yourself you must feel like it. Its life, you see, is different to ours. It doesn't move and hurry, it just lives. It feels sun and wind and dew; it feels the insects' tread; it lifts its skin to meet the rain drops and the whispering butterflies. It doesn't run away. It has no fear of anything, because it has

the whole green earth behind it, and it feels safe because millions of other daisies feel the same——”

“And smells because it’s happy,” put in Jinny. “Then what *is* a daisy? What is it really?”

She was ‘expecting’ vividly. Her mind was hungry for essentials. This mere description told her nothing real. She wanted to feel ‘direct.’

What is a daisy? The little word already had a wonderful and living sound—soft, sweet and beautiful. But to tell the truth about this ordinary masterpiece was no easy matter. An ostentatious lily, a blazing rose, a wayward hyacinth, a mass of showy wistaria—notorious, complicated flowers—presented fewer difficulties. A daisy seemed too simple to be told, its mystery and honour too humble for proud human minds to understand.

So he answered gently, while a Marble White sailed past between their very faces: “Let’s think about it hard; perhaps we’ll get it that way.”

The butterfly sailed off across the lawn; another joined it, and then a third. They danced and flitted like winged marionettes on wires that the swallows pulled; and, as they vanished, a breath of scented air stole round the trunk of the big lime tree and stirred the daisies’ heads. A thousand small white faces turned towards them; a thousand steady eyes observed them; a thousand slender necks were bent. There seemed a little wave of movement over the lawn as though the flowers pressed nearer, aware at last that they were being noticed. And both humans, the big one and the little one, felt a thrill of sudden happiness and beauty in their hearts. The rapture of the Spring slipped into them. They concentrated all their thoughts on daisies. . . .



“I’m beginning to feel it already,” whispered the Little Human, turning to gaze at him as though that breath of air impelled her to.

The wind blew her voice across his face like perfume; he looked, but could not see her clearly; she swayed a little; her eyes melted together into a single lovely circle, bright and steady within their fringe of feathery lashes. He tried to speak—“Delight and expect, and we’ll know it direct”—but his voice spread across whole yards of lawn. It became a single word that rolled everywhere about him, rising and falling like a wave upon a sea of green: “Daisy, daisy, daisy.” On all sides, beneath, above his head as well, it passed with the music of the wandering wind, and he kept repeating it—“Daisy, daisy!” *She* kept repeating it too, till the sound multiplied, yet never grew louder than a murmur as of air and grass and tiny leaves—“Daisy, daisy, daisy.” It broke like a sea upon the coast-line of another world. It was everywhere.

But another sound lay underneath. As the crest of a breaking wave utters its separate note of foam above the general booming of the sea that bears it, so the flying wave of daisy-tones rose out of this deeper sound beneath. Both humans became aware that it was but a surface voice they imitated. They heard the foundation sound that bore it—deep, booming, thunderous, half lost and very far away. It was prodigious; yet there was safety and delight in it that brought no hint of fear. They swam, it seemed, upon the pulse of some enormous but very gentle life that rose about and through them in a swelling tide. They felt the heave of something that was strong enough to draw the moon, yet soft enough to close a daisy’s

eyes. They heard the deep, lost roar of it, rising and coming nearer. Ah, it was exquisite. They were in the Daisy world.

"The Earth!" he whispered. "And the Spring is rising through it. Listen!"

"We're growing together," replied the Little Human. "We're rising with the Spring!"

He tried to move and reach her, but found that he could not take a step in any direction, and that his feet were imbedded in the soft damp soil. The movement that he tried to make spread wide among a hundred others like himself. They rose on every side. All shared his movement as all had shared his voice. He heard his whole body murmuring, singing "Daisy, daisy, daisy . . . ." And she leaned over, bending towards him a slim form in a graceful line of green that formed the segment of a circle. A little shining face came close for a moment against his own. It was rimmed with delicate spears of pink and white. It sang as it shone. The Spring was in it. There were hundreds like it everywhere, yet he recognised it as one he knew. There were thousands, tens of thousands, yet this one he distinguished because he loved it.

Their faces touched like the fringes of two clouds, and then withdrew. They remained very close together, side by side among thousands like themselves, slowly rising on the same great tide. The Earth's round body was beneath them. They felt quite safe. But already they were different—they were otherwise than they had been.

"We're changing," he murmured, seizing some fragments of half-remembered speech. "We're marvellously changed!"

"We're daisies," he heard her vanishing reply, "two daisies on the lawn!"

And then their voices went. That was the end of speech, the end of thinking too. They only felt. . . .

Long periods passed above their heads and then the air about them turned gorgeous as a sunset sky. It was a Clouded Yellow that sailed lazily past their faces with spreading wings as large as clouds. They shared that saffron glory. The draught of cool air fanned them. The splendid butterfly left its beauty in them and sailed away. But that sunset sky had lasted for hours; that cool wind fanning them was a breeze that blew steadily from the hills making 'weather' for half an afternoon. Time and duration as humans measure them had passed away; there was existence without hurry; end and beginning had not been invented yet. They did not know things in the stupid sense of having names for them; all that there was they shared: that was enough. They knew by feeling.

For everything was plentiful and inexhaustible—the heavens emptied light and warmth upon them without stint or measure; space poured about them freely, for they had no wish to move; they felt themselves everywhere, for all they needed came to them without the painful effort of busy things that hunt and search outside themselves; both food and drink slipped into them unawares from an abundant source that equally supplied whole forests without a trace of lessening or loss. All life was theirs, full, free and generous beyond conception. They owned the world, without even the trouble of knowing that they owned it. They lived, simply staring at the universe with eyes of exquisitely fashioned beauty. They knew joy and peace, and were content with that.

They did communicate ; oh, yes, they shared each other's special happiness. There was, it is true, no sound of broken syllables, no speech which humans use to veil the very thing they would express ; but there was that simpler language which all Nature knows, which cannot lie because it is unconscious, and by which constellations probably converse with buttercups or cedars with the flying drops of rain—there was gesture. For gesture and attitude can convey all the important and necessary things, while speech in the human sense is but an invention of some sprite who wanted people to wonder what he really meant. In sublimest moments it is never used even in the best circles of intelligence ; it drops away quite naturally ; souls know one another face to face in dumb yet eloquent gesture :

“The sun is out ; I feel warm and happy ; there is nothing in the world I need !”

“You are beside me,” he replied. “I love you and we cannot go apart. I smell you even when no wind stirs. You are sweetest when the dew has gone and left you moist and shiny.”

A little shiver of enjoyment quivered through her curving stem. His petals brushed her own. She answered :

“Wet or fine, we stand together, and never stop staring at each other until we close our faces—”

“In the long darkness ; but even then we whisper while we grow—”

“And open our eyes exactly at the same moment when the light comes back—”

“And feel warm and soft, and smell more delicious than ever in the dawn.”

These two brave daisies, growing on the lawn, had

lives of concentrated, crammed enjoyment, asking no pity for their humble station in the universe. All treated them with unadulterated respect, and everything made love to them because they were so tender and so easily pleased. They knew, for instance, that their splendid Earth was turning with them, for they felt the swerve of her, sharing from their roots upwards her gigantic curve through space; they knew the sun was part of them, because they felt it drawing their sweet-flavoured food up all their dainty length till it glowed in health upon their small, flushed faces; also they knew that streams of water made a tumbling fuss and sent them messages of laughter, because they caught the little rumble of it through miles of trembling ground. And some among them—though these were prophets and poets but half believed, and looked upon as partly mad and partly wonderful—felt the sea itself far leagues away, bending their heads this way and that for hours at a stretch according to the thundering vibrations that the tide sent through the soil from distant shores.

But all, from the tallest spread-heads to the smallest button-faces—all knew the pleasure of the uncertain winds; all knew the game of holding flying things just a moment longer, by fascinating them, by drowsing them into sleepiness, by nipping their probosces, or by puffing perfume in their nostrils while they fastened their feet with the pressure of a hundred yellow rods. For they could regulate their perfume just as humans can regulate emotion. . . .

Enormous periods passed away. A cloud that for a man's 'ten minutes' hid the sun, wearied them with depression, so that they simply closed their eyes and went to sleep. Showers of rain they loved, because it

washed and cooled them and they felt the huge satisfaction of the earth beneath them as it drank; the sweet sensation of wet soil that sponged their roots, the pleasant gush that sluiced their bodies and carried off the irritating dust. They also felt the heavier tumbling of the swollen streams in all directions. The drops from overhanging trees came down and played with them, bringing another set of perfumes altogether. A summer shower was, of course, 'a month' to them, a day of rain like weeks of holiday by the sea. But, most of all, they enjoyed the rough and tumble nonsense of the violent weather, when they were tied together by the ropes of running wind; for these were visiting days—all manner of strangers dropped in upon them from distant walks in life, and they never knew whether the next would be a fir-cone or one of those careless, irresponsible travellers, a bit of thistle-down. . . .

And for all their steadiness of life, they knew incessant change—the variety of a daisy's existence was proverbial. Nor was the surprise of being walked upon too alarming—it did not come to all—for they knew a way of bending beneath enormous pressure so that nothing broke, while sometimes it brought a queer delicious pleasure, as when the bare feet of some flying child passed lightly over them, leaving wild laughter upon a group of them. They knew, indeed, a thousand joys, proudest of all, however, that the big Earth loved them so that she carried millions of them everywhere she went.

And all, without exception, communicated their knowledge by movements, attitudes and gestures they assumed; and, since each stood close to each, the enjoyment spread quickly till the entire lawn felt one

undivided sensation by itself. Anything passing across it at such a moment, whether insect, bird, loose leaf or even human being, would be aware of this—poets, it is said, have received their sweetest inspirations upon a daisied lawn in the flush of spring!—and thus, for a fleeting second, share another world. Nor is it always a sight of prey that makes the swallows dart so suddenly sideways and away, but some chance message of joy or warning intercepted from the hosts of flowers in the soil.

And from this region of the flower-life comes, of course, the legend that fairies have emotions that last for ever, with eternal youth, and with loves that do not pass away to die. Because the measurement of existence is a mightier business than with over-developed humans-in-a-hurry. For knowledge comes chiefly through the eye, and the eye can perceive only about six times in a second—things that happen more quickly or more slowly than six times a second are invisible. No man can see the movement of a growing daisy, just as no man can distinguish the separate beats of a sparrow's wing: one is too slow and the other is too quick. But the daisy is practically all eye. It is aware of most delightful things. In its short life of months it lives through an eternity of unhurrying perceptions and of big sensations. Its youth, its loves, its pleasures are—to it—quite endless.

“I can see the old sun moving,” she murmured, “but you will love me for ever, won't you?”

“Even till it sinks behind the hills,” he answered; “I shall not change.”

“So long we have been friends already,” she went on. “Do you remember when we first met each other, and you looked into my opening eye?”

He sighed with joy, as he thought of the long stretch of time.

“That was in our first reckless youth,” he answered, catching the gold of passionate remembrance from an amber fly that hovered for an instant and was gone. “I remember well. You were half hidden by a drop of hanging dew, but I discovered you! That lilac bud across the world was just beginning to open.” And, helped by the wind, he bent his shining head, taller than hers by a sixtieth of an inch, towards the lilac trees beside the gravel path.

“So long ago,” she murmured, happy with the exquisite belief in him, “so long ago as that! And you will never change or leave me—promise, oh, promise that!”

His stalk grew nearer to her own. He leaned protectively towards her face.

“Until that bud shall open fully to the light and smell its sweetest,” he replied—the gesture of his petals told it plainly—“so long shall you and I enjoy our happy love.”

It was an eternity to them.

“And longer still,” she pleaded.

“And longer still,” he whispered in the wind. “Even until the blossom falls.”

Ah, it was good to be alive with such an age of happiness before them!

He felt the tears in her voice, however; he knew there was something that she longed to tell.

“What is your sadness?” he asked softly, “and why do you put such questions to me now? What is your little trouble?”

A moment’s hesitation, a moment’s hanging of the graceful head the width of a petal’s top nearer to his shoulder—and then she told him.



"I was in darkness for a time," she faltered, "but it was a long, long time. It seemed that something came between us. I lost your face. I felt afraid."

And his laughter—for just then a puff of wind passed by and shook his sides for him—ran across many feet of lawn.

"It was a Bumble Bee," he comforted her. "It came between us for a bit, its shadow fell upon you, nothing more! Such things will happen; we must be prepared for them. It was nothing in myself that dimmed the world."

"Another time I will be braver then," she told him, "and even in the darkness I shall know you close, ah, very close to me. . . ."

For a long, long stretch of time, then, they stood joyfully together and watched the lilac growing. They also saw the movement of the sun across the sky. An eternity passed over them. . . . The vast disc of the sun went slowly gliding. . . .

But all the enormous things that happened in their lives can not be told. Lives crammed with a succession of such grand and palpitating adventures lie beyond the reach of clumsy words. The sweetness sometimes was intolerable, and then they shared it with the entire lawn and so obtained relief—in order to begin again. The humming of the rising Spring continued with the thunderous droning of the turning Earth. Never uncared for, part of everything, full of the big, rich life that brims the world in May—ah, almost fuller than they could hold sometimes—they passed with existence along to their appointed end.

"We began so long ago, I simply can't remember it," she sighed.

Yet the sun they watched had not left a half degree behind him since they met.

“There was no beginning,” he reproved her, smiling, “and there will never be any end.”

And the wind spread their happiness like perfume everywhere until the whole white lawn of daisies lay singing their rapture to the sunshine. . . .

The minute under-world of grass and stalks seemed of a sudden to grow large. Yet till now they had not realised it as ‘large’—but simply natural. A beetle, big and broad as a Newfoundland dog, went lumbering past them, brushing its polished back against their trembling necks. Yet, till now, they had not thought of it as ‘big’—but simply normal. Its footsteps made a grating sound like the gardeners’ nailed boots upon the gravel paths. It was strange and startling. Something was different, something was changing. They realised dimly that there was another world somewhere, a world they had left behind long, long ago, forgotten. Something was slipping from them, as sleep slips from the skin and eyes in the early morning when the bath comes ‘pinging’ upon the floor. What did it mean? Big and little, far and near, above, below, inside and outside—all were mixed together in a falling rush.

They themselves were changing.

They looked up. They saw an enormous thing rising behind them with vast caverns of square outline opening in its sides—a house. They saw huge, towering shapes whose tops were in the clouds—the familiar lime-trees. Big and tiny were mixed together.

And that was wrong. For either the forest of grass was as big as themselves—in which case they still were daisies; or else it was tiny and far below

them—in which case they were hurrying humans again. There was this odd confusion . . . while consciousness swung home to its appointed centre and Adventure brought them back towards the old, dull starting place again.

There came an ominous and portentous sound that rushed towards them through the air and through the solid ground as well. They heard it and grew pale with terror. Across the entire lawn it rumbled nearer, growing in volume awfully. The very earth seemed breaking into bits about them. And then they knew.

It was the End of the World that their prophets had long foretold.

It crashed upon them before they had time to think. The roar was appalling. The whole lawn trembled. The daisies bowed their little faces in a crowd. They had no time even to close their innocent eyes. Before a quarter of their sweet and happy life was known, the End swept them from the world, unsung and unlamented. Two of them who had planned Eternity together fell side by side before one terrible stroke. . . .

“I do believe,—” said Jinny, brushing her tumbled hair out of her eyes.

“Not possible!” exclaimed Uncle Henry, sitting up and stretching himself just like a dog. “It’s a thing I never do, *never*, NEVER!”

They stared at each other with suspiciously sleepy eyes.

“Promise,” she whispered presently, “promise never to tell the others!”

“I promise faithfully,” he answered. “But we’d

better get up or we shall have our heads cut off like  
—all the other daisies.”

He pulled her to her feet—out of the way of the  
heavy mowing machine which the gardener was pushing  
with a whirring, droning noise across the lawn.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

## NEBULA AND NEST.

### I.

I HAVE fled far !  
I have not stayed my quest for any star  
That in my pathway stood  
And sang in the soul's ear,  
" Behold the Good ! "  
But I have sought the sphere  
Wherein His thought immense—  
His love, His dream,  
His ardent seeking sense  
Of uttermost exactitudes that seem  
All novelty and flow and wilful change  
Crest upward first toward creative joy :  
And from the dreadful range  
Of absolute and unconditioned mind  
Door of deliverance find  
In sweet employ.

I stretched upon His storm my fragile wings  
And went with the great wind  
That poured its music through the frame of things.  
Dreadful was the embrace  
To which we rushed beyond the edge of space ;  
For He that is all-loving would immerse  
His fulhead in the Nought,  
His Immemorial Thought  
Utter through strife.  
Yea, as melodic fire

That sought the consummation of desire,  
 All down the exultant trumpet of the skies  
 Athwart the spreaded strings  
 Of vibrant light—  
 There was our flight ;  
 And as a speedful song was our emprise.

So have I seen the sacred stream of life  
 In one swift act sublime  
 Enter our universe :  
 The bridal of Eternity and Time.  
 Then in the womb of darkness there began  
 Soft movements of maternal energy,  
 And golden filaments of life that ran  
 Athwart the dim :  
 Then first was laid the plan  
 That builded upward to the soul of man,  
 And bore to Him  
 Far in the wild  
 A veritable child.

## II.

Yea, I have travelled far ;  
 I have not stayed my quest for any star  
 Nor found in any sun the light I need.  
 Authentic contact with the unconfined—  
 This might alone suffice mine avid mind,  
 This might alone my hungry spirit feed.  
 Now in and in I come,  
 Out of the mists of distant nebulae  
 Swing again home :  
 Entering at last,  
 The edgeless solitudes of God o'er passed,

That one warm narrow place  
Where mind is free  
From the terrific liberties of space,  
And the heart best  
Can make for Him a nest.

As the palmer, coming home again  
From the sweet Sepulchre,  
Finds Christ afield amongst his fellow men  
And summed in her  
Who waits him, all his portion of that grace  
Which shone from Mary's face—  
So the pale skies  
Radiant of love,  
And the swift cloudy spirits that arise  
Wistful of some unthought divine surprise  
Full friendly prove  
To this my quest, and heal my hungry pain ;  
Yet softly say, " In vain  
Thy pilgrim's scrip, and all thy traveller's state !  
As we around the earth in pageant go  
Yet to no goal attain,  
Thou dost but tread the orbit of thy brain  
In thine ecstatic flight  
That would achieve His dread Excess of Bright.  
Not so  
The limited the Limitless may know.  
Wait, pilgrim, wait !  
Cleanse thou thy sight,  
Prepare thine ear,  
To see Him in His light,  
The flowering of His melody to hear.  
His feet are on the road : stay thou at home,  
He shall appoint a meeting when He come."

## III.

How still it is !  
And yet there's music here ;  
Music alone goes with me all the way  
Divinely clear.  
Thou dost beat out at me  
From the leaves of the chestnut tree  
Here at my window peeping as I pray  
Thy very Selfhood's bliss  
In life's rich fugue confest ;  
Thy heart's dear melody  
By crescent form exprest.  
And I, that all the fervours of the Abyss  
Might not delay,  
Am caught in Thy bird's nest—  
Meet shelter of the smallest soul that sings!—  
Find, nestling warm against a feathery breast,  
My long sought rest  
And fold my weary wings.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.



## IMMORTALITY.

SOME breathe their thoughts into brass,  
Some carve their dreams into stone,  
Hoping when dead and gone  
They shall not utterly pass.

Some into a song distil  
Their life-blood; the rare perfume  
Of its cordial out-lives the tomb,  
An elixir to warm and thrill

Other hearts that have yet to beat.  
And some in their Art put their trust,  
Deeming to make their dust  
Flower under Death's very feet.

But brass and marble and songs  
Are but fuel for Time and his pyre,  
And those whose undying desire  
For full immortality longs,

Must fashion in flesh and in blood,  
On an ever more perfect plan,  
Wrought of the granite of man  
And the grace of womanhood,

Their image,—a mystical whole,  
Flawless, full-orbed and complete,  
Fulfilment and Paraclete  
Of their being, and soul of their soul.

All else moulders slowly away,  
Like tattered wreaths on a shrine,  
But our sons are as lamps that shine  
Before our eikons for aye.

CLAUDESLEY BRERETON.

## THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU.

THE citadel of being : this is the goal,  
The quest we pursue awhile.  
Sunlight and shadow flicker on the path ;  
The level plain sleeps monotonous,  
Or steep hills urge to further effort ;  
Views vary. Nought remains ;  
We look out and life eludes us.

Colour blends into colour. They mingle  
Their glow, and shift from one shade  
To a deeper, passing on in a gorgeous array ;  
For the dawn is glorious, and noonday,  
Glorious also the setting sun.  
Life palpitates to life, though  
We may not stay or hold it.

The past accumulates the present ;  
The present grows great with the future.  
The three merge into one, a living stream,  
Past, present, future, dependent on each other,  
Becoming indivisible, always becoming,  
Becoming other and forever,  
Becoming something new.

Dead things drift detached. They whirl and eddy.  
Tossed aside, they tarry and rot on the surface,  
To flutter, to rest, to sink. Below,  
Life streams on unceasing and personal.  
To each one freshly it flows and springs,  
Waves upon waves of it, splashing  
Upward triumphing.

Where then is the goal of our seeking,  
The source of our life and its centre?  
Far away on the crest of the seas  
Or deep in the heart of the hills? No; in truth,  
It is here. It is through us alone conceived.  
We carry life with us,  
While by it we are carried.

Life continuous flows from us, laves, envelopes,  
enfolds us;  
On the surface we scatter and break and yield.  
Details divide into luring distractions;  
Images loom solid in time and in space;  
Outward forms come and go; but hidden  
Within them life is renewed,  
Ever renewed, to be hidden anew.

The essential moves with us;  
We and it are the same.  
Wealth, intellect, beauty, experience and pain,  
Alone or companioned, analysed or ignored,  
In our own nature alone can revealed be our nature;  
And God's creatures creative  
His creation create.

Alone of His creatures can we pierce through the  
outward

Into the mystery of God. His eternal

Light, life, love and spirit

Can be known to the human and mortal

Within; yet beyond us, not wrought by our hand,

Eternally changing, enlarging, responding,

Yet achieved, recognised and enshrined in ourselves.

BEATRICE WOODROFFE.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

### THE HUMAN SOUL.

And its Relation with Other Spirits. By Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B., Abbot of Buckfast. London (Herder); pp. 368; 5s. net.

**EVEN** if this clear and clever exposition by the Very Rev. Father Abbot of Buckfast were not furnished with a *Nihil obstat* and the dual *Imprimatur* of the Archbishops of Westminster and Freiburg the student of Latin orthodoxy would know what to expect in the way of doctrine. It is practically an eclectic digest and summary, in language that can be understood by the layman, of the *dogmata* of that most consummate of the Summists, Thomas Aquinas (13th cent.), helped out in some instances by the commentaries of Cajetan (16th cent.), to whom the author frequently refers as 'our masters.' For Dom Anscar Vonier, Thomas of Aquin is still the Angelic Doctor (p. 109) *par excellence*, the 'great sage' (p. 217), whose arguments are possessed of 'overpowering reasonableness' (p. 214), and whose *Summa* 'contains the ripest fruits of a wisdom more than human' (p. 212). And, indeed, it was a not unsuccessful attempt to synthetise the whole culture of the Middle Age in the interests of the dogmatic theology of the then all-dominant Church. In Thomism scholasticism reached its greatest height; it could go no further. The task of those who came after Thomas was simply to defend, as best they could, his elaborate structure against the steadily rising flood of the ever more exact experimental research and freer thought of the Renaissance and Modern Age. Thomistic scholasticism is fundamentally the apologetic of dogmatic *apriorism*, in the interests of what was believed to be an absolutely infallible revelation of God to man, which had to be accommodated to the realities of life by an elaborate system of subtle casuistry, while the magic of miracle was held in reserve as a *deus ex machina* to extricate infallibility from otherwise impossible *impasses*. This revelation was not confined to the Bible, but was regarded as 'God's revelation to His Church' (p. 196), or in other words 'the official teaching of the Catholic Church' (p. 259). Now as Thomism

presumes that all such claims can be intellectually established, and as its admirers believe that it has achieved this demonstration, it follows that nothing can be more distasteful to its pretensions than to have its premises questioned and its logic shown to be at fault; and therefore we are once more told, as we have always been told by the officials of the Latin Church, that "the greatest moral depravity is to be found in intellectual sins, rebellions of the mind against revealed Divine Truth and established authority" (p. 149). On the other hand, we are informed that "in intellectual operations we find the highest awakening of the soul in mortal life" (p. 47), and read of "the divine act of making a good logical distinction" (p. 10). Well, in the days of Thomas exact science was not yet born; the comparative study of religion, and the history of dogma and biblical criticism were undreamed of; men had not yet begun to question the premises on which this huge structure of dogma was erected; dogma reigned supreme, and the logical optimism that comfortably turned its back on the actual difficulties and contradictions of concrete life, could build up its own subjective construct to its complete satisfaction. Of the many things of interest in this scholastic synthesis none is more arresting to the student of comparative religion, than the similarity and contrast between Christian and Buddhist scholasticism: both have elaborated and perfected a psychology through centuries of thinkers; yet the former bases all its hopes on the reality and immortality of the human soul, while the latter considers this idea of soul to be the most fruitful cause of error. This is one of those great contradictions arising in similar environments that confront the scholar of humanity and student of religion, which if spiritually envisaged should convert the apparently unendurable tension into a mighty means of deepening the spiritual consciousness. Let us then see what are the main doctrines of scholastic psychology, remembering that we are here face to face with a Christian dogmatic determination of an elaborated Aristotelian and Later-Platonic blend of ideas, the latter being transmitted to the early Middle Age through the mind of Augustine and later on by the Pseudo-Dionysian writings. Criticism may be kept on one side as much as possible, for of that there has been an unceasing stream ever since the days of the Renaissance and the Reform; and selection must be made from Abbot Vonier's very extensive summary, of such points of doctrine only as seem to possess a more general interest.

First, then, as to the nature of spiritual substance: "a spirit's

activity is all intellect and will" (p. 5). "A spirit has all his knowledge inborn or infused from above; a spirit sees everything by direct intuition; a spirit never goes back from a decision once taken; a spirit by his very spirit-nature knows all those things that are inferior to him, with the exception of the free acts of rational creatures" (p. 6). As to spirit and matter, they are to be distinguished as radically opposite and incompatible. "Matter, even when full of life and sensation, lives and feels according to laws which, if laid on a spirit, would, *ipso facto*, destroy his spirituality" (p. 18). At the same time these laws are of course in themselves the expression of God's will and wisdom, and matter is His creation. As to soul in general; it is regarded as "a principle of life and sensation for the body" (p. 19). The animal soul cannot exist separate from the bodily organism. It is far otherwise with the human soul, which is capable of an existence outside the body. "The human soul is the highest soul, not precisely because it is spirit, besides being soul, but because sentient life in the human organism reaches a height, owing to the soul's presence, which is not reached in any other animal" (p. 19). Nevertheless, as we shall see, in the case of man, spirit and soul are one; trichotomy is not to be tolerated. Not only so, but even dichotomy is, owing to the dogma of the resurrection of the physical body, but a temporary view; for as soul when severed from the organism, has only spirit-functions, "its state is less complete, because part of its functions are suspended" (p. 19). Though no radical distinction is to be made between human soul and spirit, it may be said that the spirit-part as compared with the soul-part is predominant, and "the human spirit has an innate or inborn capacity of being to a bodily organism the source of life and sensation" (p. 20). Moreover, from the point of view of knowledge, it is of benefit to the soul to be united with the body; "it is an absolute good; it is universally true that the soul in the body knows better than the soul outside the body" (p. 22). The chief office of the soul is 'elevation'; its presence in the body is essentially causative, for dogma requires us to hold that "union between spirit and matter, which would not be causative, on the part of spirit, is unthinkable" (p. 24). Its causation, however, is that of an immanent principle, not of an external agent. It is what is technically called 'formal causality' (p. 25). The *terminus technicus* 'form,' which has fallen out of modern philosophy, is what we may call a 'word of power'—of 'inexhaustible metaphysical value' (p. 81)—for the schoolman. "There is

in every bodily being something that is the principle or source of the three dimensions, of inertia, of resistance; and something that is the source or principle of qualities and activities" (p. 82); the former is called matter, the latter form; it is, of course, the development of the entelechy of Aristotle and the *lógos spermatikós* of the Stoics and Plotinus. What is generally called, for instance, the nature of the plant is scholastically termed the form of the plant; soul is form, but only the form of living and sentient beings (p. 83); and, further, the human soul is form, "but it is a form that rises above matter, and in this superiority to matter it differs from all other forms" (p. 86). To return to the idea of 'elevation'; "the soul through its causative mode of presence, elevates the bodily organism with which it is united to a higher degree of sensitive life; moreover it elevates the higher sensitive life to the purely intellectual plane" (p. 26). The spirit or soul of man is simply a principle of elevation to the bodily organism and the activities of the bodily organism; it "does not cause new light, new thought, new views; it only elevates the results of the sensitive knowledge" (p. 40). The soul is not the direct cause of progress; the cause of mental progress must be found in "external circumstances that can be classified scientifically" (p. 39); nevertheless the soul raises "the results of this highest sensitive life to a purely immaterial level" (p. 39). The soul, then, may be said to be essentially 'a spiritual leaven to the body'; nevertheless "the soul has not to awake; it is the bodily organism that has to awake" (p. 44). On the contrary, on p. 48, we are told, "the soul is fully awake then only, when the body has reached such maturity as to be able to furnish all that higher sensitive life which has to precede, accompany and follow highest intellectual life." Though, then, Thomism stands or falls by the doctrine of the spirituality of the human soul, its epistemology is purely æsthetic. "All that we know, we have either seen with our eyes or heard with our ears or felt with our hands" (p. 81); in brief it is founded on the famous dogma, "there is nothing in the intellect which has not been previously in the senses." Though, then, progress is not to be ascribed to spirit, the doctrine of the perfectability of the human soul is the root of Christian ethics. Without it Christianity would be incomprehensible, "for Christianity is all psychological. Christianity is the making of the human soul" (p. 50). It must be confessed that the ever-interchanging terms soul and spirit are somewhat confusing, but the scholastic view is that "the perfectability of our soul in the moral order comes exclusively from



its progressive awakening in the intellectual order; it comes from the soul's union with a constantly changing bodily organism" (p. 51). Yet morals, we imagined, had chiefly to do with will, and not intellect; and it also would seem to require a great deal of ingenuity to maintain the speculative thesis which follows, namely—"in the state of separation between soul and body there is no longer a real perfectibility for the human soul," as is attempted in ch. xxx. This is all the more apparent when it is frankly admitted that even the basic fact of the soul's existence can be known "only through a most elaborate process of reasoning" (p. 87); for "my soul has never seen itself, has never felt itself" (p. 48). For Summism, therefore, the subject of all its argumentation is fundamentally a matter of faith (p. 48); for "the existence or non-existence of entirely spiritual beings cannot in any way belong to science, as science is all based on observable facts, and spirits, from the very fact of being spirits, cannot come under man's observation" (p. 86). What, then, of the origin of the human soul? With regard to this age-long riddle, Latin theology insists that the point of paramount importance is the doctrine of the spirituality of the human soul—that is to say, "the fact of its being a spiritual substance, with operations superior to the possibilities of organic matter" (p. 62). Christianity, it declares, stands and falls with this doctrine, and this doctrine once established, the doctrine of the hereafter immediately follows. Provided spirituality be safe-guarded, however, "it matters little, how the soul comes into existence" (p. 62)! Nevertheless the dogma adopted as 'Catholic doctrine' is that "every human soul is created directly by God"; but this doctrine, we are told, was arrived at "simply because every other theory concerning the origin of the human soul has been found wanting" (p. 63). How, then, does Thomas the Summist safeguard faith in the Divine justice. It must be confessed that he leaves the question entirely unanswered; for we are told that he "inclines distinctly to the view that Almighty God shapes the soul He creates according to the body into which He infuses it. As long as the soul's spirituality is safe-guarded, there is no reason why the body, with its qualities, should not be to God the occasion for creating a soul with divine qualities"; in other words, "God in the creation of the soul follows the pre-dispositions of Nature" (pp. 71, 72)! It is evident to every tyro in philosophy that such a view leaves the door open to a host of contradictions. First of all we must believe that souls are not created equal, but "may differ widely in

qualities"; then that "the soul does not change the organism, but raises it to a higher life,"—for "it must find a living organism when it comes"; that "it is higher life the soul gives, not new life," for "as the soul is not a creator, but merely a vivifier, it does not make a new instrument, but finishes off a thing half completed by Nature" (pp. 72, 73). Thomism, then, rejects every other theory of soul origin, as for instance traducionism or transmission, pre-existence (p. 80), or, as was to be expected *a fortiori*, reincarnation. Moreover the doctrine of purgatory is to be sharply distinguished from that of the 'middle state,' beloved of some modern non-Catholic theologians, in which progress is postulated,—the theory of "a second, or third, or fourth existence after the present life, in which to save one's soul, after a first failure"; for, as it is dogmatically asserted, "life, death, and judgment, one life, one soul, one eternity, these have been in Catholicity the watchwords for spiritual endeavour, at all periods" (pp. 244, 245, cp. p. 247). Abbot Vonier's argument is: "if there is one more chance, there is no reason why there should not be a thousand more chances, in fact, endless chances, till every soul be got into salvation" (p. 252). Precisely, and why not? Surely the charity of Deity is wide enough even to brook the thought of eventual universal salvation—for to call it an Origenistic heresy will not break its spiritual bones. And as we can see no reason to reject the possibility of other future existences, quite apart from any theory of reincarnation (as of transcorporation or metempsychosis or transfusion into physical bodies on this earth) so we cannot follow the logic of the paragraphs: "To find fault with the finalities of Catholic theology is ignorance of the Catholic conditions for salvation. Moral responsibility is never greater than knowledge. Higher knowledge will mean higher responsibility. There would always be the same proportion between knowledge and responsibility even after a thousand migrations, or incarnations or phases of existence, if such were granted" (p. 299). Well, what of it? Granted that eternity is not time, or any summation of time-moments, and hoping that the conscious entrance into eternity may be possible for all at the shortest period according to God's good pleasure, is there no purpose in time, and may we not co-operate in this purpose in time for our own perfecting concomitantly with the perfecting of that purpose?

There are hundreds of other points in this Thomist essay of the Abbot of Buckfast that we should like to refer to, but our space is limited; and so we must regretfully close with the

remark that for those who find the original *Summæ*, or even their translations, too difficult, Dom Anscar Vonier's summary is a very useful publication, and far easier to follow, because of its almost naïve dogmatic form, than, for instance, Michael Maher's well-known volume on scholastic psychology. If only some of those who believe in 'spiritism' as a religion would get some elementary idea of the nature of spirit from it, they would be done a world of good; but of 'bodies' other than physical we hear nothing, for here Aristotle is preferred to Plotinus and the rest.

#### CONTEMPLATIONS.

Being Studies in Christian Mysticism. By Walter Leslie Wilmshurst. London (Watkins); pp. 821; 8s. 6d. net.

THESE are a collection of eight studies which have from time to time appeared during the last few years from the pen of the present editor of *The Seeker*. They are mainly essays in allegorical and symbolical interpretation and will appeal to lovers of this side of mystical speculation. There are good things in the volume that show Mr. Wilmshurst at his best; but there is also a number of things that are by no means to be any longer accepted in the present revival of serious mystical studies. The chief of them is that pre-philological word-play, in which similarity of sound is taken as a legitimate indication of kinship of meaning. There are many examples of this scattered throughout the essayist's pages; a slight acquaintance with comparative philology would have taught Mr. Wilmshurst to avoid what the non-mystical language-expert must class with what the school-boy calls 'howlers.' The pre-scientific mind so imagined it, it is true, in the past; but to-day we can no longer admit this as legitimate in genuine mysticism. Equally so with regard to the Kabalistic treatment of names. We must be ever on our guard against admitting the chance associations of dream-consciousness, and the arbitrary phantasies of the 'monkey-mind' as the Buddhists called it, in dealing with the material of reasonable spiritual allegorism and symbolism.

#### VIŚVAKARMĀ.

WE have before us Part VII. of this interesting series of photographic reproductions of Indian architecture, sculpture, painting and handicraft, chosen by that excellent *connoisseur* Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. The series would, we think, be improved by

the addition of brief descriptions of the illustrations, and we are glad to see that this is to be done in the next number, which will complete the first 100 of these little-known reproductions. Copies may be obtained from Messrs. Luzac (price 2s. 6d.).

#### THE JOURNAL OF THE ALCHEMICAL SOCIETY.

UNDER the editorship of Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc., F.C.S., this *Journal* continues to publish papers bearing directly or indirectly on the puzzling records of Alchemy. Recent numbers contain papers on Roger Bacon by Mr. B. Ralph Rowbottom and on the author known as 'Basil Valentine' by Mr. Philip S. Wellby, M.A. Both the positive and mystical views seem to be impartially considered in the discussions. Copies of the *Journal* can be obtained from Mr. H. K. Lewis, 186, Gower Street, W.C.

#### THE LIFE OF BLESSED HENRY SUSO.

By himself. Translated from the original German, by Thomas Francis Knox. With an Introduction by W. R. Inge, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. London (Methuen); pp. 254; 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is a reprint of the version of the late Father Knox, of the Oratory, published in 1865. The life of the Dominican Suso (1800-1865), a pupil of Eckhart's, but in some ways the antipodes of that calm thinker, falls in the fourteenth century, which is sometimes regarded as the 'golden age' of Catholic mysticism. Most of the Life consists of the intimate correspondence of Suso with his spiritual daughter, Elizabeth Stägelin, a nun of the Order of Friar Preachers. This version is now prefaced by an instructive historical Introduction by Dean Inge, who gives a sketch of the setting of that disturbed century and a judicious estimate of Suso's temperament. The Life of Suso is of special interest as one of the most classical examples of fanatical self-torture; it is surprising that one who for so many years had such a mistaken idea of God and life should have eventually won out not only to something of real value, but, contradictorily enough, stood out as one of the 'Minnesingers of the Divine Love.' Few have satiated their passion for self-cruelty to such an extent without disaster; and so the Life of Henry Suso is a rich mine for the student of the psychology of religion, and a hard problem for those who would reconcile the baffling contradictions of human nature.

## THE WHEEL OF LIFE AND SOME OF ITS SPOKES.

By V. E. M. Featherstonhaugh-Frampton. Bournemouth (Horace G. Comnin); pp. 46.

THIS little book is charmingly written. Pages 41 and 42 show a sense of music in words that lends special interest to a chapter on Sound, and gives the idea that Mrs. Featherstonhaugh-Frampton could do work of real literary value. So far as the present book is concerned, its charm lies chiefly in its form; it is full of ideas that are very much 'in the air' just now but which are often put into much worse English. It is perhaps startling to have such a list of authorities as Heracleitus, Spinoza, Joubert, Prof. James, Dante, Sir Oliver Lodge and Miss Martha Craig flung at us in the space of forty-six pages! But we are grateful to the author for introducing us to her friend who saw the stars as rents in a blue veil behind which a golden light was blazing. Is she quite sure this 'man of education' had only realised 'what the physical eye can see,' that he had not had a greater vision than some, at any rate, of those who say they are conscious of being 'one with the universe' or that they have 'realised space'?

D. L. M.

## THE RELIGION OF THE SIKHS.

By Dorothy Field. Wisdom of the East Series. London (Murray); pp. 114; 2s. net.

IN 1909 the Clarendon Press published the life-work of the late Mr. Max Arthur Macauliffe, *The Sikh Religion, its Gurus, Sacred Writings and Authors*, in 6 vols. This monumental undertaking was carried out with the help and approval of the Sikh Gurus and under the patronage of the notables of Sikhism. It is, and will remain for many years to come, the most authoritative source of information concerning the Sikh religion. The Sikhs are the people of a book; and that book is the *Grantha Sāhib*, containing the sacred utterances of the founder, Guru Nānak (1469-1538), and of the nine Gurus or spiritual teachers who succeeded him, and left the Khālsa or Sikh community on a secure foundation. A long and pertinent review of Macauliffe's *magnum opus* appeared in THE QUEST of July, 1910, by Paṇḍit Jagadish Chandra Chatterji, who has for long had in mind a scientific edition of the text of the *Granth*. Macauliffe tried to separate Sikhism as far as

possible from Hinduism, against which he was very prejudiced; Chatterji had little difficulty in correcting this too one-sided view by a more impartial summary of doctrine and appreciation of heredity. Mr. Macauliffe himself also lectured to the Quest Society on his all-absorbing topic, and his lecture appeared in *THE QUEST* (Oct. 1910 and Jan. 1911). Miss Field's account is perforce based almost exclusively upon Macauliffe's work; it is nevertheless very welcome, for few can possess themselves of the 6 volumes of the original, and few have the courage to work through them for themselves even if they can see them at a library. Mr. Cranmer-Byng has therefore been well advised to add this useful summary to his well-known and highly appreciated *Wisdom of the East Series*. The Sikh religion is one of the sturdiest and simplest of the minor faiths of the world, and the only regret is that the necessities of the time constrained the sixth and last Gurus to give it so strong a bias to militarism. Though Hindu in origin, and comparable with the movements of Kabir and Chaitanya, it was influenced by Islam to a certain extent, and should be of great interest to Theists.

#### THE FIRE OF LOVE.

*And the Mending of Life.* By Richard Rolle. Edited and done into Modern English by Frances M. M. Comper. With an Introduction by Evelyn Underhill. London (Methuen); pp. 274; 8s. 6d. net.

RICHARD ROLLE the recluse of Hampole, near Doncaster, is one of the group of four English mystics of the fourteenth century, to whose utterances much attention has been given of late; the others being Walter Hilton, Julian of Norwich, and the anonymous author of *The Cloud of Unknowing*. Miss Comper bases herself on Richard Misyn's fifteenth century English version, which was until four years ago known in only one MS., when another MS. came to light at Lord Amherst's sale. The editor has collated these two MSS. and checked them by another early version and Rolle's Latin original, aiming at making Misyn's literal and difficult middle English clear, without too much interference with its irregularities, and also substituting modern English for a number of obsolete words and regularising the spelling. Miss Comper has acquitted herself well in her task and added a useful preface and notes, bibliography and glossary. There is also an enthusiastic introduction by Miss Evelyn Underhill in which she dwells

interestingly on the illuminative states which Rolle calls *Calor*, *Dulcor*, *Canor*, especially on the last, that 'ghostly song' or sense of spiritual rhythm, which was the special characteristic of the blunt Yorkshireman who has been called 'the father of English mysticism.'

INTRODUCTION À L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS.

Par René Dussaud. Paris (Leroux); pp. 292; 8fr. 50.

WE are exceedingly glad to welcome this first volume of the new '*Bibliothèque historique des Religions*,' edited by Professors Dussaud and Alphanbéry of the *École des Hautes Études (Section Religieuse)*. The volumes of this Library are intended for the public, and aim at supplying the general reader with what he wants to know about a host of matters that are generally obscured by a fog of learning or an avalanche of details. The Introduction under notice is remarkable not only for the clarity with which it presents the results of the complicated researches of specialists in the domain of comparative religion, anthropology and folk-custom, but also for its judicious criticism of these results and its persistent effort to get at the heart of the matter. It also uses a synthetic principle which, in our opinion, co-ordinates successfully a vast mass of otherwise chaotic customs, rites and superstitions; this master notion is the life principle. Above all the book is free from scientific dogmatism and shows signs of sympathetic understanding of many things that as a rule the 'intellectuals' of research treat with indiscriminate contempt. It is a pity that we have no such 'Introduction' in English to sum up and present intelligibly the main results of the huge mass of work that has been done recently in the wide fields of anthropology, folk-lore and comparative religion. It is just the kind of book that thousands would be glad of, and we hope someone will translate it into English.

THE NEARNESS OF OUR LORD'S RETURN.

As inferred from Studies in the Comparison of Prophecy with History. By the Rev. R. W. B. Moore, M.A. Oxon., F.R.A.S. London (Robert Scott); pp. 122; 2s. net.

THE author attempts to prove his point by arithmetical calculations, based principally on the numbers given in the prophecies of Daniel. The book is without interest for serious students.

S. E. H.

## THE HISTORICAL CHRIST.

An Investigation of the Views of Mr. J. M. Robertson, Dr. A. Drews and Prof. W. B. Smith. By Fred. C. Conybeare, M.A., F.B.A., LL.D., Hon. Fellow of University College, Oxford, etc. London (Watts); pp. 226; 8s. 6d. net.

THE views that Dr. Conybeare here investigates are, as the readers of *THE QUEST* are well aware, those of the extreme left wing who flatly deny the historical existence even of the Jesus of the Gospels. These champions of the Christ-myth theory contend that the Jesus-figure is that of a syncretic god subsequently humanised by the invention of a pseudo-history, as opposed to the liberal historical view that the New Testament documents, on analysis, reveal clearly an evolution in an exactly reversed sense—namely the figure of a man gradually divinised by the development of dogma. Many have already taken in hand to refute the Christ-myth theory, not only in the interests of traditionalism, but also on the side of the liberal historical school. The main interest of the present able volume is that Dr. Conybeare, because of his independent attitude in his studies of Christian origins, has already many readers and admirers in just the very circles to whom the Christ-myth theory appeals. He now takes up the cudgels, not of course to defend traditionalism, for which he has no sympathy, but to defend the methods of common-sense historical investigation.

He blames the extreme views of traditionalism, which would place the New Testament documents in a class entirely apart and exempt from that impartial historical research which obtains with regard to every other kind of similar literature, and finds that this wrong method of regarding these documents in the Divinity schools is directly responsible for the emergence of such extravagantly extreme views in the other direction. These radically negative views are psychologically determined by the same defects in method as those of their antipodes, and can only exist in an atmosphere deprived of all sense of proportion, naturalness and common-sense. With much that Dr. Conybeare writes we are inclined to agree, though here and there we think that the urge of his criticism has driven him too far and made him claim as sure historical indications some points that are still open to serious question; nevertheless we must remember that he is fighting simply for evidence of 'existence' and not for



credibility in questions of detail. As he himself writes: "I have merely desired to show how difficult it is to prove a negative, and how much simpler it is to admit that Jesus really lived than to argue that he was a solar or other myth. The latter hypothesis, as expounded in these works, offends every principle of philology, of comparative mythology, and of textual criticism; it bristles with difficulties; and if no better demonstration of it can be offered, it deserves to be summarily dismissed" (p. 228).

There is certainly a mythological element in the gradually growing Christ figure of the Gospels, but this is easily shown by criticism to be a later development. Jesus himself is as certainly historical. Such is the conclusion of the writer of *Myth, Magic and Morals*.

ANNOTATED EDITION OF THE [JEWISH] DAILY PRAYER BOOK.

With Additional and Explanatory Notes, and Additional Matter, compiled in accordance with the Plans of the Rev. S. Singer. By Israel Abrahams, Reader in Rabbinic at the University of Cambridge. London (Eyre & Spottiswoode); pp. cclxxi. + 380; 5s. leather, 8s. 6d. cloth, net.

WE would strongly recommend those of our readers who are ignorant of the beauties of the Jewish liturgy, to procure and study the admirable version of the most general 'use' of that liturgy (the Ashkenazim or 'German'), made by the late Rabbi Simeon Singer in 1890, which constitutes 'The Authorized Daily Prayer Book of the United Hebrew Congregations of the British Empire,' published under the sanction of the late Chief Rabbi, Dr. Nathan Marcus Adler, and now in its ninth edition. The opportunity for a fuller understanding of this treasury of Hebrew religion is offered by the just published 'Annotated Edition,' in which Dr. Abrahams puts the wealth of his profound knowledge of the history and traditions of his people at the disposal of the reader. The ignorance of most people of the Jewish forms of worship is deplorable, for was not Jesus a worshipper in the synagogue? We could ourselves wish that the clergy of all denominations could be induced to become acquainted with this great monument of prayer and praise to God, for much of it they could very well make use of on many occasions, privately in the case of those who are bound by their own special uses, and publicly at times in the freer churches.

## CAN WE STILL BE CHRISTIANS ?

By Rudolf Eucken, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Jena. Translated by Lucy Judge Gibson, Classical and Oriental Triposes, Cambridge. London (Black); pp. 218; 8s. 6d. net.

TRANSLATIONS of Eucken's voluminous output are following one another with almost bewildering rapidity. The present small volume, admirably Englished by the accomplished wife of Professor Boyce Gibson, is regarded by Eucken himself as one of his most important deliverances, and it will be so for readers unfamiliar with his writings; for those, however, who are knowers of his works, he has practically said it all before. Readers of *THE QUEST* are by this time so well acquainted with the distinguished Jena philosopher's style and standpoint, that it is unnecessary to enter into details in this notice. We all know that Eucken believes firmly in conserving all the real values in the past and taking them up into the present; at the same time he is an enthusiast for the reformulation of doctrine so that it may be freed from the limitations of what is outgrown, and the best in the past and present be transmuted and consummated in a genuine spiritual synthesis.

We therefore find him at the end of his enquiry, answering his arresting question with the words: "We not only can but must be Christians,—only, however, on the one condition that Christianity be recognised as a progressive historic movement, still in the making, that is to be shaken free from the numbing influence of ecclesiasticism and placed upon a broader foundation."

## THE EVIDENCE FOR COMMUNICATION WITH THE DEAD.

By Anna Hude, Ph.D. London (Unwin); pp. 847; 10s. net.

THE conscientious student of psychic phenomena has long been seeking a book which he may hand to any intelligent learner wishing to be made acquainted with the latest facts and theories pertaining to this enquiry. Such a book we may fairly say Dr. Hude has provided in *The Evidence for Communication with the Dead*, and though encumbered by a ponderous title it is no heavier than a work dealing scientifically with this subject must necessarily be. The author is not satisfied with merely sensational marvels, but has made an honest attempt to marshal the

evidence for survival with a view to arriving at some conclusion. The facts are admirably reviewed, and if the conclusion is a little uncertain, we must be content, for the uncertainty is due to a very proper caution, and an earnest desire to call nothing gold which is not true metal.

In the opening chapters Dr. Hude deals with Professor Flournoy's argument with regard to the subconscious, and puts forward the theory that both telepathy and clairvoyance may be due to reading a thing rather than reading a mind. This psychometric hypothesis seems more tolerable when, in the course of several chapters, the author explains that the thing need not always be an article but may sometimes be a person or even a *rapport* between the clairvoyant and the object perceived. For instance, in the cross-correspondence between Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Forbes, it is suggested that Miss Johnson may have been the *rapport* or line of communication, or even that Miss Johnson's letters may have constituted the link. This is an interesting and ingenious argument, and it would be very impressive indeed if all the cross-correspondents connected with the psychic research experiments had been in communication with Miss Johnson. It will, however, be remembered that in September, 1908, a new group of experimenters in Scotland developed a Sidgwick 'control' after having come in contact with nothing more 'magnetic' than volume xxi. of the *Proceedings*. We do not suggest that there was anything remarkable in producing a Sidgwick 'control' after reading this volume, but it is remarkable that the messages claimed by Sidgwick were found to be intimately and intelligibly connected with cross-correspondence topics which had already been mentioned in scripts unpublished and inaccessible to the new automatists. We ask ourselves how the very complex ideas about Light in the East, Sesame and Lilies, and Victor Hugo's poem were conveyed from Mrs. Piper in America, Mrs. Holland in India, and Mrs. Verrall in England to the Mac family in Scotland. Here the psychometric theory breaks down, for the Mac family had had no physical contact even by letter with any of the psychic research workers; and it would be absurd to suppose that a printed volume of *Proceedings* sent out from an office could contain any psychic impress whatsoever. The incident is very hard to explain on any theory of mind-reading or object-reading, and this excellent book would have been still more complete and convincing if these troublesome facts had received due consideration.

In the latter part of the work Dr. Hude deals directly with

evidence of survival afforded by Mrs. Piper's controls and their interconnection with other mediums. The main facts, notwithstanding their extraordinary complexity, are stated and appraised with the utmost fairness. It is all very sane and sensible, but towards the conclusion we find that the atmosphere of this strange investigation has had its effect upon the enquirer. We start with Professor Flournoy of Geneva, our feelings are austere and we know ourselves to be walled in by some of those grey streets round Calvin's Cathedral; but we end with the author amidst the glamour of Mrs. Piper's best performances, where, after quoting one of the Myers' communications, Dr. Hude says: "There is perhaps nothing 'evidential' in this. But wonderfully well it fits the personality that has been depicted at the Piper sittings—the wise and gentle scholar, the unpretending and untiring champion of the cause which had filled the life of Frederic Myers."

Having gone over the whole ground, having reconstructed for us the unique spectacle of Mrs. Piper's dramatisations, the author asks herself whether a person is subliminally capable of all this. The question is certainly left in suspension, for the chord is unresolved and the cadence incomplete. Yet the question has been asked in that particular way, and what is much more, Professor Flournoy is not expected to answer it.

L. S.

#### LIFE, EMOTION AND INTELLECT.

By Cyril Bruyn Andrews. London (Unwin); pp. 96; 5s. net.

PERMITTING ourselves the pleasure of speculation, we should say the author has read a good deal of psychology, has experienced love and friendship, is religious, goes occasionally to the Alhambra and the Law Courts and has read something of Bergson. As soon as he had realised that "Life is real; intellect is artificial; emotion . . . is our nearest approach to the essence of life," he felt encouraged to write a book of his own. And why not? The essays are well written, though somewhat too aphoristic; the generalisations on every page reveal the author's opinions and temperament, but are by no means universally acceptable. The chapter on 'Our Attempts to suppress Emotion,' for instance, can refer only to those who make the attempt, and must leave out all the Latin and Celtic races who never have dreamed of such a thing. The moral of the book may be as well expressed in one passage as another: "The scientific investigator

of life must almost inevitably cease his own experiences in order to study those of others" (p. 45). "The mental scientist ponders and writes, but the world feels and lives." Quite right—but what is to be done? We can but offer to Mr. Andrews an idea upon which he might enlarge when next he takes to essay writing: let the statesmen and economists devise a reformed economic order—if they cannot do this what are they for?—let the people live, love, work, play, worship and aspire therein; let the poets and religionists sing and exhort us, let the scientists and metaphysicians vivisect us; it is their nature to. If life be real and intellect artificial Mr. Andrews needs but to instil in us the faith that the real will take care of itself. That will be an immense relief to a tired and fearful age.

W. L. H.

#### THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ANCIENT RELIGIONS.

In relation to Human Evolution and Brain Development. By E. Noel Reichardt, M.D. Lond. London (Allen); pp. 456; 12s. 6d. net.

THIS originally conceived work is based upon the hypothesis that the two main layers of the cortex or grey matter of the brain connote or parallel two types of mind, the one energising as 'objective' and the other as 'subjective' intelligence. The main idea of the author may be seen in the following paragraph of the Introduction:

"The evolutionary process—the continuous wave of vital energy—has propagated itself through a series of smaller wavelets, giving rise to the rhythmic growth and decay of great communities, which is the most striking characteristic of human history. It has added to the human brain a new layer of cells; and it is the progressive development of this new layer of cells, carried on through each successive wavelet, that has given rise to the astounding phenomena of human history. During the first half of the development, this new mass of cells was barred from contact with the outside world by the pre-existing mind-organ; and only gave rise in consciousness to subjective presentations in which it revealed itself, its origin, and the necessities of its existence. It was these subjective presentations that were the basis of the religious ideas of Oriental Paganism. The great Brahman of the Upanishads—the culminating expression of this

development—was the deified Self-consciousness of the individual. Thus the whole of Oriental Paganism is a self-revelation of the cosmic process operating on the individual. In the second half of the development, the new mass of cells has gradually entered into relation with the outside world. The first step of this new phase showed itself in the Greeks, and gave to them that brilliant power of objective ideation which still glorifies them in our eyes. It was as if in them humanity had been freshly born in a new world which the Oriental nations behind them had never seen, and which they gazed at and handled with all the rapture that accompanies a new sensation. And finally the increasing objective development of the new mass of cells has endowed us with that enormous grasp over the forces and materials of Nature which we possess at the present day" (pp. x., xi.).

This is a speculation that should be capable of material proof, by the *post mortem* dissection of the cortical matter of individuals of these different types of intellect or proportions of these types. So far our science has been quite unable to tell us what precisely it is in the physical brain that distinguishes a genius from a clodhopper, a primitive or an idiot. If Dr. Reichardt's supposition could be proved, it would indeed be a most valuable discovery. As, however, we do not entirely share his views on the unquestioned superiority of the 'objective' or of the 'subjective' mind *per se*, but would rather seek for values in balance and harmonisation between the two, we are not altogether favourably impressed with his treatment of ancient religions and their significance.

#### THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS.

By Rev. R. L. Lacey. London (Robert Scott); pp. 246; 8s. 6d. net.

THERE is a subtle sting in the title of this book, a sting which is intended to hurt. If the term 'Holy Land' be, as I suppose it is, borrowed from the precedent of Palestine, it ought by rights to be applied to that comparatively small area comprised within the limits of Ancient Kapilavastu, Rajagriha, Sravasti, Gayā, and Kusinagara; that is to say, the land of the birth, ministry and death of the Buddha. It seems unfair and unkind to take the de-based cult of Jaganath at Puri (where the author happens to be stationed as a Baptist missionary) and represent it as centre of what is called ironically 'The Holy Land of the Hindus.'

The book, being an account of the author's experience in the

uphill task of preaching there Christ *versus* Jaganath, is naturally bound to represent the enemy in the blackest colours. It is interesting, informative and readable, and although one cannot reasonably complain of the missionary's bias against 'the idol,' one would welcome signs of a greater sympathetic insight into the peculiar psychology of the Indian people. Not very long ago I was conversing, in an evangelical drawing-room, with a missionary from this same Orissa coast. The talk was about God, and naturally swerved to Brahman of the Indian Vedānta. Thereupon was suddenly produced from the missionary's frock-coat a wooden idol of Jaganath, 'the lord of the world,' and planked upon the table in triumphant refutation! I could say nothing, as the god stood there grinning at me, with square head, red face and yellow eyes, just as he does on p. 76 of this book!

It is not difficult to believe that this cult, and the art associated with it, came by sea, as described in 'The Legend of the Log' (Chap. xi.) from some of the islands of the Malayan archipelago; for, emphatically, Jaganath is not 'a truly Aryan deity,' as the author rather spitefully calls him. Strangely enough, the name was one of the many titles of the Buddha, whose faith at one time conquered these parts, making way for the Shiva, Sūrya, and Vishnu cults in succession. The priests of the last mentioned Deity seem to have captured Jaganath and bestowed upon him the honour of the ninth incarnation of their god.

Mr. Lacey has printed at the end of his book a number of letters on religious problems, which are disposed of no doubt to the satisfaction of the uninitiated Baptist readers. I cannot do more than reveal their point of view by a quotation from page 244: "The fact is Gautama Buddha lived six hundred years before Christ, in times of comparative ignorance, and like the learned and literate of his day, was yet without knowledge of a great deal which is now common property of fairly well-educated boys and girls." Who can deny it? Great things are therefore expected of these boys and girls.

W. L. H.

#### LETTERS FROM A LIVING DEAD MAN.

By Elsa Barker. London (Rider); pp. 809; 3s. 6d. net.

To present for publication a living dead man's letters cannot be an easy task, especially when these have come through automatic writing to an inexperienced recipient, so perhaps the writer has

wisely chosen to give them as they came to her without comment or explanation. On the other hand, this manner of presentation can have no scientific value, save that it prompts the investigator to enquire more particularly into the origin, method and significance of these happenings. It would be interesting to know more about 'X,' the communicator, who was not an ordinary person but a well-known lawyer and a profound student of philosophy. It would be particularly interesting to know the nature and extent of his studies, and whether the author was intimately acquainted with his mental characteristics. 'X' tells us that he 'brought over' into the life beyond five resolutions. Implicit in these is faith in great teachers who can be seen and known and a belief in reincarnation on this earth. 'X' imagines that this sounds simple, and says so. We on the contrary find these five resolutions charged with grave complexities, for we have heard much about these things on this side of death and require them to be corroborated by something more than simple statement.

"If I can make my presence as a living and vital entity felt in these letters, it will have the effect of strengthening the belief of certain persons in the doctrine of immortality." This is the hope of 'X,' the communicator. "Is it worth while?" he asks. It is most emphatically worth while. It would indeed be worth 'X's' while to use the most rigid scientific methods known to investigators. It would be worth even more to invent a new and better method of his own. Let us hope that he will.

L. S.

#### THE PROBLEMS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

Experiments and Theories in the Realm of the Supernormal. By Hereward Carrington. London (Rider); pp. 412; 7s. 6d. net.

MR. CARRINGTON has now to his credit a lengthy list of books treating of the phenomena of psychical research. In the present volume he deals chiefly with the mental or psychological side of the subjects and deals only incidentally with the physical phenomena to which he has devoted so much attention. Most of those who have carefully studied the subject of mediumism in its multitudinous aspects and are also familiar with the experiments and theories of the scientific investigation of the phenomena of abnormal psychology, will agree with Mr. Carrington when he says that as to the nature of the intelligence lying behind and con-



trolling these phenomena, this is a problem which is unsolved and seems likely to remain unsolved for some time to come. The theories of subconscious cryptomnesia, of alternating and multiplex personality, and of the suggestionability of the medium by the dominant factor in the composite mind of the sitters, and so on and so forth, have first and foremost to be taken into most careful consideration; for many phenomena previously ascribed by the uncritical to supernormal knowledge and the action of spirits can be satisfactorily explained on these lines, and the scholastic *regula* of the economy of hypotheses, *entia non multiplicanda sunt præter necessitatem*, is still the golden rule of the most fruitful scientific speculation to-day; unnecessary causes should not be brought in. Nevertheless it is to be noted that most of the older generation of psychical researchers, who have for so many years been very reluctant to admit the spiritistic hypothesis in any case whatever, have been of late gradually forced to agree that in some cases this hypothesis does cover the facts more easily and simply than any other. What is clear is that no single theory will work; we are face to face with a complex tangle that will require the greatest patience, determination and ingenuity of the human mind to unravel; perhaps no more difficult task has ever confronted perplexed mankind. With one exception, Mr. Carrington's book cannot be said to contain anything very original for the student either as to fact or theory; but it is useful, and judicious. One who has exposed so much fraud, deserves a patient hearing when he has sifted out what he considers to be genuine. We cannot, however, see that much is to be gained by his careful record and analysis of his unsatisfactory sittings with Mrs. Piper; indeed it has always been surprising to us that so many men of ability have concentrated their attention on this lady, when so much other material, as good if not better, is to be had. As to theory, we are entirely unconvinced by Mr. Carrington's chapter in which he advances the novel thesis that the will is a physical energy, and so removes it entirely from the psychical categories. In this way he apparently thinks he can avoid an intermediary between mind and matter, and yet elsewhere he seems strongly inclined to admit the notion of a subtle body—i.e. an extended organism of still physical matter, but which may probably obey physical laws which are at present unknown. The latter hypothesis, which has its own grave difficulties to face, seems to make the former theory quite unnecessary.

## ST. PAUL AND THE MYSTERY-RELIGIONS.

By H. A. A. Kennedy, D.D., D.Sc., Professor of New Testament Language, Literature and Theology, New College, Edinburgh.  
London (Hodder & Stoughton), pp. 811 ; 6s. net.

THIS is a fascinating subject which has of late come into great prominence in the field of New Testament history, and which promises to yield fruitful results as the progressive and conservative schools come to closer grips and the real in-fighting. Dr. Kennedy is on the whole of the moderate conservative mode of persuasion ; at bottom, however, he is chiefly interested in seeking for confirmation of a sort of a twentieth century Nonconformist anti-sacramental Paul, chiefly determined by Old Testament prophetic and apocalyptic conceptions. If we may be permitted to speak tropically and spheristically, Dr. Kennedy is a sort of painstaking full back, who has made it his particular business to mark that flying three-quarter Reitzenstein who has won some very brilliant tries during the last decade, though naturally they have not all been converted into goals, for some have been far out near the touch-line while others have been between the posts. He has also to keep his eye on Dieterich (unfortunately no longer in the field) and Cumont, Bousset and Wendland, not to speak of the hard-working pack of progressive forwards. It is pleasant in the first place to note that Dr. Kennedy knows his literature and tries to play the game to the best of his ability. But he seems hardly aware of Reitzenstein's sense of humour ; again and again R. says he speaks purely as a 'Philolog,' and leaves the adjustment of the matter to the 'Theolog,' hoping he will find the point of interest, and generally it is a nice little dilemma for the traditional theologian. It is true that Reitzenstein's work is very badly arranged and by no means easy to follow, but he is the most distinguished pioneer in the very difficult subject of the mystery-religions and has the very great merit of bringing the Trismegistic literature once more into its own, though he insists too strongly on the Egyptian element in it. Dr. Kennedy has to admit much which men of his school would not have dreamed of admitting ten years ago ; but he is very careful, and rightly so, to point out how little we really know of the rites of the mystery-religions, and to warn us against going beyond the strict evidence. To this we heartily agree ; but what we should like to have seen, would have been a greater readiness to distinguish between the different levels

of the mystery-religions and to compare like elements with like ; *e.g.* the philosophic Hermetica with Paul's spiritual doctrines and the more outer and ritualistic forms of the mystery-religions with the practices and presuppositions of the general *clientèle* of the communities Paul found or founded. It is of course a one-sided view to try to derive Pauline doctrine mainly or directly from the notions of the mystery-associations and the dogmas of Hellenistic theology. Already influences of a similar nature had been absorbed and adopted by Jews of the Diaspora and also in Palestine, and converted into a sort of Judaised gnosis ; already Jewish apocalyptic had taken up much, not only of a Hellenistic nature, but of a more direct Oriental character. Paul in his spiritual heredity was apparently a Jew of the Diaspora, trained and skilled in the Torah,<sup>1</sup> and with that something in his blood which could not have, as it has not in any other of his race, been eliminated. And beyond all this, he had his own personal revelation or apocalypse, his vision or visions, his own marked personality resulting chiefly from this overmastering experience. It is particularly this that constitutes the 'uniqueness' of the man, and therewith the *differentia* of Pauline doctrine,—that element of incomprehensibility which has always characterised it, and made his letters the fruitful source of so many strange phases of sectarianism. Dr. Kennedy is very jealous for his hero ; he would have him acclaimed as the most shining example of ethico-spiritual common sense and reasonableness, and would keep as far from him as possible the reproach of mystic or ecstatic. But surely a man who thanks God he speaks with tongues more than they all, was an enthusiast and ecstatic beyond them all. Granted he believed in control of this and in striving for ethical spiritual values, he must have not infrequently found himself in states he could not control, or why thank God for such an exuberance of glossolalic verbosity—whatever that may have meant precisely. Dr. Kennedy also would try to project backwards in time into the mind of Paul spiritual values and philosophical ideas that did not exist in his day. He especially resents the use of the epithet 'physico-hyperphysical' to characterise Paul's point of view with regard, *e.g.*, to the spiritual body ; but surely it was so, surely it was precisely because of the natural psycho-physical concomitants of 'vision' that it was so ?

<sup>1</sup> Though how far on 'Rabbinic' lines is doubtful, for it has to be explained why he invariably uses the LXX., or Greek targum, and does not translate himself, and why it is that Jews do not find in him signs of ever having been a strict Pharisee.

And, finally—for we do not propose to review this volume in detail, interesting as it would be to do so—what after all did Paul *mean* by his central dogmatic refrain, 'Christ and him crucified'; what does Dr. Kennedy *mean* by his frequent references to the mystery of the Cross—with capital C—as though it disposed of everything? How is it of service in the twentieth century to return to the first and to use the term 'Cross' as a magic 'word of power' to extricate us out of the most distressing difficulties? Dr. Kennedy over and over again refers to Paul's knowledge of the historical Jesus as though Paul had actually known him in the flesh. That he whom Paul, through his vision, recognised as the Messiah, was the Jesus who had been crucified, seems to be highly probable; that Paul in an agony of remorse for his earlier bitter persecution of the followers of this Jesus, in some way converted the tragedy and agonising pain of the crucifixion into the symbol of a great spiritual happening, is very credible for all who know the tendency of the mystical and allegorising mind. But what Paul exactly meant by the 'Cross,' it seems that no one can now discover from his confused and contradictory utterances on the subject; and it is precisely here that Dr. Kennedy with all his apologetic skill is most unsatisfying. Hardly less satisfactory is he in the way he treats the Pauline eucharist; it becomes a very poor thing indeed in his hands,—the penalty he has to pay for trying to separate it as widely as possible from every form of mystery sacrament, high or low.

#### STOICS AND SCEPTICS.

Four Lectures delivered in Oxford during Hilary Term, 1913, for the Common University Fund. By Edwyn Bevan, sometime Scholar of New College, Author of 'The House of Seleucus,' etc. Oxford (The Clarendon Press); pp. 152; 4s. 6d. net.

MR. EDWYN BEVAN is not only a good scholar, but also a pleasing writer, and a thinker who can move freely and discriminately among his material. The trees do not obscure the wood. Of the four instructive lectures before us, two are devoted to the Stoa, one to Posidonius, whose influence and importance have only of late been duly appreciated, and the last to the Sceptics, who are of special interest because they exemplify a type of mind very prevalent in our present days of storm and stress. Owing to the paucity of competent studies on Stoicism by English writers, Mr. Bevan has

had to fall back on the voluminous labours of German scholars, who, however, fortunately have not had a depressing influence on his own freshness. His review of the doctrines of the Porch, which provided a norm of *honestas* for so many of the best minds of the critical period of Græco-Roman culture, is sympathetic but independent. And, indeed, for certain noble types of mind Stoicism in some form or other will never be out of fashion. We have had of late striking manifestations of its spirit given us in Japan, and we can say of it to-day, as Mr. Bevan says of it in reviewing its classical period in the ancient West, that we have good ground for believing "it did nerve innumerable men for centuries to brave action and brave endurance in a world where brute force and cruelty had dreadful scope" (p. 76). As to Stoic eschatology and its notion of *apokatastasis* or the expected restoration of all things at the end of every 'great year,' though it is true it was popularly believed that in the great circulation everything that had once happened in one world-period would be repeated in another, it is difficult to persuade oneself that the best of the Stoic thinkers could really have imagined that there was an eternal mechanical repetition of identical sequences great year after great year, world-process after world-process—'an everlasting unvarying round.' If one hesitates to believe that this was the genuine doctrine of the Stoa, in spite of the well-known popular stories in illustration of the idea, we have no hesitation in saying that it is a mistake to interpret the days and nights of Brahma of Indian religio-philosophy, the expiration and inspiration of the Great Breath, the mode of the life of Deity, in this radically mechanical fashion, as Mr. Bevan seems to do (p. 51). But what above all interests the lecturer is the ethics of the Porch and how the spirit of its ideal differed from that of the *anima naturaliter Christiana*, to use that out-worn question-begging phrase. The Stoic teachers affirmed that "social science was above all else appropriate to the Wise Man" (p. 65). But this was duty, not love; it was what was appropriate or proper, what ought to be done, but without attachment, without the heart being in the result. The mood of philosophical 'apathy,' 'ataraxy,' the remaining unmoved whether success or failure followed, had not the quality in it of that real sympathy that genuinely weeps with those who weep and rejoices with those who rejoice. For ourselves we should say that the two have to be harmoniously blended, and that neither truth nor reality in its full measure is to be found in either extreme.

## THE JAPANESE NATION.

Its Land, its People, and its Life. With special Consideration to its Relation with the United States. By Inazo Nitobé, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D. London (Putnam); pp. 334; 6s. net.

THOSE who have enjoyed,—and their number must be large—Prof. Nitobé's *Bushido the Soul of Japan*, will turn with interest to this fascinatingly written volume. It owes its inception to the plan of sending exchange professors to lecture in the United States and Japan, so that a better understanding between the countries might be brought about. Though, thus, the primary object of the lectures was to make the thinking public of the United States better acquainted with Japan, the book will serve a wider purpose. Prof. Nitobé has for an Eastern a quite uncommon acquaintance with the history and culture and stand-points of the West, and though naturally a patriotic and enthusiastic lover of his own country, is at the same time a just critic, with a mind of transparent honesty. We have read the book with great pleasure, and though we have not space to remark on matters of detail, cannot refrain from quoting the following fine passage on the spiritual unity underlying the best in progressive Buddhism and Christianity:

“Whether the origins of the two religions—now called the religion of the East and the religion of the West—be one or two, if we divest both of their wrappage, we shall come to know how nearly allied in many particulars they are. Though at the foot of the hill the ways are far apart, as we ascend higher and higher, the nearer approach our paths, until they meet at the summit, to share the view of the plains below from the height of the same divine wisdom. On this height in the fulness of time may be brought into common brotherhood the philosophers of the North and the seers of the South, the thinkers of the West and the wise men of the East—and God shall be glorified by all His children.”

## A RELIGION OF THIS WORLD.

Being a selection of Positivist Addresses. By Philip Thomas. London (Watts); pp. 136; 2s. 6d. net.

IN an age when creeds are in the melting-pot, when Christianity is steadily retreating from fastness to fastness, and even the theistic belief in the Fatherhood of God is to many people untenable, it seems at first sight strange that the noble ideals of Positivism

have not attracted more of the great souls for whom the limits of orthodoxy have become too narrow. There can be nothing finer than their watchword of 'service to humanity' or their belief that this service should be rendered out of pure love and compassion, and not with any selfish view of reward either here or hereafter. And yet they are a failure, as even their own adherents admit. Mr. Philip Thomas, who is the Minister of the Church of Humanity in Chapel Street, off Holborn, has no illusions on that point, as he makes clear in the fourteen addresses which he delivered to his congregation and has now published to a wider circle.

What is the secret of their failure? Is it their dogmatic disbelief in any form of deity? Is it their ceaseless glorification of Comte their founder? Or is it their strange 'worship' of humanity? In using this term, says Mr. Thomas, they only mean 'a regular and pious mode of expressing devotion'; they 'are all the time conscious of the imperfection of her nature.' If this be so, the Positivists are guilty of a very grave misuse of terms; for worship is adoration, and we cannot adore what we admit to be imperfect.

None the less it is impossible to read Mr. Thomas's little book without a cordial feeling of sympathy for the noble ideals he upholds, and without recognising that he is 'on the side of the angels'—even though he would stoutly deny their existence.

C. B. W.

#### THE SYRIAN GODDESS.

Being a Translation of Lucian's 'De Dea Syria,' with a Life of Lucian. By Professor Herbert A. Strong, M.A., LL.D. Edited with Notes and Introduction by John Garstang, M.A., D.Sc. With Illustrations. London (Constable); pp. 111; 4s. net.

THIS famous treatise has given rise to much curious speculation, but has hitherto had little light thrown upon it. It describes the cult and worship of the goddess of N. Syria, Atargatis, at her sacred city, Hierapolis, the modern Mumbij, and is one of the most important sources of the wide-spread Magna Mater cult of Hither Asia. It has been doubted whether it is a genuine product of the stylus of the satirical Lucian, who wrote about the middle of the second century, but there seems to be no sufficient reason to justify this scepticism. The importance of the present edition with its illuminating notes and introduction, is that it endeavours to trace the cult to its earliest historical form, and finds this in its

essential features in Hittite antiquity. This historical and archaeological problem is ably dealt with by Professor Garstang, one of our best equipped pioneers in the difficult field of Hittite research; who brings to bear on the subject a wealth of learning and accurate scholarship. The treatise is of special interest to students of the Tammuz-Adonis-Attis cult in connection with the worship of that Mother-Goddess in whom the reproductive powers of the earth, and of all matter and substance as well, were personified. Though she is thought of as self-productive, nevertheless, as in the Indian and other cults of the Great Mother, a male companion is associated with her, and the son becomes the husband of the Mother. Though there is no attempt to deal with the subject comparatively, much less psychologically, in his Introduction Dr. Garstang, whose interest is purely historical, writes: "While evidence is wanting to define clearly the original position of this deity (Tammuz) in relation to the goddess, the general tendency of myth and legend in the lands of Asia Minor, with which we are specially concerned, reveals him as her offspring, the fruits of the earth. The basis of the myth was human experience of nature, particularly the death of plant life with the approach of winter and its revival with the spring. In one version accordingly 'Adonis' descends for the six winter months to the underworld, until brought back to life through the divine influence of the goddess. The idea that the youth was the favoured lover of the goddess belongs to a different strain of thought, if indeed it was current in these lands at all in early times. In Asia Minor at any rate the sanctity of the goddess's traditional powers was safeguarded in popular legend by the emasculation of 'Attis' and in worship by the actual emasculation of her priesthood, perhaps the most striking feature of her cult. The abnormal and impassioned tendencies of her developed worship would be derived, according to this theory, from the efforts of her worshippers to assist her to bring forth notwithstanding her singleness," etc. The cult of the Vegetation Deity is a very important element in this wide-spread worship, but this 'Covent Garden theory,' as the late Andrew Lang wittily called it, by no means accounts for everything. For the higher culture, there was a distinct correspondence between Nature and human nature, and this correspondence was worked out with great refinement in spiritual values prior to and at the date of Lucian by the Hellenistic knowers of the 'Phrygian Mysteries.' But of all this Prof. Garstang says nothing; his face is turned solely to the Hittites and the externals of the popular cult.



## CONDUCT AND CHARACTER.

By J. H. Wicksteed. London (Nelson's Moral Education Series); pp. 286, with Appendix; 1s. 6d. net.

THE chapters in this book are a series of lessons. "All the lessons have been actually given," writes the author.

Now a lesson is a live thing. It consists of question and answer varying with the mood of the moment. To write it down in cold blood is impossible. Though some of us loved Mrs. Markham or Miss Edgeworth in our youth, few would read them now that teaching is better understood. In this book we have the teacher's part with the scholar's part left out. And the author has, quite rightly, left the point of his tales to be supplied by the scholars,—and not printed it. To contend against the difficulties of this method is a formidable undertaking. Still there is a pleasant tone about the work, and the feeling of having been in good company when you close it.

The plan of teaching the simpler points in morals by apposite stories is no new one. We have fables, allegories, even parables, used for this purpose. Mr. Wicksteed has collected many good stories. He tells well the story of how the Monk Telemachus, by his death in the arena, ended the gladiatorial shows; of Lord Shaftesbury's many fights for the poor; of Edward VII. and the Portuguese flag, and of the same king's use of a coal-scuttle;—of Andromache, and of Penn's treatment of the Indians in Pennsylvania;—of the courage of Sir John Eliot.

He succeeds in fact almost always when he gets a personal sketch, or a touch of local colour. But there are too many paragraphs which lose vividness from the lack of name for person or place, or from being too generalised. You want to give the child of twelve a particular instance as vivid as possible and let him generalise in drawing his moral. What child will be interested for instance by the sentences: "Men and women who work heroically for political and social movements they believe in are probably known to all of us. Even if we disagree with their views we cannot help admiring their courage in difficulty and even danger,"—or the passing allusion to the heroism of Captain Scott? Are not discussions of child-sacrifice, witch-burning, Lyell's work in Geology, and Darwin's in Evolution, a little off the track in the chapters on Truth? Would not children be more impressed by Darwin's wonderful

humility, and forbearance under attack, than by his scientific imagination?

The League's syllabus desires to exclude fiction from the lessons. This seems rather a pity. But history provides an almost unlimited field of illustration. What brilliant instances might be found of moral courage in Wilberforce and Lloyd Garrison, of physical courage in the tales of the Peninsular war, of patriotism in the long struggle for Italian freedom? But the teacher in search of material for such lessons will find much in this book to help him, and to lead him to collect dramatic personal incidents for himself.

F. E. M.

#### THE SPIRITUAL MESSAGE OF DANTE.

By the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, K.C.V.O., D.D., D.C.L.,  
D.Litt., LL.D., Canon of Westminster and Clerk of the  
Closet to the King; late Bishop of Ripon. London  
(Williams & Norgate); pp. 250; 5s. net.

THE six lectures contained in this volume were delivered at Harvard under the William Belden Noble Trust, and in accordance with the conditions laid down for the Lectureship were designed to extend the influence of Christian teaching, and were not, as the lecturer points out in the preface, intended as a contribution to the critical study of Dante. A special point of view being thus necessarily adhered to throughout, the interest of the book is somewhat restricted, and the reader is even conscious at times of a certain forcing of matters into a shape required for the purpose; as, for instance, in Lecture III., in what reads as a sort of apology for the idea of hell, from all responsibility for which Christianity is carefully exonerated; and perhaps also in the manner in which the law of love, as exemplified in the *Inferno*, is forcibly and almost exclusively spelt into every feature of that region, from the story of Paolo and Francesca, to the earthquake caused by the descent of the Redeemer into hell. Dante is represented as acquiescing, after possibly a struggle to preserve his loyalty to mediæval thought, in the view that regarded hell as 'an everlasting prison-house.' The psychological aspect of hell, as 'self-revelation,' is, however, placed side by side with the more materialistic view supposed to be held by Dante, and his position,

within the limited horizon of his age, is contrasted with the 'Christian liberty,' which gives fuller vision to ourselves.

The meaning of causal vice, the distinction between natural and rational love, and the kinds of sin resulting from disordered love, are set forth in the Lecture on the *Purgatorio*; while in that on the *Paradiso* it is shown that this realm is one of progress, and interesting points are made of the movement and change belonging to the highest stages of spiritual experience; and of the discovery by the seer that the change of which he is aware is taking place in himself, and not in the object he beholds—considerations which recall the phrase of M. Bergson, 'the soul is a movement.' In the concluding lecture the aspect of the *Divina Commedia* as a 'human document,' of which Dante himself is the hero, is insisted on. Perhaps necessarily from the circumstances under which the lectures were given, there is no suggestion of a mystical side to the allegory.

The book contains several portraits of Dante, as well as some interesting illustrations taken from Lord Vernon's edition of the *Inferno*.

S. E. H.

#### THE GENIUS OF THE GAEL.

A Study in Celtic Psychology and its Manifestations. By Sophie Bryant, D.Sc., Litt.D., Author of 'Celtic Ireland,' etc. London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 288; 5s. net.

DR. SOPHIE BRYANT'S analysis of 'the lightning genius of the Gael' is both original and interesting. True to the psycho-physiological turn of modern thought, she finds the origin of his temperamental idiosyncrasy, as expressed in positiveness, irrepressibility and adaptability, in *the greater swiftness and certainty with which, in the Gaelic mind, the subconscious becomes the conscious*; in its readiness to re-act as a whole; and explains this by supposing a greater degree of liability in the nerve-centres to effect transformations of physical energy. From this facility of consciousness arise the contradictory characteristics of the Gael, who is at once a dreamer and practical, conservative and progressive, accessible to ideas and persistently primitive. The lucid manner in which the Gaelic temperament, with its power of 'swift mobilisation,' working through opposites, and exhibiting a concreteness of self-consciousness, which involves a continuous self-consistency, is set forth under one aspect after another, leaves

us, if not entirely convinced, at any rate with the sense that a new and striking light has been thrown on the subject.

The chapter on the Gael in politics is perhaps the one most calculated to arouse criticism, betraying as it does a tone of partiality, which is carefully subdued throughout the greater part of the book. The high value, for instance, assigned to the Irish element in American politics, is a point on which opinion can hardly be taken as undivided, and the same might be said of the account given of Irish influence in Australia; but the Gaelic genius for unity, and the quickness with which the mass of the people will assimilate the idea of a leader and fall in behind him, are better proved; while the Irish gift of social simultaneity is amusingly illustrated by the following history of a House of Commons joke, quoted from the words of an English member: "When a joke is made, or a humorous incident occurs, it takes effect first on the Irish benches; a burst of *simultaneous* laughter issues from that part of the building. Then it is taken up by the neighbouring benches and *rolls gradually* over the House."

Want of space forbids to touch on the exemplification of the facile consciousness of the Gael in other departments of life: in literature, in social relations, and in the expression of thought in speech. Illustrating the readiness of his mind to re-act on experience, it is noted that he seldom uses the same word twice. The Irish peasant has about ten words for every one used by the English peasant, which gives his talk its 'compelling sense of style'; as when an inhabitant of the Midlands says in describing the virtues of a certain well, "the water of that well, when the sun would be splitting the flags, the coldness of it would shiver the teeth in your head." The connection between the writer's theory of psychology, and the spiritual insight of the Celt, with his sense of the eternal here and now, and his temperament tending to make easy 'the uplift of the whole nature in a single act of spiritual aspiration,' is dealt with cautiously; but it is held that there is an affinity between the spirituality of the Celt, and the concreteness of consciousness the author ascribes to him.

For further elucidation on these points, which are illustrated by delightful quotations from Gaelic literature, including some early Christian poems, the reader is referred to the book itself, which he will find full of suggestion, both in regard to the special subject concerned, and also to the wider psychological issues which it opens up.

S. E. H.

## COLLECTED POEMS BY A. E.

London (Macmillan); pp. 275; 6s. net.

A COLLECTED edition of poems by a living poet is invariably a matter fraught with some danger. A poet's lovers are apt to resent alterations even when such may make for improvement. Additions are held suspect; omissions deplored. In the present instance we are grateful that the poet has refrained from meddling. Indeed, in some cases, a greater sternness might have been exercised. Such an unsatisfactory line as 'Come, my children, with me to the ancient go,' might well have been reshaped. But, in revision, too little is better than too much. We who have, for years, carried about A. E.'s three small volumes of verse and have pondered over them by shining lake or leaf-dimmed grove, are susceptible to even such extrinsic influences as the change of type and paper, the increased bulk of the volume, and the more luxurious spacing of well-loved lines. So intimate has been the poet's appeal, that it may be said of his lovers that they have gone hither and thither—like persons 'upon a secret errand.'

On the whole, however, this new edition is worthy of the poet, even though certain features of it may be not wholly satisfactory. For instance, the poems are arranged under no headings and in no chronological order. Indeed the plan of their arrangement is such that it can be recognised by no reader of ordinary sensibility. The collection opens with the prelude to 'Homeward Songs by the Way,' and closes with the wistful epilogue to 'The Earth Breath'; otherwise the reader must search for the well-known landmarks. Herein we find those notable triumphs, 'Oversoul' (originally 'Krishna'), 'The Great Breath,' 'Echoes,' 'Dust,' 'Sacrifice,' 'Parting,' 'Refuge,' 'Janus,' 'The Joy of Earth.' Of the new poems, 'Frolic' has something of Mr. Arthur Symonds' elegance and subtlety of vision, though its inspiration is leagues apart from the domain of that 'little master' of landscape verse; 'The Virgin Mother' is one of the loveliest of A. E.'s lyrics and one of the loveliest lyrics of our time; 'The Earth' and 'The Iron Age' are poems of exceeding nobility. It is to be noted that there is no break between the earlier and the later work. A certain note of cleverness, maybe, has crept in here and there, but it is mostly an effective cleverness.

We deplore the absence, however, of two poems—the ‘Epitaph’ of the first volume, ‘The Dark Age’ of the second.

“I will arise and look on Him  
And tread the vast in dreams, and keep  
The fire I hold from burning dim  
Like theirs who moan in sleep.”

Such verse we cannot afford to lose. Certain poems, such as ‘A Midnight Meditation,’ which, despite certain fine things, is among the weaker, because more loosely constructed of A. E.’s utterances, might well have been thrust aside in favour of these two jewels.

Fortunately it is not necessary to-day to analyse the excellencies of A. E.’s poetry. For years it has been the possession of all ‘knowledgeable’ persons. We can only pity such as have not yielded to the spell. It is but seldom that the poet’s lack of concentration and apparent scorn of fine workmanship is not atoned for by an all-embracing beauty of thought. At their worst these are the songs of a noble soul striving for utterance; at their best they are of the gods.

C. F.

# The Quest Society.

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