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THE QUEST.



THE SUBLIMINAL SELF PHILOSOPHICALLY CONSIDERED.¹

Prof. ÉMILE BOUTROUX, Membre de l'Académie.

THIS discourse will deal more particularly with matters relating to observation and experiment. Of recent times, a determined attempt has been made to enlarge the field of scientific knowledge regarding the soul. Unfortunately, I am unable to advance any personal observations or researches of my own. But though such personal researches are very important, they are so mainly because of the modifications they may probably effect in the idea we form of our nature, condition and destiny. And so, even if I have no new facts to offer, I do not think it would be without interest to reflect on the facts already discovered by experimenters, and endeavour to trace their true philosophic significance. Science, after all, ends in man, as it has its source in him. What is called judgment, the supreme function of reason, is but the sum total of the rules of appreciation which have been formed in the mind by reflecting on the knowledge it has acquired.

¹ Address delivered at the *Institut Général Psychologique*.

I.

An important change, more especially in recent times, has come about in our current ideas, touching phenomena that appear to be strange or even supernatural.

Up to quite recently, a form of dogmatic rationalism held sway which, *à priori*, denied the possibility of every fact that goes beyond human reason. Reason itself was a universal, perfect and absolute faculty of judging, which found within itself the precise, infallible measure of being and possibility.

Modern science has broken up this dogmatism once for all. Indeed, it has proved that human knowledge is based not on reason, but on experience, and that it is the exclusive function of this latter to determine the scope and limits of being and possibility.

But whereas the philosophers of old had looked upon experience as incapable of attaining to absolute knowledge, and had, on that account, sought the foundations of science in ideas or in reason, modern empiricists imagined at the outset that they had found, in a new theory of experimental induction, the means of eluding the classic objection of the relativity inherent in experience; as a matter of fact, they replaced the dogmatism of reason by a dogmatism of experience. We will believe in the possibility of miracles, said a brilliant genius, the day some fact has been demonstrated before the Academy of Science which this latter acknowledges to be miraculous. A strange assertion, implying that a miracle could be established; whereas, from the purely experimental point of view, since no law is known to be absolute, no derogation from known laws can be declared supernatural.

Now, science more and more clearly proves that, as it is radically experimental, it is therefore insuperably relative. Consequently, it is and will always be impossible to set a limit to the power of nature. Our science is but an imperfect *résumé* of what we have observed. It cannot guarantee that we shall never establish anything that does not come within its limits.

Many phenomena, indeed, which scientists mostly disdained to investigate, because they seemed opposed to scientific experiment or to reason, are now-a-days recognised as far more worthy of attention and examination than was supposed. These include 'table-turning' and automatic writing, telepathy, clairvoyance, presentiments and premonitions, healing by will or faith, inspiration, prophecy, possession, displacement of objects without contact, apparitions, and levitation. All these phenomena are now investigated by professional scientists, and certain of them, especially those classed under the names of hypnotism, suggestion, change of personality, are undoubted acquisitions to science.

The proved reality of such phenomena has called forth, from a strictly scientific point of view, psychological theories which seem to enlarge the field of natural possibilities. Without going back to the famous polypsychism of Durand (de Gros), we find that Charles Richet, in 1884, conceived of a strictly psychic automatism along side of somatic automatism. Pierre Janet followed up this idea in his theory of mental disaggregation. Ribot, Binet and Grasset in the same way developed the doctrine of a psychism intermediate between consciousness strictly so called and physiological phenomena. Many writers, amongst them Th. Flournoy, of Geneva, a profound and just critic, are

even disposed to give a wider meaning to the *rôle* of this second consciousness.

It is mainly F. W. H. Myers, however, who, relying on the large number of exact observations he collected or instituted, regarded this consciousness as the very ground of the soul and the principle of its state and destiny. In works begun in 1886 and crowned by his great posthumous book, *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, 1903, Myers gave the name of subliminal self—the self below the threshold of consciousness—to that realm of the soul which is still in some way conscious, though without being accessible to our normal self. This subliminal self on the one hand, through its inferior faculties, is immersed in the animality from which our conscious personality has freed itself; on the other hand, through its superior faculties, it communicates with supraterrrestrial beings, whose influence our conscious self, impeded by the body, is unable to receive. Hence, on the one hand, the action of the soul on the physiological functions; on the other hand, such phenomena as clairvoyance and prophecy. As this subliminal self, in the present life, according to Myers, can communicate with discarnate spirits, it is itself spirit; its function and final destiny is to enter, beyond space and time, into the society of spirits, *i.e.* of persons.

To Myers more especially the experimental theory of a psychism other than that of clear consciousness assumed a metaphysical and religious signification.

What was called supernatural is positively included in nature itself. It is nothing else, according to Myers, than the spiritual, which, in the ordinary course of things, is not separated from the bodily, and

so permits itself to be ignored or misunderstood; but which, in the activities of the subliminal self, in so far as they break in upon the supraliminal self, directly and effectively reveals its existence. The spiritualism, painfully inferred by philosophers, would thus become a truth of experience.

Even more important would be the scope of the theory from the religious point of view. What is grace, which Christianity makes the condition of the religious life, and which should become our strength and will, our very self, though it does not originate in ourselves? How does conversion come about, by which we are born, as it were, into a new personality? What is sin, which may dwell in us, without our being conscious of it? Why does the righteous man pray: "Cleanse thou me, Lord, from my secret faults"? Is the mystic a victim of illusion pure and simple, when he feels himself in communion with God, and is conscious of being transformed by the divine presence?

All these are questions which, as the famous philosopher William James remarks in his fine work *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, for ordinary psychology can be solved only by pure and simple faith, but which, if we admit the subliminal self of Myers, allow, to some extent, of a scientific solution. The subliminal self is the theatre of communication between man and God. The subliminal door is the way of passage through which the divine may enter the human soul. And the forces which influence the subliminal self are capable of breaking in upon the supraliminal self. When such incursions take place, the conscious self, which is unable to fathom their origin, regards them as supernatural. And it is right, in a way, seeing that, if union with God is natural to

man, this is only in so far as he possesses, below his conscious self, a faculty capable of activities that exceed the scope of this self.

In the same way, immortality, an object of faith in the various religions, becomes a fact in the doctrine of the subliminal self.

In a charming poem called *Sudden Light*, Dante Gabriel Rossetti suddenly recognises places which he thought he was visiting for the first time :

“ I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell.”

He goes on to narrate how at the turning of his companion's head to follow a swallow's flight :

“ Some veil did fall,—I knew it all of yore.”

But, if I have already lived before this life, the poet concludes, why should I not continue to live after it ?

In the doctrine of Myers, this dream of the imagination becomes an experimental reality. For if, in this very world and life, we establish the existence of activities that take place apart from any co-operation on the part of the physical organs, there is no reason whatsoever why we should chain down our souls to the destiny of our bodies.

What are we to think of such significance being attributed to the existence of a subliminal self ? Is it true that the subconscious contributes new and important elements to the solution of philosophical and religious questions ?

II.

Evidently we must here distinguish between the many ways of understanding or interpreting the subconscious.

If the subconscious is really nothing else than the automatism of Richet or Pierre Janet, or the polygonal activity of Grasset,¹ it could bring nothing to the soul that would introduce it into a world superior to that of the senses.

Indeed, the characteristic of this automatic activity is that it discovers nothing new, but simply retains, unknown to the conscious self, traces of its perceptions and thoughts. The remarkable thing about the subconscious self is its exceedingly docile, faithful and persistent memory. A perception that has but lightly affected the conscious self is minutely registered subconsciously, and will be expressed, perhaps long afterwards, by a reminiscence or a hallucination; hence, for instance, words uttered by a person in a language with which he is not acquainted.

At times the revelations of spiritism are so strange that the subject would appear to be in communication with beings other than those normally accessible to him. For instance, a famous medium, Hélène Smith, saw what was taking place on the planet Mars and spoke the language of that planet, a markedly characteristic speech, with consonances and special accent, which enabled it to be clearly distinguished from any known language. M. Flournoy, however, after patient analysis and scrutiny, proved that this so-called language was but a childish travesty of French.

The subconscious life, in the theory of automatism, not only introduces nothing fresh, it is also distinctly inferior to conscious life. When it is manifested separately, it is the expression of a disaggregation of

¹ Grasset represents the sum total of the lower psychic centres by a polygon as opposed to the higher psychic centre which is a unit.

the personality. The self, strictly speaking, is a co-ordination, a unification of the conscious and the subconscious. When the tension of the self is lessened—and thus a morbid state brought about—the subconscious becomes separate and acts by itself. This subconscious, also, may disaggregate and produce two, three, or four personalities, more or less alien to one another.

The development of such modes of existence is not a perfecting of personality, it is a paying forfeit, and when allied with such a subconscious activity, religion is no more than a pathological state. Because of the extreme readiness of the subconscious to vibrate in unison with its psychic environment, religion has been defined as being a collective psychosis.

To confine oneself, however, to the consideration of psychic automatism, would be to narrow down the question systematically. The theory of F. W. H. Myers, the defender *par excellence* of the importance and value of the subliminal self, is that this self is not solely an inferior automatism, but that it is over and beyond this an activity superior to that of the conscious self, a means of communication with a world inaccessible to normal consciousness. Thus the subliminal self envelopes on all sides—and extends beyond—the self of clear consciousness, which consists of a small portion of the larger self developed so as to adapt itself to the present conditions of earth-life.

In support of his theory, Myers points out that within us there are faculties which exceed the needs of our actual life, and which consequently cannot be awakened by the working of the law of natural selection, which is the evolutionary principle of the creatures of our world. Such pre-eminently is genius—a blessing

indeed, but one that depicts an anticipatory adaptation to an ideal, possible world, and not a result of the conditions of actual life.

More particularly Myers lays stress on certain facts which, to his mind, supply direct proof, not only of the existence, but of the superior power of the subliminal self.

These facts consist chiefly of the phenomena of telepathy and telæsthesia. These are of two grades: (1) telepathy between the living; (2) telepathy between a living and a deceased person.

In proof of his theory, Myers brings forward a large number of observations, mainly veridical phantasms and hallucinations, unforeseeable messages emanating from spirits, whether incarnate or discarnate.

From the existence of these facts he arrives, by induction, at the possibility and reality of a third stage, in which spirits, without the intervention of any body whatsoever, communicate directly with one another.

Myers' profound science, his scrupulous researches and his insight have been universally admired. Nevertheless, there has been general hesitation in adopting his conclusions.

The method of gradually leading us on to conclusions far removed from the starting-point, by the insertion of intermediate links, is seductive, but dangerous. We are always in danger of repeating the fallacy of the bald-pate. Between telepathy of living and living and telepathy of living and dead there is a chasm. Similarly also in telepathy it may be necessary to set up a radical distinction between a dead man and one who is dying, between a man who has just died and one who has been dead for some time.

If certain facts of telepathy are really established,

it is advisable to enquire whether they may not be explained by the old physical hypothesis of vital magnetism, or the radiation of nervous force, analogous to that of heat, light and electricity.

Again, if we are really dealing with a special psychical activity, how can we clearly prove by material experiments that this activity goes farther than the automatism that is generally recognised to-day; that the subliminal self is not inferior only, but, in certain of its manifestations, is superior to the supraliminal self?

More particularly, how can we be certain that we are dealing with a really objective phenomenon, and not with a hallucination of the conscious or the subconscious? We must not forget that a hallucination, in certain conditions, may be contagious and become collective.

Moreover, how difficult it is to observe these phenomena! Speaking generally, a really objective observation is no easy matter, for the very effort to see and see well, the state of expectancy that necessarily intervenes, may easily from the very outset introduce subjective elements. Now, expectant attention is carried to its maximum in spiritistic experiments; there is great danger of its imposing on consciousness its own preconceived representation of the phenomenon, just as a man automatically says the very word which ought not to have been said, from the mere fact that he did his best not to say it at all.

And lastly, in these experiments, which form the arena of so many passions, how much allowance must be made for trickery and fraud, especially when we reflect that this may be involuntary and unconscious, as well as voluntary! To relate exactly what we see

to refrain from all preoccupations with the result, to make the effort necessary to see and relate a thing well, and not go beyond that endeavour, to be true and sincere, is for every one a problem and an ideal difficult of realisation ; it is almost an impossibility for those with whom we have to deal in spiritistic experiments.

The facts, therefore, on which Myers relies are very difficult to prove ; and many critics are doubtful that he has really succeeded in establishing them.

But we must go further. Even were these facts verified, they would not appear to be of the importance attributed to them from the metaphysical and religious point of view.

Suppose it is admitted that we can communicate with certain persons at a distance ; that communications of incarnate spirits with discarnate spirits and of discarnate spirits with one another take place ; that, by virtue of simply natural laws, human personality subsists after the dissolution of the body—have we here proofs in confirmation of religion ?

If we are careful in the matter, such investigations come within the province of science not of religion. We have here an extension of our knowledge, a more or less new class of phenomena which is supposed to unfold before our eyes. There is nothing religious about the invention of wireless telegraphy. If we were to succeed in perceiving new colours beyond those we see in the spectrum, it would not bring us any nearer to a knowledge of God. If we should prove that, by the laws of nature, there is a possible survival, not only of the vague matter of things, but of certain forms or modes of being, such as the human soul, what shall we have done that is not characteristic of science ? It is the very task of science to distinguish, amid

appearances of change and permanence, what really does change and what fundamentally remains unchanged. The sun appears immutable and yet it changes. The phenomena of nature appear subject to a perpetual flux, whereas they are but the variable manifestation of constant laws. How would the discovery of a new case of natural permanence justify religion ?

So long as we are dealing with the knowledge of the nature of things, their laws and their given relations, the problem we set ourselves is a scientific one ; whether the results of observation resemble or not things already known, does not matter. If observed phenomena do not come within the present limits of science, it is either because they depend on some condition which eludes us, or because our limits are inadequate. Henceforward, no human science regards itself as either possessing or as capable of possessing all the laws necessary to explain every possible phenomenon.

Religion cannot consist of a relation between a given being and a given being, even though one of these beings were insignificant and the other very great. A relation between being and being is a thing that can be observed from without, a fact, consequently a part of nature.

If religion has a character of its own, if it is truly distinct from the relations investigated by science, this is because it is a relation between that which is and that which may and ought to be, between the real and the ideal. *Adveniat regnum tuum!* Such a relation is not capable of observation ; it goes as much beyond the scope of spiritism as it does beyond that of physics or of normal psychology.

III.

Do we mean by this that from all these investigations, so ingenious, penetrating and sound in certain directions, there is nothing to be obtained that will interest the philosopher or the religious mind?

Such a conclusion would, in my opinion, be unjust. We seem to have acquired for the future one result whose philosophic importance appears undeniable: the existence, in the human soul, of a characteristically subconscious region.

Ever since consciousness has been studied for its own sake, *i.e.* especially from the time of Descartes, the idea formed of its extent seems to have passed through three stages.

First of all, an attempt was made to account, by means of consciousness itself, for everything that takes place in consciousness or that appears before it. The precise expression of this philosophy was the associationist psychology.

Afterwards, it was seen that the conscious is far from being self-sufficient and forming a whole; and so, to fill up the enormous gaps presented by a psychology in which everything was to be explained by the conscious alone, the unconscious was conceived, as combining with the conscious for the production of psychical phenomena. This unconscious was regarded by some as purely physiological; for others it was a metaphysical being, the Unconscious (*Unbewusste*) of von Hartmann. In conformity with the very name given to it, this unconscious was literally heterogeneous to consciousness—not conscious.

But the idea that has become increasingly evident

and which seems to have gained the victory to-day, is that represented by a third doctrine—apparently suggested by Leibnitz—according to which the soul itself contains, in addition to a clearly conscious region which constitutes the self strictly so called, a region that is more or less distinct from the self, more or less incapable of being fathomed by clear consciousness, though still in a way conscious, a region not unconscious, but subconscious. The subconscious interposed as a strictly psychic reality between the conscious self and the physiological phenomenon or between it and absolute being—such is the conquest that modern science appears finally to have made. Now, this conquest is far from being a matter of indifference to the philosopher.

Is this subconscious purely and simply to be set alongside of and beneath the conscious, and the latter regarded as self-sufficient, the subconscious being no more than the latent survival of its acquisitions?

The conscious and the subconscious become more or less disaggregated in certain pathological states; and the man who judges of their nature mainly from clinical observations, is disposed to posit the conscious and the subconscious as exterior to each other, and to regard the latter as no more than a continuation or a deformation of the former. But the differences we note in a sick man cannot be applied just as they are to a healthy man. What sickness does is to transform into a discrete multiplicity what, in a state of health, was harmony, fusion and unity.

As a matter of fact, in the normal state, there is no human psychological function in which analysis does not discern the *rôle* of the subconscious in the very midst of the activity of the conscious.

Consider the will, which one would like to regard as the pre-eminently conscious element, how can it be exercised and actualise the choice which characterises it, unless it has at its disposal motives and inclinations, desires and feelings, which must be supplied by the subconscious ?

Attention, also, presupposes interest, curiosity, an attraction, an object ; all of which are conditions that well up at the appointed time from the subconscious regions of the soul.

Will it be alleged that perception is the first act of the conscious ? Perception, however, is the application of some exemplar we had within ourselves to the psychic impression determined by the object. Where was this model if not in the subconscious ?

Reasoning brings together and compares, identifies and distinguishes, in accordance with subconscious types of relation and comparison, of identity and opposition. It is further constantly guided, if it would not be purely formal and risk going astray, by the inner intuition and the sense of reality. And so, even for this process which appears exclusively reflective, the conscious is not sufficient.

In a general way the processes of the conscious self presuppose, in spite of objection, faculties. This word, so greatly decried when we tried to construct the whole of psychology from nothing but the conscious, acquires meaning and content if we admit the subconscious. Our conscious processes have ends, directions and laws, and these laws spring from the depths of the soul, inaccessible to clear consciousness.

It follows that it is not in conformity with the data of the problem raised by the subconscious to enquire whether this latter may not be a mere trace, a

diminution or a deformation of the conscious. It is useless to say: there is nothing in the subconscious which was not previously in the conscious, indeed the conscious itself is made up of the subconscious. It can no more be separated from it than can the language be separated from a speech of which it is the stuff.

It is therefore perfectly justifiable to hesitate before making up our minds as to whether or no the subconscious is necessarily only of what has been already perceived, has itself only a relative value. At the beginning of perception there is of necessity a more or less original subconscious act of invention—the creation of a scheme at once capable of representing in the mind the sensation experienced, and general and subtle enough to be capable of subsequent application to other sensations different from the first. And in all perception there is discovery made by the subconscious, *viz.* an adaptation of pre-existing schemes to the expression of new experiences.

Why then should we regard as sheer illusion the feeling of the artist or the genius who considers that his work is not really created in the conscious sphere of his soul, but that he simply gives definition and expression as best he can to the results of a work which is being accomplished, almost apart from himself, in some higher region? Indeed, this impression at times forces itself upon the man of genius with striking distinctness. As one of innumerable instances, I will take a few lines of Grétry's *Essays on Music* (iii. 183; i. 132). He writes:

“The artist, his mind often filled with some great theme, thinks he gives himself up to repose when night comes on; and yet, in spite of himself, whether asleep or only half asleep, his head plans

and combines. . . . Returning to his study, he is amazed to find all his difficulties overcome. It is the man of the night who has done it all; the man of the morning is often no more than a scribe."

Beethoven was conscious of receiving from God himself those sublime inspirations of his. Musset wrote: "One does not work, one listens; it is like a stranger whispering in one's ear."

Are these no more than memories erroneously regarded as new acquisitions and creations? Of a surety, to treat works of genius as simple reminiscences or mere products of mechanical cerebration, *i.e.* as reducible to the law of inertia, is pure hypothesis, radically incapable of proof. It is alleged that genius creates only relations, and that to create relations is not to create at all. But then, is there anything else in the world than relations? And do not relations constitute especially the whole of beauty as well as of science? If the slightest intellectual activity, a simple act of perception in human consciousness, presupposes a discovery effected by the subconscious, why not admit that genius also invents, and that therefore the subliminal self, as Myers maintains, is really both inferior and superior to the conscious self?

What is the distinctive activity of the subconscious?

On this point, I would propose the following hypothesis:

Conscious experience, in which subject and object are set up opposite and outside each other, is a derivative activity, born of a special effort, the end of which is the creation of precise objective symbols of things, so as to be able to recognise them, foresee the course they will take, and regulate them.

Now this derivative experience presupposes an immediate experience. How are we to conceive of this immediate experience? It would seem as though it must be the inmost unity of object and subject, of action and knowledge. It would thus be act-idea, intelligent creation or creative intelligence; the act which Faust put as at the beginning of things. *Im Anfang war die Tat—Tat*, subject-object; not yet *Tatsache*, fact presented to the thought of a subject. "We must not conceive," said Descartes, "of any preference or priority between the understanding of God and his will."

This immediate experience, the unity of act and knowledge, is impossible for our conscious self. But might it not be the secret spring of our subliminal self, the fundamental reality it reveals to us in its own way, sometimes by the creations of genius, sometimes by an automatism inferior to our normal life? On both sides is found this distinguishing mark, which is opposed to the conditions of our conscious life: idea and act as it were constituting a unity, as immediately determining each other. The creation of the man of genius is as though it were automatic; at the same time, it is in high degree intelligent. The hypnotised subject receives an idea; and immediately he is decided to realise it. The unity of thought and action is the starting point as well as the goal of the development of being. It is in its subliminal region that our self, so far as in it lies, experiences this unity.

IV.

If these views are of any value, the recent researches into the nature of the subliminal self, though insufficient to establish the problem of the reality of

discarnate spirits and of their communication with ourselves and with one another, are none the less of great interest from the metaphysical and religious point of view.

In a general way, they demonstrate the existence of a genuinely psychical activity, distinct both from our conscious activity and also from purely physiological reflexes. This activity is subconscious, not unconscious. Myers speaks of it as the subliminal self, to show that we are dealing with phenomena that are conscious in some fashion, not with manifestations of an organism or of an absolute alien to our self.

Is this subliminal self a faculty that enables us to enter into relation with supernatural beings, a faculty that is analogous, *mutatis mutandis*, to our senses and our capacity for objective experience? At present it is impossible to say; but it may be that it holds in hiding the relatively immediate experience of being, in the English sense of 'to experience,'—the living of an action or mode of being. It is that productive, creative activity involved in every one of our conscious, reflective processes. It is mind, not as something exterior to matter and co-ordinated to it, and so, in reality, matter itself, but as life, forthbringing source of what is realised, that active principle which cannot be reduced to things given.

Now the subconscious, thus interpreted, is of immediate interest to metaphysics; it enables us to remove one objection to its legitimacy which is for ever recurring.

We are asked what is the object of metaphysics, what guarantee we have that this object exists, how we can assure ourselves that metaphysics is not the arbitrary description of an imaginary object.

This objection is met by the reality and the *rôle* of the subconscious. Clear knowledge, science, begins with conscious experience. Now, in the life of the conscious self, this experience is not an absolute beginning. It is a result already, and the processes that precede it and make it possible, activities of the subconscious, are not altogether unknowable to us. Metaphysics is the investigation into those causes and acts which generate in the subliminal self the possibility of conscious life and of science.

Thus metaphysics has a really existing object, although at the same time it is one that cannot be reduced to the objects of science. For our dualistic experience, derivative and mediate, necessarily presupposes a living, simple, immediate experience, and a process leading from the latter to the former. And this object, presupposed by science, cannot be accessible to its methods, since science begins only after the work in question has been already accomplished.

The subconscious, then, offers metaphysics an object that is both real and specific.

It also offers religion an appropriate field of action, the existence of which has been scientifically established. Religion, especially as Christianity has made it, demands the possibility of an interior life which dominates the life of the conscious self in the particular sense of the word, and guides this self towards universal ends. The subliminal self is this wider self, in which secret activities take place that are echoed in the conscious self. We cannot say that the subliminal self brings us into relation with beings that can be materially isolated, different in nature from those with which we are acquainted, and deserving to be qualified as supernatural. In truth, beings thus placed above

those of our world would be in reality no more supernatural than a force is supernatural because it dominates another force. We give the name of nature to the sum total of given beings that act upon one another. A supernatural that enclosed the natural, just as the firmament of the ancients enclosed our world, would still form part of nature.

Instead of an illusionary supernatural the sub-conscious enables us to glimpse a primitive experience of the creative idea, a possibility of the reunion of the real and the ideal, which gives an original meaning to the word mind, and constitutes a supernatural more deserving of the name than is the materially supernatural. There is no capricious force whatever outside us that disturbs the order of the phenomena of nature by mechanical interventions. But within us there exists a living power which either exalts or degrades itself, and the working of which makes itself felt in our conscious life. *There* is the miracle : it is wrought in the depths of ourselves.

Hereby we find the nature of strictly religious knowledge marked out. It is not a science. Science finds its conditions only in the supraliminal self, in the polarised experience that characterises it.

Nor is it an intuition. The intuition of the identity of understanding and act, of being and perfection, is what is called God. The subliminal self may be a sense of the possibility of this intuition ; it is not this intuition itself, in the face of which every effort towards a better knowledge would instantly seem useless.

Religion rests on faith, not on a blind faith, but on a faith guided by the sense of that perfect intuition, of that truly immediate experience, the realisation of the unity of the real and the ideal.

Such is the conclusion to which we are led by the study of the subliminal self. And such, likewise, is the teaching of religious tradition.

Already, in the sixth century before our era, Heraclitus declared: If a man is unacquainted with religious matters, it is mainly because he does not believe.

Saint Paul also said: Our guide in this world, is faith, not sight.

It is not, then, a matter of indifference that the existence in the soul of an activity which gives a real meaning to these propositions should be scientifically established; all the more when, if man consisted only of a conscious self and a crude body, if logic and mechanics comprised the whole of knowledge, these propositions could signify naught but ignorance, fanaticism and illusion.

ÉMILE BOUTROUX.

(Authorised translation by FRED ROTHWELL.)

THE DAWN OF VOICE AND HEARING.

Fleet Surgeon C. MARSH BEADNELL.

ALL but the lowliest animals possess the faculty of setting up among the particles of the medium in which they live and move and have their being, rapid to-and-fro vibrations which radiate in all directions from the point of origin as sound-waves. Certain animals, again, can intercept and react in a purposive manner to these vibrations, though it is only in the highest ones that, by the instrumentality of a complex auditory mechanism, such vibrations are able, ultimately, to evoke those particular sensations which we call *sound*. When, why, where and how animals came, first to possess, then to develop, and finally to perfect the mechanical apparatus concerned in the emission and interception of sound-waves, are questions to which an all-sufficient answer is not at present forthcoming, but that is no reason why we should not attempt a partial one. And so, with this end in view, we propose to enquire into certain well-known facts bearing on this fascinating four-fold problem concerning the genesis and development of sound-begetting, sound-receiving and sound-sensing organs throughout the various strata of animal society. In this present article we can only venture as far as the threshold of the great vertebrate division, and must be content with examining the more humble one constituted by a motley crowd of creatures who, however, are all linked by the one great bond of sympathy that they lack bones and are composed for

the most part of 'skin and squash.' On some future occasion we hope to extend our range of enquiry from the simpler vertebrates, as exemplified in the fishes, first to the amphibia, next to the reptiles, thence to the mammals and lastly to the 'lords o' creation.' We shall not rest content with the mere marshalling of facts, but endeavour to establish a general relationship between them ; in so doing we may be compelled, at times, to generalise beyond the province of actual experience, but shall strive to keep well within the bounds of what Tyndall called the scientific use of the imagination. These facts, massed and cemented together by justified speculation, when looked at from a sufficiently detached point of view, will, we trust, then stand out in their entirety as a clear and definite whole, comprising a history of the origin and evolution of the faculties of hearing and speaking.

THE TREE OF LIFE: EARLY SOFT-BODIED ANIMALS.

Long, very long ago in the world's history the tree of life consisted of but a single trunk representative of the first-born plasm of the primordial ocean, specks of vivified matter that as yet were neither animals, nor plants, nor even cells, but the common forerunner of all. Such particles of living matter appear as simple or as complex according to the particular point of view : from that of the crystal and fire-mist which gave them birth they present a marvelously intricate combination of atomic systems, each with its inter-atomic and intra-atomic motions, the whole forming the last resultant of a sempiternal concatenation of events ; from that of humanity, into which environmental forces compelled them to evolve,

they seem to be but the simple dawn of life, drops of slime and grains of jelly rich only in potentiality of things to come. In time this trunk bifurcated into two primary branches, the one standing for the holophytic or plant-like unicellular organisms resembling the *Haematococci* of to-day, the other for the holozoic or animal-like organisms similar to our amœbas. We will confine ourselves to this latter branch since plants maintain an indifferent attitude to sound-waves. Each of these organisms (collectively known as Protozoa) at first consisted of a free-swimming cell; later, a great evolutionary advance was made when certain of them gave up their nomadic mode of life and became sociable, living first in loose association and finally in firm conjunction with one another. Thus we see that, almost immediately after its own origin from the main trunk, this primary branch, symbolical of the lowliest animals, divided into two other branches, the one, whose members have never figured in the world of sound and to which, consequently, we need pay no more attention, persisted as the representative of the old Protozoa, and their modern unicellular descendants, the other diverged as the representative of the multicellular animals or Metazoa. The point of origin of this latter branch lay in the old sponges and, as they were about as talkative as a present-day implement of ablution, we shall leave them also. A little beyond the beginning of this metazoan branch, and on a distinctly higher plane of development than the sponges, were the ancient coelenterates, or creatures possessed of an enteric cavity, of which hydras and sea-anemones furnish good modern examples. Owing to the bodies of certain of these old-fashioned coelenterates having

become transversely divided into a series of longitudinally arranged joints or segments, there arose a new branch which represented the worms, a great and significant class, in that it is among certain of its members that we first meet with a definite and purposive reaction to rhythmic vibrations in an encompassing medium. Be it remembered, though, that all vibrations transmitted through liquids and solids are not necessarily sound-waves; the discrimination is important, as one is apt to infer that an animal that has reacted to a loud noise must 'hear,' whereas the case may be that it has *felt* a mechanical shock. An earthworm, for instance, is acutely sensitive to the softest footfall on the garden lawn (even the hop of a thrush will cause it to withdraw into its burrow), but the same animal is indifferent to the loudest shout close to it. However, there are worms that certainly produce and almost certainly 'appreciate,' that is 'sense' or feel, sound-waves; there is, for instance, in Java a monster earthworm several feet long rejoicing in the name of *Perichaeta musica*, which emits a series of sharp sounds when in locomotion. The fact that certain nemertine worms possess 'auditory' capsules suggests, though it does not actually prove, that they can distinguish sound-waves. We say this because, as we shall see later on, the ear of all higher animals, including Man, begins as an organ of static space-perception, passes on into one of static and kinetic space-perception, and finally completes itself by becoming in addition an organ of hearing; so it is just possible that the function of the nemertine 'auditory' capsules is still purely one of orientation, though, as already indicated, it is more probable that there is present, as well, some slight

auditive function. Be this as it may, the mere presence of these capsules in such lowly organisms is worthy of note in view of the order of development of the ear in higher animals.

Continuing our climb upward we find that the part of the tree which represents the archaic worms, soon arborises in some six different directions. The first, which is really a continuation of the original vermian branch, stands for the later and more modern worms and, as we have already said what little there is to say upon these very silent and retiring animals, we shall dismiss them. Next is a branch representing the molluscs, then one representing the echinoderms, a fourth branch exemplifies the crustaceans, a fifth the tracheates and the sixth and last the incipient vertebrates otherwise known as chordates. Each of these we must now examine in turn, postponing to the last our exploration of the chordate branch at the summit of which is Man.

Those soft-bodied, free-swimming, hard-shelled, sand-burrowing, rock-clinging creatures which together constitute the molluscan branch, and which embrace such apparently widely dissimilar animals as the octopus, clam and limpet, are, speaking generally, stolidly indifferent to the clash and clang of the outer world. True, some of them possess an 'auditory' organ consisting of a little bladder filled with fluid and containing one or more calcareous stones known as otoliths. Here, again, the qualifying term 'auditory' is particularly unfortunate, as it is almost certain that the organ has more the function of balancing and directing than of hearing. Nevertheless, it may be that the organ has some auditive function, for molluscs who possess it undoubtedly can and do react to

sounds, though curiously enough only to sounds of moderate intensity; to very slight or to very loud noises these animals are completely deaf. Concerning the evolution and function of otolith-organs in general we shall have more to say when we come to deal with the fishes.

In the spiny-skinned echinoderms there are, as in the worms and molluscs, dim foreshadowings of 'ears.' The sea-urchin, a quaint little beast that reminds one of a starfish who has tucked his legs beneath his stomach and grown hedgehog-like bristles on his back, is provided with small flask-shaped arrangements called 'sphaeridia' or balancers which enable it to orientate itself correctly. Closely allied to the sea-urchins are the *Holothuroidea*, whose general appearance is so well described in their popular name of sea-cucumbers. They possess, in connection with their nerve-ring—the analogue of our brain—organs known as otocysts or 'ear-sacs,' which are of great interest in that they are seemingly the transformed sphaeridia of sea-urchin-like ancestors. Now both otocysts and sphaeridia are primarily balancing organs, but there is evidence to show that they fulfil some acoustic purpose as well; they are, in fact, ears in the making.

NOISY INSECTS AND OTHER JOINT-FOOTED CREATURES.

A schoolboy who was asked to describe a crab replied, "A crab is a red insect that walks sideways,"—an answer at once so near and yet so far from the truth, for this animal is not red, it is not an insect, and it does not, as a rule, walk sideways; nevertheless the carapace of the crab contains certain lipochrome pigments which change from a bluish green to a red

colour when the animal is boiled; though not an insect but a crustacean, the crab is very closely related, as will appear presently, to that class of animal; and, finally, the crab does occasionally indulge in a locomotion that is laterally inclined. Both crabs and insects come under the great class *Arthropoda* or joint-footed animals; as regards the former, including of course with them the lobsters and crayfish, we have but little to say since practically all the *Crustacea* are silent. There is a popular delusion that a lobster thrown into boiling water squeals pitifully, but the noise is not a vital act and is caused by the rapid escape of minute bubbles of air from the crevices of the animal's armour in consequence of the expansive effect of the heat; a dead lobster thrown into hot water will 'squeal' just as loudly as a live one. Both lobsters and crayfish have a very fine sense of direction and possibly, also, a feeble sense of hearing, the former faculty certainly, and the latter, if present, probably, in virtue of the well-developed otolith-organs which these creatures possess. So much for the crustacean branch of the *Arthropoda*; we pass on now to the other branch which comprises the *Tracheata*, animals that breathe air *as air* by means of a system of tubes, thus differing from the crustaceans who breathe water containing air in solution. These tracheates include, amongst others, the insects and spiders, and they abound in adaptations for the production of sound-waves, adaptations which, for the most part, consist of 'stridulating organs.' Now a stridulating organ is simply a mechanism wherein two rough surfaces are rubbed together or a nail-like projection is scraped against a sort of file. Almost always the rubbing and rubbed surfaces are different segments of the body.

such as those of the head, thorax and abdomen, and entering into the sound-producing machinery may be such various parts as feelers, mandibles,¹ legs, wings, wing-covers, etc. To take a concrete case, we will select an insect that is by no means notorious for noisy habits, to wit, the ant. Now it would be a mistake to run away with the idea that this popular emblem of insignificance has no voice in the termite world of affairs; indeed there is an ant in Assam that is so disreputably rowdy that its voice can be heard thirty feet away, and it appears to produce this unseemly noise by a simple nodding movement of its head. There are other ants² who are equipped with a rough file which can scarcely be for other purpose than sound-production. It has been suggested that when they stroke one another so affectionately with their antennæ, ants are making use of a language of touch to communicate their ideas; this may be so, but seeing that so many of them undoubtedly phonate and that others are known to possess 'auditory' organs (usually on their front legs), it seems more than probable that they are not indifferent to one another's sounds. Other insects besides ants jerk their heads in a curious way when phonating; there is, for instance, the small but clamorous death-watch³ who ticks like a clock; this ticking noise was of terrible import to our more superstitious forebears in that it presaged the near death of the hearer, but the appearance, after prolonged ticking, of another death-watch proves that the noise is but a love-call.

¹ Strictly speaking these are not mandibles but *chelicerae* or prehensile claws.

² For instance, *Sima leviceps*, an Australian ant.

³ *Anobiides*. The weevil beetle of biscuit fame also belongs to this sub-family.

The butterfly family, too, is not without its noisy members; there is, for instance, a South American specimen¹ the male of which 'clicks' its wings together when courting the female or driving off other males. Many moths² make friction sounds while actually on the wing; the hawk moth is of special interest as it is able to make a noise not only when flying or resting in the winged condition, but when incarcerated as a pupa or crawling about as a grub; one of these moths, the death's head, makes its call by rubbing together the proboscis and palps. There is a fairly common Alpine moth,³ the male of which flits about making a weird crackling noise to which the female, sluggish and loth to leave the grass, responds by a quivering movement of her body and wings even though her lover be out of sight; when the wooer stops serenading, his lady-love simultaneously ceases to respond. "This almost amounts to proof," says Professor Thomson, "that the female *hears* the noise made by the male."⁴

There is little doubt but that bees and wasps to a certain extent express their emotions in the character of their wing-vibrations, and who is there that does not respect the buzz of an angry bee? With regard to those ubiquitous insects known as flies, only one point calls for special comment and that is the presence in them of certain curious organs known as *halteres* or balancers which can be made to vibrate with extreme rapidity. These organs are the homologues of wings, flies possessing (as indicated by the name *Diptera*) but two, the hind pair having been metamorphosed into these balancers or poisers. But—and this is our point

¹ *Ageronia*. Other clickers among the *Lepidoptera* are *Aegocera tripartita* from India, and *Hecatesia fenestrata* from Australia.

² The *Arctiidae*. ³ *Endrosa*.

⁴ See article by J. A. Thomson, F.R.S., in *Knowledge* for March, 1918.

—the structure of these organs is such as to indicate—at any rate to some observers whose opinion commands recognition—that they have, in addition, the function of sound analysis. Now if this is so it is an extremely interesting fact in view of what is known of the very different parts played by the ear in all higher animals, for it looks as though Nature, when casting about for some organ out of which to manufacture an ear, has ‘got a habit’ of selecting one whose original function was one of equilibration.

Not unlike huge flies in appearance, though in reality a family of the *Hemiptera* or bugs, are the cicadas. These denizens of the sun-bathed belt are for sheer love of a racket *facile principes*, putting our shrillest grasshoppers to the blush. Their uproar penetrates a mile, as I can personally vouch for in both China and Africa, and it can only be likened to the whistle of a locomotive; in fact, when travelling by train through the Karoo desert, where vegetation is very sparse except around homesteads, it is easy to know when one is approaching a station by the united stridulations of these trumpet-tongued insects concealed amid the foliage of the bamboo and pepper groves in its vicinity. There is no doubt but that cicadas can hear; if a noise, such as clapping the hands, be made while they are engaged in one of their characteristic choral efforts they will all abruptly and simultaneously cease, only, however, after the lapse of a minute or so, to burst forth into song again, the whole lot merrily starting off together as though in obedience to a wave of the *bâton* of some cicadean bandmaster. Having caught your gentleman cicada, seize him firmly ‘twixt finger and thumb—for he will protest loudly—and turn him upside down so as to

expose his abdomen; the first thing you see are two overlapping plates, the *opercula*, which should be gently moved apart, when there will come into view three membranes. The most posterior of these is a beautiful object, sparkling and scintillating like a jewelled mirror; but it is upon the more external of the three membranes, as the *fons et origo* of all the noise, that we must focus our attention. This membrane, known as the timbal, is made to vibrate rapidly by means of a special muscle and so to give out those ear-splitting screechings so maddening to human and—at least we suppose—so charming to cicadean ears. The males sing, partly in rivalry, each trying to shout the other down, and partly, and probably chiefly, with the object of attracting the females, who, poor things, being dumb, cannot retaliate, a misfortune to which that somewhat cynical poet Xenarchus drew attention many hundreds of years ago in the lines:

“Happy the cicadas’ lives
For they all have voiceless wives.”

In nearly all animals it is the male who is the more vocal—a point we hope to dwell upon on a future occasion—even in *Homo modernus* the female only excels in *quantity* of vocal utterances! That the call of the cicada is not always prompted by the passion of love, and that it is sometimes evoked under circumstances far removed from that ecstatic state, is shown by a little incident that happened not far from the historic walled city of Wei-Hai-Wei. My attention was attracted by the persistent stridulation of a single cicada, and being anxious to learn why a solo, and not the customary chorus, was going on, I approached the source of sound, and at length saw up in the branches of a tree an unfortunate cicada in the deadly embrace

of a large *Mantis religiosa*, who was slowly and methodically devouring her victim piecemeal, the while it gave vent to heart-rending cries. I threw a stick up into the tree and a cloud of cicadas flew out—a fact which in itself is of interest, in that it suggested that these creatures can discriminate between the various characters of their own sounds, that is to say, between sounds emitted under relatively pleasurable, and sounds emitted under relatively painful conditions, and that in the present instance they were awed into silence by the death-cries of their comrade. The ferocious praying mantis is the terror of the insect world; nothing seems to come amiss to its maw; in fact an Argentine species has been known, on no less an authority than the entomologist Burmeister, to throttle small birds and suck their blood.¹ The female mantis has the unenviable—at any rate from the mere masculine aspect—habit of eating her spouse when wearied of his attentions. Mantids as a whole are comparatively mute, though some hiss and others emit a mournful cry by rubbing their body with their wings.

Not far removed from the mantids are the grasshoppers, crickets, and locusts, all coming together in the division of saltatorial Orthoptera in opposition to the mantids, cockroaches, earwigs and stick-insects, who form the division of cursorial, that is walking or running, Orthoptera. These jumping insects are a cheery musical crowd second only to the cicadas, and unlike the latter their song, far from irritating, has a delightfully soothing effect. I have seen Chinese peasants go into raptures over the singing of grasshoppers, which they keep for the sake of their music in little wooden cages; the natives of the Amazon

¹ *British Medical Journal*, April 18, 1912.

country have a precisely similar custom. The song of the grasshopper is nothing but the sonorous vibration of its upper wings when rubbed by the hind legs. Here, again, it is apparently the males alone who phonate, though the presence of a very rudimentary sounding apparatus in some of the females leads one to suspect that they are not so entirely silent as they seem. There is a male grasshopper of South Africa who serenades his unresponsive but not inattentive mate, with the aid of a friction apparatus on each side of his abdomen, the while he puffs himself out with air so as to play the part of resonator. Our own little cricket-on-the-hearth stridulates by means of his wing-covers. Amongst locusts, also, it is the males who are the principal stridulators, the noise being made by scraping together the serrated edges of the wings and wing-covers, which in some species are hollowed out to form a sounding-box. There is a locust-like insect¹ in the Karoo which has, on the first abdominal segment, a set of horny folds known as a 'rattling plate'; by rotating the adjacent leg, certain peg-like projections upon it strike the rattle and set up a deafening noise. Everyone has heard of the Katydid, a locust of North America, the male of which, by rubbing his wings together, makes a noise resembling the words Katy-did-o-she-did-Katy-did-she-did. To this reiterated reproach the unrepentant and exasperated Kate retorts with a sneeze-like *tschick*.

There is little to be said about the cries of beetles: *Pelobius tardus* is a small beetle occasionally on sale in Covent Garden market under the name of 'squeaker,' and it squeaks by turning up the tip of its abdomen and scraping it against a file on the inside of the

¹ *Methone*.

wing-cases. Other beetles¹ bring about the same squeaky noise by fiddling with a leg upon the abdomen; the larva of a South American species² is of interest because it calls by rubbing one pair of legs, which have been specially converted into a scraper, against a ribbed surface on the next pair. A certain aquatic bug³ frequenting ponds can actually make such a din below the surface of the water as to be audible to a person standing on the bank, and it does this by the simple, if vulgar, act of wiping its proboscis with its front feet. The members of the large family of 'click' beetles, comprising some seven thousand species, make a clicking noise by slipping a projection on the prosternum over the edge of a notch, and so violent is the action that the whole animal is jerked thereby into the air. The bombardier beetle (*Brachinus crepitans*) confounds his enemies by the discharge, from the posterior end of the body, of an acrid, evil-smelling cloud which is accompanied by a relatively loud report.

Controversy still rages around the alleged conversational powers of the arachnid group of tube-breathing animals, the spiders and scorpions. Although it is indubitable that many spiders possess stridulating organs and can phonate, it has not been absolutely proved that they can hear. Natural selection may have evolved the stridulating organ solely for the purpose of intimidating foes, and its presence, therefore, does not necessitate, and is certainly no proof of, any auditory capacity on the part of its owner. The fact that the sound often resembles the buzz of an angry bee, and that it is accompanied by the adoption of a

¹ For instance, the *Heterocidas*. ² The *Passalidae*.

³ *Corixa*, one of the *Hemiptera*.

terrifying attitude, lends a certain amount of colour to the view that the sound-mechanism is a scare-organ and that the owners thereof are oblivious to their own and others' noises. The more probable view, however, is that the spider's stridulation has the dual function of intimidating enemies and charming the opposite sex. If so, the spider must possess 'ears,' and though such have not as yet been proved to be present, certain structures at the base of the hairs in the legs are regarded by some authorities as sound-wave detectors.

This concludes our examination of those invertebrate branches into which our tree of life expanded just above the point where it represented the ancestral worms. There remains for examination the sixth or chordate branch and, since this contains the material that is ultimately going to get worked up into the twigs representing the very highest animals, including Man, we shall treat it as the main branch, that is, as the continuation of the trunk. Since all those branches representing the several classes of the invertebrates which we have now explored, are lateral ones, and since the only point common to each and all of them, as well as to the main branch, is just below their divergence from the parent trunk at a level exemplifying the archaic worms, it follows that no vocal or auditory acquirements of the animals represented by them could have any possible evolutionary bearing upon the vocal or auditory acquirements of the animals represented by this chordate branch and its subsequent ramifications. The most typical modern representative of the chordates is the skull-less, limbless lancelet,¹ which may be

¹ Also called *Amphioxus* (*amphi*, both, *oxus*, sharp, the animal being pointed at either end).

looked upon as either a very superior worm or very inferior fish. Concerning the acoustic capacity of this animal Professor Herdman says that there is no known auditory organ. Despite this the lancelet appears to be very sensitive to sound in virtue of sensory cells distributed throughout its skin, a point to be duly noted since, as we shall presently see, the true auditory cells of all the higher animals are the ontogenetical and phylogenetical descendants of skin-cells; on the other hand, though the animal reacts to sound-waves there is no evidence of any purposive sound production on its part. The chordate division, to which the lancelet belongs, links the invertebrate worm-like animals immediately below with the true vertebrate fishes immediately above. We are now entering the vast backboned world, and must next concern ourselves with a brief consideration of those dead and gone sea-creatures that formed the bottom rung of the vertebrate ladder. Nearly all biologists are agreed that somewhere in the ancestral line of the highest vertebrates—the mammals and birds—certain of the old Silurian fishes figured. For obvious reasons we are in the dark as regards the phonation and audition of these extinct fishes, and must perforce content ourselves with examining these functions in living descendants. Nevertheless, in doing so we hope to be rewarded by a valuable insight, not only as to how the mechanisms of voice and hearing in general first arose in the distant past, but also as to the probable manner of their evolution, an evolution which has culminated in the marvellous pitch of perfection such mechanisms have attained in Man.

HOW THE EAR FIRST AROSE IN THE REMOTE PAST.

So far as phonation is concerned fishes may be divided up into three great groups: those that are silent, those that make involuntary or accidental sounds and those that produce characteristic and purposive cries by means of special vocal organs. Here at the very outset we find lying right in our path a most important clue to the possible origin of all phonation, whether in fish or flesh, or good red herring; for there can be little doubt but that the first sounds made by animals were of an accidental, involuntary and non-purposive nature, simple in quality and manner of production, here the friction of external parts, there the escape of air under more or less pressure from internal parts. Natural selection, always on the look out, so to speak, for any promising circumstances, would seize each opportunity and, by carefully fostering the sound-making proclivity, ultimately convert an accidental into a purposive production of sound. We are reminded at this juncture of the old riddle of the chicken and the egg, and we ask, "Which came first, sound-receiving or sound-despatching organs, hearing or voice?" It must surely be admitted that the power purposively to emit sound-waves could never have evolved unless and until there had been a prior evolution of a capacity to hear, or at any rate 'sense' them. Sound-waves emitted by inorganic Nature had been present ever since the earth's infancy, wandering up and down through the dark mineral-laden atmosphere that bathed its surface ages before life appeared, patiently waiting, as it were, for some form and arrangement of matter capable of reacting to them in a purposive manner, capable, that

is to say, of transforming their molar energy into the molecular energy of chemical compounds, and this could only occur when circumstances permitted of the appearance on the stage of living matter. Though there were sound-waves there was no *sound* on the earth until living matter appeared and allowed of the conversion of rhythmic air-disturbances into rhythmic plasm-disturbances. Later, as living matter further evolved and differentiated, that is to say, became more moulded by, and better able to cope with, its environment, it not only intercepted and transformed the sound-waves into vibrations of its own structure but 'interpreted' these vibrations as *sensations of sound*. Thus was the way paved for 'sensing' those sound-waves emitted at a much later stage in the world's history by living matter itself. In support of the view that sound-receiving organs preceded sound-emitting ones in the phyletic history of animals, we may recall the fact that in ascending our genealogical tree we were introduced, first to deaf and dumb animals, secondly to animals which, though dumb, possessed a primitive ear, and lastly to animals possessing both vocal and auditory machinery.

According to Patten, the origin of fishes and, therefore, of all vertebrates is to be found in those old scorpion-like marine arachnids that arose in the Cambrian and flourished in the Ordovician period. From these evolved, early in the Silurian period, the typical Ostracoderma, weird sea-creatures transitional between their forebears, the boneless arachnids, and their successors, the incipient vertebrates. These ostracoderms must have been funny-looking creatures, for they still retained the old-fashioned parietal eye of their ancestors though possessing the newly adopted

lateral eyes, which alone were transmitted to *and* improved upon by their descendants; all three eyes were bunched up in a pit at the top of the head. The immediate descendants of the ostracoderms were, as we have said, the first true vertebrates known as the *Antiarcha*,¹ creatures that moved sluggishly through the mud on their flattened oral surface with only their three eyes (for the old single eye still lingered) exposed. Occasionally, however, they would swim about by powerful strokes of two oar-like projections from the head, but it is almost certain that when thus swimming they assumed an upside-down position, as did the old trilobites before them and as do many phyllopods to this day. From the *Antiarcha* arose the *Arthrodira*,² a more active and rapacious group, whose members had paired eyes that were larger and yet more lateral, while the single or parietal eye was smaller and more atrophied; their internal skeleton had become much more bony, cephalic oars had been thrown overboard and paired limbs evolved, in a word these animals had become in every way more fish-like. The fusion of paired jaws and the appearance of an air-bladder transmuted the arthrodiras into the ancient *Dipnoi* or mud-fish, and from certain of these arose, by the elongation and jointing of the pectoral limbs, on the one hand the teleostean fishes, and on the other the ancient amphibians who, in their turn, ultimately brought forth reptiles, birds, and mammals. Now the old marine arachnids and ostracoderms have long since departed, but in *Limulus*, the king-crab—which is not a crab at all and does not belong to the class *Crustacea*, but is a sort of sea-scorpion of the arachnid class—we

¹ *Bothriolepis canadensis* is a typical specimen of the *Antiarcha*.

² *Coccosteus* is a good example of the *Arthrodira*.

possess a still living representative of these old and extinct races. In its embryo, opposite the fourth pair of legs, is a sense-organ which Patten regards as the probable forerunner of the vertebrate ear.¹ If we turn to the development of the individual fish, we find that the 'ear,' that is the sense-organ for sound-perception, first appears in the form of cutaneous sense-organs scattered more or less indiscriminately over the whole body-surface. These scattered organs then become grouped into certain nerve-eminences, and later are still further concentrated in the well-known 'lateral line.' Finally, a part of the lateral line system first sinks inwards in the head-region, then expands into a lymph-filled sac inside the head and partially severs its connection with the surface; this sac or bag is the 'ear' of the fish. All this is exactly what we should expect on evolutionary grounds, for, since waves of sound must first have beaten against the exterior of the forerunners of the fish, the skin would be the very region to become specialised for their reception. In primitive vertebrates, too, we may unhesitatingly assume that the ear was formed from this lateral line system and consisted of a simple pocket-like infolding, which probably bore a close resemblance to that of living decapods such as our shrimps. In the immediate descendants of these primitive vertebrates the sac appears to have migrated further inwards, and ultimately to have become shut off from the exterior as a true internal ear. If, once more, we turn to the ostracoderms we find close together in the occipital region two little holes, which Patten thinks represented the outer ends of the endolymph ducts, or ducts of the vitreous humor of the ear; moreover, young specimens

¹ W. Patten, *The Origin of Vertebrates*.

of the ostracoderm *Bothriolepis* show these ducts in actual relationship to the lateral line organs. The *Chimaera* is an antiquated fish which has persisted right down to modern times from the Tertiary; it has spurned all improvements regarding its lateral line and still affects the out-of-date open groove along its flanks, its endolymph ducts retaining the same aboriginal connection with the exterior as obtained in the old ostracoderms. Sharks, too, are in many respects patriarchal fish, for though their lateral line has been closed in, the endolymph ducts are still open to the exterior. In the highest fishes of all both endolymph ducts and lateral line are practically shut off from the exterior, the latter forming a continuous canal imbedded in the skin and only connected at intervals with the exterior by minute pores. The exact function of the lateral line in the modern fish is a moot point; Fuchs has suggested that it enables the animal to detect variations in the pressure of the water. Dr. Bridge, taking into account the fact that this line exists only in fishes and amphibia, inclines to the view that, "as blind fishes are able to avoid obstacles with the greatest ease when swimming, it is possible that these organs enable their possessors to appreciate undulatory movements in water in the shape of reflex waves from contiguous surfaces or objects." Such a view is borne out by the fact that in all animals ranking above the boneless ones, the very organ most specialised in the reception of material vibrations (that is, vibrations of solids, liquids or gases but not ethereal vibrations) is the ear, which, as we have seen, is in modern fish and—as our study of *Limulus* and the ostracoderms has led us to believe—was in their hypothetical ancestors nothing more nor less than a highly differentiated part

of the lateral line system. Whether we turn to embryology, to comparative anatomy or to palæontology, we reap evidence that the auditory organ is simply a highly specialised bit of the lateral line organ, which in its turn is a specialised area of the general skin-surface. As the ear further differentiates in the fishes other structures appear, the most striking—because characteristic of the terrestrial fauna—being the semicircular canals, of which there is one in the hag-fish¹ (the most primitive of all existing craniate animals), two in the lamprey² (only a degree less primitive than the former), and three in all higher fishes and, indeed, in higher animals generally. When three canals are present each is at right angles to the other two and corresponds, therefore, to one of the three dimensions of space. Such an ear as we are here dealing with is concerned principally with changes of pressure, with space-perception, with orientation and, lastly, with vibrations of the nature of 'shocks,' but not, probably, with true sound-waves. Now in some fishes and in many amphibia there is, in addition to these semicircular canals, a little outgrowth of the auditory sac called the *lagena*, which corresponds in higher vertebrates to the *cochlea*, a part of the ear specialised for the conversion of true sound-waves into nerve-impulses. The possession of such an organ is an indication of a fairly advanced auditory capacity and, on the evidence of comparative anatomy alone, leaving that of physiology out of the question, one would be justified in concluding that those fishes who can boast a *lagena* have, over their brethren who are poorer in

¹ *Myxine glutinosa*, also known as the 'borer' because of its horrible habit of boring into the living bodies of other fish, where it devours the soft parts, leaving a mere bag of skin and bone.

² *Petromyzon*.

this respect, the advantage that they can sense, not only those cruder vibrations that are connected with shocks, but, in addition, those more delicate vibrations that have to do with sound, in brief, they can *hear*.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE OTOLITH ORGAN.

At this point we must leave the fish's ear and hark back a little to that sack-like organ that gave it birth, the otolith vesicle, or bladder filled with fluid and containing one or more calcareous stones. Why did the ancestors of the fish ever take the trouble in the first instance to evolve such a structure, and what was its use to them once it had been evolved? Let us consider the case of an animal so immersed in the depths of the ocean as to be in utter darkness, beyond reach of faintest whisper or most delicate tremor from the ever-troubled surface waters. Submerged in a fluid of specific gravity practically identical with its own, such an animal would, unless furnished with some special tell-tale organ, have no means of knowing whether it was right or wrong side up, or whether it was moving towards the surface or towards the bottom of the ocean. Migration into deeper waters might expose it to a compression to which it was not adapted and to the danger of being 'squashed'; ascent to surface waters might be equally dangerous owing to the generation of gas bubbles in consequence of the decreased pressure.¹ Without such an organ an animal

¹ On more than one occasion I have noticed that fish caught on deep sea lines, if pulled rapidly to the surface, behave as though 'intoxicated' or stunned; they swim inanely about on the top of the water and make no attempt to escape by returning to the depths. Such a condition is probably due to disturbances of the nervous and circulatory systems originated by mechanical displacement of the tissues by air bubbles. Fishes with swim-bladders, too, if suddenly brought to the surface, are buoyed up and cannot again descend owing to their air-bladder being over-distended in consequence of the decreased pressure.

would constantly be in trouble through wandering into aquatic strata to which the element of time did not permit of self-accommodation. Not until it could distinguish by some sensational faculty the relations of geometric space, such as 'aboveness,' 'frontness,' 'rightness,' and their respective opposites, could its biological needs be satisfied. It would be out of place here to discuss the question how *any* structure in a species of animal first started, and we shall simply remind the reader that it is in the very nature of living matter to differentiate and integrate when subjected to outside, that is environmental, stimuli. We assume, then, that the animal gradually develops a small vesicle filled with fluid and containing a small stone of chalk; we suppose further that the wall of the vesicle is sensitive and in communication with the central nervous system so that the animal is constantly apprised of the exact spot against which the little stone lies. Being free to move in any direction the stone would naturally sink to, and rest upon, that part of the vesicle nearest the centre of the earth, whatever the position of the animal, provided, however, it is at rest or in constant and uniform motion. In the event of the animal being in a condition of variable motion the stone would tend, in virtue of its momentum, to resist the newly acquired motion or, what amounts to the same thing, to preserve its old state of motion. Such stone and vesicle, together forming the otolith-organ, at once enable the owner to orientate itself, that is, to adjust its position and movements, in virtue of its acquired faculty of being able to discriminate between 'up' and 'down,' etc., between a 'topsy-turvy' and a normal position, and between a state of rest or of uniform

motion and one of variable motion. How the otolith-organ acts will be made clearer by similes. When a railway train suddenly starts from rest or suddenly accelerates a previously constant motion, the passengers are thrown or tend to be thrown against the wall of the compartment that is further from the engine; conversely, they are thrown or tend to be thrown against the wall nearer the engine if the train suddenly stops or suddenly retards a previously constant motion. Again, the occupants of a motor car are forced to the right side of the car when the latter takes a sudden turn to the left and to the left side when a turn in the opposite direction is taken. Finally, to take an example in the third spatial dimension, when a lift starts upward or a ship rises on a swell the occupants feel as though their weight had increased; on the other hand, when the lift starts on its downward journey or the ship falls into the trough of the sea, they experience an unpleasant sensation of weightlessness combined with the familiar sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach. Now in these instances of change in the quantity or direction of motion the passengers may be taken to represent the otoliths, the compartment the vesicle, and the whole train the organism. Suppose this to be a fish whose normal poise is such that its long axis is horizontal, its back directed upwards and its belly downwards. Constant and normal pressure of the stone on, say, the belly-wall of the vesicle would indicate normal position and balance of body, the organism being at the same time at rest or moving uniformly. Increased pressure of the stone on the same wall of the vesicle would indicate retardation of a downward or acceleration of an upward motion, the organism, in either case, being in its

normal position ; on the other hand, change of position of the stone would indicate either loss of correct balance or change in the amount or direction of horizontal motion.

We have now arrived at that objective point for which we set out at the beginning of this enquiry, but before we cry a halt and come to rest it will be as well to glance back over the ground covered. It will be remembered that the organisms first dealt with were silent. Later on we acquainted ourselves with organisms capable of making more or less noise in the world, here by the friction of external parts, there by the expulsion of air from internal parts ; in either case the resulting noise being at first of an accidental or non-purposive character and only subsequently fulfilling a definitely purposive function. Likewise it will be remembered that the first organisms were deaf ; next appeared those who, though still deaf to sound-waves, were specially sensitive to mechanical shocks ; and only towards the later stages of the journey did organisms possessing a true sound-sense appear on the scene. Finally the facts will be recalled that the ear of all higher animals is a compound orientating-auditory mechanism, which originated in a simple balancing organ, and which, ever since its inception, has been intimately connected up with special nerve-centres ; and that contemporaneously with the evolution of the actual mechanical machinery of orientation and audition there has been going on a corresponding evolution of those special nerve-centres—nerve-centres which form the physical basis of the senses of space- and sound-perception.

C. MARSH BEADNELL.

THE SOUL IN PLATO AND BERGSON.¹

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II. PLATO *v.* BERGSON.

THE whole trend of Plato's thinking, as it develops from the *Symposium* to the *Laws*, may as I take it be defined as the discovery that the essence of the Idea is itself Soul, and further that the essence of Soul is self-movement, and self-movement the spring and source of all life and reality. Hence it follows that in the *Symposium*, where we have the mind's upward movement in search of reality pictured as the impulse born of the union of the soul with the Idea of the Beautiful as this Idea shines forth, more or less veiled, through all the lesser grades of Being, we have as it were by anticipation the picture of the soul seeking for the secret of its own nature, and finding it in the love of the ideal and all that springs from this profound aspiration. At first the young initiate exults in one beautiful individual form, then in all beautiful forms; then the beauty of the mind appeals to him, and after this the beauty of institutions and laws and of the organised sciences which these presuppose; till finally the Idea itself, the vision of a single science, which is

¹ A paper read before the Classical Association, at Melbourne, Nov. 29, 1915. For Part I. see the July number.

the science of beauty everywhere, shines out in brightness with a sudden glory as a nature of wondrous beauty.

“ And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose
And the sea where it goes.”

It is important to notice the sense in which this love-guided impulse towards the Beautiful contains in itself the germs of a self-movement or self-development. It is not a spontaneous movement in the sense of issuing magically from the recesses of the mind's own circular solitude, it is a movement which receives its first impulse from the Form or Idea of Beauty, or—shall we say?—from its obscure union athwart the cloudy bars of mortality with the Absolute Beauty itself. Out of this union, even at its dimmest inception, fair children are born, fair and noble thoughts and notions, and these creations, by such power of beauty as they possess, draw the soul on, clarifying its insight, and compelling it at each successive stage of renewed inspiration to realise its affinity with the Beautiful more and yet more comprehensively and purely. Plato is often represented as spurning the mortal and sensual, and there is no doubt some shadow of truth in the representation, but at no stage of his thinking did he hold that it was man's fate to grope through darkness up to God. There is a gleam which falls athwart the great world's altar stairs, and falls more brightly as the stairs ascend; for, as Plato has it, heaven's beauty is imparted in due degree to the ever-growing and perishing beauties of all earthly things: the world of appearances is lit up from its lowest ranges by the radiance which streams from the heart

of the real: at every stage of man's ascent he feels the drawing of this other world.

From the *Symposium* onwards, the notion of the soul's affinity with the nature of the Ideas tends more and more to convert itself in Plato's mind into the notion of the affinity of the Ideas with the nature of the soul; in the *Phædo* the Ideas are already recognised as Causes, and the Idea of Life tacitly accepted as the Source of life in the soul. The partition between the Idea and the Soul has at this stage worn very thin; and it wears thinner still in the *Republic* when the Idea of the Good becomes well-nigh indistinguishable from the Soul of all reality. Again in the *Phædrus* myth the attribute of immutability, which in the *Phædo* was held to be an essential attribute of every Idea, but is repugnant to the nature of soul, is dropped, and the emphasis is shifted to such attributes as define the difference in nature between the Ideal and the sensory. The Idea is described as "the colourless, formless, intangible essence, visible only to mind, the pilot of the soul," a description as true of the soul as it is of the Idea. But Plato, when he comes to treat directly of the soul, is not content with a definition so negative as this. In the same dialogue, in the very prologue to the *Phædrus* myth, the soul is explicitly defined as the self-moving; self-motion is stated to be the very Idea of the soul, and a proof of the soul's immortality is based upon this conception of its nature. By self-moving Plato seems primarily to understand self-changing, or self-developing; and the soul as self-moving is conceived by him as initiating its own changes, starting its own growth, not as a first cause exactly, for Plato so far as I know does not distinguish between first and second causes,

but simply as a cause. In the language of the *Phædo* the soul is 'the real cause,' as distinguished from that without which the cause cannot be the cause. The whole physical world of movement and generation, including the body, is on this view the soul's instrument, vehicle and dependent.

The definition of the soul as self-moving is repeated in the *Laws* (bk. x.) in connexion with Plato's attempt to prove that the soul is prior to the body. Plato distinguishes between two kinds of motion—the external and the spontaneous. External motion is able to move other things but not to move itself; spontaneous motion can move itself as well as other things. Now soul is the motion which can move itself, and all beginning of motion is change of soul. Being then the source of motion the soul is the oldest of all things, in particular older than the body whose vocation it is to obey the soul as its ruler. The soul, as the self-moving power, is the eldest and the mightiest principle of change. *It* and not water or air or fire is the *φύσις*, or primordial element. *It* alone, 'in the truest sense and beyond other things,' may be said to exist *φύσει*, by nature.

In this motion of the soul as self-moving we have Plato's last word in psychology. But the most *central* discussion of the soul which Plato gives us is to be found in his masterpiece the *Republic*. In this great dialogue the dependence of the soul on the Ideas and the dependence of body on the soul are discussed in connexion with Plato's educational theories, and a doctrine of the three parts, or rather levels of the soul—the rational, the spirited and the appetitive—carefully elaborated. The whole treatment is on a high ethical plane; the psychology subserves the interests of ethical

distinctions, and the proof of the soul's immortality, based on the argument that the soul can be destroyed neither by its own good nor by its own evil, is also distinctly ethical in character. This ethical bias, no doubt, is an additional merit. It makes the whole treatment more living and concrete, and enables Plato to focus all the aspects of his soul-theory around the main issue of justice and injustice in the state of the individual soul, and this in a superbly balanced and impressive way. In this dialogue pre-eminently Plato compels his readers to realise that "it is the binding force of good which really binds and holds things together," and he makes them feel that the soul, in and through all its personal attributes—self-knowing, self-living, self-moving—is always a unifying and harmonising principle making for totality. At least this is true of the good soul, for the evil soul always makes on the contrary for dispersion and disintegration. Now had our main task for instance been that of comparing the Platonic and the Christian views concerning the nature of the soul, Plato's treatment of the soul in the *Republic* would have been of central importance. But for the purposes of a comparison with Bergson it would be futile to emphasise this treatment. For there is nothing in Bergson to correspond to it. Bergson's philosophy has not yet applied itself to problems of an ethical, political or educational character, and it is more particularly in Plato's general convictions—that the ultimate reality is soul, that the essence of soul is self-movement, and that the soul is prior to the body and independent of it—that we find a proper basis of comparison between the two philosophies.

Bergson sets up his own view of the soul on what

he takes to be the ruins of Platonism.¹ The fundamental feature of Platonism, as Bergson conceives it, is the priority it gives to the *immutable*. The Real, for Plato, is the Idea, and the Idea is unchanging. And since the Idea is the object of knowledge, it follows, on Platonic principles, that to know reality is to know it in terms of what is immutable. Bergson then aims at showing that these immutable elements out of which knowledge is built up are pure abstractions, pure symbols, so that the knowledge built up out of them never reaches Reality itself. Modern science and Kantian epistemology have followed in the wake of Platonism, so that the whole of modern speculation, from its Platonic foundations forwards into our own day, is vitiated at its root by the tendency to let knowledge play upon symbols instead of upon realities. Bergson admits that in the case of modern thought there is a tendency to displace the Idea by the soul, as the object of knowledge, but he allows no such tendency to the thought of Plato or of Aristotle. With Plato the soul is 'a fall from the Idea.'² "The whole of the philosophy which begins with Plato and culminates in Plotinus is the development of a principle which may be formulated thus: There is more in the immutable than in the moving, and we pass from the stable to the unstable by a mere diminution." "Now," says Bergson, "it is the contrary which is true."

To Bergson, then, Platonism stands for a fundamental metaphysical error which for the last two millenniums and more has been the bane of philosophical thinking; and in his work on Creative

¹ *L'Évolution Créatrice*, pp. 339ff. Cp. also *An Introduction to Metaphysics*, Eng. Tr., by T. E. Hulme, pp. 64ff.

² *An Introduction to Metaphysics* (Eng. Tr.) p. 64.

Evolution Bergson seeks for an explanation of this extraordinary fact. How, he asks, are we to explain this persistent tendency to find the real in the immutable? And his answer is to this effect: The tendency is native to our human thinking, and Plato has simply fallen into the easy groove. The mechanism of our intelligence is like that of a cinematograph. Starting from the flux of experience, its first instinct is to get away from the flux, and to replace it in the interests of clear thinking by a series of fixed images or pictures, each of which stereotypes some aspect of the flux, and can be properly labelled by the help of ready-made concepts. So the cinematograph depends for its action on the substitution for the moving object of a series of photographic impressions, each of them static and fixed. To these fixed plates set in their due order a common movement is imparted, and from the combination of the series of fixed impressions with this movement given to the instrument, a movement which has no connexion whatsoever with the moving object, we get the moving picture. Here the movement, the animation, the life, is a derivative effect built up by impressing upon certain static elements, immutable in themselves, a motion wholly foreign and external to them. Change is here reconstructed out of changeless elements. So, when we allow our thought to follow its natural bent and apply its cinematographical mechanism to the analysis of what is real, we inevitably develop, says Bergson, a Philosophy of Ideas. We reach as the last elements of our analysis certain ultimate fixtures, from which, when combined with a principle of change in general, we derive a world of spurious movement and change, which we substitute for our sense-experience as its intelligible equivalent.

This is the characteristic procedure of Modern Science. It is of the essence of Platonism and of Science alike to substitute for the actual changing objects certain unchanging symbols, and then by means of these to reconstruct the changing. These symbols may be infinitesimals, positions, limits, averages, they may be forms or ideas—they are all alike fixed and immutable.

Can this cinematographical tendency be justified? In the case of Science, yes; but not so in the case of Platonic Philosophy. It is justified in the case of Science just in so far as the aim of Science is efficiency in practice. To control experience intellectually and practically we do not need to know it as it really is, in its indivisible mobility and continuity; it is enough that we should know its discrete, atomic counterpart. Knowing this we can control it in detail and make it subserve our practical ends. But for such practical efficiency the price must be paid. To secure it we must forego reality and be content with a world of symbols. Now for Plato the Ideas are not symbols but realities, and to know the Ideas is to know reality. Herein, argues Bergson, lies the radical error of Platonism. It finds the real in the immutable, whereas the immutable can be no more than a symbol of the one and only reality, namely change. In a word, since the Theory of Ideas is not a solution offered in the interests of practice, but a metaphysical solution claiming absolute truth, it cannot possibly be justified. Intuition alone can reach reality and give birth to a metaphysic. Intellect with its natural bias towards the immutable can do neither the one thing nor the other. If we are to find the truth our first step must not be to move away from change but to sink within it. We must recognise that change, movement, the

continuous, is always more than the changeless, the immobile, the discrete; that the latter can be derived from the former by processes of diminution and selection, but that no artifice save that of trickery can derive the continuous from the discrete or the moving from the immobile. In attempting this feat Platonism is untrue to the fundamental axiom of Greek philosophy: *ex nihilo nihil*.

Now if we look more closely into this Critique of Platonism, the first point that is likely to strike us is that nothing is said of Plato's Theory of the Soul, though in Plato's later work this theory stands in the forefront of his interest, whilst the theory of Ideas is falling into the background. In the second place it may strike us that even the interpretation of the Platonic Idea which Bergson gives us is something of a caricature. The Platonic Idea is treated as though it were a mere concept, yet any reader of the *Symposium*, *Phædo* and *Republic* must surely realise that the Ideas are Powers, powers of an invisible world, and not mere abstractions from visible things. Again, though it is most certain that the Ideas do not possess the mutability of the sensory flux, it seems equally certain that they never possessed for Plato the static immutability ascribed to them by Bergson. We learn in the *Phædo* that the soul is akin to the Ideas, and "infinitely more like the unchangeable than the changeable." And yet that which so closely resembles the unchangeable is itself defined as a motion, the motion which can move itself. The truth is rather that for Plato the immutable, in its *positive* significance, is the self-moving, and therefore does not exclude the most fundamental form of motion. What it does exclude is not motion generally but only the motion

which is not self-moved. The unchangeable in a word is the self-changing, for the self-changing dominates and controls the flux. The Idea of the Good which is the source not only of all knowledge in the universe but also of all the life that is in it, and therefore the ultimate principle of change, is typically immutable, as Plato understands the term. I should like to know what Bergson would make of the passage in the *Sophist* where the Eleatic Stranger whose views are applauded by the company exclaims: "O Heavens, can we ever be made to believe that motion and life and soul are not present with perfect being? Can we imagine that being is devoid of life and mind, and exists in awful unmeaningness an everlasting fixture?"

But perhaps the most unfortunate feature in Bergson's criticism of Plato is his view that the mind of Plato worked like a cinematograph. Plato is seeking absolute standards beyond the flux of relativity, and yet, under the influence of a tendency to settle down into the easiest modes of intelligible presentation, he cheats himself with dead conceptual counters into which he infuses an artificial vitality; the one thinker who more than any other hated error as though it were a lie is quite content to let symbols pass for reality and the soul of things utterly to escape him. I must confess that when I see an artist like Bergson placidly interpreting the work of a still greater artist than himself on the analogy of a mechanical instrument, when I see a thinker of Bergson's calibre accusing a still greater thinker of being the fool of his own intellect, when I see the original insight of one of the world's greatest seers treated by a brother intuitionist as irrelevant to his

real philosophy, well, thoughts do arise too deep almost for laughter.

The plain truth seems to be that Bergson has wholly failed to recognise the broad basis of resemblance between his own view of the soul and that of Plato. It is true that Plato does not oppose Intuition to Intellect as Bergson does ; on the contrary his intuitions of reality are essentially intellectual. But we must not suppose that they are intellectual in the precise Bergsonian sense of the term. The intuition of soul through the eye of the mind, as Plato conceives it, is not the intuition of a thing or a relation but rather the intuition of a principle, of a unifying, directive agency which without spending itself can yet enrich and guide whatever it pervades. It is therefore more akin to what Bergson's own intuition would be could it but discover the rationality which is proper to it. When Bergson in his *Introduction to Metaphysics* and elsewhere elaborates his sharp distinction between Analysis and intuition, the real opposition lies rather between two types of intuition—those of sense and soul respectively—and again between two corresponding types of analysis, than between analysis on the one hand and intuition on the other. The analysis he describes answers to the method needed to investigate the facts of sensory intuition—for to analyse in the Bergsonian sense is to generalise, to relate, and to express a thing as a function of something other than itself ; but there is nothing in Bergson's argument to show that there is any intrinsic repugnance between Soul-Intuition and the Rational Analysis proper to a philosophy of the soul. When Bergson maintains that the soul cannot be interpreted in terms of rigid, ready-made concepts, and shows up these rigid

concepts as abstracts from the data of sense-intuition, he is simply maintaining that *soul* cannot be interpreted in terms of the symbols adapted to sense. We must get back, he maintains, to concepts of another kind, to supple, mobile concepts always ready to mould themselves on the fleeting forms of intuition. But what are these concepts which spring as it were from the intrinsic requirements of movement, life or soul? I would call them principles, principles of organisation; and when Plato through his intellectual intuition, backed up by rational analysis, grasps the soul as a principle, an organising principle of Change, he has simply given a hint which Bergson has failed to take. It is unfortunate that Bergson should not learn more easily from Plato. There is so much in common between them. Both thinkers are Absolutists, both are seeking for reality beyond relativity. Plato finds the Absolute first in the Idea, then and more fundamentally in the Soul. Bergson finds it also in Soul and all that is akin to it. Both thinkers hold that the Absolute cannot be apprehended by any concepts which imply externality. The self-moving for Plato is absolute precisely because it is not moved by another, but by itself. So *duration* in all its aspects as movement, life, soul, creative evolution, is through all its parts interpenetrative. In the inner life experienced from within through intuition there is no externality between past and present. Again the two thinkers are united in their conviction that the Vision of the Absolute can be won only through prolonged processes of mental purification, and effectively utilised only after a long previous ascent through all the levels of abstract science. For both the essential function of philosophy is to open up the way to the great

intuitions, and to teach the initiated how to ward off the distractions and inadequacies which tend to substitute themselves for the real insight. In a word, both thinkers agree in maintaining that movement, life, soul are the central realities and that the intuition of soul is the fundamental insight of philosophy. That Plato should hold this intuition to be intrinsically and superlatively rational, and that Bergson should fall short of this admission is, I think, a tribute to the more comprehensive insight of Plato. Again, both thinkers agree that the soul is prior to the body and independent of it, and each sees that the crux of the problem lies in the nature of recollection or memory. If Bergson is able to go further in this direction than Plato, we must remember that he has modern science, physiological and psychological, to help him. And let me emphasise once more the fact that both Plato and Bergson base their whole theory of the soul on fundamental experiences, the experiences of recollection or of intellectual intuition on the one hand, the experiences of duration on the other. For both it is the vision which opens the way and creates the problem for the philosopher.

But I do not wish to exaggerate the likeness between the two thinkers. The fundamental difference between them has already been hinted at more than once. With Plato intellect and intuition are so closely welded that it is often difficult to distinguish them. With Bergson they are sharply differentiated as wholly divergent forms of mental evolution. To Bergson intellect is the organ proper to science, intuition that proper to metaphysics. Moreover it is intuition alone which can reach the Absolute and see into the nature of the soul ; intuition unaided by analysis must furnish

us a theory of the soul. At this point the distance from Plato may be measured by the remark of the Platonic Socrates in the *Phædrus* that "the method which proceeds without analysis is like the groping of a blind man."

Consistently with this view of intuition Bergson's whole strength is devoted not to elaborating a *theory* of the soul but to preparing a *view* of it. To understand the soul the essential thing is to learn to see it, to see it as it is in itself, in its pristine mobility, and not in its symbolic counterfeit as a series of states of consciousness. We must set ourselves within the very current of our inner life not as spectators but as experiencers. We must learn to realise the distinction between past and future not as a time-distance but as a time-direction only, so that the past, no longer separated from the present by a time-interval, telescopes up as it were and interpenetrates with it. So only can we see our soul as it is, in its absolute nature independent of the body. And its mobile tissue is indivisible, for no movement can be divided merely by marking positions in its flow. All activity indeed has its own peculiar rhythms, but these rhythms mark the native beats of the movement itself. In this sense the flow of life or soul may be said to be self-divisible, but self-divisibility implies no breach of continuity, for there is no separation between the pulses of the soul's inner life, no boundaries between part and part—only the freest interpenetration.

Of such a kind then is Bergson's vision of the soul through intuition, and as so viewed the soul is wholly independent of the body. The function of the body is to prolong the continuity of the soul-life into such motor expression as will render its activity practically

effective. The brain in particular serves the following functions: it focusses attention upon life, that is, upon practical opportunities and requirements; and more particularly it limits our vision of the past. The *rôle* of the cerebral mechanism, according to Bergson, is essentially inhibitory: it keeps in leash all memories save just those that are relevant to a given situation, or favour our action in this direction or in that. The soul is thus much richer than its bodily expression, and all bodily life under cerebral control a mere focussing of the soul's powers for certain practical ends. The one concrete reality is soul. Body is a diminution of soul, as matter of the original vital impulse. So rest, relative though it be, is but a diminution of movement. It is impossible, argues Bergson, to start from the unchanging and deduce the changing, but it is perfectly possible to start from change and thence derive rest and fixity. The soul then as the ever-changing is prior to the bodily life and immeasurably richer. It is indeed wholly independent of the body save where for a time it passes off, through the sensori-motor activities of the nervous system, into that restricted universe of practical interests and pre-occupations destined eventually to be shattered by death. But death, on this view, does not affect the memory. The brain is not a *storehouse* of memories, but simply a system for regulating their entrances and their exits. All our memories are preserved in the form of soul-life, and it sometimes happens, under certain circumstances, when our interest in life suddenly lapses, as when faced by the prospect of instant death, that the memory in its totality bursts out of its potential obscurity into a vast panoramic display, and in a flash all the details of

our past life reëmerge with the personal mark upon them.¹

Now, let us suppose, after having done our best to appreciate Bergson's View of the Soul, that we ask him to explain this view and give us his Theory of the Soul: what can Bergson tell us? He has already strained the resources of the intellect to its breaking point in devising imaginative symbols calculated to give the mind its right orientation towards intuition; and in his criticism of the inadequacies of the intellect by means of the very intellect which he criticises, he has already asked far more of it than its alleged cinematographical limitations can allow it to furnish. Its powers are more than exhausted, for it passes my wit to see how an intellect framed wholly to meet practical requirements should assist intuition so competently, criticising its detractors and clearing the way for disinterested visions of reality. If we accept Bergson's view of the intellect, intuition cannot depend on intellect for its interpretation. It must interpret itself. But the conditions which Bergson lays down for this self-interpretation of Reality through intuition, are apparently so stringent that it is impossible to see how, on these strict lines, such interpretation can ever be given. The truth about reality must be found without the help of analysis, and without any help from the categories and concepts which philosophy has so far devised. The task would indeed be hopeless were we to take Bergson at his word and exclude analysis altogether. But to do this would not be quite just to Bergson. Justice sympathetically tempered with mercy, and therefore twice blest, requires

¹ Cp. the Presidential Address, delivered by Prof. Bergson before the Society for Psychical Research, May 28, 1918 (*Proceedings*, July, 1918, p. 474).

rather that we ask him to remain true to his own principles, and in the light of these to revise such of his tenets as conflict with them. Now the fundamental Bergsonian principle which, it seems to me, should determine his Theory of Metaphysical Knowledge may be stated as follows: It is reality itself which must determine the form in which we are to know it. There must be no attempt to force a ready-made Theory of Knowledge upon a reality which was never considered in the framing of the theory. The theory of sense-knowledge, in particular, must not inflict its alien requirements upon the soul. The strength of Bergson's position seems to me to lie in this fundamental view concerning the relation of reality to knowledge, and those who have studied Bergson's Oxford lectures will remember the effective use he makes of it in his criticism of Kant. We might perhaps agree to call this principle that of sympathetic interpretation. Reality must determine its own rhythms. If we insinuate ourselves into our own soul, take up the standpoint of the experiencer, purely and simply, and are content to follow the self-differentiation of our mental activity, we shall be in a position to cut at the natural joints, as it were, to discover and follow up the very movement of the soul itself. And it is in sympathy with this conviction that Bergson would have us as metaphysicians follow the lines of creative evolution, and substitute for the method of external analysis that of internal adjustment. Now I should be ready to admit that Bergson has hold of a profound truth when he maintains that there is an inward point of view from which the soul can be perceived and studied in its own nature as a self-directed agent, though he seems to me to err when he

refuses, as he does, to admit that such intuition of the psychical or the spiritual life can be interpreted intellectually in terms of teleological ideas. My own view is that the very foundations of psychology are laid in such intuition.

But there are further depths of reality which Bergson seems at times to have in mind when he insists that only intuition can interpret them and that the scientific intellect here is powerless. The realm of Art is one such depth, the realm of Morality another. *Theories* of Art and Morality will of course be intellectual products, but the experience of the Beautiful and the experience of Right are fundamental experiences of the soul which only Art and Conduct respectively can interpret, and perhaps express in masterpieces of form or action. Now not only are these experiences rooted in intuitions lit up by the ideals of Beauty or of Right, they are also intrinsically rational in their own way, for where the Ideal is, there also is the Reason ; but though rational, they are not intellectually, *i.e.* scientifically or philosophically, rational ; for to be guided by Beauty or by Duty is not to be guided by any canons of conceptual truth.

And there is a still more fundamental depth which we may call the specifically mystical. It is the vision of the Good or of the Spiritual as such in all its undivided originality, or—shall we say?—the vision of an ultimate Principle of Value of which Truth, Beauty and Right are but specialised determinations. Eucken's vision of the Spiritual Life has at root this mystical character, and he shares it with Plato. The sympathetic and profound insight which catches the secret of the soul's life, as it were, before its indivisible passion for the Good has differentiated itself into the

distinctive enthusiasms for what is right, beautiful or true, is indeed the very type of insight which Plato requires of the philosophers who are to be kings. But while such insight appears to me to be radically rational, how can it be intellectual? The intuition of what is prior to the very emergence of intellectual truth can be rational; it can have immense vital value, it may even be intuitively true; but can it be intellectually true or false?

It seems to me that in respect of these rational but non-intellectual insights, with their ideals of Beauty, Right or Value generally, Bergson's treatment falls doubly short. In the first place he fails to recognise explicitly that they *are* rational—in a word that intuition is essentially an organ of Rational Insight—and in the second place,—and this defect is fundamental—he confuses these intuitions (rational as they are in their own way) with the type of rationality required by philosophy. Philosophy can proceed only by maintaining the distinction—I do not say the separation—between Reality and conceptual Truth, and in so far as this distinction is recognised, metaphysics will certainly and inevitably build up its ideal structures out of the elements of symbols. But surely it is not necessary that these elements of symbols should be confused with the very parts of the real thing. And so long as there is no such confusion, the attempt to illuminate the nature of the real parts by the help of symbolic elements may be all to the good. We need only remember that it is the essential function of the symbol to point beyond itself, of the word to point to the meaning, and of the meaning to the reality meant; and provided our ideas are organised to fit our deeper intuitions, we may then learn much about the nature of

the soul through all its depths by means of conceptual systems, without supposing that these our intellectual structures duplicate the very life and movement of the soul itself. Is it not by carefully distinguishing Science, the theory, from Nature, the fact, that Science has won its organised conceptual insight into Nature ?

It remains then for Bergson to follow up his basic principle more consistently, and, in addition, to clinch his theory of the interpenetration of all parts of reality by admitting the interpenetration without inter-confusion of Intuition and Intellect, Reality and Truth. Let the principle of all that is good, the Principle of Ultimate Valuation, bind Reality and Truth indissolubly together, and we may then await from Bergson a theory of the soul as well as a vision of it. The hint from Plato will then have been taken, and who knows but that with this new lease of philosophical life there may grow up eventually a Modern Platonism, counting among its prophets and founders no keener or more lucid spirit than Bergson himself. But certain pages in *Évolution Créatrice* will then have to be re-written, and in a footnote perhaps we shall find an apology to Plato.

W. R. BOYCE GIBSON.

THE GOSPEL OF ZARATHUSHTRA.

THE EDITOR.

FOR some of us there are few more fascinating subjects, in spite of manifold difficulties, than the study of the beginnings of a great religion—fascinating, because we desire so earnestly to know how it came about, but beset with grievous difficulties, because when a faith goes back to early times, as all great religions do, so much that we should like to know has left but a dim impression on the tablets of historical memory.

It is true that what is generally known as Zoroastrianism has few adherents to-day. Some 100,000 Parsis in India and perhaps 12,000 Gabars in Persia exhaust the numbers of the existing worshippers of this way. But no one will deny that the long history of the faith amply justifies its claim to be classed as one of the great religions of the world; and this even when we separate it out as a reforming influence within that far greater stream of religious tendency which it modified, and by which in its turn it was modified,—a stream that we perhaps might be allowed to call by the very general name of Iranism.

For if, on the one hand, we study Zoroastrianism from within, along the line of its native documents, we find that, though it ever looks to its founder, it departs from his teaching; while it glorifies that founder almost to the point of deification, it ascribes much to him with which he plainly could have had little

sympathy; indeed much that he deliberately excluded gradually came back again. If, on the other hand, we study our early Western sources of information, the Greek history-writers, we find ourselves not only looking at Zoroastrianism from outside, but for the most part at much that was seemingly little affected by the prophet's influence, and so also with the main stream of Iranic influence westwards centuries later. For instance, to take perhaps the most striking example, the Mithra cult which, in the first four centuries of our era, under the syncretic form of the Mithra mysteries, spread far and wide in the Western world,—how little, if any, of Zoroaster's reforming influence do we find in it? His name is not even mentioned.

Nevertheless, if we would try to evaluate the influence of 'Persian' religion in general on the nearer East and on the West, the whole of this great stream of Iranism must be taken into account. It influenced and was influenced by whatever it contacted. In the East it strongly modified Zoroastrianism which had sought drastically to reform it in at least part of its current; while it sought to subordinate the astral religion of later Babylonia, it at the same time took up much of it into itself; it played no small part in many ways in the manifold syncretisms of Asia Minor. The early Greek thinkers in Ionia, such as Pherecydes and Thales, Heraclitus and Pythagoras, show signs of this influence, and Orphism, if not, as seems not unlikely, earlier influenced, could in later days have its chief cult-image appropriated by worshippers of Mithra. On the points of contact and scope of inter-action between exilic and post-exilic Judaism and this Iranic stream there is an extensive literature in which, while

there is natural hesitancy as to the earlier period, assurance becomes ever greater for the later, and indubitable signs of a powerful influence are to be traced in the apocalyptic and messianic literature and doctrines, and especially in their angelology and eschatology. Most of all do we find this influence at work in the pre-Christian and early Christian gnosticisms, especially in the saviour-doctrines and in the elaborate schemes of the personified divine attributes, the germ of which goes back to Zarathushtra himself. Much in the New Testament itself is inexplicable without taking this influence into account. Not only so, but the Hellenistic or Platonised poem based on Irano-Babylonian syncretism, and known as the Chaldæan or Zoroastrian Oracles, had an immense influence on the later Platonic philosophers, who devoted many commentaries to its elucidation, and were at the same time keenly interested in the mysteries of Mithra. In the Hellenistic Trismegistic literature also some have pointed to a similar influence, and have even thought that in some of its phases later Egyptian religion was modified by Iranism from the days of the conquest of Egypt by Cambyses and Darius onward; but this is problematical. Finally, not to speak of still earlier Mandæanism, which works up much primitive Iranian mythology, we have the great wide-spread Manichæan movement that was far more of an Iranian than of a Christian heresy—if it is so to be classed rather than simply as the religion of Mānī. For the chief elements in its syncretic material are to be found in Chaldæo-Iranian tradition, as was natural enough seeing that Mānī taught first in Babylonia and claimed that he was sent specially to the people of that land as prophet.

The object of this paper, however, is not to deal

with so wide-reaching a theme as the influence of Iranian religion in general,—a grand theme that is still awaiting a historian to gather together all the material and adequately appreciate it. We desire simply for a brief space to dwell on the figure of the prophet Zarathushtra and the outline of his message, as preserved in the earliest records, standing out against a dim background, the precise features of which must for long remain largely a matter of conjecture. For in this background we are confronted with a host of problems concerning the similarity or otherwise of the immediate environment of the prophet with the early culture of the cognate branch of Indo-Aryans as revealed in the earliest hymns of the Veda, checked on the one hand by considerations of the general nature of proto-Aryan customs, and on the other by speculations on the still more difficult subject of the beliefs and practices of the indigenous populaces on whom the immigrant Aryan over-lords had imposed their rule.

A further handicap is that we do not know the date of Zarathushtra. Our sources of information are utterly irreconcilable and the very antipodes of what we might have supposed. The Greeks, who might have been expected to be more matter of fact than the Orientals, would have it that Zoroaster lived thousands of years before the Trojan War; but who to-day can credit so wild a legend? Unquestionably to be preferred, especially when we remember how prone generally Orientals are to exaggerate in questions of date, is the modest tradition of the Parsis which would place the prophet some 250 or 300 years before Alexander the Great, who in 330 B.C. overthrew the Persian empire of the Great Kings, founded by Cyrus in 550 B.C. Those who accept this tradition

have accordingly determined the date of Zoroaster as being approximately 660-583 B.C. But there are still many difficulties to face on this supposition; and, as a number of historical and literary problems would be rendered easier by assuming an earlier date, some of our best authorities would push back the period of Zarathushtra's activity two or three centuries, the latest of them going back even as far as 1100 B.C. But though the date is of prime importance in considering the environment and early development of the religion of the prophet, it fortunately does not affect what we know of the original teaching, and that is our chief concern in this paper.

To know what the nature of that preaching was in the beginning, there are no outside sources, whatever the date of the prophet may be, to help us. We have to rely entirely on what remains of the earliest scriptures of the faith, part of which has fortunately, after many vicissitudes, come down to our own day.

At the time of the conquest of Alexander the canon of scripture, the sacred text known subsequently as the Avesta, was very extensive, and very carefully preserved. Tradition would have it that the 'accursed Alexander' burnt most of these books. However this may be precisely, it is certain that during the succeeding five centuries, when the Greek Seleucids ruled for seventy years, and then the Parthians, who favoured Greek civilisation, a period of neglect followed for the Zoroastrian scriptures, and much of this Old Persian religious literature gradually disappeared. So that, when the Persian empire was restored under the powerful House of Sassân, early in the 3rd century, A.D., and Zoroastrianism again became the state religion, in spite of all efforts only a relatively small

portion of the Avesta proper could be gathered together. These ancient writings, which were by then unintelligible for all but the learned, were translated into Pahlavi, the Persian of the period, and at the same time many oral traditions of the contents of lost books and other matter were preserved in this Middle Persian language. Thus a large literature again developed. But with the Mohammedan conquest in the 7th century, a still more disastrous period for Zoroastrianism followed than in the Greek and Parthian days, and much of this sacred literature was destroyed. The comparatively small body of texts that escaped destruction was preserved by the few Zoroastrians who were permitted to survive in Persia under veritably Ghetto conditions, and by the handful of believers who early escaped to India and founded the modern Parsi community.

But in spite of all this loss and destruction some part of the Avesta text itself has come down directly to us. In this small portion of Old Persian documents, there are already to be distinguished several strata, differing in language, style and content. Here we have a distinct development that may be roughly divided into an older and younger Avesta. The oldest deposit is now acknowledged by all scholars to be found in what are known as the Gāthās. These Songs or Psalms are of two kinds: five of them (consisting of seventeen hymns) are metrical; while one, called 'The Gāthā of the Seven Chapters,' is in prose. But already even here we have two strata; for though in the same dialect as the verse, the prose shows distinct signs of linguistic development, and this keeps pace with the contents, which indubitably reveal a far more systematised and elaborated doctrine than the simple statements of the

metrical pieces. The verse Gāthās thus stand absolutely apart from the rest of the Avesta in their style and contents. While in the younger Avesta the prophet has become an object of worship, the Zarathushtra of the five Gāthās is the man himself, struggling, striving, doubting. Nothing is systematic; all is in germ. We have here the beginnings of a message, exhortations and instructions, prayers and praises, mingled with scraps of autobiography and the changing fortunes of the struggle. In brief, we have before us so human a document that it is difficult to believe it could have come from any other source than the prophet himself. No one else could have ventured to speak so simply and so plainly of his hopes and fears; and the only surprise is that so much of it should have been allowed to stand by a posterity that did its best to exalt its founder to the skies.

What, then, was the nature of Zarathushtra's reform, what his message? The occasion for considering this question anew and with more comfort than has been previously possible in this country, is offered by the recent somewhat belated publication of Prof. Moulton's Hibbert Lectures on 'Early Zoroastrianism.'¹ These lectures are highly instructive and suggestive in many ways; but they leave the layman at the end somewhat bewildered by the clash of learned opinion, and with the feeling that some of the props on which he formerly imagined he could fairly well rely, are being taken from him without a corresponding gain in a positive direction. It is thus with relief that he turns to the appendix in which Professor Moulton has most

¹ *Early Zoroastrianism: Lectures delivered at Oxford and in London, February to May, 1912.* By James Hope Moulton, D.Lit., D.D., D.C.L., D.Theol., Greenwood Professor of Hellenistic Greek and Indo-European Philology, Manchester College. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 468.

conveniently printed a new and very readable translation of the five Gāthās, for which we have nothing but unmixed thankfulness. Anyone who has broken his head over Mills' monumental work on the Gāthās and has compared with his translation the French and more recent German versions, will highly appreciate this good service for English readers. It is true that Professor Moulton modestly disclaims any great originality for his version, but the layman who is all at sea with the contradictions of the specialists, is only too glad to meet with a competent guide who has long studied Avestan, to make up his mind for him, at any rate tentatively.

What then are the main notions of Zarathushtra's teaching as preserved in these ancient psalms?

From them we learn, first of all, that the prophet was a whole-hearted worshipper of one supreme God whose title of address in prayer and communion is invariably *Mazdah* or *Mazdah Ahura*, the *Wise* or *Wise Lord*. And hence we have *Ahura Mazdah*, and its variants down to the modern *Ormuz*, as the divine appellation in Zoroastrianism throughout the centuries. Until recently it was believed that this high title was original with Zarathushtra himself, but now an Assyrian inscription has been found containing an archaic form of this divine name—*Assara Mazāš*—and taking us back to a date some way into the second millennium. Was there then, we ask, already the special cult of a wisdom god emerging from the general worship of the nature gods, within the Iranian stream, or did it come from without and influence the predecessors of Zarathushtra or the prophet himself for the first time in Iran? We cannot say; but we find it subsequently very general in Iranism even when all

other signs of the distinctive teaching of the prophet are absent.

But what is most remarkable is that this wisdom title did not with Zarathushtra, as elsewhere is generally the case, connote a definitely esoteric or formally gnostic cult. It is true that the followers of Mazda are referred to as those possessed of understanding, they who have spiritual knowledge; but by this is meant men of moral goodness, those who have chosen aright in the great fight. The wise are those whom Mazda knows as worthy because of their good thoughts and right deeds.

Mazda is wise, all-seeing; he sees into the hearts of men. He alone knows; he knows the laws and speaks with wisdom. Mazda is first and last, the father of Good, the creator of the universe and all its creatures and of men. He is the creator of all things through his Holy Spirit. Nay more, he is the creator of Right and Wisdom itself, and of all the hierarchy of the divine characteristics. The main idea of this wisdom is summed up in the verse: "For him that knows, that is the best of teachings which the beneficent Ahura teaches through the Right, he the holy one even thyself, O Mazda, that knows the secret lore through wisdom of Good Thought."

It is thus at once evident that wisdom for the Mazdayasnan was ethical; the whole cult of Mazda aimed at moral goodness. There is no ambiguity here; all is simple, clear and plain.

Remarkable as this is, still more astonishing is the clean sweep that Zarathushtra made of the nature gods, high and low, who played so prominent a part not only in the cult of his bitterest foes, the nomad Turanians, but also in the worship of the Iranians from

whom he drew his followers. It was too magnificent to last. Later on they came back again as the Yazatas or 'Adored ones'; just as we find in the time of the Great Kings Mazdah characterised as God of gods, the high nature gods being recognised though duly subordinated to the supreme Ahura.

It may have been that Zarathushtra was so maddened by the violence and savagery of the surrounding nomads who worshipped the lower nature powers, that he concluded there could be no good in any such powers at all; so far from being worshipped they should be resisted by every means in one's power by the adherents of the Right. And so to the followers of the old cult within his own race, who doubtless were scandalised, and protested and continued to protest against so wholesale a condemnation of the ancient gods, he puts the scornful question: "Have the *daēvas* ever exercised good dominion?" Are such of the kingdom of the Good? Good rule, good dominion, is of Mazdah alone.

Thus we find all the gods rejected, even the highest of them, such as Mithra; and in their stead the throne of Mazdah is surrounded with the personifications of the highest ideals of the prophet's faith, the greatest realities of his inspiration. There is, however, as yet no definite number, or order, or grouping, of these vital notions of the faith, these divine hypostases as they have been called, into an archangelic hierarchy. If some of them can in an occasional phrase be referred to as Ahuras together with Mazdah and even an Assembly be once spoken of, this in no way detracts from the sublimity of the prophet's truly spiritual monotheism, and the impersonal manner in which he envisaged the modes of the divine energy; for his per-

sonifications consist of such master ideals and realities as Good or Best Thought; Right, Glorious Right, Right Order, Righteousness or perhaps Truth; Holy Spirit (the 'Spirit of thine that is holiest'); Dominion, Sovranty (the Kingdom of Mazdah, characterised as good, mighty, precious and infinite); Welfare, Soundness or Salvation; Immortality; Good Destiny or Reward, the treasure-laden recompense of the good; Wisdom; Obedience; Piety—holy Piety comrade of Right, precious Piety, Piety of goodly actions which are the proper prayers to Mazdah. With these is associated, but not included, the Fire of Mazdah which is to play so prominent a part in the Consummation. "Thy Fire that is mighty through Right." "Thy Fire and thy Thought, through the action of which twain the Right will come to maturity."

How these master notions were ever being combined and recombined may be seen in such a verse as: "Him thou shouldst seek and exalt with prayers of Piety, him that is called Mazdah Ahura for ever, for that he hath promised through his own Right and Good Thought that Welfare and Immortality shall be in his Dominion, strength and prosperity in his house." Or again: "By his holy Spirit and by Best Thought, deed and word, in accordance with Right, Mazdah Ahura with Dominion and Piety shall give us Welfare and Immortality."

The two verses above quoted bring together certain of these dominant ideas that are elsewhere mentioned more frequently than the others, but they are mingled with 'strength and prosperity' that occur once only elsewhere, and with good deed and good word, which indeed are fundamental factors in the prophet's ethic, but are not classed with the rest. It is all as

yet a natural combination of ideas and not a deliberate artificial selection, just as we find signs of joining some of them naturally in pairs, but without any system. But in the later development of doctrine the six common to these two verses are found deliberately grouped into an exclusive archangelic hierarchy bearing the distinctive name of the Spenta Amesha, the Holy or may be Beneficent Immortals, a designation that does not appear in the Gāthās, but which as the Amesha Spenta, and later on the Amshaspands, denotes one of the most distinctive doctrines of Zoroastrianism. They are most commonly found as six in number with Mazdah himself as seventh, but sometimes, perhaps owing to Babylonian influence reflecting the dominant sevening of that ancient system, we find seven, even as in our second verse, which is of course clearly uninfluenced by any such considerations.

So far, then, it would appear that we have to do with a high monotheism against whose purity no objection can lightly be brought, and with a moral reform based on sure foundations that have remained the characteristic determinants of the ethical teaching of the faith throughout the centuries—the trinity of good thoughts, good words, good deeds. But in spite of the acknowledged monotheism of present-day Parsism, and in spite of the unequivocal testimony of the oldest records to the prophet's own monotheism, no more frequent depreciatory term is found in theological literature than that of Zoroastrian dualism. What, then, did Zarathushtra himself teach as to the age-long and still utterly unsolved problem of the origin of evil?

In the Gāthas there is as yet no clear-cut figure of

a supreme personal Devil set over against Mazdah, as we find it in later developments, though with some variations. Angra Mainyus (later Ahriman), the Hostile Spirit or Fiend, is not a technical term in the Gāthās; indeed the term 'angra' (hostile) occurs only once in this connection. The Evil Spirit is, moreover, not the source of evil. He is evil because he chooses to follow the Lie. It is all fundamentally a question of choice and will. The name that occurs over and over again for the origin of all evil is the Lie; they who so choose evil, humans, superhumans or subhumans, are the Liars. As then the Lie was the worst, we should naturally expect to find the Truth as the best, but curiously enough we do not have Truth used in the translations as the supernal opposite of the Lie, but Right, and they who thus choose are the Righteous. The Lie is also called Arrogance and Violence. Though we can discover none of that mechanical theorising which subsequently worked out the oppositions into an elaborate series of antithetic creations in veritable chess-board fashion, we find such simple and natural antitheses as Bad Spirit, Bad or Worst Thought and Bad Word, and once only the simple naming of the Lie's 'creation.' But whence the Lie itself? Of this Zarathushtra breathes no word. To start the great game of black and white, darkness and light, he falls back on a vision, which he elsewhere claims to have been a revelation to himself first of all men, by Mazdah the all-knowing. In this vision two primal Spirits revealed themselves to him as Twins, the Better and the Bad. But it is nowhere said that Mazdah himself was one of them, that Mazdah is the Better Spirit; for elsewhere Mazdah is said to be father and creator of this Holy Spirit. The wise

choose rightly between these Spirits twain; the foolish wrongly. The choice, moreover, was spiritual, it had to be the choice of the whole being; for we read elsewhere that at the first beginnings of life, the Holier of the two Spirits spake thus to the Enemy Spirit: "Neither thoughts, nor teachings, nor wills, nor beliefs, nor words, nor deeds, nor selves [? spirits] nor souls of us twain agree."

In the beginning then these Spirits established respectively Life and Not-Life; but at the end, according to the revelation of Mazdah, the Worst Existence shall be to the followers of the Lie, while the Best shall be to the choosers and champions of the Right. The Spirit that followed the Lie chose doing the worst things, while the Holiest Spirit chose Right, 'he that clothes him with the massy heavens as with a garment.' So likewise will it be for those who are fain to please Mazdah with good actions. All have a free choice. The daēvas themselves chose; they chose the Worst Thought. This shows that at one time the daēvas were not followers of the Lie. But when they had chosen, they rushed to Violence, that they might enfeeble the world of men. But man is supported by Dominion, Good Thought and Right, and Piety gives him 'continued life of the body' (the germ of the resurrection of the body doctrine), so that he may 'gain the prize over those others.'

Between the two Spirits then there was truceless war, and the duty of the followers of the Right is to fight ceaselessly against the followers of the Lie; most actively are they to resist evil. But at the end victory would surely be theirs; such was the solemn promise of Mazdah. For though the exigencies of vision required that the two Spirits should be made coeval,

the power of the Evil Spirit was not to be coeternal with that of the Good; in the end it would surely be utterly vanquished. This is the great hope and faith of the teaching, of the good religion, the wise lore of Mazdah.

Mazdah is not a Spirit fighting for his life against an equally-matched Enemy. Far from it, he is the ordainer of the condition of the struggle and of the end of it. "As the holy one I recognised thee, Mazdah Ahura, when I saw thee in the beginning at the birth of Life, when thou madest actions and words to have their meed—evil for evil, and good Destiny for good—through thy wisdom when creation shall reach its goal." Nay more, the great war itself was decreed by Mazdah, for we read: "When the two opposing hosts meet in battle according to those decrees which thou wilt firmly establish."

But what above all things is clear in the Gāthās is that Zarathushtra was an eschatological prophet. He looked forward with implicit faith to a Judgment and a Consummation, an end of all things. At first he expected fervently, he prayed for, that consummation in his own time, for had not he been told that Obedience, the Angel of Judgment, and therewith the end, is near at hand, and had not Mazdah given him command to speed on the message ere it be too late? "Speed thee ere my Obedience come . . . who shall render to men severally the destinies of the two-fold award." But as time went on the prophet was fain to pray for some earnest of that Consummation, that Mazdah would bestow some token of the divine favour here and now.

The Consummation was to be the establishment of the Kingdom of Mazdah. "Then, O Mazdah, at thy

command shall Good Thought establish the Dominion in the Consummation, for those who deliver the Lie, O Ahura, into the hands of Right." This will be the great day of requital for the Liars, when the final sentence of Mazdah and the Right shall be passed upon them. Then will it be found that the Obedience of Mazdah is the greatest of all things in the Consummation, the best means of attaining eternal life. Then, when creation shall reach its goal, "thou wilt come with thy Holy Spirit, O Mazdah, then with Good Thought. . . . Their judgments shall Piety proclaim, even those of thy wisdom which none can deceive."

And the awards of the Judgment are as plain and simple as the rest of the doctrine: "In Immortality shall the soul of the Righteous be joyful, in perpetuity shall be the torment of the Liars. All this does Mazdah Ahura appoint by his Dominion"—for "he is lord of the two Destinies—even he, Ahura Mazdah, who through his Dominion appoints what is better than good to him that is attentive to his will, but what is worse than evil to him that obeys him not, at the last end of life."

This last Judgment is to be followed by a Renovation or Regeneration mediated by Fire, the red or glowing Fire, conceived of popularly as a flood of molten metal. Exuberant fancy played round this notion subsequently, as the believers tried to think out precisely how the Fire would affect the righteous and sinners in that dread day; but in the Gāthās the prophet is quite uncertain as to the precise nature of the impending great test or trial, as when he prays: "Of thy Fire, Ahura, that is mighty through Right, promised and powerful, we desire that it be for the faithful man with manifested delight, but for the enemy

with visible torment, according to the pointings of the hand"—the hand of the Judge at the time of the separating out of the righteous and sinners, right and left. "Then shall I recognise thee as strong and holy, **Mazdah**, when by the hand in which thou thyself dost hold the destinies that thou wilt assign to the Liars and the Righteous, by the glow of thy Fire whose power is Right, the might of Good Thought shall come to me."

The Judgment seems to be thought of in terms of a rigid, if not mechanical, counterbalancing; good thoughts, words and deeds are weighed against bad thoughts, words and deeds. No hope is held out that there is any way of wiping out the record of evil except by a counterbalancing record of good. The Judgment is thus called 'the weighing of actions by the Good Spirit,' which is to be immediately followed by those requitals "that in accord with the records are appointed for the Righteous, and them that belong to the Liars." Thus there was the idea of 'records,' though as yet not popularised into the 'book of the recording angel,' unless we assume that this graphic notion already existed in Iranian popular religion, as later on we find it in Indian mythology. Certainly some part of the existing mythology was taken over by the prophet though in a spiritualised form; as, for instance, the figure of the bridge, when we read: "Thus the self of the Liar destroyed for himself the assurance of the right way; whose soul shall tremble at the revelation [that is, the weighing of actions—called 'thy manifestation, O Right'] on the Bridge of the Separator, having turned aside with deeds and tongue from the path of Right"—where the Separator is he "who shall separate the wise and the unwise

through Right, his prudent counsellor, even Mazdah Ahura." It is the self and soul of the righteous that shall make that bridge a wide way on which to pass to bliss and immortality, for they themselves are the bridge, just as it is for sinners "their own soul and their own self that will torment them," so that their bridge becomes ever narrower and narrower, till at last all foothold is gone and they are precipitated into the Fire. This rigid separation of righteous and sinners later on gave rise to the problem of the last man into heaven and the first man into hell, and a limbo or purgatory doctrine was added, the germ of which may be seen in the verse: "According as it is with the laws that belong to the present life, so shall the Judge act with most just deed towards the man of the Lie and the man of the Right, and him whose false things and good things balance."

And what is to be the bliss of the Righteous and the woe of the Liars? It is somewhat difficult to make out how far Zarathushtra believed that at the end there should be material blessings as well as spiritual, as when he prays: "Give through the Right the blessings of both worlds, the bodily and that of Thought, which set the faithful in felicity"; or when later on the community prays on its prophet's behalf: "May he attain to that which is better than good, who would teach us straight paths to blessedness in this life here of body and in that of Thought—true paths that lead to the world where Ahura dwells—a faithful man, well-knowing and holy like thee, Mazdah." For elsewhere we learn that the promised reward is to be in 'the fair abode of Good Thought, of Mazdah and of Right'—'the realms that the Best Thought shall possess,' called also 'the pasture of Right and Good

Thought,' a natural phrase on the lips of a community of kine-keepers. But above all else the Paradise of the Righteous is called the House of Song or Praise. The souls of the Righteous are to be in this House of Mazda for ever. The promise is sure: "Mazda Ahura by virtue of his absolute lordship, will give a perpetuity of communion with Welfare and Immortality and Right, with Dominion, with Good Thought, to him who in spirit and in actions is his friend." The reward of such saints or friends of God is nothing else than communion with the highest realities of the Godhead.

Opposed to this realm of Good Thought are 'the realms in the dwelling of Worst Thought,' called generally the House of the Lie, and thought of also as the 'place of corruption' caused by the poison of the Lie. But that the torments of the Liars are to be absolutely eternal is not quite clear, for we read also of 'the future long age of misery, of darkness, ill food and crying of woe.' There is also no mention of the usual graphic terrors of hell and its demon torturers and the rest, which elsewhere play so prominent a part in popular imagination.

But though the final judgments and their execution are in the hands of Mazda, the prophet too is to play a prominent part, the expectation of which seems to have undergone development in the Gāthās themselves, while subsequently it came into even greater prominence together with the allied saviour idea. Thus in the myth where the 'soul of the kine' appeals to the heavenly assembly for protection, Zarathushtra is appointed to defend the cattle as a just judge. The grumbling of the 'kine soul,' however, that it is thus being handed over to 'the ineffectual words of an impotent man,' is allayed by the bestowal upon the

prophet of 'charm of speech.' But a still higher office is to follow and is first referred to in Zarathushtra's prayer at the beginning of his ministry: "By vision assure me how to set up the judge that heals the world." Later on he is appointed judge of men, as when he declares: "Then will I come to you all as judge of the parties twain [the followers of Mazda and of the daēvas], whom Ahura Mazda knoweth, that we may live according to Right." Still later, with more confidence he asserts that in the name of Mazda he will bestow 'Immortality and Right and the Dominion of Welfare' on those who believe in the message. This development comes to a climax in the great prayer known as 'Ahuna Vairya': "Even as he [Z.] is the lord for us to choose, so is he the judge, according to the Right, he that bringeth the life and works of Good Thought unto Mazda, and (so) the Dominion unto Ahura, even he whom they made shepherd for the poor."

Over and beyond this, Zarathushtra is to play the part of deliverer, benefactor, or saviour (Saoshyant), a notion that is to be taken in close connection with the idea of 'the judge that heals the world.' The notion first appears very vague and general, as when he prays to Mazda to proclaim it and teach men "the way of Good Thought, of which thou didst speak to me, whereon, a way made by Right, the selves of the future benefactors shall pass to the reward that was prepared for the wise, of which thou art determinant, O Mazda." Nay, at the beginning he was apparently even expecting other teachers; for he asks: "When, Mazda, shall the sun-risings come forth for the world's winning of Right, through the powerful teachings of the wisdom of the future saviours?"

But gradually, we may suppose, this expectation failed him, and he was forced to fall back on himself, perhaps owing to some mystic answer to his prayer: "Let the revelation of Good Thought be confirmed unto me: the future deliverer should know how his own destiny should be." So that later, while he still believed he would in his life-time see the eschatological renovation or regeneration brought about, he speaks with confidence of himself alone as the deliverer, and promises to those who will reject the daēvas, that to them "the holy self of the future deliverer, as lord of the house, will be friend, brother or father." He is thus chief of the community, head of the house, but they are no longer called deliverers, they are now to make "straight the paths for the Religion of the future deliverer which Ahura ordained."

But all such expectations were doomed to non-fulfilment, and faith hard put to it by the logic of facts had, as in a still more famous case, to readjust its doctrine and look to a remoter future for the consummation of its hopes.

Amid much else that is so remarkable nothing is more striking, when compared with the elaborate and minute ritual of later days, than the simplicity of the cult of the prophet. There seems to have been little more than prayer with outstretched hands and praise-giving. In one passage only does Zarathushtra refer to himself as a priest—but as a priest who would 'learn the straight paths' and 'practise husbandry.' Once only also do we hear of a sacrifice: "To thee and to Right we will offer the sacrifice with due service, that in the Dominion ye may bring all creatures to perfection through Good Thought." Elsewhere the offering is the bringing songs of praise to Mazdah and

Right and Good Thought. Better still, as an offering Zarathushtra "brings the life of his own body, the choiceness of good thoughts, actions and speech, unto Mazdah, unto the Right, Obedience and Dominion." For the best prayers are righteous deeds: "With these prayers I would come and praise you, O Mazdah, and thou Right, with actions of Good Thought."

Not only so, but the intoxicating *haoma*, which previously was and subsequently re-became the chief feature of the sacrificial ritual, was utterly banned by the prophet. "When," he cries to Mazdah, "wilt thou smite the filthiness of this intoxicant?" It was specially by its means, Zarathushtra declared, that the priests of the *daēvas* wickedly deceived the people. It is astounding to find so sturdy a stand taken against what was, not only among the nomads, but also among the Iranians and Indo-Aryans, the chiefest of the features of the ancestral sacrificial rites. It is true that later on the *haoma* (*soma*) was given mythical and mystical values, but in Zarathushtra's days it was a powerful physical intoxicant, though we are not able to-day to identify the plant.

The more one studies these ancient songs the more astonished is one to find how intuitively Zarathushtra goes straight for the right thing ethically. He whose name in subsequent centuries stood forth among those who knew not a single line of the Gāthās, as the synonym of archimagus, gives nowhere a single hint of anything magical. He was no Shaman, not even a high ritualist. Zarathushtra was a prophet and a mystic in the spiritual sense of the word: "As the holy one I recognised thee, Mazdah Ahura, when Good Thought came to me, when the still mind taught me to declare what is best."

This high and simple moral faith is found in an equally simple setting. The right way of livelihood is that of a husbandman and cattle-tender. Temporal rewards are at times expected, and the followers of Mazdah are promised fat cattle; not only so, but the prophet himself must have begun with similar naïve expectations, for we find him petitioning: "This I ask thee, tell me truly, Ahura—whether I shall indeed, O Right, earn that reward, even ten mares with a stallion and a camel, which was promised to me, O Mazdah, as well as through thee the future gift of Welfare and Immortality."

Such a verse may well be reckoned a 'pillar' passage, as Schmiedel would call it; we feel that here we are in close touch with a genuine historic record, and, as we have said before, our only wonder is that it should ever have been preserved by a posterity that exalted its prophet to heaven. With such a setting we may then feel very great confidence that we have also the main features of Zarathushtra's original gospel preserved in the Gāthās, and therewith must recognise in him one of the greatest prophets and reformers of humanity.

G. R. S. MEAD.

SEEING THE SHEKINAH AT DEATH.

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BOTH the Talmud and the mediæval Kabbalah have many striking things to say on this theme. "To be worthy to see the face of the Shekinah" is the favourite expression employed by the Rabbis, and by Jewish theologians generally, to describe the highest pitch of saintliness which man can attain to. To catch a glimpse of the Shekinah is to have a vision of, and hence some degree of mystical union with, the ineffable Holiness of Reality, the all-encompassing and all-pervading Divinity, in which, to the minds of the old Jewish masters, every actual or even potential doer of right, is bathed. But whereas the great majority of the Rabbinical pronouncements about seeing the Shekinah apply to the living man, there is a small minority of Talmudic and Kabbalistic *dicta* about catching a sight or sound or even a smell of the Shekinah when man is at the point of death. The latter theme is an aspect of the Shekinah problem which has affinities with many an interesting point in other systems of theology. Hence I have thought it might not be a vain thing to offer a few remarks about it in as simple a way as the technicalities of the literature will permit.

The basis on which the Rabbis worked is the statement in *Exodus* xxxiii. 20: "Thou canst not see my face; for man shall not see me and live." St. Paul has familiarised all readers of the New

Testament with the uniqueness of the Rabbinical mode of scriptural exegesis. The present instance is a case in point. Man shall not see God's face and live. Hence when man does see God's face he must expect to die. (Many an Old Testament incident proves the vitality of this idea in the earliest history of the Israelites.) Hence the logical converse; *viz.* when some men are expecting to die they are liable to see the face of God. These men are the elect, the worthy ones of the race. And since the whole of *Exodus xxxiii. 17-23* is, as the student of the original Hebrew must know, permeated with many mystical phrases and sentiments—the recurring allusions to the sight of God's glory as well as the baffling nature of the whole argument being reminiscent of the occult revelations in the first chapter of Ezekiel—it was quite a natural step for the Rabbis to take when they said that the good man, at the moment of his earthly leave-taking, catches a sight of the Shekinah.

The following is a quotation from the Talmud on this head: "All the good men who will be descended from Adam will have to suffer the primordial Divine decree of death. But before their death they will see the face of the Shekinah and reprove Adam, saying: 'It is thou that hast been the cause of death to us.'" Taking this statement in its bald literalness, it looks as though the sight of the Shekinah at death were a mere momentary visual phenomenon with no spiritual or moral implications whatsoever, a vision such as presents itself to many a mystically-endowed temperament in a moment of high ecstasy and then vanishes leaving no vestige of a message behind. But further study of the sources shows that this is not the case. The sight of the Shekinah at death is concomitant

with a great message from the Beyond. This message is nothing less than an intimation of the measure of the recompense which awaits the worthy in the life beyond these voices. The reasoning of the Rabbis is easily apparent. It was unjust, thought they, that the death of a good man should be the same leap into the dark as is the death of an indifferent or bad man. Should not his darkness be lightened? Should not the oncoming sleep of the righteous worker be made sweet? Should he not go hence with the glimmer of a consciousness that there is to be a recompense to his honourable toil? The sight of the Shekinah at death was the affirmative answer to these queries. It was the assuring symbol of the unfailing joy treasured up for the faithful servant who had deserved well of his Master.

It is this fuller connotation of the idea that is worked out, with many an added detail of deep theological interest, in the pages of the Zohar—the representative book of the mediæval Kabbalah. Commenting on *Genesis* xviii. 1, 2: “And the Lord appeared unto him in the plains of Mamre; and he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day. And he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo! three men stood by him; and when he saw them he ran to meet them from the tent door and bowed himself toward the ground,” the Zohar says as follows: “At the time of man’s departure from the world there is [for him] a day of great judgment, for the soul then separates itself from the body and man does not quit the world before seeing the Shekinah, as it is written: For man shall not see me and live.” Presumably it is the good man who is here referred to. This can be proved from the continuing remarks: “And there come with the

Shekinah three ministering angels to receive the soul of the *good man* (*tsaddik*), as it is written: And the Lord appeared unto him . . . and lo! three men stood by him."

Two explanatory comments are here necessary. Firstly, Jewish exegetes always interpret the 'three men' of this Genesis passage, to mean angels. "Who were these three men?" is the anonymous question asked in the Talmud. The reply is: "They were the angels Michael, Gabriel and Raphael. Michael came to bring good tidings to Sarah—concerning the coming birth of her son. Raphael came to heal Abraham—after his circumcision. Gabriel came to see about the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah." This juxtaposition of the two ideas 'angel' and 'Shekinah' is instructive. It looks as though the Rabbis put the two upon one and the same plane. It looks too as though there is something wrong in the current opinion of Christian theologians, who maintain that the 'angel' was a device invented by the Rabbis for bridging the gulf between a transcendent God and the world. The correct version seems to be that both 'angel' and 'Shekinah' were, in a sense, emanations from the Godhead, aspects of the Divine Life intermingling and interworking with the life of the cosmos.

Secondly, the soul's judgment after the death of the body is a theme around which Talmudists and Kabbalists allowed their fancies to play with freedom. From the medley of expressed opinions it is difficult to deduce any hard and fast doctrine as to the difference between the fortune of the good and the bad soul. But one idea is common to all modes of presentation. The soul *may* have to suffer purgatory.

That much is certain. Hence the comfort which the sight of the Shekinah must bring to the dying saint. It is like the favourable signal to the passing train. All is well. He need fear no darkness, no disaster. His merits will bear their adequate fruits once the bar has been crossed.

But let us return and listen to the Zohar further. Commenting on *Genesis* xlviii., the chapter which describes the last hours of the patriarch Jacob, it says : "At the hour of man's judgment [*i.e.* when death is approaching] there is a stirring, and a voice as of someone calling, but no one understands that voice but the man who is dying. For thus has it been taught us ; *viz.* at the time of man's dying, when the judgment rests upon him and he is quitting this earth, there is added to him a higher spirit (*ruḥa 'ilāā*), something which he did not possess during his life-time. Whilst it is resting upon him, and he has union with it (*itdābbāk*), he beholds that which he never had the merit to see whilst living. It is by the power of this added higher spirit. And when he has had union with it and has seen the sight, he takes his leave of this world, as it is written (*Psalms* civ. 29) : Thou takest away [the word in Hebrew also means 'thou addest'¹] their spirit and they die and return to their dust."

It will be noticed how, in these two passages, two of the prominent features of the mystical temperament—*viz.* the hearing of voices and the seeing of visions—are classed in one category. The encouragement to the dying saint comes, in the one case through the medium of the interior voice, perfectly articulate, and heard only by the dying one. It is the last word of good cheer to the soul now nearer to its source than

¹ Hence the idea of the higher (*i.e.* added) spirit.

it ever was before. It comes, in the other case, in the form of an exceptional visual experience. The Shekinah lights up into shapes and figures uncanny, affording ineffable joy to the seer. The 'awareness' of the Divine Presence is a spectacle of unearthly light, a vision of unalloyed brightness, which gives peace, joy and assurance to the soul fleeing to its home in God. The speeding soul is satisfied with knowing that it will reap abundantly what it has so nobly sown.

And it is all an intimation of the unparalleled glories of that other world which it is the sublimest aim of the righteous to reach. Here we come across a point well worth noting. After death, the good man will not alone receive a great reward as an *individual* detached and distinguished from others less worthy. He will become one of a company. He will belong to a band which spreads light and joy everywhere. The sight of the Shekinah certifies to him his admission into the society of these light-bearers. The student of Rabbiniics knows how strongly the idea of the 'socialisation' of the future life appealed to the minds of the Jewish theologians. It is something more than a state of happiness for the individual as an isolated unit. It is a condition of bliss for him as one among the many. He becomes part of a 'world.' A good Talmudic illustration of this truth may be drawn from the following: The man who is accredited with the complete and final redaction of the Mishna (the body of legalistic and ritualistic discussions on which the Talmud is founded) is Rabbi Judah, 185-220 A.D. He is invariably styled either 'Rabbi' with no name added, or 'R. Judah the Prince,' or 'our holy Rabbi,'—the reason for the latter title of distinction being his exceptional moral purity, a fact

which gave rise to many extraordinary legends about his posthumous return to earth. His disciples on taking their daily leave of the college at which they studied were accustomed to bless their master thus: "Mayest thou see thy world in thy life-time and thy hope for all generations." What 'world' could they have meant? Their words are meaningless unless we assume them to allude to some sphere of existence other than the terrestrial. We are therefore thrown back on the suggestion that the reference is to the sight of the Shekinah at death, a privilege which would be his in more than ordinary measure. When their sainted master was on the point of passing away, might he, while yet in the trammels of the flesh, have a glimpse of 'his world,' *i.e.* the society of the elect! The sight of the Shekinah epitomises all this 'world' with its glorious pageantry.

The same ideas are expressed at greater length and more pictorially in the Midrash *Bērēshit Rabba* as follows: "It is written: 'Strength and dignity are her clothing; and she laugheth at the time to come.'¹ The gift of the reward which awaits the righteous is in readiness for them in the future life. And the Holy One—Blessed be He!—shows them whilst they are still in this world the gift of the reward which He is about to vouchsafe unto them in the world to come. Their soul is then satisfied and they fall asleep. R. Eliezer said, Unto what may this be likened? It may be likened unto a feast which the king made. His guests arrived and he duly set them in their places. This done, he showed them the things which they are to eat and drink. They sate themselves [with the sight and smell of the viands] and then fall asleep."

¹ *Proverbs xxxi. 25.*

The student of Hebrew will know how the A.V. translation "and she laugheth at the time to come" is not the only possible one. The verse can just as correctly be rendered "and she shall rejoice on the last day," the pronoun being feminine because the reference, in the Rabbinic conception, is to the soul (*neshāmāh*) which is a Hebrew feminine noun.

What is arresting about this quotation is the idea of the righteous soul experiencing a sensation of the sight of eating and drinking before passing over to the Beyond. The sight of the Shekinah is materialised into the sight of a feast, a transformation not hard to understand, seeing that both Shekinah and feast possess two constituent elements in common: *viz.* light and joy. There are parallels to this phenomenon in the experiences of many of the mystics quite irrespective of their particular nation or creed. The approaching moment of union with Reality creates not alone a visual experience of light, which at bottom is a purely intellectual perception and hence a thing refined and noble, but a visual experience of eating and drinking, which belongs rather to the physical plane (the sense of 'smell' playing a large part in it) and stands on a lower rung of the psychological ladder. Baron F. von Hügel, in his illuminating treatise *The Mystical Element of Religion*, quotes instances of this truth from the recorded life of Catherine of Siena. In vol. i. pp. 289ff. he gives Catherine's views of the ways in which the soul, suffering and hungering in purgatory, longs for the sight of the joys of heaven. These joys of heaven are a satiety of food. But only in heaven will this satiety be vouchsafed. In purgatory there is *only the sight of it*, and the distressed souls spend themselves in straining more and more to obtain

an approach to the coveted viands. Thus Catherine says: "And if the soul were certain of never seeing the bread, at that moment it would have within it a perfect hell, and become like the damned who are cut off from all hope of ever seeing God, the true Bread. The souls in purgatory, on the other hand, hope to see that Bread, and to satiate themselves to the full therewith; whence they suffer hunger as great as will be the degree to which they will (eventually) satiate themselves with the true Bread, God, our Love."

A digression is here necessary. Does this idea of the good soul experiencing the sight and smell of inviting foods imply that the good soul, as a consequence, endures the pain of privation? And hence is there a hint of some doctrine of an 'intermediate state' or purgatory in the Rabbinic notions of the soul's judgment? It certainly looks as though this were the case, not so much from the instance already quoted as from one or two other passages from Rabbinic literature which will be given in a moment. The Rabbis, as can be shown from several instances in the Talmud and Midrashim, were occasionally influenced on certain minor points of theology by the writings of the Church Fathers. Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Irenæus, Tertullian rank among the earliest exponents of a doctrine of purgatory. The Rabbis were, many of them, contemporaries of these religious leaders, whose views may in all likelihood have made some inroads into their ways of thinking. Take the following from *T. B. Sabbath* 152a: "Ecclesiastes saith: 'And the spirit shall return unto God that gave it.' Give it unto Him even as He gave it unto thee. He gave it unto thee in purity, give thou it back unto Him in purity. It may be likened

unto an earthly monarch who made a gift of royal garments unto his servants. The wise among them folded them up and placed them in a chest. The foolish among them went and did their ordinary work whilst wearing them. After a time the monarch sought his garments. The wise servants restored them to him in their original brightness. The foolish servants handed him their soiled apparel. The king rejoiced at the sight of the wise ones and frowned at the sight of the foolish. Concerning the wise he gave orders thus: Let my garments be put into the royal store and let the servants go to their apartments in peace. Concerning the foolish he ordered thus: Let my garments be given to the washer and let the servants be bound in the prison-house. In a similar way doth the Holy One—Blessed be He!—say of the bodies of the righteous: ‘He shall enter into peace; they shall rest in their beds.’¹ And of their souls He says: ‘The soul of my Lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God.’² Of the bodies of the wicked He says: ‘There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked.’³ Of their souls He says: ‘And the souls of thine enemies, them shall He sling out, as out of the middle of a sling.’⁴

In this extraordinary parable there is a sharply-drawn antithesis between the destiny of the good and bad soul, with no hint of any intermediate state of existence and no hint of the possibility of any intermediate condition between the extremes of good and bad. But let us follow the statement further. It continues: “R. Eliezer says that the souls of the righteous are concealed beneath the Throne of Glory,

¹ *Isaiah* lvii. 2.

² *I. Samuel* xxv. 29.

³ *Isaiah* xlviii. 22.

⁴ *I. Samuel* xxv. 29.

as it is written: 'The soul of my Lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God.' The souls of the wicked are angrily chained down as in a prison. An angel stands at one end of the universe and another angel stands at the opposite end, and they sling the souls one to another, as it is written: 'And the souls of thine enemies, them shall He sling out, as out of the middle of a sling.' . . . But what of the intermediate soul [*i.e.* the one neither good nor bad]? They are both [*i.e.* the bad and the intermediate] handed over to Dumah [one of the angels of the nether world]. The one [*i.e.* the intermediate] obtains some repose. The other obtains none." Clearly enough in this quotation an 'intermediate state' or purgatory befalls the intermediate soul. It is a state of repose intermingled with the pain of wandering.

But the next passage on the same page of the Talmud goes a step further. "A certain Sadducee once said to Abbahu [a Rabbi of the third century A.D.]: You declare that the souls of the righteous are concealed beneath the Throne of Glory. If this is so, how could the woman with the 'familiar spirit' have raised up Samuel? She could have done so, replied Abbahu, because the incident took place within twelve months after Samuel's death, as we have been taught that all the twelve months after death, the body lasts and the soul keeps ascending and descending. After the end of twelve months the body is dissolved, and the soul ascends but descends no more." Here is an unmistakable allusion to a twelve months' purgatory endured by the good soul.

To return now to our main theme. The sight of the Shekinah at death is developed most quaintly in

the following Rabbinic parable: "When R. Abbahu was dying there were shown to him thirteen rivers of balsam [the Hebrew word is *apharsimon*, which is interpreted by the lexicographers as *βάλσαμον*=balsam]. He said to them [*i.e.* to those who, as he imagined, showed him this sight]: 'To whom are these to belong?' 'To thee,' was the reply. 'Can these,' replied he, 'be Abbahu's? Did I not say: I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain' [*Isaiah* xlix. 4]?"

Clearly enough what we have here is a highly poetic description of the reward which awaited the Rabbi in the future life and of which a glimpse—a sort of Shekinah-flash—was afforded him during his last moments on earth. But the passage bristles with points which invite inquiry. The Greek *βάλσαμον* really derives from the Semitic root *bāssām*=to smell sweet, the λ in Greek being probably a euphonic interpolation. In *Exodus* xxv. 6, 'spices for the anointing oil,' one of the old Aramaic translators renders the word 'spices' (in the Hebrew *bāssāmīm*) as 'pure balsam.' The word 'balm,' in the A.V. of *Genesis* xliii. 11, is rendered in the Aramaic as 'balsam.' Hence the vision seen by the dying Rabbi consisted of thirteen sweet-smelling streams. And why so? Two points in Rabbinic theology are here implicated. Firstly, the light or fire of the Shekinah in association with water is a Rabbinic conception which has many ramifications. The source of the thought is a verse in the O.T. such as that in *I. Kings* xviii. 38: "Then the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood and the stones and the dust and *licked up the water* that was in the trench"; and a verse such as that in *Daniel* vii. 10: "A fiery stream [lit. 'a river of fire'] issued and

came forth from before him"—in conjunction with which might be taken *I. Enoch* xiv. 19-20: "And from underneath the throne came streams of flaming fire so that I could not look thereon. And the Great Glory¹ sat thereon and his raiment shone more brightly than the sun." On the foundation of such verses the Rabbis erected a remarkable structure of mystic angelology. They declared, in many places in their writings, that the essence of the angels is fire, that their fiery breath consumes men, and hence no living man can endure the sound of their voices. One of their theories is that angels are half fire and half water, and that God makes peace between the opposing elements. A passage in *Genesis Rabba* lxxviii. runs as follows:

"The Emperor Hadrian says to R. Joshua: 'You say that no portion of the heavenly hosts sings praise to the Lord twice, but that God daily hears new angels who sing his praise [an idea based on *Lamentations* iii. 23] and then depart. Whither do they depart?' R. Joshua replies: 'To the stream of fire whence they emanated.' 'What is this stream like?' asks Hadrian. 'It is like the Jordan,' replies Joshua, 'which ceases not to flow by day or night.' 'Whence comes this stream of fire?' retorts Hadrian. 'It comes,' replies Joshua, 'from the sweat of the living creatures of God's chariot which drops from them under the burden of the Divine throne.'"²

It is not hard to gather, from a knowledge of all this material, how and why, to the eyes of the dying Rabbi, the sight of the Shekinah which gave him the

¹ Glory is often a synonym for Shekinah in Rabbinic.

² This translation is drawn from the admirable article 'Angelology' by Prof. Ludwig Blau in the *Jewish Encyclopædia*.

premonitory sign of his assured retribution, should transform itself into the shapes and images of water streams. But to this must be added a second consideration, as said above. Why should the streams be sweet-smelling? The Rabbis cherished some extraordinary beliefs about the sense of smell. The word for smell in Hebrew, *rāyāh*, is philologically connected with the word for spirit, *rūah* (which also denotes 'breath' or 'wind')—smell being the act of inhaling the breath. This connexion between the two words gave the impetus for a connexion between the two ideas. The act of smelling sweet spices—and balsam held the field for sweetness of fragrance—became associated with mystical speculations about the soul. Thus, the old synagogue ritual commands the Jew to smell some aromatic spices, and to recite a prescribed benediction over them, at the conclusion of the Sabbath Day. Why? Because, say the Rabbis, there is given to each man at the entry of the Sabbath an 'extra soul,' just as there was given an 'extra soul' to Adam when he started to enjoy his first Sabbath in the Garden of Eden. When the Sabbath ends, God removes this 'extra soul' from man, who therefore, in order partially to repair the loss, must inhale the aroma of sweet spices. In the somewhat unsophisticated conception of the Rabbis, smell was the only one of the five senses "which is a source of enjoyment to the soul only and no enjoyment to the body." Sight, hearing, taste, touch were of material consequence to the body. Smell, thought they, was prompted only by the yearning of the soul and hence exerted its power only on the soul. Hence the sight of the Shekinah at death coming together with both vision and smell (because psychologically the vision of something

aromatic always conjures up the sense of the aroma) of 'streams of balsam' forms a perfectly consistent and normal mystical experience.

There is, of course, a further associated idea. The juice of the balsam-plant, for which the gardens near Jericho were especially renowned, contained specially good medicinal properties. Pliny in his *Natural History* (xii. 53) relates that Vespasian and Titus exhibited the balsam shrubs grown near Jericho, as one of the trophies at their triumphal procession. Josephus (see *Wars of the Jews*, i. 6, par. 6, iv. 8, par. 3; *Antiquities* xv. 4, par. 2) lavishes extravagant praise upon the balsam of Jericho, declaring that its commercial value was so great that Anthony took it away from the Jews and gave it to Cleopatra. It is only in our days that the line has been drawn between healing which is spiritual and healing which is physical. Formerly the two were held to be organically connected. Priest and doctor were one. Hence the sight and smell of balsam to the dying may have been an added premonition of the health to be enjoyed by the soul in the Beyond.

But why were just thirteen streams of balsam exhibited? It looks as though the number 13 possessed some exceptional connotation. And it is so. As a matter of fact, the modern increased interest in the study of comparative religion, which goes hand in hand with the contributions made to knowledge by the higher criticism of the Bible, is showing us what a large amount of esoteric religion is embedded in the early conceptions of number. The inferences drawn by many scholars from the resemblances between the Biblical usages of numbers and the usages current in the old Egyptian and Babylonian mythologies are often

far-fetched and need to be accepted with great reservation. But there is a nucleus of very real truth in the analogies. That so penetrating a thinker as Philo should have found so many-sided a significance in the numbers employed in the Old Testament shows that the idea must have played some part in Jewish Hellenistic religion. The manipulation of numbers in parts of the Talmud and in many of the representative works of the mediæval Kabbalah is a conspicuous branch of early Jewish mysticism. The number 13 is noteworthy in Rabbinic as being the number of 'the Divine Attributes.' These are summed up in *Exodus* xxxiv. 6, 7; *viz.* (1) The Lord; (2) The Lord;¹ (3) God; (4) merciful; (5) and gracious; (6) longsuffering; (7) and abundant in goodness; (8) and truth; (9) keeping mercy for thousands; (10) forgiving iniquity; (11) and transgression; (12) and sin; (13) and that will by no means clear the guilty.² The citation of these 13 'Attributes' has always been a fact of the highest spiritual import in the synagogue ritual. The Jew always fought shy of speaking words—even in prayer—which aimed at disclosing aught of the Divine nature. The point he loved to dwell on was what *God could do*, not *what God is*. Hence when permission was given him by the synagogue Fathers to proclaim aloud on certain stated occasions, the quintessential qualities of the Deity, the act of doing so was one of exceptional spiritual elation. He felt himself lifted up from earth to heaven. It was a privilege almost beyond his mortal deserts. In all probability the Shekinah-vision of the 'thirteen streams' was prompted by some such

¹ The Rabbis explain this repetition as implying: "I am God before man sins and am God after man sins"; these are two different Divine attributes.

² So the A.V.; but translated differently by the old Jewish theologians.

thought as this. The dying saint beholds something which is reminiscent or emblematic of that Reality whose emanations are embedded in the universe in the shapes of the mercy and the love, the goodness and the truth and the forgiveness, which are operative everywhere, and without which the universe would be a chaos, and man no better than the beasts which perish. The sight of the vision is an elation of unutterable joy. It is the moment of union with the Divine Presence. The root-word for 'union' is in Hebrew *ēchād* (which means 'one'). Among the Jews, every Hebrew letter which composes a word has its numerical value. The 3 letters which make up *ēchād* are *aleph*=1, *heth*=8, *dālēth*=4, making altogether 13. Hence the sight of 13 is *union*!

A confirmation of the whole argument of this paper is to be found in a Talmudic epigram which is often passed over by the student as a mere bit of playful fancy. It is said in *T. B. Ketuboth* 103b: "If a man dies laughing it is a good sign unto him." Taken in any other sense but the mystical, this is gibberish. But many of the Rabbis were mystics—and probably so without knowing it. The quotation epitomises the whole philosophy of the dying saint and the sight of the Shekinah. If the apparition of that which awaits him in the Beyond brings laughter and joy to his speeding soul, then it is a sure token that he has scaled the height of all human endeavour. He has found his home, his peace with the One.

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SWEDENBORG'S DOCTRINE OF THE INCARNATION.

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It would be useless to attempt in this paper to establish or even expound, in any adequate manner, Swedenborg's doctrine of the Incarnation. This can only be done by first establishing all the fundamental doctrines he taught, for it is the crown and culmination of them all. I shall then try only to remove, or at least mitigate, some difficulties which stand in the way of its reception and even of its consideration. Before passing to this subject, however, it is necessary to glance for a moment at the spiritual history of mankind, which is its essential history, and the only history that really matters. The essential factor in every age is the relation of the people composing it to divine truth.

Swedenborg teaches that man came into existence as a spiritual being in a state but little differing as to his natural mental powers from that of the tame and gentle among the higher animals. The difference was that there were contained within and above his natural faculties three interior degrees of mind, answering to the three heavens, which could be successively developed and perfected within him according to his life. Beginning in this, as it were, infantile state, the race, or part of it, was led upwards by a gradual process

of spiritual elevation and development, always in perfect freedom. This was long anterior to the dawn of history, and the only record we have of it is in the first chapter of Genesis, which deals, not with the creation of the visible universe, but with the spiritual creation or regeneration of the human race, which finally attained the highest point of spiritual elevation it has yet reached, in what Swedenborg calls the most ancient or Celestial Church, represented by Adam (the Hebrew word for generic Man) in the Garden of Eden (or Delight). Gradually this Church deteriorated and became corrupt, and was at last superseded by a new Church to which was entrusted a lower order of truth, better adapted to the lower spiritual state to which the remnant of the good had fallen. This process of gradual declension continued, until at last the Israelitish Church was established, which was not a spiritual church at all, but rather the representative image or symbol of a church; all the religious precepts, rites and ceremonies imposed upon the Israelites being devoid of any spiritual significance in their minds.

I have spoken of these successive dispensations as 'Churches.' Swedenborg uses this term in two senses. He often speaks of the Universal Church, consisting of all throughout the whole world who according to their lights are striving to do good and understand and obey the truth. But besides this there has always existed what he calls the 'Specific' Church, which is the depository and custodian of the Word. It is of specific Churches that I have been speaking as following one another in a descending and deteriorating series. The Word existed in these Churches in various forms, while remaining essentially the same. But in the Israelitish Church it assumed the lowest and most external form

possible, that of mere moral laws and ceremonial observances which represented heavenly things, apart from any perception of their purpose and meaning in the people on whom they were enjoined.. Nevertheless this religion of mere rituals and external rules of conduct sufficed to maintain that connexion between the heavens and men upon earth on which the spiritual stability of both depend ; for when the laws which the Israelites were commanded to obey were duly and religiously observed, the thoughts of the worshippers excited in the minds of good spirits who were associated with them, ideas of the heavenly realities themselves which they represented ; these ideas were transferred upwards to the minds of the angels of the various heavens and formed a basis for their thought. So that by means of this artificial system of communion, as it may be called, heaven and earth were still conjoined. When this Church in its turn became corrupted, the very lowest foothold of divine truth on earth was in danger of being destroyed, and the salvation of man rendered impossible. This was the reason why God Himself became incarnate on this earth as the Word made flesh ; and the central theological doctrine of Swedenborg is, that the Lord Jesus Christ in His glorified Humanity is the one God who alone is to be approached and worshipped.

I am aware how incredible this doctrine is apt to appear even to those Christians who believe in the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. I can sympathise with this feeling, for I had it myself for many years after I began the study of Swedenborg's writings, and had reached the conviction that as representations of the nature and constitution of the spiritual world they must be essentially true. I not only could not accept

the doctrine, but I was unable to conceive of any process of thought by which I could be led to believe it. Now it seems to me the most simple and, so to speak, natural thing in the world. I can hardly tell how I acquired this belief. I doubt whether any of us can ever fully explain even to ourselves, much less to others, the process by which we reached our deepest convictions. They come from a gradual shifting of outlook, which takes place so insensibly that we are hardly aware of the change, except when from time to time we look round us and see where we were and where we are. Our convictions seem to "grow and spring up, we know not how." When we have got them we reason about them, explain and justify them; but our reasons, explanations and justifications always seem to us a very inadequate account of the process by which we attained them, or of the power with which they dominate our minds.

Since I have reached this belief, I have been able to perceive the nature of my early difficulties more clearly than I could before. This can be a matter of but slight interest to anyone but myself, except in this respect, that human minds, with all their infinite diversity, move so much in similar grooves of thought, that it is highly probable that many other people may be hampered by the same difficulties without being fully aware of their nature, just as I was; and there is a real gain in stating a difficulty clearly, for this is often the first step to its removal. There are, it seems to me, four main difficulties, two that are preliminary, and two that arise out of the doctrine of the Incarnation taught by Swedenborg.

The first and the most formidable is an undefined but almost irresistible feeling, nearly devoid of reasons,

that it is simply inconceivable that the Creator and Sustainer of the universe should have become incarnate upon the earth.

The second difficulty is that we fail to perceive any adequate motive for such a divine intervention.

The third is that the conception seems inconsistent with the facts recorded in the Gospels about the life of Jesus Christ.

The fourth is that the conception proffered by Swedenborg involves the belief that God *acquired* by Incarnation a power which He did not possess before.

The first difficulty, when analysed, will be found, I think, to resolve itself into two main elements. The ideas which many people form of God are so vague, or so permeated with the idea that omnipotence must necessarily mean the power to accomplish *anything* by a mere *fiat*, that the very conception of Him as a worker by processes for definite ends, causes as it were a shock of surprise, and is apt to excite that irrational incredulity with which the unfamiliar is generally received by human minds. Yet the 'works' of God are frequently mentioned in Scripture. Jesus Himself said: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me and to finish His work" (*John* iv. 34); and: "My Father worketh even until now (R.V.) and I work" (*John* v. 17). What meaning or efficacy, indeed, would infinite Love and Wisdom have unless they manifested and ultimated themselves in infinite work or use? If we search creation to discover God's method of working we find process everywhere. May we not infer that the method which prevails universally in the natural world must also prevail in the spiritual world?

But the chief element in this difficulty comes, I

think, from our not really believing that God is Love, infinite Love; or at least from our failing to grasp the truth in the sense in which Swedenborg would have us believe it. Love is the very substance of God. It is God. His Wisdom is but the form and manifestation of His Love, and all the uses which exist in the created universe are derived from His Love, through His Wisdom, just as all the uses which a man performs are derived from his will, or affections, through his understanding as means. Now it is the nature of all true love to desire to *give* rather than to *get*. It derives its satisfaction and delight from giving. If this is true of human love at its best, how infinitely true must it be of that Divine Love in which all true human love has its source. God is a Being whose whole nature is concentrated in the impulse to give—to give Himself, for He has nothing else to give—to give Himself totally, were it possible; but in any case to give Himself as fully as the receptive faculties of each human mind will permit. The physical universe is created solely that men may be brought into existence upon it and, after their brief life on earth, pass into the heavens, which will never cease to grow in numbers and spiritual beauty to eternity. This is the central purpose of creation, and its realisation was in jeopardy. The intervention which seems to us so incredible must have been as natural and inevitable, so to speak, to the Divine Being as the action of a human father in snatching his child away from some danger. Love does not feel the energies it puts forth on behalf of the beloved object as a burden or privation. The privation would be if it were not permitted to exercise those powers when they were needed.

Christianity alone among the great religions has

dared the conception of a 'meek and lowly' God. No one who attributes any divine authority to the words of Jesus Christ can deny that it does so; for He invited all men to come to Him because He was meek and lowly in heart, and He also said: "I can of my own self do nothing. As I hear I judge" (*John* v. 30); and: "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me He doeth the works" (*John* xiv. 10). Infinite Love must be infinitely meek and lowly. For what is it to be genuinely meek and lowly but to be devoid of every form of self-seeking or self-regard?

This difficulty, therefore, I take it, has no existence outside of our own minds, and comes from the imperfection of the ideas we form of the Divine Goodness.

The second difficulty arises from our inability to understand the need for this supreme divine intervention. How could it be necessary for God, who possesses infinite power, to make His advent on earth for the redemption and salvation of mankind? The explanation commonly given in the Christian world has been, that it was to save mankind from the punishment due to them for their sins by inflicting it on a perfectly innocent being. People are beginning to see how false this idea is—how totally unsupported by Scripture. But when this misconception is rejected it becomes difficult to conceive the necessity of a Divine Incarnation. If its sole object was to communicate certain truths to mankind, and to set an example of a divinely ordered human life, could not a supremely good man have lived such a life as Jesus lived, and spoken such words as He spoke, and died such a death as He died? There is no answer to this question, if the earthly life of Jesus is supposed to have

been lived merely for the purpose of example and instruction. But these, according to Swedenborg's teaching, were not the whole, nor even the chief part, of the work accomplished by His coming. The main purposes of His coming were to effect a great judgment in the spiritual world, and to glorify His Humanity and make it Divine, and thus secure spiritual freedom for mankind for ever.

I have already spoken of the successive Churches, or Dispensations of Divine Truth, which have existed upon earth. Those which succeeded the most ancient Church marked distinct steps in the Fall of man—his higher faculties being successively closed, and apparently obliterated, because they had been abused and perverted. The human mind was therefore reduced to a lower level of spiritual faculty and endeavour, which was still open to it though the higher level had become impossible. Now it is characteristic of every falling Church that great multitudes of its members pass into the world of spirits in very mingled states, in which good and evil, truth and falsity, seem to be inextricably mixed together in their minds. This intermediate state, which is man's first destination after death—because he has dwelt there as a spirit during his earthly life—is, as it were, the digestive apparatus of the spiritual world, where the extraction of the essential elements of character from the temporary elements in which they have been hitherto embedded, is accomplished. It is, therefore, the place of judgment, which consists simply in the disclosure of what each man really is, that is of what he really *loves*, and the reduction of all his subordinate powers to complete conformity with his love. For in the other world, Swedenborg says, no one can have a divided mind.

He either loves good and understands truth, or loves evil and understands falsity. There must be a perfect equation between the affections of the will and the perceptions of the intellect, so that the one becomes the counterpart and helpmeet of the other.

Now during all the successive Churches hitherto there have been three classes of inhabitants of the world of spirits.

1. Those who were so definitely established in the love of good and truth that after a longer or shorter preparation there they could be admitted to heaven.

2. Those who were so definitely fixed in the love of evil and falsity that, after a like preparation, they could be removed to hell.

3. Those who were in such mingled states that they had to be detained in the world of spirits until the close of the Dispensation to which they belonged, when a great judgment took place, by which that region was cleared of most of its inhabitants, whose internal state was then made manifest, so that they could be removed to their final destination, either in heaven or in hell.

This accumulation of spirits in the intermediate state produced an effect upon the spiritual perceptions of mankind like that of a fog or mist upon a man's natural sight. It obscured the rays of the Sun of Heaven, which passing down through the heavens reached man's mind finally through spirits in the world of spirits. And this accumulation of spirits in mingled states of good and evil, truth and falsity, tends greatly to increase in every falling Church, and especially towards its end or consummation. For a falling Church does not openly abandon its religion, but makes it subservient to pride, self-seeking and the lust of power.

Its members suppose that they are very religious men, and they often have a very ardent zeal for many of the truths of religion,—not for the sake of the truths themselves, but because of the influence over the minds of others they are able to exercise by means of them. This accumulation of spirits predominantly of an evil character in the world of spirits also gave the hells a firmer foothold in that world, and consequently a more powerful influence over the minds of men; so that evil tended to overwhelm good, and the spiritual freedom of mankind was in danger of being destroyed.

Every such judgment consisted essentially in a more powerful outpouring of Divine Truth through the spiritual world, in a form adapted to the states of those in the world of spirits on whom the judgment was to be effected. For it is always the truth that judges—or that by which man judges himself. The judgment consists in the disclosure of the man's true relation to Divine Truth when his inmost affections are fully opened up, and made to dominate his whole being.

Now when the consummation of the Jewish Church approached, the outpouring of Divine Truth through the heavens was not powerful enough to effect the judgment in the world of spirits and the reduction of the hells to due order which were necessary to restore mankind to spiritual freedom, and set the race upon an upward path after the long spiritual declension of the Fall. Therefore is it written in Isaiah: "He saw that there was no man and wondered that there was no intercessor: therefore His arm brought salvation to Him, and His righteousness it sustained Him" (lix. 16).

This intervention meant that the Divine should actually approach—not in space, but in spiritual state

—should actually come down to the level of spirits in the world of spirits and in the hells. Now it is impossible for the Divine as it is in itself to come into immediate contact with any finite being. The influx of Divine Love and Wisdom even into the highest heaven has to be tempered by various media, because otherwise the angels there could not sustain it. How much less could the Divine approach sinful men and evil spirits without utterly consuming them! It was necessary that He should assume a humanity analogous to theirs, on the same plane of substance as theirs, in order that He might be able to reach them at all. He did this by birth of a virgin mother. Through her He derived the tendency to all the evils which have ever afflicted humanity, so that, as the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says: "He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin" (iv. 15). Through this infirm humanity He could come, as it were, into personal contact with spirits and even with the hells, and effect the judgment that was needed.

The Christian Church has hitherto shrunk from the admission that the human nature of the Lord Jesus Christ, which he inherited by birth from a human mother, was *exactly* like ours; that it contained all the tendencies to evil that ours does. Yet our Lord's own words (*Luke* xxii. 28) as well as the words just quoted from the Epistle to the Hebrews show that He was tempted. Now temptation necessarily involves two factors—an internal tendency, something in the mind that renders evil and falsity attractive, and an external stimulus. If either of these were absent no temptation could exist. The difficulty in conceiving that any kind of evil could exist in the Lord Jesus Christ arises from our failing to distinguish between a ten-

dency to evil and evil itself, or sin. We are not sinners because we have tendencies to evil, for these come to us without any act of ours, through our parents and ancestors in a long series. They become sins when we adopt them, and make them our own, by loving and practising them. Now the Lord Jesus Christ resisted and overcame the evil tendencies which He acquired by birth, in their every manifestation, and totally cast them out. One of the differences between His experience and ours is that we are admitted to a knowledge of but few of our evils. The greater part remain quiescent, or at least unrecognised, during our whole lives. We are only required to combat and overcome the few that we do recognise. In Him *all* the evils contained in the human nature He assumed by birth were opened up. Thus He came into contact with *all* the hells. He overcame them all. His life from childhood to His death on the cross was a continual temptation and a continual victory.

I take it that this explanation of the necessity for the Incarnation must be admitted to be satisfactory, if Swedenborg's representations as to the purpose of creation, the constitution of the spiritual world, and of its state at the time our Lord was present in bodily form upon earth are true. But this purpose of the Incarnation was, in a sense, temporary. There was a permanent purpose as well. This was the glorification of the Lord's Humanity, so that every finite element in it, that is, everything it derived through the Virgin Mary, was utterly expelled, and His Humanity became Divine and therefore Infinite. This implies that the Divine actually assumed *during His manifestation upon earth* a Humanity not *derived* from man, but which was, nevertheless, on the very plane of man's

natural life; so that thereafter those divine influences on which the spiritual welfare of mankind depends, might descend not only through the channel of the spiritual world, but also directly from God Himself. The First became also the Last. Now it is obvious that the humanity which the Lord assumed by birth from a human mother was finite. He was born as a little baby, with no more knowledge than any other child. We are expressly told that He increased in wisdom and in stature. He ate, drank, was weary and slept like another man. How can we possibly conceive that this finite nature became infinite?

Swedenborg recognises that the transmutation of the finite into the infinite is impossible. How then was the change effected? It could only be accomplished in one way—by the *putting off* of the finite substances and forms which the Lord inherited by natural birth, and by His replacing them, as they were put off, by substances and forms from the absolute Divine, or the Father within Him. Thus when the process of glorification was accomplished, He was no longer the son of Mary. He was then glorified with 'the Father's own self' (*John xvii. 5*).

This process of glorification would have been impossible but for the fact that Jesus had no human father. For the seed from the father contains a propagation from the father's soul, in all its degrees, and is the inmost formative power in the newly created human being. This germinal soul is necessarily finite like that from which it is derived. The body, or clothing of the inner human form, is supplied by the mother. We are all familiar with the fact that as regards the visible, physical body this is the case. But it is a constant law, of which many examples

might be given did space permit, that whatever is transacted visibly in outward nature is also transacted invisibly in interior nature. There must be a paternal and a maternal element in every cell composing the human body; otherwise the sum of the cells would not present the paternal or the maternal likeness, and sometimes both, so clearly as it does. Throughout the body, in its least as well as its greatest parts, the paternal element is interior and the maternal exterior, and the same is true of the mind and of all the elements composing it. Now in Jesus Christ the paternal element was wholly divine. The Father, the Infinite, uncreate Divine was His soul. That infinite natural Humanity which He assumed during His life in the world was something quite distinct from that which He assumed by birth. It was derived, not from the Virgin Mother, but from the Divine itself within Him.

We now come to the third difficulty, which is based on the seeming incompatibility of this conception with the records we possess of the life of Jesus upon earth. How is it possible to conceive that He, who prayed to His Father, could, interiorly, as to His soul, be that very Father?

Here we may be helped by a comparison with the process of human regeneration, which is a finite, partial and imperfect image of the Lord's glorification. I have already stated that, according to Swedenborg's teaching, there are in every man from birth, above the degree of his mind in which his consciousness resides, three interior degrees of mind, corresponding to the three heavens. In every good man, one or more of these degrees is opened, or made functionally active, and capable of becoming the seat of consciousness. The

man does not become conscious in that degree of his mind until after death, when he has undergone a preparation in the world of spirits, and enters the corresponding heaven. But the opened degree does not remain inactive till then; it acts by influx into the natural degree of his mind, and profoundly influences his affections and thoughts. Now the consciousness of the Lord Jesus Christ during His life on earth was in the natural degree of His mind, and all the interior process of glorification which went on throughout his whole life only affected his consciousness in that degree; but in that degree his consciousness alternated between two states, as the glorified Humanity or the remains of the infirm humanity derived from the mother predominated in it. He consequently felt while under the influence of his heredity human, as if He were left to himself, just as we do. He realised his entire dependence on the Divine within Him just as we do, only incomparably more fully. He prayed to the Father as to another being. He felt despair, and that He was forsaken by God. It was only when the process of glorification was accomplished that He could say: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth." No touch of human weakness given us in the Gospels and elsewhere can be spared from the picture, if we are to realise the truth that the humanity which the Lord assumed by birth was exactly like ours in every respect except that it had no finite paternal element other than that which it derived through Mary; and consequently the consciousness of His Divine nature and mission was a gradual growth in His mind and subject to obscurity and temptation. Until Jesus was glorified there was a real separateness of being between the human nature

which He assumed by birth, and the Divine, or the Father, within Him.

The last difficulty is that this conception involves the belief that God acquired by Incarnation a power which He did not possess before, and which He could not have acquired in any other way. I think this is a true statement of the case. Swedenborg does teach that God by this means assumed and incorporated in His nature a lower degree of being, which had been only potential in Him before. How can we conceive that the Infinite God *became* something that He was not before ?

Swedenborg has not, so far as I am aware, ever directly faced or explained this difficulty. He seldom does explain difficulties. Perhaps he saw none. Perhaps there are none, except in our own minds. I can only, therefore, suggest an explanation—based on his statement that the divine natural degree assumed through Incarnation was *potential* before,—which has satisfied my own mind. If we press to its extreme logical consequences the idea of the Infinite as not only embracing all power that exists, but as excluding every form of development or process, we shall inevitably arrive at the idea of a dead God, or a God who does nothing; for all action is something new. As to His essential nature as being infinite, self-existent Love and Wisdom and consequently infinite power or use, He cannot change; but it is quite possible to conceive that He changes infinitely in the manifestation of these attributes, in accordance with the changing states and needs of human minds. We may, perhaps, borrow a helpful illustration from the work of a human educator; for religion is nothing but God's method of educating men for heaven, and His

methods must be adapted to the various states and powers of human minds, just as the efforts of a human teacher must be; because God seeks to educate all men through their free exercise of the powers He gives them. Every good teacher tries not only to make his teaching true and as complete as the capacity of his pupils will permit, but also to adapt it to the idiosyncrasy of each pupil's mind. If he were *perfectly* equipped as a teacher and had *no* limitations or disabilities in himself to hamper him, that is if the love and wisdom he possesses and which are his qualifications for teaching, were *entirely* adequate to the work in which he is engaged, he would be able to adapt his teaching to the special needs of each pupil. In other words, the more permanent and perfect his love and wisdom were, the more he would *seem* to change, and in fact would change, in his exhibition in his work of those fundamental qualities. Thus, I think, we must admit into our conception of the Infinite God not only immutability in His essential attributes, but infinite mutability in their manifestation. We must recognise infinite potentiality as well as infinite actuality as existing in the Divine.

The Christian Church has hitherto, in the main, regarded the Lord Jesus Christ as a kind of subordinate God, existing prior to His Incarnation as one of the Persons of the Trinity. This conception avoids no difficulty, for it is no more easy to conceive of the Incarnation of such a Divine and therefore Infinite Being, than it is to conceive of the Incarnation of the One God; whereas it is destructive of any simple and unambiguous acceptance of the truth that God is One. Yet this forms part of the first and great commandment: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is One

Lord," and this commandment must be meant for our thought, and not merely for our lips. In the teaching of Swedenborg the Trinity becomes a real tri-unity, instead of a tri-personality, and offers no more impediment to our thinking of God as One in the most absolute sense, than does the conception of a man as consisting of spirit, body, and their united operation to the idea that *he* is one. Mystery remains, indeed profound mystery. Man is a mystery, nature is a mystery, everything is mysterious. Only the mind that is stupefied by custom fails to see the mystery that envelops the most familiar things. A divinely created universe must be mysterious to every finite mind, if for no other reason than this, that it must contain infinite uses which in their details can never be discerned by a finite mind. But it need not involve inconsistency and contradiction, which are not mysterious at all,—but clear indications that we have somehow gone astray from the facts of the case.

J. HOWARD SPALDING.

RECENT EXPERIMENTS IN
'CLAIRVOYANCE' BY
PSYCHOLOGISTS.

ROBERT EISLER, Ph.D.

I.

QUITE a sensation has been caused in Germany recently by two publications on remarkable cases of 'clairvoyance,' by Prof. Dr. Max Schottelius of Freiburg i. B. and Dr. Wladimir von Wasiliewski of Sondershausen.

The first treats of the case of an individual who traded with his alleged or real faculties under the pseudonym of 'Professor Akldar, Paris, London, New York,' but whose real name is said to be Ludwig (properly Levi) H., an Israelite, forty years old, with a rather doubtful past. By selling 'prophetic' tips for horse-races and similar practices he came into conflict with the authorities and was arrested in Freiburg i. B. In the investigation of the case the court desired to obtain expert opinion about the defendant's mental state and especially about his alleged supranormal faculties, as he had, according to witnesses, gained the confidence of his clients by remarkable exhibitions of 'clairvoyance.' For this purpose he was transferred to the Psychiatric Clinic and examined there by various experts. It is true that a long series of tests applied by Geheimrat Prof. Hoche had entirely negative results; and that other experimenters also were equally unsuccessful. But this does not, in any way, exclude the

trustworthiness of the positive experiments, which are recorded below. I ought, moreover, for the sake of completeness to state that a sum of £50 was offered H., if he would come to Munich to demonstrate his 'clairvoyance' before a committee of Psychologists. The 'professor,' however, did not think this offer worth his consideration, but when released disappeared from Freiburg without leaving his address. Not even this evasive behaviour, however, need prove anything against the genuineness of the following phenomena, for the 'professor' might have had very strong reasons for not placing himself within the reach of the Bavarian authorities after his narrow escape in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

The experiments of Prof. Schottelius were made between September 20 and October 10, 1912, at Freiburg, and were described in *Kosmos* (vol x., December, 1913, pp. 473-478). The place was Professor S.'s studio in his private villa, a room separated by three double-doors from the adjoining bed- and bath-rooms and from the landing. The adjoining rooms were empty and the doors locked. H., who was alone with Professor S. in the studio, asked him to tear a sheet of writing-paper—of about the size of this printed page—into four equal parts. On three of them S. was to write what he liked, while H. was out of the room, fold the pieces a number of times tightly together and hold them in his closed hands and then call H. in again. S. escorted H. out of the room to the landing, came back, locked the door, inspected the remaining doors, to see whether they were both still locked, then sat down at his desk with his back turned to the door, and after some thinking wrote on the three papers:

1. "*Trüb nie den Brunnen der Dich tränkte, wirf*

keinen Stein hinein." (Never disturb the well that quenched thy thirst; nor throw a stone therein.)

2. "November 15th, 1849."

3. "*Afar ata weel afar teschub*" (Hebrew in Latin letters).

The papers were then folded eight times, and two held tightly in the left, the other in the right hand. Then S. went to the door, unlocked it, and called H. in again. H. closed the door and stood beside the desk, where S. had taken his seat with the folded papers still in his hands. H. then asked him to hide one of the papers anywhere he liked in the room. S. put one piece, without H. being able to see even the outside of it, under his blotting paper, keeping the two others still in his hands. Then H. asked him whether he was to read first the slip under the blotting-paper, or the one he held in the right hand, or that in the left. S. himself did not remember which words were written on the several papers, for he had folded them all equally and made no discrimination between them.¹ S. chose the paper in his right hand for the first experiment and presented his clenched fist to H. H., however, did not look at it, but stared into the void; in his right hand he held a pencil, which he had taken from the desk, and was scribbling automatically uncertain lines and dots on a block of note-paper that happened to be there. He grew markedly pale, and after the space of less than a minute said: "*Trüb ein . . .*"

"No," said S.—the photographic reproduction of whose handwriting makes this error very pardonable—"it is not *ein*. I meant to write *nie*."

¹ The trained reader will immediately observe that this does not exclude telepathic thought-transmission, if such there be, for the subconscious memory of S. may have been more retentive than S.'s superliminal consciousness, and, if there be any psychic *actio in distans*, it is most likely to be exercised through the subconscious.

“Oh yes,” said H.; and then without further pause read the whole verse—a quotation from the Talmud, which he professed not to know. The two other papers were also read without a fault, the Hebrew one—H. denied any knowledge of this language—a little more slowly, but quite surely and unhesitatingly.

After these three tests H. sat down on a chair, apparently somewhat exhausted. Then he was asked how he ‘saw’ the writing. He answered that it was just as it was on the papers which were now lying open on the desk, but the writing was pale (not shining) and on a dark background—that is as a negative—sometimes with, sometimes without the contours of the paper, the whole ‘in the original size’; he could not, however, describe the distance, whether he sees them near or far from his eyes. He also spoke of a certain dark circle or halo, in which he sees the writing. The clearness of the vision depends on his own physical and mental disposition, and on the degree of ‘sympathy’ between him and his audience. At times it is quite impossible for him to read the contents of the papers. In such cases he is sometimes able to regain his ‘clairvoyance’ by pressing one of the folded slips for a short time against his forehead. After that he can often read all the papers, even under unfavourable circumstances, not only the one which he has pressed against his forehead but also all the rest of them.

After an experiment H. feels exhausted for some time, suffers from insomnia and is forced to make a break of a few days in his work. The exertion and fatigue are less painfully felt when he is working with ‘congenial’ persons.

Prof. Schottelius had two more *séances* with H., both with equally good results. At H.’s urgent request,

so as not to vex him, he was allowed to give some 'prophecies' about S.'s future. "Needless to say," remarks Prof. S., "that nothing of all he said came true."

With permission of the Freiburg authorities Prof. S. adds some documents from the reports of H.'s trial; first the following experiment by Dr. H. Haymann, Assistant at the Psychiatric Clinic.

"The first experiment was carried out on September 11. I went with H. into a room which contained nothing but a table and a few chairs, talked with him about indifferent matters and then told him to leave the room. I accompanied him myself to the other end of the adjoining corridor, some twelve yards long, where he remained looking out of the window into the empty court-yard, while I returned to the room. There I wrote on three small slips of paper, torn from a larger sheet, with pencil, in small writing, three sentences: 'What is the name of the French capital?' 'How many days has a leap year?' 'I have two brothers (or sisters)' (*zwei Geschwister* in German). I folded these slips many times after a complicated method very small and kept them in my hand. I then recalled H., who was still standing at the other end of the corridor. He placed himself opposite me, holding a pencil and a sheet of paper, which he had taken from his own pocket. There was nothing on the table, in particular no paper, which might have lain under the pieces of paper when I wrote the three sentences, and which might have been marked with impressions, however faint, during the process. Then I put one of the three slips on the table, between my hands, keeping the two others in my closed fists. I did not know myself what was

written on each of them. Asked what was written on the slip in my right hand, H. stared for a while into the distance, then, after a few seconds, declared, laughingly: 'But that's easy; it's Paris.' Asked further to state the literal contents of the slip, he replied: 'What is the name of the French capital?' Immediately afterwards the same thing was repeated with the other two papers. Everything made the impression of its being child's play for H. to read the papers. I made no further experiments on that day, but got H. to relate how he had discovered his faculty, and what exploits he had achieved.

"On the following day, September 12, the experiment was repeated. This time I did not send H. to the other end of the corridor, but only to the other end of the rather large room. There he had to turn his back on me and to look out of the open window. I wrote again on three little slips in very small script. A fourth I left blank, only tracing my pencil over the surface, without impressing on it any signs. Again I folded the slips very closely, put two of them between my hands on the table and kept the other two in my fists. This time it seemed as if H. found greater difficulties in 'deciphering' the words. He pressed one of the folded papers very slightly to his forehead, looking at me as he did so, and then said with literal exactness what was written on the paper. In the same way he told me what was on the two following papers, in the order I had desired. As to the fourth, he said he saw 'all black,' and that there could not be anything on it. On one of the papers there were figures (my birthday and year); here too H.'s 'guess' was exact. Taking this date as his point of departure he told me all sorts of 'prophecies' about my future,

my character and hobbies, according to his 'inner vision'—mostly banalities, or things which can only be verified at a distant future; some of the things he might have heard from the gossip of the house.

"I am unable to give any explanation of the success of the one and the failure of other experiments."

From another report by the District Physician of Baden-Baden, Medizinalrat Dr. Neumann, Schottelius quotes the following experiment:

"I wrote to-day first on four little pieces of paper the words 'Pæderastia, Epilepsis, Somnolence, Abstinence,' folded them tightly and held them in my hand. Before I wrote I had sent H. into the corridor and had closed the door behind him. Then I called him in, gave him first the one and then the other closed slips, which he applied successively to his forehead. About the first, he said: 'That's a word which I do not know, perhaps Greek,' and then he wrote it down according to his alleged visual impression tentatively and spelling it letter by letter on a bit of paper. Much quicker was the 'decipherment' of the other pieces. So much is certain, that he could not do anything with the carefully folded slips on which I kept close watch, least of all unfold them.¹ He returned every slip in the same state as he had received it. At the more difficult words he grew pale, as the Hon. Attorney of State could observe also, and began to tremble slightly. He sees, he says, the written words 'in his eyes' as if real. It seems to me beyond doubt that fraud is excluded in this case."

Beside these sworn reports of experts, Prof. S. publishes the following two letters. The Rev. Mr. Merta, prison chaplain of Freiburg, writes:

¹ No stress is to be laid on this statement, as we shall see later.

“In my room on the third floor of the south front of the establishment I wrote in pencil on the three scraps of paper I enclose in this letter,¹ folded them three times as they are now folded, put them into a thick book, and went to H.’s cell on the first floor of the north front, a safety-locked, fire- and burglar-proof room. There, according to his directions, I held one piece of paper in my tightly closed left hand, one in my right, and the third I left in the closed book. I remained standing near the door and he stood three or four steps away on the opposite side near the window. As I had not reopened the slips, I did not know which was which. H. left me to choose which he should read first. After he had slowly ‘read,’ with his eyes turned upwards, the slip in my left hand, and I had ascertained the correctness of his answer by opening the paper myself, he had the same astonishing success with the others. It was characteristic that he said *oki* for *oggi*,² because he does not know Italian. In the same way, he spelt out the mathematical formula ‘*a* two’ instead of ‘*a* square,’ as he is also ignorant of mathematics.

The Assistant Judge, Dr. Jur. P. Engler, writes :

“On four identical small pieces of paper, I wrote,

¹ They are reproduced on p. 477 of *Kosmos* and are as follows :

(1) “*Professore Seuer va oggi a Basilea*” (Latin script); Italian for : Prof. Seuer goes to Bâle to-day.

Then in German and German letters :

(2) “*Dieses Jahr muss ich nach Norden statt nach Süden reisen am 31 Juli.*” (This year I must travel North instead of South on July 31.)

(3) “ $a^2 + b^2 + 2 ab.$ ”

² This speaks decisively against the hypothesis of telepathic thought-transmission, for *oki* was certainly neither in the actual nor potential consciousness of the chaplain. It must be a misinterpretation of a visual impression. It also excludes the hypothesis that H. watches the lips and features of the enquirer for slight involuntary speech-movements, somewhat as the calculating horses at Elberfeld are supposed by certain sceptical observers to watch their trainer, for no *k* could be read from the articulation of *gg* (pronounced like *g* in ‘ginger’).

partly in my office, partly at home, entirely different subject-matter: quotations or facts from my own life that could not be known to anyone else. On a fifth absolutely similar slip I wrote nothing. I folded these five pieces of paper in exactly the same way, so that nothing could be seen of the writing from outside, and put them all into one of the pockets of my coat. Then I went into H.'s cell, drew a slip haphazard from my pocket and placed it on the table in the cell. H. stood three paces from the table and could therefore have no corporeal contact with the paper. I did not know myself what was written on this particular slip, for I had not distinguished them for myself in any way. H. cast only one glance at the paper, then of a sudden, while looking at his notebook and scribbling something in it, in order to attain the necessary mental concentration, said suddenly: 'Do you know a place *Diessen* on the *Ammersee*?' (On the paper was written: 'My sister goes for four weeks to *Diessen* on the *Ammersee*,' a fact which nobody here but myself could know.) When I said 'yes,' he told me the whole sentence. The contents of each of the other papers he 'read'—if one may say so—after a short concentration, quite easily and quickly. At the blank paper he was puzzled for a while; then he said first in a subdued voice: 'I don't see anything,' and then aloud: 'On this paper there is nothing.' I repeat that I had to ascertain myself each time the contents of the paper by opening it, and that H. had each time guessed its contents quite correctly, without my being able to concentrate my thoughts on it. A direct thought-transmission seems therefore impossible."

Similar letters—not published *in extenso*—were

written to Prof. Schottelius by Messrs. Behringer and Eisele, masters of the Freiburg *Realschule*.

Nobody has so far attempted any explanation of these facts, but neither has anyone questioned the trustworthiness of any of the above-mentioned authoritative and—in part—sworn experts and witnesses.

II.

A short time after the fruitless attempt to arrange for a visit of H. to Munich in order to investigate his phenomena in the Psychological Institute of the University, Prof. Külpe of the Munich University, Drs. Bühler, Moritz Geiger and Kafka, all members of the Munich Psychological Society, heard that a professional 'clairvoyant' was giving exhibitions with folded papers, similar to those of the Freiburg medium, in an Italian restaurant in Munich. Invited to appear at the Psychological Institute before the above-named gentlemen, the man came willingly, and a series of *séances* were arranged. A strong prejudice against him was aroused by his attempt to make the committee believe *he* was the man about whom Prof. Schottelius had written the article. He gave his name as *Ludwig Hennig*—to match the initials in the paper of the Freiburg scientist; but as he was a fairhaired typical Bavarian of some 25 years, it was impossible to mistake him for Prof. Schottelius' 40 years old black-haired Jew. His method too was far inferior to that of the real H., for he *always* put the papers to his forehead. He read the contents wholly and exactly in many cases, failed in others, and sometimes said he could 'see' only part of the word or phrase. When Dr. Geiger, however, or any other investigator held

the folded paper against his forehead, he never succeeded in guessing the contents. In the second *séance* accordingly, simple precautions were taken to ascertain the state of the folds before and after he had touched them. After the departure of the 'clairvoyant' the papers were examined and compared with the prepared doublets, that had been folded in exactly the same way as those presented to 'Hennig.' The committee were unanimously of the opinion that they had been unfolded and refolded unevenly, although no one had been able to see 'H.' do it. Therefore, before the next meeting, some of the many prepared papers were carefully gummed at the edge with just a suspicion of gum. The result was that, as usual, 'Hennig' read a great many papers, failing only with a few; but, *mirabile dictu*, all the gummed ones were among the failures. For the next session the papers were prepared as follows: only one short word was written on each paper, but systematically on different squares made by the regular folding of the papers. The failures were put aside and examined when 'Hennig' had gone. It then became clear that the unfolding had been mostly only partial, and that he could not read short single words written on the innermost squares. If whole sentences were used, he sometimes supplied by guess-work what he had not seen, or if he professed to see only part of the sentence, it was always that part which could be seen with a side-glance on the half-unfolded slip. When the committee had got so far, 'Hennig' was invited to give an exhibition at a general meeting of the Psychological Society. Dr. Geiger first referred to the enigmatic Freiburg case and mentioned 'Hennig's' false claim to be Schottelius' man, but said nothing

about the results of the committee's experiments. Then 'Hennig,' who had been kept waiting in another room, was called in and began his public performance. He warned the public with great insistence not to use slips larger than the ones he showed us—some two inches broad and long. Then he collected all the folded papers in his hat, took them out one after the other and pressed them against his forehead. While doing so the muscles of his face quivered convulsively, so strangely as to attract the marked attention of the many medical men present. On many occasions the first pressure of the paper against the forehead was ineffective; he then let his hand fall down with a dejected and apologising look towards the President and said: "I'll try once more." At the second application, however, he generally read the most difficult words and phrases to the admiration of the public. After each 'reading' he asked whose was the respective paper, and passed through the audience to restore it with a bow to the astonished owner. At times partial or whole failures occurred, evidently in some cases because some doctor's handwriting was too bad even for 'clairvoyance.'

'Hennig' was then dismissed. Thereupon a number of guests left the room, quite convinced of the genuineness of his 'clairvoyance,' and to avoid what they thought would be Dr. Geiger's superfluous metaphysical speculations on this unknown faculty of mental perception. Among them was the editor of a leading German monthly, who left with the hurried words to the unhappy Dr. Geiger: "I am perfectly convinced; it's marvellous; thank you so much!" Dr. Geiger then disclosed to the audience the instructive results of the preceding private experiments.

In the discussion that followed, a lady in the audience stated that she had noticed that 'Hennig' had a peculiar way of always keeping the last three fingers of his right hand together. She had moreover discovered that these three fingers were not only used for covering the other two, but that 'Hennig' sometimes took from the hat two papers at once, and palmed one of them. This was apparently the reason why he said he could work only with papers of a certain size. Thus he could combine several expedients which increased his chances. If he could not unfold the slip before pressing it to his forehead, he could do so while his hand was hanging down, and while his discouraged face quivered convulsively to attract the compassionate glances of the audience. He then held it open before his eye under cover of his three fingers, while he pressed the second still folded paper to his forehead. The observant lady had marked her folded slip by tearing it at the four edges and could thus be certain it was not her paper which he pressed to his forehead, when her quotation was deciphered. No doubt was possible at the end of this evening that everything had been due to trickery, very skilful sleight of hand, but nothing else. The bearing of this on the Freiburg and other cases is manifest. No phenomenon or alleged 'clairvoyance' in which such folded slips of paper are used is of any value if the subject is allowed to touch the papers. If a 'clairvoyant' is *genuine*, there is no possible reason why he should object to the slips being put in small pasted and sealed envelopes. It is a great pity that the real Freiburg H. was never tried with such envelopes, for the method of the folded slips is certainly suspect, although I for one cannot imagine any trick that could be worked under the conditions described

by Schottelius, that is to say without the medium *touching* the folded papers.

III.

But by far the most interesting series of experiments was made in the early summer of 1912, by Dr. Wladimir v. Wasiliewski of Sondershausen with a lady called in his paper¹ Frä. v. B.

Dr. v. W. first tried certain experiments in telepathy. Their success encouraged him to test the lady for 'clairvoyance.' As a first experiment he packed tightly with paper into a pasteboard-box a key some two inches long, then fastened up the box and sealed it.

Frä. v. B. was asked to lie down on a sofa in an adjoining room with the box held to her forehead and try to 'make out' the contents. She had never before tried such an experiment. After some eight minutes, she returned to the room, where Dr. v. W. was waiting, and said she was sure it must be a metal object, and a key. She thought it was a key so long, indicating the size quite exactly. The fastening and sealing of the box proved absolutely intact. A similar experiment, equally successful in all respects, was made with a pair of scissors. The third experiment—with a metal seal on a wooden handle—had no result and led to the erroneous theory that only metals could be 'seen.' But the continuation of the experiments on the following days showed there was really no such limitation. Objects of all kinds were 'seen' and described quite exactly: stone, wood, glass, leather, wax, sugar, cork, biscuits, cotton, paper, liquids, drugs, etc., were described as well as gold, silver or other metals.

¹ *'Ein Fall von willkürlichem Hellsehen,' Annalen der Natur- und Kulturphilosophie, herausgegeben von Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald and Rudolf Goldscheid, xii. 3, 1914, pp. 286-268.*

A series of experiments was then carried through to ascertain whether the material of the different wrappings made any difference. The most different things, however, were 'recognised' through paper, cotton, glass, stone-ware and metal. The necessary space of time varied from three to eight or ten minutes; the presence of less 'congenial' persons seemed to lengthen the necessary time in certain cases. Sometimes Frl. v. B. made a rough outline of the object and it was astonishing to see how exactly the object afterwards fitted into her drawing.

The packets were always prepared in the absence of the subject, and most carefully sealed with the experimenter's own seal. When left alone during the experiment, the subject never locked the door, and could always—and was in fact sometimes—surprised by persons entering the room. Moreover six positive experiments were made under the eyes of Dr. Wasiliewski and two in the presence of Dr. Bayer, the Court Physician, and of Prof. Dr. Edmund König, the philosopher. Many packets were sent by acquaintances and returned to them unopened, with Frl. v. B.'s exact description of the contents.

The following experiment was made entirely in Dr. v. Wasiliewski's presence. The object was an empty scent-bottle with glass stopper, packed tightly into a little tin box. Frl. v. B. placed the box, as she often did, on her bosom and not to her forehead. After some 15-30 seconds she said: "I feel the metal¹ very strongly; below it drags me down to my knees,

¹ This peculiar effect of metal had induced Frl. v. B. during a previous experiment, to take off every metal-object she wore, because they disturbed her too much. Ordinarily, however, Frl. v. B. is not at all sensitive to the presence of metals. But sometimes, especially during experiments with iron objects, Frl. v. B. declared she felt a distinctly metallic taste on her tongue.

above up to my head. But already something else interferes." After a minute: "Glass." Then, with pauses of seconds only: "Oblong . . . above suddenly narrow . . . then broad again . . . and like a stopper. It is a little glass bottle, the stopper also of glass, square, not round. The bottle too is square." The size of the bottle and the fact of its being empty were also correctly stated. The whole experiment took only two minutes. In one case, minutely corroborated but too long to detail here, a small object unknown to the sender and inadvertently packed into one of the boxes with the known contents, was correctly described by the clairvoyante.

Another most interesting series of experiments was made to test Frl. v. B.'s faculty of 'clear-tasting.' Without her knowledge Dr. v. W. had six new little glass bottles of identical size and shape filled by a chemist with six entirely different liquids.

These six liquids, sweet, sour, bitter, tasteless and two with well-known distinctive tastes, enclosed in corked bottles, were packed in strongly fastened paper boxes. They were not sealed; but Dr. v. W. was present the whole time and guarantees that Frl. v. B. neither touched nor saw any of the bottles.

Frl. v. B. put the boxes either to her forehead or to her neck and generally 'felt' a taste-sensation in a minute or so. With two preliminary failures, all were finally diagnosed quite successfully.

When half a gramme of morphia in a little flask wrapped many times in paper was placed in Frl. v. B.'s left hand, she not only described the bottle and its contents, but also strongly felt the action of the drug, and very nearly fell into hypnotic sleep. In this case Dr. v. W. suggests the possibility of telepathy com-

bined with clairvoyance, because he himself expected a similar result.

In another case saccharine powder in a box was described as white and crystalline. Now saccharine is crystalline, but the crystals are so exceedingly minute that even a sharp-eyed person needs a strong magnifying glass to see the glittering of the powder.

The last and most interesting experiment was reading writing enclosed in an envelope. Dr. v. W. wrote the beginning of the 121st Psalm on a piece of notepaper, wrapped it in a double sheet of paper, so that the writing itself was not folded, and enclosed this in an envelope which he then fastened.

Frl. v. B. lay down on a sofa and put the envelope to her forehead; she then read the first line with one mistake and sometimes changing the sequence of the words, and told Dr. v. W. that he had underlined the whole text. Quite sure now of success, Dr. v. W. turned the envelope over, to see whether 'mirror-writing' could be read equally well. This experiment, however, was unsuccessful. When the envelope was turned back again, however, Frl. v. B. read correctly the beginnings of six lines (of eight), and then admittedly guessed that it was the beginning of a Psalm. But to make things even more astonishing, she discovered that one unimportant word (*denen* instead of *welchen*) of Dr. v. W.'s quotation differed from the text in the authorised version with which she was familiar!

ROBERT EISLER.

MEISTER ECKHART: 'CONCERNING THE BEATIFIC VISION.'¹

C. DE B. EVANS, D.Sc.

KING DAVID said: 'Lord in thy light shall we see light.' Doctors debate as to the medium in which we shall see God. The common doctrine is that it will be in the light of glory.² But this solution appears to me to be unsound and untenable. On a former occasion I explained that man has within him a light called the active intellect:³ this is the light in which man

¹ Translated from the Gorman of a 15th cent. MS. published by Preger (*Geschichte der Deutschen Mystik*, vol. i., 1874). The modern German version given by Büttner (*Meister Eckehart's Schriften u. Predigten*, vol. i., 1912, no. 18) is incomplete and is largely a paraphrase.

Meister Eckhart (about 1250-1327?) followed Albertus Magnus (1198-1280) and St. Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274) as a renowned teacher of the Dominican order. He is allowed by common consent to have been a most profound and original thinker and, says Lasson, it was the Dionysian doctrines of grace and essence which he found to be the best foundation for his teaching. "He taught what Dionysius and St. Thomas taught . . . but he goes further than any of his predecessors and crosses the boundaries of Church dogma" (*Meister Eckhart der Mystiker*, 1868).

This tractate belongs apparently to Eckhart's latest (Strasbourg) period and has many resemblances to his sermon on the Kingdom of God published by Jostes (*Meister Eckhart u. seine Jünger*, 1895, no. 82; trans. in *The Porch*, Sep., 1914), which is quoted here by way of commentary. The original is untitled and Preger's title 'Concerning the Vision of God through the Active Intellect' is somewhat misleading in view of the use of the term 'active intellect' in the text.

² Aquinas says: "That disposition whereby a created intelligence is raised to intellectual vision of the divine substance is called 'the light of glory.' This is the light of which it is said: *In thy light we shall see light.*" *Summa contra Gentiles*, iii. ch. 53 (Trans. by. F. Rickaby).

³ See *Meister Eckhart*, by Franz Pfeiffer, 1857, no. 8, p. 16, where the active intellect is taken to be, like memory and will, a (created) power of the soul. 'Active intellect' is a term derived from Aristotle. It was the subject of prolonged controversy between Averroists and Thomists. Averroes held it to be something uncreated and separate from the soul: the one Universal Intelligence. This view was combatted by Aquinas in his *Summa contra Gentiles* and later in the *Summa Theologica*, and came to be considered heretical by the Roman Church. Aquinas held the active intellect to be a created power in the soul (*Summa Theologica*, i. Q. 79, Trans. by the Dominican Fathers, 1912).

will see God in bliss, so they¹ seek to prove. Now man according to his creaturely nature is in great imperfection and is unable by nature to discern God otherwise than as creatures do, by images and forms, as I have elsewhere demonstrated.² The soul is unable of herself and by her own innate power to transcend this state; that must happen in some supernatural power such as the light of grace.³ Mark this solution which I will now proceed to discuss.

St. Paul says: 'By God's grace I am what I am.' He does not say that he is 'of grace.' There is a difference between being by grace and being grace itself. Doctors declare that form gives being to matter.⁴ Now there are various definitions of grace current among them. But I pronounce grace to be nothing else than the flowing light proceeding direct from God's nature into the soul: a supernatural *form* of the soul which gives her a supernatural nature.

Observe, grace effects nothing by itself.⁵ Moreover it exalts the soul above activity. Grace is bestowed in the essence of the soul and is received into her powers; for if the soul is to effect anything in this matter, she must needs have grace by virtue of

¹ Aquinas says: "There must needs be some higher intellect by which the soul is helped to understand. Wherefore some [*viz.* Avicenna and Averroes] held that this intellect, substantially separate, is the active intellect" (*ibid.*).

² Pfeiffer, Tractate II., p. 883.

³ Aquinas says: "The happiness of man consists in the vision of God which is called *life everlasting*, whereunto we are led solely by the *grace of God* because such vision exceeds the faculty of every creature and it is impossible to attain it except by endowment from God" (*S. con. Gen.* ch. 52). And again: "The vision of the divine substance exceeds all natural faculty; hence the light whereby a created intelligence is perfected to the vision of the divine substance must be supernatural (*ibid.*, ch. 54).

⁴ "Everything has existence by reason of its form" (*S. Theol.*, i. Q. 42).

⁵ Eckhart says: "Grace does no sort of work, it is too exalted for that" (Büttner *loc. cit.*, no. 1, p. 17). And again: "What is grace? There is a power in the soul which is idle and does no work" (Pfeiffer, p. 584).

which to transcend her own activities such as knowing and loving. Whilst the soul is in process of taking this transcendental flight out of herself into the nothingness of herself and her own activity, she is 'by grace'; to 'be grace' means that she has accomplished this transcendental passage and has overcome herself and now stands in her pure virginity alone, conscious of nothing but of behaving after the manner of God. As God lives, while the soul is still capable of knowing and acting after the manner of her creatureliness and as a child of nature, she has not become grace itself though she may well be by grace. For to be grace itself the soul must be as destitute of activity, inward and outward, as grace is, which knows no activity. St. John says: 'To us is given grace for grace,' for to become grace by grace is the work of grace. The supreme function of grace is to reduce the soul to what it is itself.¹ Grace robs the soul of her own activity; grace robs the soul of her own nature. In this supernatural flight the soul transcends her natural light which is a creature and comes into immediate touch with God.

Now I am anxious that you shall understand me. I am about to give an interpretation I have never given before. The worthy Dionysius says: 'When God exists not for the spirit there exists not for it either the eternal image, its eternal origin.' I have said before and say again that God has wrought one act eternally in which act he made the soul in his own (likeness),²

¹ Aquinas speaks of 'the grace that puts man in a state of grace' (*S. con. Gen. iii. ch. 151*).

² Eckhart says: "To the Father belongs only one express act . . . that is the bringing forth of the Son What the Father does eternally is always the same What he has always done, that he does now and what he does now he has always done" (Pfeiffer, 185, p. 672). And: "In this gloom which is proper to him, the Father's Son is not born

and out of which act and by means of which act the soul issued forth into her created existence becoming unlike God and estranged from her own prototype, in her creaturehood making God, who was not before the soul was made. At various times I have declared that I am a cause of God being God. God is gotten of the soul, his Godhead of himself; before creatures were, God was not God albeit he was Godhead which he gets not from the soul.¹ Now when God finds a noughted soul whose self and whose activity have been brought to nought by means of grace, God works his eternal work in her above grace, raising her out of her created nature. Here God annihilates himself in the soul and then neither God nor soul is left.² Be sure that this is God indeed. When the soul is capable of receiving God's operation she is in the state of no longer having a God at all; the soul is then the eternal image as which God has always seen her, his eternal Word. When therefore St. Dionysius says that God no longer exists for the spirit, he means what I have just explained.

Now it may be asked whether the soul as here

alone; thou too art born there a child of the same heavenly Father" (*ibid.*, no. i., p. 9). And again: "When God made man he wrought in the soul . . . his acting and ever-valid act. This act was . . . the soul: she was the act of God The act is love and the love is God" (*ibid.*, no. 56, p. 179), which is explained in this tractate, where he says: "In that the Father contemplates the Son all creatures take living shape in the Son, that being the real life of creatures." One of Eckhart's teachings condemned as heretical by the Papal Bull of 1329 is "that God has from eternity created the world through the Son."

¹ "For that God is God he gets from creatures" (Jostes, p. 98). "If I did not exist, God would not exist" (Pfeiffer, no. 56). And again: "For before creatures were, God was not God, he was what he was. When creatures became and received their created nature, God was not God in himself but he was God in creatures" (*ibid.*, no. 87, p. 281).

² Compare: "For as long as the soul has God . . . she is aloof from God. God desires to annihilate himself in the soul in order that the soul may lose herself . . . ; when she lets slip her creaturehood God remains as he is to himself" (Jostes, p. 98).

seen in the guise of the eternal image is the light meant by David wherein we shall see eternal light?

We answer, no. Not in this light will the soul see the eternal light that shall beatify her; for, says the worthy Dionysius, 'neither will the eternal image exist for the spirit.' What he means is that, when the spirit has accomplished its transcendental flight thither, its creaturely nature is brought to nought, whereby it loses God as I have already explained, and then the soul, in the eternal image, breaks through the eternal image into the essential image of the Father. Thus saith the Scriptures: 'Everything flows back in the soul into the Father who is the beginning of the eternal Word¹ and of all creatures.'

It may be questioned whether this is the light, the Father namely, in which the spirit sees the eternal light?

I answer, no. And now attend closely. God works and has created all things; the Godhead does not work, it knows nothing of creation.² In my eternal prototype the soul is God for there God works and my soul has equality with the Father, for my eternal prototype, which is the Son in the Godhead, is in all respects equal with the Father. One scripture says: 'Nought is equal with God; to be equal with God, therefore, the soul must be nought.' That interpretation is just.

¹ By the *eternal* Word (or image) Eckhart means the Son; the *essential* (or *supernal*) Word (or image) is the Father-nature. Aquinas defines a *word* to be 'what proceeds from another' and he distinguishes four kinds of word. See *S. Theol.* i. Q. 24, where he quotes the saying of St. Augustine: "Whoever can understand the word, not only before it is sounded but also before thought has clothed it with imaginary sound, can already see some likeness of that Word of whom it is said: 'In the beginning was the Word.'"

² "God and Godhead are as different as earth and heaven. . . . God works, the Godhead does not work, it has nothing to work at. . . . God and Godhead are as different as doing and doing-nothing" (Pfeiffer, no. 56). And again: "The Godhead effects neither this nor that; it is God who effects all things. God in activity is manifold and knows multiplicity. God as *one* is absolutely free from activity" (Jostes, *loc. cit.* p. 88).

We would say, however: where there is equality there is no unity for *equal* is a privation of unity; and where there is unity there is no equality for equality resides in multiplicity and separation. Where there is equality there cannot be unity. I am not equal to myself. I am the same as myself. Hence the Son in the Godhead, inasmuch as he is Son, is equal with the Father but he is not one with the Father. There is no equality where Father and Son are one; that is, in the unity of the divine essence. In this unity the Father knows no Son nor does the Son know any Father, for there there is neither Father nor Son nor Holy Ghost. When the soul enters into the Son, her eternal prototype wherein she is equal with the Father, then, breaking through her eternal prototype, she, with the Son, transcends equality and possesses unity with the three Persons in the unity of the essence.¹ David says: 'Lord in thy light shall we see light,' that is: in the light of the impartible divine essence shall we see the divine essence² and the whole perfection of the divine essence as revealed in the distinction of the Persons and the unity of their nature. St. Paul says:

¹ "And since the eternal nature wherein the soul now finds herself in her eternal prototype is characterised by multiplicity—the Persons being in separation—therefore the soul breaks through her eternal prototype to get to where God is a Kingdom in unity . . . Christ is the eternal prototype. Now the soul's abiding-place is not in him, but she has, as he himself says, to go through him" (Jostes, p. 94).

Compare also the following extracts from Hierotheos, the master of Dionysius: "Finally the mind, led by Christ, approaches unto and unites itself with the tree of life." And: "The mind, which is now Christ . . . rises again into the place where there is no longer vision, into the universal essence" (*The Book of Hierotheos*, A. L. Frothingham).

² 'The light of the divine essence' is the *divine nature* which Eckhart compares to the *essence* as the 'light to the sun.' He says: "The eye with which I see God is the same eye with which God sees me" (Pfeiffer, no. 96, p. 812). And: "If God is seen it must be in the light which is God himself" (*ibid.*, no. 19, p. 28).

Aquinas says: "If God's *essence* is to be seen, the intelligence must see it in the divine essence itself, so that in such vision the divine nature shall be at once the object which is seen and that whereby it is seen" (*S. con. Gen. iii. ch. 52*).

'We shall be changed from one brightness into the other and shall become like unto him,' meaning: we shall be changed from created light into the uncreated (splendour) of the divine nature and shall become like it; that is, we shall be what it is.

St. John says: 'All things live in him.' In that the Father contemplates the Son all creatures take living shape in the Son, that being the real life of creatures. But in another passage St. John says: 'Blessed are the dead that have died in God.'—It seems passing strange that it should be possible to die in him who himself said that he is the life!—But see: the soul, breaking through her eternal prototype, is plunged into the absolute nothingness of her eternal prototype. This is the death of the spirit; for dying is nothing but deprivation of life. When the soul realises that anything throws her eternal prototype into separation and negation of unity, the spirit puts its own self to death to its eternal prototype, and breaking through its eternal prototype remains in the unity of the divine nature. These are the blessed dead that are dead in God. No one can be buried and beatified in the Godhead who has not died to God, that is, in his eternal prototype, as I have explained.¹

Our creed says: *Christ rose from the dead*: Christ rose out of God into the Godhead, into the unity of the divine essence. That is to say that Christ's soul and all rational souls, being dead to their prototype [s], rise from that death (in)to the Godhead,

¹ "O surpassing wonder! How can there be death in him who says that he is the life? To which we answer: In the birth of the Son all creatures went forth receiving life and being Now when the soul returns again within, she loses the Son. Theologians say that when the Son returns to unity of essence he is neither Person nor its property; the Son is lost in the unity of the essence. Likewise I say concerning the soul: When the soul breaks through and loses herself in her eternal prototype, that is the death the soul dies in God" (Jostes, p. 94).

there tasting supernal joys, namely the riches of the divine nature, for the spirit is now beatified.

Now consider the actuality of happiness. God is happy in his own self; and all creatures, which God must make happy, will be so in the same happiness that God is happy in, and after the same fashion that he is. Be sure that in this unity the spirit transcends every existence, even its own eternal existence, and everything created as well as the equality which, in the eternal image, it has with the Father, and together with the Father soars up into the unity of the divine nature where God conceives himself in absolute simplicity. There, in act, the spirit is no longer creature, it is the same as happiness itself, the nature and substance of the Godhead, the beatitude of its own self and of all creatures.¹ Further, I hold that if God did what he is impotent to do, granted the soul while still a creature the knowledge and enjoyment of actual beatitude, then, were the soul to be and to remain happy, it were impossible for God to remain God. Anyone in heaven knowing the saints according to their happiness, would not have anything to say of any saint but only of God; for happiness is God and all those who are happy are, in the act of happiness, God and the divine nature and

¹ "The soul must die to all the activity connoted by the divine nature if she is to enter into the divine actuality where God is wholly without activity. Now when the soul has gone out of [or died to] her created nature and also out of her uncreated nature wherein she discovers herself in her eternal image, and, entering the divine nature, still fails to grasp the kingdom of God, . . . then . . . she forfeits her own self . . . and so she dies her highest death. . . . And when the soul has lost herself all ways . . . she finds herself to be the very thing she vainly sought. *Herself* the soul finds in the supernal image wherein God really is in all his godhood, where he is himself the kingdom. Here the soul recognises her own beauty. . . . Here the soul is God . . . and no longer receives either from God or creatures, for she is what she contains and takes all things from her own. Soul and Godhead are one. Now the soul has found that she is the Kingdom of God" (*ibid.* pp. 95, 96). This is the stage of which Hierotheos says: "It [the mind] will now no longer ascend or descend, for it is all-containing" (*loc. cit.* p. 106).

substance of God.¹ St. Paul says: 'He who thinketh himself to be something when he is nothing deceiveth himself.' In the actuality of happiness he is brought to nought and no creaturehood exists for him. Anent which the worthy Dionysius says: 'Lord lead me to where thou art a nothingness,' meaning: lead me, Lord, to where thou transcendest every created intellect; for as St. Paul declares: 'God dwells in a light that no man can approach unto'; that is: God is not to be discerned in any created light whatever.

St. Dionysius says: 'God is nothing,' and this is also implied by St. Augustine when he says: 'God is everything,' meaning: nothing is God's. So that by saying 'God is nothing' Dionysius signifies that there is no thing in his presence. It follows that the spirit must advance beyond things and thingliness, shape and shapeness, existence and existences: then will dawn in it the actuality of happiness which is the essential possession of the actual intellect.²

¹ Aquinas says: "But happiness being a perfect activity and the supreme good of man must turn upon what is actual and not merely potential" (*S. con. Gen.* iii. 88). "But God is pure actuality" (*ibid.* i. 14). Again, "God's happiness is the act of his understanding, but that very act of his understanding is his substance. He is therefore his own happiness" (*ibid.* i. ch. 101). And Eckhart: "For here [in the divine nature] . . . God is the super-essential one, his own happiness and that of all creatures, in the actuality of his Godhead" (Jostes, p. 88).

² *Die wu'rcklich vernunft, i.e. real or actual intellect, intellect 'in act,'* (see p. 144, note 8 on the *active (wu'rckende) intellect*). This actual intellect is that of which Aquinas says: "We find an intellect whose relation to universal being is that of the act of all being: and such is the Divine intellect, which is the Essence of God . . . in which all being pre-exists as its first cause. And therefore the Divine intellect is not in potentiality but is pure act" (*S. Theol.* i. Q. 79). Active intellect on the other hand, though derived from the Supreme Intellect, flows from the essence of the soul in the same way as its other powers (*ibid.*). Here the Essence of God is to the essence of the soul as cause to effect. With Eckhart, on the other hand, the essence is one, the common ground of all that is, and accordingly he explains that intellect 'in its emanation' from eternal Truth [*i.e.* the essence] is 'actual intellect' for then it is *in act* (*i.e.* is the 'divine intellect'), and it is called 'active intellect' as mediated to man as a power of his soul. They are not two separate intellects but the one Intelligence at different stages of progression from the essence.

I have sometimes said that man sees God in this life in the same perfection and is happy in the same perfect fashion as in the life to come.¹ Many people are astonished at this. Let us try therefore to understand what it means. Real intellect emanates from eternal Truth as intelligence and contains in itself intelligently all that God contains. This noble divinity, the active intellect that is, conceives itself in itself after the manner of God in its emanation, and in its essential content it is downright God ; but it is creature according to the motion of its property. This intellect is to the full as noble in us now as in the after life.

Now the question may be asked : How then does this life differ from the life to come ?

I answer that, this intellect which is happy in exactly the same way as God is, is at present latent in us. In this life we know God only according to potentiality. In the after life, when we are quit of the body, our potentiality will be wholly transfigured into the act of happiness which belongs to the active intellect. This transfiguration will render the act of happiness no more perfect than it is now ; for active intellect has no accidents nor any capacity to receive more than it contains innately. It follows that when we are beatified we shall be completely deprived of potentiality and shall conceive happiness only actually, after the manner of the divine nature. As David says : ' Lord in thy light shall we see light ' : with the divine nature we shall conceive the perfection of the divine nature, which alone is our entire felicity, here in grace and there in perfect happiness.

C. DE B. EVANS.

¹ " I say again that I have now all that I shall possess eternally ; for God in his felicity and in the fullness of his Godhead is enjoyed by my supernal prototype though this is hidden from the soul " (Jestes, p. 96).

THE FACE OF PAN.

FRANCES CHESTERMAN.

PAN is dead. Pan is no longer an image of the visible and material world. His pipe has ceased to stir the blood in man and beast. The senses are duller or owe their exaltations to less gentle causes since Pan is dead.

Who conceived of Pan, the god of the laughing countenance, ruddy with hues of sunrise and sunset, Pan the 'outward Word,' Pan reflector of Light created? Who conceived of him? Wherein lay the soul of his music, or what was the call of his pipe? Let poets tell. For it was they who imagined his godship, and his music is their own. He piped, they say, for Benedicite. Himself an image of the universe, he led praise universal for the wondrous work of creation. Wide nature flocked together at the sound of his pipe; for the voice of their worship was in it and the song of their joy.

Stars danced their courses through the sky. Beasts wove in dance their proper harmonies. Green things swayed and bent in rhythmic movement before the creator and director of them all.

"It was," says Dr. More, "that they did acknowledge that all things in the World are ordered with an excellent Congruity and Harmony," and therefore "the souls of living creatures, being touched everyone with the sense of what is most grateful and agreeable to itself, are conceived to skip and dance for joy."

The myth of the Piper has no date, even as creation has none. There is in it a savour of Eden, an air of clean sense that is the rightful heritage of beasts, of children and, perhaps, of primitive people. To these all things are spotless, pure and joyous. Of sin the 'gentle,' 'blameless' god had no cognisance. He magnified the gift of the senses in an age when, as poets sing, there were no sins, or laws against sin, but "all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places . . . and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with expectation and moved desire."

" 'Tis not the object, but the light
That maketh Heaven : 'tis a purer sight : Felicity
Appears to none but them that purely see."

That sense should go untainted in humanity was a thought agreeing with the vision of Eden regained. All peoples, in all time, have imagined an Eden, a Golden Age, when man shall not dishonour the beast in him, but shall rule his instincts and passions as God has ordered theirs in the beasts of the earth. The many, as in Virgil's world, may stand and beckon that happier world to approach, but the few know with Traherne that the Golden Age of sense, as the kingdom of the spirit, awaits evolution from within. Traherne, divine sensualist of the seventeenth century, knew this thing by the 'Light of Eden' within his soul.

It is conceived by some that Pan's piping but praised the contentments of pastoral life ; so faintly carries the burden of his shrill sweet notes across æons of estrangement and neglect. Yet, as Spring returns, something of that is known which was also his music ; the song of the replenishment of Life, the song of a

force placed in Nature to demand manifestation. In the spring of the year a rhythm is felt that rises, grows, and swells in 'musicall numerositie' until the world is filled with the sense of Nature's pulse, beating out the joy of living. Deep calls to deep, sap to sap, blood to blood. There is the life of the sea in it, the call of mate to mate, of mother to child, of the child to the mother. Is Pan then dead? Does not Favonius, his minister, blow, as ever, upon the young grass, the nesting bird, the folded lambs? Does not the sun, symbol of sense and cleanness, come forth, shining with a very great splendour, to look on brute nature that is sense incarnate and candid-clean?

Who now may apprehend truly the sense-folk of Pan's kingdom; the beasts that came trotting, skipping, flying, creeping at the sound of the pipe; the creatures who may not sin, who may enjoy, whose very being is praise? The old appreciation of a kindly bond has long been put out, nor shall it live again. In the beginning man confessed his relation in flesh, in affections and passions to his humble brother. In the fourteenth century he shamed not to describe his body as 'sowun a beestly body.' Three hundred years later he still appeared "a beast, yet is or should be, more." But now a change, long in process, became almost effected. Its progress is to be traced in the perversion of words and terms to reflect humanity's self-degradation upon that beasthood which is incapable alike of degradation or of ascending gradation but is ever that it is. 'Beast,' 'bestial,' 'sensual'—these terms, applied to man on the count of his misgovernment of his lower self, cast reproach and contempt upon a nature that, in its proper 'form,' is essentially good and clean. Our poet naturalist makes this material point in the Friar's

rebuke to ill-governed Romeo. "Art thou a man?" he says.

"Thy form cries out thou art ;
 Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
 The unreasonable fury of a beast :
 Unseemly woman in a seeming man !
 And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both !"

Not Romeo's lapse from grace is here reproached, but his digression from the quality which invests his form. The *Lex Naturalis* has been broken. Let man and beast beseem their several forms.

Clearly the shepherd-god was no symbol for minds intellectual, but for such child-like apprehensions and simple understandings as were commonly ascribed to shepherd-folk in the antique world. Fletcher has played with the entire theme in 'The Faithful Shepherdess.' The beautiful fable, however, though appealing to a Fletcher, and to all poets, had then, already, become outworn. It had suffered by reason of humanity's first divergence from natural purity in a time when, as Raleigh says, "Man's reason made itself vassal to Passions and Affections Brutal." Early degenerates, also, in employing their reason to degrade the image of the beast within them, were thereby unable to 'see' pure nature, or the symbols of Nature. The idea of Pan could scarcely escape pollution, yet, curiously, in passing through corrupted minds, it contracted less soil than the kindred image of Silenus, erstwhile noble singer of Creation's work, though marred, now, beyond recovery by attributions of sensual vice. But Pan! Let not Pan go! Be removed from his image the veil of false seeming, and let his fable remain to declare the first glory of God in His universe, and to show a dateless religion of ascriptive praise!

For, indeed, the venerable myth conserves more than the picture of a rude priest of the universe, man-above-beast; a lofty figure invested with and radiating forth light; wrapped, moreover, in a mystic robe sown with stars and flowers and every unconsidered thing that God had made. It keeps, no less, a memory of the world's first spring, when the dignity of human nature was not in intellectuals, when the faculty of reason was small as in a child, but when sense was yet innocent, keeping its primal lustre as of a Thought of God.

Reason, it has been said, created ugliness and all evils; nor can the humiliating thesis be wholly denied. It presents the worse half of a truth. For if the light of reason shall "shine like a bright lampe enclosed in a pitcher of clay" there must be used a certain quality of oil in the feeding of it. There is a man-created 'darkness' of reason whose works produce not congruity and harmony, but disintegration and discord. This it is that bears responsibility for the existence of crude ugliness. This it is whose blight fell, long since, on the face of the Piper, on the joy of his Dancers.

FRANCES CHESTERMAN.

THE SONG OF WOMAN.

I SIT between the seen and the unseen, and upon my
shoulders are the pillars of life.

They are built upon me ; they press down heavily ; the
burden of them is pain and joy—

Pain and joy of my body, pain and joy of my spirit.

From the spaces beyond me come naked souls, and
pass by me into the visible light of this star.

And I clothe them of my substance as they pass.

They are everlasting, they belong to the most High ;
yet for a little time they are mine, and I lay my
seal upon them.

When I leave my place at the portal, when I drop the
heavy pillars and rise up and am free of my body,
Then of my soul will be asked : “ Whereby have you
increased the glory of those pilgrims ? ”

For not only is the burden of their flesh upon me, but
also in my hands are laid the spirits of those for
whom I uphold the doors of life.

If I have tarnished the gold that was theirs, or kept
from the light those pearls, till they dimmed, and
lost their beauty,

Then my darkness will be to sit and see through the
long vistas of death

The horrible thing that I have done,

And to lie weeping among the ashes of the flaming
souls I have quenched.

VIOLET CLIFTON.

A WORLD IN TRAVAIL.

IF only we could be self-forgetting enough to feel with the world-life and brave enough to look into the heart of things, the present is an opportunity such as never has been for men of our humanity. To gaze on a world in travail labouring not only to bring forth a new age but also to give birth to itself as a conscious moral unity is an awe-inspiring spectacle and a nerve-shattering experience; but is it not also a unique privilege? Never before for our humanity has there been a wholly conscious world. The great crises of the past have been partial; the countless labourings and births of Mother Earth have left humanity as a whole unmoved—unconscious. The world-life has been that of a vegetative, not that of a conscious organism. To-day the human small lives of the Mother have, by their devices and inventions, meshed her huge frame with a nervous net-work. Earth feels and all her parts are in communication. Of late genuinely practical world-interests and world-problems have come into existence for ever-growing numbers of thinkers. Humanity has thus become conscious of itself.

Wars unnumbered there have been since time began for us; for in a world where life wins to self-consciousness only by the perpetual struggle of ruthless antagonisms, such things, it has been said, must needs be. Still if war has been declared to be the father of all things in this world of ceaseless flux, let us not forget that wisdom has equally been declared to be their mother, and that the progress of life by reconcilia-

tion of the contradictions perpetually takes up the conflict to a higher stage, using the acquired energy for betterment.

But if there have been wars innumerable on earth, never before has there been so hideously terrible a shock of death-dealing forces, never within any measure a conflict on so vast a scale. Yet this is not all; an entirely new factor has entered in; a new order of things has come to birth. Never before has war instantly affected the whole world. Though then outwardly this strife seems the same in kind, if not in degree, as it ever has been of yore, inwardly it is very different. It precludes for us to-day a new order of things.

Nor has this greatest of crises in our history come upon us unexpectedly; it has been long foreseen. It has been anticipated not only by all serious and well-informed thinkers, but also by the general mind for a generation at least. For decades it has been the nightmare of diplomacy; it has been discussed in all its aspects by the press openly. Every effort has been made to avoid it in word, and every preparation made even unwillingly to precipitate it in deed. Alas for us slaves of inexorable national fate so long as we refuse to bind the passions of our racial selves with moral bonds. It needs must have come some way or another, sooner or later, so long as the spirit of humanity was too weak to curb the warring passions of its world animal instincts. It is better to have the evil out at last on the surface.

This war, however, is not an exteriorisation of passionate impulse only, of race ambition or hatred or economic needs, or commercial rivalry. It is an outward and visible sign of the greatest inner

crisis humanity has ever experienced. Have not all who look to inner things as well as outer, felt for long this strain and struggle, an unendurable inner tension in innumerable spheres of interest and fields of activity? A mighty struggle of countless battles has been going on for many years—in matters of religion and science, of philosophy and art, in matters of education and sex, of labour and leisure. All things have been put into the melting pot; nothing has escaped the fierce onslaught of ever more vigorous conquest of matter and activity of thought. New conditions have arisen on all sides, new situations, new problems, new tasks. A new age has been coming to birth. But the newness has not brought peace; it has so far been a restless uncontrolled energy creating new needs but as yet productive of no true satisfaction. On all sides has been heard the cry for light to illumine the new chaotic life; a terrible need has been felt by all thinkers for some genuinely vital synthesis to gather up the effort into a harmonious unity, for the birth of a new order to regulate the boundless energy of human activities. Something central and supreme has everywhere been felt to be lacking.

This something, moreover, must be more than ideal; it must be potently practical, and practical on so vast a scale that it must embrace the common welfare of the whole of humanity. It must be spiritual. The first condition of this truly spiritual activity, in the good of which all can practically share, is that international security should be guaranteed by governments that place the welfare of humanity above their selfish national interests, and self-sacrificingly protect the rights of the weak against the aggression of the strong.

This is no little thing, no petty sentimental

undertaking; it is so vast an act, so gigantic a self-conquest, that the spiritual results would be beyond our fairest dreams. For humanity as a whole would have at long last acted morally for the first time in its history, and a true Son of God have come to birth.

G. R. S. M.

DISCUSSIONS.

' MATERIALISATIONS-PHÄNOMENE.'

IN connexion with a passage, on p. 655 in the July number, of the valuable study of the phenomena occurring with Eva C., I would like to suggest that the explanation given by the entranced medium as to the intention of the control in making the letters MIRO appear at one of the *séances*, may be quite appropriate and significant.

It seems that only three of the materialised faces bear a resemblance to the portraits of living men reproduced in the journal *Le Miroir*, and this resemblance to the reproductions may be merely a coincidence. That it is only a question of resemblance, not of facsimile, is obvious to anyone who has read Dr. Schrenck-Notzing's article in the May *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, and examined the illustrations that accompany it. The *Miroir* prints were, of course, reproductions of already existing photographs, and I am not intending to argue that there is no connexion between the original photographs and the materialised images; what I have said applies only to the *reproductions* in *Le Miroir*.

The entranced medium evidently thought that Mme. Bisson had misunderstood the reason why the letters MIRO were shown and she attempted to explain at a subsequent *séance*. The tenor of the explanation amounted to this, that the control had wished to

make it clear that the materialisations were not actual embodiments of spirits but 'mirror' pictures; the intelligence producing the image saw herself 'as in a mirror,' and found pleasure in so doing. I quote the passage below.

It is an explanation given by the entranced medium without any question being asked, or any mention having been made to the medium of the fact that, on developing the photograph, which had been taken on the previous day, the letters MIRO were discernible on the *plate*, though Mme. Bisson had not seen these letters at the *séance* itself.

"Yesterday they wished to explain, when the faces showed themselves, they see themselves as in a mirror. *La Petite* showed you the word MIRROR, Juliette. Do you understand? She wanted you to see, but she could not do anything with you yesterday; you did not understand anything! MIRROR! She sees herself as in a MIRROR, that is why she likes showing herself to you; and at the same time she enjoys seeing herself" (*Les Phénomènes dits de Matérialisation*, p. 280).

It should be mentioned that although Mme. Bisson had not seen these letters at the *séance* she had been told several times, when a head of a woman had appeared, to pay attention and look, as if something important were to be noted.

If I have rightly interpreted what the 'control' wanted to make clear, it corroborates other communications, notably the following remarks made by 'Julia' as reported in *Borderland* (ii. 828) by Mr. Stead:

"You see these portraits are pictures of pictures which we make. . . . They are only pictures of pictures. The real spirit to whom they belong may or may not be present; . . . usually they are present in spirit. But the spirit is not the thing photographed. That is only the picture which the spirit makes.'

This interpretation raises several questions:

(1) What light does it throw on the phenomena? Those who have given prolonged study to the subject have long surmised that psychic images, whether materialised or not, are produced by thought—often not of the seer, but of some other intelligence who calls up a vivid image of the object he wishes to have recognised. If it is actually materialised the image is moulded in some substance; otherwise it remains a thought-form and as such is

impressed telepathically on the mind of the seer. It would be very appropriate to call such productions 'mirror' pictures since they are reflections of thought on mind or matter.

(2) How does the intelligence at work call up an image of itself? It would be difficult to most people to see their own faces clearly and correctly enough to reproduce the image at will, from memory alone. If I desired to do so I should choose the easiest way, which would be to recall some photograph that had been taken of me and to seek to visualise that as strongly as I could. If we may argue from the known to the unknown (which is all we can do in this matter) we may conclude that this is why psychically projected images are often seen in the pose of, and with characteristics similar to, some already known picture. Space does not permit me to quote cases, but students will easily recall them.

(3) Is it, however, conceivable that a discarnate being could find the smallest pleasure in beholding images of itself, and especially such images as appear materialised with Eva C.? One head Mme. Bisson has described as '*délicieuse*,' it is true, but judging from the prints most of these appearances are uncouth and have a repulsive aspect.

In reply I would suggest that we have no right to assume that the phenomena present the same appearance to the intelligences who produce them as they do to us. It is quite possible that they do not see the physical phenomena at all, that they are working, so to speak, in the dark when they manipulate these strange material emanations. Again space forbids me to quote instances which support the idea that our material world is ghostly and shadowy to beings living in another dimension, but examples could easily be found. Eva when entranced made an important assertion to the effect that whilst the investigators could see the physical products they could not see the essential elements, the active factors in these experiences elude us.

"If you succeed in getting hold of a part of the substance liberated you will have evidence of the existence of organic matter dependent on me; but you will not know the force, the principle, which exteriorises itself at the same time as the substance and gives to the latter the diverse aspects that you recognise. What you can touch is merely the waste product of this force" (*op. cit.* p. 308).

We cannot see the psychic aspect of the phenomena, and in all probability *they* do not see, or only partially see, the physical aspect. In that case it is not inconceivable that they may find a pleasing image where we see only a distorted and almost grotesque formation. What they see may recall past memories to them more vividly and agreeably than old photographs of our childhood and youth, to which we occasionally turn back with pleasure, recall to us days long past and gone.

H. A. DALLAS.

Interesting as Miss Dallas' communication may be in other respects, it does not seem to me to recognise the problems which the MIRO incident raises. These letters appear on a fold of material, the completing letters IR being hidden. There is nothing to show that they 'were shown'; on the contrary, they seem to have been an oversight, to say the least of it, if the presumed materialising intelligences had the smallest idea of what damaging use could be made of this evidence by sceptics. For it was subsequently proved that these letters MIRO were of *precisely the same type* as the heading of the weekly illustrated *Le Miroir*, and with this clue the resemblances of some of the materialisations to portraits in the popular weekly were detected. If the phenomena were genuine, it was a gross blunder to use a 'wad' of *Le Miroir* for materialising a head-cover or whatever it is. Supposing, however, it is all genuine, then Eva's 'control,' *La petite*, alias Berthe, must be taken to be quite unaware of what MIRO really is—*vis.* a reproduction of the title of the journal—for with a half dream-like association of ideas she rhapsodises about a mirror-picture. It may indeed be the only way these apparently unfortunate entities have of seeing themselves; but it is a very naïve and, as I said, 'absurd' explanation of the MIRO puzzle. This, of course, does not militate against Miss Dallas' view that the 'spirits' have for the sake of identification to reproduce photographs or pictures of their ex-earth-form in materialisation *séances*; but it surely does not elucidate the MIRO bungle.—ED.

'THE TRAGEDY OF ORTHODOXY.'

THE writer of the July paper on orthodoxy does not develop with cumulative effect the plot of an awe-inspiring catastrophe. The tragedy he treats of excites—let us be thankful—neither pity nor terror. Human nature, as sketched lightly in his paper, fails to impress one as grand, majestic, or even temporarily ennobled by suffering. The writer's preoccupation seems rather to be with the smugly self-satisfied, self-centred and respectable. The comforts of normal humanity, its amusements or Sunday afternoon frame of mind, the contentment of mediocre intelligences with what is obvious, or the ill-considered judgments of a purblind majority—these are the people's gains which he is anxious to leave undisturbed and unembarrassed, and for such as these he claims protection from the coercion of orthodoxy. The possibility of deeper insight and a profounder experience of what remains inexpressible and remote to all but the initiated, these things are to him, so to speak, immaterial. He is in love with the average interests of the public in mass. He admires their casual unsupported sense of what is right and reasonable, and needs no ulterior objects on which to expend his impartial and unaffected sympathy. Is a part then of human nature out of repair and permanently closed to the value of right opinion, or has familiarity with orthodoxy itself bred contempt and misunderstanding of the very word?

I maintain there is still strength in the pressure of orthodox limitations. The conditions under which people live obviously affect their external development. The progress of a people's material well-being is shaped, not by abstract theories of government, but primarily by the practical consideration of ways and means, such as the climate, scenery, and natural resources of the country into which they are born. These conditions become recognised as of general advantage to be won, or as obstacles to be fought, and so determine the trend of any particular civilisation. In the same way human consciousness of the spiritual world and the regulation of its relation to a community come eventually to be expressed, as far as may be, by the orthodox religion of such a community. That which binds man's life to God and Goodness is thereby cherished. The obstacles to that union are thereby

resisted. This religion then forms a church in which the deeper instincts and accumulated spiritual experience of men are enshrined as well as illustrated and interpreted to the people at large. Such a record, summarised in dogma, results in wisdom, while the practical need of that spiritual life finds its fulfilment in worship. If civilisation is determined by physical conditions, in like manner revelation is conditioned by the spiritual capacity of the recipient.

To all who have been responsible, no matter during how short a time, for the care of a new-born infant, the system which prevails among poor Italians of binding their new-born babies to a little backboard must especially appeal. Thus swaddled the infant makes a neat, compact, firm package of defined shape and limit and is very portable. Easily propped up endways round the edge of their large octagonal fonts, the newly arrived philosopher can with speed and equanimity, in company with a large number of his contemporaries, take an early part in the elaborate ritual of his church, while in the intimacy of simple home life he can without ceremony be left lying about the kitchen to take stock of his surroundings, or, hooked up against the wall, survey the scene out of reach and without anxiety. All academic limitations have similar advantages. Bound by the rules of an accepted school of thought, men's first feeble groping is concealed beneath the wrappings of tradition, and not allowed to show vague, wobbly, ill-defined or independent movement. The same support is rigidly supplied under all given circumstances, and in the swathing bands of familiar repetition there is the proof of excellence and the help of association. Traditional expression becomes the common property of an ever-widening circle to whom it acquires the value of symbolism. But every succeeding generation finds such formulæ inadequate, and must from time to time reject them and rightly protest against their assumed finality. To Mr. Powell, from whom we differ, our little system of worship and wisdom seems pathetic in that it has had its day and yet not ceased to be. The very strain and torment of respectable men and women in Nessus' shirts of rigid orthodoxy poisoned by shame and remorse, as described by him, point rather to a pregnant sense of growing pains and the travail of a living soul than, as he suggests, the pathos of a white elephant or the severance of a dishonoured

death. In one way the believer must be under the influence of his time; but it is always just his own personal faith which reveals to him all that is essential in his time, or rather in the life that is crowded round him, as well as in the spirit of the ages past and to come. No *Zeitgeist* can therefore settle our beliefs for us. Nor can the formulæ of spiritual experience ever be final. What we need is understanding, not merely the understanding of the realities of daily life as actually experienced, but the deeper interpretation of what underlies such facts, the power to move from the external or normal to the internal and peculiar, to see into the heart of the matter. By means of orthodox religion what is internal and peculiar has sought expression through the most exalted language and by means of the most significant symbolism. It is well to realise when we kick against the pricks, feel our poor reason embarrassed, or demand new freedom or release, that in the expression of our religious aspiration, as well as in our actual circumstances, no one is really free. When we break our bonds and stretch our limbs in delight, it is only because we have not yet realised the limits of the new prison into which we are gesticulating. And the moral of this is, for the duchess in wonderland or girl in the gutter, for the most conventional bishop and judge on the Bench, or indeed the most recent contributor to the latest Quarterly, that it is in the sternest discipline and strictest conformity that there lies the greatest freedom for mind and body.

To Mr. Powell orthodoxy is a prison of convention and unreality. To others it may be the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen.

BEATRICE WOODROFFE.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

MYSTICISM AND THE CREED.

By W. F. Cobb, D.D., Rector of St. Ethelburga's in the City of London. London (Macmillan); pp. 559; 10s. 6d. net.

IN this his most important contribution to literature, Dr. Cobb covers a vast extent of ground and sums up what are evidently the results of long study and most serious reflection. After four general introductory chapters, the separate articles of the Apostles' Creed are taken for special treatment, the chief stress being laid on the vital present meaning of each for the health of the soul. The author is adroit in saying that history is of science and not of religion, and so practically politely bowing the appalling historical problems forced on us by the plain literal meaning of the Creed out of the mystic sanctuary for the time at any rate. Like all the modern apologists of Christian mysticism, Dr. Cobb fights hard for a virile, moral, truly spiritual form of it; the vague and ambiguous should be eliminated from its meaning; mysticism, in his view, should be restricted to denote "the condition of the soul which has for its correlative the immediate act of God" (p. 94). Mysticism proper should, thus, belong to the supernatural order, "and emerges only in the phenomenal order when the Divinity in things reveals itself to the Divinity which is enshrined in the soul" (p. 87). Above all, "to confuse the mystic experience with the abnormal, the eccentric, the occult, or the vague is to miss its whole meaning" (p. xiv.). As to the psycho-physical imagery of vision, Dr. Cobb quotes with approval Father Poulain who, in his *Graces of Interior Prayer*, writes: "In visions of Paradise, Purgatory, or Hell, God only shows in part that reality which is so far beyond our powers of understanding. He adapts Himself to our nature by making use of Symbols. The saints and angels show themselves to us with bodies which they do not in reality possess; they are clothed in rich garments, and take part in processions and ceremonies. . . . These pictures appear in accordance with the idea of the person who sees them, or those of the painters of his day" (p. 189). But the true mystics of

humanity, who by their vision are its natural leaders, are "those who see into an event, a set of circumstances, a person; the people of shrewd common sense, the inventor, the artist, the poet, the enthusiast of humanity, all who *see* the hidden connection of things, their deeper meaning; above all those who have an unflinching tact for the world of values inside the world of appearances" (p. xiv.). The mystic is one who is in some degree under the influence of the spirit (p. 8), whose soul is acted on by stimuli that come not from the outer or lower but from the inner or higher world (p. 11). Unregulated mysticism is a great danger; nevertheless "Christianity was from the first a prophetic religion, depending, that is, on the spiritual life with which its devotees were immediately in touch, and as this life was gradually crusted over with forms of cult, creed, and law, it ceased to be the guide into the truth, and gave way to the ecclesiastical Rule of Faith" (p. 898).

Taking the life of Christianity as an evolving phenomenon, Dr. Cobb is strongly of opinion that "the main conceptions and ideals enshrined in its system both in East and West, both in Protestantism and Romanism, are better explained by reference to ethnic antecedents than to Jewish" (p. xvi.). He is bold to say, and we think he has here history at his back, as we have often pointed out before, that, "so far from Christianity arising from an exclusive and closed system of truth in the midst of surrounding error, it is more true to say that its roots ran deep into contemporary life, and that there was little that was new in it." What was new in it, Dr. Cobb adds, as all Christians must add, was "the higher life which came down to earth in the person of its Founder" (p. 20). This similarity and this difference are brought into clearer definition when later on the author ventures to hazard the conjecture that, "out of the eclectic mass which lay seething at the opening of our era in the Jewish crucible there emerged, under the auspices of the Divine Alchemist, a conception of a lofty grade of humanity known as the Christ, and that this was made actual in the person of the Saviour of the world." Not only so, but, in Dr. Cobb's view, "there is nothing improbable in the suggestion that we owe to some one or other of the mystery-brotherhoods then existing this idea of the Christ, an idea which they were competent to form but not to actualise" (pp. 120, 121).

There was a *præparatio mystica*; this Dr. Cobb admits very generously, but what he gives with one hand he takes away with the other, as all Christians must, no matter how generously they

may admit a *præparatio*, for what they regard as the consummation was of another order, it was not a continuous development; as Dr. Cobb writes: "A great gulf is fixed between the Life which gives birth to Christianity and the more partial manifestations of it elsewhere. What in others was a guess, or a fore-gleam, was in Christianity true" (p. 145). This we know has ever been the claim of the followers. But would Jesus the Galilean have said so? Would the Spirit that was in him, the Spirit that ever knows the hearts of men and the Divine economy without distinction of creed, now in these days of knowledge of history of religion, make this unbridgeable distinction? Yet Dr. Cobb is no bigot; he is surprisingly unfettered by attachment to form in many ways, not least in his view of the possibilities of missionism in the future. "This light of Life," he writes, "for us has been put into vessels fashioned by the Paganism of Western Asia and the Mediterranean lands, and these have served and serve still our needs. But why should not China or India do now what Hellenism did for Christianity nineteen centuries ago—furnish native forms of creed, cult and discipline (p. 388)?"

In this liberal spirit then, we find the author admitting the early debt of Christianity to Gnosticism (p. 24). The old bad way of the prejudice that entirely excluded all Gnostic notions from N.T. exegesis, has to give place to the now proved facts of the comparative history of the general Gnosis, which makes it nearer the truth to say that there is no book in the N.T. "which does not betray Gnostic forces at work" (p. 332), and therewith it is no longer "legitimate to seek to evade the influence of Gnostic thought on the Christian Creed" (p. 341), a fact that gives occasion for some interesting items of exegesis by the writer, who holds that "it is impossible to interpret our Creed correctly unless the long pre-Christian history that lies behind it, which has helped to fashion it and still is implicit in it, be kept in full view" (p. 343).

As to the method of the mystical interpretation of the articles of the Creed, it proceeds on the assumption that "they mask living processes of the life of the spirit" (p. 15). Mysticism may thus be called the key of the Creed, for the "form it takes can never yield its full content to those who use it, or study it, until they have attained the same mystic experience of which the symbolic form is the expression" (p. 41). Dr. Cobb's somewhat evasive attitude as to the value of the historical articles of the Creed is difficult to get at; for instance, when he says, "unless the Virgin-birth . . . is capable of constant reproduction it

may indeed indicate its place in history, but it ceases to be a religious fact," we agree that the Virgin-birth doctrine is a general root fact of spiritual regeneration, as a cloud of witnesses bear testimony in the first centuries B.C. and A.D., and that here all is clear; but what we do not learn is whether Dr. Cobb believes in the unique historical physical miracle which this article of the Creed requires all Christians to believe. That is the historical *crux*. Do we or do we not unfeignedly believe the historicity of the record of physical miracle piled on miracle of the traditional Life? From this dilemma mystical interpretation will never free us really; it is but a soporific. We must wake again, and the 'facts' are still there, and the question must be answered: Man-made or God-made? Meantime the soporific may give us some much-needed rest, and let us hope clearer vision on waking, for it is made up according to the receipt of a wise physician. This is the prescription, in Dr. Cobb's words: "When our mystic comes to face the more historical portion of the Creed, *viz.*, that which tells the life-story of Jesus Christ, he will, if he be true to himself, see there not so much the story of a particular life as of a universal and, therefore, a typical life. And the details that are given of this typical life he will immediately and necessarily construe as forming his own ideal life-story, without troubling himself about the historical side of them" (p. 47). This is good so long as we remember that we are here dealing with scripture and not history; it is, we believe, true that for one in whom the Spirit is consciously energising, his life for him becomes typical, cosmic, according to the Divine order. But all this does not in any way answer the question: Have we before us in the 'scripture' of the Life also a positive literal physical historical view? Sometimes Dr. Cobb seems to say Yes—sometimes No. The great difficulty of the miraculous Life is this: If all was begun, continued and ended in miracle, how can we possibly believe in the genuine humanity of the Protagonist? The Gnostics and their docetism are in this case fully justified and to be preferred. Here there can be no possible example for us poor mortals born in sin; were we miraculously begotten, parthenogenetically produced, were we the immediate incarnation of the eternal Logos of God, were we very God of very God, we too could be heroes and triumphant victors and play uniquely cosmic *roles*. And indeed this difficulty of finding in the miraculous story a natural man struggling and striving in darkness like the rest of us, sharing perfectly our nature, has made Dr. Cobb seek for a solution in a doctrine that

has entered deeply into great religions and philosophies in East and West. The soul of Jesus pre-existed ; in other times, in other embodiments, he strove and struggled, as we all do ; he suffered and triumphed over suffering, so that at last his soul was at-oned with the Spirit of the eternal Logos of God. The supreme act of renunciation, of self-sacrifice, which constituted Jesus Christ the Saviour of the world *par excellence*, is that from that state of bliss and freedom and wisdom, he descended and was incarnated once more into human limitations. There is nothing new in this idea in itself ; Mahāyāna Buddhism, for instance, is permeated with this sublime ideal of the Great Renunciation, though in it the Logos or Personal God idea which is fundamental in so many other phases of Indian religion and philosophy, is conceived less positively. But if we omit the Gnostics, who almost without exception believed in transcorporation, and a few of the Fathers who believed in pre-existence, the orthodox tradition of Christianity has insisted in season and out of season on the one-life theory, and on the immediate creation of the soul for the microscopical temporal part it is to play for eternal weal or woe in one brief life. Dr. Cobb is therefore at great pains (pp. 479-495) to bring forward the case for a belief in reincarnation as a reasonable hypothesis which throws light on many a dark problem that is utterly insoluble without it. He also, in an appendix to one of his chapters (pp. 124ff.), discusses the doctrines of pre-existence and reincarnation, which, however, he is inclined here somewhat to confuse, though in his later exposition he is clearer. Indeed in this appendix, we are surprised to find so well-read an expositor as our author writing : " That reincarnation has been neglected by Christian thought is borne out by the fact that Origen, almost alone of all the Fathers, taught it explicitly, even though tentatively " (p. 182). Origen, as we have repeatedly pointed out with full quotations from his works, keenly defended the doctrine of pre-existence ; but at the same time he utterly repudiated the doctrine of transcorporation, as did all the other Fathers who held to pre-existence.

But, whatever view we may take of these high matters, for even if we tentatively accept transcorporation, or even the far vaguer idea of pre-existence simply, we find that we have only pushed back the fundamental problem and not solved it, we must all agree that the factor of greatest value in Christianity is the stress it lays on love as the universal solvent of egoism, and therefore as the only permanent basis of a society that deserves to

continue. This self-less love is the chief attribute of the Christ, that "Ideal Man in whose image and likeness we are [spiritually] made," and who "is the ground and origin of our Higher Self which judges our lower," and, therefore, "the maintenance of our spiritual life depends on the communication being kept open between Him and us" (p. 287). From this point of view Christ is a natural principle, latent or potential in all, "the inner principle of the spirit of man" (p. 252). Though Dr. Cobb would no doubt deprecate any attempt to regard the spirit in man as other than a wholeness, he nevertheless for purposes of exposition uses terms which imply mutual externality, as when he writes: "The 'empirical ego' of common sense is an illusion, a reflection from the 'pure ego' of the higher sphere, which again is reflected in its true form, the 'transcendental ego' of the eternal order" (p. 458). But egoism, presumably the egoism of the 'empirical ego,' is the enemy; for the Cross of Christ is precisely "the process by which Egoism is broken down that Love may replace it" (p. 196). Crucifixion is thus a spiritual fact, and consists "in the surrender of the self and its consciousness to the inner and eternal Christ and His consciousness." And this finally with Dr. Cobb develops into a theory of spiritual possession (familiar to Indian mysticism as *āvesha*), as when he writes: "This change took place when Saul saw the heavenly Christ, and when his body and soul ceased to be his own, and were taken possession of by Another, who henceforth acted in and through Paul" (p. 461).

There are very many other points on which we should like to remark, for the ground traversed is practically the whole field of essential Christian doctrine, but enough has now been said to give the reader some idea of the mystical adventures of the author and of his at times very daring doctrinal flights.

GHOSTS IN SOLID FORM.

An Experimental Investigation of Certain Little-known Phenomena (Materialisations). By Gambier Bolton. London (Rider); pp. 120; 1s. net.

MR. GAMBIER BOLTON gives us at the outset an ideal list stringent test conditions; but there is nothing in his book to show that such stringent tests of control were carried out in any of the cases of astonishing phenomena he describes. The author claims that he has full records in support of his statements; but as he does not reproduce the testimony of the witnesses, we have to

take his word for a series of such extraordinary phenomena that, if authenticated, they would constitute one of the most remarkable records of 'materialisation' ever published. For seven years Mr. Bolton arranged sittings for very numerous enquirers of all sorts and conditions with some five different mediums. The apparitions were at times, with at least two of the mediums, as plentiful and solid and living as the most fervent spiritist could possibly desire. But the most remarkable phenomena of all were several cases of 'materialisations' of living animals. As we were not there, and there is no scientific record before us, it is useless to remark on Mr. Bolton's statements. All we can say is that we experimented ourselves with the best two of his mediums and had no such luck; on the contrary, we have met some who are convinced of the genuineness of what they saw. Yet again, both these mediums referred to have been caught tricking. But we have dealt sufficiently with the subject in the last number of *THE QUEST*, in detailing the Eva C. case, to show how difficult the matter is from a strictly scientific point of view, even if one is not a radical sceptic. In an appendix Mr. Bolton refers to this now famous case, and is of opinion that the artificial, embryonic, sculpturesque and masklike nature of the phenomena was owing to the fact of Eva's being hypnotised and suggestionised. If she had been let alone to fall into a natural trance, he thinks, she would have produced phenomena on as natural a level as those he details. At the end of his book the author gives us some answers to questions received from the 'spirits.' They have mostly to do with the state of the said 'spirits' and are on the usual lines of such communications, tintured, however, by a leaven of all that has been speculated on for a generation or more, in psychical circles of every description. For instance, when years ago people began to be interested in Indian breathing-exercises, we learned from the books on *prāṇayāma* (or control of the breath), that the breath changed from one nostril to another every two hours. Well, in Mr. Bolton's answers, we have a 'spirit' spreading himself out with the bombastical claim that this is one of the fundamental scientific facts of spirit-life, that every respectable 'spirit scientist' has known it for thousands of years! It is a pity the 'spirits' did not mention this *before* the West began to take interest in 'breathing'; and also, we should like to ask what a spirit has to do with a nose, did we not know that a 'spirit' for a spiritist is not an immaterial essence, but a subtle material double of the man that was.

THE COMING CHRIST.

Christ in You. By Jöhamnå. Letchworth (Garden City Press); pp. 257; 5s. net.

THE writer of this volume is very strongly influenced by the writings of Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland. The Coming Christ is regarded as the ever-coming One, the Christ of the mystic and spiritually awakened. Occasion is taken incidentally to criticise severely the materialistic second adventism which is the latest craze of Neo-theosophy. The authoress does not, however, seem to be sufficiently discriminating in the use of her authorities. The works of Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland are by no means to be swallowed whole; there is much that is suggestive and valuable in them, and as much that is the reverse; and so also with other writers quoted.

THE FRANCISCAN POETS.

By Frederick Ozanam. Translated and annotated by A. E. Nellen and N. C. Craig. London (Nutt); pp. 338; 5s. net.

AN English translation of Ozanam's work is most welcome. No book on the subject better interprets the simple naturalness that is the charm of the Franciscan spirit. Than Ozanam, no one could better treat of such a subject; for he himself was touched with that self-same unifying spirit which causes an utter abandonment of the whole self to the love of God, expressing itself externally in devotion to, and joy in all God's creatures, and interiorly, in the life that is hid with Christ in God.

The work of translation has been extremely well done, and the book may be recommended to all who love the Franciscan spirit. In some respects, however—notably with regard to particulars given concerning the author—one could wish that the translators' preface were more adequate. The charm of the book and the spirit of understanding that it breathes are noticed, but a few details of Ozanam's life would better have spoken the secret. Ozanam understood the Franciscan spirit, because he lived the Franciscan life.

Born of a family of Jewish converts to the Catholic faith, the author of many brilliant contributions to historical, philosophic and religious literature, professor and judge of the Sorbonne, he was the friend of Ampère, Châteaubriand, Montalembert,

Lacordaire. At the age of 20, after a period of doubt, as an expression of his recovered faith in the love of God, he founded, with seven fellow-students of the Sorbonne, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, a body of devoted servants of the poor, whose work now extends to every part of the world. This was the outward expression of Ozanam's life of love. Interiorly, this life is revealed to us in his dying words. Exhorted by the priest to have confidence in God, he replied: "O why should I fear God, whom I love so much?"

In his work on the Franciscan poets, written in French—a fact omitted by the translators—the author traces the origin of Italian genius to the Catacombs, from which dark birth-place it arose as an expression of the great Christian discovery that to love God is at least as great a joy and duty as to know Him. "Antiquity," he says, "could know God, but not love Him." This spirit of joy in holiness, Ozanam sees breaking forth in every branch of Italian art; and it is this utterance of the answer of love to God in the human soul which is the inmost appeal of the Franciscan poets. The words spoken by St. Bonaventura of the inspired leader St. Francis reveal the burden of their song, who, following after him, were all inflamed with the love of God.

Christian philosophy teaches that man is the one being in all the universe to whom God is revealed in the beauties of the material creation. Man's knowledge and love of Nature is truly knowledge and love of God in so far as He is revealed in Nature. This is the natural vision in man, the true vision of created beauty; leading him on to supernatural vision, the knowledge and love of the Beauty which is increate.

Of special interest is that section of the book that deals with the life of Jacopone da Todi, the author of the inimitable poem *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*, and the less known, but equally beautiful *Stabat Mater Speciosa*. A mystic of rare fervour, he seems to have attained a degree of insight beyond his companions. At one time, being greatly afflicted in mind and body, he addressed to his friend—and the friend of St. Francis—Brother John of Alvernia, the following words: "I have always considered, and I shall consider it a great thing to know how to rejoice in God. . . . But I have considered and I still consider it the greatest thing to know what it is to be bereft of God. Why? Because in those hours of trial, faith works without witness, hope without expectation of reward, and charity without any sign of the divine benevolence."

C. A. B.

A PLEA FOR THE STUDY OF THE BRUCE GNOSTIC PAPYRUS.

The Faith and Knowledge of an Early Christian expressed in Four-dimensional Geometry of the Heavenly Places. By T. S. Lea, D.D. St. Austell (Lyon); pp. 28; 1s.

THE few who are interested in the complicated puzzle of the Jet books in the Coptic Gnostic Codex Brucianus, will consult this pamphlet in vain for light on the diagrams and mystic numbers. It has always seemed probable to scholars that these numbers were of Neo-pythagorean derivation, but no key of any kind has so far been found. Dr. Lea thinks he has discovered a key to certain of the numbers, *e.g.* those of the Seven Voices and Thirteen Æons. Thus:

$$\begin{aligned} \text{(The Seven Voices) } 9879 &= 111 \times 89 \\ &= (100+11) \times (100-11) \\ \text{(The First Æon) } 1119 &= 873 \times 8 \\ &= (188+185) \times (188-185) \end{aligned}$$

This gives us the formula $(a+b) \times (a-b)$, or $a^2 - b^2$.

So far so good apparently. But the author does not seem to be aware that *all* odd numbers are thus analysable—and also, we may add, all even numbers, if we do not object to the simplest of fractions—*viz.* $\frac{1}{2}$. But even supposing that these Gnostics thought that this analysis was peculiar to certain numbers only, when we have thus analysed the numbers we are no further advanced, for we do not know what notions the Pythagoreans associated with the numbers resulting. Since, however, considerable light has recently been thrown on Pythagorean psephology, in Germany, by Dr. Wolfgang Schultz and Dr. Robert Eisler, we may perhaps be able later on to unravel a little more of the tangle. As to Dr. Lea's geometrical speculations, the subject is not unfamiliar, for we once speculated wildly ourselves but arrived at no satisfactory result with regard to the diagrams and 'seals' of the Codex, and cannot now say that Dr. Lea has discovered anything of value in this direction, least of all anything that is 'fourth-dimensional.'

The author seems not only not to have seen the Codex, but to be entirely ignorant of Carl Schmidt's authoritative text and translation of the document; he relies entirely on Amélineau's chaos, based on Woide's copy of the Oxford bundle of mixed leaves of two entirely different MSS. of two distinct treatises. This, however, does not affect the numbers we have referred to, as they are the same in both texts, except that where Dr. Lea has 8845, Amélineau

has 9845 and Schmidt 9885. Dr. Lea has also to read 5 for 4 and 9 for 8 in two other 'psephoi' to make the list consistent; but *à quoi bon* when *any* odd numbers would do equally well?

SOME ALTERNATIVES TO JESUS CHRIST.

A Comparative Study of Faiths in Divine Incarnation. By John Leslie Johnston, M.A., Fellow and Dean of Arts, Magdalene College, Oxford. London (Longmans); pp. 215; 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is a volume of the new Layman's Library, edited by Professors Burkitt and Newsom. The questions that Mr. Johnston attempts to answer are: "Is Christ unique in the sense in which Christians have always believed Him to be so? Is He God in the sense of the creeds? Into whatever terms we may translate them, they mean at least that all others are less than He. Is faith in Him as *the* Incarnate justifiable?" (p. 10). The answers are, as we might not unnaturally expect, an absolute affirmative in all cases. Jesus is absolutely unique; there is no comparison. Naturally every religionist is bound to maintain the superiority of his creed above all others; but what has always seemed to us a painful contradiction is that, while Christianity insists on humility being the greatest of all virtues for the individual, its claims for itself in the persons of its apologists are the most arrogant imaginable: *Aut Christus aut nullus*. Now, if there are alternatives, there must be a choice, and if a choice then people choosing. The alternatives dealt with are found in Buddhism, Hindu Bhakti or Devotion to a personal God, Bābī-Behāism and Hellenism. But though there has been a widespread interest in Buddhism created during the last quarter of a century or so in the West, very few have become out-and-out Buddhists; as to Hindu Bhakti, converts can scarcely be spoken of; the Behāi movement of Abbas Effendi has made some little propaganda in Christian-speaking lands, but its main activities are among Mohammedans. As to Hellenism in a religious sense—or more strictly speaking the Hellenistic mystery-religions,—it is entirely a thing of the past, and it seems to us very ungenerous that the victor has never forgotten and never forgiven, but carries on to-day the fight as though it were a living issue, digs up, so to say, the bodies of the dead gods, and belabours them with all the most modern weapons of criticism. Why, if Christianity claims to be a universal religion, it should not only be so ashamed of but so hostile to one clear line of its mixed heredity is exceedingly puzzling to the student of compara-

tive religion. This claim for absolute uniqueness, absolute monopoly, has become distinctly morbid. Or may it be that it is due to a sub-conscious urge to fight early and often for self-preservation, a deep fear that something disastrous to its absolute claim will be found out if people come to know about religion in general? The bolt from the blue and absolute uniqueness theory of Christian origins cannot stand before the searching enquiry of comparative religion. Christianity is not a miraculous phenomenon of this nature, but—and thank Heaven for it—a re-focussing of religious energies, a great moment in the religious life of humanity. As to Buddhism, what help is it to talk of its ideal as ‘the peace of darkness’ (p. 141), and to aver that for Buddhists “the eternal day for them was the night in which all would be black, and not rather a true dawn quenching the garish light of this perishing world” (p. 44), when many a Christian mystic from Dionysius onward has shown an understanding of the ‘Divine Dark’? Nor can it be proved that, whenever we come across ideas resembling Christian doctrines, as in later Buddhism or Bhākta Hinduism, this is due to direct Christian influence. After many years of studying the pros and cons of this hypothesis, we are entirely unconvinced, just as we are unconvinced of the contrary hypothesis that there was direct Buddhist influence on nascent Christianity. Mr. Johnston relies on the exceedingly nebulous speculations of the late Mr Lloyd, a most excellently wide-minded missionary in Japan, or of Dr. Richard in China; but both these writers have been shown to be beating the air as far as history is concerned. Nestorian Christianity will not supply a link; but it may be that there was a sort of meeting ground in Manicheism, for the religion of Māni was founded on a syncretic basis of Zoroastrian, Buddhist and Christian Gnostic elements. Again, why make such a distinction between Hindu monistic absolutism and monotheistic Bhakti, when we find in Indian religion the most contradictory positions blended, as for instance when we find the philosophically absolute monistic Shankarāchārya at the same time an enthusiastic Bhākta in his stotras or hymns? Why force us to choose one of the horns of a purely intellectual dilemma, when one great element of Indian religion, as of all the great religions in their mystical activity, is to transcend the opposites? The wife of our bosom should doubtless be for us the most beautiful of women; but this high chivalry of love gives us no warrant for depreciating the wives of others.

JUDAISM AND ST. PAUL.

Two Essays. By C. G. Montefiore. London (Max Goschen); pp. 240; 5s.

MR. MONTEFIORE is perhaps the most remarkable instance of one who, while remaining loyal to the fundamental truths of Jewish tradition, not only treats with sympathy but expresses great admiration for the founder of the Christian religion and his greatest apostle. The main point considered in the first of these suggestive essays—'The Genesis of the Religion of St. Paul'—is whether Paul had ever been a Rabbinic Jew, that is to say Rabbinic in the sense in which we know the well-documented Rabbinism of the Talmudic period proper. In other words, was the so-called Rabbinism of the first half of the first century of our era the same as the later Talmudism. We are ourselves of opinion that this later 'putting a hedge round the Law' was largely determined by the desperate fight of the Rabbis against dogmatic Christianity, and that it was, as compared with the Judaism of the first centuries B.C. and A.D., far less 'liberal.' It is a difficult question to determine, as we know very little, if anything, directly of the Rabbinism of 1-50 A.D. We, however, know a good deal now about the views of apocalyptic, mystical and philosophic Jews of the earlier period, and personally are more interested in them than in the wearisome dissertations of the Rabbis proper. But if we leave out all considerations of secondary matters, as to the idea of God Mr. Montefiore is on the side of the Rabbis against the Apocalyptists and Hellenists, when he writes: "The God of many Hellenistic and Apocalyptic Jews seems to me to have been a less intimate, near and affectionate God than the God of Rabbinic Judaism. A small contact with philosophy seems to have made God more distant and less approachable. The God of the Rabbis was very personal and childlike; He did not care for system and theories; but, at all events, He was always there when wanted, and He managed His own affairs Himself. He loved and was loved. The grandiose conceptions of the Apocalyptic seers, and the influence of Greek philosophy, made Him more august and majestic, but less gentle and kindly. Thus arose the greater necessity for intermediaries between God and man—angels, messiahs and sons. The Rabbinic God dealt directly with His human children, and forgave them without intercessor and

middle man" (p. 95). With this last position we have every sympathy, and of late scholars like Dr. Abelson have made out a good case for the existence of a widespread belief in Divine immanence in Rabbinical literature proper, as well as in the Kabbalah; nevertheless the transcendence doctrine has so long held first place in Jewish theology that we cannot but think Mr. Montefiore has exaggerated his case somewhat for Rabbinism in this respect. But however this may be, Paul, he contends, could never have been a 'Rabbinic' Jew, and therefore to explain the writer of the epistles, he has to assume, "first, that Paul's pre-Christian religion was poorer, colder, less satisfying and more pessimistic than Rabbinic Judaism; secondly, that a special feature of that poorer religion was its more developed and less 'human' conception of the Messiah; thirdly, that Paul was already anxious and worried as to the fate of the Gentile world and the great mass of Gentile sinners; fourthly, that his pessimistic outlook drove him to gloomy views about the power of the 'evil inclination' and the impossibility of overcoming it; fifthly, that his knowledge of the mystery religions made him ready and eager to discover a universal method of salvation, suited and pre-destined for all men, whether Gentile or Jew." All this because "his profoundly religious nature had not been given the nurture it required"; and this precisely because "the near Rabbinic God, who longs to forgive His erring children at the first sign of repentance, was unknown to him" (pp. 126, 127). The second essay—'The Relation of St. Paul to Liberal Judaism'—is also of very great interest, for here Mr. Montefiore, who has sacrificed so much in the interests of Liberal Judaism, passes in review the chief dogmas of the Pauline writings, and shows the probable attitude of most of the adherents of reformed Judaism, or Jewish modernism, to them. The whole essay is exceedingly instructive and we wish we had space to comment on it at length. We also owe Mr. Montefiore a debt of gratitude for appending the views of Loisy on the relation of Paul to the mystery religions, from the pages of the *Revue* edited by that fearless and impartial scholar. Loisy frankly admits Paul's debt to these religions, and refuses to join the ranks of the apologists, such as Clemen, Wendland, Deissmann, Schweitzer or Kennedy, who contradictorily maintain that, though Paul used the terms, his ideas were wholly independent of the theology whence the terms were derived.

PSYCHOTHERAPY, ITS DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

By Elizabeth Severn, Ph.D. London (Rider); pp. 211; 8s. 6d. net.

THE narrow orthodoxy of the medical profession has been a deplorable obstacle to the proper study of Psychotherapy. As a result, the treatment of the subject has too largely fallen into the hands of investigators little qualified for investigation. Many of these have merely used it as a means of advertisement for their own religious beliefs. And this has brought undeserved suspicion on a valuable branch of the Art of Medicine. Dr. Severn apparently believes that Psychotherapy should supersede Medicine altogether. But her lucid and interesting book is not greatly infected with dogmatism of the kind referred to, though she is unable at times to resist the temptation, and indulges in a certain amount of loose metaphysical talk, of a type with which sundry spiritual importations from America have made us abundantly familiar. She hardly attempts a general survey of the methods of Psychotherapy. To what is usually called 'Magnetic' healing—the modification of the patient's condition by personal contact or approximation—she devotes but few lines. She barely mentions hypnotism; and perhaps there is already a sufficiency of literature on that subject. Half Dr. Severn's book gives her views on psychology. The remainder describes her methods of diagnosis and treatment and the conclusions she has drawn from her experience; the whole ending with a list of cases which she claims to have treated with success.

One gathers that her diagnosis is chiefly arrived at by a process of psychological analysis of a kind much discussed at present. But she also professes to use an intuitive faculty of a clairvoyant nature. Her healing treatment appears to be mainly confined to mental suggestion, without hypnosis. There is not much that is new here. But her discussion of the subject is rational and wholesome. Perhaps most novelty is to be found in her theory of 'mental correspondences'—the hypothesis that every physical ill is caused by a corresponding psychological trouble. Though she admits that the theory is still in the experimental stage, it is clear that she is convinced of its truth. Further enquiry in that direction should prove of interest. Altogether, Dr. Severn's book gives an able sketch of Psychotherapeutics; and its reasonable, healthy, and, in the main, practical tone might well cause it to be of service to many who are troubled about their health.

A. E. J. L.

PRINCIPLES OF TANTRA.

Part I. The Tantra Tattva of Shriyukta Shiva Chandra Vidyārṇava Bhaṭṭāchāryya Mahodaya. Edited with an Introduction and Commentary by Arthur Avalon. London (Luzac); pp. 898; 10s. net.

WE have already reviewed at some length Mr. 'Avalon's' translation of the *Mahānirvāṇa Tantra* (QUEST, Oct. 1918, pp. 188ff.) and also his *Hymns to the Goddess* (*Ib.* Jan. 1914, pp. 392f.); he has also now to his credit 8 vols. of Sanskrit Tāntrik Texts which are excellently produced and carefully edited. We understand, and it is quite evident, that Mr. 'Avalon' is helped in his very laborious and difficult undertaking by the collaboration of Indian paṇḍits; and indeed without their help it would manifestly be impossible for a Western scholar to tackle this class of scripture, no matter how enthusiastic he might be to adventure on this strange ocean of Indian religious literature, which is practically unknown to the Occident, although claimed by Tantrists to be the basis of what lies behind the general cult and practice, public and private, of general Hinduism.

The name 'Tantra' has hitherto spelled for Western scholars, and also for many educated minds in India itself, much that at times is in the highest degree objectionable, not to say foul. Mr. 'Avalon,' though he admits that some of the literature circulated under this title (which is the name of a very general category of religious literature difficult to render into English, just as are its cognates, *viz.* *Veda*, *Vedānta*, *Purāṇa*) is open to severe criticism, protests that the indiscriminate abuse that has been showered on all Tāntrika literature proves nothing but the fact that the abusers have in general most probably not read a line of it at first hand. He contends that this body of *śāstra* or scripture is on the contrary often "the repository of a high philosophical doctrine, and of the means whereby its truth may through bodily, psychic and spiritual development be realised" (p. ix.). It is quite true that hitherto the *Tantra śāstra*, or body of treatises dealing with the rites, ceremonies, practices and doctrine of what we may venture to call Hindu Nature-worship, has hitherto been practically a closed book to Western scholars, and that Mr. 'Avalon' is doing a very great service for students of comparative religion by making a small part of it accessible. But it is a most difficult and dangerous subject in every way, and confronts us with endless problems, religious, psychical and moral, that are almost un-

dreamed of to-day in the West. Here we are plunged deep into the magical Soul of Nature ; once more the immemorial cult of the Great Mother rises up before us, no longer to be put on one side as a strange and baffling something that once existed and is now, theologically, a dim and innocuous memory of the past, but as a great living force possessing the souls of many millions of our fellow-subjects and explaining what 'Bande Mataram' has not only meant for many centuries but what it means to-day. Polytheism, which we of the West to-day despise and which we fancy must inevitably give way to monotheism everywhere, and that too a monotheism of the masculine type, had ever sought another resolution in the past, as it does to-day in India. That natural synthesis is the Soul of Nature herself, the Magna Mater. She is the Mother of the gods. She is the Creatrix of the creators of the worlds. Life, power, energy, perpetual flux and change, source and end, and also at the same time the eternal unity of the creator, preserver and destroyer,—such are some of her attributes. This Mother doctrine sums up all things, it leaves nothing out ; it is the unity underlying the duality of all the opposites. She is not only Puruṣha and Prakṛiti, Shiva and Shakti, the Supreme Person and that Person's Divine operation and complement, but also Mūlaprakṛiti and Parabrahman, the eternal Ground and Absolute Reality of all beings and things. There are no half-measures in the doctrine ; Devī is source not only of all good but of all evil. But though all the Tantras start with invocations to and praise of the Great Mother, and throughout insist on the pre-eminence of the Shakti or Power-mode of deity, and set forth their doctrine in terms of sex-distinction, the higher philosophical implicits claim for Mahāmāyā, or the Supreme Energy of the Divine, transcendence of all distinctions, and so finally equate Ambikā or the Mother with Brahman, both with and without attributes. In the person of its more learned and practised adepts the Tantra carries on a remorseless polemic against what it regards as the intellectualism of the Vedānta and, in these latter days especially, prosecutes a bitter feud against and pours ridicule upon the modern reform movements in India, in particular upon the Brāhmo Somāj. All of this should be of very great interest to unprejudiced students of religion. A rationalised ethic, a vague theism, even a mental yoga, are regarded by those who base themselves on the Tantra tradition as in no way satisfactory forms of religion ; they are but thin and shadowy things at best, deprived of all substance. The Shāktas do not seek by means of violent abstraction from sense to reach to

final truth, nor by intellectual grasp of theory that the individual and supreme spirit are here and now absolutely identical, and that all else falls away into the maze of illusion, nor by many, many years of painful toil of religious rites and austerities on the old Vaidik lines to win the goal. The bait they offer the unwary is that by the Shakti-practices more can be accomplished in a year than by these other heroic methods in centuries. True knowledge, they claim, lies near at hand; it is practically a physical thing, for is not the Mother Nature? The Mother in all her might and mystery is in the very body. Shakti, the supreme power of all things, is there potentially; this is the great secret. The rousing of this potentiality into actuality is the one and only work, the one and only means to self-realisation worth pursuing. The Tāntric adept knows, he does not theorise; unless he has succeeded in *sādhanā*, or the practices whereby Shakti becomes actual and the Mother pours her blessings upon him, he knows nothing of the *Tantra śhāstra* and its meaning. This he cannot learn from the written *śhāstra*; he must be initiated by a teacher who has himself attained. Tantra, moreover, is for all; it brushes away caste and privilege in religion, and all sex-distinctions. The jealous Brāhmanical code of exclusion is thus swept utterly away. This is practically the sum of the whole matter: the key to the whole theory of Shakti and its infinite modes is physiological; its chief practice is what is called *haṭha yoga*, or control of the vital ethers of the body, whereby what is called the 'serpentine power,' the power *par excellence*, *Kula Kuṇḍalinī*, is brought into activity, and by its means certain centres of the physical body are enlivened and so a new organism for extended consciousness is developed. The high exercises of mental meditation and spiritual contemplation are disdained, or at any rate held to be of far less efficacy, and those who practise them are regarded as largely wasting their time from ignorance of the great secret lying so close at hand. We can sum up the matter very conveniently by quoting a couple of paragraphs from that extraordinarily interesting anonymous mystical treatise called *The Dream of Rāvan*, in which the two types are contrasted, though personally we should be inclined to deepen the contrast very considerably, unless indeed the writer is using the language of gentle sarcasm. Ananta is a *Rāja-yogī*, a sage, a spiritual mystic; Maricha is a *Hāṭha-yogī*, a Tāntrika, an 'occultist,' a Shākta, a man of powers and visions.

"Ananta, without condemning such visions and the pursuit after such transfiguration and rejuvenescence, without expressing

disbelief or daring to pronounce them to be hallucinations, simply declared that his own experience had furnished him with none such. Admitting the infinite possibilities of the spiritual world and the internal life, he looked with wonder and respect on Maricha, but contented himself with the humbler exercise of fixing the contemplation of his spirit on the infinite moral beauty and goodness of the divine nature, and endeavouring, by contemplation, to transform himself to some likeness of the eternal love.

“Maricha, notwithstanding the natural timidity of his nature, came down from the mount of contemplation with a wild and terrible splendour on his body and a crazed, unearthly expression, which scared his fellow-men; Ananta, with a glow of sweetness and love, that encouraged and drew them towards him.”

But to return to the more immediate matter in hand; the volume before us is not the translation of a Tantra, but a version of a treatise, written in Bengali, dealing with the principles or subject-matter of Tantra—*viz.* the *Tantra-Tattva* of Paṇḍit Shiva Chandra Vidyārṇava Bhaṭṭāchāryya—published twenty years ago and now in its second edition. Paṇḍit Bhaṭṭāchāryya is the author of a number of works, in prose and verse, such as *Gitānjali*, and the editor of the journal *Shāivi*, and is one of the ornaments of Benares scholarship. His treatise is a very able polemic, filled with outbursts of high rhetorical beauty, in defence of Tantra, in which he skilfully avoids the abuses that cluster so thickly round the subject, and dexterously makes the high ideas of Indian philosophy subservient to his purpose. He pleads for the great antiquity of Tantra, as against the modern view of its late development, and shows signs of ripe scholarship. In the course of his able exposition he quotes many passages from hitherto untranslated Tantras, and gives valuable lists of the extant literature and indications of much that has disappeared. The treatise, of which the present volume represents Part I. only, is the most remarkable pronouncement on the subject which has yet appeared, and Mr. ‘Avalon’ is to be thanked for making it accessible to Western readers. It is full of points of very great interest and deserves a longer notice than we have space for at present; we hope, therefore, to return to the subject at an early date and devote an article to a consideration of some of the many topics that are embraced under the general title *Tantra-Tattva*.

ESSAYS ON FAITH AND IMMORTALITY.

By George Tyrrell. Arranged by M. D. Petre. London (Arnold); pp. 277; 5s. net.

IT is with feelings of melancholy that one takes pen in hand to notice this last volume of fragments from the literary remains of the greatest of the Modernists in this country, if not in the whole movement. The major part of the contents of these Essays has been arranged by Miss Petre from two Journals in which Tyrrell jotted down from day to day his thoughts and reflections. The first Journal of 1904 has proved capable of arrangement, indeed part had already been arranged, into some semblance of order, for it revolved round the all-absorbing theme that then occupied Tyrrell's mind day and night prior to his separation from the Society of Jesus—namely, the basis of faith, the supreme question of conscience and its authority—and forced upon him an attempt at formulating a fundamental philosophy of belief. This naturally led Tyrrell to probe deeply into the mystery of the nature of the soul and the problems of survival and immortality, on which he has some very penetrating reflections. The second 'Journal' was written in 1906, during the months that succeeded his rupture with the Society; these notes are, however, entirely unsystematic, and such only have been used as could be brought into the general scheme. The volume is completed by the last paper Tyrrell ever wrote; this was delivered as a Lecture to the Quest Society and appeared in an abbreviated form in the first number of *THE QUEST*. It is a remarkable attempt to find an optimistic interpretation of the cruel facts of the evil in nature, as exemplified and suggested by the great catastrophe of the Messina earthquake, and is entitled 'Divine Fecundity.' These essays are not the quiet musings of the philosopher in his study, but the most earnest searchings of the heart of a man living through a supreme crisis in the white heat of it; they aim throughout at essentials. Of special interest to our readers should be Tyrrell's musings on the nature of survival and immortality. The subtlety of his thought may be gleaned from such a passage, for instance, as: "The loathing I shall have for my wrongdoing and 'selfishness,' for my 'hysterical' egotism and waywardness, and the pain it will cost me to rectify such follies, will be the 'hell,' in which the self of each sinful moment will be punished everlastingly" (p. 194). Speaking of the nature-mystics, he writes that the secret of Wordsworth's sentiment is rather the

recognition of the Self in Nature than of God in Nature. This Self-recognition is a sort of 'homing' instinct, moreover. "The 'historic' sense and emotion, the love of all that is ancient and primitive, whether it be of the movement of man's life in bygone ages, or of the eternal hills and oceans, the endless processes and revolutions of heaven and earth—how is it explicable save by the fact that the life of Nature is my own, that her past is my past, that I lived through it all from the beginning, and yearn towards it as towards my childhood" (pp. 196, 197). Yet, in spite of such 'Taoism,' Tyrrell denied that he could be satisfied with 'impersonal immortality,' and wrote to a friend that he misunderstood him, precisely "because you make separateness and egoism essential constituents of the 'I,' which they are not; being indeed its limitations" (p. ix.). And so we find him rejecting all ordinary *bourgeois* views of immortality, and pinning his faith exclusively to the preservation of value alone: "No, it is only the *moral* process in man that seems stultified if it is not to persist and advance for ever; immortality is the postulate of our spiritual, not of our animal life" (p. 193). These few quotations will give the reader a taste of Tyrrell's quality in dealing with this all-important subject; we could of course quote many another striking thought of his jotted down in his Journals, but perhaps none will arrest the attention of the thoughtful more than the following appreciation of the reincarnation doctrine:

"We dismiss the Buddhist doctrine of transmigration as outside the range of serious hypothesis, and are fairly self-complacent as to the superior rationality of our own Hell-and-Heaven scheme. Yet, surely, for all its fancifulness, the former answers better to the irresistible moral postulate that, *of its very nature*, a good deed, like a good tree, must bring forth good fruit; an evil deed, evil fruit; that it should not be necessary to invoke a cataclysm, a general judgment, followed by a new Heaven and a new Earth, to adjust the crookedness and iniquity of the present system. Here is at least a deeper, if blinder, faith in the rationality and goodness of the present universe; a conviction that things are so constituted that the soul which sins shall suffer 'measure for measure'; that there can be no escape from the sorrow of existence into the Nirvana of a consciousness of deliverance till the lesson of life's vanity has been learnt and put in practice; till the heart has really and absolutely despised the finite as unworthy of itself, and has risen above it, not in the renunciation of the suicide who fears the pain of life and loses its pleasures, but in

that of one who is dead to fear as well as to desire, and has won the peace of indifference by a superhuman act of will. That the soul should be cast into the crucible again and again, till it realises its destiny; that it should be set back further in its course according as it falls more foully—all this is simply a faithful translation into imaginative form of the postulates of the moral sense. The Jewish Hell and Heaven, even eked out with the most necessary but quite inadequate Catholic Purgatory, is but a clumsy device in comparison" (pp. 210, 211).

THE WAITING-PLACE OF SOULS.

Four Advent Sermons by the Rev. Cecil E. Weston, M.A. London (Robert Scott); pp. 72; 1s. 6d. net.

SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

By the Ven. Basil Wilberforce, D.D. London (Elliot Stock); pp. 199; 8s. net.

MYSTIC IMMANENCE.

By the Ven. Basil Wilberforce, D.D. London (Elliot Stock); pp. 90; 1s. 6d. net.

THE mental status of the first-mentioned volume may be gauged by a statement on p. 19 that the Intermediate State contains a special department, "separate from Paradise," for "the heathen in every age who never had a chance of hearing the Gospel Message," where "provision is made for their salvation."

This is all very kind of course, and "in accordance with God's eternal justice," but we are tempted to wonder whether the Pagans themselves would regard it quite in this light—whether indeed Aristotle and Plato, Gautama and Kapila, Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar might not even *prefer* being damned in Hell to being patronised in Heaven. Moreover, there are some even among favoured Christians to whom exclusive association with those in their own department would become a shade monotonous. Even the late General Booth is reported to have said during his last illness: "I am going to Heaven, but if I don't like it I shall clear out!" In other respects the book is a useful compendium of N.T. teaching on the subject of the Future Life.

Of a very different calibre are the books which come next on the list. Both in the longer and shorter collections of sermons

Archdeacon Wilberforce is at his best, and that best is always a refreshing contrast to the best of the average preacher. Of the two books we would specially commend the little brochure *Mystic Immanence*, which is a gem of mystical insight, set in a frame-work of pure and graceful phraseology. It is invidious to particularise where all is so good, but we may perhaps note our great appreciation of the discourse on the Divine Image and Superscription, in the smaller volume. There are few who would not endorse the closing words of this fine sermon: "A recognition of the fact that the real Ego in every man is Divine would be the golden key which would unlock the most puzzling of the social problems of the age. . . . If the answer were clearly and intelligently given to the question: 'Whose is this image and superscription?' and it were recognised that humanity is God-souled, and that the Originating Spirit is the self-evolving image in all, it . . . would knit souls together, there would be no 'Eastern Question,' for in God there are no Greeks, Turks, Bulgarians, Russians, Austrians, there are only men."

C. E. W.

CATHOLIC DEMOCRACY.

Individualism and Socialism. By Henry C. Day, S. J. With a Preface by his Eminence Francis Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster. London (Heath, Cranton & Ouseley); pp. 296; 6s. net.

WRITTEN strictly from the Catholic point of view, with the object of guiding the thoughts and social activities of Catholics, this book is nevertheless an extremely wise, fair and reliable text-book of information and discussion on the wide field covered by its title; a book which might well be used by others than Catholics, provided they will not forget the limitations necessarily imposed upon the writer by his quasi-official position, and will reflectively edit the book accordingly.

The form of Socialism brought to the test by the author, is "the complete system of Social Democracy. . . . This is the form of Socialism which is on its trial before the Church and before the world to-day, and it is of this, and of this alone, that we have to ask ourselves, 'Is it right or is it wrong?'" In pursuance of his object, Fr. Day begins a sincere and wide survey of Democracy and Christianity (in the sense of Catholicism) and

concludes that there is no necessary breach between them; that there is, in fact, interior harmony. He then passes to Anarchy and Socialism, including 'extreme Liberalism,' and decides that the Church is bound to reject them, though it must also assimilate and perfect the good that is in them. He then traces the development of Catholic policy in France in relation to the Revolution and subsequent events, the division of Catholic parties into Conservative and Democrat or Progressive, till the publication of the Papal Encyclical '*Rerum Novarum*' in 1901, from which it appears that Catholics like others found their chief difficulties to arise not from the definition but from the application of principles. Social Democracy as an affair entirely of this life is contrasted with Christian Democracy as an affair of 'things eternal.' Next the Protestant tendency to Individualism is examined in conjunction with Catholicism and its Collective tendency, which Catholicism, nevertheless, succeeds in holding the balance even between liberty and authority, and protests equally against Anarchism and the Socialism which appears at the other extreme. The various alternatives to Socialism are passed in review—such as Trades Unionism and Syndicalism, the former of which is sanctioned and the latter condemned for reasons given. The fallacies of Socialism give rise to some quite sympathetic criticism, but the author is found at perhaps his weakest in his examination and rejection of the doctrine of 'natural rights' in Chap. ix., more especially seeing that one of the duties of Catholic Democracy is precisely to determine what are 'natural rights' (p. 251), which consequently are admitted to exist, though perhaps with some difference of definition. Economic consideration of Land, Capital and Labour follows—all with democratic sympathy, notwithstanding the prominence (perhaps not unmerited) given to the six-centuries old principles of Thomas Aquinas. As was to be expected, the greatest emphasis is laid upon ethical and religious principles (though careful economic analyses are not wanting), in the course of which the pretensions of Socialism to be called a 'Religion' are rejected, together with the amiable but meaningless amalgam attempted under the title of 'Christian Socialism.' Towards the end, a careful summary is given of the position of social parties within the Church, in Great Britain and on the Continent, and not excluding even the United States, and a hopeful epilogue brings to a close this exceedingly lucid and good-tempered account of social movements in our time,—careful and accurate too, though on p. 228 the writer has fallen into a not unnatural error in

describing the Rev. B. J. Campbell as 'President of the Liberal Christian League'—a position which, along with his membership, Mr. Campbell resigned a couple of years ago.

It is inevitable that this book should display some of the limitations of its standpoint; it is inevitable that economic judgments should be to some extent prejudiced by judgments of Catholic faith and policy. Socialism was specifically condemned in 1848 (p. 274), and cannot therefore be condoned in 1914, for which reason also all political parties are open to Catholics except the Socialist wing of the Labour Party (p. 288). All ideas and policies held and agitated must be "entirely submissive to episcopal authority," and all Catholics must be ready to "give up their ideas and listen to the bidding of the rulers of the Church absolutely, as to His [God's] own." These restrictions to free thought apply equally, of course, to the able writer of this book. The object of the Church, moreover, is described as being to secure it [happiness] 'everlastingly in the next [life],' (p. 257)—'the everlasting joys of heaven' (p. 258)—which gives colour to the 'otherworldliness' by which the Church is rendered objectionable to ardent reformers. Taken for granted also is the traditional scriptural view of Christianity and Christ, on the strength of which claims are made which historical criticism would hardly sustain. It is on the question of Marriage, as recent developments would lead us to expect, that the Catholic point of view reaches its acutest and narrowest issue (pp. 218ff.); here less than justice is done to the actual tendencies of Social Democracy as a whole, as when we read: "Socialism . . . shatters the entire fabric of Christian marriage, and prepares to erect upon its ruins a new relation of the sexes, which becomes in practice organised debauchery and chartered libertinage, the introduction of the seraglio and the harem, the cult of the new phenomena of 'free love' and promiscuity." The writer appears to forget that the economic independence of women is part of the programme; and that is quite incompatible with the seraglio and the harem. Other extreme statements occur here and there in other connections, as, for instance, when (p. 231) 'Christ' is described as 'the first and greatest evolutionary in the history of the social reformation of the world'; which is less than fair to a cloud of pre-Christian evolutionaries, not in Jewry only, but along the shores of the Mediterranean, and throughout the Orient. "There were heroes before Agamemnon." Many who are not Socialists will demur to the too mild condemnation of existing conditions implied on p. 189.

"The injustice that exists is admittedly not universal. It is not even the general rule, but only the exception. . . ., and the most that can be proved against the present economic system is that, like many other good things, it is liable to, and has suffered, abuse." Fr. Day's argument (pp. 204ff.) for the absolute nature of private property-rights is too plausible when viewed in relation to his rejection of the 'natural rights' deduced from the teachings of Rousseau. Socialism may be considered inexpedient and impracticable, but it is difficult to define the precise extent to which society or the state can modify individual property rights. To abolish them altogether might be quite inexpedient and impracticable, creating greater evils than it was intended to cure; yet it might conceivably be not inconsistent with justice. The social organism is essentially evolutionary, modified by the expediencies of conscious direction.

When every discount has been made, however, this book remains one of the wisest, fairest, most sympathetic expositions of conservative sociology in our time.

W. W.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF CHARACTER.

Being a Study of the Tendencies of the Emotions and Sentiments.
By Alexander F. Shand, M.A. London (Macmillan); pp.
592; 12s. net.

At last we have Mr. Shand's long-expected study in our hands. Modern Psychology in its 'science of mind' has devoted almost all its attention to a study of the processes of perception and thought, of feeling and will, while character 'which alone directs and organises them' is generally left out of account in all the textbooks. But "if we are to have a complete science of the mind," it must "include a science of character as the most important part of it; and if we are to make any approach to such a science, it would seem that we must begin by a study of the fundamental emotions and of the instincts connected with them." The matter is, however, one of extreme difficulty, for the problems are essentially dynamic; measurement is here impossible; quantitative distinctions non-existent. The laws of which we are in search must be organic and not mechanical. The mechanical laws of association, once so much in favour as a universal solvent, are found to break down here. The most general fact we can assert with regard to the essential nature of mind, on the contrary, is

that "it tends always to organise its processes." And the organic laws of which we are in search are precisely 'the laws of our instincts, emotions and sentiments.' Our instincts are, roughly speaking, certain inherited modes of behaviour. The meaning preferred by Mr. Shand for emotion connotes "not feeling abstracted from impulse, but feeling with its impulse, and feeling which has essentially a cognitive attitude, however vague, and frequently definite thoughts about its object" (p. 178). The primary emotions with their connected instincts are classed as the lesser systems in the development of character; *e.g.* the emotions of fear and anger, joy and sorrow; they are systems because their constituents are organised for an end. The greater systems which organise the lesser are what Mr. Shand calls the 'sentiments' (generally called the 'passions') of love and hate. Two of the three Books into which our author divides his careful study, are devoted to the analysis of the emotions and sentiments and their inter-relations. After each enquiry an attempt is made to formulate a provisional 'law'; in other words Mr. Shand attempts a careful summary description of the general state of our at present very imperfect observation of the relations existing between these very elusive dynamic elements and sub-elements of the foundation of character. There can, of course, be no precise formulation of such 'laws'; all that can be said is that, given such and such conditions, with such and such limitations, there is a tendency to such and such a result. As Mr. Shand says (p. 520), "as these laws are subject to conditions, of which at first we can only discern the most conspicuous, while many others remain undiscovered, we have to throw them into provisional forms, in which they both serve as working hypotheses, and lead to their own correction and improvement." No less than 144 of such tentative formulations are attempted with praiseworthy exactitude in this most painstaking volume, which thus bravely attempts dynamically to analyse some of these many changeful moods of the ever-becoming life-impulse in us. In this attempt Mr. Shand makes great use of English and French literature, falling back on the observations of the poet and man of genius and inspiration, and on proverbial wisdom, from lack of adequate systematic work done by the philosopher and psychologist. Our author reserves for the third and concluding Book of his study the 'system of desire.' By many, especially among the ancients, desire has been classed as the most fundamental of all our impulses, and love and hate regarded as but modes of desire. Mr. Shand, however, uses the

term in a subsidiary sense, far different from the ancient famous Purusha Shukta of the R̥ig Veda, where we read "Desire first arose in It, the primal germ of Mind," or from the Buddhist Desire that causes the wheel of becoming ever to revolve. Mr. Shand will have it that "desires are never independent systems. They spring from our emotions and impulses, and have a second and prolific source in our sentiments. They subserve the end of one or other of these forces, and never acquire an end of their own. They cannot therefore serve as the base of a scientific study of character" (p. xxxi.). But, on the other hand, character is developed out of desire by betterment, and the principle of betterment and value, morally envisaged, has so far proved recalcitrant to mechanical scientific treatment. Mr. Shand has done something to point the way towards a new method whereby advance may be made towards a dynamic and organic treatment of the science of mind as a whole, and deserves our gratitude.

CHINESE PHILOSOPHY.

A Brief History of Early Chinese Philosophy. By Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki. London (Probsthain & Co.); pp. 188; 5s. net.

THERE are, comparatively speaking, so few books on so vast a subject, that one cannot help feeling grateful to Professor Suzuki for this lucid summary. He begins by giving a very brief sketch of early Chinese philosophy from the time of the so-called Confucian classics, to that of Wang Yang-ming, the bright solitary star of the last Chinese dynasty. Rightly he divides his subject into three principal headings of 'Philosophy,' 'Ethics' and 'Religion,' and is scrupulously fair in the allotment of space to each of them. Like most of us the author has his predilections, and is perhaps at his best in treating of the great Utilitarian philosopher Mu-tze, of whom he says: "It was due to Mu-tze that China ever came to reason methodically about the presence of a sovereign power in the world, superintending the course of nature as well as the doings of moral creatures on earth." But he is by no means unfair to the other philosophers with whom he has less in common. His analysis of Chuang-tze, that most brilliant of all the Taoist writers, is clear and sympathetic. Here again we are reminded that:

"Each individual mind has its own idiosyncrasy. One and the same truth is reflected therein, perhaps, but each responds differently according to its inner necessity. . . . Therefore the

philosopher insists on giving everyone his innate freedom, and the right to think and act as he feels ; and thereby he wishes to reach the point where all controversies may eternally be set at rest ; for every dissension is the outcome of human meddling with the heavenly course of things."

And the heavenly course of things works through Tao, and "the reason why we are in the wrong habit of confusing what is right with what is not right, is because we do not let the Tao work its own way."

It is, however, when he comes to define Tao as Reason, that I leave the Professor's pleasant company. Alas ! he appears to think more of the wind whistling through the hollow places of Chicago than the sighing of a solitary fir. And yet the fir conveys the meaning of Taoism to me, while Chicago brings me nothing but a whiff of sausages and Monism and other strong meats. For my part I prefer Chuang-tze's own feeling on the subject to the cast-iron definition of Professor Carus, stamped though it may be with the approval of Professor Suzuki :

"Tao is something beyond material existences. It cannot be conveyed either by words or by silence. In that state, which is neither speech nor silence, its transcendental nature may be apprehended."

L. C.-B.

VĀSAVADATTĀ.

A Sanskrit Romance by Subandhu. Translated with an Introduction and Notes by Louis H. Gray, Ph.D. New York (Columbia University Press), London (Oxford University Press) ; pp. 214 ; 6s. 6d. net.

THIS excellent version of the oldest romantic novel in India is a monument of scholarly care and industry. Written by Subandhu in the latter half of the 6th century A.D., it stands out as a classical masterpiece of Indian literature. Though the oldest romantic novel of that land of fact-free phantasy, there is nothing primitive about it ; on the contrary it is exceedingly artificial in its matter and manner, and reflects the devices, airs and graces of a *milieu* of hyper-civilisation. The best English parallel is perhaps the *Euphues* of Lyly. Western scholars have said hard things of it, but Dr. Gray, who for ten years has devoted his leisure to its study, insists, and no doubt rightly as far as

æsthetics are concerned, that we must not consider this dream love-story of the princess Vāsavadattā and prince Kandarpaketu from the 'practical' point of view of the West, but enjoy it by entering sympathetically into the luxuriant atmosphere of its elaborately rhetorical writer. For himself, he says, "there is true melody in the long, rolling compounds, a sesquipedalian majesty which can never be equalled save in Sanskrit; and the alliterations have a lulling music all their own to ears weary of the blatant discords of vaunted modern 'progress.'" *Vāsavadattā*, moreover, is packed full of paronomasias,—words similar in sound but different in meaning, so as to give a certain antithetical force to the expression, puns and plays on words, that are absolutely incapable of rendition into a foreign tongue. Dr. Gray has marked all these in his version by means of signs—single, double and triple angle-brackets—which give his pages the appearance of a very heavily emended text for the classical scholar. In his Introduction, besides much else of value, there is an instructive comparison of ancient Sanskrit romance with classical Greek romantic literature, which in rhetoric, we now know, was classed under the heading of aretology and highly elaborated; Dr. Gray, however, does not refer to the recent work done on this hitherto unknown subject. It might also perhaps have been of interest to compare this ancient Sanskrit model with typical specimens of the modern Bengali novel and drama; but this is a somewhat ungenerous suggestion when so much has already been given.

THE TRUE MYSTIC.

By the Rev. Holden E. Sampson, Author of 'Progressive Creation,' etc. London (Bider); pp. 200; 2s. 6d. net.

MR. SAMPSON is the author of several large volumes in which he expounds a world-view based on his personal psychical experiences, which are determined largely by a curious blend of the Bible and Neo-theosophy. The present small volume is intended as a sort of introduction to his three larger works. With regard to the major part of the statements laid before us they are of such a nature that you can only say you like or dislike them, for, as is usually the case with such writings, the contents are impossible of control, as they lie outside the range of history and objective fact. We can judge of the reliability of such a writer only when he deals

with matters that fall within the province of history and criticism; if he proves careful and reliable here, we are prepared to consider favourably his treatment of his own subjectivism. Unfortunately, in the present case it is impossible to be favourably impressed. Mr. Sampson is by no means a reliable guide in matters of history and scholarship. For instance, in referring to Thrice-greatest Hermes, Mr. Sampson says "there can be not the slightest doubt that Hermes was a human and historical personality," whereas it is absolutely certain that in the term we are dealing with a generic title and never with a single historic personality. Again, when the author speaks of Socrates and Plato as exponents of the Hermetic philosophy, we ask what can he possibly mean. The Hermetica known to us are unquestionably Platonising documents. Again, we can only gape with amazement when we read the wild assertion: "Following the compilation of the secret doctrine of the Mysteries in the Kaballa, a series of 'Commentaries' on the Kaballic doctrine was compiled, forming a 'text-book' on the Hebrew Mystic Teaching. . . This compilation is called the '*Talmud*.'" This is pure phantasy, and as perverse a phantasy as is the persistent misspelling of Kabbalah in which Mr. Sampson indulges. To take another gem of these revelations: "The *Odyssey* and *Iliad* may well be described as the '*Kaballa*' of the Greeks." It is true that there was a great industry in Later Platonic days of illegitimate exploitation of these two great epics in this sense; though really innocent of all mysticism proper, they were regarded as the priceless repository of the wisdom of the ages, and the most wonderful meanings were distilled from them by an ingenious method of allegorical exegesis; but to-day sober students of comparative mysticism know how justly to evaluate such mystagogic legerdemain, and do not confuse folk-poems with purposed allegorical scripture. When, then, we read a series of such statements we naturally hesitate to accept Mr. Sampson as a reliable guide into the sanctuary of the 'True Mystic'; our present-day standards in such matters are higher than those of 2,000 years ago.

THE QUEST

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Edited by G. R. S. Mead.

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THE QUEST.



BELGIUM: AUGUST-SEPTEMBER,

1914.

THE stricken cities cry ; the wasted land
Shrinks as the bloodstain creeps o'er flower and sod ;
Praying, some women by the ruins stand :

“ Is there no God ? ”

Who stoops to find His footsteps in the rout
Of these His creatures maddened by the sword,
Or dares in din of fight to raise the shout :

“ Behold your Lord ! ” ?

Perchance ye think, in some far heaven on high
He walks His golden streets aloof, serene,
And scatters peace o'er soldiers called to die,
Like dusk at e'en.

Nay, ye have felt, by starry nights and still,
His Spirit brooding o'er the anguished world,
Close round the sleeping forms of plain and hill,
As silence curled.

His presence fills the hollows of the skies ;
Without His soul is neither earth nor sea.
O man, look well within your brother's eyes :
 " Thou too art He."

Love, love alone can cleanse what hate defiled ;
Love shall the God within mankind set free.
Arise, and to the foe who killed your child,
 Cry : " Thou art He ! "

ÆLFRIDA TILLYARD.

(If this poem need any explanation, there is an Indian Mutiny tale which relates how a hermit, on being bayoneted by a British soldier, broke the silence of fifteen years to exclaim : " Thou too art He ! ")

THE WAR AND MYSTICISM.

The Very Rev. W. R. INGE, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's.

WHEN the thundercloud burst over our heads at the beginning of August, I turned for comfort to my favourite philosopher Plotinus, but for once I was not satisfied. The great Neoplatonist tells us in effect that wars and massacres and the sacking of cities are to the wise man only stage-plays. When people are killed, 'the actors change their masks' and come on the stage again in other parts. He adds that, if a man objects to seeing his family carried off into slavery, he should learn to fight, instead of only saying his prayers. This is a degree of detachment which I have neither the wish nor the power to emulate. In view of the ruin of the ancient civilisation, which in the third century was evidently impending at the hands of the same Germans who are attempting to ruin our own, such indifference seems positively inhuman. A later Neoplatonist foresaw with natural emotion that 'a hideous darkness was about to fall upon all the beauty of the world'; and there is no reason why a disciple of Plato should not lament such a catastrophe as much as anyone else. This beautiful world, which 'resembles the other as far as it can,' is not an object of indifference either to God or to the good man. A world-calamity is a failure of the universal Soul (so he would say) to impress its stamp upon the inferior order.

Nevertheless, every spiritual philosophy can find comforts amid the havoc wrought by war. 'Man's

unconquerable mind ' can survive even such miseries as Belgium has had to suffer. And since mysticism ranks intellectual activity as higher than the acquisition and enjoyment of material gain, and spiritual activity as higher still, it does not regard the impoverishment of a nation as necessarily a great evil, if the change leads its citizens to devote less time to getting and spending, and more to art, science, religion, and philosophy. The mystic does not confound greatness with bigness in nations or in individuals.

With regard to our opponents, the case is clear. The cause of the disaster which has happened to the whole of Europe is simply the obsession of patriotism in the German people. Nothing in history has caused more misery and injustice than the tendency to make the claims of one social organism absolute, repudiating allegiance to all others. In past ages the fetish was often the Church; among the modern Germans it is their own State. The cult of 'Germany' has been erected into a religion. It has turned the nation into a race of moral savages, treacherous, brutal, and pitiless; a nation which fights for plunder (' the profits of this war have been all calculated,' a German official said the other day) and destroys whatever it cannot carry off. Other civilised nations have simply no rights at all. The whole nation has been thoroughly organised for predatory war; and there is not at present the slightest sign of compunction or approaching repentance on the part of any class in Germany whose opinions carry any weight. It would be mere self-deception to count upon any change in the German nation. The whole populace greeted the war with frenzied delight; it was not the work only of a militarist clique.

It is possible that the free nations of Western

Europe are not strong enough, even when combined, to resist the terrible instrument of aggrandisement which has been built up to undo them. We cannot count on having Russia always with us; and without Russia we should be in the greatest danger from an iron-handed military empire, which has no scruple about annexing unwilling peoples, whom it enjoins to 'serve in our army, pay our taxes, and keep your mouths shut.' This situation will remain, even if we are successful in this campaign; France and England will still not be safe from robbery and humiliation. This eclipse of justice, liberty and democracy may last for fifty years; it will not last for ever. The mystic, accustomed to take long views, will call it 'a light affliction which is but for a moment'; and whereas our nation is still thoroughly sound and vigorous, it may be expected to push out into those fields of activity which will always be open to it, and to take the lead, perhaps, in a great religious and intellectual revival. But whatever happens, the eternal values will remain invulnerable; and the eternal values are the eternal facts. The victory of Corsica over Galilee, if such a calamity is thinkable, would be only an agitation of the surface-waters; the deep currents flow on towards God, from whom they took their source. And the mystic would only pray with a new fervour, 'Eternity, be thou my refuge.'

In reading the proofs of these notes at the end of November, I think that the near prospect is more cheerful than it seemed six weeks ago. We shall probably be able to convince the enemy that war is

bad business; and in a highly industrialised country like Germany this conviction should hold militarism in check. Germany was 'out for' plunder, and probably will not get it. But for ourselves I am more than ever convinced that in the resolute cultivation of practical idealism—the spiritual view of the world—lies the one path of safety. We see the fruits of secularism or materialism in social disintegration, in the voluntary sterility and timorous acquisitiveness of the prosperous, and in the recklessness and bitterness of the lower strata. A godless civilisation is a disease of which nations die by inches. I hope that this visitation has come just in time to save us. Experience is a good school, but its fees are terribly high!

W. R. INGE.

MYSTICISM AND WAR.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

THE outbreak of war and the immense change in the general consciousness which this has brought with it, seem to many people to involve the arrest of that growing tendency to a mystical view of life, an interest in mystical forms of religion, which has been strongly marked in England during the last few years. Those who were favourable to this development now feel that their faith is shaken, since brute force rather than spirit appears in the last resort to rule the destinies of men: those who were hostile feel that their contempt or distrust is justified. The eager patriot of the present moment looks out upon a world in which concrete action is plainly the first duty of every citizen; in which principles and things which even the most other-worldly know to be of capital value to human society, must either be defended by, or perish by, the sword. Here, says common sense, there is no place for the dreamer and the contemplative. Further, there is a wide-spread belief that the mystic is at heart a pacifist; or at least that he tends to stand aloof from the conflict as no concern of his. The old complaint of the Romans, that Christians were an unpatriotic people, is re-applied to him. The 'mystic' of popular imagination is not a fighting man. He is a secluded and anæmic creature, whose fidelity to purely spiritual interests is supposed to involve a certain passive disloyalty to the national group to which he belongs;

or at the best a disheartening detachment from its warlike enthusiasms.

The alliance in Quakerism, and to a less extent in Tolstoi's thought, of the mystical and the pacifist view of life has much to do with this misconception. The two things, however, are really distinct; and have seldom in history been found together. It is easy to give reasons for this. In the first place, the Christian pacifist founds his doctrine on a literal interpretation of the Gospel maxims—"Resist not evil" and the rest—which he regards as definite commandments, applicable to every time and place. He is still, in Pauline language, 'under the law.' But the Christian mystic is not 'under the law.' He is 'under grace,' and founds *his* doctrine partly on direct experience, partly on the interior meaning, the spiritual suggestions of these same evangelical maxims. For him "Blessed are the peacemakers" refers to a state of the soul as possible to the loyal soldier in the trenches as to the doctrinaire at the Hague: a state indubitably possessed by Joan of Arc, though her Voices led her to the battlefield. Attitude, motive, the achievement of 'the mind of Christ'; these are for him the great matter. Having won that real detachment which is the perfection of unselfishness, and harmonised his will with the movements of the spiritual world—achieving thus a measure of that 'union with God' which is his goal—he knows that he may safely act as the pressure of the Spirit directs. Since the world as well as the gospel is for him a manifestation of the Divine Reason, and the Eternal Christ is perpetually reborn therein, he is inclined to accept the ever-present fact of conflict as a part of the mysterious plan. Again, throughout the history of mysticism, we see two distinct types of

mystical character, the active and the passive: and religion and history speak with no uncertain voice as to which of these represents the true reaction to Eternity, the true path from Man to God. The active mystic, the struggling, fighting soul whom the Early Christians called an athlete of the Spirit; who grows by conflict, accepting his part in a world-order of which effort is the very heart—he has been acclaimed time after time by the mind of the Church as representing the true type. The quietist, who resists nothing, risks nothing, conquers nothing, has been condemned again and again. The mystic knows indeed the beauty, joy and holiness of peace; but the history of his own inner life teaches him that it can only be won through struggle and pain. The attempt, then, to identify mystical religion with pacifist ideas must break down when examined in the light of facts.

Another and more dangerous form of criticism comes from those who see the war chiefly in its tragic aspect; who, filled with anguish by the destruction of beauty, the cruelty, hatred and suffering which it has loosed upon the world, feel unable to reconcile the beliefs and attitude fundamental to mysticism with the awful facts of the present crisis. The doctrines of the brotherhood and essential divinity of man, of the immanence of God in the temporal world, of beauty and goodness as ultimate realities; all these, in the sugared form in which they have assimilated them, seem to these gentle spirits incompatible with the history now being written in terrible characters upon the soil of Europe. They have built their sanctuary on insecure foundations; and the German howitzers have brought it crashing about their ears, to add its tithe to the general misery. These people have much

sensibility, but little historical imagination; they forget that the careers of Attila and of Napoleon, in fact all wars of aggression since the world began, involve just the same problems for the religious mind as those evoked by the present onslaught of Teutonic culture. If they have been right in their charming but effeminate view of mysticism, then the mystic's position is indeed incompatible with the actual circumstances of our time; and that position, of course, is thereby condemned once and for all. A spiritual religion cannot be a fair weather belief. It must stand the worst pressure of events, cope with the most violent disharmonies; must develop a faith, hope and love that inspire and support heroic action, and survive the worst shocks which man's passion and injustice can deal it.

That a true and virile mysticism can do this, is proved by its history in the past. Many of the greatest mystics lived in periods of conflict and suffering at least comparable with that upon which we are entering now. The 14th century, one of the most warlike of periods, is thickly studded with their names. Many of them saw, on a smaller stage, horrors similar to those now being enacted in Belgium and France. They spent themselves gladly in the service of the sufferers, they were filled with a sorrow and compassion which we are not likely to exceed; yet they kept their vision unimpaired. Moreover, as a group they have not held pacifist doctrines. They have recognised strife, with its attendant pain, as inherent in the temporal order, a necessary element of the struggle for perfection; and battle undertaken in just cause as a godly act. Perfection, to them, has never been made up of negative qualities and cloistered virtues; but has included

those characters of endurance, courage, devotion, which are evoked by the clash of opposites. Loyalty, the whole-hearted acquiescence of the individual in the acts and needs of the corporate life, his self-devotion in its interests, is a virtue which they all hold in high esteem. The ascetic discipline in obedience aims at its production. There is no evidence that the worst explosions of brute force have ever alarmed their faith; for the mystic is less apt than other idealists to make impossible demands of life. He is not deceived by the supposed 'triumphs' of civilisation and other dogmas of the high-minded materialist. Hence when these things break down, when physical conflict again makes its appearance upon a national scale, he is less disconcerted than many of his neighbours. He knows that, though the Kingdom is indeed within, greater changes must be wrought in the race than those effected by democratic institutions and free education, before it can be brought into manifestation upon the temporal plane. God is near us—he never doubts that: but never doubts, either, that man as a race is still far from Him. Here, then, the mystic looks neither for a continuing city nor a continuing peace. The Utopias of spiritual politics are not for him.

Again, because of this characteristic sanity of outlook, the mystic does not demand of all men the same high level of spirituality, the same instinct for eternal things. Though he believes that the Divine Spark exists in every soul, in most, he knows, it burns with a stifled flame. That these, the bulk of men, should make their lives but a little more responsive to the demands of Spirit, is itself a great gain. And when men, because of the faith and love which they feel for their country and the cause for which she struggles,

transcend the desire for individual happiness and consecrate their lives to that common cause and ideal, such a spiritualisation of our common humanity does indeed take place.

The mystic, then, accepts the fact of war. More than this, he does not feel it necessary to stand aside and refuse to take part in the strife of existence, even when it assumes this awful form. The true mystic is not the person who forsakes the active life for the contemplative, but he who adds the one to the other, doing in a new spirit the common deeds of men: and military energies clearly form part of the active life of the race, constituting in themselves a school of virtue with which we cannot yet afford to dispense. So there is nothing really paradoxical in the fact that one of the most convinced and exultant schools of mysticism is that produced by Islam, the most martial of the great religions; and that all mystics make frequent use of the language of conflict, made familiar to them by their own perpetually renewed struggles against wrong desires and disordered loves. The spiritual energy of some of them—as for instance Joan of Arc and General Gordon—has actually taken a military form. Florence Nightingale, who aspired, as her diary has shown us, to a state of consciousness in which she should ‘see God in all things,’ was not shaken in her belief in the divinity of life by the horrors of Scutari. Her love for the British soldier had in it no taint of pity for the victim of a mistaken career.

Certainly, the proportion in which the mystic sees the facts of war is not the proportion in which they appear to the noisier type of patriot. To him the material victory matters, at bottom, very little. What does transcendently matter is the courage and endur-

ance displayed in defence of the right; the gentleness and justice with which the victors discharge their awful responsibility, the dignity and patience with which the vanquished accept their lot. Those who emerge from war with unstained souls, retaining their spiritual self-possession, undistorted by anger, hatred or lust of vengeance—these are the happy warriors, even though history puts them on the losing side. To lose your life and save your soul is the lot of many a soldier; and may be the lot of nations too.

That nations indeed have souls, and can be at once military and mystical in the highest degree, has been proved during the last three months by an example which the world will never forget. Look at Belgium, whose whole literature and art witnesses to the mystical yet practical temper of her people. It is the country which produced Van Eyck, Memling, Dierick Bouts, Ruysbroeck, and in our own days such characteristically Flemish writers as Maeterlinck, Rodenbach and Verhaeren, which has now set upon the European stage a drama of conflict and heroic sacrifice, unsurpassed in history—a Passion Play upon a national scale. And this agony of Belgium, which cannot be dissociated from military ideals—from a willingness to fight, to kill, to die, in defence of the right—has a true redemptive value for the world. Its sublime exhibition of tragic suffering has reasserted ancient values, broken up our self-satisfaction, our egotism and love of comfort; has both humbled and ennobled us. Belgium has shown on the battlefield, as she could nowhere else have shown, what the soul of a people is worth, and what the soul of a people can do.

All this suggests that there is no inherent contradiction between the mystical outlook and the facts of

war ; and that it is our own fault if we fail to reconcile them. The cause, I think, of this failure and of much of the present mental distress lies in the fact that we have been tempted by the mental and physical comfort of our long spell of peace to take too soft a view of life, and too narrow a view of the Divine Nature. We have come to look upon pain and grief as something to be exterminated, or at least avoided, and have ignored their bracing and purging character ; in traditional Christian language, we have ' forgotten the Cross.' Here the true mystics would certainly not agree with us. For them, suffering, effort, *cost*, has ever been an essential part of life : and they have sometimes sought it with a persistence which filled their easy-going critics with disgust. There has been within the last few years a great increase in that popular idealism which confuses the goodness of God with a sort of cosmic amiability, and is disinclined to look the facts of disease, degeneracy, cruelty, strife, and injustice squarely in the face. The spiritual optimist has been rudely awakened from his day-dream ; and now looks with horror upon facts which were always there, as any of the saints whom he admires could have told him, but which he is compelled for the first time to admit into his private picture of the universe. The nation as a whole has been forced to take up the cross of war ; and he, as a part of the corporate life, suddenly feels its awful weight. If he can escape the tyranny of his too sensitive nerves, his too partial and alert imagination, he may yet be able to realise it as an instrument of salvation, to reconstruct his world about it, and perceive that the vision on which he had staked his all, is enriched rather than destroyed. Gradually he may come to see that war is

but the intense expression—dreadful to us, because easily grasped—of the strife inherent in the natural order; and, as in all else belonging to the natural order, that a spiritual principle lies at its root. The mystics themselves will assure him that the clash of opposites is the finest because most drastic test of Spirit; that the best emerge from it more heroic, less selfish, more apt to virtue and endurance, that the worst inevitably disclose themselves for that which they really are. His newspapers, if he knows how to read them, will provide daily illustrations of this law; enforcing the oft-expressed conviction of the great religious thinkers, that the ideals of the camp as well as the ideals of the stud-farm are included in God's thought for Man, that the schooling of the race were incomplete without the bitter discipline of war.

Force must act against resistance if it is to develop its full strength: the phrase 'contending with circumstances' indicates the true condition, perhaps the true object, of our existence in this world. All progress, all discovery and vindication of the true and the best, is by and through conflict of opposites; whether on the physical, the mental or the spiritual plane. In the natural order—and to that order, in virtue of his physical constitution, the most spiritual of men still belongs—struggle never ceases; though in civilised communities its true character is often disguised. This law, which shocks us so deeply when it is exhibited in the deadly strife of nations, is operative over the whole course of our life. In races, the tendencies which it represents gather slowly to a crisis, and then explode with awful force. Yet this explosion, even in the stupendous form in which we are now witnessing it, confirms rather than contradicts

the world-process—is an episode in that secular struggle wherein “the sword that rings out most loudly is the sword of His Name.”

In those two forms of movement which we call growth and conflict we may see twin agents of life and of progress. One creative, the other selective, neither without the other can do its work. When we apply this to nations, we see that their growth, the increase, fostering and nurture of new members, depends ultimately on love, personal and social—that their place in the struggle towards higher values depends upon their willingness to accept the cross of war in a righteous cause. In the movements and achievements that are based on love, it is not hard to discern the operations of Spirit; far harder to do so in the movements and achievements of strife. Yet, if we do not try to do this, we limit our view of God, we deny that which Ruysbroeck so beautifully called ‘His loyalty to His whole creation,’ we introduce a terrible dualism into the world. One of the greatest of the mystics, Jacob Boehme, did not hesitate to call the spirit of strife and tension one of the Seven Fountain Spirits, or universal and eternal forces, which “together are God the Father,” and are responsible for the form and constitution of the universe. With the clear vision of the true seer, he perceived that its operations could not be limited to mental and moral conflict alone, but must be operative throughout the whole of creation, on each of the three great planes of Reality; and that no true picture of the Divine Order was possible which blinked this patent fact. Strife, or anguish, the ‘third universal principle,’ was born, he says, of the collision between the contracting, disintegrating principle of egoistic desire—which breaks Creation into opposing

and definite entities, and is the cause of all individualisation—and the universalising, constructive principle of love, which breaks down separation and binds the various entities into ever larger groups, animated by harmonious desires. The contradiction and perpetual tension between these two principles result in the formation of opposing groups, and in violent collision between them. Yet such corporate and personal struggles are the means by which the second principle—the 'love-light'—tends at last to win its triumphs over the first: and in such a hard and painful triumph of love or self-giving over desire or self-seeking, true progress consists.

Strife in itself is neither good nor bad: it simply *is*. Its special causes and results may be both good and evil, just and unjust—may partake, as Boehme would say, either of the 'dark fire' or the 'light.' We may fight for selfish and evil, or for generous and heroic reasons. None will deny that many, perhaps most, wars have their origin in wrongful claims and desires. Yet every activity amongst men is capable of being lifted from the dark to the light: and war is no exception to this rule. It is the will, the motive, that matters and endures: not the transitory violence of the action which results. It is not easy for man, immersed in the flux, to know what the eternal aspect of any one conflict may be: to discern the true proportion of 'fire' and of 'light.' But it is in his power to make his own struggle pure, by a steadfast loyalty to the group to which he belongs, a steadfast repudiation of the base motives of anger and revenge. We, horrified by the external circumstances, the devastation, misery and evil, know little of the spiritual drama which is brought into being by the present war. But in so far as we

accept the mystical position, we should accept also the mystic belief; that where there is suffering, difficulty and effort, and this is met by loyalty and courage, there is always hope. The war, thus regarded, is a crucible for souls; and will effect in nearly everyone whom it touches some change of heart. Though it seems from one point of view a mere outburst of physical force, of ambition, hatred, cruelty, and destructiveness; yet it has most surely its part in the light. Already from the anguish of conflict, the call upon endurance which it brings, good as well as evil has been born. Much dross has been burnt out, much gold has been revealed. Noble virtues, which the ordered life of peace does not demand, have been brought into manifestation. The love-light has shone out in England more clearly than it has been seen for many years. The barrier of separation between man and man has been cast down. Already therefore it has vindicated anew the principle of the Cross; has proved itself an instrument of Spirit, a necessary if terrible episode in the triumphant Play of God.

If we look only at the blow administered to our rampant individualism, the quickened sense of corporate life, the loyalty, the collective thinking, willing and loving which inspire us now, we cannot any longer think of war as wholly ill. "Pilgrimage to the place of the wise, is to escape the flame of separation," says the Sūfi mystic: and even though that pilgrimage lead us across the battlefields of Europe, the goal is worth the price that we must pay. The achievement of intense national consciousness—though balanced for the moment by violent national hates which assuredly belong to the 'dark fire' rather than the 'light'—is one step towards the realisation of that universal con-

sciousness in which, as the saints have believed, humanity shall at last enter into fruition of God. It is an education for heaven, stern and terrible in its methods. But if we believe that the life of the soul is that which really matters, and that spirit is indeed an indestructible thing, we cannot be crushed by the wreckage of physical life which accompanies its purgation; by this new and awful demonstration of the unsolved mystery of pain. In the noise of conflict, surrounded by the perpetual demands of need and of grief, it may seem to us that the voices of beauty and wonder, the 'Unstruck Music of the Infinite,' which we heard in the days of peace, were an illusion. But that fugue of love and renunciation has not ceased; the steady rhythms of being still go on. Already new soft life is budding to take the place of that which the war has seemed to sweep away. The angels who spoke to us in the past yet keep their ancient places: only the look which they bend on us is more solemn, less joyous than of old. The Eternal Powers watch, though their messages may not reach our bewildered ears, deafened as they are by other sounds. When Joan of Arc stood before her judges, in an atmosphere of cruelty, mockery and injustice—faced too by apparent failure and imminent death—they said to her contemptuously: "Do you hear your Voices now?" "Not here," she said, "but take me back to my woods again: there, I shall hear them well." So too for us, those voices which we have heard, or at least believed in, are still there, not less real and clear than before. They will endure, though all else perish. They are waiting for us in the quiet places; and there we shall hear them again, when the time of discipline is over and the new leaves unfold.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

THE SOUL OF POLAND.

MONICA M. GARDNER.

THROUGH more than a hundred years, through political and historical convulsions, through an unceasing oppression under which a less vivid and less heroic people must have sunk, the Polish nation has stood for a great principle. She has been torn in three. Her language, her faith, her very existence, have been denied to her. She has been the victim of countless disillusionments and of the basest treacheries. Eighty years ago Montalembert gave her the title of the 'nation in mourning,' and from that day to this she has never lost her right to the name. And yet, through a history that is perhaps tragic beyond all other, she has maintained a passionate patriotism and that strong individuality, that devotion to her ideals, which no human force has so far been able to destroy. No Pole has ever given up his hope in the national restoration. He has, during a century of proscription, looked back on a splendid, chivalrous past when Poland was the bulwark of Christianity against the Moslem, when the plumes of her lancers struck terror in her foes on the battlefield. He has, with an equal certainty, looked beyond the misery of the present to a future when his country will be his once more.

A modern Polish writer, in a recent study on the relations of Poland to the rest of Europe, has stated that the political decadence of Poland which brought about her fall, may be traced back to the excessive ease

with which the nation expanded.¹ Her conquests of Lithuania and Ruthenia were bloodless. It was without effort that she became the leading power of Eastern Europe. She had nothing, if we may use the expression, against which to try her teeth. The exact antithesis has been her record since her partition. It is by sacrifice and struggle that she will have purchased her resurrection. Each step of her way has been on a rugged road. Every great national stake, every detail of homely life with its perpetual background of large issues behind it, has been fought for with the heart's blood of a nation, from the general principle that Poland must and shall rise again to the incident of a child in Prussian Poland refusing to lisp her prayers in German instead of in Polish. What is as indispensable to an English man, woman or child as the air they breathe is for the Pole the privilege and the privilege that is withheld.

From a psychological aspect, therefore, the Polish attitude is one that cannot fail to strike the onlooker profoundly. An immense spiritual and mental strength must lie behind such a combat. "Where there is struggle there is power and nobility," wrote Zygmunt Krasinski to Henry Reeve when little more than a boy, but a boy whose youth had died under the tragedy of his nation.² "Where suffering is," he wrote to another friend, the poet Słowacki, many years later, "there is life, there is resurrection."³ In a materialistic age, surrounded by the machinery of armies, of police, of crushing laws, the Pole has clung to the

¹ Eugène Starczewski, *L'Europe et la Pologne* (Paris, 1913).

² *Correspondance de Sigismond Krasinski et de Henry Reeve* (Paris, 1902), vol. i., Sept. 29, 1831.

³ *Listy Zygmunta Krasinskiego. Do Juliusza Słowackiego*, 1841. Tom. iii. (Lwów, 1887).

belief that the idea is stronger than brute force. He has proved it against fact, for through the hundred and odd years that he has been their victim, not one of these things, not even the more insidious enmity of a rule that has aimed at the demoralisation of conquered Poland, has succeeded in making the Pole anything but a Pole, or in eradicating the national ideals and the national conviction which he holds as the very fibre of his being that Poland shall not die.

This strong and set purpose gives the clue to the whole of Polish history, Polish thought, Polish art, since the political destruction of Poland. Kosciuszko, that noblest of popular heroes, fought for it. The Polish legions under Napoleon, to the war-cry 'Poland hath not perished,' fought for it. The youth of Poland in their two hopeless risings died for it. It is this that has enabled the Poles in Prussian Poland to stand shoulder to shoulder, gaining rather than losing ground, in the brutal persecution that has raged against them ever since its inauguration by Bismarck. It has inspired the magnificent literature of Poland that is its mouthpiece and its messenger. It glows from Matejko's great canvases of Polish history. It speaks to the heart from Grottger's pictures of a nation's suffering. It penetrates through the symbolism of Stachiewicz. And what is the mingled fire and sadness of Chopin but the expression of the sorrows, the hopes, the heroic memories of his mother country?

A national literature may no doubt be taken as a faithful reflection of the mind and temper of a race. It is in the poetry of Poland that we find the key to that idealism which has kept the Polish nation living. But this is understating the case. Deprived of normal life, Poland has been driven to maintain her existence

and to learn her national lessons by methods that are not of the usual order. During those thirty years that saw the beginning of her long agony, the years between her two risings, 1831 to 1863, her poetry was the only mode of expression left to her ; the only way in which her youth could learn the teaching that was prohibited to them. Poland's poets are more than her poets. They are her patriots, her teachers, her moral leaders. Their work, splendid as it is for its literary value alone, is not a mere art, an element disconnected from the deep things of life, a relaxation from the burden of the day. It was written to inspire the Polish youth with the bracing patriotism which alone could save their country ; to keep the national ideals alive in souls which were being attacked by daily efforts to bring about their ruin ; to preserve the whole nation from the atrophy, despair, and moral decay that would denationalise and destroy her as effectually as the rigour of the laws framed against her. "Dark thoughts," sang Krasinski, "grow where there are fetters. Siberia is nought, nought the knout and the king of bodily torture. But the spirit of the nation poisoned is the pain of pains." (*Psalm of Love*, 1845.) To this day, the poetry of Mickiewicz and Krasinski and the band of poets at whose head they stand, is the spiritual armoury of Poland, the influence that is of paramount consideration in any study of the psychology, whether past or present, of the Polish nation.

The golden period of the literatures of the three greatest European empires synchronised with their material power. Rome was the mistress of the known world when her letters flourished. Shakspeare and Spenser witnessed the glories of Elizabethan England. Spain's sun had not yet set upon her conquests when she

brought forth the works of a genius that died with her prosperity. But the literature of Poland rose in all the splendour of its strange beauty when the nation was crushed down under an oppression that was calculated to tear from her every shred of life; when the Polish language was stifled and proscribed, when Polish self-expression was mutilated, when the Polish poets were driven into the exile whence they gave their country the song that might not be heard within its boundaries.

With no little risk to the author, against obstacles of every kind, the Polish literature was published abroad by foreign publishers. Colporteurs smuggled it into Poland. Boys read it behind barred doors and bolted windows, with one of their band posted in the street to give the alarm should the police be near. After one hurried and intense perusal the books were thrown into the fire. Prison and Siberia were the reader's penalty if discovered. Often the only way in which the Polish poet could speak to his nation with any degree of safety to himself or to his audience, was by the protection of an allegory with some sort of hidden meaning which the Pole could read between the lines. Mickiewicz, in Russian exile, wrote an epic of the revenge of the Lithuanian Konrad Wallenrod against the Teutonic knights, the enemies of his country. Every Pole knew for whom the Teutonic knights stood. Krasinski implored his compatriots to abjure the weapons of evil and vengeance and to work by love alone; but he did so under the figure of his Greek Irydion in the Rome of Heliogabalus. He warned the Polish women against marriage with the oppressors of the nation; and the language of his *Summer's Night* is so obscure as almost to fail in its purpose. Again,

in his *Temptation* he sought to arm young Poles against those seductions of an imperial court that had laid siege to his own soul in vain; and yet the elaboration with which he purposely disguised the point could not avert the consequences to his readers. Even in a poem as subjective as Słowacki's *Father of the Plague-stricken*, the lamentation of the father over his children dying before his eyes in the desert is said to represent the desolation of a bereaved country. This literature, said Mickiewicz, speaking in the Collège de France, "is above all things true. Each work is at the same time an act."¹ Its sincerity, its power, its strong appeal to what is sacred to the individual and to the nation, nourished the fires of patriotism and devotion in the hearts of Poland's youth.

The poetry of oppressed Poland must of necessity be profoundly sad. It is the cry of a passionate distress, of a pain personal and intimate as that of a son mourning for the dearest of mothers, a lover over the loss of the beloved of his heart. And yet there is neither pessimism nor despair in the banned literature that is the direct outcome of national calamity, whose themes are those of a nation's agony. Its hope is as eternal as its grief; victorious over circumstance, however adverse. Nor is this hope as that figure familiar to English art of one clinging to the last string of a broken lyre. It is rather a radiant certainty, unjustified by a single outward token, rising unshaken in the midst of disaster and defeat, glowing with the mysticism which is the birthright of the Pole. That this should be the character of what after all is the

¹ Adam Mickiewicz, *Les Slaves* (Paris, 1914).

nation's voice is in itself a significant testimony to the extraordinary vitality of the Polish race.

On the lips, then, of Poland's greatest poets, who are in equal measure her moral guides and her chief spokesmen, dwells an absolute assurance that the nation will rise from the dead. They, indeed, go further. Christ's time will come when the relations of nation to nation, government to government, shall be christianised. The partition of Poland was an outrage against the Christ-like idea. Her restoration will be the first step towards its realisation. Poland, therefore, has been the victim chosen by Providence as the sacrifice for the human race. Purified by the penal fires, she will arise transfigured as the herald of Christ. Her new life, purchased at the price of her suffering, is to be the harbinger of a better epoch for humanity.

"You all know, my brothers, that we were born in the womb of death," writes Krasinski in his prose preface to *Dawn* (1843). "Hence the eternal pain that gnaws your hearts; hence the incertitude that has become your life. . . . But every end contains already in itself the successive beginning; the day of death but precedes the hour of wakening. . . . Look closely, and the signs of death will suddenly be changed for you into the signs of resurrection. . . . Our death was necessary; our resurrection will be necessary; and the word of the Son of Man, the eternal word of life, shall be shed through the social circumference of the world. By our very nationality crucified on the cross of history will be manifested to the conscience of the human spirit that the political sphere must be changed into the religious sphere. . . . The Lord will be present in the whole political sphere,

where hitherto He was absent; and the vessel of His providence to this end will be none other than the Polish nation.

“One of the two—either the blessed future of humanity is forfeited, or the condition of its fulfilment is the life of Poland.”

“On the third day,” thus Adam Mickiewicz, when the failure of the Rising of 1830 was scarcely a year old, “the soul will return to the body, and the nation will rise from the dead, and will free all the nations of Europe from slavery. And two days have already passed by; one day passed with the first taking of Warsaw¹; and the second day passed with the second taking of Warsaw²; and the third day will arrive, but will not pass away. And as with the resurrection of Christ sacrifices of blood ceased over the whole earth, so with the resurrection of the Polish nation wars will cease in Christendom.” (*Books of the Polish Nation*, 1832.)

“But the day will rise—the day of victory rises,” sang Bohdan Zaleski, the poet of the Ukraine, as he wandered in exile over the Roman Campagna, his heart yearning for his native steppes. “To our grandchildren will be told as fables the story of our sorrows. Christ is already in our homes. Our youth, living and strong, new reapers by prayer, gather strength for the harvest. God in His bounty visiteth with greater love those whom he orphaneth. And as the holy seed, will be the living fruit for Poland, queen over the Slavonian lands.” (*A Walk Outside Rome*.)

And this resurrection did not depend merely or

¹ By Suvorov after the second partition.

² By the Russians in the Rising of 1830.

even mainly on outward events. Naturally the deepest thinkers of Poland, as well as every son of Poland, have watched each political event in Europe, either with hope or in the anguish of disillusion, for what it will bring to their nation. But to the great Polish idealists and teachers the salvation of their country lies behind what is visible to the eye. Mickiewicz wrote his *Books of the Polish Pilgrimage* as a manual of guidance for the members of the Polish Emigration; and in that work there is no hint that Poland shall be restored by the prepotency of earthly powers; her resurrection and her mission depend rather on the fidelity of the Poles themselves to saving principles.

“The greatness and strength of warships are good, but without stars and the compass they are nought.

“And the star of the pilgrimage is heavenly faith, and the magnetic needle is the love of our country.

“So with faith and love the bark of the Polish pilgrim shall sail, and without faith and love the warlike and the mighty nations shall wander and shall founder.”

“Why is the power of resurrection given to your nation?” he asks. “Not because your nation was powerful, for the Romans were more powerful and perished and will not rise again. But you shall be awakened from the grave, because you have faith, hope, and love.”

“The world lays its hopes on the nations who believe, who are filled with love and hope.”

“Each one of you has in his soul the seed of future laws and the measure of future boundaries. Inasmuch as you make your own souls greater and better, so much will you better your laws and make greater your boundaries.”

Krasinski said openly that love and death will save a nation.

“Do you not know that in the world of the spirit love and death are one? He is eternal on this earth who with his death gives life. But who with his life gives death when he dies will rise no more.” (*Dawn.*)

Or again in the same poem he asks: “Think you that who loves and dies can perish? To your eyes, to eyes of flesh, but not to himself or to the universe. Who died in the hour of sacrifice” lives for ever in the lives of others, “and by the sorrows and labour of the grave, by the harmonious song of death, though torn herself asunder, will unite the nations in one love.”

After wandering for years in the spiritual darkness and despair into which he sank at the sight of his nation's sorrows, Krasinski saw, as he expresses it in his exquisite self-revelation in *Dawn*, that “the mist becomes the golden house of God.” Henceforth he takes the standpoint that suffering is the salvation of men and nations, that in suffering is the strength greater than either principalities or powers. He thanks the eternal God of his fathers for his country's pain, for it is this that has led to the heavenly kingdom on this earth.

“We believed in eternal grief and toil. They were but the entrance to the presence-chamber. They were but the step upon the stairway. They were but the night of merit.” (*Dawn.*) Praise must be given to God for a life “worthy of the cross, but the cross that leads us to Thy stars.” (*Psalm of Good Will*, 1848.)

The conception of a nation not only redeemed by suffering but triumphant in the suffering that will bring a new spring to the human race, is the basis of the work of Poland's greatest teacher. But that

suffering could only work its part at the price of the high moral conditions upon which Krasinski insisted. One step, one glance, towards the pit of evil—and the hour of resurrection will never sound (*Psalm of Good Will*). “It is time to take on us the toil of angels. time to cast off all stain, and by that alone to destroy our slavery,” was his warning to his brother Poles in a moment of great national danger (*Psalm of Love*). “Oh, my Poland, holy Poland,” is his cry on the same occasion, “thou art on the threshold of thy victory. Let it be only seen that thou art the eternal enemy of all evil. Then shall the bonds of death be shattered.” His one entreaty to his people, beset by every temptation, every moral danger to which a conquered nation can be exposed, was that they should shun all evil doing, all evil thinking. Hatred, revenge, treachery, even if wielded for the holiest of motives, that of devotion to a beloved country, will but bring failure and destruction on the cause for which they are employed; love only is constructive (*Irydion*, 1836). The prayer for his nation that flows from his lips in the majestic accents of one whose work for his fellow-men was drawing to its close, is: “Not for hope, not for the destruction of our enemies, not for the weapon of rule, not for help, but in the terrible convulsion of events, we entreat Thee only for a pure will. We, suspended betwixt the abyss and Thy kingdom, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we beseech Thee create in us a pure heart, renew our thoughts within us, from our souls root out the weeds of sacrilegious falsehood, and give us that gift, eternal among all Thy gifts—give us good will.” (*Psalm of Good Will*.)

Or again, his last message to his nation, his *Resurrecturis* (1852), is the voice of spiritual triumph

over what was his own temptation, no less than the temptation of a whole people, maddened by unrevenged wrong.

“This world is to each man his eternal Golgotha. In vain, wounded by pain, the spirit writhes. There is no halting place in the tempest of this life. Each moment we are mocked by fate.

“Then must we petrify our souls, be without heart? Be among murderers a murderer? We will give back to the world what it gives us. Let us eat and drink”; caress the body, abase the mind. “So shall we belong to the stupid and the happy.”

Shuddering, he cries to his countrymen to spurn that thought. “Only one power in the world can vanquish oppressive fate—and that is the might of quiet sacrifice. On this side of the grave before the resurrection dawns let us conquer with the defeat that brings victory. Let us be as the tears of a sister to the sorrowing, the voice of manhood to those whose courage faints; a home to the exile, hope to those who have lost hope. In the world’s war with hell, let us be always and everywhere the strength that destroys death with the power of love.”

“Hope shall go forth from you to the future generations,” says the mystic guide, in Słowacki’s *Anhelli* (1835), to the youth who is the sacrificial victim appointed to bear the sorrows of Poland, “and will give them life; but if it dieth within you, then the future generations shall be as dead men.”

And that hope has not died. Words of Krasinski’s, written in a private letter to a friend and poet whose life was scarcely less unhappy than his own, at a time when no ray of light pierced the cloud of tribulation that hung over their country, when the writer himself

at the age of thirty-one was broken by grief for his nation, are still typical. "In spite of all visible events, believe me that the better time is now near, the second spring in our lives, a renewed youth. Poland will give us back, will give us back what we have lost for her, joy, enthusiasm, the heart's health."¹ Three generations have passed over the Polish nation since Mickiewicz, Krasinski, Słowacki, spoke; but that their teaching remains a vital force in Polish nationalism and Polish ethics is certain. As recently as the late Russe-Japanese war copies of the *Books of the Polish Pilgrimage* were found on the bodies of the Polish soldiers, as they lay dead on the battlefields where they had fallen in a cause that was not theirs. One of the most eminent of contemporary Polish literary critics confesses that the day when, a youth of seventeen, he was first able to read with understanding the work of Krasinski, was the spiritual crisis in his life, and that henceforth he built the edifice of his soul on the Krasinskian tenets that became his defence against the evil influences which surrounded him.² This is but a single instance of the power with which Krasinski speaks to a human soul, to a nation, to humanity. "And the sun rose upon the ruins of

¹ *Listy Zygmunta Krasinskiego*. Do Konstantego Gassynakiego, June 1, 1848. Tom. i. (Lwów, 1887).

² M. Zdziechowski, *Wizya Krasinskiego* (Cracow). In the preface to this book on the vision of Krasinski, Professor Zdziechowski tells us how, when he was a boy living under the severity of the Russian censorship in the sixties of the last century, the works of the Polish poets could only penetrate into Poland rarely and under great difficulties. Till he was sixteen he, therefore, knew Krasinski only by name. Then by some chance *Irydion* was lent to him for one day. He devoured it at a breath, enchanted by its beauty, conscious that there was some grand idea in its pages to which he did not possess the key—and in fact the meaning of *Irydion* with no commentary or explanation is obscure. A year later one of the members of his family brought to him over the frontier from Galicia, sewn into her petticoats for precaution against the police, the edition of Krasinski with Count Tarnowski's noble and illuminating introduction, to which every student of Krasinski owes so much. From that time, Professor Zdziechowski became, as he expresses it, 'inebriated with Krasinski.'

Rome," is the conclusion of *Irydion*, the drama in which Krasinski points to love and the avoidance of moral evil as the only salvation for a persecuted country. "And there was none whom I might tell where were the traces of my Thought; but I know that it lasts and lives." It has lasted and lived. We cannot look upon the language of Krasinski merely as that of a beautiful and poetic dream. He gauged the very heart of his people. He is the representative of what is noblest in the Polish soul and in the national outlook. And if we require corroborating evidence on the truth of that moral power resident in the Polish character, we can turn from the words of a poet writing for his country more than half a century ago to a political study published by a Polish writer in the year preceding the outbreak of the present war. Between the day of Krasinski and our day, the Polish nation has passed through an unbroken martyrdom and the fiercest of moral ordeals. And yet the testimony of one who far from producing a panegyric on his country has not hesitated to point out her faults with unsparing frankness, reads thus:

"The sweetness and nobility of their character, while rendering the work of enfranchisement more difficult, permit the Poles to resist the evil influences of servitude, and have guaranteed them against vitiation and debasement. That debasement . . . that servility, that hypocrisy, that contempt of right, that hatred, those vices of all sorts which are the fruit of oppression, Poland, sweet and noble Poland, does not know them. The conditions under which we are forced to live are an outrage against all the principles of humanity. But let us guard ourselves, let us guard ourselves above all against evil sentiments in regard to

our persecutors. Hatred depraves men and destroys nations. Let us be penetrated with the inspired pages of Krasinski's *Irydion*, and go to victory, not over ruins, but by labour and good. We have done no evil to anyone. Let us leave hatred to our oppressors. . . . They wrong their own country more than they wrong Poland. As Joseph Koscielski said in the Prussian Chamber, let us rejoice that we are only the persecuted and not the persecutors. The results of this violence will pass 'as pass tempest, storm, conflagration, war and plague,' but one thing will remain, the venom which will poison for long the blood of peoples nursed by hatred."¹

Poland, then, is a living proof before the eyes of the world that a great spiritual principle, the vivifying power of an idea, preserves a people that from every extrinsic pressure seemed doomed to perish. While these words are being written, she is the battlefield of Eastern Europe, condemned to the most tragic of conditions, in a war where her all is at stake and in which she has no voice. Her fields are laid waste, her towns and villages are in flames and ruin. Her sons, constrained to serve in one or other of the three armies of the powers that partitioned their nation, are thus compelled to fight, brother against brother, friend against friend, to lay down their lives by thousands without even the consolation of dying for their country. "But the idea will be victorious," said in the midst of convulsion and disaster Krasinski to a fellow Pole. "Who is to be victorious for ever must suffer before the day of triumph, must be formed in pain, must be trained by martyrdom."²

MONICA M. GARDNER.

¹ E. Starczewski, *op. cit.*

² *Listy Zygmunta Krasinskiego. Do Konstantego Gaszynskiego.* March 1, 1846. Tom. i. (Lwów, 1882).

HOLY RUSSIA.

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THE key to the Russian ideal is to be found in the title so dearly cherished by Russians and so frequently derided in the West—'Holy Russia.' It should be borne in mind that Russia received her Christian faith from Constantinople, from the Christian East, and at the time when monastic institutions (undeniably influenced by a leaven of Manicheism) had attained their zenith, and soon after the triumph of Orthodoxy over the Iconoclasts. It must also be remembered that St. Vladimir was finally decided in his choice of the best faith for his subjects on the production by the missionary from the East of the picture of the Last Judgment.

Christianity was looked upon by the new converts as the most precious gift from their tutors, the Greeks, and it speedily entered into the daily life of the people in all its details. Thus, almost directly, not only were monasteries founded, but catacombs also were excavated in the hills of Kief for the more effectual retirement from the world. This inclination to withdraw from the world was helped by the unhappy political conditions of Russia, when upwards of two centuries of internecine wars of appanages were followed by three centuries of the Tartar yoke, when life itself could be preserved only by hiding in the impassable dense forests. In the long run it resulted in Orthodox

Christianity being peaceably spread from Kherson on the Black Sea to Solovetsk on the icy shores of the White Sea and, in the direction of the East through Siberia, from the Sea of Okhotsk and Kamtchatka to Alaska on the American continent. Now a Russian monk is a contemplative who devotes himself to, and spends his whole life almost exclusively in, prayer. Consequently religious works and services are considered as the highest form of occupation; the time devoted to them is never counted nor curtailed.¹ No wonder then that even down to the present day all-night vigils, from sunset to sunrise, are most highly valued. They are the highest ideal of vast numbers, and to attend them Russians will trudge hundreds and even thousands of miles to such out-of-the-way places as Mount Athos or nearer home like Solovetsk.²

The Holy Scriptures and Service Books were held in such veneration by the translators of them into Slavonic, that not only the sense of the original was unfailingly adhered to, but even the peculiarities of the Greek language were forced into the translation, to the detriment of the clearness of the sense (there being no article in Slavonic, for example, some slight semblance to it has been forcibly introduced by the translators). This veneration accounts for the continuance of Slavonic as the language of the Church, somewhat on a par with the Latin in the West. New additions to the Church Services slavishly followed the ancient style.

The ikons were welcomed as living examples of holiness, and as an assurance of the unailing

¹ It should also be borne in mind that the smallest unit of time is expressed in Russian by a whole hour.

² See Stephen Graham, *With the Russian Pilgrims*.

interest of the saints (who had finished their earthly course, but still lived in their relics) in those left behind, and of their help in every endeavour to try to be as perfect as our Heavenly Father.

The rites and ceremonies adopted by the Greeks in their services and communicated to their Russian converts were not only accepted in their entirety, but were looked upon as unchangeable and the indispensable conditions of God's service. Many of these services are undeniably admirable and intensely interesting as always conveying some mystic idea. (Thus St. Vladimir's ambassadors reported that whilst attending a service at St. Sophia they felt as if they were present at a Heavenly Service.) These ceremonies consequently acquired among the Russians the reputation of divine origin, and the greatest care was exercised to preserve them, not only in their entirety, but in the undeviating form of their details.

Such dire political conditions, however, as those of the Tartar yoke, with the periodical incursions of these savage hordes and the devastations they wrought, could not fail to influence the ceremonies and cause them to deviate from the originals. And it is thus that we have to explain the almost uninterrupted labours of the Church authorities of the 16th and 17th centuries in purifying and correcting translations, and in bringing the ceremonies into conformity with the original Greek forms, first by the living examples of the latter, and after the fall of Constantinople by the books. These indispensable changes in the latter for the sake of their purgation nevertheless led to the separation of the Old Believers, and to consequent schism in Russia, though the bones of contention seem to us to-day to be curiously unimportant and childish, such for instance as

the spelling of the name of Jesus, the number of fingers used in making the sign of the Cross, or the directions of the processions being with or against the sun, etc. Just as in the East of the Conciliar period one letter made all the difference in the dogma and was fought for by the populace, so in Russia anathemas were hurled and hard fighting took place on account of innocuous spellings or countings.

Be this as it may, from all accounts and on all sides, from the most ancient and from quite recent travellers in Russia, one hears, not only description but admiration of the most intense and deep religious feeling displayed by all Russians. It is certainly undeniable that the Russian keeps constantly in view and strives to attain the highest standard of the moral law, and that consequently holiness is his ideal.

Such being their ideal, Russians are never slow to acknowledge their shortcomings and to seek remedies for improving their defects. Pride, especially Satanic pride, is out of the question among those who are so permeated with the idea of God's perfection as not to admit the superlative degree in their language (strictly speaking there are only comparatives), and to call 'art' only bad imitation of God's productions (artist = *hudojnik*, art = *hudojestvo*). The Russian's humility is shewn in the original meaning of the equivalent for the English 'good-bye,' *prostshajte* meaning 'forgive me if I have done anything wrong.' His conscience consoles him only by continually keeping in his mind a whole host of holy men who preceded him, and to whose companionship and aid he never omits to lay claim. With such an ideal a Russian cannot be egoistic and self-seeking, his whole life and energies must be devoted to the betterment of the lot of others,

while for himself he must consider suffering as an indispensable cross appointed for him to bear.¹

We have already seen that Russians had more than their share of suffering in the wars of appanages and under the Tartar yoke from which they saved Western Europe, but even that was not the end of their trials. A most innocuous measure introduced at the end of the 16th century by Boris Godounov for the purpose of replenishing the treasury—a census and consequent order that everyone was to remain on the spot when the proclamation reached him—soon turned into serfdom, or the entire possession by the landowners of everything on the land, and the power of disposing of it and all it bore, including life itself. Now, this evil was done away with only in 1861. No wonder then that the people discarded the very idea of property, as witness the Russian phrase “there is something near me,” instead of “I have” = “I possess.”

When Peter the Great in the beginning of the 18th century made a *fortotchka* (ventilating pane of glass) to enable him to look westwards, the parasitical Teutons who were already fattening on Poles and Letts, mistook it for a *Pforte* (a gate), and rushed in in their hundreds, if not thousands. Having invaded the country they took possession of all the more important and influential offices in society as well as in the state, beginning with those of bailiffs and policemen in the villages and ending with those of Imperial ministers. Thus for the last two centuries the government was entirely in their hands and made to serve their

¹ The valiant knights of the Russian heroic period, such as Dobrynia, Iliia Mourametz, Alesha Popovitch—to what else did they devote their energies but the defence of rights trampled upon and the extermination of the oppressors?

interests, Russians themselves being continually pushed away from the throne and deprived of every influence they may ever have enjoyed before. It is a well-authenticated anecdote that the celebrated General Yermoloff, who accompanied Alexander I. to Paris after the overthrow of Napoleon, when asked by his sovereign what particular favour might be bestowed on him, prayed to be made German! Without going into details as to how Russians were made to fight German battles under the descendants of Peter the Great until the time of Alexander I., during which period they trudged over almost the whole of Europe and crossed the Alps under the celebrated Suvoroff in the cause of Austria and against France, let us note the most unnatural alliances and acts of the *Russian* government in the last century. Instead of granting Napoleon's most pressing request for an alliance after the peace of Tilsit, Alexander went to Berlin and on the tomb of Queen Louisa swore to do his utmost to destroy Napoleon and thus avenge the Prussian Queen. The same *Russian* Sovereign brought about the invasion of Russia by the French under Napoleon. His brother Nicholas I. in 1848 sent Russian troops to save the present Austrian Emperor from dethronement, and thus engendered undying hatred for Russia among the Hungarians. Alexander II. continued his predecessor's pro-German policy, and in 1870, when Austria was certain of repaying Prussia for the humiliation of 1866, concentrated troops on the south-western frontier—thus assuring the neutrality of the southern neighbour of Prussia and the formation of the German Empire in consequence of victories over France. Even Alexander III. by his visit to Vienna has still further sanctioned the habitual *Russian* (?) policy of handing over Slav

nationalities to the tender mercies of the Austrian Teutons.

No wonder then that the parasitic Germans have thus grown into Nietzsche's Superman, and it was doubtless as a thank-offering for more than a hundred years of shelter and care that the present war has been declared against Russia by 'Second to None' even from the Nietzschean point of view!

But if politics has had so much to suffer through Germans presiding in the Councils of the Empire, the Church and the Russian spirit have had to suffer still more. It was Catherine II. who sequestrated Church property, never repaying it in any shape or form¹; but the worst of all was the complete stagnation of all spiritual movement by the prompt suppression of its very appearance. No wonder that the Old Believers and other schismatics used to style the Emperors antichrists. It is a notorious fact that such pillars of slavophilism as Brothers Aksakoff, Kireevsky, Khomiakoff, Samarin, were ruthlessly persecuted and hunted down as enemies of State and Church; and the time may yet come when the history of the exiles in Siberia may yield a whole catalogue of Russian martyrs.

And now let us come to the consideration of the epithet 'fatalistic' not infrequently applied to Russian soldiers. A Russian is certainly neither martial nor military. His very language proves his incapacity in this respect. 'War' (*voynà*) with him is derived from 'wail' (*vóy*) and means a valley of lamentations; even the triumphant western word 'victory' (*pobéda*) means

¹ Unless in the pittance (called here salary) of £10 a year granted to an Orthodox priest and to be contrasted with £100 a year to a Lutheran pastor in the same locality or Roman Catholic (celibate) priest. So much for the renowned Russian religious 'intolerance'!

a result, an outcome of misfortune and misery (*po-bedà*). A Russian will fight as a soldier, if called upon by those in authority, *viz.* under God, and he may thus appear to be fatalistic, but this means simply his constant preparedness and accords with his philosophic saying: "No two deaths are possible, but one is unavoidable." War for its own sake and still less for the sake of self-seeking and self-aggrandisement is not a Russian ideal. Throughout the history of a thousand years Russians have partaken with enthusiasm only in those wars—*viz.* against the Tartars and against the Poles as the tools of the Popes of Rome—which were carried on for the preservation of their Faith, and against the Turks for the Holy Places and the liberation of their Slavonic brethren from the Mussulman yoke (*e.g.* Bulgaria).

The present is also a Holy War with them. It is that of the liberation of the Slav nationalities from the unnatural domination of some few millions of Austrian Teutons over at least four times their number. This had been brought about, not only with the connivance, but with the actual help of the Russian Government. Not only were Slavs driven and consigned to the tender mercies of the Austrian Teutons, the Russians themselves in their own lands were subjected to persecution with the ultimate purpose of putting down every national aspiration, hindering the development of Russian ideals, and depriving the Russian spirit of every vestige of independence by means of German, extremely classical, education, the most widely extended censorship and autocratic administrative exilement.

Now that the Emperor (with veneration and gratitude it should be remembered), originator and

sustainer of the Peace Conference at the Hague, has acceded to the Imperial Standard being joined to the Russian Tricolour of white, blue, red in horizontal succession, there appears to be a distinct pledge of the unification of the Government with the people; and such a consummation devoutly to be wished is sure to be followed by activities in all directions—in Church (so yearning after the untrammelled setting of her house in order) and in State. And as her people are most capable, gentle, patient and self-abnegating, when once peace is attained not only will it be maintained on the side of Russia, but even the realisation of the Kingdom of God on earth may be quickened for her peoples. And so it remains for us but to conclude with the Apocalyptic: “Come, yea, come quickly!”

N. ORLOFF.

THE MIRACLE.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

BEAUTY has crept into our darkened streets again, and the soul of London is aware of it. The phenomenon is strictly wonderful. London herself, in the blue gloom of the Parks, along the shadowy streets, and at the upper windows of a million houses—London, as an entity, is aware. For behind, and through, this veil of unaccustomed shadow stirs something that is deathless. Unnoticed during easy and luxurious days, too obvious in hours of sunshine to be detected, it now steals forth, claims recognition, draws attention to itself. It is a marvellous and delicate thing, yet of incalculable potentiality. It is that which scientists are supposed to ignore and biologists to deny. It is the soul. But it is not individual. It is corporate.

With the dipping of the flashing glare of lights it now comes forth into its own. And we see the stars again. We are witnessing a religious and mystical phenomenon of ultimate significance, that which the Churches insist must happen in a regenerated heart, that which religions of all climes and ages affirm as of paramount importance—sign and proof of spiritual awakening. And this mystical occurrence is already accomplished in our midst—the midst of a practical, hard-headed business nation of the twentieth century. It is essentially divine. It is the loss of self.

It was effected in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. Out of that night in early August when the

wireless and cables flashed round the world the news that England had gone to war, it emerged. By morning it was an accomplished fact. The inner and outer reconciliation of all conflict and disagreement in every corner of the Empire was its evidence. It was a miracle. And the miracle was conversion, regeneration. The result, attained so simply, was strictly wonderful.

Separate, smaller entities, groups of opponents, bodies at war with other bodies, all merged at that significant bugle-call into a corporate and indivisible whole. The Empire became, psychologically, a crowd : one Being. The ease, the simplicity, the instantaneous character of the result—these are of the spiritual order. The individual passed away, sunk his differences, forgot his personal ambitions, became merged in something greater than himself. There was no effort, there was no resistance. A group-consciousness came into existence spontaneously and of its own accord.

The thing is happening still on every side ; rather, the evidence that it *has* happened is to be seen all day long in street and park and courtyard : drilling. Men, to whom such an event had never once appeared as even a possible eventuality, are drilling by the thousand ; are being drilled as naturally as they formerly ate their breakfast or went to golf and tennis. And what has taken place as a whole is taking place in every smaller portion of that whole. The object, moreover, is not to kill, but to keep alive—truth, justice, mercy, liberty. Awkward squads are visible on every hand, impersonal service the word of command. Next to you stands a scholar, beyond him an artist famous in two hemispheres, behind you a singer whose voice brings joy to thousands. In July the notion that these men could ever drill in an Earl's-court building would have seemed

ridiculous. Now it is right, reasonable, and beautiful as well. They have lost themselves and found themselves; they are part of a Whole, their Company. Proud, willing, happy, they just let themselves be drilled, and have no questions to ask, even of themselves. They are scolded, shouted at, rebuked and praised alternately, by a lad who happens to have learned the words of command and technique they are ignorant of. In July he sold behind a counter the twelve-and-sixpenny volumes that the scholar wrote, or through a narrow window took in guineas from members of the public who wished to hear the singer ten days later—but now he has these great men obedient to his will and orders, hanging intently upon his lightest word, because these are the words and orders of the larger Being whose servant he likewise is. He and that awkward squad are one. The items composing it no longer are individuals. All are merged into a harmonious, corporate body that is a group-soul.

“It’s a rest, you know,” says the scholar, “to lay one’s self aside like this. It’s a holiday. I never realised before how valuable a change of personality could be. One has become a number.”

“Almost a case of losing yourself to find it, eh?” suggests the artist, who, in his famous pictures, had never achieved a similar result so easily. And the singer exclaims, “A positive relief! I feel like singing in the ranks.”

“Ah,” murmurs an invisible Someone, “it’s the secret of all true living everywhere. It is beauty; it is real religion” when the sharp ‘Eyes Front’ puts an end to the moment of standing at ease, and the speakers slip back into the comfort and power of the larger Whole.

And those who cannot drill in an Earl's-court or Post Office quadrangle, who for the best reasons continue the daily round, the common task as usual, these none the less are equally involved in the loss of the personal which is due to absorption in the thing that is greater than themselves. They drill invisibly, but they are drilled. The religious, mystical phenomenon is consummated in them also. For even—and especially—the Saint, worthy of the name, still does his daily duties, but does them unto an ideal larger, higher than himself, an ideal he styles variously, perhaps, but usually styles God.

It is passing strange and exquisite, this new beauty that has crept into our darkened streets and into our careless hearts as well. The instant alteration is properly miraculous. The individual life has become ascetic in the true sense, automatically. Luxuries are seen in a flash to be not merely unnecessary, but degrading, hindering clear effort of mind and body. So many normal habits have dropped aside to-day—they were unreal. It seems puzzling that they ever gained the away they did. Whence did they come? Were they due to the small perspective of a lesser self . . . ? We have become as an ant-heap, a hive of bees, a flock of birds, whose immense, coherent and effective activities are the result of being animated by a single purpose: the individual counts enormously, because his purpose is the purpose of the entire mass. This corporate whole, this group-soul, is akin to that Body of the Church, the Body of any deep spiritual movement anywhere and by whatever name it may be called, which seeks achievement impossible to a single individual. The phenomenon is wonderful. The sudden spirit of sympathy and brotherhood in our public streets to-day

is a revelation Utopians have long dreamed about. It is not War that has called it into being. It is the sure and certain faith that justice, mercy, liberty, sympathy and love, are in the world—and these are attributes of the divine. The spectacle of an entire nation drilling, of countless thousands going out to fight, calmly, without personal hatred, is uplifting and superb; it is a spiritual affirmation. Yet the sight of such numbers marching with the lust and violence of anger and individual hate, though splendid in a barbaric sense, would be degrading only. These columns of whistling, singing youths in caps and sweaters, tweed jackets and grey flannel trousers, this endless stream of challenging recruits and awkward squads, these all bear witness to the existence of some deathless and *accessible* Power, of which justice, mercy, liberty, and so forth, are but attributes. They proclaim belief in a moral order of the Universe. They assert an ideal which, state it how one may—psychologically, scientifically, even atheistically—is God. They announce the Deity. It is moving, beautiful, and very grand. It is so simple.

And so we drill and mean to go on drilling. A new beauty which has crept back into our darkened streets has stolen upon the daily lives of millions too. The common, artificial brilliance that hid the stars has disappeared. We see the heavens again.

The man who fights—there are many ways of fighting—is the man who counts just now. True. But the strength of that man depends upon the corporate Whole in which he is an item, and that corporate Whole is determined by what its myriad component items think—and will. They think justice and liberty just now, they will the right. God, in this beautiful aspect, is indeed a god of battles. It is all too deep and

magical for shouting: our extraordinary, unemotional silence which deceives the foreigner, is spiritual. It is *quite* natural too. There could be no 'mafficking' even over a great victory, for mafficking is of the nerves and body and mind. This silence is of the inmost parts that are called the soul. We dislike the word. But the fact remains. Material war has become a superb manifestation of the spiritual. And it is something we have to thank the savage, unmoral Prussian for—this marvellous affirmation. It is proof that out of evil good *must* come. What but a cynical, ugly national expression of the exact opposite, prating of culture, while holding women of small account and killing little children, could have taught us this new, tender beauty?

As we grope our way through the dimmed parks and streets now after dusk, there are dark wings above those clouds, the wings of death as some may call them, others, the wings of life. . . . And when the war is over, when this immense spiritual incentive that now binds us into a universal brotherhood has passed shall then the deathless majesty of this great Power that reveals itself in our awkward squads, our dim-lit streets, our shafted, flashing night-skies—must it be all forgotten and denied? Must this national realisation of Beauty prove itself but a glimpse, and fade? Shall we start fighting again for meaner, personal objects and still more meagre ambitions—worthy enough, doubtless, and necessary in themselves, yet only of value when subservient to a great ideal? The answers, though various, seem to echo a greater hope to many of us. There are some, at least, who will remember how Beauty stole back into our darkened streets, and, remembering, will have gained a hint of what is wisdom.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

AN APPROACH TO THE RELIGION OF SPIRIT.

THE EDITOR.

A WORLD-PERIOD is drawing to its close ; a new age is being born ; a page of the great book of records is being turned. Already, quite apart from the outer world-crisis, we have for long been conscious of living in times of general doubt and questioning about many matters, and most poignantly has this been felt by ever-increasing numbers touching traditional forms of faith. Many have found they have no longer comfort in institutional religion, and have taken refuge in private beliefs and the practices of personal devotion ; many others, still having a will to believe, have found themselves facing a complete blank of positive content in their religious consciousness, and are fain to be content with the dogged determination to do the best they can in the battle of life ; many others again are convinced that religion in any form is an out-grown superstition.

Now a world-crisis is a time of immense intensification and strain. As for those who have already a genuinely whole-hearted faith in the various forms of traditional religion, these are surely sufficiently provided for by their doctrines and cultus, and should, theoretically at least, be armed against every possible human disaster. These fortunate folk are not, however, here addressed further, for the stress of the

world-trial should but intensify their faith. But of the others, in these days of gravest crisis there can be few thoughtful people who have not found themselves compelled in some way to scrutinise their heart's deepest convictions and keenly review their over-beliefs, even though these be no more and no less than the naked ideals of right and truth and duty, to which they cling with a genuine selfless faith that looks to no hereafter and expects no reward. Is then the future, the record of the new age when it comes to be written, to continue to reckon an ever-increasing number of the thoughtful and upright and noble-hearted outside the pale of religion, or will it show that there is a form of religion wide enough and reasonable enough and natural enough to include them?

There surely must be some mode of religion catholic enough for every man of good-will. We would even venture to go further, and at once declare that it is not something to be newly discovered and invented. Its essentials are already with us; the signs of their existence and the testimony to their nature, if viewed without prejudice, are ample in the spiritual experience of mankind. In genuinely high or deep religious experience there is a common element which may be most conveniently characterised as the religion of spirit, and this if undogmatically brought to clearer natural definition should, I believe, be capable of such varied development and adaptation to all personal needs, as to make religion as spiritual life the most potent and indispensable factor in human well-being. Religion would thus be naturally secularised and the life of the world as naturally spiritualised.

In the first place, then, spiritual religion must in

some measure be adaptable to general capacities and not reserved for the few. For if we had to regard spiritual experience as a supernatural happening, if we had to characterise spiritual religion as the peculiar business of the professional religionist, so that success in it had to be reserved solely for the mystical genius, then it would be clearly beyond the compass of the generality of mankind; it would be an artificial product, an exotic growth, and not a natural development. If, on the contrary, spiritual religion is the only mode of religion that can be genuinely catholic, then it must be a natural stage of human development, and its blessings must be possible of attainment in some degree by all men of good-will.

But what do we mean by spiritual; what is spirit? Spirit is that which the whole universe is trying to realise, but which ever refuses to be enslaved by any formal definition. To be greatly daring, however, it may be said that spirit in this connection suggests the thought of that all-embracing principle of the universe which at the same time is the divine presence in everything; spiritual religion, therefore, is the endeavour to draw consciously nearer to that reality. Spirit is the inmost ground of man's being, the source of his life and consciousness and the end of all his strivings. To be conscious spiritually is the divine crown of all human endeavour. But if spirit is the deepest ground of man's nature, the self-realisation of spirit is not only the end of man but the end of the whole world-process. Spirit is not to be set over against nature in absolute opposition; spirit is supremely natural, the most natural thing in the world, for it is the origin, process and product of all that is. It is not an utter transcendency, least of all

an empty abstraction ; it is the source of the stuff of which we are made and the inmost energy of our thought, feeling and will. We are not conscious of it, because we are so familiar with it ; for it is our very selves. The religion of spirit is faith in the possibility of consciously realising this truth ; its cult is the unceasing attempt to become aware of the ever-present reality in ourselves and so fit ourselves to recognise the living truth in all things.

I am bold to believe that this view of religion could be made a matter of education—that indeed it might well be made the general foundation of all education ; for there is no greater need or necessity, end or aim, in human life than the attempt to draw out the spiritual possibilities latent in all men. If only we could persuade ourselves that we have the most precious treasure of the universe in our inmost nature and that this can be actualised in some degree for everyone who is whole-heartedly attentive to it ! But how is such a comforting over-belief to enter into our lives as a compelling practical endeavour ? How are we to have a living faith in this spiritual quest ? How can we turn to it desiringly ? The beginning is not so difficult as it may seem, for even the very effort to welcome the desirability of spiritual life is already the proof of its presence. It is the attitude of attention that induces the spiritual mood of prayer, and when this becomes the fundamental habit of the whole nature the sure and certain condition of natural growth in spiritual life is secured.

But before we can pray spiritually we must let ourselves go ; for spiritual prayer is not a petition for personal advantage. Spiritual effort is based on goodwill and self-donation. Spirit lives by giving ; and

therefore the preparation for living the life of the spirit is a striving to develop a self-forgetting sympathy, which at once naturally purges our prayers or endeavour of all taint of self-seeking, and opens a way for the rhythm of the good to flow fully through us for the general well-being. With every exercise of genuine benevolent feeling the energy of the spirit is joyously liberated.

But it should be a natural attitude, it should not be a sentimental pose; it must be genuine, without reserve, uncalculated, with no expectation of gain; it must be itself, or the joy of it will not be with it. Is it so difficult—this natural, free-giving, whole-souled, spiritual act of will that all may be well with every creature? If we had the power to bring this good about would we do so—yes or no? That is the sole question that here concerns us; for we must open ourselves somehow utterly if we are to feel the slightest tremor of the inexhaustible fecundity of the spiritual life, in which all creatures live and move and have their being. Good-will then is the sure foundation of the practice of the religion of the spirit; for we may enjoy the vision of a god, but if we have not good-will we cannot be spiritually conscious. This is an ancient doctrine taught by the spiritually enlightened. Good-will nevertheless by itself does not bring enlightenment; it is, however, the indispensable condition of enlightenment, and is in itself a marvellously beautiful and peace-bringing energy.

Troubles and difficulties are ever arising in our daily life; peace fails us and worry invades our borders. We turn for refuge to petitionary prayer, and peace may or may not return. But if we had the practice of that interior prayer which is no petition for personal

help and benefit, but which puts us into the mood of universal well-wishing, if we could thus forget ourselves for a moment in an inward ecstasy of good-will for all creatures, we should surely begin to feel the rhythm of the spiritual life, that sustains itself continuously and gives confidence to the fainting heart when all seems desperate. The means of freedom accessible to all, the one common spiritual gift to every man, is thus the power of good-will. Nor is it necessary to know what good is in order to will it. Indeed if we were to attempt to will some definite seeming good according to our limited notions, for any individual or for a community or for mankind, we should most probably, by that very limitation set up by our ignorance, be bringing discord into the pure harmony. It is enough for us to will good for all without any qualification. This will is not the same act as the choice between some definite personal good and evil; it is far deeper and more fundamental. It is a mood, an attitude of our whole being; we open ourselves freely without let or hindrance, embracing in our benevolence all living creatures and yearning that blessing may attend them. It is the reversal of the habitual self-centred life that separates us from the universal life and shuts us into the prison of our self-referenced desires. It is a turning away from the habitual attitude of self-preservation and a conversion of our nature towards the free life of the spirit. Will for the good of all embraces all and excludes none. It matters not that we remain unconscious of any definite result to others; the very fact that a human being has called this will into activity, is at the same time the fact that an open way has been made at that moment for an immediate and direct energising of the spirit

somewhere in humanity. It does not fail of its effect because the door that has opened itself for that beneficence knows nothing of how or when or where the wisdom of the spirit pours forth its blessing. And yet it is a knowing will, for when the whole being goes forth in an act of self-donation, the very effort of the unselfish longing for the most desirable of all things for all is a self-conscious act; inasmuch as it is unselfishly, that is spiritually, determined, it is a free act of self-consciousness. For it is impossible to have even the desire to utter such an absolutely unselfish prayer without the stirring of the spirit; and this response to the stirring of the spirit is already self-conscious. And when once the practice of the prayer of good-will is established, the means are at hand for respite and refreshment in the turmoil and strife of daily life. Good-will brings inner peace, for the very effort to will for the general good puts us in spiritual contact with what is greater than ourselves. The petition of the natural man is naturally: Bless me and my friends and blast my enemies. The prayer of the spiritual man is as naturally: Bless all. The one represents the state of antagonism between the self and not-self, the natural and necessary stage of consciousness; the other the stage of reconciliation which takes up the antagonism into a higher synthesis and transmutes it, the state of self-consciousness. The greater the antagonism, the deeper the consciousness.

That this prayer is a possibility for all who recognise the moral worth of self-abnegation seems evident; in any case we are convinced that the principle of universal benevolence goes to the root of all truly spiritual religion. Indubitably at first it is realisable only at our very best moments; but these

moments can be gradually increased, till finally the endeavour to make good-will a permanent mood comes within the range of possibility, and so we begin to live ever more and more centred in our higher nature. In all this we have no desire to preach or be sentimentally pietistic, or dully edifying, but simply to point to a spiritual and most practical fact as borne witness to by the spiritually experienced. The testimony shows that a well-nigh incredible transmutation of our nature can hereby be effected. In this state, which is no abstraction or withdrawal, but a transmutation of the actual concrete antagonistic experience of daily life—with this change of attitude, it is said the feeling arises that even our outer obstacles and enemies take on an utterly changed appearance, for all are embraced in the great mercy or bounty, the life of harmony for which we pray or will. The most terrible foes, however, the foes that count most, are naturally our private inner enemies, the foes of our own household, our hates and fears and lusts that perpetually assail our good-will. These must be the first to be vanquished, but not annihilated; they are transmuted, for in the state of good-will and its accompanying poise and peace they are recognised as natural energies misused and abused by our own self-seeking egoism. For it is this which corrupts instead of develops the animal nature, our long-suffering instrument of sense; spirit, on the contrary, purifies it and so reveals the true value and meaning of the sense-world.

It may be thought by many that benevolence and good-will are terms of insufficient warmth and richness of content to denote the supreme passion that is the basis of the moral life both of the genuinely cultured and of the devotees of spiritual religion. They will say

that what is wanted is love—love of our fellows and above all love of God. It should, however, be remembered that our subject is not the cult of the inner shrines of the religion of spirit, but simply an approach to the temple. I am strongly of opinion that such terms as love of humanity and love of God are far too lightly used; misuse and abuse have worn them well-nigh threadbare. It is more modest and practical to begin with the minimum, the absolutely necessary. It is possible to have good-will to all, or at least to strive to have it, strive to have it now and then at any rate. But to love our fellows, not to have some vague feeling of mushy sentimentalism, but really, genuinely and whole-heartedly to love—who is there who can do this? Compassion, fellow-feeling, sympathy, charity, are excellent and admirable, but they are not love. Love is the end, not the beginning of good feeling; and love of God is an utterly meaningless phrase until love of our fellows has been realised. We must ask those who prate of the love of God first to give proofs in deed of their love of man. But to have good-will is within our power. This is the beginning, the initiation; the consummation of good-will in love is the end, the perfection; and this cannot take place until good-will becomes the permanent central conscious ground of the nature, when a man wills good naturally without thinking or deliberate effort, when he is a pure centre of self-donation and therefore one with the spiritual will; then and only then does he love really, and love not only his fellows but all creatures. Every creature is infinitely dear to him. But who can say this of himself without the most shameless hypocrisy? This supreme passion is divine, and when it is actualised, man is taken up into the divine, and love of God at

long last is realised in spiritual gnosis. So runs the teaching of the rarest of mankind.

The nature of this truly divine attribute may be surmised, but it cannot be realised even from the fairest examples of known human love. For love as manifested in our closest human ties is determined in its intensity precisely because the objects of our love are specially selected, and in the highest form of such love are necessarily single objects, as in the case of husband and wife. Purely spiritual love is of an even rarer quality, and therefore should not be lightly spoken of. Nevertheless it is precisely love that is the fulfilling and perfection of the whole law of the spirit, and therefore good-will is the *fons et origo* of the possibility of the genuine spiritual life in man. And even if at the beginning we cannot put ourselves into the state of good-will so as positively to feel that we are wholly earnest in it, at least we can cease from willing ill; or at any rate when the thought of evil or the tendency to ill-wishing arises, we can refuse to countenance it, and this is a turning away, and already half the way to spiritual conversion. Good-will then is the beginning of the conscious spiritual life, and there is no other means of approach within our power; it contains the promise and potency of love, but not its actual presence; that is the ending of our perfecting, not the start or initiation but the fulfilment.

But the way of approach to spiritual religion may be still more intimately indicated. Spirit is the source of mind and body, a duality that must seek its reconciliation in the unity of life and consciousness. But what do we consciously know of life? Life is so habitual to us that we are well-nigh unknowing of its presence. Its activities are for the most part sub-

conscious in us. In moments of great exhilaration or excitement or intensification we say we feel the life pulsing through our veins. But how few have set themselves deliberately to work to develop in themselves the feeling of life. And yet this is free to all who will endeavour to put themselves into the mood and mode of it. The effort is not an intellectual endeavour, though reason should surely determine and guide the attempt; it is a conscious rousing into activity of the whole inner feeling of the body. To external sense the body with all its incredible complexity is the material conditioning of life and all its incalculable activities; but for the inward sense it is life that determines the body and all its manifold parts and operations. This inward sense or life-feeling is life becoming conscious of itself; it is the beginning of vital self-consciousness, our particular life-stream beginning to feel itself part and parcel of the ocean of life. Of this inner life-feeling the whole body in every part and particle may be said to be the organ. Nevertheless it is not the innumerable inner material surfaces, the cells or their molecules, that feel; it is the life that feels, and the bodily structure is its own work and creation, which it can make or unmake, create, preserve and destroy. Now it seems not unreasonable to believe, and there are those who assert it as a fact of experience, that if we were as attentive to this feeling of life in our own bodies as we are to a host of things of far less consequence, we could gradually open for ourselves an inner door that gives upon the free thoroughfares of life itself, and that upon these we could in time advance towards a realisation of our source and origin—a process and a progress that would give us an assurance more precious than the confidence of any faith. Therewith would

come for us a growth in vital knowledge ; for life is very wise. For what human devising or fashioning can compare with the admirable work of life in even its simplest forms ? And the human body is the most marvellously complex of its creations known to us. But here again, as in the case of good-will and love, its consummation, we cannot expect to know the wider life at first ; the beginning is the conscious determination to try to feel-with life as it is manifested in ourselves, in our own bodies. But though this attention to the life-pulse in our self, this life-feeling, will not give us life's wisdom, it prepares a way or makes ready an organ of intensified life for future entry into the wider life ; that is to say, it secures the conditions for conscious growth in spiritual feeling.

Now if this is in any way possible, and we are convinced ourselves that it is possible, there is every hope that, not only assurance of survival, but even realisation of immortality while still embodied, may be attainable in the most immediate way imaginable. For this feeling-with our own life, this vital sympathy with the life in ourselves, is the beginning of life's consciousness of itself, and the presence of this vital self-consciousness in its simplest mode is already the absence of all doubt as to its continuance ; it is here naturally and simply 'at home with itself. Life is the pledge of spirit's continuity, and spirit is self-continuance. Life centred in itself, attentive to itself, is no longer clothed in the appearance of mutually external things ; it is ever within itself, no matter how infinite its modes and rhythms may be, from the vastest sweep to the tiniest ripple, to use a vain analogy, for here it is all a question of intensity and not of extension, of measure and quantity as with

material things and forces that can be mechanically calculated.

When then the aspirant to spiritual worship is first duly prepared by the cultivation of good-will that purifies all selfish desires, he may proceed with safety to this further self-discipline—the inward practice of the intensification of sympathy with the life within him. And this should bring him great refreshment and comfort; though indeed it is not for this he strives, or self-seeking will again enter in. He gives himself without reserve to the life within him, without any desire of getting power over life, but in order that he may be privileged to co-operate with its wisdom and its purpose. He must here begin with himself, for it is very difficult if not impossible really to sympathise with the life in others and in nature, unless we can first feel-with its most immediate manifestation in ourselves.

And when one fine day life begins as it were to speak to us, we shall discover that it is never the same but ever new and infinitely varied. This is not a statement based on any recent or ancient philosophical speculations, but a matter of experience. For the religion of spirit would be of little account were it not based and rooted in vital experience, the most concrete and rich experience that is accessible to man. The natural life-play can be felt, and its native rhythms are very different from any stereotyped forcing of 'currents' according to the rule-of-thumb recipes of certain books. Sanative life is very wise and must be let work of itself. It is never the same; it never repeats itself. If unimpeded—and our perpetual habit of interference with it is the cause of much bodily and mental disharmony and trouble—it adapts itself at

every moment to its proper work with infinite wisdom. The fortunate observer of the natural play of life within himself cannot predict its rhythms. If by great good fortune the flow is felt and let work, is followed and no attempt made to 'guide' it as we imagine it ought to go in our ignorance, in these conditions of quiet and balance, its first business seems to be that of refreshment and the curing of disorder in the system. Pulsing currents can be felt which seem continually to generate themselves out of their own self-complementary nature, as though it were male and female in perpetual union ever giving birth to themselves, ever new, unpredictable, but working wisely for the harmonisation of what is in disorder,—sane and sanative beyond our powers of understanding, rhythmicising and harmonising the jangling, jarring turmoil of the disordered frame. The sympathetic observation of this health-giving energy of life once experienced can never be forgotten; it ever returns to memory to make faith adamant against the onslaughts of all theories of radical mechanism and materialism. In face of such an experience such theories explain nothing really worth explaining and least of all the experience itself. The fact acquired in this experience is that life works knowingly. Life then is wise, health-giving and holy; it cannot be explained by any theories of mechanical determinism or by the chance play of chemical and physical forces; these forces are rather used by life; the dynamics of matter are subordinated to the will of life.

In this halting effort to suggest a beginning of the way of the spirit, or an approach to the religion of spirit, I have so far directed attention to the realities of love and life. But excellent though these are in

themselves, they are still more excellent when complemented by that spiritual reality which is physically manifested in the greatest glory of the sense-world and which we call light. From the earliest times of mythological philosophy, sight, the highest of the senses, and light, the most glorious of phenomena, have been the most apt analogies used to illustrate the nature of intelligence and its operations. Let us then turn our attention for a moment to the light of the mind in its spiritual significance.

There are other spiritual triads or trinities, but the familiar ordering of the greatest Hellenic lover of wisdom will here serve us excellently; and so we may say that the object of spiritual love is the good, the object of spiritual life is the beautiful, and the object of spiritual light or intelligence is the true. And this is not so arbitrary an ordering as some may think; for are not volition (or conation), feeling and thought the stock categories of psychical activity as given in our text-books of psychology? Direct these spiritwards, and we have at once good-will, vital sympathy and insight or rational intuition. And when these work together there can be no longer any question of abstractionism, bare categories and the rest; they work directly on the concrete richness of things, that is of spiritual self-objectivity, as now we may call it, for spirit manifests itself to itself in the whole universe of life; it is no stranger to it, it is rather its very self in all its infinite moments of becoming. Here self-analysing reflection no longer exteriorises; it takes up the object into itself, and ever more and more interiorises and intensifies itself. It thus further seizes on truly vital principles and laws and ideas; it mediates for itself those flashes of genius that light up the natural paths

of the mind and thereby gives birth to effective invention. Reason is vitally enabled to detect the natural articulations of the organic universe, and its self-analysing reflection becomes fertile. The light of the mind is thus gradually suffused with spiritual illumination. And the end of this beginning is when the light of the spirit shines through the ever-changing environment of sense upon the light of the intelligence within and gives it more and more meaning; and then at long last the perfection of perfecting, when perchance the full value and meaning of nature in every part and particle and of the world-process in its infinite complexity are revealed in the midst of concrete existence. This is an over-belief that no longer looks for satisfaction to any abstractionism or mythological celestialism or other-worldism of any kind; it is a belief that the spirit is wisely ordering itself for the purpose of self-consciousness in the works of nature, and that man, being in one aspect the highest product of nature and in another the immediate child of spirit, can share in that self-consciousness.

The old-fashioned mysticism that rejoiced in the dualism of this world and the other, and which looked to some miraculous immediate sense of the absolute as the universal solvent of all difficulties, ended in pure subjectivity. The philosophy of the religion of spirit does not seek truth in such extremes, and refuses to turn its back on the world of concrete reality or abandon the hard-won insight of reason illumined by spirit for any vague and facile sense of absolute immediacy. For the insight of reason is not a function of the contemplative intellect alone; it energises and spiritual illumination is enjoyed only when the contemplative and the discursive intellect, the ideal and the practical,

consciously co-operate or synergise, just as the universal and the particular do in every act of concrete thought.

Indeed, as conscious spiritual activity involves the whole man, will, feeling and intellect must surely here work together. If then we qualify these three activities as spiritual we mean that they are no longer to be abstracted as separate 'faculties,' but that each is found in the others and the others in each. In good will there is already understanding, for the will for good is the wisest of all human wills, it is the deepest ground of all moral activity. Nor is such genuine understanding to be confounded with abstract intellect, for it is made concrete and vital by its intense sympathy. For above all things the spirit is whole; it is not the infinite set over against the finite, the eternal set over against the temporal, mind set over against body. It is rather that which takes up all such oppositions and contradictions into itself and transmutes them; it does not destroy them, but utilises even the most appalling antagonisms for the deepening of value, meaning and realisation. Its nature is not to be conceived as an absolute severed from the universe, an abstraction, a bare category or contentless immediacy. Its value, meaning and reality are mediated by the whole activity of the universe and all its countless lives; and this inexhaustible intensification of self-consciousness gives it an ever-full concrete richness that can satisfy every life to repletion, no matter how exalted a stage its consciousness may reach.

And if spirit is the reality of the living universe of concrete actuality, the practice of the religion of spirit, the endeavour to draw nearer to that reality, should be

a matter for every day and all day; spirit should not be reserved as a theological topic or as a theme for sermons and Sundays. The religion of spirit does not make an abstraction of its divinity or circle it round with an intellectual 'dance of bloodless categories,' nor does it set its hopes on subjective personal beliefs or on visions and imaginings. For never has any vision revealed to man a fairer beauty than he can find in nature herself. The visions of the saints of every creed are strangely deficient in natural beauty, and the over-coloured visual ecstasies of seers and psychics are generally lacking in the true sense of beauty. Indeed no worse instances of bad taste can be found than in some of the confections of a heaven-world and visions of paradise set forth in the sacred books of the world. As a rule, whatever fairness is to be found in them, such visions are at best pale copies of the natural beauties which the eye of the artist can see here on earth; and in general we may say that the nature-mystic draws nearer to real beauty than the peerer into any subjective kaleidoscope, no matter how brilliantly lighted up its pieces may be.

The spiritual vision of beauty needs no enhancement by means of selection and reconstruction; for its way of approach is the enhancement and intensification of the power of seeing into the beauties of nature common and open to all, and the reaching of it is marked by the capacity of recognising the underlying harmony in all things, and realising that the common nature of the universe is the veritable and actual out-working of the spirit. And if you would rhapsodise about glories and spiritual bodies and effulgences—what if we had the power to draw nigh to the natural sun, and the still higher power to describe

it as an accomplished lover of beauty or a poet might do! And so we would believe that sympathetic insight into the beauties of nature will take us by a more direct path to the heart of beauty than any other way.

Spirit, then, is not a stranger to the existence that surrounds us; it is not set over against matter in everlasting disjunction and diremption; it is rather that spirit determines itself as matter in order that it may reveal its beauties to itself in spiritual self-consciousness. The old ideas of matter as a ponderable stuff and the rest of it are rapidly disappearing; for even physical science is now teaching us to think in other terms concerning matter, and has at last resolved its atomism into dynamism. Energy and inertia are both power, the kinetic and potential power of doing work, of accomplishing. And if this is true of matter and material forces and of body, how much more true is it of life and mind or of consciousness and self-consciousness?

With such a revolution in the way of our thinking of the material universe already common property, there is no temptation in our day for the religion of spirit to turn its back on the material world and the life of concrete experience, and lose itself in the arbitrary abstractions of other-worldliness; on the contrary, it is emboldened to find its shrine and temple, its rites and cultus, already in the living universe, for this is for it the body of spirit itself, the self-determination of deity. It is precisely here that the world-purpose, that is, the divine self-determination, works itself out. And the process works itself out in spite of us, precisely because we are part of the process; our self-will is a natural stage in the divine will, for self-will is the sole means of the beginning of conscious development. But the next stage is as natural; self-

consciousness is a return to its source for a deeper phase of intensification. If strife, struggle and antagonism have perfected our natural consciousness and self-development, in the completing stage of spiritual consciousness co-operation is the means of reaching that spiritual knowledge which leads to final self-realisation.

The great life carries on its purpose and we are subconsciously its agents while consciously free to invent and devise and fabricate, to destroy and re-construct, at our own sweet will; and good is thus gradually bettered by a continued process of reformation that sloughs off bad to work it up again into future good. For in spite of nature's apparent waste and disregard of life, life is prodigal only of its material constructs and not of itself; in itself it is the perfection of economy. To have confidence in this doctrine of spirit, however, we must look to the whole and not to the part, for it is nothing short of this whole living universe in all its parts that gives us the actual content and richness and meaning of spirit. Spirit and the universe are not alien from one another; they are intimate, and the life of the spirit is the whole world-process.

Now if there is truth in this view, and it is a view that seems to be supported by the weightiest authority, drawn from the inmost experience of religion, the profoundest speculations of philosophy and the most fertile hypotheses of science, it follows that we have here a way of approach to the religion of spirit. But it may be objected: All this is too vague and indeterminate for most of us, and quite insufficient for the plain man; the object of all religion properly so-called is God, and this way of approach does not bring God any nearer to us.

In answer it may be said : The familiar forms and traditional formulæ, rites and ceremonies, rituals, liturgies, practices and prayers, of all the great religions are still all here ; and the religion of spirit gives every one full freedom to select from them for his special needs. Moreover, not to speak of other faiths, Christianity insists that God is spirit and God is love. It is true that in the foregoing we have refrained from lightly using the name of God, as is the custom with the little thinking ; for the approach to God is precisely through spirit and through love, and we have been writing of an approach to the religion of spirit and not of its supremest mystery. Indeed we hold that a truly spiritual conception of Deity and a genuine love of God would speedily bring about such a change in popular religion, that most of the now hampering traditional forms and formulæ would naturally fall away without further criticism or controversy ; and we should at last be free to go forward to a realisation of at least some of the inexhaustible truths of a sane and actual religion of the spirit.

And when the whole religious activity of humanity is determined by such a faith, then will have happened that far-off divine event towards which the whole of our creation moves. Meantime our immediate hope is that in the new age which is dawning, this religion of spirit will begin in some measure to come to its own with unmistakable clarity. Then it may be that such supreme efforts as the practice of the presence of God will bear immediate fruit, and that there will be many who indubitably know and not only believe that the Divine is universally here and unceasingly now with us for ever.

G. R. S. MEAD.

A HINDU'S IDEALISTIC VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY.

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IN favour of the traditional view that the essence of Christianity consists, first, in the doctrine of the super-human person and the redemptive work of Christ, and, secondly, in the interpretative life that rests upon this doctrine, stands the whole authority, such as it is, of the needs and religious experience of the Church of Christian history. The Church early found, or at least felt, that it could not live at all without thus interpreting the person and work of Christ.

Against such an account of what is vital in Christianity stands to-day for many of us the fact that the doctrine in question seems to be, at least in the main, unknown to the historic Christ, in so far as we can learn what he taught, while both the evidence for the traditional doctrine and the interpretation of it have rested during Christian history upon reports which our whole modern view of the universe disposes many of us to regard as legendary, and upon a theology which many of us can no longer accept as literally true. Whether such objections are finally valid, we must later consider. I mention the objections here because they are familiar, and because in our day they lead many to turn from the tangles of tradition with a thankful joy and relief to the hopeful task of trying to study, to apply, and to live the pure Gospel of Christ

as he taught it in that body of sayings which, as many insist, need no legends to make them intelligible, and no metaphysics to make them sacred.

Yet, as a student of philosophy, coming in no partisan spirit, I must insist that this reduction of what is vital in Christianity to the so-called pure Gospel of Christ, as he preached it and as it is recorded in the body of the presumably authentic sayings and parables, is profoundly unsatisfactory. For one thing, Christ can hardly be supposed to have regarded his most authentically reported religious sayings as containing the whole of his message, or as embodying the whole of his mission. For, if he had so viewed the matter, the Messianic tragedy in which his life-work culminated would have been needless and unintelligible. For the rest, the doctrine that he taught is, as it stands, essentially incomplete. It is not a rounded whole. It looks beyond itself for a completion, which the master himself unquestionably conceived in terms of the approaching end of the world, and which the Church later conceived in terms of what has become indeed vital for Christianity.

As modern men, then, we stand between opposed views. Each view has to meet hostile arguments. Each can make a case in favour of its value as a statement of the essence of Christianity. On the one hand the Christ of the historically authentic sayings, —whose gospel is, after all, not to be understood except as part of a much vaster religious process; on the other hand the Christ of legend, whom it is impossible for us modern men longer to conceive as the former ages of the Church often conceived him. Can we choose between the two? Which stands for what is vital in Christianity? And, if we succeed in defining

this vital element, what can it mean to us to-day, and in the light of our modern world?

Thus we have defined our problems. Our next task is to face them as openly, as truthfully, and as carefully as our opportunity permits.

Let us, then, briefly consider the first of the two views which have been set out against one another.

The teachings of Christ which are preserved to us, do indeed form a body of doctrine that one can survey and study without forming any final opinion about the historical character of the narratives with which these teachings are accompanied in the three synoptic gospels. The early Church preserved the sayings, recorded them, no doubt, in various forms, but learned to regard one or two of the bodies of recorded sayings as especially important and authentic. The documents in which these earliest records were contained are lost to us; but our gospels, especially those of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, preserve the earlier tradition in a way that can be tested by the agreements in the reported sayings as they appear in the different gospels. Nobody can doubt that the sayings, taken as a whole, embody a new and profoundly individual teaching, and are what they pretend to be; namely, at least a partial presentation of an interpretation of life,—an interpretation that was deliberately intended by the teacher to revolutionise the hearts and lives of those to whom the sayings were addressed. Since a recorded doctrine simply taken in itself, and apart from any narrative, is an unquestionable fact, and since a new and individual doctrine is a fact that can be explained only as the work of a person, it is plain that, whatever you think of the narrative portions of the gospels, your estimate of Christ's reported teachings may be freed at once

from any of the perplexities that perhaps beset you as to how much you can find out about his life. So much at least he was ; namely, the teacher of this doctrine. As to his life, it is indeed important to know that he taught the doctrine as one who fully meant it, that while he taught it he so lived it out as to win the entire confidence of those who were nearest to him, that he was ready to die for it, and for whatever else he believed to be the cause that he served, and that when the time came he did die for his cause. So much of the gospel narrative is with all reasonable certainty to be regarded as historical.

So far, then, one has to regard the teaching of Christ as a perfectly definite object for historical study and personal imitation, and as, in its main outlines, an accessible tradition. It is impossible to be sure of our tradition as regards each individual saying. But the main body of the doctrine stands before us as a connected whole, and it is in its wholeness that we are interested in comprehending its meaning.

Now there is also no doubt, I have said, that this doctrine is intended as at least a part of an interpretation of life. For the explicit purpose of the teacher is to transform the inner life of his hearers, and thus to bring about, through this transformation, a reform of their individual outer life. It is, furthermore, sure that, while the teaching in question includes a moral ideal, it is no merely moral teaching, but is full of a profoundly religious interest. For the transformation of the inner life which is in question has to do with the whole relation of the individual man to God. And there are especially two main theses of the teacher which do indeed explicitly relate to the realm of the superhuman and divine world, and which therefore do

concern what we may call religious metaphysics. That is, these theses are assertions about a reality that does not belong to the physical realm, and that is not confined to the realities which we contemplate when we consider merely ethical truth as such. The first of these religious theses relates to the nature of God. It is usually summarised as the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God. In its fuller statement it involves that account of the divine love for the individual man which is so characteristic and repeated a feature of the authentic sayings. The other thesis is what we now call a judgment of value. It is the assertion of the infinite worth of each individual person,—an assertion richly illustrated in the parables, and used as the basis of the ethical teaching of Christ, since the value that God sets upon our brother is the deepest reason assigned to show why our own life should be one of love towards our brother.

So much for the barest suggestion of a teaching which is known to all, and which I have not here further to expound. Our present question is simply this: Is this the whole of what is vital to Christianity? Or is there something vital which is not contained in these recorded sayings, so far as they relate to the matters just summarily mentioned?

The answer to this question is suggested by certain very well-known facts. First, these sayings are, in the master's mind, only part of a programme which, as the event showed, related not only to the individual soul and its salvation, but to the reform of the whole existing and visible social order. Or, expressed in our modern terms, the teacher contemplated a social revolution, as well as the before-mentioned universal religious reformation of each

individual life. He was led, at least towards the end of his career, to interpret his mission as that of the Messiah of his people. That the coming social revolution was conceived by him in divine and miraculous terms, that it was to be completed by the final judgment of all men, that the coming kingdom was to be not of this world, but was to rest upon the directly visible triumph of God's will through the miraculous appearance of the chosen messenger who should execute this will,—all this regarding the conception which was in Christ's mind seems clear. But, however the coming revolution was conceived, it was to be a violent and supernatural revolution of the external social world, and it was to appear openly to all men upon earth. The meek, the poor, were to inherit the earth; the mighty were to be cast down; the kingdoms of this world were to pass away; and the divine sovereignty was to take its visible place as the controller of all things.

Now it is no part of my present task to endeavour to state any theory as to why the master viewed his kingdom of heaven, in part at least, in this way. The readers may interpret the doctrine as the Church has for centuries done, as a doctrine relating to the far-off future end of all human affairs and to the supernatural mission of Christ as both Saviour and Judge of the world; or they may view the revolutionary purposes of the master as I myself actually do, simply as his personal interpretation of the Messianic traditions of his people and of the social needs of his time and of the then common but mistaken expectation of the near end of the world. In any case, if this doctrine, however brought about or interpreted, was for the master a vital part of his teaching, then we have to view the

resulting interpretation of life accordingly. I need not say, however, that whoever to-day can still find a place for the Messianic hopes and for the doctrine of the last judgment in his own interpretation of Christianity, has once for all made up his mind to regard a doctrine,—and a deeply problematic doctrine,—a profoundly metaphysical doctrine about the person and work of Christ, and about the divine plan for the salvation of man,—as a vital part of his own Christianity.

And now, in this same connection, we can point out that, if the whole doctrine of Christ had indeed consisted for him in regarding the coming of the kingdom of heaven as identical with the inner transformation of each man by the spirit of divine love, then that direct and open opposition to the existing social authorities of his people which led to the Messianic tragedy, would have been for the master simply needless. Christ chose this plan of open and social opposition for reasons of his own. We may interpret these reasons as the historical Church has done, or we may view the matter otherwise, as I myself do. In any case, Christ's view of what was vital in Christianity certainly included, but also just as certainly went beyond, the mere preaching of the kingdom of heaven that is within you.

But one may still say, as many say who want to return to a purely primitive Christianity: Can we not choose to regard the religious doctrine of the parables and of the sayings, apart from the Messianic hopes and the anticipated social revolution, as for us vital and sufficient? Can we not decline to attempt to solve the Messianic mystery? Is it not for us enough to know simply that the master did indeed die for his faith, leaving his doctrine concerning the spiritual

kingdom, concerning God the Father, and concerning man the beloved brother, as his final legacy to future generations? This legacy was of permanent value. Is it not enough for us?

I reply: To think thus is obviously to view Christ's doctrine as he himself did not view it. He certainly meant the kingdom of heaven to include the inner transformation of each soul by the divine love. But he also certainly conceived even this spiritual transformation in terms of some sort of Messianic mission, which was related to a miraculous coming transformation of human society. In the service of this Messianic social cause he died. And now even in Christ's interpretation of the inner and spiritual life of the individual man there are aspects which you cannot understand unless you view them in the light of the Messianic expectation. I refer to the master's doctrine upon that side of it which emphasises the passive non-resistance of the individual man, in waiting for God's judgment. This side of Christ's doctrine has been frequently interpreted as requiring an extreme form of self-abnegation. It is this aspect of the doctrine which glorifies poverty as in itself an important aid to piety. In this sense, too, the master sometimes counsels a certain indifference to ordinary human social relations. In this same spirit his sayings so frequently illustrate the spirit of love by the mention of acts that involve the merely immediate relief of suffering, rather than by dwelling upon those more difficult and often more laborious forms of love which his own life indeed exemplified, and which take the form of the life-long service of a super-personal social cause.

I conclude, then, so far, that a simple return to a purely primitive Christianity as a body of doctrine

complete in itself, directly and fully expressed in the sayings of Christ, and applicable, without notable supplement, to all times, and to our own day,—is an incomplete and therefore inadequate religious ideal. The spiritual kingdom of heaven, the transformation of the inner life which the sayings teach, is indeed a genuine part,—yes, a vital part,—of Christianity. But it is by no means the whole of what is vital to Christianity.

Christianity is over and beyond this a redemptive religion. What is most vital to Christianity is contained in whatever is essential and permanent about the doctrines of the incarnation and the atonement. In saying this, I do not for a moment call in question the just-mentioned fact that the original teaching of the master regarding the kingdom of heaven is indeed a vital part of the whole of Christianity. But I do assert that this so-called purely primitive Christianity is not so vital, is not so central, is not so essential to mature Christianity as are the doctrines of the incarnation and the atonement when these are rightly interpreted. In the light of these doctrines alone can the work of the master be seen in its most genuine significance.

I am of course saying all this not as one having authority. I am simply indicating how students of philosophy who are of the type that I follow, are accustomed to view these things. In this spirit I will now ask my readers to look for a moment at the doctrines of the incarnation and of the atonement in some of their deeper aspects. It is a gain thus to view the doctrines, whether or no you accept literally the well-known miraculous tale.

It is hard, in our times, to get any sort of hearing

for such really deeper interpretations of what is indeed vital in Christianity. A charming, but essentially trivial, religious psychology to-day invites some of us to view religious experience simply as a chance play-at-hide-and-peek with certain so-called subliminal mental forces and processes, whose crudely capricious crises and catastrophes shall have expressed themselves in that feverish agitation that some take to be the essence of all. Meanwhile there are those who to-day try to keep religion alive mainly as a more or less medicinal influence, a sort of disinfectant or anodyne, that may perhaps still prove its value to a doubting world by curing dyspepsia, or by removing nervous worries. Over against such modern tendencies,—humane, but still, as interpretations of the true essence of religion, essentially trivial,—there are those who see no hope except in holding fast by a literal acceptance of tradition. There are, finally, those who undertake the task, lofty indeed, but still, as I think, hopeless,—the task of restoring what they call a purely primitive Christianity. Now I am not a disciple of any school; but I am sure that whatever is vital in Christianity concerns in fact the relation of the real individual human person to the real God. To the minds of the people whose religious tradition we have inherited this relation first came through the symbolic interpretation that the early Church gave to the life of the master. It is this symbolic interpretation which is the historical legacy of the Church. It is the genuine and eternal truth that lies behind this symbol which constitutes what is indeed vital to Christianity. I personally regard the supernatural narratives in which the Church embodied its faith simply as symbols—the product indeed of no man's effort to deceive, but of the religious

imagination of the great constructive age of the early Church. I also hold that the truth which lies behind these symbols is capable of a perfectly rational statement. The truth in question is independent of the legends. It relates to eternal spiritual facts. I maintain also that those who, in various ages of the Church, and in various ways, have tried to define and to insist upon what they have called the 'essential Christ,' as distinguished from the historical Christ, have been nearing in various degrees the comprehension of what is vital in Christianity.

What is true must be capable of expression apart from legends. What is eternally true may indeed come to our human knowledge through any event that happens to bring the truth in question to our notice; but, once learned, this truth may be seen to be independent of the historical events, whatever they were, which brought about our own insight. And the truth about the incarnation and the atonement seems to me to be statable in terms which I must next briefly indicate.

First, God, as our philosophy ought to conceive him, is indeed a spirit and a person; but he is not a being who exists in separation from the world, simply as its external creator. He expresses himself in the world; and the world is simply his own life, as he consciously lives it out. To use an inadequate figure, God expresses himself in the world as an artist expresses himself in the poems and the characters, in the music or in the other artistic creations, that arise within the artist's consciousness and that for him and in him consciously embody his will. Or again, God is this entire world, viewed, so to speak, from above and in its wholeness as an infinitely

complex life which in an endless series of temporal processes embodies a single divine idea. We can indeed distinguish, and should distinguish between the world as our common-sense, properly but fragmentarily, has to view it, and as our sciences study it,— between this phenomenal world, I say, and God, who is infinitely more than any finite system of natural facts or of human lives can express. But this distinction between God and world means no separation. Our world is the fragmentary phenomenon that we see. God is the conscious meaning that expresses itself in and through the totality of all phenomena. The world, taken as a mass of happenings in time, of events, of natural processes, of single lives, is nowhere, and at no time, any complete expression of the divine will. But the entire world, of which our known world is a fragment,—the totality of what is past, present, and future, the totality of what is physical and of what is mental, of what is temporal and of what is enduring,— this entire world is present at once to the eternal divine consciousness as a single whole, and this whole is what the Absolute chooses as his own expression, and is what he is conscious of choosing as his own life. In this entire world God sees himself lived out. This world, when taken in its wholeness, is at once the object of the divine knowledge and the deed wherein is embodied the divine will. Like the Logos of the Fourth Gospel, this entire world is not only with God, but is God.

As my readers may see, I state this doctrine, for the moment, quite summarily and dogmatically. Only an extensive and elaborate philosophical discussion could show why I hold this doctrine to be true. Most of my readers, however, have heard of some such

doctrine as the theory of the 'Divine Immanence.' Some of them are aware that such an interpretation of the nature of God constitutes what is called philosophical Idealism. I am not here defending, nor even expounding, the doctrine. I believe, however, that this is the view of the divine nature which the Church has always more or less intuitively felt to be true, and has tried to express, despite the fact that my own formulation of this doctrine includes some features which in the course of the past history of dogma have been upon occasion formerly condemned as heresy by various Church-authorities. But for my part I had rather be a heretic, and appreciate the vital meaning of what the Church has always tried to teach, than accept this or that traditional formulation, but be unable to grasp its religiously significant spirit.

Dogmatically, then, I state what, indeed, if there were time, I ought to expound and to defend on purely rational grounds. God and his world are one. And this unity is not a dead natural fact. It is the unity of a conscious life, in which, in the course of infinite time, a divine plan, an endlessly complex and yet perfectly definite spiritual idea, gets expressed in the lives of countless finite beings and yet with the unity of a single universal life.

Whoever hears this doctrine stated asks, however, at once a question,—the deepest, and also the most tragic question of our present poor human existence: Why, then, if the world is the divine life embodied, is there so much evil in it,—so much darkness, ignorance, misery, disappointment, warfare, hatred, disease, death?—in brief, why is the world, as we know it, full of the unreasonable? Are all these gloomy facts but illusions, bad dreams of our finite existence,—facts

unknown to the very God who is, and who knows, all truth? No,—that cannot be the answer. In brief, the problem of evil is the great problem that stands between our ordinary finite view and experience of life on the one hand and our consciousness of the reasonableness and the unity of the divine life on the other hand.

Has this problem of evil any solution? I believe that it has a solution, and that this solution has long since been in substance grasped and figured forth in symbolic forms by the higher religious consciousness of our race. This solution, not abstractly stated, but intuitively grasped, has also expressed itself in the lives of the wisest and best of the moral heroes of all races and nations of men. The value of suffering, the good that is at the heart of evil, lies in the spiritual triumphs that the endurance and the overcoming of evil can bring to those who learn the hard, the deep but glorious lesson of life. And of all the spiritual triumphs that the presence of evil makes possible the noblest is that which is won when a man is ready, not merely to bear the ills of fortune tranquilly if they come, as the Stoic moralists required their followers to do, but when one is willing to suffer vicariously, freely, devotedly, ills that he might have avoided, but that the cause to which he is loyal, and the errors and sins that he himself did not commit, call upon him to suffer in order that the world may be brought nearer to its destined union with the divine. In brief, as the mystics themselves often have said, sorrow,—wisely encountered and freely borne,—is one of the most precious privileges of the spiritual life. There is a certain lofty peace in triumphing over sorrow, which brings us to a consciousness of whatever is divine in

life, in a way that mere joy, untroubled and unwon, can never make known to us. Perfect through suffering, — that is the universal the absolutely necessary law of the higher spiritual life. It is a law that holds for God and for man. This doctrine that I now state is indeed no ascetic doctrine. The higher life begins only when your health and your strength and your skill and your good cheer appear to you merely as talents, few or many, which you propose to devote, to surrender, to the divine order, to whatever ideal cause most inspires your loyalty, and gives sense and divine dignity to your life. And the work of the higher life consists, not in winning good fortune, but in transmuting all the transient values of fortune into eternal values. This you best do when you learn by experience how your worst fortune may be glorified, through wise resolve, and through the grace that comes from your conscious union with the divine, into something far better than any good fortune could give you; namely, into a knowledge of how God himself endures evil, and triumphs over it, and lifts it out of itself, and wins it over to the service of good.

The true and highest values of the spiritual world consist, I say, in the triumph over suffering, over sorrow, and over unreasonableness, and the triumph over these things may appear in our human lives in three forms. First it may appear as simple personal fortitude,—as the stoical virtues in their simplest expression. The stoical virtues are the most elementary stage of the higher spiritual life. Fortitude is indeed required of every conscious agent who has control over himself at all. And fortitude, even in this simplest form as manly and strenuous endurance, teaches us eternal values that we can never learn

unless we first meet with positive ill- of fortune, and then force ourselves to bear them in the loyal service of our cause. Thus no moral agent can be made perfect except through suffering borne in the service of his cause. Secondly, the triumph over suffering appears in the higher form of that conscious union with the divine plan which occurs when we learn that love and loyalty and the idealising of life, and the most precious and sacred of all human relationships, are raised to their highest levels, are glorified, only when we not merely learn in our own personal case to suffer, to sorrow, to endure, and be spiritually strong, but when we learn to do these things together with our own brethren. For the comradeship of those who willingly not merely practise fortitude as a private virtue but as brethren in sorrow, is a deeper, a sweeter, a more blessed comradeship than ever is that of the lovers who have not yet been tried as though by fire. But thirdly, and best, the triumph of the spirit over suffering is revealed to us not merely when we endure, when we learn through sorrow to prize our brethren more, and when we learn to see new powers in them and even in our poor selves, powers such as only sorrow could bring to light,—but when we also turn back from such experiences to real life again, remembering that sorrow's greatest lesson is the duty of offering ourselves more than ever to the practical service of some divine cause in this world. This tells us what atonement means.

These are, after all, but glimpses of truth. But they show us why the same law holds for all the highest spiritual life. They show us that God too must sorrow in order that he may triumph.

Now the true doctrine of the incarnation and of

the atonement is, in its essence, simply the conception of God's nature which this solution of the problem of evil requires. First, God expresses himself in this world of finitude, incarnates himself in this realm of human imperfection, but does so in order that through finitude and imperfection, and sorrow and temporal loss, he may win in the eternal world (that is, precisely, in the conscious unity of his whole life) his spiritual triumph over evil. In this triumph consists his highest good, and ours. It is God's true and eternal triumph that speaks to us through the well-known word: "In this world ye shall have tribulation. But fear not; I have overcome the world." It is in overcoming evil, in rising above our natural unreasonableness, in looking towards the divine unity, that we seek what Eckhart so well expressed when he said, "Let God be born in the soul." Hence the doctrine of the incarnation is no doctrine of the natural divinity of man. It is the doctrine which teaches that the world-will desires our unity with the universal purpose, that God will be born in us and through our consent, that the whole meaning of our life is that it shall transmute transient and temporal values into eternal meanings. Humanity becomes conscious God incarnate only in 'so far as humanity looks godwards; that is, in the direction of the whole unity of the rational spiritual life.

And now, secondly, the true doctrine of the atonement seems to me simply this: We, as we temporally and transiently are, are destined to win our union with the divine only through learning to triumph over our own evil, over the griefs of fortune, over the unreasonableness and the sin that now beset us. This conquest we never accomplish alone. As the mother that bore

us suffered, so the world suffers for us and through and in us until we win our peace in union with the divine will. Upon such suffering we actually depend for our natural existence, for the toleration which our imperfect self constantly demands from the world, for the help that our helplessness so often needs. When we sorrow, then, let us remember that God sorrows,—sorrows in us, since in all our finitude we still are part of his life; sorrows for us, since it is the intent of the divine spirit, in the plan of its reasonable world, that we should not remain what we are now; and sorrows, too, in waiting for our higher fulfilment, since indeed the whole universe needs our spiritual triumph for the sake of its completion.

On the other hand, this doctrine of the atonement means that there is never any completed spiritual triumph over sorrow which is not accompanied with the willingness to suffer vicariously; that is, with the will not merely to endure bravely, but to force one's very sorrow to be an aid to the common cause of all mankind, to give one's life as a ransom for one's cause, to use one's bitterest and most crushing grief as a means towards the raising of all life to the divine level. It is not enough to endure. Our duty is to make our grief a source of blessing. Thus only can sorrow bring us into conscious touch with the universal life.

Now all this teaching is old. The Church began to learn its own version of this solution of the problem of evil when first it sorrowed over its lost master; when first it began to say: "It was needful that Christ should suffer"; when first in vision and in legend it began to conceive its glorified Lord. When later it said, "In the God-man Christ God suffered, once for all and in the flesh, to save us; in him alone the Word

became flesh and dwelt among us," the forms of its religious imagination were transient, but the truth of which these forms were the symbol was everlasting. And we sum up this truth in two theses: First, God wins perfection through expressing himself in a finite life and triumphing over and through its very finitude. And secondly, our sorrow is God's sorrow. God means to express himself by winning us through the very triumph over evil to unity with the perfect life, and therefore our fulfilment, like our existence, is due to the sorrow and the triumph of God himself. These two theses express, I believe, what is vital in Christianity.

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THE INFLUENCE OF PLOTINUS UPON ST. AUGUSTINE; WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO MYSTICISM.

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THE extent and importance of the influence exercised by Neo-Platonism upon the mind of St. Augustine first became strongly impressed upon me when making the preliminary studies for an annotated edition of the *Confessions*. I constantly found that expressions which at first sight appeared obscure could be explained by reference to Neo-Platonism, and this impression, which would, I believe, arise inductively in the mind of anyone beginning the study of the *Confessions* with some slight previous acquaintance with Neo-Platonism, is of course amply confirmed by what Augustine himself tells us in the seventh book of that work. A wider study of his writings shows that the influence is not of a transitory character. The amount of definitely Neo-Platonic language no doubt diminishes in his later works, but the influence of Neo-Platonic thought is often distinctly traceable even in the *De Civitate Dei* and that last self-critical review of his works the *Retractations*. It is of course impossible to exhibit all the evidence here. What I propose to do is, after sketching the outlines of the Neo-Platonic system and noting the point in Augustine's mental history at which he came in contact with it, to indicate very briefly the main points in which it influenced him, and

finally to deal at somewhat greater length with the subject which will probably be of most interest to the reader—that of mysticism.

Neo-Platonism has of course a long history behind it, but for our present purpose we need not go behind Plotinus, in whose writings it first appears as a developed system. Plotinus has been described from different points of view as ‘a saint of Paganism’ and ‘the greatest systematic thinker between Aristotle and Descartes.’ This last wide statement I am not competent either to endorse or to criticise, and I shall not discuss it further; but a reference to his reputation for moral excellence is not irrelevant, because this probably helped to impress Augustine. The life of Plotinus by his disciple Porphyry was probably translated into Latin along with his writings, and Augustine may well have read with interest, as we still do, how Plotinus, on account of his well-known integrity, was often appointed guardian of orphan children, and how, like many of the greater mystics, he showed himself by no means deficient in practical ability, managing the affairs of these wards carefully, for he used to say that “until they turned to the study of philosophy”—when, presumably, such trifles would become indifferent to them—“they ought to have their incomes.” I must not spend time in touching on other interesting details mentioned by Porphyry, but I cannot resist the temptation to quote a charming little sketch which he gives of Plotinus’ class-room manner:

In his lectures, he could always find the right expression and showed great skill in discovering and grasping the heart of the matter, though his utterance was sometimes faulty. When he was speaking, the light of the mind shone through even to his countenance. Loveable in appearance, he was then especially

attractive . . . towards questioners he showed himself both kind and keen.

Even these slight touches have given us an impression of a personality; and having glimpsed the 'man behind the document' we must now go on to glance at the main outlines of his system.

It would probably be the more logical procedure to begin with the psychology of Neo-Platonism, for that is doubtless the real starting-point from which it is thought out; but for clearness of exposition it will, I think, be better to begin with its metaphysics, or, as we might almost say, theology.

The central doctrine here is usually known as that of the Three Intelligibles—which are sometimes loosely described as a Neo-Platonic trinity. There is first the primal principle of all things, generally spoken of as 'the One,' the absolute unity lying beyond and above all determination and differentiation. No name or predicate is properly speaking applicable to it, but yet, as we shall see later, it is not really thought of as an absolute blank or negation. And however it may elude thought in itself, it has certainly this positive characteristic that it determines all that comes after it. First, by a process of emanation or radiation it gives rise to the *Nous*, the Pure Intelligence. This *Nous* or Pure Intelligence is itself above all differentiation *except* the primary one of subject and object, thought and being, which it includes within itself. The Pure Intelligence in turn generates the World-Soul, which completes the sphere of the Divine; and the World-Soul generates the world. But the relation of the world to the World-Soul is not as perfect as the relation of the three Intelligibles between themselves. Up to this point there has been no declension, except

in the sense that, for the Neo-Platonist, it is axiomatic that that which is more differentiated is inferior to that which is simpler. In that sense, no doubt, the *Nous* is inferior to the One and the World-Soul to the *Nous*. But on the other hand it can be said that the *Nous* perfectly looks to, or reflects, or is determined by the One, and the World-Soul by the *Nous*. But when we come to the world, on the contrary, this is not perfectly determined by the World-Soul; there is here a resisting medium of some kind. The Neo-Platonist conception of matter is a difficult and elusive one. If we remember that we are using a crude metaphor, we may perhaps help ourselves a little by thinking of a plastic material which is not wholly plastic, and so will not perfectly take the desired impress. But the metaphor is far cruder than the thought of Plotinus. His conception is much more metaphysical than that. Let us put it another way. Because matter is capable of taking an infinity of forms it must be itself inherently formless and incapable of any permanent association with form. There is about it, to fall back on another metaphor, the kind of hopelessness there would be about *water* as a material to carve in; for of course, in spite of its delusive appearance of permanence, it is really in a state of flux, of transience. Now as, for the Neo-Platonist, to receive form is synonymous with being determined by the next higher principle in the scale of existence, and as the relation of being so determined is the proper goal of each being below the highest, we see how this antagonism to form makes matter the source of evil.

We may now pass from this theory of the Intelligibles to the doctrine of Man; and the point of primary importance about man is that he has capacities

answering to each of the three Intelligibles and enabling him to come into touch with them. In his common life, as exercising sensation and practical judgment, he is in touch with the World-Soul; when he reflects on principles such as those of truth, beauty and virtue, he comes into touch with the *Nous*, the Higher Mind, and the kind of thrill of certainty which he feels in perceiving these truths is due to his receiving an illumination from this Higher Mind.

Finally, man is capable, though only after severe and protracted preparation, of coming in contact, by means of the mystic ecstasy, with the ineffable One. This is the highest goal of his being; and the fact that self-discipline is required as a preparation both for this and for converse with the *Nous*, supplies a basis for practical ethics.

This is of course far from being a comprehensive account, even in outline, of Neo-Platonism, but it contains, I hope, what is most essential for our present purpose.

We must now follow the method of the old-fashioned novelist, and having safely launched one of our principal characters, go back and trace the career of the other up to the point at which they come in contact. I am not of course going to retell at length the familiar story of the *Confessions*, but merely to indicate in the briefest possible way the precise point in Augustine's mental history at which he encountered Neo-Platonism.

The early portion of the *Confessions* is in one aspect the chronicle of a series of attempts to *rationalise* the vague but haunting impression of the worth of Christianity which Augustine had received from his mother. I am using 'rationalise' of course in the

wide sense of relating it intelligibly to his mental life as a whole. Thus, when in early youth he reads the *Hortensius* of Cicero and the glory of philosophy dawns on him, one of his first thoughts is that he will now understand the Scriptures; and he turns to them, only to be disappointed. Again, when he mastered the *Categories* of Aristotle he attempted to apply this new mental instrument to the elaboration of his idea of God. The attempt was not successful; what is significant is that it should have been made. Even his adhesion to Manichæism was in intention a rationalising venture of the same kind. It was largely the pressure of the problem of evil which drove him into Manichæism. The Manichæans were loud in their offers of intellectual satisfaction, the word 'truth' was constantly on their lips. What attracted him, he says in one place, was the promise of explanations instead of a 'terrible authority.' That last phrase is significant; it suggests that he had taken his difficulties to some Church teachers who, instead of dealing patiently with him, had flourished authority in his face, saying "You must not question, but simply believe." On the rebound, he was caught by the Manichæan plausibilities. But his mind was too keen and too well-trained to remain long satisfied with the complicated but naïve mythology which served the Manichæans by way of metaphysics. At one point their mythology brought them upon the domain of astronomy, and here Augustine had too much mathematics—it is interesting to note the part which pure science plays at this point—to accept their explanations. His gradual loss of faith in Manichæism was followed by a period of mental distress of which we hardly realise the acuteness until we supplement the account in the *Confes-*

sions with the indications from the early dialogues. At one moment he is tempted to accept Epicureanism, in its baser acceptation as a justification of the pursuit of sensual pleasure; but what haunts him constantly is the dread lest the Sceptical Philosophy, the teaching of the New Academy, may be the last word of thought, and there may be no possibility of attaining intellectual certainty. He is not attracted by this philosophy, he loathes and detests it, but his very dread makes it fascinate him in the sense that the bird is fascinated by the serpent. And so we see him at this point, as he himself says, 'after the Academic fashion doubting everything.' Meanwhile the preaching of Ambrose at Milan had revived his interest in Christianity, and had shown him that it was capable of a more intellectual presentation than he had hitherto met with, and the possibility of accepting it on grounds of authority, apart from intellectual satisfaction, was also present to his mind, and in the face of absolute scepticism was less repugnant than it had been earlier. (Of course it will be understood that I am here isolating for purposes of study Augustine's intellectual development; if we were studying his whole religious development his attitude to the ethical demand of Christianity would be an equally important factor.)

It was at this point that he encountered Neo-Platonism. In the seventh book of the *Confessions*, making light of secondary causes and referring, like a Hebrew prophet, all action directly to God, he says: "Thou didst procure me, through a certain man himself inflated with pride, some books of the Platonists, translated from Greek into Latin." And he then proceeds—the passage is in the seventh book of the *Confessions*, from chapter 13 onwards—to give a

long reckoning up of what he learned from them; and also, for this is written twelve years afterwards and he has become critical, of what he did not learn. The debt, even as he reckons it here, in a critical spirit, is a very large one, as we shall see in a moment, but I want first to quote a passage which gives us the first flush of his enthusiasm over the new illumination. In the *Contra Academicos* (ii. 2.5) he writes to his friend Romanianus:

You had stimulated my ardour for philosophy, and when you went away I did not cease to desire that philosophic life which we had agreed was the best. I was indeed constantly occupied with such thoughts, and though less eagerly than when you were with me, I was satisfied with myself, for since the mighty ardour which was to carry me away had not yet laid hold on me, I thought the slower flame with which I burned was quite a great one. When lo! there came into my hands certain 'full books' as Celsinus phrases it; and when they had breathed in me the spices of Araby, when they had sprinkled upon that weak flame but a few drops of their precious essences, they raised in me a conflagration beyond what even you could have believed of me—nay beyond all that I could have believed of myself. What to me then were ambition, display, the lust of empty fame; nay, the support and stay of life itself? Immediately, with all my energies, I started out to return with all speed to myself.

He goes on to tell how in conjunction with this new illumination the religion of his childhood laid its grasp upon him.¹ Certainly this is eloquent testimony to the strength of the Neo-Platonist influence in its inception; and that it was no mere passing enthusiasm is clearly shown in the passage of the *Confessions* referred to above, as well as elsewhere.

It is important, I think, to insist upon the point that the influence of Neo-Platonism on St. Augustine

¹ The exact relation of the various causes leading up to his conversion is of course a problem in itself and cannot be discussed here.

is a matter of explicit acknowledgment, and not a mere inference from parallel passages. There are, of course, cases where parallels will suffice to prove influence; but we have all of us suffered many things at the hands of misguided enthusiasts who insisted on inferring influence from parallels, which common sense obstinately assured us might perfectly well have arisen independently.

In the present case it is a satisfaction to know that we are on absolutely firm ground. Let us now look at some of the doctrines in which the influence is apparent.

Here I must be content to summarise briefly. Augustine's first need was to have his confidence in the possibility of attaining truth restored. This Neo-Platonism did for him by its doctrine that the intuitions of the higher mind bring us into direct contact with the Divine. This became a permanent part of his mental furniture, for in the *De Civitate Dei* (viii. 7), written near the close of his life, we find him commending the Neo-Platonists for teaching that "the light of our minds by which we are enabled to learn all things is that same God by whom all things were made."

Next, it was the Neo-Platonists who first taught him to think of God as spirit, as wholly non-material. He had not previously got beyond a kind of sublimated materialism. This may surprise us, but he tells us so repeatedly and explicitly. For instance, in the *Confessions* (vii. 20.26), he says: "Having read the books of the Platonists I became certain that Thou art and that Thou art infinite, and yet that Thou art not extended through spaces either finite or infinite." His highest conception of the deity had previously been on the

analogy of an ocean in which the universe floated like a sponge (*ib.* vii. 5.7).

To Neo-Platonism also he owes his doctrine of the identity of the Divine attributes with the Divine essence, which he expresses in a fine metaphor of his own. The various attributes which we distinguish are like the various colours into which pure white light is broken up on reaching our material sphere (*De Trin.* vi. 7).

Neo-Platonism aided him also in construing to himself the doctrine of the Trinity. In the seventh book of the *Confessions* (pp. 9f.) he works out at length the analogies between the Nous of the Neo-Platonist triad and the Logos of St. John's Gospel, and in the *De Trinitate* (xv. §§ 40f.), his principal illustration owes something to Neo-Platonism.

In regard to the problem of evil, which had so long harassed him, he found standing-ground in Plotinus' doctrine that evil is negative, defect of good, and no positive entity.

In theodicy, the vindication of the Divine government of the world, Augustine borrows arguments and illustrations, using for instance the idea that dark colours in a picture may enhance the effect of the whole, nearly in the same way as does Plotinus (*De Civ. Dei* xi. 28; *op.* Plotinus, *Enn.* iii. 2. 11). As to the influence of Neo-Platonism upon Augustine's ethic, a word or two more must be said, for this will bring us to the threshold of his mysticism.

The great importance of this influence was that it supplied him with a theoretic basis for an ascetic ethic which did not involve a crude dualism. With his temperament this was a very important matter. It is a psychological law that the natural reaction of the

sensuous temperament, under the influence of a moral and spiritual awakening, is towards asceticism. But it makes a difference in the quality of the asceticism whether it is founded on a crude dualism, for which the world and all its interests are morally abhorrent, or whether it can relate itself naturally to these. Now the Neo-Platonist theory, with its turning from the lower not because bad in itself but for the sake of the higher, nay more, of using the lower—in the form for instance of the beauty of the external world—as a stepping stone by which to mount to the higher, provides for a noble type of asceticism. The Neo-Platonist is theoretically a spiritual athlete who must keep himself in training because he habitually makes high demands upon his powers, and must be capable at times of a supreme effort such as that which culminates in the mystic vision.

We may now turn to the subject of mysticism. There is a popular misconception of Neo-Platonism according to which the most distinctive characteristic of a Neo-Platonist was the capacity to put himself into a mystic trance or ecstasy at the shortest possible notice. There is no need of course here to combat a misconception of that order; but it is, I think, worth recalling how high and difficult, how *rare* an experience the Neo-Platonist ecstasy was. Nothing is more striking than the sobriety of the greater Neo-Platonists in their claim to have experienced it. Plotinus attained to it only four times during the six years that Porphyry spent with him, and Porphyry himself only claims to have attained it once. That in itself is significant and points to the severity of the mental process by which it was attained. It is not a form of

self-indulgence which has grown up as an excrescence upon a system of philosophy; its justification, indeed its necessity, follows with rigorous logic from the principles of the system. It is an axiom of Neo-Platonism that the highest being must be absolutely simple, excluding all differentiation. It is another axiom that like can only be known by like. Now the highest form of ordinary thought involves differentiation, at the very least the differentiation of subject and object in consciousness. Therefore the highest being, the primal One, can only be known—if you can call it known, for they recognise that the term is strictly inapplicable—by transcending the ordinary process of thought and leaving behind the duality of consciousness.

In *Ennead* vi. 9.4 Plotinus writes :

Our principal difficulty in regard to the One is that our comprehension of it is not by way of scientific knowledge, nor by thinking as in the case of the other intelligibles, but by a presence which is better than knowledge. For when the soul acquires knowledge of anything it departs from unity and ceases to be wholly one. It is therefore necessary to transcend knowledge and all that can be scientifically known.

But—and this is the important point—it is strictly by *transcending*, not by negating, thought that we arrive at it. It lies beyond thought, but, so to speak, on the same line produced; though, if we may mix our mathematical metaphors a little, the production involves its passing through a 'critical point' at which its character is changed. The character of the Neo-Platonic ecstasy is, in short, determined by the fact that it comes as the culminating point of a process of the most intense thought. Ethics also enter into the matter, inasmuch as it is the ethical will which keeps thought to its task in these high efforts, and also, in a

wider sense, because it provides the general conditions of athletic mental life, so to speak, on the basis of which these special efforts can be made. The special effort of strenuous thought working upwards and inwards from phenomena to the ultimate principle of things, constitutes the *Ascent*. And the point on which I wish to insist, is that the ecstasy, coming as the culminating point of this ascent, has its character determined by what goes before, and is widely different from a trance produced by mechanical hypnotism or any other negation of thought.

Perhaps I may be permitted an illustration of a rather trivial character which has nevertheless, I think, a certain illustrative value. There is a story told of a great singer—for the present purpose it matters little whether it is true, or even possible—to the following effect. He had to render a song of which the refrain had 'a dying fall,' had in fact to be repeated with an effect of increasing tenuity—like the "Far, far away!" of Tennyson's well-known lines. When the singer came to the end of the last verse, where the refrain was repeated once oftener than in the preceding verses, when he came to the last repetition, desiring to produce an effect of extreme delicacy he remained silent, merely making the motion of forming the words with his lips—and the imagination of the audience did the rest!

Now the point is, that this *silence* of his was not really a blank silence, it was determined and rendered significant by what had gone before; it was the previous graduated repetitions, the ascent along the line of increasing tenuity of sound, which produced the effect. Just so, it is the ascent along the line of increasing intensity of thought which gives to the Neo-Platonic final silence-beyond-the-bounds-of-thought its meaning

and its value. It is of course for that sole point of comparison that I use the illustration. I quite see that it is capable of a humorous application in which the Neo-Platonic ecstasy might be compared to the hallucination of the audience that there was something there which wasn't there! But that is neither my meaning nor my belief.

One or two passages from Plotinus must be given which suggest the character of this ascent :

The first reflection that every soul should make is this : It is the universal soul which has produced, by breathing into them the breath of life, all the living creatures which are upon earth. . . . It is itself a being of another order from those to which it gives form and movement and life. . . . If it is the soul which makes other things admirable, why should a man forget the soul which is within himself and spend his admiration upon other objects. If it is soul that he admires in them he ought also to admire it in himself (*Enn.* v. 1. 2).

Again :

Since the soul is so divine and precious a thing, be persuaded that by it you can attain to God, and by its means mount up to Him. . . . Lay hold then upon that which is still more divine, that which is next above the soul, with which the soul is in contact and whence it is derived, for, great though the soul is, it is only the image of the Intelligence [that is the Nous, the second in the Neo-Platonic trinity] (*Enn.* v. 1. 8).

The next stage is this :

Drawing near then to the Intelligence and so to speak becoming one with it the soul enquires : What has given birth to this diversity, what is that which is simple (without division), which is prior even to this, which is the cause of its being and of its being multiple, that which gives rise to number, for number cannot be that which is first (*Enn.* v. 1. 5).

The next stage brings us to the mystic experience itself :

He who would behold the One must retire into himself as into an inner shrine, abiding quiet on the further side of all things (*Enn.* v. 1. 6).

The mystic ecstasy itself cannot of course in any strict sense be described. If it could be fully described it obviously would not be what it is. But Plotinus has made several daring attempts to convey a suggestion of it, and I quote here the passage which perhaps comes nearest to a description :

The beholder was in himself one, having in himself no difference either in relation to himself or in regard to other things. There was no movement in him, such as wrath or desire or any intellection; nor was he, so to say, wholly himself, but as though in a rapture or enthusiasm, he was wholly quiescent and alone in a condition of unmoved calm, with no inclination outward from his own essence, nor even any movement of revolution about himself, but wholly in repose and as it were identified with repose. . . . And perhaps this is hardly to be called vision; it is rather another kind of seeing, an ecstasy, a becoming absolutely simple, an abandonment of self, a desire for contact, a state of calm and of knowledge leading to harmonisation, as when one is prepared for vision in the sacred shrine (*Enn.* vi. 9. 11).

This last passage with its insistence on repose has a curiously close analogue in the well-known lines in Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*, where he speaks of

That serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

It is a question of some interest whether St. Augustine would have taken his place among the great

mystics had he never come under the influence of Neo-Platonism. Some pre-existing germ, some kind of natural affinity, may safely be assumed in the case of any man in whom an influence becomes alive, who is not merely moulded by it from without, but who takes it up into his own being, as Augustine does with the Neo-Platonic mysticism. It is a truism, of course, to say that without this influence the form which his mysticism takes would have been different, and I would not pause to say it, were it not that I think there is a passage which suggests the kind of mysticism which he might have developed out of his own resources.

What is it that I love (he exclaims in a rapture of adoration)? What is it that I love when I love Thee? It is no corporeal beauty, nor temporal glory, not the brightness of that light which is pleasant to the eye, not the sweet strains of variously modulated song, not a fragrance of flowers or unguents or spicery, not manna and honey, not limbs acceptable to embracements of the flesh, not these do I love when I love my God; yet it is a certain light that I love, and song, and fragrance, and food, and embrace, that I love when I love my God, a light, song, food, embrace, of the inner man, where, for my soul, that shines which space does not contain, that sounds which time does not sweep away, that is fragrant which the breeze does not dispel, and that tastes sweet which, fed upon, is not diminished, and that clings close which no satiety disparts (*Conf.* x. 6. 8).

I quoted Wordsworth as a parallel for Plotinus; here is an Elizabethan parallel for Augustine in this mood:

It is no flaming lustre made of light,
 No sweet concent nor well-timed harmony,
 Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite,
 Or flowery odour mixed with spicery;
 No sweet embrace or pleasure bodily;
 And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
 A harmony that sounds within the breast,
 An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

That is Giles Fletcher, and the parallel is of course too close to be accidental. The stanza must have been based on the passage in Augustine. It is worth quoting not only for its beauty and interest, but because it brings out the poetico-sensuous character of this mysticism. And this kind of mysticism skirts the brink of a precipice. There is here at least a hint of that danger of an æsthetico-spiritual eroticism from which some of the lesser mystics have not been free. If this, as seems not unlikely, was the kind of mysticism to which Augustine's temperament inclined him, it underwent a noteworthy transmutation in the sublimating fires of Plotinus' intellectual spiritualism.

In contrast with this, let us take another passage which shows manifest traces of Neo-Platonic influence. It is the account of the mystical illumination which Augustine and his mother experienced together when they were conversing 'at a window looking out upon a garden in Ostia,' shortly before her death. They were speaking together, he tells us, of eternal life.

And when our conversation reached the point that sensuous pleasure however intense and in whatever splendour of circumstance [so we understand *in quantalibet luce corporea*] is unworthy, not merely to be compared with, but even to be mentioned in comparison with the joy of that life, then, striving upward with ardent longing towards the 'self-same' (that is the unchanging God), we passed from stage to stage through all bodily forms. . . . And now we began a more inward ascent by dwelling in thought upon Thy works and speaking of and admiring them; and so we came to our own minds, and we passed beyond them, that we might come to that region of unfailling plenty where Thou dost feed Thine Israel with the food of truth. There, is the living Wisdom, by whom all things were made, both those which have been, and those that are to come; but that Wisdom itself is not made, but so is as it has been and ever shall be. . . . And even while we were speaking of it and longin

for it, we grasped it—and hardly grasped it—with the utmost leap of our hearts (*toto ictu cordis*).

That is the moment of intuition. When they had descended again to a frame of mind in which articulate speech was possible, he expressed his feeling about the experience thus :

If for anyone the tumult of the flesh were stilled, and the images of earth and sea and air, if the heavens were still, and the mind itself were silent to itself, and went beyond itself by not thinking of itself ; if all dreams were silent, and revelations which come by imagery, and every tongue and every symbol and every transient thing were wholly silent . . . ; but if we were to hear without these that Word which we love in all these, even as, but now, we reached forth and by a flash of thought touched the eternal Wisdom which abideth above all things—if that experience were prolonged and all other visions of a different order were removed, and this one vision rapt and absorbed and overwhelmed the beholder with inward joys, so that eternal life were like that moment of insight which left us yearning for it when it was past ; would not this be what is meant by the saying, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Here we have quite distinctly present some of the most characteristic features of Neo-Platonic mysticism, the upward ascent through nature and an inner interpretation of nature to the mind itself, and then the mind passing beyond itself, the leap of the spirit or flash of intuition, a contact with the Divine of which the immediacy is emphasised and which is attended with joy and amazement. Moreover the very language is frequently reminiscent of Plotinus.¹ The passage beginning 'If for any one the tumult of the flesh were silent' almost reproduces a passage in the *Enneads* (v. 1. 2) :

¹ Augustine, with his usual candour, expressly says that the conversation was not 'in these words.' We are not asked to believe that Monica was an adept in Neo-Platonism.

Let there be silent unto it [*sc.* the soul] not only the body which surrounds it, and the restless surge of the body, but also all that is round about it; let the earth be silent and the sea and the air and even the unsullied heaven.

The phrase 'if it transcend itself by not thinking of itself' recalls a passage in *Enn.* iii. 8. 9, where Plotinus says that, in approaching the vision of the One, "the mind . . . must as it were leave itself behind and cease to be wholly mind." The phrase 'with the utmost leap of our hearts' (*toto ictu cordis*) was perhaps suggested by "with what a mighty leap (*ἐπιβολῇ ἀθρόα*) must the mind seize this that transcends the nature of mind"; and the words 'if this one vision rapt and absorbed and overwhelmed the beholder with inward joys' seem to be reminiscent of Plotinus' exclamation: "What a glow of love will the beholder experience, with what delight and wonder is he filled" (*Enn.* i. 6.7).

But the Neo-Platonic spirit of the whole will appear still more clearly if we quote more fully one of the striking passages in which Plotinus has succeeded in conveying, if not a clear conception, at least the 'aura' and glow of the experience. As a rule he is a heavy difficult writer, but this one subject, the mystic experience, has the power of quickening his obscure and cumbrous style into brilliancy and vigour. In one of these eloquent passages he says:

We have now to ascend to the Good, to which every soul aspires. Whosoever has seen it, knows what I have to say, knows how beautiful it is. It is the nature of the Good to be desirable; it is indeed the very goal of our desires. In order to attain it we must mount up to the supernal region, setting our faces towards it and putting off from ourselves all that wherewith we clothed ourselves in descending hither—even as in the Mysteries those who approach the holy place of the temple

purify themselves and put off their vestments and advance unclathed—until, leaving behind in the ascent all that is foreign to the Deity, by ourselves alone we behold it alone, in all its simplicity and purity—that upon which all things depend, to which all things look, from which they derive being and life and thought. . . . This then if any beholds, what transports of love does he feel, with what ardour does he desire to be united with it, how is he ravished with delight (*Enn.* i. 6. 7).

As a pendant to the passage which has been quoted from the *Confessions* about the conversation at Ostia, let us take a much less familiar but hardly less interesting passage from the *De Genesi ad Litteram* (xii. 54), which has the advantage of bringing out clearly the ethical side of St. Augustine's mysticism.

In the intelligible region (he says), the region where the mind sees neither by the bodily eye, nor by the imagination, but directly, there are *there* no mists of false opinions to obscure the truth; and there the virtues are not toilsome and laborious to the soul. For neither is there lust to be restrained by *temperance*, nor adversities to be borne with *fortitude*, nor iniquity to be punished by *justice*, nor evils to be avoided by *prudence*. The sole and all-embracing virtue is to love what you see, and the highest happiness is to have what you love. There one drinks the blessed life at the fountain-head, whence there drop some sprinklings to this human life, in order that amid the temptations of the world we may live temperately, valiantly, justly and prudently. For in order to attain that unthreatened calm and ineffable vision of truth, we face the task of refraining from pleasure, and sustaining adversity and assisting the needy and resisting deceivers. There is seen the beauty of God, not by symbolic vision, whether of corporeal things as in Mount Sinai, or of spiritual things such as Isaiah saw, or John in the Apocalypse, but clearly, not in an enigma; so far as it is possible for the human mind to grasp, according to the grace of God who thus receives us up to Himself (*assumentis Dei*).

In this passage we see, first, an ethical element entering into the experience itself: "The one virtue is to love what thou beholdest." And this does not

mean the *one* in an exclusive sense,—it is *tota virtus*, the all-embracing virtue which includes all the others within itself as—to use the metaphor which we have seen Augustine use elsewhere—as white light includes all the colours. Then, further, this mystic experience gives the incentive to the practice of the virtues of ordinary life (“from this fountain-head there drop some sprinklings to our ordinary life, in order that, amid the temptations of this world, we may live temperately, valiantly, justly, and prudently”).

Here again we find, for both conceptions, parallels in Plotinus. In one of the passages already quoted he identifies the One with the Good, in fact speaks of it as the Good (i. 6. 7); and for him, too, love is called forth by the experience—though when writing strictly he would no doubt have denied that so definite a feeling as love could enter into the mystic moment itself. And the thought that the remembrance of the vision is a stimulus to virtue finds expression in the following passage :

And even when a man has fallen back from the vision, he can, by arousing the virtue which is within him and considering the perfections with which he is adorned, mount up again through virtue to (the) Intelligence and through Wisdom to the One itself (vi. 9. 11).

There is abundant evidence that Augustine's conception of the heavenly life was largely influenced by mysticism. The conception is, to put it briefly, that in the heavenly life the mystic experience which here was only momentary was to be permanent. This thought, it will be remembered, occurs incidentally in the great passage in the *Confessions* where he says :

If that experience were prolonged and all other visions of a different order were excluded, would not that be what is meant by “Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

Again, in *Confessions* x. 65, he says :

At times Thou dost bring me to a frame of mind very different from the ordinary, bringing me to a strange inward sweetness, which if it were perfected in me, I know not how it would differ from the life of blessedness with Thee.

And there is one of these passages which has an extraordinarily close parallel with Plotinus. In the *De Civitate Dei* xxii. 29, Augustine writes :

God shall be so known and manifest that He shall be spiritually seen by every one of us, He shall be seen by each in every other, He shall be seen in Himself, He shall be seen in the new heaven and the new earth, and in every being that shall then exist.

Augustine must, I think, here have had in mind a passage in *Ennead* v. 8. 4 where Plotinus writes :

And they see all things—not as subject to generation but as possessing being [that is to say, *sub specie aeternitatis*]. And they see themselves in the others, for there all things are transparent, there is no darkness nor opacity, but each is manifest to each, through and through, and all things are manifest to each, for light is manifest to light. For then each sees all things in himself and again he sees all in another, so that all things are everywhere, and all is all and each is all, and the brightness is infinite.

Plotinus is here speaking of the gods—not the Three Intelligibles, but the minor gods of Neo-Platonism, who, as Augustine in one passage himself points out (*De Civ. Dei* ix. 23), offer a close analogy to the Church's conception of angels ; so that even in regard to the application of the passage the parallel is not remote.

I shall not spend space on a summing up, for a summing up implies a certain completeness, and I have merely been giving some illustrations of an influence which really covers a much wider area.

But there is one remark which ought to be made before closing, namely that in emphasising, as our purpose required, Augustine's borrowings, some injustice has necessarily been done to the amount of independent thought which he exercised upon them.

He was of those great minds who take their material where they will and justify their right to it by giving it a larger life. We may fittingly redress the balance by quoting in conclusion Harnack's fine metaphor:

A great epoch-making man is like a river, the smaller streams . . . lose themselves in it, having fed it, but without changing the direction of its flow. Not only Victorinus, but ultimately also Ambrose himself, Optatus, Cyprian and Tertullian were lost to view in Augustine, but they made him the proud river that he is, a river in whose waters the banks are mirrored, on whose bosom ships sail, a river which passes through and fertilises a whole region of the world.

But Plotinus was a greater than any of those here named, and we must not be understood so to adopt the image as to imply that the course of the river was unaffected by its confluence with this great tributary stream.

W. MONGTOMERY.

THE INTERRELATION OF VOICE, SONG AND DANCE.

Fleet Surgeon C. MARSH BEADNELL, R.N.

IN a former article¹ we traced the progress of the faculties of sound-transmission and sound-reception through the invertebrate division of the animal kingdom, and will now follow their further career through the vertebrate division, beginning of course with the fishes.

It may be thought that little is to be said concerning voice and hearing in these typical inhabitants of lakes, rivers and seas, and not a few may be surprised to learn that fishes really have considerable powers of phonic intercourse. To organisms residing in the still, dark depths of a fluid whose boundaries are practically unlimited in horizontal directions, the possession of some means of communicating with one another is an advantage so obvious that there is ample justification for concluding that the cries of fishes have been developed for the purpose of keeping the individuals of each species in touch with one another, and it was doubtless the very good conducting powers of water that first induced Nature to select sound-signals as the particular means of such intercommunication.² Some fish are known, from actual observation, to make

¹ See 'The Dawn of Voice and Hearing' in the last number.—Ed.

² Experiments on the Lake of Geneva proved that sound-waves travel four times faster through water than through air. The velocities determined were 4706ft. per sec. for water and 1090ft. per sec. for air.

a noise, though how they do so remains a mystery, whilst other fish, known to possess organs which are highly suggestive of sound-production, have never been heard to make a sound. Yet taking all in all we may safely say that fishes call to one another, hear one another and, moreover, that their cries exhibit, in the several species, an immense variety of character, as the following examples show. The electric cat-fish (*Malopterurus electricus*) of the Nile swears and spits just like the angry feline from which it takes its name; in the breeding season the little sea-horse makes a noise resembling the distant roll of drums; coffer-fish and globe-fish growl, and one of the horse-mackerels grunts like a pig, in fact an Egyptian species is known to the Arabs as the snorter; gurnards snore, grunt, croak and croon, and the grey variety is known to the Irish as the crooner. The maigre, a fish occasionally caught off our coasts, has quite a little *répertoire*; amongst other vocal accomplishments it can bellow, purr, buzz and whistle, and the noise made by a shoal of these fish, even when some sixty feet below the surface of the sea, is so great that it can be heard by people on a passing steamer; in fact, it has been seriously suggested that these are the very fish that gave rise to the fable of the Song of the Sirens.

We have seen in a previous article that among insects the principal method of producing sound is stridulation. Now this method is occasionally to be met with amongst fishes and, when so present, affords a good illustration of convergent evolution, for, since insects are a side branch from the direct evolutionary line of the fishes, the habit of stridulation must have arisen independently in each class. As examples of fish that stridulate we may allude to an Indian

siluroid,¹ to the bull-heads and flying-gurnards which make a noise with their head-bones, to *Doras*, to the trigger-fishes, the boar-fish and certain stickle-backs which use various fins for the purpose. The trigger-fishes of the Indian Ocean stridulate by rubbing together certain bones² in intimate relation with the swim-bladder, which is thus made to play the rôle of sounding-box. There is an ugly little fish off the Cape which is a most intolerable nuisance to fishermen, as it is constantly getting itself caught on one's fishing line and its flesh being poisonous is worse than useless. This puffer or toad-fish, as it is called, when removed from its element, grinds its horny jaws together in a manner unmistakably threatening and blows itself out to such a size that an explosion seems inevitable. The sun-fish, too, a near relative of the puffer, grits its teeth when annoyed, and we shall call attention (in a future article) to the fact that this gritting or grinding of teeth is the primitive gestural language, which makes shift, in higher animals, for the words "I am angry."

The part played by the air-bladder in sound-production is all-important seeing that this organ is the homologue of the lungs in amphibia, reptiles, birds and mammals. In the S. American siluroid *Auchenipterus* the expanded and thinned-out processes of the fourth vertebra are actually embedded in the wall of this bladder; when the vertebral processes are thrown into vibration by special muscles attached to them, they cause the bladder and the air inside it to vibrate in sympathy, the result being a loud sonorous

¹ *Callomystax gagata* makes an unpleasing sound by rubbing the sixth and succeeding vertebræ against the head bones and upper five vertebræ.

² The clavicle and post-clavicle.

note. In the drum-fish the air bladder and its muscles form a most powerful sound-organ, the noise of which, like that of the maigre-fish, is plainly audible to those on board a passing vessel. In the family of cat-fish (*Siluridae*) alone there are no less than sixty-eight species which use the air-bladder as a sound-producing organ; moreover—and this is of yet greater significance—when the air-bladder is so used, it is highly specialised in the direction of a lung by the addition of a series of out-growths in the form of little blind tubes. Such is the case, for instance, in a S. African fish (*Doras*) which can walk for long distances over dry land using its pectoral fins as legs, occasionally giving vent to a bass growl audible thirty yards away. No less significant is the fact that in many fishes the air-bladder is in direct communication with the auditory organs, though whether this arrangement assists the animal's hearing by transmitting to the ear sound-waves that have reached the air-bladder through the general surface of the body, or whether it conveys to the ear variations of tension in the air-bladder consequent upon vertical migrations of the fish, is not certain. Many of the carp are on a yet higher level of vocalisation, as they are capable of making murmuring noises by expelling air from the air-bladder through a narrow tube known as the pneumatic duct; but we must go to the true mud-fishes to see piscine vocal organs of the most advanced type, that is to say, a type most approximating to that of the higher land-dwelling animals. In these wonderful amphibious fish we witness a transition stage in the mechanism and character both of respiration and phonation, as they breathe water by gills and air by lungs, and their voice and voice-apparatus connect the comparatively

feeble cries and simple vocal mechanisms of the true aquatic fish on the one hand, and the comparatively loud cries and well-developed mechanisms of the terrestrial amphibians on the other. Mud-fishes are living representatives of a type that actually linked the water-dwelling and land-dwelling vertebrates; their lungs are nothing but differentiated swim-bladders and, seeing what an important part in phonation the swim-bladder already plays in the pure gill-breathers, it is not surprising to find that they are powerful vocalists. The S. American mud-fish *Lepidosiren* swims, wriggles and *walks* through the dense network of aquatic plants of the Amazon swamps, now and again poking its snout out to breathe and incidentally to emit a deep growl. *Neo-Ceratodus* is a mud-fish who shares with the archaic duck-billed *Platypus* the stagnant pools of the river Burnett in Queensland; it wends its way through the dense water-weeds and, when dissatisfied with the proportion of air in the water, it comes to the surface to fill its lungs, advertising its annoyance with a loud grunt which can be heard for a great distance.

CACOPHONOUS CROCODILES, SIBILATING SERPENTS AND SILVER-TONED TOADS.

The first vertebrates to crawl out of the waters on to the dry land were prototypes of our modern mud-fish, but their excursions from their old birthplace and the home of their ancestors were tentative and shy as though they were trying to see how the land lay, and it was not until the appearance of their descendants, the amphibians, of whom frogs and salamanders are existing representatives, that anything like a permanent stay on *terra firma* was made. Most amphibians have

a 'voice' produced by a rush of air over the membranous folds situated in that part of the wind-pipe corresponding to the larynx of mammals. There is no larynx in fishes, its first appearance being in the higher members of the class now under discussion; some salamanders have a primitive larynx and most of the frogs possess real vocal cords. The lower members of this class fill their lungs with air by the primitive method of pumping with the throat muscles; but in frogs we see the dawn of the more efficacious method practised by mammals, in which *air-swallowing*, a process dependent upon the action of throat-muscles, has been supplanted by *air-inhaling*, which demands special inspiratory muscles. Now these semi-terrestrial amphibians, hesitating, as it were, at the brink of the water, dissatisfied with, yet loth to bid adieu to the cradle of their youth and the permanent home of their forefathers, have the faculty of emitting more varied sounds than those of the fishes. The voice of the salamander—one of the very primitive amphibians—is a mere squeak, that of the female frog and toad is a croak; many male frogs and toads, however, have the most beautiful clear musical tones, that range in quality from a sonorous boom to the tinkling of silver bells. When thousands of frogs are singing together on a still, clear tropical night, the resulting sound, softened by distance—and in East Africa I have heard their united chorus coming from swamps more than a mile away—has a really pleasing effect. When a frog 'pipes,' the skin of its mouth bulges out and so augments the sound, a fact which marks a most important step in our climb up life's genealogical tree, for it is the first instance of the use of mouth-parts as a resonator in phonation. To take an interesting case

in point, there is a frog (*Paludicola fuscomaculata*) in Paraguay the male of which, during the breeding season, fills its lungs and distends its abdomen in order to float about on the top of the water; it then pumps air into the 'vocal sacs,' as the cheek-pouches are termed, and so produces a mournful kitten-like love-cry which charms, no doubt, the ears of some enraptured female. This frog when fully distended will, if frightened, collapse so instantaneously that it appears to have vanished as completely as a cuckoo into a clock; it also has the knack of ventriloquising, and in consequence this little batrachian is a source of some embarrassment to the naturalist who would capture it. The call of one other frog must be alluded to if only for the reason that it is now to be heard in the Zoological Gardens, where specimens of the animal have recently been deposited; the call smacks more of a bark, hence it is popularly known as the 'barking frog,' though, strictly speaking, it is one of the pugnacious horned toads (*Ceratophrys ornata*).

From the stegocephalous amphibians¹ emerged the incipient reptiles and from these the typical reptiles, a cold-blooded² sluggish group of animals, somewhat silent as a rule though capable of bursting forth into eloquence under the passions of anger or love, the majority of them possessing vocal and auditory organs far superior to those of their predecessors, the

¹ The stegocephalous amphibia comprise an extinct group of terrestrial four-footed creatures that flourished in Carboniferous times. They were so-called because their heads were roofed-in and armoured by a set of skin-bones. That they really were amphibia and not fishes is indicated in many ways but especially by their five-toed hind limbs.

² The application of the term 'cold-blooded' to an animal is purely relative. The blood of reptiles is cold compared to that of mammals and birds, but is warm compared to that of amphibians and fishes. Some of the very specialised flying reptiles such as the pterodactyles probably had warm blood like present-day mammals.

amphibians. Geckos have a call which varies from an insignificant click to a loud and long-drawn-out *geck...ko*. During a recent visit to the marvellous ruined cities of Angkor¹ Thom and Angkor Wat, that lie almost buried amid the exuberant vegetation of the forests of Cambodia, I spent three or four nights sleeping in the open air on one of the terraces leading up to a temple. All round were old walls, gateways and pillars, their barbaric splendour enhanced by the yet defiant attitude they bore towards the ever-encroaching and insinuating jungle growths which, from *confervæ* to palm, seemed bent on their effacement. Never shall I forget those tropic nights. I said 'sleeping'; fitfully dozing would better describe the situation, since true sleep was out of the question what with the buzzing, chirruping and general fritinancy of the insect world, the croaking of frogs, the shrill cries of great fruit-bats who zig-zagged about in their legions, and, surpassing all, the raucous and constantly reiterated *farr..rr..rr..kk..kirrrr* of certain monstrous geckos ensconced in the topmost fastnesses of the palm trees. The smaller geckos emit a not displeasing chirp something like that of the bird; other geckos make a noise resembling the chirruping of grasshoppers, and by this means bewitch and lure to their doom (as did the Greek Sirens of old) the crickets and grasshoppers upon which they feed. The chirping of geckos is produced in the throat but is sometimes accompanied or replaced by stridulation, the mechanism of which consists of hard, nail-like plates in the tail which are rubbed upon each other. The little chameleon, a cousin of the gecko, can only boast a feeble grunt. Tortoises, turtles and terrapins are, as a

¹ Angkor is a corruption of the older and more correct name Nāgara.

rule, silent except when mating, at which time they will venture a timid piping cry; their hearing capacity would appear to be but second-rate, for it takes a fairly loud noise to make them draw in their heads. In alligators and crocodiles certain membranous folds in the throat, just where the windpipe opens into it, do duty for vocal cords. Despite the primitive nature of these cords the alligator's bellow can be heard for miles. I have seen many crocodiles in their native environment, but have never once heard one, even when wounded, call out, though I should add that a little pet crocodile with which I was once shipmate would hiss when teased. Mr. Pycraft, however, vividly describes how the male crocodile, under the excitement of love, endeavours to dispel the apathy of the female by capering round and round the pool with head and tail raised high in air, yelling and roaring, the while he exudes from glands in the jaw and tail, an overpowering smell of musk.¹

The hiss of the snake is almost certainly a warning signal to other animals that any harm done to it will inevitably recoil upon the aggressor. A heavy beast unwittingly treading on a poisonous snake breaks the latter's back but receives, in its turn, a mortal hurt, and so two good lives are lost; clearly, therefore, it would be of benefit, not only to the snake, but to all other animals, for it to be provided with some stand-off-the-grass signal; and the guardian angel of animals in the shape of natural selection has, in consequence, adopted and wet-nursed all chance variations in the direction of warning signals in the ancestors of snakes. And thus have been perfected the various devices for frightening intruders, such as

¹ W. P. Pycraft, *Courtship of Animals*.

the rattling of the rattlesnake, the terrifying pose of the cobra and the hissing and tongue-protruding of the whole snake order.

Somewhere in the Triassic age the old reptiles evolved into the theromorphs,¹ animals intermediate between the then highest amphibians, the labyrinthodonts,² and lowest monotrematous mammals like our existing ornithorhynchus. These theromorphs, however, were still undoubted reptiles and comprised four orders: the ungainly pariasaurs, the horny-jawed toothless anomodonts, the placodonts with teeth adapted for scrunching shell-fish, and the theriodonts who, as their name implies, had beast-like teeth. These last were reptiles undergoing transformation into egg-laying mammals like our monotremes, feeling their way, as it were, in the mammalian direction. Most of them attained colossal proportions and, on this account principally, though for other reasons as well, died out. However, fortunately for us, there were small members of this family as well, and it was from the loins of one of these—an animal possibly not much larger than a rat—that all mammals, great and small, living and extinct, have sprung. Yet later there sprouted from that old and fertile reptilian stem another branch, representative of the reptile-birds such as *Archaeopteryx*, and this ultimately divided up into a number of twigs exemplifying the highly specialised bird families of to-day.³ We will deal with

¹ *Theromorpha*, that is, beast-shaped animals.

² *Labyrinthodonta*, so-called because a cross section of their teeth shows a series of winding passages. The typical labyrinthodonts, of which *Mastodonsaurus*—the most gigantic amphibian known—is a conspicuous example, form a sub-order of the *Stegocephali*. See also footnote 1, p. 319.

³ Contrary to what was, until recently, the generally accepted opinion, it is now considered that the first mammals were far less specialised than the first birds and, moreover, branched off from the reptilian stem at an earlier period. The *Dinosauria*—those 'terrible lizards' that stalked about

the phonation of this avian group first, leaving that of the mammals to a subsequent occasion.

BIRDS AND THEIR MELODIES.

The variegated and beautiful colours of birds were almost certainly called into existence by natural selection, to prevent any crossing between individuals of different species who might happen to be of the same size and shape, and to enable those of the same species readily to recognise one another. It is obvious that recognition marks depending on colour and form alone would not suffice under all conditions; they would, for instance, fail in thick bush, in the dark and over long distances, and for this reason the aid of sound was called in. By its help the owl on the darkest night or the chiff-chaff in the thickest copse can trace its respective partner; thus, too, the parent partridges collect together their covey, scattered, it may be, over acres of stubble. At first it is probable that all birds had similar calls whatever the sex; only later did the call become specialised by sexual selection favouring those males whose vocal efforts were most successful in winning over to their side the females. The following four characters of bird-cries are noteworthy in that, in all likelihood, they represent outstanding landmarks in the evolutionary path taken by the 'song' as emitted in the ancestors of song-birds. First we have simple recognition-calls like those of the gull, hawk and crow; then come calls such

on two legs like great naked swag-bellied birds and tore their prey with short powerful fore-limbs and saw-like jaws—possessed a number of avian characteristics, though the most bird-like dinosaurs, such as *Compsognathus*, were of later date than the oldest known undoubted bird, *Archaeopteryx*, and Gadow thinks that the ancestors of birds were not amongst the dinosaurs at all. Possibly, however, they were amongst their Oolitic ancestors.

as those of the cuckoo and woodpecker, which differ slightly in each sex during the actual pairing time; in a third we find the song in the male specialised during the breeding season but lapsing to a lower level when the excitement incident to that period abates, the thrush's song is of this type; and finally, as in the yellow-hammer and robin, we have a song which outlasts the nesting time and brings cheer to human hearts in the iciest depths of winter. If its ontogenetical record goes for anything, the differentiation of the bird's call took place very long ago, for not only do the young of some birds, such as gulls and plovers, call while still in the egg, but furthermore—again while still within the egg—they can hear and appreciate the significance of any change in the character of the call of their parents, whom they have never seen or been seen by, here responding to the note of joy, and there shrinking into absolute silence when the warning note of alarm is sounded. Now this is all the more remarkable seeing that in many birds somatic characteristics, such as the highly elaborated bills of the toucan, spoonbill and humming bird, do not become evident until long after hatching.

Most birds are adept imitators of sound and all learn their song by imitation. The young blackbird, for instance, taking his cue from his elders, has to practise for quite a year before he qualifies as a songster. That the song is not inherited, is proved by the fact that sparrows brought up by nightingales develop to a marked extent the note of their foster-parents and, still more significant, nestlings who have in this way learnt the song of a different species will, in their turn, teach their own offspring the canary-like notes which they themselves have abnormally acquired. The basal

ganglia, that is, the *optic thalami* and *corpora striata*, are better developed, proportionately to the cortex, in birds than in any other class of animals, and this is the principal reason why birds so excel in imitating all sounds, whether emitted by members of their own class, by other animals or by inanimate nature. Mere coincidence, surely, will not explain the fact that so many swamp-inhabiting birds have a frog-like croak, that the sound made by the chats is the facsimile of that made by the impact of small pebbles, that the eagle has the yelp of the carnivore, that owls squeal like rodents, that the jackdaw's call has a *timbre* so echo-like that at once it evokes visions of deserted quarries, that the woodcock's *scritch* is so like the sound of something moving through mud, that the grasshopper-warbler chirrups like the insect after which it is named, that the curlew bubbles like falling water, that penguins roar like a seal and hornbills like a ferocious jungle beast. Now in human beings the basal ganglia are small compared with the enormously developed cortex in which have been evolved areas governing speech, connected on the one hand with the very highest thought-centres and on the other with the basal ganglia and, through them, with the muscles which control the voice. Such an arrangement gives conscious and intelligent production of sounds rather than the more automatic and imitative sound-production of birds.

The cry of many nestlings differs from that of the adult in being more primitive; again, the cry of the latter is liable under certain conditions to revert to that of the former. This nestling cry, as well as that of the mature bird when frightened, especially if sitting, is often a simple hiss—the primitive vocal sign of

displeasure in so many animals not even excluding man. It may be urged that this snake-like hiss emitted under circumstances of attendant danger has been developed by natural selection with the object of intimidating intruders, and so undoubtedly it has, but it by no means follows that the hissing habit has been newly acquired in the bird class and during the bird stage, for it may be the retention of the old normal hissing voice of the birds' reptilian ancestors. I incline to the latter view, seeing how common is the hiss in birds and mammals, which, as we know, are the descendants of reptiles. No doubt certain animals, such as scorpions and mantids, not descended from reptiles, hiss to intimidate enemies, but their hissing is produced in a different part of the body, and in a different manner; in fact the adoption of this terrorising device in two such different categories of animals as the vertebrates and the arthropods is yet another instance of what we have already alluded to as convergent evolution. How vividly I recollect as a little boy inserting my hand down a hole in an old wall into which I had seen a tomtit fly, and the alacrity with which I withdrew it on hearing what I took to be the angry hiss of a snake. By such simple artifice did that mother tit save her eggs from my marauding fingers. The tits, nuthatches, owls, cockatoos and parrots all hiss fiercely when their nest is threatened; from personal experience of the roseate and the white cockatoo as pets, I know they are very prone to hiss when frightened, especially if someone approaches their cage after dark, though directly they hear a familiar voice the hiss gives place to a whistle of welcome. The bittern and the rhea also hiss when frightened, though their normal note is a loud boom or bellow. Mach, in a description

of a fledgling sparrow brought up by his boy, says: "By day it was very trustful and friendly. In the evening . . . the creature grew timid. It always sought out the highest places in the room, and would become quiet only when it was prevented by the ceiling from going higher. . . . On the coming of darkness, the demeanour of the animal changed totally. When approached, it ruffled its feathers, began to hiss, and showed every appearance of terror and real physical fear of ghosts. Nor is this fear without its reasons and purpose in a creature which, under normal circumstances, may at any moment be devoured by some monster."¹ The cormorant's usual cry is a harsh grunt, that of the duck and goose the familiar quack and gobble respectively, yet these birds when alarmed hiss. It is a curious fact that many birds, and indeed most animals, have a different cry when actively moving from that made when at rest; ducks and geese, for instance, *honk* during flight, and the lively *yack-yack* of the greenfinch is in marked contrast to its melancholy *schwoing* when at rest.

The song of the male bird not only helps to win a wife, not only wiles away the weary hours as she broods over her clutch, but incidentally threatens dire mischief to any chance gay Lothario who ventures too near the happy home.² To hear a typical cry of warning one should try to approach a flock of rooks when they are feeding on forbidden seed; however stealthy the approach, you will hear, sooner or later, the strident alarm of the sentinel bird, who, perched on some coign of vantage, urges the thieves to

¹ Ernst Mach, *Analysis of the Sensations*.

² Has the modern feminist movement of emancipation spread to avian circles? Last spring I saw more male blackbirds sitting on eggs than I ever saw in any previous year.

make themselves scarce. That curious metallic *clink-clink-clink* of the blackbird, as he scuttles down the hedgerow, is so characteristic and well-known a danger-ory that not only other birds but other animals, such as rabbits and hares, recognise it as such and are all agog with excitement and anxiety to discover the source of danger, so that, if necessary, they too may flee.

Some birds practise a kind of instrumental accompaniment to their song; the snipe, for instance, when flirting will spiral through the air at a terrific speed, holding its tail feathers rigidly outstretched so that they make a drumming noise. Even more remarkable is the performance of the black penelope of Guatemala, who, when frenzied by love, will rise up in the air to a great height and then, with wings wide-outstretched, hurl itself towards the earth with a crashing noise like that made by a falling tree. Storks and owls clap and snap with their beak; owls too, as well as pigeons and nightjars, smack their wings together when flying. Magpies, apparently recognising the deficiencies of their songs of love, endeavour to make up for them by rapping with their beaks on a dry sonorous branch. Woodpeckers too, equally unmelodious birds, serenade the female by tapping on a resonating piece of dead wood; in fact, the spotted varieties (*Dendrocopus maj.* and *min.*) do so with such rapidity and strength that the bird's head becomes blurred and the noise is audible a quarter of a mile away.

THE ORIGIN OF DANCING.

Such use of distinct and separate groups of muscles in conjunction with those strictly limited to the organs of voice-production leads us to the

consideration of the origin of dancing; in fact, so inseparable are song and dance throughout the animal kingdom—for, as we shall see presently, the pastime of dancing is by no means limited to the human race—that on this account alone it would be illogical to discuss the origin of the one without at any rate touching on the origin of the other. Dancing is more primitive than singing, more so indeed than any vocalisation whatever. There are savages whose speech is of the scantiest, but who, nevertheless, indulge in the most complicated dances; again, the rudiments of dancing extend further down the animal scale than does vocalisation, and they also appear earlier in the ontogenetical record, for even the unborn child, floating in the amniotic fluid, delights to kick about its little limbs, a phenomenon popularly known to mothers as ‘quickenings.’ After all, what is dancing at its best but a series of gestures, and gesture, as we shall see later, was the parent of all languages. Among primitive peoples, such as the Negritos of the Philippines, dancing consists in the men simply jumping in a circle around a girl and stamping with their feet; it is but little more than a form of courtship prevalent among lower animals. As the mute but eloquent language of love it was called into being and perfected ages before the appearance of man. Even so late as the early Greeks, dancing, music and poetry were so closely allied as to be almost identical. “Dancing,” says Havelock Ellis, “as the highest and most complex form of muscular movement, is the most potent method of obtaining the organic excitement muscular movement yields, and thus we understand how from the earliest zoological ages it has been brought to the service of the sexual instinct as a mode of

attaining tumescence." Later, when discussing the origin of the waltz, he says, quoting Scheller, "the waltz was originally the close of a complicated dance which represented the romance of love, the seeking and fleeing, the playful sulking and shunning, and finally the jubilation of the wedding." Kulischer has pointed out that in man sexual selection has taken place mainly through the agency of the dance. Among savages the onlookers become almost as passionately excited as the dancers themselves; the women are among the most intent of the spectators and deliberately choose as lovers those whose performances have most pleased them. That sexual selection, even in these days of civilisation, takes place mainly through the mediation of dances is proved by the results of a census taken in 1907, in connection with the International Congress of Dancing Masters. It was found that in Norway 39 per cent., in Australia 60 per cent., in Roumania 60, in Holland 65, England 65, Spain 68, Italy 70, America 80, France 83, and in Germany as many as 97 per cent. of the pupils of dancing, either married or engaged, met their conjugal partners at dances.¹

Turning to the lower animals, we find that as low in the scale as the molluscs there is evidence of a primitive form of dance. The male octopus will gently caress the female, first with one, then with the other arm. During the breeding season slugs will crawl round one another, come into contact, retire, and again approach as a preliminary to the final act of propagation. Amongst the arachnids the most comical antics are indulged in during the mating season. Scorpions will stand face to face with raised and intertwined

¹ Havelock Ellis, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, vols. 3, 4.

tails and indulge in what Fabre has called a *promenade à deux* for an hour or more. In this dance the partners grasp hands (that is, *chaelae*), and the male, walking backwards, is followed by the unresisting female; they then turn and repeat the steps, and again turn, and so on, until at length the male, without once letting go his lady, digs a hole into which both retire. But, alas for the disillusionment, after mating the male is devoured. Spiders too perform no less elaborate movements, as the following graphic accounts by Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Peckham will show: A mature male and female of *Saitis pulex* were placed in a box. "When some four inches from her he stood still, and then began the most remarkable performances that an amorous male could offer to an admiring female. She eyed him eagerly, changing her position from time to time so that he might be always in view. He, raising his whole body on one side by straightening out the legs, and lowering it on the other by folding the first two pairs of legs up and under, leaned so far over as to be in danger of losing his balance, which he only maintained by sliding rapidly toward the lower side. . . . He moved in a semicircle for about two inches, and then instantly reversed the position of the legs and circled in the opposite direction, gradually approaching nearer and nearer to the female. Now she dashes toward him, while he, raising his first pair of legs, extends them upward and forward as if to hold her off, but withal slowly retreats. Again and again he circles from side to side, she gazing toward him in a softer mood, evidently admiring the grace of his antics. This is repeated until we have counted one hundred and eleven circles made by the ardent little male. Now he approaches nearer and

nearer, and when almost within reach whirls madly around and around her, she joining and whirling with him in a giddy maze. Again he falls back and resumes his semicircular motions, with his body tilted over; she, all excitement, lowers her head and raises her body so that it is almost vertical; both draw nearer; she moves slowly under him, he crawling over her head, and the mating is accomplished."

The behaviour of a pair of *Dendryphantes elegans* is also described. "While from three to five inches from her, he begins to wave his plumy first legs in a way that reminds one of a windmill. She eyes him fiercely, and he keeps a proper distance for a long time. If he comes closer she dashes at him, and he quickly retreats. Sometimes he becomes bolder, and when within an inch, pauses, with the first legs outstretched before him Again she drives him off, and so the play continues. Now the male grows excited as he approaches her, and while still several inches away, whirls completely around and around; pausing, he runs closer and begins to make his abdomen quiver as he stands on tiptoe in front of her. Prancing from side to side, he grows bolder and bolder, while she seems less fierce, and yielding to the excitement, lifts up her magnificently iridescent abdomen, holding it at one time vertical, and at another sideways to him. She no longer rushes at him, but retreats a little as he approaches. At last he comes close to her, lying flat, with his first legs stretched out and quivering. With the tips of his front legs he gently pats her; this seems to arouse the old demon of resistance, and she drives him back. Again and again he pats her with a caressing movement, gradually creeping nearer and nearer, which she

now permits without resistance," until at length marriage is consummated.¹

But we must turn to the active birds we would see the Terpsichorean art at its best. Mallards indulge in aquatic dances; they will swim round and round the female, nod and bow, back and fill, throw out and withdraw their necks to try to elicit some sign of response favourable to their suit. Where there is a plethora of ducks it is the conceited drake who graciously permits himself to be courted. "A proud bird is he," says J. G. Millais, "when three or four ducks come swimming along beside and around him, uttering a curious guttural note, and at the same time dipping their bills in quick succession to right and left. He knows what that means, and carries himself with even greater dignity than before." The cowbird both sings and bows in the most approved cavalier fashion to the partner of his choice, and the tyrant bird is almost human in the exercise of song and dance. Two of these latter will perch close together on a branch, their yellow breasts almost in contact, crests erected and every plume on duty; they then beat the branch with their wings and make the whole wood ring with their concerted screams. Anyone who has visited the Cape knows the 'waltzing ostrich' who, during his ecstatic fits of love, whirls round and round with such violence that it is no uncommon thing to break a leg. A remarkable instance of birds dancing to their own music is that of the manakin, a bird known to South American natives as 'the dancer.' Two male manakins, seated on a twig, were observed "alternately jumping about two feet in the air and alighting exactly on the

¹ G. W. and Mrs. Peckham, *Sexual Selection in Spiders*.

spot whence they jumped. The time was as regular as clockwork, one bird jumping up the instant the other alighted, each bird accompanying himself to the tune *to-le-do-to-le-do-to-le-do*, sounding the syllable *to* as he crouched to spring, *le* while in the air, and *do* as he alighted."¹

Mammals, no less than birds, possess the rudiments of dancing, and especially so when young, a fact commented on long ago by a biblical observer who described kids, calves, etc., as skipping for joy.² Among higher mammals, chimpanzees delight in thumping hollow trees with rhythmic regularity, and the gorilla, when attacking his foe, beats his own inflated chest with his fists so that he literally marches into action to the sound of the drum. Dancing in man has always been a sign of joyous emotion, and that it was so far back in the old time before his era is evidenced by the fact that the human infant not only throws about his lower limbs as an expression of delight, but does so in a rhythmic manner when music is played, and this at an age long prior to the adoption of the bipedal gait.

To get to grips with the real root-origin of dancing we should have to go very far down the animal scale. The life history of the protists and of the protozoa—especially of the infusorians and mastigophores—is to a great extent one lifelong pirouette. Now such lowly creatures, no less than the highest in the land, are made up of protoplasm, a material whose great characteristic is constant restlessness and motion; if we peer behind this protoplasm we are confronted with colloids, non-living (so-called) bodies remarkable for their lability—an archaic word disinterred and resusci-

¹ W. P. Pycraft (quoting Nutting), *Courtship of Animals*.

² *Psalms*, xxix. 6, and cxiv. 4.

tated by biologists for the purpose of indicating self-mobility. But the principle of continuity urges us on past these colloids, through a microscopic world of Brownian dances, on, on, through the ultra-microscopic darksome nether world, until we arrive at the eternal dance of atoms and electrons, and the whirls and swirls of the primitive cosmic stuff which are at the bottom of all phenomena from the fall of a star to the kiss of a maid. As to the starting-point of dancing *in mankind* we can fancy, with a certain evolutionist, that "certain of our bandy-legged, staggering parents who had just descended from the trees got a restlessness of their limbs whenever they heard recurrent banging noises."¹ A chimpanzee was once observed by Dr. Robinson to be pounding the wooden partition of his cage with his hands, the while he accompanied each thump with a corresponding movement of the legs. Though the music was not such as to please human ears, the ape obviously derived the greatest pleasure from his improvised band. "Could that spasmodic jerking of the chimpanzee's feeble legs as he banged the wooden partition," asks Dr. Robinson, "be the crude and contemptible stuff out of which the Heavenly Alchemy of evolution has created the divine movements of Pavlova?"

CURIOUS BIRD CALLS.

We digressed from the call of the bird in order to follow up certain concomitants of phonation, in the shape of adventitious muscular operations resulting, here in instrumental accompaniments, there in rhyth-

¹ Dr. Louis Robinson, 'The Origin of Dancing,' *Nineteenth Century and After*, February, 1914.

mic motions, and now we will return and examine some cries of birds other than those of song-birds. The hornbill's roar has already been commented on, but this bird can also yelp like a dog. Auks have a harsh croak, but certain of them can whistle, others can chatter and a few can even boast of a feeble musical note. The chaka's¹ cry differs in the two sexes, the male calling *cha-ha*, the female *cha-ha-li*. The eider-duck cries *kr-kr-kr*, the eider-drake, *ah-hoo*; the scoter-duck *ree-rees* to the drake's *too-too*; the call of the sheldrake is *korr-korr*, but the shelduck, true to that conservatism characteristic of the whole female sex, retains the homely *quack-quack*. The hen capercaillie calls a monotonous *gock-gock-gock*, whereas the male indulges in a truly astounding vocal performance; *peller-peller-peller* is his ordinary recognition call, but when flirting he gives out several cries not unlike the sounds made by knocking together two sticks; the intervals between the knocks get less and less, until at length the sounds succeed one another with such rapidity that there results a clear musical note which, in its turn, is broken up into a series of staccato sounds resembling the drawing of corks,² and finally the love-frenzied bird, now literally 'intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity,' collapses, after a regular volley of incoherent twitterings, into an impotent silence. In the family of rails alone nearly a dozen different calls may be heard; the water-rail groans, the moorhen croaks, the corncrake rattles, the dapper-rail cackles, the weka whistles, the purple gallinule bugles and the coot has a clear musical note. We alluded to birds that make use of a dog-like

¹ Chaka or *Chauna cristata*, one of the *Anseriformes*.

² W. P. Pycraft, *op. cit.*

call, and should add there are others that mew like a cat, amongst them the long-eared owl, the Savannah blackbird, our own peewit and the young of the Australian kiwi,—I say young, because the adult does not mew but whistles. A few birds have characteristic sentence-cries, and the reader—especially if a lover of the country and therefore versed in the lore of country-folk—will doubtless recollect the story of how a woodpigeon was once the means of bringing a thieving Scotch farmer to justice. The latter, while driving home a cow which he had stolen from the fields of another farmer, was not a little astonished to hear a voice coming from a neighbouring thicket exhorting him to *tak-two-Johnnee-tak-two-Johnnee-tak-two-tak-two-doo*. Thinking that so obviously practical a piece of advice could not be ignored, farmer John returned to the field from which he had stolen the first cow and was in the very act of driving out number two, when he was caught red-handed by the legal owner and marched off to gaol. Then there is the yellow-hammer's *little-bit-o-bread-and-no-chee...se*, the Manx shearwater's *it's-your-fault-Kitty-kooroo*, and the black-throated diver's warning to *drink-drink-drink-the-lake's-nearly-dried-up*.¹ And lastly there is the familiar cry of our ubiquitous speckle-bellied friend, *Turdus musicus*. Not so long ago I used to roll and cut the lawn in a certain garden not a hundred miles from Southsea, a delightful old-fashioned garden at the bottom of which stood a large shady mulberry tree that literally staggered under its load of fruit. This tree was the favourite haunt of a fat and loquacious thrush who would—at least so it seemed to me—whenever he saw that I was temporarily defeated by the heat of the

Kearton, *British Birds' Nests*.

day and looked like taking a rest, urge me to *stick-to-it-stick-to-it-stick-to-it*.

All these diverse calls of birds, ranging from sounds that set one's teeth on edge to the most melodious soul-stirring strains, are produced in the lower part of the windpipe in a little box peculiar to birds and known as the syrinx. The tongue plays no part in avian phonation, except perhaps to a slight extent in the parrot when 'talking,' though even in this bird that organ is not used in the wild state. The practice of slitting the tongues of starlings and other birds with the object of improving their vocal powers is thus not only cruel but utterly useless. Some birds are furnished with resonators which impart volume to the sound; there is, for instance, a sandpiper (*Tringa maculata*) that occasionally visits these shores who, when courting, inflates his food-tube and then gives out a booming note. The emu has great air-sacs which communicate, through a slit, with the windpipe and enable the bird to emit sounds which exactly resemble those of a muffled drum. On the other hand the cassowary, who is destitute of resonators, is able to roar in a manner that would turn a lion green with envy.

C. MARSH BEADNELL.

THE BASIS OF BUDDHIST ETHICS.

E. J. THOMAS, M.A.

THE parallels that are frequently drawn between certain features of Buddhism and similar lines of Western thought, all suffer from the fact that the differences in the thought compared are usually as great as the resemblances. Buddhism is often said to be agnostic. It is true that it rejected the investigation of various metaphysical problems, but it did not, like Spencerian agnosticism, assert that their solution was unknowable. The Buddha for Buddhists was omniscient, and knew all these things, and he never declares his ignorance when he is refusing to answer questions which do not conduce to the goal of the Buddhist—absence of passion, perfect enlightenment, Nirvāṇa. On the other hand, Buddhism as an ethical system is usually contrasted with Christianity, as if the former were a beautiful moral code, free from the theological and ontological problems which still distress the Western world. Here again the comparison is too general to be instructive.

The unprofitable inquiries rejected by Buddhism were not metaphysical questions in general, but certain definite problems which in Hindu philosophy had become prominent. They usually form a list of ten, known as the 'undetermined questions,' and are common to both Mahāyāna and the Pāli tradition:—whether the world is finite or infinite; whether one who has attained Nirvāṇa will or will not exist after

death, and so on. These do not conduce to enlightenment (*sambodhi*), nor is their solution a constituent of enlightenment. It was a pious belief that a Buddha in his omniscience knew, but such omniscience was not necessary for attaining the goal. In the discourse with Vacchagotta each of the undetermined questions is called a jungle, forest, puppet-show, chaos and confusion of theories, not tending to enlightenment or Nirvāṇa. But this rejection did not result in limiting Buddhism to ethics. That part of the moral teaching of Buddha which rests on the doctrine of karma contains nothing Buddhistic in principle. The doctrine that what a man sows he shall reap, was common to all Hinduism, except to some heretical sects. The distinctive feature in the Buddhist treatment of the principle was the way in which the doctrine was moralised and raised to a supreme ethical height. What it meant before Buddha is well illustrated by comparing the Vedic teaching in the 'Brāhmaṇa of the Hundred Paths' (*Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa*, x. 4. 8). The legend is there given of how the gods attained immortality. The gods feared the Ender, Death, and performed the Agnihotra and other sacrifices, but failed to obtain immortality. They built a fire-altar, and put down unlimited enclosing stones, but still did not obtain immortality. Death then told them that they put down either too many or too few. The gods put them down according to the numbers that he told them, and thereafter they were immortal.

“Death spoke to the gods: Surely thus all men will become immortal, now what shall be my share? They said: Henceforth no other shall be immortal with his body, but only when thou shalt have taken that body as thy share. Thus having parted with his

body. he shall be immortal who is to be immortal through knowledge or karma. Now in that they said this, 'through knowledge or karma,' it is this fire-altar that is the knowledge, and this fire-altar that is the karma. So they who know this, or they who perform this karma, having died are born again, and thus being born again, they are born again to immortality. Thus they who do not know, or they who do not perform this karma, on dying are born again. They become the food of Death again and again."

The karma here is ceremonial, and the performance of the sacrifice with due knowledge of the rules leads to salvation. What Buddha did was to take the principle for granted—though not as the means of final salvation—and to interpret it in a deeper ethical sense; and thus it is on the basis of ritualistic Brahmanism that we find such teaching as that of the 'Sutta of the Highest Blessings':

"Care of father and of mother,
Protection too of child and wife,
And undisturbed activities,
This is a supremest blessing.

"The giving alms, a righteous life,
Protection of one's kinspeople,
And actions that are free from blame,
This is a supremest blessing."

But although we find here a moral revolution, the change is not due to the introduction of a new principle, but to the originality or, as we should say, the inspiration of a moral genius in interpreting the old principle, in much the same way as the moral teaching of Plato owed its fulness to its having been realised in the actual life and self-sacrifice of Socrates. This principle,

however, taken alone is even anti-buddhistic. The 'infatuation of good works' is a heresy in all the Buddhist schools. As Buddha said: "Whoever shall do nothing but good works will receive nothing but excellent future rewards."

Like the other Indian philosophical systems, release from the 'round of birth and death' (*samsāra*) is due to knowledge, or perfect enlightenment (*sambodhi*), and it is distinctive of Buddhism that it succeeded in giving an ethical character not only to the life of the unenlightened man of the world, but also to the path-way leading to the goal. It is in this respect that it differs most fundamentally in its practice from the system to which in other ways it is most closely related—the Sāṅkhya philosophy. Buddhism, it is generally agreed, owed much to this system. It started like Buddhism with the Truth that existence is pain, and that emancipation or salvation lay in escape from the round of birth and death. The production of karma merely results in further involution in this eternal round. Logically the conclusion appears to follow: Do no acts either good or bad; and this is the Sāṅkhya inference. Its teaching is quietistic and non-moral. Meditation with the proper means is the method of winning insight, which for the Sāṅkhya consists in perceiving the true distinction between Nature and the individual Ātman or self.

How did Buddhism, starting from the same first principle of the existence of pain, making detachment from the world its end, and rejecting good works as a means, arrive at a plan of salvation which is a scheme of ethical training? There can be no doubt that the fact that it did so lay in the character of its founder. This is not to say that the ethical element is merely

foisted into the system. The case is best explained by describing the four stages of the Path. The negative side of this lies in getting rid of the fetters or obstructions. In the first stage, the disciple gets rid of the first three fetters: the heresy of individuality, scepticism towards the Buddha, and the infatuation of good works. In the second, lust, hate and delusion are reduced to a minimum. In the third, the first five fetters are removed. In the fourth, the disciple becomes free from all bonds, from the three causes of moral infection, and the ten depravities. The positive side lies in the spiritual exercises for attaining enlightenment, which produce the perfect states of mind—friendliness, compassion, cheerfulness, and equanimity; in the meditations on definite subjects to aid in realising the Truths; and finally in the attainment of enlightenment, of which the constituents are self-possession, investigation of doctrine, energy, joy, calm, ecstatic contemplation, and equanimity.

But though the process is largely ethical, the end is not so. The end is entire detachment from the world of birth and death, and the ethical character remains only so far as right conduct is considered essential for attaining it. Nor were all the means of attaining it ethical processes. The meditations, such as those devoted to the different aspects of the corruption of a dead body, were intended to produce aversion for the world, and the realisation of the transitoriness of compounded things. The ecstatic contemplations, various forms of producing hypnotic trance borrowed from *yoga*, were signs of advancement in the process of detachment, but did not even profess to be moral. The ecstasy was attained by Devadatta, who afterwards attempted to murder Buddha, and was in consequence

swallowed up in hell. It is easy to see how the moral character of the system might be changed, if certain elements in the system were over-emphasised, or if the Order lost the moral enthusiasm inspired by its founder.

But the system as existing in the oldest records is a system for training the character, not a moral code. It aims at the formation of definite habits, and in this respect resembles the Aristotelian theory that the good man is he in whom the virtues by being exercised have become habits. This is a principle which cannot become obsolete in the same way as a set of moral rules, and which retains its importance whatever theory be held as to the highest good. But to realise what the actual system was in practice we need to consider two further points: its ascetic character, and the relation in which it stands to the many moral and ceremonial rules laid down by Buddha.

An ascetic system is not one which treats all desire as bad. Whether any system exists which is so psychologically false may be put on one side. An ethical theory assumes one chief end of action in which the individual finds his highest satisfaction. This implies the subordination, and if necessary the rejection, of other possible ends. The distinction of asceticism is that it rejects all the lower desires to concentrate the will on the attainment of one highest aim. To speak of it as rejecting desire without qualification is either a well-understood reference to the lower desires, or else involves a confusion of thought. Buddhism like Christianity did not reject the feeling of supreme self-realisation in attaining the one goal. The joy of arahatship is often described. The Elder Bhaddiya, we are told, attained the bliss of emanci-

pation, and used to wander about exclaiming, "Oh happiness! Oh happiness!" The fact that asceticism does satisfy the need of a certain type of character is what gives it its strength over the hedonism that is commonly called the pagan view of life. "There have been," said Jowett, "persons who have had so strong a sense of the identity of their own action with the will of God as to exclude every other feeling, who have never wished to live nor wished to die except as they fulfil his will."¹ Buddhism did satisfy the need of this type of character, but it was very careful of the kind of individual whom it admitted to the Order. It may also be said that it had more regard for the facts of human nature than Christian asceticism in not making the vows irrevocable, though at the same time its rules were more uncompromisingly ascetic than those of Christian monasticism. Without seeking to justify asceticism it may be said that there are conditions and periods of existence, such as the state of the Roman world which gave an ascetic tendency to the thought of St. Paul, when it is very difficult to avoid calling anything common or unclean.

Given the conjunction of two or more human beings, the interrelation of their activities inevitably results in certain recognised rules of action. These are always more or less imperfect expressions of the ethical facts of human nature. They are imperfect, both in not always being applicable in novel situations, in which case the attempt to interpret them leads to casuistry, and also in their being liable to be superseded by more perfect expressions. But it cannot be said that man's ethical nature has outgrown the moral ideals either of Buddhism or Christianity. The

¹ *Life of Florence Nightingale* (by Sir E. Cook), ii. 102.

moral rules of Buddhism, its ten commandments, the 227 rules for monks (to which the Northern schools have added a few more), and the optional ascetic precepts, all decrease in importance as rules, according as the disciple advances along the Noble Path. In proportion as greed and hate are reduced, and friendliness, cheerfulness, and equanimity are developed, the less need is there for precepts to refrain from theft, lying or ill-temper.

The distinguishing features of Buddhist ethics, as against earlier systems, are the far richer ethical content of the precepts taught, and the new principle on which they are based, negatively also the exclusion of certain investigations which have no ethical value. The old principle of acquiring merit was still taught to the unenlightened in the popular birth stories; but the disciple who had entered the stream had no sooner broken the fetter of the infatuation of good works than his ethical activity was transformed. The destruction or neutralisation of bad karma was not even necessary for winning emancipation. The Elder Losaka-Tissa attained arahatship, and several scandalous tales of his former births are preserved. Even in his last existence his bad karma was so strong that he never had a good meal. Either he received no alms or the food vanished in his bowl. But his craving for existence was gone, and with it the force which would have produced rebirth.

In speaking of the ethical basis of a system the essential fact is the theory on which it is based. The moral rules are significant so far as they logically flow from the theory. How little the Buddhist metaphysics and cosmology necessarily imply a high standard of ethics can be seen in the development of the

Mahāyāna. This system with its extension of the Bodhisattva theory widened its ethical possibilities. The individual wins arahatship not merely for himself, but goes on to attain all the Perfections of a Buddha, in order to bring salvation to others. But it was precisely this system which perished in India in a swamp of demoniacal divinities and magical superstition. Professor Bendall in editing one of the works of the school of Nāgārjuna wrote: "To me it all reads like an obscene caricature of the teachings both of earlier Buddhism and of the legitimate Yoga. . . . One would be only too glad to discover a contemporary denunciation of them. In any case, it seems to me, they have their historical importance in suggesting how Buddhism came to be discredited in India, and finally disappeared."

It is, however, certain that genuine Buddhism placed human conduct on a permanently higher level through the moral truths which it enunciated. Just as the Brahmins were compelled to adopt Buddha into the Hindu pantheon, so the ethical teaching has remained, although the Buddhistic basis has gone. It is the *Bhagavadgītā*, the most famous religious book of India, which teaches that duty should be done without attachment to the fruit, and which says :

" Courage, forgiveness, fortitude,
 Purenness, absence of hate and pride
 Are his, who for a lot divine
 Is born, O son of Bharata."

And in the *Hitopadeśa*, the first school-book of Indian boys, as well as in the *Mahābhārata*, we read that one truth outweighs a thousand horse-sacrifices.

E. J. THOMAS.

SURVIVAL IN SHADOWLAND.

E. P. LARKEN.

IN THE QUEST for January, 1914, an account was given of a race of shadows who came into existence solely for the purpose of enabling their owners to make perfect the experience which was required to fit them for the Shadowless Land. The shadows themselves came and went and passed, as shadows, into nothingness. The object of each owner was to come into as close touch as possible with his allotted shadow and to influence it, as the more fully this was accomplished the sooner did the owner become fitted for the Shadowless Land. It will be seen, however, that in this process of garnering his required experience the owner drew into himself something of the personality of his shadow for the time being.

The more clearly the shadow realised its relationship with its owner the less it dreaded its approaching end. In fact the thought that, as a shadow, it would pass into nothingness came in certain cases to be a very joyful thought. But it was not the policy of the owners to encourage this state of things—universally; because they knew that if they did so the shadows would soon cease voluntarily to be shadows. Moreover there were certain qualities, such as love, ambition, love of beauty, courage, energy, enthusiasm, which it was good, for the development of the owner, that his shadow should cultivate to the utmost. The owners, therefore, while striving to cultivate in their shadows

a sense of oneness with themselves, kept in force, by means of such qualities as those mentioned, their shadow's attachment to Shadowland. For this purpose, too, they allowed the shadows to yield in a great measure to the fear of that final dissolution when they would be shadows no longer. At the same time they taught them, but the lesson was not so quickly learnt as the other, that the more oneness with the owner was realised, the less reason had the shadow to feel fear of the final dissolution. *Because in respect to its relationship to the owner there was no final dissolution of the shadow possible.* That part and that part only of the shadow which was destined to fall back into its original nothingness, was that portion of its personality with which the owner had failed to get into touch and to absorb, in short, as I said before,—the shadow nature itself. We must remember that the owner had to make the best of the shadow assigned to him because the conditions of his growth to fit him for the Shadowless Land made it incumbent upon him to pass through every phase of shadow nature in the persons of his allotted shadows. A shadow might be a congenital idiot, or a habitual criminal, but its owner had to make the best of it while it lasted. All experience went to the perfecting of the owners. They were only imperfect in as far as experience was lacking. Of course, as might be expected, the medium through which the influence of the owners in this respect had to pass to reach the shadows, had the effect of largely modifying and distorting their influence, as a prism breaks up into many colours the single white ray which passes through it. Shadows with a vague sense of survival upon them came to think that it was as shadows that they were to survive, and not merely in

virtue of the relation of a portion of their personalities to their owners. This was the case when the idea of survival was the clearest. To many shadows, perhaps to most of them, the idea was not recognised at all. It did ever, as the idea of survival in of little importance to the affected the sense of oneship establish, and this sense of ~~unconscious~~, conscious or unconscious on the part of the shadow, might be established in various ways.

But the idea prevalent among the shadows of their survival, as shadows, although erroneous was not altogether baseless. We have seen that, when the shadow was worn out and the owner had no further need of it, it passed into the dreamstuff which ultimately became nothingness, out of which it had emerged. But that part of the personality of the shadow which its owner had failed to influence did not, as we have seen, wholly or at once pass into the nothingness which awaited it. The process was a gradual one, swift in some cases, slow in others. During this fading process the shadow's memory, its personality, its relationship to existing shadows survived, although in an ever lessening degree. So closely bound together were shadows with shadows in their shadow nature that not infrequently, under certain conditions, the used-up shadow, in the course of its disintegration, had the power of communicating with the shadows still in existence. But these communications partook of the disintegrating nature of the communicator. They were vague and dreamy in the extreme, and contradictory. This power, however, of the used-up shadow to communicate with the existing

dwellers in Shadowland confirmed these latter in their erroneous idea that they would survive as shadows. But a much more serious state of things from the point of view of the owners was produced by these fading communications of the used-up shadows. If only an erroneous impression were conveyed by them to the existing shadows little harm would have been done. But the influence of the used-up shadows was felt, though its nature was not recognised, by the existing shadows in other ways. Opposed to the owners with a deadly enmity, with every effort directed to check their ripening for the Shadowless Land, were a group of forces which as I said were known to the owners as the Power of Darkness. Partly intelligent, but wholly malevolent, so far as the owners were concerned, these forces existed solely to defeat the owners' ends. This they did by working upon the shadows and influencing them so as to make them as little receptive as possible to the influence of the owners. Now this Power of Darkness was constantly being reinforced by the used-up shadows, in as far as their owners' influence had failed to reach and transform them from shadows to owners.

This absorption went a long way towards strengthening the malevolence of the Power of Darkness. For, notwithstanding their ever-increasing enfeeblement, the used-up shadows were capable of a feeling of determined if dull hostility towards the owners who had no further use for them. Thus the shadows themselves while in Shadowland stood between these two forces—the owners and the Power of Darkness, and in each, dimly in the one case, for the most part more definitely in the other, they recognised a promise of survival when they too should be used up and thrown aside. And the promise did not fail in either respect. We may

take it then that the survival of a shadow stood thus. When the owner had done with it, part of its personality, the transformed part, passed into the owner and was absorbed. It cannot be said that the sense of personality was lost in being thus absorbed, because that part of the shadow and the owner were not twain but one. As a man wakes from a dreamful sleep so the disused owner-touched shadow awoke to a reality of which hitherto he had only had the faintest glimmerings. The memories accumulated through countless generations of shadows were his memories, the experiences were his experiences, the hopes of the glories to be revealed in the Shadowless Land were his hopes. He had seen as in a glass darkly, now he saw face to face. He had known in part, now he knew even as he was known.

On the other hand, that part of his personality which the owner had failed to touch, that is the shadow *quâ* shadow survived indeed but with an ever lessening degree of vitality. This lessening vitality too became absorbed, as did the vitality of the other part of his personality, but by a force hostile to the owners. Never having felt the effects of the owner's influence, this part of the shadow's personality came largely to share in the hostility which absorbed it. It was ready for taking this share. The fact that it had never been touched by the owner's influence proved that this part of the shadow's personality was hostile to the owner. But, as we have seen, this disused shadow itself did not endure for long nor, while it endured, had it any very strong vitality of its own. A seer among the shadows, by whom a momentary insight had been won, described these shadow personalities, as they passed on to be absorbed into the Power of Darkness, as dead

leaves blown helplessly before the autumn wind. The words they said to the surviving shadows, when they could communicate with them, were as the coherently incoherent words of a man in a dream. What evil they could work to the owners was of a dull, almost automatic character—which became rapidly more dull and more automatic. The intelligence which directed the Power of Darkness in its malevolent attitude toward the owner did not reside in these poor cast-off shells of shadows, which were little more than blind instruments or weapons employed, so long as they lasted, in the never ending war between the Power of Darkness and the owners in Shadowland.

E. P. LARKEN.

THE WORLD-SOUL AND THE WAR.

BERTRAM G. THEOBALD, B.A.

AT the present time, when the world is suffering from an eruption of war on a scale unprecedented in the records of history, it is not a little remarkable to find a tendency already at work throughout nearly all the belligerent countries to define broadly the conditions of that peace which must eventually succeed this state of war. And this tendency expresses itself, not so much in a desire to discuss the exchange or forfeiture of territory and the re-adjustment of boundaries on true national lines instead of artificial political ones, as in a strong feeling that the settlement, when it does come, must be of such a permanent character that the possibility of future wars shall be reduced to a minimum. Already there is talk of some world-wide scheme of federation for this purpose; already the phrase 'United States of Europe' is being passed from mouth to mouth; and even though the establishment of this may not be regarded as practicable, it is something gained that such a conception should even now be put forward as an ideal to aim at. There is clear evidence that the whole civilised world is shocked in a way it has not been for many years at the obvious futility of all the resources of statecraft to avert a catastrophe which has been foreseen and dreaded for a generation past. It is recognised that the maxim "*si vis pacem, para bellum*" has been proved a hideous delusion, and that some radical reorganisation must be attempted of the terms and conditions upon which the

nations of the world are to live together in future. All this is good as indicating a sincere desire to grapple with the great international problem now confronting the world and to find a real solution of its difficulties instead of the makeshifts of the past.

Quite apart, however, from the political aspects of the question, there must surely be a conviction in the minds of many that so gigantic a happening in the physical realms must be the result or concomitant of a far-reaching change on the inner planes of our being. To seek for some of these underlying causes is a fitting work for readers of *THE QUEST*, which avowedly interests itself in those realities which lie beneath the surface of material phenomena. There can be no doubt that, by very reason of the tremendous issues involved and the unprecedented horrors of this war, a national opportunity is presented greater than any within the memory of the race. Every responsible individual should therefore see that the utmost use is made of such an occasion to understand in some degree the strength and direction of the forces at work, and how they may best be used not for self-aggrandisement but for national regeneration. It seems patent that most of the great peoples of the world are at a turning point in their destinies, and that therefore immense strides forward may be made by those who can realise the inner meaning of this crisis. Is it not worth a supreme effort to profit by this golden opportunity and so bring ourselves into line with that Will of whose mighty workings this great upheaval is an outcome? For only thus may we hope to reap the full harvest which lies to our hand and at length bring forth joy from the depths of this woe.

Many thinkers in the past have put forward the

conception of a world-soul as one element in the make-up of our planetary scheme, and not a few of us at the present day like to think of 'Mother Earth' as being something more than a poetic fancy. If, then, we take this idea as a basis for speculation, may we not picture to ourselves the occurrence of some crisis in the development of such a being, a crisis comparable possibly to the change from vegetable to animal or from animal to human on this globe, the attainment in fact of a new type of life and consciousness? And if our 'Mother Earth' is passing through the birth-throes attendant on such a change, is it not natural that we men and our nations, the atoms and molecules and ganglia of her great body, should also experience the conflict of forces, the struggle of new powers coming to birth? Pursuing this thought a little further, let us suppose that in this world-soul are to be found the prototypes of or the correspondences to the various aspects of our human nature, such as body, soul, mind and spirit, or however else we may like to name and classify them; and that as these are successively developed in the world-soul, so do analogous changes occur in the evolution of mankind as a whole. If we also grant, as seems reasonable, that each nation is, broadly speaking, more dominated by one of these aspects than by the others, which is only saying that every people has its own special characteristics, then it is not difficult to see that a particular change in the nature of the world-soul will affect different nations in differing ways, and while producing an effect on the whole of humanity, will act with greater force on that nation which is most closely related to the aspect of the world-soul which is undergoing change.

In applying this idea to the present European situation, let us try to obtain a few generalisations by equating Germany, France, Russia and England with what for want of precise terms may be called formal mind, intuitive mind, mind-substance and spirit respectively. By this is meant that Germany has for many years past been especially intent on developing the concrete, scientific, analytical, classifying mind; the type of mind which maps out the whole universe from top to bottom, and then specialises upon each separate section until something like a well-organised whole is produced, which shall more or less satisfy the mind which has elaborated it. It is the order of mind which reasons carefully and laboriously, building up the most wonderful and ingenious structures for the purpose of explaining all things to itself. In some departments of human life and thought it has produced results which are the admiration of all. On the other hand, these intricate mind-spinnings and the organisations founded upon them are sometimes found to have very little connection with the actualities of human life, and consequently are barren in their ultimate results. This type of mind is essentially masculine.

France, in contradistinction to Germany, may be said to possess the feminine, intuitive, conceptive mind; it refuses to be bound by the limitations of formal reason and draws its inspiration from those hidden sources which for ever elude the keenest intellect simply because they lie outside its domain, being of another order. It is the synthesising mind, that which tends to see things whole and in a flash, apart from the processes of deduction or induction. It is the romantic, artistic type as opposed to the scientific and purely intellectual.

In Russia we seem to have the root substance which may in process of time develop into either of the foregoing, but which at present is in a more primitive stage and contains within itself the potentialities of both. It has therefore great possibilities and may indeed evolve a really new type combining both of these two orders of mind in one harmonious whole. It has not yet found its true strength.

By equating England with spirit, there is no suggestion that it is in any respect superior to the other types; for in these comparisons there is neither higher nor lower. The word is merely used in this connection to convey the idea of that subtle something almost escaping definition which suggests freedom, unattachment, independence, all-pervasiveness, tolerance and many other qualities. It is meant to connote spontaneous activity in every direction, enterprise, that which is behind many things but acts rather as a means of communication without being itself fettered.

Now it will probably be admitted that the past century has been pre-eminently the age of science, the age when men have been especially occupied with the utilisation of the forces of Nature and all material products for the purposes of everyday life; and to this end the whole power of human intellect has been bent. In other words, it has been the great period for the development of what has been referred to as formal mind. Many glorious achievements have been the result of this activity of the intellect, but there are signs that this age is drawing to its close and that the brain is not to hold exclusive sway in future. Some believe that in the near future the spirit of Art will become one of the prevailing influences in human society, or at any rate that intellect will have to be

supplemented by other powers in order to maintain a healthy equilibrium and allow of the full expansion of man's whole nature. If this be so, we can better understand why it is that Germany now finds every man's hand against her. It is not solely on account of the barbarous behaviour of her armies in the field of war, though this may be the proximate cause. The true reason why the German outlook and attitude towards other nations can no longer be tolerated, is that Germany is now out of gear with the rest of humanity. She has not realised that there is a limit to the sane and proper development of her formal mind, and that for the present at any rate this limit has been reached. Before it is wise to advance further along this line it will be necessary to develop other aspects of man's nature in order to avoid one-sidedness; and until not only Germany but the world as a whole acknowledges this fact, we are not likely to achieve a lasting peace. This at least is one of the suggestions which it is desired to make in the present article. The age of extreme individualism should now for a time give way to an age of co-operation. And although the separate units of the German nation have already learned much in this direction, the nation as a whole appears to consider its own interests as of paramount importance in the affairs of the world and must therefore be accounted individualistic.

If the views expressed above are even approximately correct, they may perhaps help us to gain a clearer insight into the nature of this tremendous upheaval, and give us courage to believe that if we take advantage of our opportunity and work with the great currents beneath these outer happenings, we may succeed in bringing to a happy issue the birth of

a new type of human being, and it is on Russia in particular that our eyes should be turned. Let England do all in her power to help and guide Russia in this crisis, while always remembering that her own part is that of a free lance, helping all, bound to none. Let France and Germany realise that they are complementary aspects of one wholeness, both equally essential; and if only each nation can play its own part to the very best of its ability, the great change may yet be accomplished in spite of much suffering.

In past ages man has learned by slow and painful experience that it is not healthy or conducive even to his own interest to live entirely for himself. First he discovered that the family had claims upon his consideration; then the family found that it prospered more by paying some attention to the requirements of the tribe; after this the component parts of a nation gradually came to see that the good of each part must be subordinated to that of the whole; and we are now approaching the era when it will be more fully recognised how great is the duty of one nation to another, and how impossible is any lasting happiness unless each one finds its natural and appropriate *role* and is content to play that alone and play it well. In other words we are coming to the time when the nation is to be the unit in the great world-drama.

BERTRAM G. THEOBALD.

IN MEMORIAM C. A.

OH flower of old-world courtesy,
Great heart that never harboured wrong,
That dauntless in thy struggle long
With death, hast shown us how to die.

Oh noble soul, so free to give
Thy mellow wisdom or thy wealth
To those in want, but most by stealth,
Thou too hast shown us how to live.

Ah! what a glorious day!
Nature is smiling and gay;
For the west wind rose at dawn to bring
The longed-for slow-footed Spring.
The heavens shine cloudless blue
The leafless branches through;
And the sunshine seems to thrill
With new-born vigour our blood;
No more are the copses still,
But the mavis and merle in the wood
And the larks in the air that wheel
Break into a madness of singing,
And the snowdrops' elfin peal
Their bells in the breeze are ringing
To welcome the risen Spring.
There is life in everything—
Save in the unnatural gloom
Of yonder darkened room,
A sufferer lies with scanty breath,
Battling with death.

Death flies like a coward hound
 On the sufferer pinioned by pain,
 Clutches his throat and makes him gasp,
 As it draws its murderous grasp
 Tighter round.

Hoarser it grows, that horrible sound !
 As though the knees of death
 On his chest squeezed out his breath !
 And we stand helplessly by,
 In impotent agony bound.

Not a hand can we stretch to save,
 As toward the yawning grave
 He slips in our very sight.

O God ! the mockery
 Of our vaunted manhood and might !
 For do what we may, he must die.

Ah me ! the peace when the happy release
 Sets the soul free ;
 As its lips still smile, our hopes to beguile
 With its life to be.
 Shut out the day from the lifeless clay !
 His spirit's away !
 Whether sleeping or waking already it stands
 To receive its decree at God's hands.

Let us look our last on him,
 As he looked on us his last,
 When his eyes grew dim,
 And the pressure of hands
 Loosening as he passed
 Told life had exhausted its sands.

Our eyes too dim, as we gaze,
 But with tears—
 Vain tears!—Must they always rise,
 As it were the amen
 To each act in this sad sacrifice?
 It is awful to weep, being men!

FUNERAL MARCH.

We have hearsed his clay in its walls of oak,
 O'er-laid it with lead;
 We have blazoned thereon the name and the years
 Of our dearly-loved dead;
 And athwart the bier like a martial cloak
 The pall have thrown;
 And over the funeral car fresh wreaths
 Of flowers have strown,
 Wherein, like a hero in triumph,
 He must make his last journey alone.

As the forest is filled with mysterious sound
 Of change and decay at the fall of the leaf,
 There floats through the aisles and the arches round
 An indefinite murmur of half-hushed grief
 From the simple peasants' black-robed throng.
 They wait his coming. 'Twill not be long!
 The tramp is heard as of heavy feet;
 Each turns his head towards the door.
 He enters—to enter nevermore!—
 To pass out into the rain and the cold,
 The snow and the sleet and the summer heat
 To his charnel-house beneath the mould,
 Where the worms await their meat!

Ah ! how they stumbling fail and falter,
 Not under the weight bowed down,
 Those aged bearers, elders of the town,
 As they lay him before the altar,
 Where sadly the Christ from his cross
 Looks down on his lifeless brother.
 Full well may they mourn his loss ;
 They never shall know another
 Like him, who looked upon his earthly store
 As if he were God's steward to the poor.

The ' Dead March ' stops. . . . They sing. . . .
 Half-dazed we scarcely heed. . . .
 The priest within his stall
 Begins to read. . . .
 Sudden the verses ring
 Out, like a trumpet-call :
 " Oh Death ! where is thy sting ?
 Oh Grave ! thy victory ! "
 Immortal words of Paul
 On immortality.

Carry him onward a little space,
 Where the white-robed priest with uplifted face
 And clasped hands
 Stands.

See, how the sun on the coffin shines,
 Stript bare of its robes !
 They lower the lines.

With a dull thud he falls in his resting-place.
 Hush ! for the priest is praying,
 As he reads the words of grace :
 " I heard a voice from Heaven saying,
 Write, ' Blessed are they that die
 In the Lord, for they rest

From their labours ! ' '—Oh happy blest,
If in Christ they lie !
Oh words of infinite peace ! We weep,
Though we scarce know why.

Leave him alone in his glory,
The warrior gone to his rest.
No star, no jewel adorns his breast ;
History shall tell not his story.
They shall raise him a stone in sooth,
But his deeds are not graven in stone,
But traced by the finger of truth
On the hearts that he won for his own,
Where he lives in us, and we in him,
Till we pass to the great Unknown.

So, whether it be to eternal sleep
In the grave alone,
Or whether we have a tryst to keep
At God's high throne,
Let us quit us like men, let us battle for right,
While yet there is day,
That the great loving-kindness we found in his sight
Be not cast away.
That so, in the end we may say :
Come night, come light, we have fought the fight.
It is finished ! Let come what may !

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

BOEHME'S AURORA.

Translated by John Sparrow. Edited by C. J. B. and D. S. H.
London (Watkins); pp. xlvii + 728; 12s. 6d. net.

THIS is the fourth massive volume of Mr. Barker's reprint of Sparrow's translation of Böhme's works. That gain and profit are not in the mind either of the editor or publisher is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that not even a note as to the existence of the other volumes of the series is appended, much less an advertisement! The loving care which the editor has bestowed on accurately reproducing Sparrow's version in modern spelling is reinforced by a number of emendations in notes or brackets, in which Mr. Barker has had the valuable assistance of Mrs. Hehner, and the whole is supplied with a useful editorial preface. The question of capitals and italics is, we admit, one of difficulty, and perhaps Mr. Barker has been on the whole well advised to follow the original; but we must confess that the arbitrariness of Sparrow in this respect gets on the nerves of an already frequently puzzled reader and brings him at times to the verge of that language of which laymen alone are supposed to be masters.

Sparrow's full title-page runs: 'Aurora: that is the Day-spring or Dawning of the Day in the Orient, or Morning-Redness in the Rising of the Sun: that is, the Root or Mother of Philosophy, Astrology and Theology from the True Ground, or a Description of Nature'; it was first printed at London, in 1656. The original of the *Morgenroth* was written by Jakob in 1612. It was his first book; and not only so, but originally written without any intention of publication and before anyone knew of his peculiar gifts. The present text, however, is deliberately and frequently addressed to the reader; for many years afterwards the seer himself annotated it, and says that it is introductory to his two subsequently written and perhaps greatest works, *The Three Principles* and *The Threefold Life*. It is impossible in a notice to treat at length of this classic of western mysticism, for so it must now generally be considered, whatever may be our private judgment on its method

and manner and no little of its matter; the opportunity may, however, be taken of dwelling briefly on what Böhme himself has to say of himself, for hence more abundantly than elsewhere in his works we can retrieve scraps of his spiritual autobiography.

Jakob Böhme, the cobbler of Görlitz, was overpowered with such a flood of inner ecstatic experience that he was utterly assured the light of the spirit had dawned for him; he knew he was in certain states illumined, that what he calls the morning redness of the rising sun had surely come. This regeneration or new birth was for him the central secret of the scriptures; it was, further, a promise made to all; it was, as it had been (though Jakob does not seem to have known this), the good end of the Christian life. In spite of strong natural resistance he felt himself compelled somehow or other to cry his message aloud.

"Also I know very well that the children of the flesh will scorn and mock at me, and say I should look to my own calling, and not trouble my head about these things; but rather be diligent to bring in food for my family and for myself, and let those meddle with philosophy that have studied it, and are called and appointed to it.

"With such an attempt the devil hath given me so many assaults, and hath so wearied me, that I have often resolved to let it alone; but my former purpose was too hard for me. For when I took care for the belly, and to get my living, and resolved to give over this business in hand, then the gate of heaven in my knowledge was bolted up.

"Then my soul was so afflicted in anxiety, as if it were captivated by the devil, whereby reason got so many checks and assaults, as if the body were presently to be destroyed or ruined, and the spirit would not give over, till it brake through again, through the dead or mortal reason, and so had burst open the door of darkness, and had gotten its seat again in the stead thereof, whereby it got new life and power again" (xxv. 5-7)¹.

He could of course cry aloud his message only in the language, myths and figures of the Bible; for though very ignorant of other things he was filled full of the scriptures (xix. 9). Indeed he was filled so full that at times for ourselves we could wish he had never read a line of them; for then he might have been a world-mystic, whereas now he can for the most part appeal successfully at first reading only to the lover of the generally soporific phraseology of

¹ N.B.—In all the quotations I have omitted Sparrow's annoying italics and capitals.

Bible-texts. If only Böhme had been able clearly and simply to record his experience, how much richer would have been the gain to the seeker! It seems, however, that the mode of composition was not deliberately chosen by Jakob, but determined by his 'subconscious'; he had to write what was written through him. And the defence of what wrote through him would probably be that it is possible to use only what is there for the clothing of thought.

In any case Böhme feels himself to be the chosen medium of a prophetic message:

"O thou sinful house of this world, how art thou encompassed with hell and death; awake, the hour of thy regeneration is at hand; the day-break, the day-spring, dawning or morning-redness sheweth itself!" (xii. 72). "The day dawneth . . . it is high time to awake from sleep" (xiii. 4). Elsewhere this awakening is characterised as "the great day of God, in which whatsoever is generated from death to the regeneration of life shall be restored and rise again" (xxii. 65). Böhme was further an eschatological prophet; like all of them, he thought 'the day' was at hand for 'the world,' and like all of them he miscalculated. He tells how he 'sought only for the heart of God,' and "when I gat in thither, then this great weighty and hard labour was laid upon me, which is, to manifest and reveal to the world, and to make known the great day of the Lord . . . that it [the present time] is the dawning, or morning-redness of the day which God hath long ago decreed in his council" (xxiii. 92).

From the time of his first illumination to the understanding of what it signified there elapsed twelve years; that is, it was twelve years before he wrote down anything.

"In this light my spirit suddenly saw through all, and in and by all the creatures, even in herbs and grain it knew God, who he is, and how he is, and what his will is. And suddenly in that light my will was set on by a mighty impulse, to describe the being of God. But because I could not at once apprehend the deepest births of God in their being, and comprehend them in my reason, there passed almost twelve years, before the exact understanding thereof was given me" (xix. 18, 14).

Sometimes Jakob felt acutely his ignorance of the 'science' of his day; sometimes he lashes out against its hollowness; for he was ever tossed from side to side in alternations of consciousness. Though he calls his book 'The Root or Mother of Philosophy, Astrology and Theology,' he is conscious that he knows nothing

of these things according to the schools or laboratories; his inspiration is of the spirit. In writing on the fashionable alchemy of the day, he says: "Do not take me for an alchemist, for I write only in the knowledge of the spirit, and not from experience." He knows "according to the regenerate man, which standeth not in the palpability" (xxii. 104, 105). So also, in treating of astrology, he writes:

"But the root, how the planets came to be, and from what they are proceeded, I cannot learn from any man; for they know it not, neither was I present when God created the planets.

"But seeing the door of the deep, and the gate of wrath, and the chambers of death also, are, through the love of God, set open in my spirit, therefore the spirit must needs look through them.

"Accordingly I find, that the birth or geniture of nature standeth to this day, and generateth itself, just so as it did when it first took its beginning; and whatsoever riseth up in this world, whether men, beasts, trees, herbs, grass, mineral ores, or be it what it will, all riseth up in such a quality, manner and form as it first did; also every life, be it good or bad, taketh its original thus.

"I see not this knowledge with my fleshly eyes, but those eyes wherein life generateth itself in me; in that seat the gates of heaven and hell stand open to me, and the new man speculateth into the midst or centre of the astral birth or geniture, and to him the inner and outermost gate standeth open" (xxv. 48-52).

And therefore Böhme, in spite of occasional modesty, really thought little of the schools and their rivalries and distinctions. He, however, at times felt his want of equipment keenly:

"If one nowadays hath learnt more in worldly sciences, or studied more than the vulgar or layman, in an instant no vulgar or layman is to be compared to him, because he [the layman] cannot express himself or speak according to art; nor follow the other's proud ways" (xii. 94).

At times, though a rare occurrence, he can be even humorous about it, as when he exclaims:

"Or dost thou think that this which I have set down here my spirit hath sucked out of the corrupted earth, or out of an old felt hat?" (xviii. 85).

Had he perchance here in view some cleric under that "darkness that might be felt"?

As with nearly all seers, initial modesty soon gave place to arrogant claims, and he is frequently very boastful of the superlative excellence of his own revelation.

"It is true, that from the beginning of the world it was not so fully revealed to any man; but seeing God will have it so, I submit to his will, and will see what God will do with it" (ix. 90).

"But unto me is opened the gate of my mind, so that I can see and discern it, else it would indeed remain concealed with me, and hidden to me, till the day of the resurrection from the dead; yea, it hath been concealed from all men since the beginning of the world; but I submit my will to God's will, let him do what he pleaseth" (x. 95).

"Therefore hath Christ ordained or instituted the baptism or new birth or regeneration of the Holy Ghost, in the water, because the birth of the light riseth up in the sweet water in the heart.

"Which is a very great mystery, and hath been kept secret from all men since the beginning of the world till now" (xii. 163, 164).

But most of the Gnostics and early mystics in and outside of Christianity could have told Jakob all this, and before that it was the main burden of the spiritual East. So too he is very sure he has got Lucifer by the tail and has made clear the last mystery of the origin of evil, though it should be added in fairness that he has faced it with great boldness:

"The learned have produced many and various monsters concerning the beginning of sin, and original of the devil, and scuffled one with another about it; every one of them thought he had the axe by the handle, yet it continued hidden from them all till this very time" (xiii. 2).

That Böhme regarded himself as writing throughout under inspiration and not of himself, may be seen from the Introduction, where he declares: "In this knowledge of the spirit, I will write this book concerning God our Father, in whom are all things, and who himself is all; and will handle how all is become separately and creatively, and how all is impelled and moveth in the whole tree of life" (35); and he ends his 'By Way of Introduction' by calling his book, in all the majesty of capitals, 'The Wonder of the World' (42), shewing that he regarded it as the most perfect work of the spirit hitherto vouchsafed to mankind.

This perpetual contrast between humility and boastfulness as the pendulum swung from one side to the other of Jacob's intensified consciousness is frequently instanced, as for example:

"So neither can I say anything of myself, nor boast or write of anything, save this: that I am a simple man, and, besides, a poor sinner, and have need to pray daily, Lord, forgive us our sins

and to say with the Apostle, O Lord, thou hast redeemed us with thy blood."

Still his illumination was, he thinks apparently, more immediate than that of Paul, for he continues :

"Neither did I ascend into heaven, and behold all the works and creatures of God ; but the same heaven is revealed in my spirit, so that in the spirit I know the works and creatures of God " (Intro. 15, 16).

The impulse is not determined by the will but is always of the spirit (Intro. 17) and is thus described :

"When the soul is kindled or enlightened by the Holy Ghost, then it triumpheth in the body, like a huge fire, which maketh the heart and reins tremble for joy " (Intro. 29).

Under this impulse he wrote ; it was in no way of himself, and indeed when out of the spiritual state he did not understand his own writings. This is clearly set forth as follows :

"I do not borrow of other men in my writings. And though indeed I quote many examples and testimonies of God's saints, yet all is written by God in my mind, so that I absolutely and infallibly believe, know and see it ; yet not in the flesh, but in the spirit, in the impulse and motion of God.

"It is not so to be understood that my reason is greater or higher than that of all other men living ; but I am the Lord's twig or branch, and am a very mean and little spark of his ; he may set me where he pleaseth, I cannot hinder him in that.

"Nor is this my natural will, that I could do it by my own small ability ; for if the spirit were withdrawn from me, then I could neither know nor understand my own writings ; and I must on every side fight and struggle with the devil, and lie open to temptation and affliction as well as other men " (iii. 110-112).

Or again :

"My revelation reacheth even unto the three kingdoms, like an angelic knowledge.

"But not in my reason or apprehension, nor in perfection like an angel, but in part, and so long only as the spirit tarrieth in me, further I know it not.

"When he parteth from me I know nothing but the elementary and earthly things of this world " (vii. 17-19).

The idea of questioning anything in his writings or the doubt that he might be ascribing to God no little of the activity of his own mixed subconscious never occurred to Jacob ; if it had he probably would have set the doubt down to a temptation of the devil.

Still he was aware that words were a very unsatisfactory medium of communicating vision, as when he writes: "But the spirit only seeth it, and the tongue cannot advance towards it. For I can use no other words than the words of this world" (iv. 64). But from this more modest mood he soon swings to boastfulness and threatenings and even anathemas against them who question or reject his message. The following passages well exemplify this:

"This I write in the power and perfect knowledge of the great God [quite in the style of the beginning of a Gnostic apocalypse!], and I understand his will therein very well. For I live and am in him, and spring up with this work and labour out of his root and stock; and it must be so. Only, take thou heed, if thou blindest thyself, then there is no remedy more; neither canst thou say thou knewest not of it, therefore arise, for the day breaketh" (xxiii. 74).

"You should not here scorn my spirit, for it is not sprung forth from the wild heart, but is generated from my power and virtue, and enlightened by the Holy Ghost.

"Here I write not without knowledge; but if thou, like an epicure and fatted swine of the devil, from the devil's instigation, shouldst mock at these things and say:

"The fool surely hath not gone up to heaven and seen or heard them, these are mere fables; then, in the power of my knowledge, I would have you warned, and cited before the severe judgment of God.

"And though in my body I am powerless to bring thee there, yet That from which I have my knowledge is mighty and potent enough to cast thee even into the abyss of hell" (v. 28-31).

After penning such a prideful passage, it is strange that he is entirely blind to the ironical use that could be made against himself of such a threat as:

"O man, let this be told thee, for the spirit is earnestly jealous in this thing especially: Desist from pride; or else it will be with you as it befell the devils. There is no jesting or trifling herein; the time is very short, thou wilt suddenly taste it, I mean the hellish fire" (v. 60).

Jakob apparently knew how deceptive vision and audition might be. Still he based all his confidence upon the fact of illumination, and does not seem to have fully grasped the fascinating nature of the inner light and the danger of its leading to an obsession of cocksureness. For he writes:

"I have not gone up to heaven, and beheld it with my fleshly

eyes, much less hath anyone told it me; for though an angel should come and tell it me, yet I could not apprehend or conceive it without enlightenment from God, much less believe it.

"But because it is generated in the centre or circle of life, as a bright shining light, like unto the heavenly birth or rising up of the Holy Ghost, with a fiery driving or impulse of the spirit, therefore I cannot resist or withstand it, though the world always make a mock of me for it" (xii. 153-155).

There seem to have been three distinct phases in the consciousness of the seer of Görlitz: namely, a spiritual, a normal and a mixed writing consciousness. And yet he was well aware that the genuine spiritual consciousness was but momentary: "In this life the triumphing divine birth lasteth in men only so long as the flash lasteth" (xi. 10). And again: "But in our corrupted flesh it [the rising up] is only like a tempest of lightning: for if I could in my flesh comprehend the flash (which I very well see and know how it is), I could clarify or transfigure my body therewith, so that it would shine with a bright light and glory" (x. 38). To such a permanence of spiritual consciousness Böhme makes no claim:

"Nor must thou think that I have climbed up aloft into heaven, and beheld it with my carnal fleshly eyes. O no: hear me, thou half-dead angel, I am as thou art, and have no greater light in my outward being than thou hast.

"Moreover, I am a sinful and mortal man, as well as thou, and I must every day and hour grapple, struggle and fight with the devil who afflicteth me in my corrupted lost nature, in the fierce or wrathful quality, which is in my flesh, as in all men continually" (xi. 123, 124).

If only the good Jakob had never heard a word of Lutheran theology, how much more natural and easy would his alternations have been. Instead of hearing of the quiet practice of meditation, we are told of his 'overcoming the devil,' whereupon: "The heavenly gate openeth in my spirit, and then the spirit seeth the divine and heavenly being; not externally without the body, but in the fountain or well-spring of the heart there riseth up the flash in the sensibility or thoughts of the brain, and therein the spirit doth contemplate or meditate" (xi. 131), and this is 'the dawning of the day or morning-redness.' Böhme is convinced that if it were not for his strenuous wrestling with the devil he could not have the vision; it was for ever with him up and down.

"Thou must know that I write not here as a story or history,

as if it were related to me from another, but I must continually stand in that combat or battle, and I find it to be full of heavy strivings, wherein I am often struck down to the ground, as well as all other men" (xi. 142).

But all his strivings and struggles were amply compensated in the bliss of ecstatic union: "When the spirit of God's love breaketh through my spirit, then is the animated or soulish birth or geniture and the Deity one being, one comprehensibility and one light" (xxii. 47).

He must have frequently enjoyed this *unio mystica*, or sacred marriage, which he generally refers to under the familiar image of the Bridegroom and Bride. In the *Aurora* this experience is described as distinctly sensuous:

"This is the gracious, amiable, blessed Bride, which rejoiceth in her Bridegroom; herein is love, joy and delight; here is light and brightness or clarity; here is a pleasant or lovely smell; here is a friendly and sweet taste" (ix. 70).

"There the Bridegroom kisseth his bride: O gracious amiable blessedness and great love! how sweet art thou? How friendly and courteous art thou? How pleasant and lovely is thy relish and taste? How ravishingly sweet dost thou smell? O noble light and bright glory, who can apprehend thy exceeding beauty? How comely adorned is thy love? How curious and dainty are thy colours? And all this eternally! Who can express it?" (viii. 161).

This side of Böhme's ecstasy must have been æsthetically overpowering for him, and he speaks of it in terms familiar from many a mystic writing in East and West. He says rightly that all "this is in God as a holy sport, play or scene" (xii. 172). He also refers to it as the heavenly dance and song—familiar to us not only in the East but also in the West from the days of Pythagoras onwards:

"Therefore take warning, and consider that thou also be-longest to the angelical choir, and read the following hymn with longing and delight, and then the Holy Ghost will be awakened and stirred up in thee, and thou also wilt get a desire and longing after the heavenly chorus and choir of dancing" (v. 82).

It must, however, be confessed that Jakob falls short, at any rate in the *Aurora*, of the grandiose conception of the dance of the stars and circling of the spheres in which this mystic figure took its origin, and that he becomes almost too simple and child-like, when he naïvely and literally describes the converse of the

angels as among other things "a friendly kissing, and leading one another up and down: here beginning the lovely choir and set dancing. Like little children when they go in May among the flowers, where many often meet together; then they have a friendly talk, and pluck or gather flowers many and diverse" (xii. 86, 87).

And indeed there is a good deal in the *Aurora* that is of like *naïveté* concerning the angels; this phase of his seeing is distinctly spiritistic and not spiritually mystic. Thus we are told quite Teutonically:

"An angel hath no guts, neither flesh nor bones, but is constituted or composed by the divine power in the shape, form and manner of a man, and hath all members like man, except the members of generation, and the fundament or going out of the draff, neither has an angel need of them" (vi. 23).

Elsewhere he calls the angels 'little gods' (vii. 24). He, however, objects to wings (xii. 115).

Böhme was also in his psychic states strongly influenced by the sound of words and their syllables, and endeavours to expound passages in Genesis (in Luther's version) by the effect the words produced on him. It was so to say an instinctive response to the power of the *mantra* on a highly sensitive temperament, but unfortunately was mixed up with the pseudo-philology or word-play so beloved by the ancients. Here is an example:

"Of the word *Teufel*, *Teu-* hath its original from hard beating, drumming or thumping; and the word or syllable *-fel* hath its original from *Falle* (Fall), and so Lord Lucifer is called *Teufel* (*devil*), and is no more called a *Cherubim* or *Seraphim*" (xiv. 31).

It may be noted here that Böhme invariably mistakes the plural *Cherubim* for a singular.

But in spite of all the imperfections of the record, Jakob Böhme, in the midst of a grey Lutheranism, enjoyed a most remarkable spiritual experience. The record of this experience therefore deserves close study, which Mr. Barker's reprint should encourage; and indeed we have need of a really good work of elucidation of Böhme's works, for in spite of all that has been written about them, they still await a really competent analysis and sifting of the unessential from the essentials. And this task can be properly accomplished only by a profound knower of that comparative mysticism which is only just beginning to be recognised as the vital element in the hitherto exclusively intellectual study of the comparative science of religion,

THE TRIPLE PLY OF LIFE.

And other Essays. By Minnie B. Theobald. Author of 'The Missing Goddess and other Legends.' London (Bell); pp. 207; 8s. 6d. net.

TWELVE months ago we drew the attention of readers of **THE QUEST** to Miss Theobald's first volume of suggestive, quaint and quite uncommon phantasies. Her second volume is of another order of writing though still at times automatic. It takes the essay form and is far less elusive. There is a good measure of ordinary common sense in it, and there is also in it a measure of uncommon common sense. To this must be added a large immixture of suggestive ideas, flashes of outlines of a philosophy of life and of a scheme of things, mystical and psychical impressions, and contacts with a wider sense-world. The whole makes a volume of distinct interest and, though at times echoing much that has long been in the air, is for the most part independent of any stereotyped point of view and at times distinctly original. One handicap from which the writer suffers is a want of knowledge of details and consequently a tendency to generalise in a quite unnecessary fashion; another handicap is that she seems to assume that her own very marked and varied psychical experience can be easily entered into and even duplicated by her readers. Things that she sets down as apparently easy of accomplishment, thought control and psychical gymnastics and the rest, most people find to be very difficult indeed if not quite impossible; and in general the rational and spiritual discipline that demands the most strenuous effort and heroic exertion of the best of mankind, with a long tale of repeated failure ere the goal is clearly sighted, much less reached, should apparently, according to the essayist, be superseded by a natural, childlike, happy dance with fate, that would take all the sting out of the pains and horrors of life. It is a fascinating prospect and we should all like it to be so; but most of the knights of the Holy Ghost of our acquaintance have not yet kissed this sleeping princess and awakened her for the sacred dance and marriage. Curiously enough the first three essays, on the blending of science, art and religion, which give the title to the book, are the least suggestive. Those on Will-power and Truthfulness are distinctly the best.

PRACTICAL MYSTICISM.

A Little Book for Normal People. By Evelyn Underhill. London (Dent); pp. 168; 2s. 6d. net.

WE heartily congratulate our friend and well-known contributor on this small volume. She has put aside all books and references and out of her well-assimilated and prolonged studies, and with a fine taste for essentials, has written plainly and simply and in pleasing style of the great thing nearest and dearest to her heart. It is indeed a difficult matter to bring home to the plain man,—the man immersed in the outer concerns of life, the man who aggressively demands: What good is all this to me in my everyday life?—not only the beauties and undreamed-of excellencies of the mystic way but the immeasurable practicality of the spiritual life. In all her writings on the subject Evelyn Underhill has aimed at setting forth a view of mysticism that shall free it from the reproach of unpracticality which has for so long, and in some of its inferior forms quite justly, been brought against it. We most heartily agree that in so far as mysticism is unpractical, in exactly that proportion is it unspiritual; for spirit is creative life and energy, the most effectual activity in the universe. The attainment of the mystic goal can never be reached by the dreamer and drifter, or even by the contemplative when divorced from the practical life. The two must be blended into a whole; the conscious union of the one and many must be consummated before man as a whole can directly know Reality and really be.

The way of spiritual mysticism is the most strenuous and energetic, the most intensely active thing in the world. Let any plain man who mocks at it, and fancies that it is some facile mode of self-hypnotism or auto-suggestion, try to control his thoughts, to centre his whole attention on a single thought, or even some sensuous representation, for five minutes, and he will quickly change his opinion. And this very practical achievement belongs to the outermost court of the mystic temple. If the philistine thoughtfully peruses Evelyn Underhill's book to the end, he may rise from his reading with a changed mind; even if he still should say 'this thing is too hard for me,' he may have at any rate let himself be persuaded by the enthusiastic conviction of the author to catch some reflection of the light, and feel his heart stir more quickly at the dazzling prospect of what man may become, if he

would but give himself wholly or even partly to his spiritual nature. Many doubtless will still say the mystic report is false; but on the contrary many, and especially in these days of cruel trial, will be very very glad to hear. It is an opportune and good piece of work that has been wrought in *Practical Mysticism*, and we heartily commend it to our readers.

IN DEFENCE OF WHAT MIGHT BE.

By Edmond Holmes. London (Constable); pp. 376; 4s. 6d. net.

IN our October issue of 1911 a long and appreciative review appeared of Mr. Holmes' lively indictment of the present state of education in this country and its vicious tradition from the past, followed by an enthusiastic forecast of what might be its condition if the principle that 'the function of education is to foster growth' were made the fundamental law of pedagogy. Mr. Holmes' stirring pages have aroused much interest; his book has run through a number of editions and been the occasion of high commendation on the one hand and much controversy on the other. The present volume is written with the intention of meeting the more vital objections brought out by criticism, of clearing away certain misunderstandings and of giving a more illuminating interpretation of the main ideas set forth in *What Is and What Might Be*. No one who reads the present sequel can fail any longer to understand the author's position and meaning. Mr. Holmes is no penner of vague platitudes or misty metaphysics; though he is a lofty idealist and filled with the highest hopes of and greatest confidence in the possibilities of human nature, he is also a keen controversialist that loves to set his case out in unequivocal terms. His educational gospel is based on the following *credo*, from which no criticism can shake him:

"I still believe that there are certain central tendencies in human nature which are directed towards a real though infinitely distant end,—the ideal perfection of the human type. I still believe that, if human nature is allowed to evolve itself healthily, happily, and harmoniously, these central tendencies will affirm themselves as central, and will automatically subordinate to themselves the lower, narrower, cruder tendencies which at present play so prominent a part in human life. I still believe that the central tendencies of human nature are its true tendencies, and that therefore, in promise and potency, Man is good, not evil,

the essence of evil being the unnatural triumph of the subordinate over the central tendency, the lower over the higher. I still believe, in other words, that when the growth of the soul is healthy, happy, and harmonious, the lower side of human nature, being placed, *in the natural course of things*, under the control of the higher, will cease to be evil, and that human nature, in its organised totality, will reveal itself as intrinsically good. I still believe that the function of education is to foster the growth of human nature as an organic whole, and so help it to unfold its natural goodness and grow towards its natural perfection. And I still believe that if education is to fulfil its function, it must give the child, in addition to nourishment and guidance, such a measure of freedom as will enable him to exercise his higher faculties by and for himself" (pp. 55, 56).

Mr. Holmes insists, and we think rightly, on the growth towards perfection being natural, that the possibilities of betterment are all there already in the child; nay more, he holds with the men of the Tao to the natural goodness of the heart of man and especially the heart of the child. He is therefore strongly opposed to the blighting dogma of original sin, and in one of his chapters, which has already appeared in *THE QUEST*, severely takes Eucken to task for his only too frequent setting of the spiritual over against the natural; for he holds strongly that the battle of the future is to be between supernaturalism and the 'higher pantheism'—"between those who would break up the universe into two dis severed worlds—one shadowy and the other dead—and those who think of it as a living whole" (p. 95). It is hardly necessary to add for readers of *THE QUEST* that, whether we assent or dissent with Mr. Holmes on the many points he brings forward, we find him invariably a delightful writer to read.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Armageddon and After! By Cloudesley Brereton, M.A. London (Harrap); pp. 127; 6d. net.

AMID the flood of 'war' literature this informing, concise and sensible essay, by one whose name is very familiar to our readers, deserves warm commendation. We especially approve the writer when he says: "The present struggle is at bottom really one between science and religion in a far wider sense than that of any particular creed or creeds, between the temporal and the spiritual

power. It is the tree of knowledge against the tree of life, or . . . the question whether science should become once more the handmaiden of religion, or religion become the bondswoman of science, which in its Germanic guise appears to some of us as little short of devilish. Germany represents science, or at least mathematical and mechanical science, at its highest perfection. German civilisation, being as it were the last word in mechanical organisation, tends . . . to consider itself the one perfect civilisation of the world, the unique civilisation, the only one that counts, and hence the necessary duty of Germany to impose it on the rest of the world.

"We are fighting for the principle of live and let live, for the rights of other types of civilisation besides our own to exist. And we are probably right, for it would seem that the next great world reunion or synthesis of thought and possibly of religion is going to be, not one huge centralised civilisation, as the Germans dream, but rather a federation of civilisations, involving very possibly a reunion of Eastern and Western thought" (pp. 124, 125).

THE CHIEF MIDDLE ENGLISH POETS.

Selected Poems. Newly rendered and edited, with Notes and Bibliographical References, by Jessie L. Weston. Boston, U.S.A. (Houghton Mifflin); pp. 396.

WE should like to call our readers' attention to the existence of this well-arranged and excellently achieved volume by Miss Weston. The interest it affords is not only literary; the lover of romance and mysticism will find much in it to delight him in the legendaries and the great poems of the Grail-cycles, in the proverbial wisdom of this period of English poesy, and in the examples from the quaint mediæval bestiaries, and above all in some beautiful hymns, religious poems, carols, and lyrics that are a joy to read. That there is no English edition of this valuable volume is little short of a disgrace to our publishing fraternity.

SPIRIT-PSYCHOMETRY.

And Trance Communications by Unseen Agencies. Through a Welsh Woman and Dr. T. D'Aute-Hooper. Illustrated. London (Rider); pp. 160; 8s. 6d. net.

THE by no means lucid term psychometry was first used in 1884 by an American, Dr. Denton, in a book entitled *The Soul of*

Things ; or Psychometric Researches and Discoveries, which contained an extremely interesting record of the psychical 'readings' by his wife of a large number of inanimate objects. The Dentons by their researches sought to establish as a fact that such objects somehow or other retained the impressions of everything that had happened near them during the whole period of their existence. Thus the fragment of a fossil would induce Mrs. Denton to see a series of subjective pictures of Earth's earliest ages; the fragment of an ancient building would cause to unroll before her 'eyes' a series of films from the historical past. That was thirty years ago; since then there has been much further experimenting, though little of a scientific nature, and many now hold that there is a purely mechanical and objective memory of nature that can be recovered by these means. Not only so, but we have witnessed the most arrogant claims to the reconstruction of cosmic and terrestrial history from the earliest times in detail, on these lines. The credulous have blindly believed; the critical have shaken their heads, for the simple method of comparing the statements of the rival claimants shows that the personal factor and the prejudice of dogmatic theories play a very considerable rôle in the matter. As in all other subjects of psychical research we have here much hard work before us even when we accept the genuineness of the phenomena. The interesting volume under notice records the psychometrical readings of an ignorant Welsh farm hand, a woman of some forty years of age, who knew nothing of what happened to her in trance, and indeed was never even told anything about it afterwards by the experimenter; in her waking consciousness she was quite ignorant even of the fact of her clairvoyance. It is to be noted in the first place, then, that this psychometry was trance clairvoyance. We are also supplied with two or three interesting readings by Dr. T. D'Aute-Hooper, who has of course the wide reading of a man of science, though he says he had never previously paid attention to palæontology. Some of these readings—or series of pictures—were probable, some on the contrary were demonstrably wrong, and others quite as certainly absurd. The chief interest of the book is the working out of the hypothesis that psychometry is a phase of spiritism rather than purely psychical. "The revelations herein recorded . . . throw a new and strong light upon the fact that the visions and 'impressions' are largely, if not wholly, imparted to the seer by unseen agencies." This refers chiefly to the woman medium, and is superficially true in her case. The

summary of the record in the Introduction gives a very fair idea of the mixed nature of these 'unseen agencies.'

"Not only . . . does the psychometrix repeatedly say that she *feels impelled* to say things, without being able to explain why; but the spirit-controls themselves actually asserted by word of mouth, through her, when in trance, that they *did* impress her with the visions. Moreover the controls spoke in English, whereas the medium can neither read nor hold a conversation in any language but Welsh.

"In some cases the reports were all wrong or concocted. . . Further, as spirits of all sorts abound, it happened that undesirable controls influenced her; but what was worse they so obsessed her that subsequent controls could not speak through her any more. Consequently the sittings had to be given up."

Dr. D'Auto-Hooper's visions, however, are apparently not under trance conditions, and the spiritistic hypothesis is here far more difficult to entertain. The rival theories will of course eliminate the spirit theory in both cases; but among the former the disintegrated personality hypothesis seems to be incapable of covering the ground satisfactorily. The apparently simple phenomena of psychometry thus seem to be exceedingly complex and we are very far at present from isolating whatever 'objective' element there may be in them. The record before us is well worth the attention of the student.

INTERPRETATIONS AND FORECASTS.

A Study of Survivals and Tendencies in Contemporary Society.
By Victor Branford, M.A. (sometime Hon. Secretary of the Sociological Society). London (Duckworth); pp. 411; 7s. 6d. net.

IN view of the terrible catastrophe which has overtaken our civilisation and is now overshadowing our entire existence, it would be almost impossible to begin a notice of this suggestive work without referring to a passage on p. 248, in which the author expresses his fears that the present age of transition may not be overcome peacefully:

"May it not seem to the student of history that nothing short of a unique assembling of resources, and of a well-nigh unprecedented change in the fibre of governments and the temper of peoples, can avert a recurrence in Europe of the widespread

conflagrations that have accompanied every epochal transition of the past two thousand years? Where then are we to look for, and how utilise guidance and resources towards a peaceful adjustment of the new order to the old? How are men's minds to be diverted from obsessions of conflict to ideals of co-operation? How are their hearts to be weaned from national and class enmities to international and racial amities? . . . How deflect collective energies from the despoiling of cities to constructive citizenship?"

With what undreamed-of and shocking swiftness have these apprehensions shown themselves to be justified! It was while reading Mr. Branford's book that the writer of this review received the news of the declaration of war between Great Britain and Germany.

In accordance with the tendency of the Edinburgh School of Sociology, of which the author is an adherent, the present work is a plea for a new synthesis of work and thought around the idea of the 'Civic State.' The welfare of the city is to be the basis of the forthcoming order of life. The ideal of the city, supplemented by that of the citizen as individual, is to provide a point of union for the scattered forces of the modern world. The twin poles of the new life are to be Civics and Eugenics: "With their advent, there appears on the horizon a re-orientation, not only of sociology, that is the economic and ethical sciences; but also of biology and psychology, the life and mind sciences; and even of physics and æsthetics, the use and beauty sciences." Here we have centres of concentration, foci for all the manifold activities of mankind.

A systematic sociological and philosophical elaboration of this standpoint could not be compressed within the scope of a comparatively small book; and in this volume we have a number of separate but closely connected papers and essays throwing light from various quarters upon the same basic ideas: for example, 'The Perfect Citizen,' 'Education: Social and Sociological,' 'Matriarchs, Old and New,' 'The Morality Play and its Revival,' 'The Eugenic Theatre,' 'The Mediæval Citizen,' and 'Town and Gown in America.'

Mr. Branford warmly defends the rights and advantages of the self-governing city as against the all-engulfing tendency of the highly centralised modern state. He perceives in the latter a danger to a truly personal civilisation and to the growth of a vital democracy. The intellectual and religious life of the community should develop in immediate contact with the spiritual and social

needs of a definite group of people—not of unwieldy proportions. In this way can we overcome the abstract intellectualism and unreal education of modern life. The resurgence of the ideal of the City Beautiful as a centre of cultural activity is looked upon by the author as one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

Most stimulating and interesting are the chapters dealing with the æsthetic side of life. In pointing out the regrettable divorce which exists in Great Britain and America between those three great agents of social education, the school, the church, and the theatre, the author puts his finger upon perhaps the weakest spot in Anglo-Saxon civilisation: "When they are in discord and rivalry, ideals decay, licentiousness flourishes, blue busticles abound, and the Devil walks abroad rejoicing." One of the primary tasks of modern sociology is to establish relationships that shall link up these three potent agents of human development in a common work. For this purpose a fresh synthesis of life is demanded.

Of especial value at the present time is the section entitled 'The Mediæval Citizen.' The reader receives a vivid impression of the spirit of social and intellectual solidarity with which the Middle Ages were saturated, and of the astonishingly complete permeation of the masses by religious feeling, by 'the everyday sense of immanent higher reality.' Working according to the light then available, the men of that period constructed an entire system of life and thought, the influence of which reached every man and woman, moulding their lives from the cradle to the grave and inspiring the meanest actions of daily life. Chief nuclei of this life were the city-states. These, rather than national states, then formed the units of civilisation.

By way of conclusion we cannot do better than return to the quotation with which this notice began. We may well ask, with Mr. Branford: "How are men's minds to be diverted from obsessions of conflict to ideals of co-operation?"

It would seem that the idea is now gaining ground that the present upheaval in the world of national relationships may lead to some such development of social life as that foreshadowed in this volume. The highly centralised great state may give way more and more to the union of little states—perhaps of city-states. The vast empires of the modern world, the clashing of whose rival interests has brought about the appalling struggle of to-day, may, when the crisis is past, exhibit a tendency towards devolution, more especially if (as is now widely suggested) the peace settle-

ments are based upon the principle of local option. Such a movement as this would afford the best possible hope of a lasting reduction (if not an abolition) of armaments. It was in the days of the free cities that art, literature and philosophy flourished throughout Europe, and the modern world may discover that the city rather than the empire is the true basis of civilisation.

The federation of cities leads as naturally to peace as the building up of empires leads to war. Germany may hate Russia but the people of Cologne do not hate the citizens of Moscow. Germany may declare war against Great Britain, but who supposes that the inhabitants of Munich would organise hostilities against the burghers of Edinburgh?

M. B.

THE GODS OF NORTHERN BUDDHISM.

Their History, Iconography and Progressive Evolution through the Northern Buddhist Countries. By Alice Getty. With a General Introduction on Buddhism translated from the French of J. Deniker, Docteur ès Sciences. Illustrations from the Collection of Henry H. Getty. Oxford (The Clarendon Press); pp. 196; £3 8s.

JUDGING by the sixty-four excellent plates, the coloured ones of which are quite exquisitely reproduced, Mr. Getty, an American resident in Paris, must possess a very valuable collection, to part of which the present handsome volume by his accomplished daughter will serve as an appropriate *guide de musée*. In her painstaking labours, in a very little known and very difficult field of research, Miss Getty has been advised by several native and European scholars; and the work is prefaced by a useful general introduction on Buddhism from the pen of Dr. Deniker, and completed by equally useful appendixes which furnish us with a chronological table, glossary, bibliography and index.

The original puritanical Hinayāna Buddhism naturally gave birth to but little art; it was the later Mahāyāna developments both in the South and North that bedecked Buddhism with artistic riches in many lands and forms. Miss Getty's book is confined to the iconography of the Northern Expansion.

But even so, the origin and development and cross-breeding of a pantheon, through many centuries, over so wide and various an expanse of lands as Northern India, Tibet, Mongolia, China, Korea

and Japan, is an appalling task, and it speaks well for Miss Getty's courage that she should have attempted it. Even if the explanatory material were largely accessible it would be a very difficult matter to analyse and co-ordinate it; but as matters now stand we have little reliable precise information, and therefore the work is in the pioneer stage; as Miss Getty says in her Introduction, and with a competent knowledge of the literature so far published, "the study of the iconography of the Northern Buddhist divinities is . . . in its infancy."

Anyone who has attempted to grapple with the complexities of the Babylonian, Egyptian or Hindu pantheons, for example, and to seek in them for some principle of co-ordination, or form any notion of how the endless images fitted into a general scheme, will realise the nature of the task. And indeed it is highly improbable that there was any really catholic consistent scheme. For if we take the Hellenic pantheon, with all the wealth of information with which our most recent works of reference are packed, and with all the countless treatises on the subject of Greek mythology and religion, what can we say there is in it that in any way approaches genuine consistency? Labour as we may to follow the schematisation of the Hellenic enthusiasts, such as Proclus, who thought they could 'philosophise' the whole theogony and theology of Greece, how arbitrary it seems, for the most part, how tired we get of their endless artificial hierarchies, mosaiced out with familiar names.

And yet there are few more curiosity-exciting objects of art than a cult image or an icon. We stare at them in our museums and galleries, and wonder what they mean for general culture, and puzzle over what they could have meant for the worshipper. To solve the puzzle, even when we can in certain instances in the West fairly well trace the evolution of the figure and its symbolism, is no easy matter; how much more difficult then is it to enter the mind of the East and follow intelligently the busy industry of its god-making workshops!

To turn to the iconography of the Northern Buddhist pantheon and its lavish hagiography,—what a contrast do we find between these marvellous legends and artistic conceits and the sober reason and downright straightforwardness of the early hyper-puritanical *suttas* and the entirely aniconic age of original Buddhism! How amazed would Gotama have been, had he seen a picture of what was to happen to his sternly ascetic teaching in many lands in the future, beginning with India itself. Still

the germ of it was there from the beginning ; the gods were given a place, indeed a large room, in the scheme of things, and though they were made subordinate and all stood in need of the great enlightenment, they had to be reckoned with, for was not the Buddha the teacher of both gods and men? The great strong period of India's highest religious genius, the period of the influence of the oldest Upanishad schools and of triumphant early Buddhism, was followed by a no doubt necessary and normal reaction, and the religion of devotion to a supreme personal Deity in many forms and to a host of subordinate deities and godlings rapidly made headway, and Bhakti reasserted its influence on some great minds and naturally in general among the people, and devised many modes of yoga and tantra practices high and low. The æsthetic side of religion was thus more and more intensified, and therewith religious art lent its powerful aid to the service of worship. Thus on the soil of India itself was developed a complex pantheon that was philosophised for the learned, while it could be accommodated to every sort and condition of the populace. In the expansion of the Mahāyāna form of Buddhism, which paralleled this development, to other lands, innumerable elements could be found to blend with similar native elements in the invaded countries. The elements were high and low, and the developments in the many different schools and lands and periods were equally mixed. Here then we have a gigantic mass of material to challenge the industry of the student of comparative religion ; and the task is all the more difficult because the material refuses to have order imposed upon it by the simple process of the mechanical cataloguing of external similarities and differences. A scholar of the true comparative science of religion requires a rare equipment, and above all a knowledge of the inner nature of the cult and practice of the devotee, which is very difficult for a Westerner to understand, so foreign is it to the mind that deals only with the externals of religion. We hope that the new age which is coming will give us such scholars in abundance, and that with many other very necessary and pressing reforms, the comparative science of religion will be raised to a level really worthy of the subject. Meantime the painstaking pioneer work of preparing the material is a most necessary and useful labour, and we gratefully welcome every worker in the field, and especially those who have a feeling for the life within the forms of religion. And this Miss Getty seems to have over and above her praiseworthy industry.

NAZARETH AND THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY.

A New View based upon Philological Evidence. By Champlin Burrage, B.Litt., Librarian of Manchester College, Oxford. Oxford (The University Press); pp. 68; 8s. 6d. net.

ONE of the chief objects of Mr. Burrage in this interesting study is to make out a case for regarding *The Gospel of the Hebrews* and *The Gospel of the Ebionites* as the authentic earliest gospels, and not later sectarian manipulations of the canonical synoptics, as the majority of critics following the Fathers blindly contend. These two ancient Aramaic documents from which we have a number of quotations (in Greek translation) preserved by the Fathers, he argues, are respectively the originals of Q, that is the so-called Logia-source used by our canonical Matthew and Luke, and of canonical Mark. The Jewish Christians who used these documents, far from being heretics, were the orthodox primitive Christians of Palestine. There is a good deal to be said in favour of this hypothesis, especially when we come to consider the chaos that Epiphanius (a converted Jew who spent most of his long life in Palestine) makes of the facts he admits with regard to these earliest Christians, when he tries to orient these facts with the orthodox views of the 4th century, which had been gradually evolved by a consistent suppression of the original Palestinian Jewish Christian tradition in the interests of a Hellenised Gentile Christianity. We have always thought and have often stated that Epiphanius is a mine of valuable information for the history of the beginnings of Christianity; in his overweening confidence that he can explain everything orthodoxly, he has preserved for us a very large number of most valuable data that would have otherwise disappeared—in brief he has let many a cat out of the bag. We therefore cordially assent when Mr. Burrage writes: "Epiphanius has gathered some of the most valuable material relating to the early history of the Church to be found in any of the Fathers, though he has brought little critical insight to bear upon it. His results accordingly must be tested at every step, and conclusions often just the contrary of his own have to be drawn, but a careful examination of his sources and deductions ought to result in the unravelling of some of the most difficult problems relating to the history of the primitive Church" (p. 39).

Another point of great interest dealt with by Mr. Burrage

(as it has been by others) is the puzzle of the many Greek forms generally translated by the single English term Nazarene. The earliest Christians were called Nazarenes (more correctly Nasarenes, for the Hebrew letter *tzaddi* in Nōṣri-Nōtsri should not be transliterated into Greek by a *z* but by an *s*). On the one hand, this may mean simply the Galileans, for Naṣarene = an inhabitant of Naṣara, which was no town or village of Nazareth, but most probably a large section of the tetrarchy of Galilee. On the other hand, Nazarenes may also mean Christians. By a play of words, the promised 'Branch' (Neṣer or Nōṣer), of *Isaiah* xi. 1, became a favourite synonym of Messiah in the days of Jesus. And Jesus ha-Nōṣri (Gk. ὁ Ναζωραῖος), Jesus the Nasoræus, means Jesus the Messiah. The Nōṣrim (Nasoræans) therefore early came to mean the Messiah-ans of this following, as opposed to the political Messianists. Now if this point is well taken, and there certainly are word-plays on 'Neṣer' in connection with the Christians in the Talmud, it means that the term Nasoræan (wrongly but generally transliterated Nazoræan) is a prophetic title of the Messiah, and in a number of passages has nothing to do with Jesus being native of a village called Nazareth; while in others it probably means simply Jesus the Galilean, Naṣara being a large district of Galilee, as Pliny (v. 81) confirms, for he calls larger Galilee '*Nazerinorum tetrarchia*.' Epiphanius mixes up the names of the primitive Christians, whom he regards without exception as heretics, in inextricable confusion, and further tangles them up with other Nazoræans whom he equates with the Nazirites of the Old Testament, an ascetic order which continued to early Christian days and of which perhaps John the Baptist was a member, and with the Essenes whom he calls Jessæans. All of this and much else he tells us of the same nature are precious indications of the state of affairs in early Christian days in Palestine, and reveal the dim outlines of the more primitive environment of the Faith. This environment was Messianic, prophetic and mystic, and contained such elements that three or four centuries later, when the General Church had successfully warred down the Gnostic, mystic and ascetic elements as later heretical accretions, the Fathers could treat the most authentic traditions of the Palestinian Christians as part and parcel of later heresy, instead of recognising in them that from which the General Church had departed by the stress of long years of bitter controversy. Thus it came about, to mention one point only, that the original Aramaic Gospels and most primitive tradition were lost

to posterity owing to partisan prejudice; and though Jerome at the end of the fourth century translated *The Gospel of the Hebrews* (known also as *The Gospel of the Apostles* and regarded by many as the original of *Matthew*) into Greek and Latin, sectarian prejudice suffered these precious documents to disappear, with an absolutely irreparable loss to history and truth. Mr. Burrage puts all this well in the following two paragraphs (p. 17):

"From the time when the primitive Jewish Christians came to be looked upon as heretics, the value of the literature used by them naturally began to depreciate in the West. That this changed attitude was a mistake, however, is rapidly becoming manifest, as the great value of the Gospel according to the Hebrews and the Ebionite Gospel is coming to be better appreciated. Surely Jerome would never have cited the peculiar features of the Gospel according to the Hebrews in his Commentaries, and would never have translated it into both Greek and Latin as he did, without entertaining a high sense of its worth.

"The value of these Gospels becomes further apparent, now that we have reason for thinking that the so-called Sect of the 'Nazarenes' (including therewith the Ebionites) was no *Christian Sect* at all; that the name Nazoræans (Naṣoræans) was simply the Jewish term for Christians or Messiahans, the orthodox Jewish Christians of whom the Apostle Paul was one; and that the Gospel according to the Hebrews, or the tradition upon which it is based, was familiar to Paul (evidence Jesus' appearance to James the Just, which is only mentioned in the New Testament by Paul), a convincing evidence of its great age. Surely such a work ought to rank with us, as with the ancients, as the earliest Christian book of which we have any record."

THE EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF MOHAMMEDANISM.

Lectures delivered in the University of London, May and June, 1918. By D. S. Margoliouth, D.Litt., Fellow of New College and Laudian Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford. The Hibbert Lectures, Second Series. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 265; 6s. net.

LIKE its sister-faiths Judaism and Christianity, Mohammedanism is the religion of a Book. It is therefore a matter of arresting interest for students of religion to learn all that can be known about the origin and composition of so remarkable a volume, and

the process whereby the occasional utterances of the Prophet were gradually—in this case very rapidly—fixed and stereotyped into an infallible scripture, which imposed itself on believers not only as the authoritative norm of all social, political and spiritual law, but also as a repository of all necessary knowledge about the visible and invisible worlds. Professor Margoliouth is possessed of a quite uncommon scholarly equipment to deal with this subject, and is therefore a most competent guide in the most difficult, because the least documented, period of Mohammedan history. One of the most amazing phenomena of religious history is the fanatical enthusiasm with which mankind sets to work to forge for itself its own chains. This is brought out most clearly in the history of the making of the great Bibles of the world. In the ancient world and middle ages it was for the most part quite impossible for men to attack this problem of their self-enslavement to the written word; though here we must in justice make an honourable exception in the case of Taoism and original Buddhism. But when at last the human mind bestirred itself to read at first hand the supreme Book of Nature which is the one and only scroll inscribed by the true hand-writing of the gods, it discovered a history of the world and of itself so very different from the man-made writing of the Books, that it was emboldened to question the stupendous claims made by its forebears about these magical volumes. This questioning gradually gave rise to a new science of biblical research, which has already developed a method and reached results that have destroyed for ever the tyranny of the ancient bibliolatry, at any rate in the Western world. So far, however, Mohammedan scholars have not ventured themselves to apply this method to the Koran; it has therefore to be done for them by others. Dr. Margoliouth will no doubt give little pleasure to the orthodox by his treatment of the subject; for the most painful thing in the world for traditionalists is to have the necessity forced upon them of facing the facts. If let alone they will never do it themselves; indeed so averse are they from so disagreeable an awakening that if they have the power they will cheerfully abolish on sight the disturbers of their dreams. In the good old times they had very drastic and effective ways of suppressing the inconvenient questioner. But, thank Heaven, those days are over, and the time has come when religionists everywhere must wake willingly or be made to wake, for the day of efficient labour in this most important field of human industry is at last dawning for humanity as a whole. Professor

Margoliouth's point of view will be best seen from his concluding paragraph (p. 258), where he writes :

"In the development of a religion fiction has scarcely less importance than fact. In order to understand the rise of Islam it is necessary to be acquainted with the historical Mohammed—the man of extreme caution and extreme intrepidity : who made by force his merit known : who gauged with exactitude the intellect and the character of his associates and his adversaries : for whom every fortress had its key and every man his price : whom no opportunity escaped, no scruple deterred, and no emergency found unprepared. But for the continuance and development of the system probably the fictitious Mohammed was the more significant : the legislator, the saint, and the thaumaturge."

In reading these instructive, but not altogether sympathetic Lectures, we sometimes found ourselves asking the question whether the writer would argue so drastically when faced with somewhat similar phenomena in the rise and development of Christianity. In a number of passages Professor Margoliouth, in dealing with the rise and development of Islamic mysticism, seeks to show a Christian influence, but not very convincingly ; indeed he stands almost if not quite alone in making this attempt. Here again his Lecture dealing with this all-important subject, which enshrines all that is best in Islamic religion, is by no means really appreciative. He heads his Lecture 'Asceticism leading to Pantheism,' and devotes much of it to the *naïvetés* of legends of the saints. The extraordinary insight of the Sūfi philosophers, in their exposition of the means and nature of union, is, in our opinion, not adequately acknowledged ; this is shown in the choice of version of that high term *fanā*, which the unapprehending generally render by 'annihilation,' but for which Professor Margoliouth can find no better equivalent than 'perdition.' We prefer by far Dr. Nicholson's 'passing away,' *i.e.* the passing away of all human limitations. This is the 'negative' side of the process ; but if it may be called negative, it is not passive ; on the contrary it is extremely active. Nor is it the end, for there supervenes for him who is blessed by the grace of God, the 'passing away of passing away,' and then ensues the consummation of the fulness of that absolute state that is known as *baqā* or everlasting life in God ; but of this Dr. Margoliouth says no word. We are, however, thankful to this excellent scholar for rendering a few passages from that great mystical genius al-Niffari, who died in Egypt in the latter half of the tenth century. Al-Niffari, though early, is

one of the greatest of all the mystical saints. For the non-mystically inclined he is doubtless incomprehensible; but for lovers of the inmost spiritual life he is wonderfully suggestive and represents the genius of monotheistic union at its best. We will, then, end this notice with a quotation, so as to give the few who love such things, a taste of al-Niffari's quality. The Voice speaks to him:

"The more the sight of God is extended, the narrower becomes the sphere of worship. When I have concentrated thy quality and thy heart upon sight of me, what hast thou to do with supplication? Shalt thou ask me to remove the veil? I have removed it. Shalt thou ask me to veil myself? Then with whom wilt thou converse? When thou hast seen me, only two petitions remain for thee: thou mayest ask me in my absence to retain thee in my sight; and thou mayest ask me when thou seest me that thou mayest say to a thing be and it shall be. Yet I give thee leave to ask of me when I am absent. If thou canst calculate, then subtract the vision from the absence, and whichever remains over, make that prevail in the matter of petition [*i.e.* since petition is only permitted in absence, if there be more absence than presence, ask]. If I am not absent when thou eatest, then I shall save thee the trouble of labouring for food. If I am not absent when thou sleepest, I shall not be absent when thou wakest. A resolve of thine to keep silence when thou seest me is a screening; how much more a resolve of thine to speak. Such resolve can only come about in absence. To no eye or heart do I appear but I annihilate it" (pp. 190, 191)—for when eye and heart are there the true unitive state is absent.

RELIGION IN AN AGE OF DOUBT.

By the Rev. Charles J. Shebbeare, M.A., Rector of Swerford, Oxon.
Library of Historic Theology. London (Robert Scott);
pp. xx. + 219; 5s. net.

IF a book were to be judged by the correspondence of its title with its contents, *Religion in an Age of Doubt* would be perfect; for as is most proper to an age of doubt it doubtfully sets forth a doubtful religion, and one that will convince none but such as are anxious to be convinced. Something of this may be due to the fact of its forming one of a general series, and necessarily conforming to the general idea, which is that of the popular

're-statement' of Christian doctrine, according to the 'present position of thought and knowledge,' which seems to preclude scientific treatment. Further, the author describes his book as an 'open letter to the teachers of religion,' which taken along with the subject-matter as 'religion'—not theology—'in an age of doubt,' stamps it as one more of the numerous efforts of scholars and ecclesiastical authorities to come to the rescue of bewildered pulpiteers, by furnishing them with some presentations of religious thought which may suffice to retain the man in the pew. This accounts for a certain want of balance among the doctrines treated, as well as an over-straining of certain aspects in favour of pulpit-edification rather than theological science. It is possible the author would do better in an independent treatise; for he shows erudition, wide reading, and considerable analytical power, which, however, is apt to busy itself about matters of quite secondary importance, as in portions of his chapters on 'Evangelicalism,' 'The Keewick School' and 'The "Argument from Design."' The author might do some really helpful constructive work in an independent effort along the lines of the 'rationalistic methods' (p. 212) he desiderates in the latter part; but hardly so unless he discards the 'Ritschlian method' followed by his book as a whole, which cannot by any possibility lend itself to, or be combined with, methods which either rationalism or science will recognise.

This, indeed, is the fundamental weakness which invalidates what might otherwise have been a good book. Ritschlianism, no doubt, came in to save the situation for religion, and has been a boon to the believer who had a church and a cause to serve, and the preacher who had a situation to defend. But in the nature of things it could never be anything but tentative, and in the end a hindrance. Either as cause or joint-product it is associated with the up-rush of non-rational movements in our time, mostly covering their nakedness under the wide-stretching blanket of 'Mysticism,' but basing their claim to intellectuality by appeal to Ritschlianism.

The inevitable weakness of the author's reasoning begins when (p. 18) he affirms that the Ritschlian school is "right in affirming the dependence of theology on the appeal to experience," but "wrong in denying the possibility of uniting in a single scheme religious and physical knowledge." His treatment of 'Jesus' and 'Christ' is hopelessly at variance with reason and science just because it is completely Ritschlian. Jesus has 'the

value of God' (p. 19): "Instead of looking for external proofs," we should "first make Jesus Himself the sole standard of Godhead; we want no higher God than He; we know that no higher God is conceivable or possible. We know that if the Will of the Ruler of the Universe differs from the Law revealed by Jesus, the Ruler of the Universe falls short of true divinity. . . . Would it not still remain true that only the God Who can be identified with Jesus has a just claim upon the worship of mankind?" (p. 140). His was a 'moral divinity' (p. 187); it does not matter whether he created the world or not (p. 189), since the test of Godhead is goodness, not power. But where does the author get his experience of Jesus-God? Is it not from the 'external proofs' of the Gospels which he asserts contain 'a Portrait'? (p. 85). Or was it the 'experience' (in the first century) which created the 'Portrait'? For "experience reveals not only values but facts" (p. 186). Well, it is certain that the science of criticism will want to examine the 'Portrait,' and the science of psychology to examine the 'experience,' and to determine questions which Ritschlianism calmly dismisses as irrelevant. In places, the author seems desirous of leading the preachers for whom he writes as far as they are likely to go on the paths of rational religion,—as when he pronounces Christ 'faultless' rather than 'perfect' (p. 59), desires some further reconciliation between christology and monotheism (p. 179), thinks the doctrine of the Trinity rather the statement than the solution of a problem (p. 188), exhorts his readers to 'be in earnest with our Theism' (p. 192), or hints that (Ritschlian?) theology stands at 'the parting of the ways' (p. 212), and must seek for rationalistic reconstruction. On the other hand, the reactionary note is heard in his strange insistence on the resurrection of the body (p. 165), in his doctrine of sin leading to hatred of 'even the smallest Pelagian tendency' (p. 208) to view evil as 'imperfect good.' One laments that in these matters, and in his pervading Ritschlianism, the writer will supply pabulum for hundreds of pulpits for years to come; for the average preacher depends upon popular re-statements like this. But the author will go further yet.

W. W.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

By Professor Dr. Sigmund Freud, LL.D. Authorised English Edition, with Introduction by A. A. Brill, Ph.B., M.D., Chief of Clinic of Psychiatry, Columbia University, etc. London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 342; 12s. 6d. net.

THIS is a translation with modifications and additional examples of Freud's most popular work. The Jewish Vienna specialist developed his now famous and much discussed and criticised theory and practice of psycho-analysis first of all by a study of mental disease caused by sexual disorder and abuse. At first these acutely morbid cases filled his mind and occupied his whole attention, and his theory consequently suffered from too wide generalisations. These have since been modified considerably by some of his pupils, and to some extent also by himself. In the course of his researches, Freud found that the line of demarcation between the neurotic and normal could not be firmly drawn, and that what could be observed so glaringly in abnormal cases, could also be distinguished in a lesser degree among the normal. This led him to a systematic study of the faulty actions of every-day life, the first results of which are laid before us in what is within its limits a very interesting and instructive volume. The treatise deals mainly with the only too common phenomena of forgetfulness and chance and faulty actions, and the contention is that by psycho-analysis such chance occurrences and faults are psychically explicable and understandable as psycho-pathological mechanisms, which can be traced by the method of free associationism. The chief cause of the failure of conscious control is to be assigned to the subconscious repression of undesirable or hurtful psychical impressions; it is as it were our automatic and instinctive effort to escape pain. This main feature of the phenomena is formulated in the last paragraph of the volume as follows: "The common character of the mildest as well as the severest cases, to which the faulty and chance actions contribute, lies in the ability to refer the phenomena to unwelcome, repressed, psychic material, which, though pushed away from consciousness, is nevertheless not robbed of all capacity to express itself."

Here perhaps naturally enough, but as elsewhere always in Freud's works, the student finds himself continually bound down to the lower side of human nature; psycho-analysis never leads

him to anything higher. The holy and the sacred, the ideal and the spiritual, are not discoverable by these otherwise valuable researches. We are always seeking the cause of disease and derangement; and the cure is supposed to occur when we have traced the root of it down into the soil of the lower nature as far as ever it will go. Psycho-analysis thus leads to a frankness of confession which is not infrequently so appalling that we are almost compelled to think the confessions worse than the disease, and that it would have been better that the patient should never have been encouraged to bring such hideous images up again into clear consciousness. If it is true that man is both beast and angel, psychiatry should, we venture to think, insist more on rousing up the energy of the latter than on the psycho-analysis of the former. The ways of the beast are, we admit, a very necessary branch of knowledge, but we are not a little puzzled as to how this knowledge reinforces the will, in spite of the Freudian contention that the knowledge that the causes are natural removes all fear of them.

COLLECTED ESSAYS OF RUDOLF EUCKEN.

Professor of Philosophy in the University of Jena, Nobel Prizeman, 1908. Edited and translated by Meyrick Booth, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Jena), Author of 'Rudolf Eucken: His Philosophy and Influence.' London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 351; 10s. 6d. net.

THE nineteen essays contained in this collection are a remarkable example of a singleness of conviction expressed from a variety of points of view, in work that extends over a period of at least thirty years. Professor Eucken's well-known doctrine of a self-existent spiritual life as the principle of reality and the realisation of man's being, appears with greater or less prominence in all these essays; but it is perhaps interesting to note that in the earliest of them, that on 'Philosophical Parties,' published in 1884, the theory, though perhaps hinted at, is not brought out so definitely as in the later work, and in fact the essay suggests a stage of feeling after a position not yet completely adopted; it is the only one which leaves the reader without an answer to the problems raised.

Of the rest, those relating to Goethe, to Kant and to the Problem of Immortality, nos. XIII., XIV. and XV., are perhaps the most likely to arrest attention. The gift offered by Goethe to

human thought is shown to be the union of freedom and truth. With him, life remains 'in the midst of the great world'; it aspires to no revolutionary reversal, but progresses along a prescribed path. But the progress is a personal task, and demands untiring work. "Life aspires towards breadth, and yet remains within itself." "The world has an inner life, not only at its particular points, but as a whole." Goethe strives towards the whole at every point; he does not "tear the world apart into appearance and being," for he "stands at the heart of reality." "*Nichts ist drinnen, nichts ist draussen.*"

This reading of the doctrine of activism into the teaching of Goethe (true as it is, no doubt, from one point of view) is paralleled by the emphasis laid on that part of Kant's achievement by which "he places himself in science as a whole"; and also on his discovery of "an incomparable greatness on the part of man," who is able to set himself up against the world and reflect upon it as a whole; while it is interesting to note the comparison drawn between the placing by Kant of the origin of morality in the spiritual being of man himself, who now "through creative activity gains part in absolute truth," and Eucken's "opening up and appropriation of a real world of essential being in man's soul."

The working out of the same conclusion in the article on 'The Problem of Immortality,' which has already been placed before English readers in the *Hibbert Journal* for July, 1908, is perhaps the most striking presentation of the theory offered in this volume; the question of immortality being shown to depend on the formation by man of a central core of spiritual life of his own, whose true standpoint is in eternity. The question of metaphor in philosophical thought, as dealt with in the essay entitled 'Metaphors and Similes in Kant's Philosophy,' is specially suggestive to students of mythology. Space forbids entering at any length upon this subject, but may not the theory that "sensuous ideas permanently accompany the thought-process" indicate a line along which the origin and growth of world-myths might be sought?

The volume concludes with an essay on 'The Reflection of the Age in its Concepts,' which forms a sort of introduction to the author's *Main Currents of Modern Thought*, and in which a thorough renewal of our intellectual existence, and with it of the state of our concepts, is demanded. For we "attempt to harmonise irreconcilable antitheses" and to "evade the great *either—or*," which is insisted on as usual by the apostle of wholeness as

the principle running through human existence. This article, we cannot but think, might profitably have been placed at the beginning of the volume, supplying the key-note, as it does, to many of the other essays. In fact, we may perhaps be allowed to question the arrangement, by which the earliest work is placed at the end of the book.

The translation for which he is responsible (that of all the essays but three), has the clear fluency which we are accustomed to expect from the pen of Dr. Meyrick Booth.

S. E. H.

INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS.

By Crawford Howell Toy, Professor Emeritus in Harvard University. Boston and London (Ginn); pp. xix. + 689; \$8.00.

THIS is Vol. IV. of the useful series of 'Handbooks on the History of Religions' edited by Prof. Morris Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania. We welcome warmly and read with keen interest such introductions; but as we turn the last page we invariably find ourselves saying: Not yet; the advance is encouraging, the effort a noble one, but the citadel has not been taken. We have before us a painstaking and valuable summary of a huge amount of work in one of the vastest fields of research and a gallant attempt to survey it impartially. The methods and instruments of this great undertaking of human culture are being gradually improved, misconceptions are being corrected and theories that from time to time have set up the highest claims, are found to be inadequate, and are now replaced by more promising hypotheses. But so far we are without a general scheme into which the different orders of facts can be accommodated; indeed a lively controversy rages over many of the facts themselves and most of all as to how we should group and connect them. Professor Toy's is a courageous attempt to describe the principal customs and ideas that underlie all public religion, and the material is grouped, we can hardly say arranged, under eleven headings, namely: 'Nature of Religion,' 'The Soul,' 'Early Religious Ceremonies,' 'Early Cults,' 'Totemism and Taboo,' 'Gods,' 'Myths,' 'Magic and Divination,' 'The Higher Theistic Development,' 'Social Development of Religion,' 'Scientific and Ethical Elements in Religious Systems.' There is a good selected bibliography and index. It is impossible to review a book of this size,

dealing with so vast a number of facts and subjects, without writing at a length for which we have no present space; of the many points of special interest we must content ourselves by noting simply what Professor Toy says in general on the subject of myths and magic. "Myths represent the savage and half-civilised science of origins, the imaginary construction of the world" (p. 359), and the treatment of mythical material shows three stages: "the acceptance of myths as genuine history; esoteric explanations of their assumed profound teachings; and finally, return to their original character as primitive science, having their origin in crude conceptions of life" (p. 382). The study of mythology, however, is of great importance for the general history of religion, and this study includes in its full form "psychological investigation as well as collection of statistics"; but, we are warned, the psychology must find "its material in the facts—we must first know what men believe, and then explain why they believe it" (p. 390). As to magic, "it is essentially a directive or coercive procedure and differs in this respect from fully formed religion, which is essentially submissive and obedient" (p. 396). There is something to be said for it, however, for "in the absence of distinct religious systems it has been a bond of social union, and to that extent has been a civilising influence. On the other hand it has fostered belief in a false science of sequences and thus helped to introduce confusion into thought and the conduct of life. The aim of religion has been, and is, to banish magic from the world" (p. 406).

These brief quotations will give some idea of the author's turn of mind. He is cold, moderate and judicial. The warmth of religion is nowhere to be felt and not once does the style of a Fraser relieve the sober restraint, not to say monotony, of Prof. Toy's 1178 paragraphs.

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THE QUEST.



THE GERMAN SOUL AND THE GREAT WAR.

BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL, LL.D.

MUCH admirable writing has already appeared in England upon the causes, remote and proximate, of the present world-war, so that even the least modest and best equipped of mortals might well hesitate before he attempted to bring a further contribution of his own. And, as will be rendered clear in a moment, my special limitations are numerous and grave. Especially may my filial piety and sense of deep indebtedness appear doomed to render any utterance of mine, just now, inevitably disloyal to one side or to the other,—it will be colourless or else truculent and embittering. Certainly, nothing can be here attempted that could compare with the monumental political authority of Sir Edward Grey's despatches, or with the delicate political penetration of the French Yellow Book (especially the earlier documents), with the brilliant literary quality furnished by Sir Walter Raleigh in his *Might is Right*, or with the first-hand evidence as to the present mentality of the Prussian General Military Staff furnished by the German War Book;

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nor, further back, with such searching revelations of the latter-day German political soul as illumine the memoirs of Prince Bülow and still more those of Prince Bismarck.

These and other documents, and the events accumulating weekly under the eyes of all, have by now fully proved and elucidated the massive existence and the peculiar character of the present German *Realpolitik*. All men, at least here in England, see and know that this frankly Machiavellian policy, originally special to the Prussian militarist school, is now practised, inculcated, systematised and assumed by Germany (in so far as Germany now operates as a determining political, diplomatic and military power) with a deliberation, preparedness, persistency and ruthlessness, both towards its own German instruments and towards its non-German opponents, unmatched, on such a scale and amidst such civilised peoples, throughout the annals of the world. There is, then, no occasion to attempt again the establishment of this great fact itself. Nor could I add much towards explaining the origins of this mentality amidst the specific Prussians. I can only attempt vividly to elucidate and analyse, by means of the generally German half of my own blood, those general German idiosyncrasies which have permitted, or even favoured, this large domination of the Prussian spirit, and those other general German characteristics which we can trust will eventually overcome this same spirit—a spirit not confined to Germany, and which is even more the enemy of the German soul itself than it can ever be of our own military peace.

I here purpose, first to state the nature and range of my qualifications and interest ; and then to attempt

a vivid account and exemplification of the main psychic, mental and moral needs, affinities, weaknesses and strengths of the German soul, in contrast with the English—both as seen from within. And in a second article I will seek out the main influences of German religion and irreligion upon these German weaknesses and strengths; and I will strive to discover and locate the probabilities, the hopes, the ideals which can and ought to lead and steady us in this sad welter of conflict, and in the hardly less difficult work of reconstruction. Thus four sections must hold the substance of what I have here to say.

I.

Many a pure Englishman has lived much more in Germany, especially amongst Prussians proper, than has been the case with myself. Of my sixty-three years of life, well over forty have been spent in England; and only twice has a full year been lived unbrokenly amongst a Teutonic people,—in Vienna and in the Austrian Tyrol. Moreover, though my father was of pure German blood, he was entirely West German; his father was from Coblenz, his mother from Mainz, and this whilst those territories had still some twenty years to run as Catholic Prince-Bishoprics strongly opposed to Protestant Prussia. My father was born at Ratisbon (Bavaria) in 1795. My grandfather had moved, from the chancellorship to the last Prince-Bishop of Trèves, into the diplomatic service of Austria,—at first under the last two Holy Roman Emperors, Leopold II. and Francis I. And my father himself continued this general and genial, quite un-Prussian, German spirit, as an Austrian

military officer and diplomat, and as an Oriental traveller and botanist, up to his death in 1870. The racial, national attraction which, increasingly since his Indian travels in 1833, rivalled that of German Austria, was, assuredly, never Prussia, but always England.

In my own case it was inevitable that England, almost from the first, equalled, and then, fairly early, out-balanced, in social and political matters, the *attrait* of Austria, even though I have never received anything but kindness from that country, and though I felt keenly having to decide against her, in her present unhappy involvement against England. Born in Florence, when my father was already fifty-seven, of a young English, or rather Scotch, mother; seeing Austria for the first time, from seven to eight, and then, practically for the last time, at eighteen; never at school or university there or indeed elsewhere, but coming away from Vienna in 1871, an invalid for many years, and exempted, as such, from military service; Italy, then Belgium, with my seven years' residence at my father's Embassy in each, could not fail to be more real to me than Austria. And since those early years it has been England that has been my home, except for nine winters spent in Rome, a summer in Westphalia, and two short visits to Jena, Heidelberg and Würzburg, and one (further) visit to the Tyrol. And an English wife and British-born daughters of course strengthened these British ties.

Nevertheless, I am continuously conscious, by the mental methods and habits natural to me, in matters of history, philosophy, theology, of a certain subtle difference in temper and instinct, throughout a considerable range of my nature, from even the dearest of my many dear English friends, and indeed, in a lesser

degree, from the non-German blood and range within myself. This consciousness of difference and of isolation, with its sadness, all but wholly and promptly disappears in the society of Scotchmen, so that it probably springs as much from my Scottish blood as from my German. In any case the general German affinity I am tracing here, brings me, I find, no nearer to the Prussian mentality than the pure Englishman is brought, by *his* affinity, to the Prussian state of soul; nor does this affinity prevent my social and political outlook and sympathies from being thoroughly, consciously, gratefully English. Even in 1858 I remember feeling strongly, in Florence, with the Italian movement for an Italian Italy; and I have never lost this feeling, even though I early came to realise how pure was the administration, and how light the taxation, by Austria, of Tuscany, Lombardy and Venice; and ever since eighteen, Edmund Burke (in all but his latest, shrill utterances) and, hardly less early, Samuel Johnson have been amongst my chief inspirers in such large social and political matters.

Yet my much loved tutor, from eight to fifteen, was a Rhenish Prussian Lutheran, and my education was for those years supervised by the well-known Catholic historian, the Rhenish Prussian diplomat, Alfred von Reumont. And my late initiation into Hebrew I owe to the Hessian convert, the strongly anti-Prussian Catholic Priest-Professor, Dr. Gustav Bickell. Most of the recent books that have influenced me much—the great works of Rohde, Oldenberg, Gunkel, Bernard Duhm, Heinrich Holtzmann, Otto von Gierke, Ernst Troeltsch—are all German. And then there have been the friendships, with roots too deep, I trust, for even this terrible war and its

poignant differences to destroy, with such Catholic laymen as Martin Spahn and Catholic clerics as Albert Ehrhard and Joseph Prenner; and with Protestant University Professors, such as Rudolf Eucken and Ernst Troeltsch. Heinrich Holtzmann, that utterly guileless soul and ceaselessly generous friend, has already gone to where wars are no more.

II.

1. An Indian Swami, who from Brahmanism had come to Roman Catholic Christianity, but who retained a grateful veneration for the Vedic literature at its best, once insisted to me upon the bewilderment which seized him when, in the company of West Europeans, he had to suffer from their perpetual depreciation of mysticism. "What these Europeans thus airily despise as 'mere mysticism,' that," said the Swami, "for us Indians is our very life." Similarly, theory, system, *Weltanschauung*, is, for the average Englishman, something that instantly puts him ill at ease, or at least something that he disbelieves and avoids; for the German, it is in his very blood. Indeed, the Continental European generally is, in this important respect, very unlike, not indeed the Scotchman, but the Englishman. Thus a young maritime lawyer from Genoa reported to me, after a year's life amongst fellow young English lawyers in London, that the main difference he had found between the two sets of his contemporaries, of the same class and same calling, in Italy and England, had been that in Italy he could always promptly tell whether his comrade was clean-living or not,—for that, as soon and as long as he was of good life, his thought and talk would overflow with problems and theories about the State, War, the

Church, Religion, etc.; and, as soon as he abandoned a good life, all such interests would go, and only dirty or mere 'shop'-talk would remain; whereas in England his companions, whether clean or unclean, had all equally shrunk from theorising about anything whatsoever; and had restricted their talk, during work-time, to 'shop' and, in their free time, to sport. And this difference is doubtless even larger between Germans and Englishmen. A young German scholar and pastor quite recently reported to me, as the main observation of an unexpected kind made by himself, during the half year he had just spent amongst all kinds of religious groups in England, the very general unpopularity, not of Roman Catholicism (as he had forecasted), but of Unitarianism; and how he had finally discovered that this widespread dislike sprang mostly, not from any sensitive orthodoxy, but from the deep-rooted, ever alert, antipathy of the average pure Englishman to everything 'brainy,' intellectualist or doctrinaire. Probably nine in ten out of all Englishmen would echo the answer given to a French scholar friend of mine, who, upon asking the authorities of numerous large English schools, Roman Catholic included, what was the view of life, the general scheme, that they aimed at producing in the minds of their boys, was answered by all: "We do not rear prigs here!"

Extreme examples of this German thirst for theory and of the English contrary shrinking from all systematic thought are often in my mind. Thus I turned over the leaves of a German book on Inn-keeping—*Das Hotelwesen*—and, sure enough, there was a first part on the Theory of Inn-keeping, and a second part on its Practice. Contrast this with an English book where, after quoting from Cardinal Newman the noble descrip-

tion of how, confronted by the slums of one of our vast, wicked cities, he would turn Pantheist or Atheist, but for the still, small voice of conscience within himself; the author goes on to say: "I do not ask, Is this true? I only enquire, Is this English? And I answer, It is not!" Surely, if to require a theory of inn-keeping is a fantastic weakness, an attitude towards life capable of shirking the fact and problem of evil is a deplorable incompleteness for any sane, adult human soul.

2. Now this continuous need of theory, of system, is, doubtless, one of the primary causes of all that the German effects and is of deep, abiding worth and fruitfulness, and, conversely, of all that the German effects and is of a shallow and arid, of a transitory, and even of a mischievous and destructive kind. It is this innate need of system that renders him steady, but also obstinate; virile and brutal; profound and pedantic; comprehensive and rich in outlook, and rationalist and doctrinaire. It turns him into the one or the other man, in various degrees, ways and combinations, according as this thirst for system, and its direct consequences within a nature such as his, is or is not sufficiently checked, completed and purified by a vivid, continuous sense of how inexhaustible is the depth of real life, and how largely hidden remains for us the always terribly actual, delicate interdependence of its simultaneous varieties and successive stages, amongst the several places, times and races, in their severally always limited, slow, costly contributions, interchanges and advances.

Can there well be nobler fruits of this systematic bent than the delicate, all-round penetration into the

ancient Greek search after, and belief in, Immortality and Eternity, that informs Rohde's *Psyche*? or than Heinrich Holtzmann's analysis of the religious experience and speculative theory of St. Paul? or than Gunkel's delight in tracing the spiritual depth of content and the artistic beauty of form furnished by the spiritually transfigured folk-lore embedded in the book of Genesis? or than Wilcken's *Aegyptische Ostraka*, that loving, infinitely patient resuscitation of the lives of the obscure populace of Greek-Egypt as chronicled by them upon broken potsherds? And indeed this tenacious thirst after an organism, a completeness, what grand results it yields in the soberer parts of Hegel's *Logic*; in the analysis of the constituents of human certitude by Volkelt; in the monumental presentation by Gierke of the mediæval conceptions of the State, of their early sources, their later dissolution, and their elements of abiding worth; and, surely, not least in the massive re-thinking, and sifting out, of the social implications, aids and difficulties of Christianity, given us by Troeltsch!

In all these cases the thirst for wholeness and closely-knit organisation has worked with, and in, other great gifts and needs, and has helped these Germans to rear works of a largely unique and abiding kind—upon the whole, superior to the corresponding English attempts. In other cases, where this thirst has remained comparatively unchecked or unsupplemented, it leads to certain special faults and absurdities, which, in their milder forms, are common enough amongst Germans, but which, since they are very truly the defects of a fundamental German quality, are strikingly rarely noted, still less resented, as faults, by Germans themselves.

I am thinking of such an absurdity as Kant's, the old bachelor's, detailed instructions to the lads, his students, in his lectures on Education, as to the suckling, swathing, cradling, weaning of infants, and still more of the highly significant reason he assigns for such preposterous meddling—that many of his hearers would become tutors in private families, and that “it happens at times that further children are born in the house, and that a tactful tutor can aspire to be the confidant of the parents and to be consulted by them also with respect to the physical education, and this also because one is, often, the only *Gelehrte* in the house.” (Kant's *Sämmtliche Werke*, ed. Hartenstein, 1868, vol. viii., p. 472.) Thus Kant quietly assumes, without an inkling as to the rich comicality of the assumption, that, because a man has passed through his German school and university and is devoting his still early years to teaching, he is more likely to know, or to learn satisfactorily, than the first washerwoman with children of her own in any village, how often to suckle, when to wean, how to swathe, the baby! Also, that the entire household, women and men, will defer to the thoroughly dry-nurse theorisings of such a sorry pedant. But, indeed, are there many Germans who would instantly seize the full depth and breadth of this absurdity?

I take it to be almost necessary for a man to be, not purely English, but Scotch or half-German, if he is to realise fully the extent to which this instinctive deference to the *Gelehrte* and to *Wissenschaft*, to theory and system, sways even the most materialist, anarchist or sceptical of Germans. It is, in itself, doubtless a noble, idealistic trait, and helps to give a certain dignity of heroism and faith to much in Schopenhauer

and Nietzsche, in Feuerbach and Strauss, even here and there in Stirner and in Haeckel, which otherwise would be entirely wild and repulsive. Yet it is this also that readily makes anything which is sufficiently theorised appear to a German as worthy of a hearing or even of belief. Not only or chiefly because this or that piece of reasoning starts from, keeps close to and leads securely to facts, all capable of re-testing; but largely on no further ground than that it is reasoning of a closely-knit, or daring, or clear, or paradoxical kind, does it fascinate or dominate the German mind.

3. This thirst for, and final obsession by, general ideas and laws, theory and system, leads at times to the, largely quite unconscious, mythology of giving to ideas, outside of any mind or personality, human or divine, that thinks them, a real existence, indeed a creative power. The great example of such unconscious mythology is, of course, Hegel, who, towards the end of his longer *Logic*, succeeds in bridging over the chasm between Nature and conscious Spirit, as these have been previously discriminated by himself, only through suddenly assuming in Nature a certain consciousness and volition characteristic, not of Nature, but of Spirit only. The dangerous reinforcement, chiefly of the subtlest and most subversive weaknesses of the German soul by Pantheism and Monism of every kind, will be considered in my second article. Here I want only to show, by the early life and thought of Hegel, how congenial some such Pantheism was to him, and (to anticipate a further effect of the German intense systematisation and unification) how ominously early and spontaneously this Pantheism did not shrink

from finding the state to be essentially founded upon force alone.

Thus Schelling, at twenty-one (February, 1795), answers Hegel, then twenty-five, with regard to the sufficiency of Kant's moral proof for belief in a distinct personal Being, by quoting to him Lessing's declaration: "Also for ourselves the orthodox conceptions as to God are no more. We push afield beyond all Personal Being." Some few months later Schelling's second publication, on *The Ego as the Principle of Philosophy*, insists upon how the causality of the Infinite, Absolute Ego, may not be conceived as Morality or as Wisdom, Personality or Consciousness, but only as absolute Force. Hegel assents to this polemic against the divine attributes. And when in the winter of 1801/1802 Hegel writes on the Constitution (and Future) of Germany, he expresses, so far, the keenest antipathy to Prussia,—where "the people is treated indeed with rationality and according to necessity, but not with trust and liberty," "a state whose dreary emptiness strikes everyone who enters the first-come of its villages, or who does not measure its abiding strength by the ephemeral energy to which a solitary genius [Frederick II.] has been able to force it up." But already he insists that "liberty is possible only within the legal union of a people into a state," and developes, in conjunction with a sympathetic account of Macchiavelli and his policy of force, how the highest duty of the State is its self-preservation, and how what in private life would be crimes can here become duties,—"gangrenous limbs cannot be healed with lavender-water." Whether a state is really a state or not, is decided, here, in the final resort by one only great test: War. Indeed Hegel deliberately

eliminates, one by one, all the other supposed characteristics of the State, as indifferent to its conception. (Dilthey's *Jugendgeschichte Hegels, Abhandlungen der Berliner Akademie*, 1905, Pt. iv., pp. 19; 40, 41; 144, 142.) The Pantheism and the Macchiavellism thus more or less evoke and strengthen each other; and, if the latter is also largely called forth by the political misery of Germany, and the seeming hopelessness of any other resource than the use of such force, yet the Pantheism especially, but indeed the Macchiavellism also, evidently fascinate both Schelling and Hegel by their own severe, indeed savage simplicity and system.

The Prussian State had been organised in a close-knit, conscientiously heartless and humourless bureaucratic hierarchy by King Frederick II., a great general, but—*pace* Carlyle—not a really great, widely forecasting statesman, still less a spiritually great, since not a morally pure, private character. This narrowly benevolent despotism, this 'enlightened' mechanism, was indeed the creation of clear heads, iron wills and a certain cold heroism; but it required, if it was to live for long and at large even simply amongst non-Prussian Germans, the admixture and clothing of sympathy, tenderness, imagination, humour, humility—it required the aid of temperaments, souls, races, other than its own. And these complements and draperies, this large supplementation (rather than any essential modification), of that Prussian nucleus were furnished by such men of rich heart, deep conscience and delicate historic sense, as Hegel himself and J. G. Fichte, Stein and Niebuhr, Jacob Grimm and Leopold von Ranke.

True, the unscrupulous devastating invasions of Louis XIV., and, later on, the iron oppression of Napoleon, had awakened and concentrated a most

legitimate German hostility to such French intrusion, which found a noble and ennobling expression in the War of Liberation. Noble, because moderate and just, since Prussia, as one of the Allies who occupied France after their great joint defeat of Napoleon at Leipzig, neither claimed nor kept (any more than did Austria or Russia) a single inch of French territory. It was undoubtedly Napoleon's quite unjustifiable return from Elba, and the bloody Hundred Days that culminated in Waterloo, which reawakened the unhappy spirit of wakeful hostility and reprisals against France. And some fifty years later, the third Napoleon's international restlessness and the general incompetence of his government offered some real reason, and much opportunity towards working up a pretext, for a further great German war with France.

And it is true again that the ideal of a unified Germany was and is, in itself, most legitimate and noble; nor is it anything but natural, and cannot be intrinsically wrong, for a unified and strong Germany to seek a corresponding colonial expansion.

Nevertheless it is impossible not to see, now especially, very clearly that Frederick II. of Prussia was as 'realist,' as unscrupulous towards Silesia, as Louis XIV. had been towards the Palatinate; that the manner in which the war of 1870 was brought about, in which Alsace Lorraine was treated, and in which the sudden riches and overwhelming prestige that came to Germany were met—that all this was a terrible 'success,' that it involved a Nemesis, for Prussian militarism, slow and obscure but very certain, and at last majestically plain.

Whatever may be the differences of social and religious conviction between German Socialists,

Junkers, Centre-men and Government officials, or between German Agnostics, Materialists, Catholics and Lutherans; certain German characteristics, common to them all, evidently outweigh—at least for a time—the influence of the restraints, modifications or stimulations which their several social or religious convictions could, or do, bring to bear upon them.

4. The difficult point for any adequate explanation consists here in such an apparently life-and-death allegiance of a people, not only highly educated and, in the professional classes, mostly awake even unto scepticism, but of a people, surely, incurably idealistic and mystical, to so thoroughly cold and calculating, mechanical and cynical a system as is the Prussian *Realpolitik*, with its conception, and largely its practice, of a frankly unmoral statesmanship. Yet it is also just at this point that, in addition to the need and love of system, various further currents of feeling, experience, fact and need, all more or less again specifically German, can be traced as they converge and coalesce into one very tenacious, because thus both complex and close-knit whole, a whole which, if irksome in many of its effects as such a whole, is nevertheless profoundly congenial to the Teutonic mind in its several constituents.

For one thing, this people, so highly gifted in so many, and in some of the deepest ways, possesses (facts cry the thing aloud) no strong native capacity, instinct or need for self-government or for the wise government of non-German races. 'The Germans not a political race' is, at bottom, the judgment passed upon them by their own statesmen, when these are of real size and when they are speaking their quiet mind,

such as Bismarck and Bülow. But these and other statesmen and rulers have, unfortunately for all the world, first tolerated, then encouraged, and finally led, the German passions as well as the German reason along the very path thus not fitted for them.

Here again over-systematising—the militarism that would be simultaneously a colonialism—is apparent as a constituent cause of the otherwise strange failure of Germany's colonising policy. And this very over-systematising doubtless also hinders the German from recognising this excess as the true cause of the mischief it actually creates. Hence the roots of his colonial failure must be elsewhere, he thinks. He sees and feels how triumphantly successful he has been as a soldier under Frederick the Great; in the War of Liberation; and finally in 1870, 1871. And again, he sees how uncommonly prosperous he is in manufactures, trade, commerce, mercantile marine. Thus he is not an unpractical dreamer, but a hard-headed organiser; and hence he possesses the strict right, because the full might, to rule a large part of the world, to hold a considerable 'place in the sun.' And indeed, are not those military and these manufacturing and mercantile capacities and successes intrinsically cognate, the first to gifts for home government, the second to the genius for colonial expansion?

The German is, I believe, mistaken in both these inferences. In military matters it is order, discipline, organisation, system which—at least during long stages of humanity and against certain enemies—are overwhelmingly more important than individual judgment and initiative, ready understanding of the mentality of the antagonist, capacity for the rapid modification of plans, and the like. In political

matters the limit is soon reached where anything great can now-a-days be achieved by the former gifts alone, and without at least a large admixture of the latter. Moltke's all but omnipotent General Staff, with his own genius in its midst, and with no such genius in the French headquarters, worked wonders in the War of 1870, even though we would not go even to that General Staff for special insight into the French character, or for the development of the moderately independent habits necessary also for Germans if they are to succeed in political life. But Bismarck fared badly when, a few years later, he attempted to coerce the German Catholics, for here the other set of virtues was of primary importance, and in these *imponderabilia* the Iron Chancellor was singularly lacking.

Manufacturing and mercantile powers, again, do not necessarily imply colonising gifts, if only because the manufacturer and merchant are not, as such, supreme except within the small world (and even there only over a part of the activity) of their employés and customers, whereas colonial founders are, or must attempt to be, supreme rulers throughout that entire colonial world. And it is precisely where the Prussianised German attains to supreme power, that his defects show and tell. 'Live and let live,'—patience, tolerance, geniality, comradeship, trust, generosity; the willingness, the desire, to see races, social organisations, religions, subtly different from our own, developing, each at its best, in an atmosphere of large tolerance, with the benefit of the doubt (where the State appears endangered by such tolerance) always given in favour of the liberty and responsibility of these various individuals and complexes—all this is fundamentally

necessary for successful colonial rule, and this is not necessarily contained in manufacturing and mercantile gifts.

And, let it be noted, if a very pronounced militarist spirit and organisation are hardly compatible even with a full and vigorous development of a free home-government, they are in keen conflict with the capacities and methods essential to any permanently successful rule over alien races, where these are of any considerable civilisation, and in our own difficult times. It is no accident that England, a great colonial power, is not a great military power, and that it holds India with, comparatively, a handful of European troops. You are hardly likely to possess both gifts and tastes to a high degree; and you will, in any case, find that an intense militarism profoundly hinders, and does not help, a wholesome colonial rule. Recent Germany, unfortunately for us all, thinks that not only are these things, at their intensest, thoroughly compatible, but that the one necessarily furnishes the might, and hence the right, to the other.

5. The bitterness felt by so many home Germans against the English successes amongst foreign and native races, is doubtless greatly intensified by the English appearing to the German to succeed thus, as it were in playing—as cricketers and golfers, as ‘good fellows’ who, with a school and university education of little concentration, and with, say, some six hours of office work, comparatively simple administrative machinery, and small bodies of military, succeed where he fails. These Britishers are mostly not theoretical at all, they possess loosely knit minds and moderate passions. And the German works intensely, systemati-

cally, he prepares everything; and yet his complex bureaucracy, his militarist self-repression, his huge plans lead to little or nothing. Thus the 'flannelled fool' utterly out-distances the iron will and fierce labour of highly trained specialists. Hogarth's Idle Apprentice, unjustly yet quite understandably, envied the solid successes of the Industrious Apprentice. But would not the Industrious Apprentice grow wildly bitter if the Apprentice who seemed to him Idle, at least as compared with himself, somehow carried off one great solid success after the other from under his very eyes?

And then, again, there has been the great material prosperity, the influx of gold, after the war with France in 1870, a turning from agriculture and the inner life of Science, History, Music, Poetry, Philosophy, Religion, to Industrialism and the visible, tangible world of Banking, Commerce, Colonisation, Fleets and Armies. And, let us note carefully, the idealistic capacity and need, a sort of genuine idealism, gives here passion and power to one system more. The passion is hard and fierce, because rare powers and deep needs have here been deflected from their co-natural subject-matters. And the passion now seeks colossal material things, because, if we are made for spiritual greatness but turn away from it, then we try to make up for such spiritual greatness by seeking material bigness. The grandly noble acceptance and heroic utilisation of poverty, which revealed and, in great part, occasioned the interior richness of the great Germans before 1870, now largely gave way to a vulgar hunt for material riches. Nations of small territorial expansion now began to be generally despised. And Bismarck helped, terribly largely, to popularise a startling insensibility to the

great spiritual and moral element so subtly present in, and needed by, all permanently fruitful statesmanship.

6. The present great War is bringing to light so much of systematic hardness on the part of German military authorities, that many observers are evidently inclined to attribute an incomparably greater fund of cruelty to the German, especially the Prussian, nature than can be found amongst their Western neighbours, and especially the English. Yet I doubt whether there exist sufficient facts to require us to hold that the German generally, or even the Prussian, when not concentrated, strained, opposed and roused, is more inclined to cruelty than the Englishman, or that the pure Englishman is capable of such concentration and strain, and consequently of such irritation and vehemence when, thus concentrated and strained, he is strongly and persistently opposed. Hence I take it that the two races cannot, in this question of cruelty, be justly compared with each other straight away.

The competent Ethnologist Dr. A. H. Keane writes: "All admit that the German is capable of a deep love of nature, of rare poetical feeling, and devotion to any cause he may have embraced. Hence he is easily led into extremes, genuine sentiment becomes over-sensitive, anger rises to fury, resentment to rancour and hatred, in the pursuit even of noble ideals." (*The Living Races of Mankind*, p. 554.) Here I would only limit or elaborate this observation in two directions.

For one thing, in the important difference between the German and the Englishman as regards self-consciousness. A distinctly able, well-educated, upper-class South German lady first visited England

when middle-aged; and she reported to me, after a month's continuous stay in London, that she had (amongst other things) been carefully observing the countenances of the hundreds of Anglican clerics she had been meeting; and that upon every one of these faces was written unmistakably 'hypocrite.' Only after many a bewildered surmise did I discover the interestingly far-reaching, because racial, reason of this preposterously unfair judgment. Anglican clerics are mostly very self-conscious—she had noticed this harmless, but (also to my own German half) annoying peculiarity. They are in reality self-conscious only as every pure Englishman tends to become, the moment he defends, still more if he is pledged to defend, a theory of any kind, however fully he may believe it to be true. The exceptions, of the Roman Catholic, with his massively traditional, strongly objective, and close-knit creed and practice, and of the man of science, with, again, *his* highly objective, indeed mostly dry, or immediately experimental, subject-matter, and between these two of some, chiefly (I think) more or less Broad Church Anglican clerics, only confirm this rule. Now the German is not, in the English sense, self-conscious; he is as anxious to get away from himself (and others) into ideas and systems, as the Englishman fears to lose this consciousness of himself and of others. "My happy moments," Ranke often says in his most winning letters, "are when I, for a while, completely forget myself." The German is indeed considerably more nervous, sensitive, offendible, vindictive than is the Englishman; but this leads him to get away from this readily painful self into ideas and theory. Because the German can, does and must throw himself, heart and soul, into an idea or system,

which promptly becomes for him more real than himself, and before which pale his fellow-creatures, especially the profounder differences between himself and them (differences which, of course, will make it impossible for them to see eye to eye with him about this idea or system, which has now become the sensitive centre of his very soul); therefore does the German so habitually miscalculate the effect of his own actions, whilst and after he is thus obsessed, upon others, especially where these are of the very different, loose-knit type of soul.

Somewhat as the ancient Greeks and Romans, the entire mediæval world and modern times till well past St. Teresa (1515-1582) possessed no term for what we unhappy recent generations now popularly mean by 'nerves' and 'nervousness'—even with Fénelon (1651-1715) the notion is rare; so the German possesses no word for the English 'self-consciousness.' In both cases, the absence of the term implies the absence, or (at least) the only slight and diffused presence, of the thing. The equivalent given for 'self-conscious' in some English-German dictionaries as '*selbstbewusst*' means, of course, nothing of the kind, but 'well aware of his own merits or importance.' Thus, then, it was all but inevitable that my shrewd, experienced lady should gravely misjudge as she assuredly did.

And a second thing I would emphasise is the high pitch, strain and cost, and hence danger, of the German's psychic life, where its owner is at all of an educated and awakened mind and character. From the nature of the case, this assertion is incapable of mathematical or statistical proof; and what I believe to be more or less moderately at work within the great

majority of cases, the healthy and normal ones, can be at all vividly presented only by the picture of the excesses (of a kind felt to be specially German) easily traceable in a minority of instances, the *maladif* and abnormal souls.

In this manner and degree we can, I believe, learn important psychic facts from the cases of Margarete Peter and of Friedrich Nietzsche, so that, with a short description of the apparently racial peculiarities in these strongly contrasted, and yet not entirely unlike tragic lives, we may fittingly close this short attempt to picture the German soul, as elucidative of this great War.

Margarete Peter was born, a German Swiss, close to Schaffhausen and the Baden frontier, as the youngest of six children (five daughters) of a well-to-do, solid, Lutheran peasant family, in 1794. A refined, ardent, deeply religious soul with a strongly mystical *attrait*, she met in 1817 the widowed Baroness Krüdener, who, after a worldly life, had become a devotee of Madame Guyon's Quietistic doctrines and practices; and especially, at the Baroness's house, a certain Jakob Ganz, who had been deprived of his Lutheran curacy because of his still more whole-hearted pantheistic Quietism. Ganz could write in 1820: "Now neither praise nor blame touch me any more; I, a nothing, have continually to sink, and to lose myself in the Divine All." "Oh, unchangeable quiet; oh, how blessed to be turned into a stone!" "Let us aim at the total disappearance of all that affects the senses, that characterises the creature, that is pictorial, that is individual." "In all the Churches and Assemblies where *Christ within us* is not taught, there obtains only a vain worship and anti-Christianity." And "It

was my burning determination to know, and to learn to love *my* God." Especially did he also teach the entire incorruptness of fundamental human nature, the impeccability of the soul that has once really loved God, the non-existence of any anger against sin in God, and the absence of all need for contrition or penance amongst the elect—who all attain to full certainty of this their election.

The point of interest for us here is that precisely these, or closely similar, doctrines were held and spread by Madame Guyon (1648-1717) and by her French, Spanish and Italian contemporaries and successors, without leading them to any startling moral abnormalities, still less to massive crimes; whereas these same doctrines, chiefly as transmitted to her by Ganz, gained within the soul of Margarete Peter a vividness of realistic meaning, a tenacity of hold upon every fibre of her being, and led her on to an unflinchingness of utter, literal self-immolation, terrible (and yet in some ways touching) in its awe-inspiring thoroughness, unparalleled in those other races.

Under Ganz's leadership Margarete now (1817) promptly ceases to frequent the religious meetings of the Moravian Brethren, as before this she had abandoned the Lutheran Church services for the Moravian meetings, and drops her attendance at any public worship. She also soon has to take into her home her (four years younger) peasant friend Ursula Kündig, to do all the house-work, since her Quietist absorption renders her incapable of anything but it. And in a vision she sees God the Father and the Holy Ghost, but the Son she could not see; and she receives the explanation that the Son was *within herself*, in

order to live, suffer, and die with her,—to abide with her until she herself would be taken up into Heaven. And then, transported into Hell, she saw there many thousands of poor souls, and received the revelation that she would be able to save them. These are entirely Ganz's doctrines, and she now also fully held his teachings as to sin and repentance.

In 1818 she undertakes the exclusive direction, the 'salvation,' of a deeply religious and melancholy married cobbler named Morf; and in 1820 she leaves home, and lives in close spiritual intimacy (doing no work of any kind) for two and a half years, with him alone, away from her village, Wildenspuch. In January 1823, Margarete, to her own doubtless sincere and to everyone else's entire surprise, bears a daughter; but no sense of guilt appears in her to the end—"it was God Who did this to His servant, for the good of other souls." Her sisters bring her home. And on March 13 Margarete, at her sister Elizabeth's, her disciple's, entreaties, kills the latter as a holocaust to God for souls; and then insists upon Ursula Kündig crucifying her (Margarete). At the first terrible blow with a hammer which Margarete had inflicted upon her own head, she collected the blood, as it flowed, in a basin, and declared: "This blood is shed for the redemption of many." And as Kündig pierced her feet, hands and side with nails and a knife, Margarete exclaimed: "I feel no pain! I am unspeakably happy! Be you valiant against me, that Christ may overcome!" A great knife-thrust into her head, carried out, at her order, by Ursula and by Margarete's nephew Moser, put an end to Margarete's life. And the Cantonal authorities destroy at once all traces of the Peters' house, lest it should suggest, in

the population generally, the commission of further enormities of the kind. (See the very careful and judicious article, entirely based upon first-hand documents and the legal findings, in Herzog's *Real-Encyclopädie f. prot. Theologie und Kirche*, 1866, vol. xxi., pp. 507-518.)

This appalling story is told here, not as against generally German, or specifically Protestant German, morality or religion. The doctrines that thus devoured Ganz and then Margarete Peter, had been learnt by them from the writings of the Roman Catholic French-woman, Madame Guyon; and the easy lapse of Quietistic mysticism (if taken as the whole of religion and practised outside of any religious community and social worship and service) into sexual impurity, is, of course, not a German, but a universally human, fact, which has dogged, as a reality and still more as a suspicion, all such over-rarefied, pantheistically attempered spirituality. But the story is, nevertheless, deeply instructive as to precisely the greatest special gifts, needs and dangers of the Teutonic soul. The Spanish Roman Catholic priest Molinos could, before Madame Guyon flourished, be held to have fallen into the callous commission and condonement of habitual impurities of a less natural kind than poor Margarete's possibly single lapse; here and there a Spanish mystic or an English Quaker could leave their small mystical group, and fall into extra-marital relations with the other sex. And, again, the Flagellants of the Middle Ages could inflict much suffering upon themselves—in their case, however, primarily in atonement for their own sins, recognised as such. Yet all these cases pale before the terrible thoroughness, the awful austerity of the self-immola-

tive power, with which an idea or theory, vividly apprehended and whole-heartedly accepted, is carried out by this young German peasant woman of not yet a century ago. The intensity with which Margarete saw and felt, the unflinchingness with which she immolated first a sister's life, and then her own life-blood, drop by drop, for this her vision that had become her one reality—this, in its combination of elements which, elsewhere, weaken each other, but which here bring but further strength to each other—this, I submit, is specifically German, and is potentially present, in smaller amounts and different kinds and combinations, in every German soul as such.

Nietzsche's case and mentality has already been urged by countless writers, mostly, however, with little perception of how various, indeed acutely contradictory, were his successive obsessions (hence, at times, also violently anti-Prussian, anti-militarist); and, again, how pure-lived and devoted, how sensitive and tragically costly were the private bearing and temper of this rarely-gifted soul. Here I would only emphasise the touching pleadings of the nobly devoted, similarly rich-natured, but far more balanced friend Rohde, with this his brilliant meteoric contemporary. I understand these appeals as anxieties and apprehensions which any man who congenitally knows and deeply loves and believes in the German soul, but who (for some reason) is also sufficiently outside it to feel this soul's especial dangers, might well, with but few modifications, address to this strong, sensitive, self-destructive creature of God.

Thus, in 1878 Rohde pleads with Nietzsche, who is now beginning his (intensely theoretical, yet amongst Germans all the more influential) crusade

against Christian ethics: "We are all terrible egoists (I know well, beloved friend, how much more I am this than you are!). Yet no one ought to attempt to extract from our souls the prick which admonishes us that *we ought not* to be such. Perhaps it is the fact, that we do the Good really because of the sense of pleasure connected with its execution; but if a man derives pleasure, in a conflict between his egoistic and anti-egoistic impulses, from the sacrifice of the former, this strange fact cannot possibly be placed on the same level with the movements of his egoistic sense of pleasure; it must be put, as all the world does put it, in opposition to, above, them, in the order of value, and must be venerated as the Good."

In 1879 Rohde tells a mutual friend: "How characteristic of himself Nietzsche is again being! We are, at all times, instantly to favour one only kind of knowledge, of the contemplation of life, and are to lose all appetite for every conceivable other kind. Where, in this way, can there remain any 'freedom' of the spirit? I know only one 'free man' in the spirit among the entirely great, and that is Goethe; and assuredly he is thus free, only because he was capable of allowing a value to everything in its proper place, and not because he would, forsooth, have taken the liberty (as was done by Nietzsche's supposed free spirit, Voltaire, and his similars) to reject, as so much sheer nonsense, one half of human nature for the sake of the other half!"

In 1887 Rohde tells a friend how deeply touched he has just been in reading the correspondence between Wagner and Liszt. "Liszt was evidently always of opinion that Wagner thought little of *his* musical compositions. And that this suspicion never for one

moment brought hesitation into Liszt's unconditional devotion to the cause and person of Wagner—this I find more admirable than anything else in the world. In the contemplation of such greatness of heart I find a thousand times more pleasure than in all the talk about the strength, cheerfulness and unscrupulousness of wild beasts of genius with which Nietzsche, in his newest achievement, again regales us." And Nietzsche writes of this very achievement, his *Zur Genealogie der Moral*: "This book, my touchstone for what belongs to me, has the good fortune to be accessible only to minds of the highest and severest disposition; to the remainder of the world the right ears are lacking." Rohde now belonged for Nietzsche to 'the remainder.' (O. Crusius, *Erwin Rohde*, 1902, pp. 98, 99; 113; 118; 159, 160.) Soon the pall of hopeless insanity was to descend upon Nietzsche.

Here again, what rare, rich, resplendent gifts! and what alarming, heroic capacity for utter absorption in, entire self-immolation to, one over-vivid conception or system! But here we find, in beautiful, friendly ministry, also another German figure, penetrated with the finest understanding of, and with all but entirely sufficient remedies against, the characteristic defects of the high qualities of the German soul.

F. VON HÜGEL.

PSYCHOLOGY WITH AND WITHOUT A SOUL.

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THE words 'body' and 'soul' are two of the commonest in language; and yet, as is the case with so many of our commonly used terms, there seems to be no very accurate conception of the meaning of either—least of all of the latter. What do we mean by 'body'? What by 'soul'? It is the old question of mind and matter. If we begin to ask ourselves searching questions we generally find ourselves before long involved in very real difficulties; and many of us would probably end as wise as we were at the beginning, in an echo of the famous questions and answers: "What is mind?" "No matter"; and "What is matter?" "Never mind."

Some one has said "the philosophy of the multitude must be as brief as it is practical." Practical, no doubt, is the issue of the problem as to whether our psychology is to be soulless or not. On that issue depends the ordering of our everyday life with or without regard to means towards ends which gleam beyond the flaming barriers of the world.

Brevity, though it may be the soul of wit, is not the outstanding characteristic of philosophical systems. We shall be obliged to develop several of these in the course of the present paper—in so far, at any rate, as they may be concerned with bodies and souls—before

we may come to the very brief and very practical inference from fact with which I hope to bring it to an end. Our philosophy, then, as far as its conclusions are concerned, may be both brief and practical. But it would be futile to seek to attain brevity elsewhere by the sacrifice of clearness and exactness. We shall, therefore, have to begin by clearing our ground by means of several definitions. What is psychology? What is the soul?

For the present I shall define the soul—the human soul, it is understood—provisionally, as that by reason of which man *is* man and differs from other creatures. You will notice that I say practically nothing with regard to the nature of the soul. I do not assert that it is material or spiritual or separable or anything of the kind. I take man as I find him, in some respects resembling and in others differing from the other beings of the world. And, to account for the fact that he is what he is, I postulate a reason, an intrinsic reason, a something which determines him to be what he is rather than something else. Later on, perhaps, we may reach some clearer and more definite conception of the human soul. At present this vague notion will suffice.

What, then, is psychology?

It would be quite easy to answer that question and define psychology were it not that very serious misunderstandings seem to have arisen in its regard. And these misunderstandings must be got rid of if we are to come to any satisfactory conclusions with respect to the soul. There is an immense amount of confusion in the writings of psychologists which is attributable to this source of initial misunderstanding. I do not, of course, refer to the vulgar understand-

ings and misconceptions which make it possible for people to think that psychologists spend their time in dilettante dabblings with spooks or ghosts; or that psychology is a 'borderland' science, interested only in the curious and the abnormal. Of course it is nothing of the sort, but a very plain, matter of fact and methodical science indeed. I refer rather to a misunderstanding arising from the nature of psychology itself, and the place it occupies among the other experimental and philosophical branches of knowledge. Psychology suffers under the very real disadvantage of being two things at the same time. It is at once a science and a part of philosophy. As a science it is limited to the investigation of phenomena; while as a part of philosophy it attempts a fundamental explanation of the phenomena which form its subject-matter. The fact that these two distinct aspects of psychology are not kept distinct, is the source of the misunderstanding and confusion to which I have referred. I shall therefore attempt at once to define the position of psychology, the science, and point out the necessary limitations of its self-imposed method.

It is only of recent years that psychology has passed from the purely philosophical stage—if, indeed, it can yet be said to be emancipated from metaphysics, so frequently do psychologists have recourse to metaphysics in their explanations of psychological facts. But, in so far as it lays claim to be and is a science, it has nothing whatever to do with metaphysics. Its business is not to investigate reality but to examine phenomena. It does not profess, any more than any other science, to give ultimate explanations of anything. And I desire once again to lay stress here upon the term *science*, because the sharp distinction between

philosophical speculation and empirical science is seldom clear. Science deals with facts, with phenomena, observed and experimented. It notes them, classifies them, and relates them in causal sequences. It explains them, either by reference to other known facts, or by means of hypotheses invented to account for them. As science, it is not at all concerned with fundamental explanations. It does not worry about the things-in-themselves of philosophy; since, no matter what these may happen to be, the facts with which it deals are patent and, up to a certain point, can be treated without reference to anything else. It is true that science invents a number of hypothetical realities in order to classify and group its phenomena. It makes use of such terms as electricity, ether, force or matter—all of which connote metaphysical concepts. But it does not—as science—know or even profess to know anything about the intimate nature of any of these things. It knows what electricity does, for example; but not why it does it, or what it is. When men of science speculate beyond and behind the facts and phenomena, when they institute enquiries as to the real, the ultimate natures of things, they do so at their own risk. They do not then act as men of science at all, but as philosophers and metaphysicians; and they are apt to take with them to their enquiries all the prejudices of their scientific method—generally with disastrous results. By this I mean that we should expect to find that imagination plays a large part in their philosophical explanations; that, accustomed always to deal with phenomena, their philosophy will retain the phenomenal note. And this, as a matter of fact, we generally do find to be the case. There seems to be no idea on the part of the ordinary man of

science who is pushing his speculations beyond the scientific domain, that true and ultimate explanations will possibly go beyond all phenomena and transcend them; that what I may call 'phenomenal' philosophy lacks the true mark of finality.

Now psychology, claiming to be a science, has as its subject-matter the phenomena of mind. The problems in which it is interested have to do, among other things, with the connections of mental processes, or with relations obtaining between physical and mental phenomena. For instance, it determines the smallest amount of physical stimulation that is accompanied by a conscious sensation, or the increment of stimulation to be added to this in order that a change of sensation should be observed (Weber-Fechner law). Or, again, it investigates the conditions in which learning is most easily accomplished in order to secure the best results. It studies such phenomena as those of attention, perception, imagination, memory, feeling, and so on. It correlates one set of phenomena with others. But it is quite immaterial to psychology the science what in reality may lie behind these phenomena. As a science, it has no preoccupation whatever about the soul; or, as far as that goes, about the nature of man.

Though, as a matter of fact, they are often so led astray, scientific psychologists are apt to be led astray even less than scientists in other branches; for the fundamental position they take up is, as I have said, that as a science psychology investigates only the phenomena of mind—mind here being taken as the total complex of phenomena observable. Consequently it is a matter of indifference to the scientific psychologist whether a real substantial mind or soul exists or not.

It is not a question of asserting or denying the soul. It is a matter of method, pure and simple.

This is a stumbling block for many people. Finding that most psychologists never make use of the term 'soul,' or if they do employ it, do so with evident uneasiness and often with many apologies, many people imagine either that scientific psychology leads to the conclusion that there is no soul, or that psychologists can dispense altogether with the soul for the purposes of their science.

The first alternative is undoubtedly false—as we have already seen. Empirical psychology, by its very method and on pain of ceasing to be a 'science,' is absolutely debarred from such speculations as might conclude in an assertion or a denial of the ultimate principle of mind. In a sense the second alternative is true; but to be true the terms in which it is enunciated must be exactly understood. *For the purposes of the science* the soul may be ignored. As we have seen, mental phenomena can be observed, analysed and classified, and causal laws can be stated, without reference to any ultimate reality. Scientific hypotheses may be invented for the further explanation of the observed facts. But so long as psychology remains a branch of science, it has no right to transcend the phenomena. It is impossible, within the limitation traced for it by its method, that it should do so.

Here then is a science of mind which can afford to ignore the soul, and marshal its facts and theories without reference to any transcendental reality, of which the facts may possibly be the phenomena.

Have we, then, here a psychology without a soul? We should have if the science of psychology under discussion were complete and final in itself. It is not.

It is because we forget that psychology, as a science, can no more be complete and final than is any other empirical science, that we are tempted to connect it in our minds with materialistic systems of philosophy and urge the weight of its authority against the existence of the soul. That is a wholly wrong procedure, absolutely unjustified by the facts, and altogether prejudicial to the science itself. There is absolutely no scientific evidence whatever upon which to rest a denial of the soul. From the nature of the case there could be none.

It is impossible for us, however, to rest in this partial and incomplete atmosphere of science. The human mind is so constituted that it will not stop short at these artificial barriers. We desire further more complete and more final truths than those which are concerned with phenomena alone. And the proof of this is that we all naïvely and spontaneously refer the phenomena to real things of which they are the manifestations. The man of science does so no less than the ordinary man; and our language is so constructed that it would seem to be impossible even to think otherwise. But here, when we take leave of science and the phenomenal, we enter upon the territory of philosophy, of metaphysics; and we find our naïve and spontaneous conclusions about things-in-themselves will not always withstand the shock of criticism. We must therefore be exceedingly careful, in building up any system of philosophy, to see that every stone is tested and approved before we use it. In the present paragraph I shall outline a system which has withstood criticism for many hundreds of years; a system which concludes that there is a soul; indeed, that only on the supposition of the reality of

the soul are the observed facts and phenomena of consciousness explicable at all.

This system—that of Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas—is frankly metaphysical; that is to say, it is concerned with ultimate realities, noumena, things-in-themselves. Its problems, unlike those of the scientific psychology already discussed, are such as those connected with the nature of the human soul, its powers and possibilities, its possible survival after death, and so on. It only investigates what the mind does in order to determine what mind is, and why it does it. And these really, after all, are the interesting questions for most of us.

Aristotle's treatise, upon which Aquinas wrote a commentary, bears the title *περὶ ψυχῆς*—'On the Soul.' It is no more than a last chapter of his physics, or natural philosophy. Having treated the physical bodies of the world as subject to movement, he proceeds to deal with that special class of bodies which not only move when they are moved, but are, moreover, capable of self-movement in any shape or form. That is, he reserves a special chapter for what are known as animate things. He studies living bodies in general—plants, animals and man—and assigns souls to them all as that principle in virtue of which they live. I would have you note that, so far, the concept of the soul is even more vague than the provisional definition I have already given. It becomes more differentiated and distinct as the separation and classification of animate beings is proceeded with. Thus, for example, while a plant shares much in common with inanimate things, it has what they have not: *viz.* the power of assimilating foreign matter and incorporating it into its own tissues. It

is, as they are not, subject to growth and decay. Its vital operations are immanent, that is to say they take place *in* the individual plant organism. All this goes to show that the plant is differentiated from inanimate beings. The conclusion is drawn that there is a reason, a principle intrinsic to the organism, which constitutes it what it is. And this principle is called the 'soul.' I need hardly remark that it is not claimed that we have any direct or intuitive knowledge of a soul such as this. We do not know what it is like; but, observing vegetative processes, we infer that there is an intrinsic principle in virtue of which they occur in the plant, while they do not occur in, *e.g.*, a stone. Considerations of a similar character arise in the case of the vital operations of animals and of man. These are notably different, although in some things resembling those of plants; and, again, while displaying certain points of agreement, the vital operations of animals and man also show points of divergence. We thus reach a classification of souls as vegetative, animal and human, according to the vital operations manifested in these three classes of living beings. And in each case, I would again have you note, the concept or notion of the soul is no more than that of a constitutive principle of the living being, in virtue of which it is capable of performing vegetative, animal or distinctively human operations. The notion is still a vague one; but it becomes more distinct in the light of the fact that each kind of soul-principle is different, since the vital operations—to account for which it is invoked—differ in the three cases. Whatever these souls may *be*, they differ in that which they are able to *do*. And we may rightly hold, as a consequence, that they differ in their nature.

I may be permitted, in passing, to remind you that this doctrine with regard to the soul is no more than a special application of the more general theory of the constitution of all material beings—a theory proposed by Aristotle and universally accepted by the Schoolmen.

This is a theory which accounts for the possibility of *change* in material beings. In order that a change of any kind should take place, four causes are postulated—two of which are intrinsic to the being that undergoes the change. These two are known respectively as the ‘material’ and the ‘formal cause.’ The former is primordial matter, not matter in the modern sense of extended and resisting substance, but in the sense merely of a determinable principle which is specified and determined by its correlate, the formal principle. Of and by itself primordial matter cannot exist; for, since by hypothesis it is absolutely indetermined, it could not be said to be anything—not even ‘this’ or ‘that.’ It can only exist as ‘informed,’ determined, specified by its correlate ‘form.’

Let me try to illustrate this somewhat abstruse doctrine. I have been speaking of substantial change; change in which one substance takes the place of another, as water or hydrochloric acid in synthesis take the place of the elementary gases, into which each may again be analysed.

My illustration is taken from what is known as accidental change—in which, while the substance (the thing) remains essentially the same, some one or other of its qualities, or ‘accidents,’ gives place to another. Suppose, for instance, a sphere of clay or wax; I mould it into the form of a cube. Here a change of form has been brought about, the cubical shape

succeeding to the spherical. The material cause of the cube here is the wax or clay; which, it may be noticed, could not exist without some form or other. And the formal cause is the cubical shape; which also would be non-existent were there no material cause—no wax, or clay, or what not,—to take it. We could no more have form without something formed, than we could have an absolutely formless thing. You will readily understand, then, that in this view the substantial form specifies and determines primordial matter; that the two principles, neither of which has separate existence, *constitute* the thing.

This general theory of the intimate constitution of all material beings is specially applied to living material beings, in respect of which the formal principle is called by a new name—the ‘soul’; and, since in the general theory to the formal principle is assigned the *rôle* of the determination of matter to a particular species or kind, it will be easily appreciated that the soul is, in this theory, the principle of life—vegetative, animal or human, as the case may be—in those things which *live* in this world.

Taking all the formal principles (including souls), we may thus conceive them, by abstraction from the diverse material beings, inorganic and organic, found in the world, proceeding as numbers, from that of the simplest and least complicated, to that of the most highly complicated—from the elements to man; and this without break in the line of ascent, through the three great kingdoms in which they all are embraced.

But all these formal principles, with one notable exception, are material, and pass out of existence when the particular individuals specified, or constituted by

them, cease to be. There is no assignable reason why they should continue to exist. They fall back into the potentiality of matter, from which they were evolved, when the concrete individuals die. They have no operation of their own. The operation is of the individual as a whole. And hence it is concluded that they have no existence of their own. *Operari sequitur esse.*

The notable exception is of course the human soul. The teaching of Aristotle is here admittedly very obscure. He makes a distinction between the passive understanding—mind as informed by knowledge—and the active intellect—or mind as abstracting from sensory data that which informs passive mind. To the latter he attributes substantial and eternal existence. The former is mortal and dies with the body. But it is by no means clear how the active intelligence is related to the individual man. It is quite possible to develop a pantheistic conclusion from Aristotle's doctrine, as has been done—notably by Alexander, and the Arabian philosophers of the Middle Ages, as well as by many modern scholars. In this case there would be a sort of impersonal collective immortality belonging to a unique intelligent activity. On the other hand, it is equally possible to conclude in theism and personal immortality. In the former case there is one, and only one, active intelligence for all men, emanating from God. In the latter, the active intelligence is an aspect of each individual human soul. This latter view was fully developed by the Schoolmen, notably by St. Thomas Aquinas.

And here we may consider the fact that there is no evidence whatever for the separate existence of a single active intelligence for all individual men. It was invoked originally in order to explain the admitted

fact of human understanding. We have, as a matter of fact, notions neither limited to exemplification by individuals here and now, nor in any way concretely determined. Whether or no they correspond in any way to extra-mental realities, these notions or universal ideas are facts of the mental order. Whence do they arise? for all sensory data are admittedly concrete, individual, here-and-now-located. There is no sensory presentation, or localised memory, of 'the horse' (as such)—but of this or that horse, individual and incommunicable. And whether our sensory impressions and reproductions in reality correspond to things in the world or not (into which question I have no intention of entering at present), it is certain that our intellectual ideas are not identical with our sensory impressions. The ideas have this characteristic—that they are in no way limited to any time or place or individual; though they may be verified, or exemplified in any time or place or individual. But they themselves—the abstract, universal ideas—are never 'given' directly. The concrete, the 'this' or 'that,' only *exists*. Hence it must be concluded that the idea, which is verifiable and exemplified in *every* concrete case, is in some sense the product of mind—mind, be it understood, as active intellect. But why make this a unique and separate entity? It is more reasonable to suppose—taking the act of knowledge as we know it—that there is a power of the mind itself, an aspect of each individual intelligent being, which explains the fact that from sensory data (concrete, individual, here and now) the observed universal idea (the eternal, immutable, fixed type) comes to be. A very little introspection would show, and much recent experimental work has shown, that the same mind which

contemplates individuals also thinks universals. To suppose that the abstracting and universalising agent is the mind itself will explain all that is necessary. Why, then, postulate an entity, other than one of the faculties, or powers of mind, to explain the act of knowledge? It is not only unnecessary, but it complicates the whole matter, and raises difficulties that are apparently insoluble. Aquinas concludes that mind is self-contained; that, as a complete nature, man has, or better is, all those powers which issue in human operations; and consequently that the active mind is no more than a part, or a power, of man.

This brings us to a conception of man as a being who thinks (*i.e.* performs the highest intellectual operations) as well as breathes or digests and assimilates. When, however, we examine more carefully the phenomena of thought, we discover that they are not reducible to the same category as the phenomena of matter. This truth is admitted, even by materialists; but, as a rule, no logical conclusion is drawn from it by them. Perhaps from their point of view it is impossible to conclude. In the system which I have attempted to put before you, a conclusion is possible. Though the soul in man is not an entity physically distinct from his body and joined to it by some sort of mechanical union; though it is, as I have tried to explain, the formal principle in virtue of which man is man, and his body a human body; yet the operations or phenomena which are irreducible to the category of the material are to be attributed to it. In other words, man does not think because he is matter, but because he is mind; and the immaterial intellectual processes are to be assigned to an immaterial source

which alone can explain them. We find, then, that the soul is something more than merely a formal principle, constituting the individual in a given species. The human soul is this and more. It has an action of its own—independent action; and consequently is not a quality, or mode, but a substance; that is, a thing capable of existing in itself and not inhering in something else. But it is, at the same time, an incomplete substance, since it is the formal principle in man; and what actually exists is neither the body nor the soul—but man himself, substantially one and in no sense the result of a union of two substances. Further than this the soul is simple, *i.e.* it has no parts. I may say at once that it is impossible to imagine the soul. We cannot picture it to ourselves. We can only think it. And this precisely because we can only come to know that there is such a thing as the soul, by finding certain activities which can only be accounted for by it. We have seen that these activities are immaterial, and attributed them to an immaterial source or ground. But that is to deny of it those material qualities by which we know material things, and because of which we can reproduce them, like pictures, in the imagination. Indeed were we to imagine something and suppose it to be the soul, we should be quite misled; and that is where, I think, most people go astray and are led to accept soulless views with regard to psychology.

The human soul, then, in the philosophy of Aquinas, is a substantial principle, capable of existing in its own right. It is simple; and it is spiritual or non-material. All else that we can know with regard to it is deduced from these truths. And the truths themselves are the result of explaining observed facts.

We can be said to know very little with regard to the soul, and nothing of it directly—save that it is. What little we do know is reached by philosophising on the phenomena of the processes of mind, by negation of all the material characteristics with which we are so familiar, and by analogy.

Once more, we may say of the soul, as of the electricity that flows in the live wire, we know directly only what it does ; and from that, on the principle that essentially different actions show essentially different agents, we infer what it is and why it does it.

We may turn now to another—and this also a philosophical—aspect of psychology. I refer to psychological materialism, in which system the existence of the soul is denied. Various theories have been put forward in order to substantiate the contention of this soul-less metaphysics—for it *is* metaphysics rather than psychology—that all the phenomena of mind can in some way or another be reduced to matter. To consider but a few of these theories here ; there is one that makes thought a production of the brain. It is a secretion of the brain according to one author ; or again, “ there subsists the same relation between thought and the brain as between bile and the liver ” (Vogt). For such crude philosophers the soul must be something that can be dug out of the body at the point of a dissecting knife and raised for inspection with a pair of forceps. That it never has been found in such a way is enough to persuade some to deny its existence ! As Dr. Maher says, to talk in this way is “ to talk deliberate nonsense ” ; and, as a matter of fact, few even of the soul-less psychologists fail to criticise the considerations urged by these, their very advanced brethren.

But we have, further, thought explained, if it can be called an explanation, as a function of brain. The word function is misleading. It is a term borrowed from mathematics. But here it must signify an operation. But the operations of the brain are material, since the brain itself is material; and we have seen that the phenomena of thought are not reducible to material changes. Even materialists admit that the two sets of phenomena—those of matter and those of mind—are separated by an intellectually impassable chasm.

There is, again, the mind-stuff theory, which credits all matter with consciousness. "A moving molecule of inorganic matter"—writes one of the most prominent upholders of this theory—"does not possess mind or consciousness; but it possesses a small piece of mind-stuff. When molecules are so combined together as to form the film on the under side of a jelly-fish, the elements of mind-stuff which go along with them are so combined as to form the faint beginnings of sentience"; and so on, in ever increasing complexity of composition, until we come to man. "When matter takes the complex form of a living human brain, the corresponding mind-stuff takes the form of a human consciousness, having intelligence and volition" (Clifford).

In this theory, there is evidently no place for a soul. Consciousness as a whole may be said to be compounded of mental states; and these are no more than compounds of elementary bits of mind-stuff, which, in turn, is a property of matter.

Of course there is absolutely no evidence upon which the mind-stuff theory is based; but it seems to be necessary to advance some such theory if the doctrine of evolution is to be maintained. And with regard to

evolution, I must here make a distinction. It is at once a scientific hypothesis and a metaphysical doctrine. As a scientific hypothesis there is nothing to be urged against it in so far as it in reality will cover the facts it is supposed to explain. As a metaphysical doctrine, it is quite another matter. We do not know that evolution is continuous, even within the limits of the organic world; and to extend it to cover the facts of consciousness—or, rather, violently to misrepresent and distort the facts of consciousness in order to cramp them into a scheme of evolution is not to explain them. A theory will fit the facts, or it will not. If it will not fit the facts as they are, it is of no use for the purposes of explanation. And to degrade the facts of consciousness to the level of the material merely in order to fit them in with a scheme determined on beforehand, is neither good science nor good philosophy.

We shall consider one more theory—that of the stream of thought. Professor James would have us conceive our conscious life as a stream, in which one thought follows another and takes over from it what has gone before. We are not to suppose any thinker—only “a succession of perishing thoughts.” Each individual thought constitutes a section of the stream, and appropriates the previous section and, in it, all that has gone before. “We can imagine,” he says, “a long succession of herdsmen coming rapidly into possession of the same cattle by transmission of an original title by bequest. May not the ‘title’ of a collective self be passed from one thought to another in some analogous way?” Surely the illustration betrays confusion. For the purposes of science, as we have seen, it may be possible to regard the facts and processes of mind simply as they occur with reference

to nothing other than themselves. But to hypostatise each thought and then theorise about the possibility of one appropriating another seems to be imaginal metaphysics—pictorial philosophy—of a very startling kind. It may be asked: Upon what ground do herdsmen and cattle stand? There is a perpetual confusion of the two aspects—scientific and metaphysical—throughout; and both suffer in consequence.

I have very briefly outlined these theories and indicated a line of criticism for each rather than criticised in detail; for my object was to show how various are the theories set forth to support the soul-less psychology postulate. They cannot all be true—and I have alluded only to some of them. Conceivably they may all be false. However it may be, we find that there is a metaphysical psychology without a soul, in the sense that the existence of the soul is denied; and all that, in the other view, was supposed to be explained by a spiritual principle, is here attributed to matter.

What are the causes, we may ask, which have contributed to this soul-less psychology? There are probably many; but we may consider a few which seem quite evidently to have played a part in its making.

To begin with, there is the fact that most people set out with an initial error; that, *viz.*, of setting the soul over against the body, as two really distinct things. Mind and matter are opposed as two substances which have nothing in common. Mind is the thinking thing; and matter is the extended thing. The consequence of this initial position is that the union of soul and body must be a mechanical one. Nor is this initial position that of the non-philosophic

only. There are well-known systems of philosophy in which this view is adopted, and an attempt then made to explain how mind can act on body and body on soul—the great central philosophical problem of philosophy after Descartes. The historical development of ideas from this initial separation of body and soul led in the end to a denial of the latter. It led, on the one hand, to the denial of matter; and, on the other, to the denial of mind. The impassable chasm between the two—the absolute divorce between soul and body,—so sharply stated at the outset, was in the real interest of neither. Philosophical evolution brought on the one hand absolute idealism, on the other crude materialism, or (for there was a third solution) a pantheism which merges both matter and mind in a unique Being of which they are held to be the aspects or expressions. We end either in a psychology without a soul or a soul without psychology; and this by a process of evolution from the position which seemed, doubtless, to be the soul's very stronghold and impregnable fortress, in which it was to dwell, a spiritual and thinking reality, safeguarded from more than a necessary point of contact with so vile a thing as inert and extended matter.

It is more than probable that the popular psychology without a soul is the outcome of wrong notions of the soul at the outset, and that the great majority of people would be bound logically to deny the soul, as they imagine it, even if the inconsistency of their personal beliefs allows them to affirm its existence.

A second cause is one upon which I have already touched. There is no doubt that the theory of evolution, as popularly conceived, makes strongly for a soul-less psychology. For the soul would constitute

an exception to the smooth and orderly scheme which we conceive as the course of evolution. We are impatient and intolerant of any irregularity in our mental schemes. At all costs things must be made to fit, to dovetail one with another. And, since by the fallacy of *petitio principii* evolution has for most people practically ceased to be an hypothesis and become one of the dogmas of popular philosophy, the soul must suffer annihilation rather than that we should forswear allegiance to our scientific belief. But the facts really are the test of theory; and mental facts—the apprehending of universal notions, judgments, reflex acts of self-consciousness and so on—have to be explained. No prejudice should be brought to their explanation; nor should it be determined before a careful examination of the facts themselves as to what lines the explanation will follow. If the hypothesis of evolution be true the facts will show it to be true; but no amount of hypothesis will ever alter the facts. After all, the soul is not an interruption, but the goal of evolution.

A third cause arises immediately in connection with what has just been said. A very intimate knowledge of the facts, or phenomena, of mind is necessary before we begin to theorise upon their nature. Imperfect observation and hasty generalisation have obtained perhaps more in psychology until recently than in any other science; and materialistic writers frequently give evidence of faulty observation and of careless generalisation in their writings. Now that research work is being more and more prosecuted in our psychological laboratories, and the character of mental processes is being more clearly brought to light, there is less excuse for a lack of adequate knowledge of the

facts. We find such phenomena as 'consciousness of action,' 'imageless thought' and 'universal reference' reported, as the result of elaborate experiments conducted in proper conditions. Indeed, so far from lending colour to the materialist contention, these recently observed mental processes point in the other direction. It would seem to be easier to deny this very solid and material world itself, with all that is in it, than to deny the spiritual agency which is manifested in the higher activities of mind.

Lastly, psychological materialism finds an apparent though not a real support in the method of empirical psychology. The fact that the science neglects the soul systematically, as being beyond its scope, makes it appear similar to the materialistic philosophy which denies the existence of the soul. Materialism profits by the apparent resemblance, and seems in consequence to be more scientific than spiritualism. This, possibly, though it arises from a confusion of two very different things, is one of the most potent causes of any popular psychology without a soul. It is connected and associated in the mind with the word science; and that word is all-persuading. Indeed, materialists not infrequently allude to spiritualism with contempt, as being metaphysics, forgetting that materialism is itself not science but a metaphysical system on an exact par with that which they attack.

Here then, to sum up, we have the two philosophies—psychology with and without a soul. As a basis for either we have the facts, the phenomena, the processes of mind as observed in the science of psychology. Those facts are confessedly other than any which we attribute to matter—a reality no more directly known than is the soul itself. It remains to explain the

possibility of mental facts; either by postulating an immaterial soul as their source or ground, or by explaining them away altogether and, in defiance of experimental evidence, assimilating them to material phenomena. I must leave you to judge which of these two processes is the more truly scientific or the more truly philosophical.

F. AVELING.

FAITH AND ARMS.

EDWYN BEVAN, M.A.

FOR heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord !

OUR hearts respond to the noble verse. But, to be honest, supposing we met someone in the secrets of the War Office or Admiralty who told us confidentially that a new sort of gun was being sent to the front—"miles better than the German guns"—"outranging the last gun of Krupp's"—"simply terrific in its effects"—and so on, should we not go about with a new glow at heart? Can we honestly say it would make no difference to the feeling with which we expected the days to come? We know quite well that our forecast of victory depends largely on what we have heard or read of our reeking tubes and iron shards.

The prescribed Form of Intercession teaches us to pray to God as "the only Giver of Victory, Who can save by many or by few." When however we come out of church, the question of many or few seems highly important to us. We are ready to make great efforts to help on recruiting. If it appeared that the country was not going to respond to Kitchener's demand for

another million, we should be far from going about and saying it didn't matter. Perhaps we should advocate conscription. At any rate we should be seriously disturbed.

There is here quite plainly at first sight a discrepancy between our religious language and our beliefs as shown in practice. It is hardly surprising that it makes our religious language seem to some people an hypocrisy. They feel it as part of the unreality that runs through English religion as a whole. Is it not humbug to exert ourselves to the utmost to get the best guns we possibly can and the largest army, and then, when we are talking in a religious strain, to say that we don't trust in tubes and shards and that few or many is all the same to the Dispenser of victory?

Now first of all how is it that these expressions, in such flagrant contrast, it would seem, to all our conduct, do not pull us up more than they do? How is it that they slip through our ears or our mouths without any shock? I think the answer is that they belong to the Biblical language with which we are familiar from infancy. In the Old Testament it is so common a thought that all trust in the material means of victory is wrong, that God can make the walls of a city fall flat at the blast of trumpets, and give thousands over to slaughter by the jawbone of an ass, that such language as Rudyard Kipling's strikes on our ears as the familiar dialect of our religion, and we accept it, as we accept the familiar, without thinking much about it.

We must go back to the Old Testament to get at the real problem. Perhaps the consequence of the modern movement in theological thought has been to make those affected by it feel that the Old Testament

is something they have left behind. The teaching of the New Testament is for them the foundation of their religion. The Old Testament is relegated to an earlier stage or phase of spiritual understanding; it is so taken for granted that its precious elements are mixed with primitive notions, that no hesitation is felt in rejecting any idea which does not square with our present Christian faith. There is the idea for instance that righteousness is rewarded by prosperity on the plane of this life. I suppose most modern Christians would explain this as a primitive view of Divine justice, which was never true to the facts of this world taken by themselves, though springing from a true spiritual conviction that the constitution of the universe was ultimately righteous. Of course, to the theology of our fathers the Old Testament was just as literally God's dictated word as the New, every statement of every writer given forth with the full authority of God Himself. But note, on the question of the *nexus* between goodness and prosperity in this life, the old theology had, just as much as the more modern view, to recognise a difference between the Old Testament view and the Christian view. Only it explained this by the difference of what were called 'dispensations.' Under the Old Testament dispensation it really was true that the balance of happiness and prosperity in this life corresponded with goodness, though it ceased to be true under the New Testament dispensation. As Bacon puts it in his fifth essay: "Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New." Both the old-fashioned theology and the modern view agree, one sees, in this—that the correspondence between goodness and prosperity cannot be discerned in the world as *we* know it.

This is an instance of an Old Testament notion which we discard when we have to interpret the world we know. But what I want to suggest is that it is not really so simple a matter as this to accept one thing and reject another out of the Old Testament. After all, even the modern view has to recognise that it was not just an accident that the Christian Church was built upon the foundation of Jewish belief. Jesus Himself fully identified the Father of Whom He spoke with the Yahweh of the Old Testament, with a national deity, the God of the armies of Israel. Even the modern view, if it remains Christian at all, has to regard the Old Testament as containing a revelation of God superior in some way to that afforded by any other religion. The Old Testament continues to furnish regular sustenance for the life of the Christian Church. And as the Church reads, and listens to, and meditates upon, Hebrew prophecy and psalm, it is hard for it to regulate the exact extent to which its thoughts about God and human life are shaped and coloured by the familiar language.

Let us go back to the notion which I singled out just now, the notion of a correspondence between goodness and prosperity in this world. One cannot, I think, read the Old Testament with an open mind and not see that this was accepted as a literal truth by the religious teachers of Israel. There are, of course, Old Testament writers who found great difficulty in reconciling this belief with the facts of the world as they saw them. There was the frightful problem of the good man in adversity and the wicked flourishing as a green bay tree. The Book of Job, every one knows, is occupied entirely with this problem. But one must notice that, so far as the Old Testament writers got what seemed

to them a solution of the problem, it was not by giving up the belief in the correspondence of goodness and prosperity on the field of this life and looking to another world to redress the balance—unless perhaps in the Book of Daniel; it was rather by the idea that the adversity of the righteous and the prosperity of the wicked would come to an end before they died, and that the little interval of happiness or tribulation respectively would make up for the previous anomaly. The doctrine is explained most fully in the Book of Ecclesiasticus; it is the end that matters, the writer says: if, before they die, the righteous man has a time of happiness and the wicked man a time of anguish, we may be satisfied that the correspondence is secured (11:2-3). Perhaps this is the solution hinted at in Psalm 73, where the problem of the prosperity of the wicked is expressed with such poignant pathos.

“When I thought how I might know this,
It was too painful for me:
Until I went into the sanctuary of God
And considered their latter end.
Surely thou settest them in slippery places:
Thou castest them down to destruction.
How are they become a desolation in a moment;
They are utterly consumed with terrors.”

In the Book of Job, the writer seems to give up the problem of the adversity of the righteous as inscrutable to the limited human understanding, but by the happy end of Job he hints at the same solution as Ecclesiasticus and Psalm 73, the interval of happiness before death.

We see then that even those who felt the difficulty of reconciling belief in the correspondence between

goodness and prosperity with the facts of life, clung to the conviction that the correspondence existed. We may say of the Old Testament as a whole that the belief runs through it. This is what underlies the assertion, repeated over and over again in one form or another, that Israel's success in war does not depend upon the material conditions but upon Israel's right relation to God. Goodness is a right relation to God, and the correspondence between that and success in war is so firm that where it exists the material conditions literally do not matter. That is why it is so foolish to trust in the arm of flesh; there is no essential connection between big battalions and horses and spears on the one side and victory on the other. But there *is* an essential connection between a right relation to God and victory. People who want to apply the teaching of the Bible to modern life, to whom all the passages of the Old Testament asserting this connection are familiar, usually apply them in a very much weakened sense. The phrase of Oliver Cromwell—a favourite one, according to the recent French Yellow Book, with the German Emperor—is the stock phrase in this matter—"To trust God and keep your powder dry,"—that is, to make all the material preparation possible and trust God for the chapter of accidents which must be an unknown factor in the result. But the Old Testament surely means a great deal more than this; it repeats over and over again that the material preparation is not essential at all.

You get it in a whole series of stories which will come to your mind—Gideon's three hundred, Samson's jawbone of an ass, the walls of Jericho.

"For they gat not the land in possession by their own sword,

Neither did their own arm save them :
 But thy right hand and thine arm and the light of
 thy countenance,
 Because thou hadst a favour unto them." (Ps. 44.)

"There is no king saved by the multitude of an host,
 A mighty man is not delivered by great strength.
 A horse is a vain thing for safety :
 Neither shall he deliver any by his great power."
 (Ps. 33^{16, 17}.)

The Lord, says another psalm,
 "delighteth not in the strength of the horse :
 He taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man.
 The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him,
 In those that hope in his mercy." (Ps. 147^{10, 11}.)

This implies a great deal more than that you must trust God for the margin of accident, when you have given all your thought to procuring your powder and keeping it dry.

Or consider again the line taken by Isaiah in reference to the military preparations of the little Judæan state threatened by great neighbouring kingdoms. He prescribes an attitude of complete passivity; the defence of the state is to be left to Yahweh.

"In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength: and ye would not. But ye said, No, for we will flee upon horses; therefore shall ye flee: and, We will ride upon the swift; therefore shall they that pursue you be swift. One thousand shall flee at the rebuke of one; at the rebuke of five shall ye flee." (30¹⁵⁻¹⁷.)

"Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help, and stay on horses; and trust in chariots, because

they are many, and in horsemen because they are very strong ; but they look not unto the Holy One of Israel, neither seek Yahweh." (31.)

I find that modern commentators, anxious to secure the prophet our respect by showing that he was acting fully in accordance with our canons of rational common sense, explain that a passive attitude was, as a matter of fact, the policy which a shrewd politician would have recommended in the circumstances of the day. Isaiah's inspiration showed itself in his 'statesmanlike apprehension' of what the situation of Judah required. In the garb of an ecstatic, he was in reality, it seems, the Norman Angell of his day. I feel very doubtful whether this is not rationalism out of place. I cannot feel Isaiah meant simply to tell his people to trust the Lord and keep their limited number of horses in good condition, and not rather to trust the Lord and cease to bother about the horses.

The consequence, it seems to me, of our applying this Old Testament language to our own circumstances and our own line of conduct is an unhappy compromise. We don't give up our material preparation ; we certainly think that the chances of our victory are enormously increased by our having guns of the latest pattern ; and all the time we are ready to say that we must not trust in reeking tubes and iron shards. But if we mean anything when we use that language, we mean something quite different from what was meant by the writers of the Old Testament, from whom the language is derived. We don't mean that England can afford to be without the tubes and shards. Isaiah did mean that Judah could afford to be without horses. We make our preparations, I think, with a kind of bad conscience, a feeling in the background that our conduct

and our religious language do not square, which makes us uncomfortable and inclined suddenly to draw a line in our preparations and begin to denounce the militarist spirit. That was at any rate the case before the war; now we only talk about militarism in reference to Germany. Before the war there was a Peace Party which was always anxious to keep our army and our navy small. They did not want them disbanded altogether, which would have been logical, but whenever a proposal was made to increase our preparations in a way which military and naval experts thought the situation required, those who belonged to the Peace Party on religious grounds would declare that we should be quiet and confident and trust in God rather than in guns.

This has always seemed to me as if someone impressed, but not quite won over, by the doctrine of Faith-healing, should decide as a compromise to take medicine in half-doses. There is no logical stopping place between having no army at all, trusting in God apart from all natural means, and having as large an army as seems by a reasonable calculation of probabilities sufficient to secure victory. A small army is an absurdity. But if we are going in for preparations on a scale which ordinary worldly wisdom would prescribe, if we, who believe in God, are going in this matter to take *exactly the same practical measures* as are taken by those who estimate probabilities without reference to God, then let us be quite clear on what principle we are acting. Let us settle for ourselves candidly and honestly what value the Old Testament teaching about trust in God rather than in the arm of flesh has for us, let us make our reckoning with it above-board and, if in a sense we still put our trust in

tubes and shards, let us do so frankly, without a vague unanalysed feeling that we are being disloyal to our religion.

It is obvious, I think, that the question before us is in principle the same as the question of Faith-healing. Both victory in battle and health of body are results which follow, by the laws of the natural world, a certain chain of causes and effects, which our action can contribute to bring about. Even a Faith-healer does not deny that plants and minerals have definite properties and that a better state of body is often brought about by using them; what he denies is that that is the only way of bringing about the better state of body. A Christian, he says, can dispense with the means because he can bring about the same result in another way, by faith in God. Just so anyone who held the Old Testament belief about victory in battle, would not need to deny that the death of an enemy could be brought about by shooting an arrow or a bullet into him; he would only have to say that the enemy could be eliminated in another way, by faith in God.

The difficulty about accepting the view that the natural means ought to be discarded is, I think, the same, whether the object to be attained is bodily health or victory in war. It is hard to see any reason why this particular object should be isolated among all the objects which are aimed at in human life, why all other objects should be secured by following the ordinary natural line of cause and effect, and in the case of health or of victory alone we are to abstain from using the natural means and expect the desired result to come by faith alone. What we desire to do in either case, if we reduce the thing to its simplest expression, is to effect a change in the relative position of some

of the material particles of the world. In the case of healing, we want to bring about a change of position in some of the particles constituting a human body—one arrangement of particles signifying disease and another arrangement signifying health; in the case of victory, we want to effect such a change in the condition or place of a number of human bodies that they may not, as animated by hostile wills, be capable of hurting us or of obstructing our purposes. Now all day long in hundreds of ways we are changing the position of aggregates of matter all round us, changing them by means of the ordinary mechanical laws which govern the universe—pushing or lifting with our hands or in a more roundabout way setting some physical force to work for us, as when we sow seed in a field or produce steam in an engine. God has put us in a world whose matter is governed by constant physical laws; we regard them as His laws, and the necessity which is on us to regulate our action by them as part of His discipline for us in this phase of our being. We think it not only permissible, but right, that in a thousand ways we should always be shifting the material masses by means of the mechanical laws which our experience discovers; why, when we want to make that change in the particles of an individual body which constitutes healing, or that change in the bodies of a number of men which constitutes victory, should we suddenly hold our hand and say: No, this case is different from all others; it would be want of faith to try to effect this change in the ordinary way; if we trust God, a change in the position of these particles or masses such as we desire will come about without any action of ours? I have never heard any reason why health or victory should be put in this altogether exceptional category.

The great majority of Christians do try to effect health or victory by similar means to those they use to effect other changes in the material world. But they still often use language like that of Rudyard Kipling, language borrowed from the Bible, about not trusting in the means. How is this? Well, I suppose it is because in a large number of cases all the means which human power can contrive to bring about a certain result, are only part of the conditions necessary in order that the result may come about. The means will fail unless there are added to them some other factors over which man has no control and whose operation he cannot foresee—what we may call, from the human point of view, ‘the chapter of accidents.’ I do not mean that there are any accidents from the highest standpoint; the word simply denotes those factors which human prevision cannot calculate—the accidents, for instance, of material and mental circumstances, which may defeat the best-laid plans of a general—storm or fog, the break-down of a train, a sudden panic, and so on. Wherever the chapter of accidents comes in, man deals with something which he cannot affect by any action of his own. If however God’s action corresponds to an attitude of faith on the part of man, then may not man hope that, supposing he takes the right spiritual attitude, God will govern the chapter of accidents in the way which answers to man’s desire? In cases where the chapter of accidents comes in to a large extent, man has a sense of the insufficiency of his own efforts and preparations and is thrown upon God. In some cases the desired result is connected by a practically invariable *nexus* with the means used; people do not in those cases speak of exercising faith in God in order that the means may

avail. We do not, for instance, ever hear of anyone shooting a man through the heart and exercising faith that death will ensue; but we do hear of people administering medicine and exercising faith that health will ensue. In the production of health the chapter of accidents is a large one.

The chapter of accidents is also a very large one in the case of victory. Where it is peculiarly favourable to them, small battalions may really rout the large ones; and where it goes against us, our superiority in guns and shells may be of no avail. *Other things being equal*, we believe that the largest army and the best guns are safe to win; but then other things never are quite equal and sometimes they are hugely unequal. Now in reference to this large chapter of accidents we feel bound to use language very similar to that used in the Old Testament about the futility of material preparations. We do not say that it does not matter whether we have many or few horses, whether we have strong legs or not; but we do say that when we have got all the horses we can and made our legs as strong as we can, there is still this incalculable chapter of accidents between us and the result we desire.

Is it possible, by anything we can do, to set the chapter of accidents on our side? That is something we should like to know! Now there is a very old and deeply ingrained belief that there is one way by which, if we are not careful, we shall set the chapter of accidents *against* us—and that is, by failing to acknowledge its existence. There is a feeling that punishment will certainly fall upon you, if you assume in thought or in self-confident talk that your preparations—your numbers and your dreadnoughts and your guns—have made your victory certain. If you leave out the

chapter of accidents as a negligible quantity, and begin to strut and talk big prematurely, the chapter of accidents will take a peculiar pleasure in making you look a fool in the end. Rudyard Kipling talks of the 'heathen' heart that puts its trust in its munitions of war and forgets the Ruler of the Unknown. If we are to be true to the facts of the world, we must interpret 'heathen' here as denoting modern European scientific quasi-Christian civilisation. Never, I think, in any other human society has attention been concentrated to the same extent upon material causation, the physical chain of cause and effect, as the one thing of which we need to take account. If by 'heathen' we mean the societies outside the sphere of Christianity and Judaism, then it is not at all true that it is characteristic of their type of mind to rely entirely upon their weapons of war and forget the gods. They have a very constant sense of the desirability of getting the chapter of accidents on their side, and a far greater dread than we have of provoking its ill will by neglect or boasting. Those of us who read Greek or ancient history will remember how fixed a thought it was with the people of the old classical world—that idea of Nemesis, of the *phthonos* of the Gods—not so much 'envy,' as if we possessed anything which the gods coveted, but an ill will stirred up against the man who thought they could be left out of account. He would find out to his cost they could not! Greek and Hebrew were not far apart here, for in a Hebrew Psalm we read:

“He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh,
The Lord shall have them in derision.” (*Ps.* 24.)

And as for 'frantic boast and foolish word,' think

of the number of times that Æschylus refers to great swelling words as plucking down the judgment of heaven. "A word pierceth through my heart, and the hair of my head standeth upright, seeing I have heard the big words of the big-talkers, unholy men." (*Sept. c. Theb.* 563.) There is the typical figure of Capaneus, who swore he would take the city, whether God willed it or not, and was consumed in a moment by the thunderbolt. There is Ajax in Sophocles, who, when the goddess Athena promised to lend him the help of her hand in battle, "returned unto her for answer a dreadful and unspeakable word: 'Lady, stand thou beside the other Argives, but where I am the battle shall never break through.' By such words he drew upon him the grim anger of the goddess, seeing his mind was not according to man's estate." (*Ajax*, 771f.) But instances of the feeling are so common in the Greek and Roman literature one might multiply them almost indefinitely. I have no doubt one could get sheaves of parallels from other non-Christian literatures. No, whatever defects there may be in the societies which are ordinarily meant by the term 'heathen,' it is certainly not one of their faults to trust in weapons of war and forget the incalculable factor which teaches man politic humility.

To get this incalculable factor—the chapter of accidents, fortune, the gods, God—on their side was as important as to prepare swords and spears. And just as it could be provoked, if you made too little account of it, so its favour could be won, they thought, by profuse acknowledgment. The altars reeked with sacrifice to it before the battle, and in the midst of battle men would cry out and promise it still fresh acknowledgment, when the victory was won, if only it

would turn in their favour. And when the people came home victorious, the spoils taken from the enemy would be hung up to glorify the houses man had built for those unseen Powers which were more than man. That is the real heathen heart—not so different, I think, at this point from the heart of the countrymen of Isaiah and Hosea. And if in our own day we are to single out that which is most akin to the ancient heathen heart in our thoughts and feelings about war, I suggest that it is not our excessive trust in tubes and shards. It seems to me rather to be found in the feeling that we can secure victory or stave off defeat, that we can set the chapter of accidents on our side, by lavish acknowledgment of the incalculable Power. We no longer offer literal hecatombs, the blood of bulls and the fat of rams; but is not something of the same sort liable to slip into our humiliations and prayers and Te Deums? If we think of our humiliation as a means to secure victory by charming out of God the desire to humble us, if, when we are profuse of words after victory, declaring that the result is entirely due to God, our secret thought is that we shall keep the chapter of accidents steady on our side, is our offering of words very different from the ancient holocausts of bulls and rams?

The general belief expressed in the Old Testament is, as we saw, that where there was a right spiritual relation to God success and prosperity were insured in the long run. The ordinary modern Christian differs, it would seem, from the Old Testament view in two particulars. (1) The modern Christian cannot sincerely use all the Old Testament language in its full sense with regard to preparing the material conditions of success; he does not hold that it is a

want of faith to take a census or to procure horses from abroad. But there is still the chapter of accidents, the region beyond man's power to calculate or provide for. Is the modern Christian to hold that in this region at any rate a right spiritual relation between God and man will give the believing man an advantage over the unbeliever? Well, the second point on which the modern Christian seems to depart from the Old Testament view is (2) that he no longer looks for exact correspondence between goodness and prosperity in the present life of the individual; it is no agonising problem for him if the last days of the good man are clouded with disaster or the wicked flourishes like a green bay tree up to a ripe old age: this life is for him only one moment in each man's destiny.

But the modern Christian has beliefs, to express which he can still use much of the Old Testament language. For instance, what is the real root of that Old Testament doctrine of the correspondence between goodness and earthly prosperity? People who believe that they actually did correspond 'under the old dispensation' in a way they do not now, may say that it was derived from the observation of real life, was an induction from experience. But we know at any rate from Job and Psalm 73 that even under the old dispensation the facts of life, so far from suggesting the belief, offered a stumbling-block, an agonising problem, in spite of which the belief had to be somehow saved. The belief in the correspondence of goodness and prosperity can never have been an induction from observed facts. It is derived from a profound moral conviction, that somehow it is well with the righteous; the conviction is brought to life,

the facts of life are forced to square with it; it is never derived *from* life. Now this conviction the modern Christian believes with all his heart to be true; it was really created in men by the Spirit of God. Only the old saints seem to him to have had too naïve an idea of what well-being implied. They thought it necessarily meant the possession of earthly goods, that it necessarily meant getting the better of your enemies, living to a green old age, having a sufficiency of bread, and so on. And because they were quite sure, and rightly so, that it was well with the righteous, they expected to find in experience that the righteous always got the better of his enemies and lived to a green old age and never had to beg his bread. When there seemed to be a contradiction between life and their God-given faith, they passed through great mental distress.

The modern Christian can use with full sincerity the Old Testament language promising the righteous that, if he trusts in God, he may look forward calmly into all the dark chances of the days to come, quite sure that no evil can befall him. He does not mean that defeat cannot befall him, that beggary cannot befall him, that death cannot befall him; but he means that for one in the right relation to God, these things, if they come, will have the quality of evil taken out of them. But when it comes to forecasting the probability of such a thing as victory, the Christian will take more account of a combatant's material preparation, of his tubes and shards, than of his spiritual state; only he will not assert that victory is in all cases good. What he knows is that *good* is connected indissolubly with *goodness*.

I think one sees now that the phrase about

trusting in tubes and shards is ambiguous. It may mean forecasting the probabilities of victory; if it means that, we must admit that the probabilities of victory are certainly increased according to the effectiveness of our weapons; it is not at all un-Christian, so far as I can see, to trust in tubes and shards in this sense. Or the phrase may mean trusting in tubes and shards to secure us real good, *setting our hearts upon them* in that sense; there we have what is un-Christian.

Victory in battle—always supposing we are fighting in the cause of righteousness—appears as one of a class of things which we consider as objects to be sought by our action. We come here close to the Stoic view of ‘preferred things.’ These were things which were not good in the strict Stoic sense, because they were not always good, and yet human action ought to be directed to obtaining them; all the while, however, there was to be a qualifying proviso in the mind, so that if the wise man failed in any case to obtain one of them, he would recognise that he had not lost any real good. Health of body, wealth, success in work would be typical things falling into this class. It is plain that the Christian view has some likeness to this. The Christian believes, for instance, that a sufficiency of food is, generally speaking, a good thing. He does not think it is so in all cases. It might be for the spiritual advantage of an individual at some moment to go hungry. He believes that health is a good thing, but recognises it may sometimes be good for the individual to be ill. But his own action he normally directs so as to secure, by the ordinary natural means, health, food, and so on. A Christian man of business, for instance, does not, where various courses are before him, deliber-

ately choose the course which will bring a balance of loss ; but if in spite of his efforts loss comes, he is ready to say : " This loss is sent me for my good." Even if a Christian thought that it would be for the spiritual good of one of his relations to be ill, he would not administer a mild poison. We know that health and wealth are not always good for us, but we normally use the natural means at our disposal to secure them. If our failure to secure them is due to our neglecting to use some of the means we might have used, we blame ourselves ; if it is due to the chapter of accidents frustrating our best efforts, we recognise, if we are Christians, the hand of our Father. If we are fighting for the right cause, our victory is among those things that are normally taken to be good, taken as objects which our action is directed to secure through the use of the natural means. We consider it to be, generally speaking, a good thing that the right cause should prevail in the world. It may sometimes be a good thing that the right cause should be overthrown, depressed, crushed. If that happens, Christians ought to recognise in the thwarting accidents the hand of Love. But if the defeat of the right cause is due to neglect on their part to use some of the natural means, they themselves are to blame. The probability of the right cause prevailing is according to the thoroughness of their preparations—their tubes and shards, among other things. When they ask " Is it likely that we are going to win or not ? " it is a survey of their resources which governs the forecast : they cannot bring the chapter of accidents into the computation, for that is by its nature incalculable ; they can only base their forecast on the material resources of the two sides. If, however, they ask, not " Are we

going to win?" but "Is good going to befall us?" then they look no longer to their tubes and shards, but to God, and it is no longer a calculation of probabilities, but a *certainty of faith* that for those right with God everything that befalls will be the best thing.

This certainty of faith is the essential thing in the Christian attitude; but many Christians would not stop here. They think we can say more. They think that not only the certainty of good is secured, but the probability of victory is increased by our being in a right relation to God. The Christian is able, not only to be sure that he will have what is good, but to anticipate with more confidence than the unbeliever that he will get what he desires. Beside all his material resources, all the tubes and shards, his faith will actually affect the incalculable chapter of accidents and give him a notable advantage over his adversary. The side supported by the prayers of the righteous is, apart from the question of its material resources, more likely to win. If we remember God—so some people would interpret Rudyard Kipling—the chapter of accidents is likely to turn the balance in our favour.

Perhaps it will be remembered that, when the 'Recessional' first came out, another poet, William Watson, so understood Kipling and wrote a poem called 'To the Unknown God,' to contradict him.

" Best by remembering God, say some,
 We keep our high imperial lot.
 Fortune, I fear, hath oftenest come
 When we forgot—when we forgot!
 A lovelier faith their happier crown,
 But history laughs and weeps it down!"

That is one of the stanzas. If, Watson says in

effect, the prayers of the righteous side have an effect upon the chapter of accidents, you ought to see in history a well-marked tendency for the wars between the nations to be decided according to ideal justice. But you do not see this tendency.

The problem here, it will be seen, is very much the old problem of Job come back again. And I think there is one curious feature in the religious world to-day. Modern Christians have given up believing in the correspondence of goodness and prosperity in the present life of the individual. They do not, like Job's friends, say to any one who is ill, "You must have committed some special sin to account for the fact that you are ill," or, like Job, if they are ill themselves, feel that God is condemning them unjustly. But the principle which they have abandoned in the case of the individual, they cling to in the case of the nation. In the Old Testament prophets, whenever the nation is afflicted it is that God is visiting them for special sins; if the nation is obedient to God, it can be quite sure of getting the better of its enemies. Of course, there is a great deal to this effect in the Old Testament—more indeed than about the correspondence between goodness and prosperity in the life of the individual. And people to-day, who would shrink from applying the principle to their individual friends, without any hesitation apply all the Old Testament language about Israel to England.

Only the other day a friend of mine heard a prominent London clergyman declare in public that the only way to account for the fact that, although prayer had been offered in England for victory, decisive victory had not yet come at the end of three months, was that definite sins of England stood in the way.

He went on to say that he knew what those sins were; amongst them he indicated the new departure of *The Times* in bringing out a Sunday edition. I refer to this because it seems to me to raise a real problem. We may not feel that we are sufficiently in the secrets of Providence to affirm with that particularity a causal connection between the Sunday edition of *The Times* and the delay of victory; but is it true that if England, or any other nation, enters upon a just war in faith, with prayer for victory, it can rightly expect that the chapter of accidents, over and above its preparations and efforts, will be directed by God to bring about its victory? The question is not whether we ought to repent of our national sins and humble ourselves before God on account of them. We ought to repent of our sins and humble ourselves on account of them, whether they bring earthly disadvantage in their train or not. The question is whether our repenting of our sins and finding a right relation to God is likely, as a matter of fact, to bring us earthly advantage by causing the chapter of accidents to be guided in the line of our desires; whether we can use the extent or the speed with which our national desires are realised as an index of our spiritual state as a nation. The problem I point to here this is not the occasion to discuss. It will be seen that what is really before us is the whole question of prayer. Some people, sincerely Christian, consider that all prayer ought to be an act of resignation to God's will, not an offering of our desires to God; they think all petitionary prayer a mistake. Personally, I do not share this view. But obviously if one allows petitionary prayer, it is hard not to allow that the course of events is in some way affected by it, is different from what it would have been if the

prayer had not been offered. One must be satisfied here with merely indicating the problem.

It would be well to touch in conclusion upon one aspect of things which has, I think, affected the belief that by remembering God we do keep our high imperial lot. Quite apart from the chapter of accidents, it is plain that victory is secured, not only by the guns, but by the spirit and temper of the men behind the guns, by what we call *moral*. Now *moral* in this sense is certainly not identical with morality, still less with spiritual faith; but there is a connection between them. It is undeniable that many vices do ultimately destroy the qualities which constitute *moral* in war, and that many virtues—sobriety, thrift, industry—do promote worldly success. These vices are kept away, and the virtues fostered, by religion. In this way the religion of a nation may be a factor in its success, and by its losing its religion, by its ‘forgetting God,’ it may, however good guns it possesses, lose its high imperial lot. This was a line of thought which Carlyle was fond of emphasising; he was always asserting with prophetic fervour, that the judgment of God was seen in history: “*Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht.*”

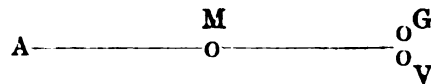
What I feel about this view is that it is based upon certain real facts. We may often see, both in history and in private life, virtues bringing as part of their consequences health, wealth and power; we may often see vices—aggressive or indolent—bringing as part of their consequences the loss of health, wealth and power. We may say that no nation wholly vicious could ever be powerful. But it is questionable whether the correspondence of goodness and prosperity which we can trace in history

could ever, if we took honest account of all the facts, satisfy our desire for justice. In the first place the correspondence is far too imperfect. Even if, in the long run, over a sufficiently extended period of time, vice could be shown always to bring its physical punishment and virtue its physical reward, what singular reversals of justice would be seen within the shorter periods! Even if the moral soundness of a people guaranteed that it would prevail in the course of the ages, it would certainly afford no guarantee against its being overborne by numbers or untoward accidents in a particular war. And how are we to know when we have taken a period sufficiently long for the real verdict of history to be seen in it? Or again, consider how easy it is for the earthly fruits of goodness to be usurped by unrighteousness! A series of pious and god-fearing generations will build up a certain strength of character which a new generation may use in order to acquire unrighteous power. The strength, which has made the worst national crimes possible, is as truly a product of the virtues of the past as is the triumph of long-struggling goodness. It is for reasons such as these that the doctrine that "history is the judgment of God" is so dangerous. We begin by saying that righteousness tends to power and we end by saying that all power is righteous. It is significant, in the case of Carlyle, that the creator of Prussian militarism was the Hero of his longest work. If we are going to give up the view that a nation's victory in a particular war is made more likely by its remembering God, in the sense that its maintaining the attitude of faith will cause the chapter of accidents to be ruled in its favour, then I think we shall find Carlyle's way of maintaining the connection between

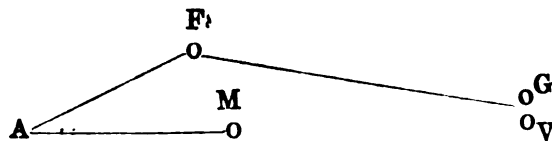
remembering God and earthly power a very poor substitute. I suspect, however, that this was, as a matter of fact, what the author of the 'Recessional' had in his mind.

EDWYN BEVAN.

NOTE.—It may help if the argument of the preceding paper is put in diagrammatic form. Let A be the position from which we start, and the real Good which we hope to gain be represented by G. This according to the Old Testament is closely coupled with Victory, V. (The Old Testament term is 'Salvation,' the prominent idea in Victory being rather that it set you free from the menace of your enemies than that it brought them under your power.) Now the attitude which the prophets condemned—that which Rudyard Kipling means by the 'heathen heart'—was one which held that this combined V-G could be reached from A by way of material preparation, M. The imagination of the 'heathen heart' would therefore be represented by such a figure as this :

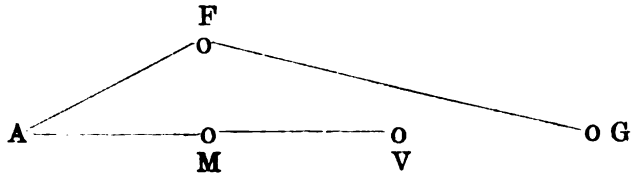


The prophets were sure that this was wrong, because they knew that there was no connection between M and G. They knew that G was reached by quite another path, the way of Faith, F. The line, therefore, which in the diagram of the 'heathen heart' connects M and G-V, they simply eliminated. They broke the connection there and showed as the true scheme :



The Christian too holds that there is no path from M to G, that the connection in the 'heathen heart' must be broken. But

he differs from the Old Testament prophet in dissociating G and V. This would be his diagram :



The problem raised in the paper, and not discussed, is whether there is also a connection (through petitionary prayer) between F and V. In any case, the Christian would not regard it as a certain connection like that between F and G, but as subject to the doubt implied in "If it be Thy Will."

THE HINDU VIEW OF ART.

ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY, D.Sc.

JUST as Indian literature, beginning earlier than any other with which we are acquainted, and continuing in full activity to the present day, presents to us, by reason of this continuity, 'a clearer picture of the development of religious ideas than any other literary monument of the world,' so this literature, studied together with the evidences of the other arts, enables us to trace the evolution of *Æsthetic* more clearly than anywhere else. It is true that this history has yet to be written in detail; but we can trace its main outlines and expound the final conclusions in terms of modern thought. It is with peculiar interest that we shall find that, just as in their several ways the Greeks, the Hindus and the modern Idealists independently arrived at identical views in philosophy, so in *Æsthetic*, the Chinese, the Hindus, the Neoplatonists and the tendencies of modern thought are in near accord.

The earliest Indian art of which we have good information or concerning which we are able to draw reasonably certain inferences, we may designate as Vedic, since we can hardly undertake here the discussion of the perhaps contemporary culture of the early Dravidians. Vedic art was essentially practical. About painting and sculpture we have no knowledge, but the carpenter, metal-worker and potter and weaver efficiently provided for man's material requirements. If their work was decorated, we may be sure that its

'ornament' had often, and perhaps always, a magical and protective significance. The ends of poetry were also practical. The Vedic hymns were designed to persuade the gods to deal generously with men :

"As birds extend their sheltering wings,
Spread your protection over us."

(Rigveda.)

Much of this poetry is descriptive; it is nature-poetry in the sense that it deals with natural phenomena. Its most poetical quality is its sense of wonder and admiration, but it is not lyrical in any other sense. It has no tragic or reflective element, except in some of the later hymns, and there is no question of 'æsthetic contemplation,' for the conception of the sympathetic constantly prevails. The poet sometimes comments on his own work, which he compares to a car well-built by a deft craftsman, or to fair and well-woven garments, or to a bride adorned for her lover; and this art it was that made the hymns acceptable to the gods to whom they were addressed. Vedic Æsthetic consisted essentially in the appreciation of skill.

The keynote of the age of the Upanishads (800 B.C.) and Pali Buddhism (500 B.C.) is the search for truth. The ancient hymns had become a long-established institution, taken for granted; ritual was followed solely for the sake of advantage in this world or the next. Meanwhile the deeper foundations of Indian culture were in process of determination in the mental struggle of the 'dwellers in the forest.' The language of the Upanishads combines austerity with passion, but this passion is the exaltation of mental effort, remote from the common life of men in the world. Only here and there we find glimpses of the later fusion of lyric and religious experience, when, for

example, in the *Bṛihadāraṇyaka Upanishad*, the bliss of Ātman intuition, or the intuition of the Self, is compared with the happiness of earthly lovers in self-forgetting dalliance. In general, the Upanishads are too much preoccupied with deeper speculations to exhibit a conscious art, or to discuss the art of their times; in this age there is no explicit Æsthetic.

When, however, we consider the Indian way of regarding the Vedas as a whole, we shall find implicit in the word '*śruti*' a very important doctrine: that the Veda is eternal, the sacred books are its temporal expression, they have been 'heard.' This is not a theory of 'revelation' in the ordinary sense, since the audition depends on the qualifications of the hearer, not on the will and active manifestation of a god. But it is on all fours with the later Hindu view which treats the practice of art as a form of *yoga*, and identifies æsthetic emotion with that felt when the self perceives the Self.

In Pali Buddhism generally, an enthusiasm for the truth, unsurpassed even in the Upanishads, is combined with monastic institutionalism and a rather constant polemic against the joys of the world. Beauty and personal love are not merely evanescent, but are snares to be avoided at all costs; and it is clearly indicated that the Early Buddhist Æsthetic is strictly hedonistic. The indications of this point of view are summed up in the following passage of the *Visuddhi Magga*: "Living beings on account of their love and devotion to the sensations excited by forms and the other objects of sense, give high honour to painters, musicians, perfumers, cooks, elixir-prescribing physicians, and other like persons who furnish us with objects of sense."

In the Upanishads on the one hand, and in the teachings of Buddha on the other, the deepest problems of life were penetrated; the mists of the Vedic dawn had melted in the fire of austerity (*tapas*), and life lay open to man's introspection as a thing of which the secret mechanism was no more mysterious. We can scarcely exaggerate the sense of triumph with which the doctrines of the Ātman or Self and the gospel of Buddha permeated Indian society. The immediate result of the acceptance of these views appeared in an organised and deliberate endeavour to create a form of society adapted for the fulfilment of the purposes of life as seen in the light of the new philosophies. To the ideal of the saint in retirement was very soon added that of the man who remains in the world and yet acquires or possesses the highest wisdom—"It was with works that Janaka and others came unto adeptship" (*Gītā*, iii. 20). There was now also evolved the doctrine of union by action (*karma-yoga*) set forth in the *Bhagavad Gītā*, as leading even the citizen on the path of salvation. The emergence of a definitely Brāhmanical rather than a Buddhist scheme of life is to be attributed to the fact that the practical energies of Buddhism were largely absorbed within the limits of its monasticism; the Buddhists in the main regarded Nirvāṇa not merely as the ultimate, but as the sole object of life. But the Brāhmins never forgot that this life is the field alike of Pursuit and Return (*Pravṛitti* and *Nivṛitti*), and laid down as the Four Ends of life: duty (*dharma*), livelihood (*artha*), pleasure (*kāma*) and emancipation (*moksha*), and built the ideal society for the realisation of all four. These four words are the ever-present *motif* of Hindu sociology, and are thus of supreme importance for the

criticism of art from the standpoint of ethic. The scheme of life is set forth at great length in the *Sūtra* literature, the *Dharma Śāstras* and the Epics (in general, 4th—1st centuries B.C.).

This literature yields sufficient material for an elucidation of the orthodox view of art. But notwithstanding the breadth of the fourfold plan, we find in this literature the same hedonistic Æsthetic and puritanical applications as are characteristic of Pali Buddhism. Thus, Manu forbids the householder to dance or sing or play on musical instruments, and reckons architects, actors and singers amongst the unworthy men who should not be invited to the ceremony of offerings to the dead. Even Chānakya, though he tolerates musicians and actors, classes them with courtesans. The hedonistic theory still prevailed.

Meanwhile the stimulus of discovered truth led not only to this austere formulation of a scheme of life (typically in Manu), but also to the development of *yoga* as a practice for the attainment of the desired end; and in this development an almost equal part was taken by Brāhmins and Buddhists (typically in Patañjali and Nāgārjuna).

We shall digress here, and partially anticipate, to discuss briefly the important part once played in Indian thought by the concept of Art as a means of Yoga, a subject sufficient in itself for a whole volume. It will be remembered that the purpose of Yoga is mental concentration, carried so far as the overlooking of all distinction between the subject and the object of contemplation; a means of deliverance from that self-willing and self-thinking which Böhme tells us prevents us from seeing and hearing God,—though the Yoga itself mentions *Īśvara* (the Lord) only as one amongst

other suitable objects of contemplation. It was soon recognised that the concentration of the artist was of this very nature; and we find such texts as Sukrāchāraya's (5th century A.D.?): "Let the imager establish images in temples by meditation on the deities who are the objects of his devotion. For the successful achievement of this *yoga* the lineaments of the image are described in books to be dwelt upon in detail. In no other way, not even by direct and immediate vision of an actual object, is it possible to be so absorbed in contemplation, as thus in the making of images." The practice of the lesser crafts was also regarded as a mental discipline, and in particular the arrow-maker seems to have afforded a proverbial instance of single-minded attention: "I have learned concentration of mind from the maker of arrows," says the *Bhāgavata Purāna*.

The practice of visualisation, which plays so large a part in personal Hindu worship, is also of special importance for Yoga and Art, as is indicated in the above quotation from Sukrāchārya; there is no difference between the formulas of personal worship and invocation, and the practices or exercises of the *Śilpa Śāstras* on art. The Buddhists also recognised the practice of Imagination as a means of withdrawing the consciousness from the Kāmaloka (this world of Desire and Sensation) and of securing rebirth in the Rūpaloka (or Ideal world).¹ The practice is thus described:

¹ This Rūpaloka of the 'atheistic' Buddhist theology is equivalent to the Mind of Īvara—the 'lower Brahman' of the *Bhagavad Gītā*. Art-expression through form—can indeed only aspire to represent this lower Brahman; for the higher (to which corresponds the Buddhist Arūpaloka) is 'Nay, nay,' not to be expressed in any way, and for those who are advanced on the 'unshown path,' neither loves nor arts, with their implications of duality, can have any more significance. These, in the words of Tauler, "know all without natural images, for the truth reveals itself to them, without any images, in a pure consciousness."

“There was first intense attention by way of an ‘exclusive sensation,’ to be entered upon when all other activity was relaxed to the uttermost. . . . After a time the sensation practically ceases. . . . Then comes the play of the ‘after-image,’ and then the emergence of the mental image, of purely ideational or representative construction. This will be, not of the sense-object first considered, but some attenuated abstraction of one (some ?) of its qualities. And this serves as a background and a barrier against all further invasion of sense-impressions for the time being. To him thus purged and prepared there comes, through subconscious persistence, a *reinstatement* of some concept, associated with feeling and conation (*i.e.* with desire or aspiration), which he had selected for preliminary meditation. And this conception he now proceeds by a sort of psychical involution to raise to a higher power, realising it more fully, deepening its import, expanding its application. . . . It was chiefly necessary to ponder on things of this life in such a way as to get rid of all appetite and impulse in connection with them, and to cultivate an attitude of purest disinterestedness towards all worldly attraction.”¹

Needless to remark, that is also the characteristic feature of æsthetic contemplation.

An example of the Buddhist practice is afforded in the concentration practice described in the *Visuddhi Magga*, ch. iv. The practitioner obtains a mental reflex of a smooth circle of prepared earth :

“He must not consider the colour of the mental reflex, nor notice peculiarities, but . . . must fix his mind on a predominant characteristic,² and atten-

¹ C. A. F. Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Psychology*, p. lxxxviii.

² Cp. the selective character of representation in Oriental art generally.

tively consider that. . . . When in his meditation the circle appears equally visible whether his eyes are open or shut, that is the securing of the mental reflex. (He departs thence, and seated at ease, is to) mull it over again and again, and engrain it into his mind. (In the first) mental reflex any imperfection of the circle is perceived. . . . (But the second or) imitative mental reflex, like a mirror taken from one's scrip, or like a polished conch-shell, or like the disk of the moon issuing from the clouds, or like cranes in the clouds, leaves the securing of the (former) mental reflex, and issues forth a hundred, a thousandfold more clear. But this mental reflex has no colour nor shape (materiality) . . . ; it is only a reflex existing in the perception of the person practising concentration. From the instant, however, it appears, the hindrances are checked, the corruptions become assuaged, and the mind concentrates itself."¹

The direct application in art is exemplified in the practice of Buddhist artists described in the rites. The ritual is briefly as follows² :

The *sādhaka*, *mantrin* or *yogin*, as the artist is called, performs many material and spiritual purifications in the solitary place chosen for his work, culminating in meditation on the idea of 'emptiness,' and by the fire of this thought are destroyed the five elements of individual thinking and willing. Then only does he name the 'seed-word' of the divinity he desires to represent, and identifies himself completely with this divinity, repeating the *mantra* or invocation describing the divinity in detail. The divinity appears in the vault of the sky, like a reflection in a mirror, or

¹ Warren, *Buddhism in Translations*, p. 296.

² Foucher, *Iconographie Bouddhique*, ii. 9-11.

as if in a dream, and this brilliant mental image is the model from which the artist only then begins his work.

For all this there are innumerable parallels in modern thought. Above all is it true that like a reflection in a mirror, like a disk of the moon from beneath the clouds, are the creative images that rise in the still mind; and in the words of Blake: "He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments, and in stronger and better light, than his perishing mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all." It is clear that the Buddhists would have valued pure mathematics and drawing from memory as means of a self-culture; and one understands clearly how little importance such minds could have attached to realistic art or to portraiture. "Even the misshapen image of a god," says Sukrāchārya, "is to be preferred to the image of a man, however charming"—in full accordance with our modern view, that prefers conviction to prettiness. The early Indian violent monastic reaction against the arts of luxury had perhaps after all only prepared the way for later and fearless acceptance of vision and dream. It is certainly true, as Mrs. Rhys Davids suggests, that the psychology of these meditations "when adequately investigated, will one day evoke considerable interest." The idea is already fruitful that myth and dream and art are closely connected, and represent the dramatisation of man's innermost hopes and fears. Thus the parallelism of art and *yoga*, intellectually considered, contributed to that interdependence of art and religion which characterises later Buddhism and Hinduism.

But another factor, perhaps of popular origin, had even greater effects on art and consequences for the artist. This factor was *bhakti*, the devoted love of a

Personal God, which built upon the sure foundations of Buddhist and Vedāntic philosophy the great mansions of Indian religion, sheltering all those whom purely intellectual formulæ could not satisfy—the children of this world who will not hurry along the path of Release, and the mystics who find a foretaste of Freedom in the love of every cloud in the sky and flower at their feet. This was indeed a return to superstition, or at any rate to duality; but what in this world is not a dream and a superstition?—certainly not the atoms of science. And for all those who are not idealists there are, and there must be, idols provided. The superstitions of Hinduism did more for the hearts of men than those of modern materialism. It may well be doubted, moreover, if art and idolatry, idolatry and art are not inseparable.

The earliest Buddhist reference to loving devotion is perhaps in *Majjhima Nikāya*, 22, where Gautama is represented as saying that those who have not even entered the paths “are sure of heaven if they have love and faith towards Me,”—an exact parallel to the better known teaching of the *Gītā*: “Even they that be born of sin, if they turn to Me, come to the supreme path; be assured that none who is devoted to Me is lost, O son of Kuntī.”

These two forces then—the stillness of Yoga (‘like a lamp in a windless place that flickers not’) and the fire of Love—are the dominant *motifs* in the development of Indian art. The history of this is written in the monuments of plastic art as well as in literature.

Early Buddhist art—attractive as it is, naïve and freshly-springing—is neither idealistic nor spiritual, but on the contrary realistic and narrative in purpose. Animistic and sensuous, it is popular art adapted to

the purposes of a developing cult. A part of this art is indeed truly Buddhist, as appears on the one hand in the austerity of the earlier *stūpas*, or topes, railings and monasteries, and on the other in the omission of all representation of the Buddha himself; but the remainder is rather an art about Buddhism, than Buddhist art.

The pseudo-Hellenistic art of Gandhāra we hardly need to discuss, as it throws little light on the psychology of Indian art, except to prove that at the moment when image-making first became a trade under Indo-Scythian patronage, indigenous art had lost confidence, and in using Roman formulæ could not free itself from sensuality and realism. On the other hand, the strength of the ultimate recovery from Gāndhāran sculpture¹ to the later Gupta² and classic Indian art³ is fully as great as that of Western art in its rise from Roman smugness to Gothic fire; and the two movements afford the closest parallels.

It is at Amarāvati and in Ceylon that the development of Indian art can best be traced in the ardent and serene images that are the 'primitives' of Mahāyāna Buddhist art.⁴ These are followed by the suave and gracious monuments of Gupta sculpture, which itself grows more and more *mouvementé*, so passing into the fluid and impassioned classic art of the later work at Ajantā, in Ceylon, and at Māmallapuram, Ellora, and Elephanta, and developing also in the older

¹ The 'Greco-Buddhist' art of North West India of the first three or four centuries A.D. See *Viśvakarmā*, pl. xviii.

² The Gupta period from 320-480 A.D., or as an art period, say, 320-600 A.D. See *ibid.*, pls. ii., iii., xvii., xxii., lxxii.

³ Classic Indian, about 600-850 A.D. See *ibid.*, pls. xiii., xxxviii., xl., xliii., lii., lxxxvii., etc.

⁴ See *ibid.*, pls. i., ix., x., xxiii.

sculpture¹ and great lost schools of painting in Nepal, and the splendid mediæval monuments of Java and Cambodia as well as of continental India. But after the tenth century there is a general, though certainly not universal, decline in orthodox art, of which the formulæ were rapidly stereotyped in their main outlines, and rendered florid in their detail. Classical secular Sanskrit literature also came to an end in a forest of elaborate embroidery.

But great forces (sometimes grouped under the designation of the Paurāṇic Renaissance) had long been at work preparing the way for the emergence of the cults of Shiva and Vishnu in forms which gave renewed inspiration to art—sculpture and poetry in the South, and poetry and painting in the North. In these religions was completed the cycle of Indian spiritual evolution from pure philosophy to pure mysticism. The inner and outer life were finally unified. There is still abundant asceticism, but no more puritanism; and this fact is nowhere better demonstrated than in the complete acceptance of feminine side by side with masculine divinities and of human love as the image of all overlooking of difference. The transparency of life so clearly expressed in the paintings of Ajantā is indicated with renewed emphasis in the northern Vaishnava poetry and painting—the tradition in which Rabindranāth Tagore is the latest singer, and of which the theory is plainly set forth in his:

“Not my way of Salvation, to surrender the world!
 Rather for me the taste of Infinite Freedom
 While yet I am bound by a thousand bonds to the
 wheel. . . .

¹ See *ibid.*, pls. xi., xx.

In each glory of sound and sight and smell
 I shall find Thy infinite joy abiding :
 My passion shall burn as the flame of Salvation,
 The flower of my love shall become the ripe fruit of
 devotion."

But such a theory is now rather a survival than a point of new departure. The current Æsthetic of 'educated' India—a product of a wide miscomprehension of Western culture and a general surrender to Non-conformist and Utilitarian ethic—is again hedonistic and realistic, and violently puritanical.

We have so far discussed the Hindu view of art mainly from the internal evidence of the actual art. There remains, what is more exactly pertinent to the title of this paper, to discuss the Hindu Æsthetic as it is expressly formulated and elaborated in the abundant Sanskrit and Hindi literature on Poetics and the Drama. We shall find that general conclusions are arrived at which are applicable to all the arts alike.

The discussion of Æsthetic begins with the enquiry: What is the essential element in poetry? According to some authors this consists in style, or suggestion, or figures. But the greater writers, particularly the author of the *Sāhitya Darpaṇa*,¹ refute these views and maintain that the one essential element is *rasa*. This is a word of many meanings, the discussion of which would suffice for an essay by itself. With *rasa* must be considered the derivative adjective *rasavant*, 'having *rasa*,' and the substantive *rasika*, 'one who has in himself *rasa* and knows *rasa*.' Thus

"He knoweth *rasa* who *rasa* hath."

The essential meaning of *rasa* with respect to material

¹ About 1450 A.D.; also in the *Agni Purāṇa*.

objects and poetry (art) is *flavour*; with respect to experience, beauty and *æsthetic emotion*. The true import of æsthetic emotion is the crux of our problem, to which we shall revert.

We speak first of the purposes and criteria of poetry considered more generally. The Defence of Poesy is summed up in the statement that it may contribute to the achievement of all or any of the four ends of life (Duty, Livelihood, Pleasure, Emancipation). A single word rightly employed and understood is compared to the 'cow of plenty,' yielding every treasure; and the same poem that is of material advantage to one, may be of spiritual advantage to another or upon another occasion.

The degrees of excellence in poetry are discussed in the *Kāvya Prakāśa*. The best is that where there is deeper significance than that of the literal sense. Thus suggestion, which another author names as essential, is at any rate considered to be the best part of poetry. In minor poetry the literal sense overpowers the suggestion. In inferior poetry, significantly described as 'variegated' or 'romantic' (*chitra*), the only artistic quality consists in the ornamentation of the literal sense, which conveys no suggestion beyond its face-meaning. Thus narrative and descriptive verse take a low place, just as portraiture does in plastic art; and indeed the *Sāhitya Darpana* excludes the third kind of poetry altogether. The faults of poetry include whatever is inimical to *rasa*.

We return now to the consideration of *rasa*. In the first place, it is to be noted that though, by ellipsis, we speak of a work as 'possessing *rasa*,' we do not mean that *rasa* is an objective quality in any work of art: the external signs (words, actors, forms, etc.) are

determinants of *rasa*, not its seat. It is expressly indicated in the *Daśarūpa* that the development of *rasa* depends on the spectator's own capacity for being pleased and on his attitude, not on the character of the production, and that the appreciation of a drama depends upon the auditor's own effort, "as in the case of children at play with elephants of clay." It is interesting to note that this is in precise agreement with Croce's view that "the beautiful is not a physical fact; it does not belong to things, but to the activity of man, to spiritual energy."¹

How far Hindu Æsthetic had now departed from its once practical and hedonistic character appears also in the view (*Daśarūpa*, iv. 90) that the evocation of *rasa* is absolutely independent of the sympathetic: "Delightful or disgusting, exalted or lowly, cruel or kindly, obscure or adapted, (actual) or imaginary, there is no subject that cannot evoke *rasa* in man." Thus is set forth the disinterestedness of æsthetic contemplation; in which the soul is briefly emancipated from the bondage of the 'pairs.'

Bhaṭṭanayaka says that the delight of the experience of *rasa* is that which the spirit enjoys when 'purity' (*sattva*) prevails in it; this is related to the view of Plotinus, that "the explanation of delight in sensible beauty, so far as it can be explained, is that when the soul perceives something akin to its own nature, it feels joy in it."

Rasa is also unique: pleasures and pains are

¹ Croce, *Æsthetic*, p. 159. It will be noted that Croce clearly and very necessarily distinguishes beauty (*rasa*) from loveliness (*rūpa*). There are many further parallels between Croce's and Hindu Æsthetic; for example, the *Daśarūpa*, iv. 46, points out the likeness of Æsthetic to Linguistic, and the *Sāhitya Darpana* also states that poetry is a kind of sentence. But poetry is carefully distinguished from mere statement, as we have already seen.

manifold, but that æsthetic emotion which is independent of the practical and sympathetic, is one and indivisible. It is true that from another point of view we speak of the eight or nine *rasas*—erotic, heroic, marvellous, etc.—but these are no more than the various colourings of one experience, and are arbitrary terms of rhetoric, used for convenience only, and not to mark a difference of nature; just as we speak of poetry as lyrical, epic, dramatic, etc., for purposes of classification of the actual works, without implying that these are real and immutable divisions.

Rasa is only experienced by the sensitive; spectators devoid of imagination are said to be no better than furniture, walls, or stones. *Rasa* is not tasted unless by empathy (*sadhāraṇī kṛita*¹); the spectator is brought into contact and identification with the emotions represented or suggested.² The capacity and genius necessary for appreciation are partly native and partly cultivated; but cultivation alone is useless, “for even some of the most eager students of poetry never attain to a right perception of *rasa*.”

Rasa is of spontaneous manifestation; it is the *intuitive* experience of the essential *motif* in a work. It is neither cause nor effect. And the same external stimulus (work of art) is not able to evoke *rasa* on all occasions, even in one and the same person, much less in every person. The ‘life,’ essence or soul, of *rasa* is indicated by some writers as Wonder, by others as Love; these at any rate approach nearest to a translation of the experience into other terms. For the tasting

¹ *Sāhitya Darpaṇa*, 40.

² Cp. the significance of *sāhitya* (association, literature).—“It is called *sāhitya* perhaps because by it men, after overflowing the limit of their own absolute necessity, widen their heart to be in communion with humanity and universal nature” (Rabindranath Tagore); cp. the conception of art as fellowship, according to Blake.

of *rasa* is felt as an ecstacy, an expansion of the spirit ; in the words of Goethe :

“ For beauty they have sought in every age.
He who perceives it is from himself set free.”

It should be noted that *rasa* and the experience of *rasa* are one and the same thing ; just as even with respect to physical flavour, the existence of flavour consists in the being tasted. Thus—once more—beauty and æsthetic emotion are one and the same ; and beauty is something other than loveliness. This identity of beauty with æsthetic emotion is compared with that of the form of God with the joy of its recognition by the liberated soul.¹

Thus, to resume, *rasa* is subjective, indivisible, ‘pure,’ spontaneous, and rapturous. It is not to be wondered at that the Hindus also describe it as ‘supernatural’ (*alaukika*) and identical in character with the experience of the liberated soul in the contemplation of the Brahman. It follows, though perhaps it is not expressly stated, that æsthetic emotion is not merely like the rapture of Ātman-intuition, but is that rapture.

It is true, as we said above, that sensory images can only be said to *represent* the lower Brahman (or the forms of the Rūpaloka or Ideal World of the Buddhists). But the *rasika* in contemplation of such images is clearly indicated to be identified therewith, and thus touches a state of complete abstraction where the sensory image is no longer perceived as such. It is in this respect that *rasa*—the emotion of æsthetic contemplation—is identical with Brahman-consciousness.

¹ *Sāhitya Darpaṇa*, 88.

This inevitable conclusion of Hindu Æsthetic, as indicated at the beginning of this paper, is in close agreement with conclusions that have been advanced at other times and elsewhere. Thus for Hsieh Ho, the essential of art is to reveal the movement of the spirit in the gesture of living things; and for Blake, "the world of Imagination is the world of Eternity,"—whence it is clear that one who is not a Poet, a Painter, a Musician or an Architect (I would add, a Mathematician) is not a Christian. Blake also says: "The Eternal Body of Man is the Imagination. That is God himself, the Divine Body." For Schopenhauer also, Art is beatific; he who is absorbed in æsthetic contemplation is no more an individual, nor bound by the categories of space and time; but knows only Being, Intelligence and Bliss. For Schiller likewise, man is freed through art alike from sensation and duty, in the enjoyment of unalloyed contemplation.¹ These views are traceable as far back as Plotinus in Europe and the *Vedānta Sūtras* in Asia; but the uncultivated have always believed the essential activity of art to be representative!

We ought perhaps to remark that the Neo-platonic mystical Æsthetic, and its later echoes in Duns Scotus, while it considers God as Absolute Beauty, of which all other beauties are but parts, differs from Hindu Æsthetic in regarding this Divine Beauty as something objective, a loveliness external to the artist and spectator; for the Hindus, the being of Beauty consists in its perception. Beauty is a state. The one view is dualistic, the other monistic.

¹ More recently, Mr. Clive Bell has re-enunciated the view that æsthetic emotion arises in the perception of reality which the artist sees and expresses in pure form (*Art*, ch. iii.). See also Revaissou, *La Philosophie en France dans le dixième Siècle*, p. 822; and Baldwin, *Thought and Things*, preface.

It is, however, important to observe that the monistic view of *rasa* in no way prevents our regarding any particular image as the true 'likeness' of a god. And the Hindus certainly regarded images thus.¹ Just as in old books we read of the artist going to this or that heaven to see the god or the palace of the god before undertaking the making of an image or a monastery, so even in these days we hear such expressions as 'the portrait of Krishna,' where in Western parlance we should expect 'a picture of Krishna.' Whether such images are '*rasavant*' as well as 'edifying' depends on the genius of the individual artist.

Finally, since the experience of æsthetic emotion is identified with Brahman consciousness, the *rasika* of any age and any race can judge for himself what is the nature of the Hindu conception of emancipation (*moksha*), the consciousness of unity with the Brahman, and how far this is susceptible of analysis. If the experience is not susceptible of analysis, at least it will be clear that emancipation was understood by the Hindus as positive and blissful, an expansion of the spirit, a freedom and not an annihilation.

ANANDA COOMARASWAMY.

¹ Indications of the view that, God is the real subject-matter of all art appear in the *Brahma Sūtras* and Sankarāchārya's commentary (I. i. 20-21), where the latter interprets: "Those who sing here to the lute, sing Him, therefore good is their lot"; in other words, the real subject-matter of art is *Īśvara*, the Overlord. Also the *Vishnu Purāna*, quoted in the *Sāhitya Darpaṇa* as follows: "The utterances of poetry, one and all, and all songs,— these are portions of Vishnu, who wears a form of sound." Much later, in the Sikh *Granth Sahib* (*Japji*, xxvii.), we find: "How many musicians, how many *rāgas* and *rāginīs*, and how many singers sing Thee!"

SPIRITUAL USE OF WAR.

THE EDITOR.

FOOLS rush in where angels fear to tread; it is the unconscious way of them, and the gods presumably make all allowances for such incursions, being used to children and idiots. But face to face with the incomprehensibilities of this vast upheaval of world-shaking war, who is not conscious of his foolishness, and fearful of precipitancy, even if he hesitatingly advance but one bare foot on the sacred ground within to feel the surface of the soil?

It does not need the vision of a seer nor any special gift of insight or of sympathy to be assured that at this hour the soul of our humanity must be possessed with one besetting thought, absorbed in one great passion,—the underside or rather overside of that which we call war. Even the dullest human atom in the dance somehow responds to this emotion; it is beaten into the sensitive soul unceasingly on all sides. But it needs a wit that flashes past our plodding intellect to glimpse the nature of the inner tension and hidden struggle of which this devastating crisis is the outer sign, and deeper wisdom still to foresee the means of easement which would ensure the best readaptation.

In brooding over this dark chaos sometimes one seems to hear the tired voice of a suppressed traditional longing: If in this overwhelming crisis we had a truly wise physician of the soul to diagnose the

deeper causes of the world's commotion and prescribe the means for its appeasement, how happy should we be! And then it adds complacently: How willing to help along the cure and co-operate in the good work! To which we reply somewhat sceptically yet optimistically: Well, let us hope so at any rate; if that goodwill really exists, the battle is already half won and good health on the way.

But the sterner voices of history and of experience object: Progress in the human mass does not seem to depend on our being *told* anything even by the wisest; the only 'telling' that counts, the only lesson that mankind in the mass ever learns, and then most reluctantly, is taught by the merciless reiteration of the bitterest experience of patent and most crushing facts. The march of human affairs, the course of history, gives us no encouragement to look for any facile solution of the world-problem by means of a new revelation. We may wait in vain for a world-genius to explain all things and tell us precisely what we ought to do in a world-crisis, and that too so convincingly as to compel the general reason and the general will to obedient co-operation. Immediate spiritual instruction is by facts and acts, not by words and thoughts.

It is rather to be expected that there will be many small contributions towards the solving of a host of the subordinate problems which cluster round the main riddle; that many willing workers will spend themselves in unselfish efforts to help the general betterment; and also, let us hope, that there will be many geniuses of insight to open up new ways in many directions towards the goal. Everything seems to indicate that genuine betterment must come

by a gradual leavening of the mass, rather than in any sudden fashion by some unique compelling manifestation of spiritual illumination in an individual.

It is spiritual life in general that will bring about the transformation. And spiritual life does not respond to compulsion of any kind ; it must be wooed. It is poured forth in answer to action ; it is evoked by self-donation and willing co-operation. The freedom of the spirit is not reached by slavishly following any teacher and striving artificially to mimic him ; there must be a whole-hearted response to what is good in the spirit of his teaching if we are to set our feet in the way of liberation. Spiritual life is an inner natural growth. It is undoubtedly hastened and encouraged by wise example and advice ; but it is ever of its own kind and always new in every soul ; it develops of itself if we clear away the obstacles and provide the right soil for its growth. The purging of the passions and the doing of right action prepare the ground for spiritual culture. This is of course no new instruction ; it has been taught with wearisome repetition from of old ; and it has not only been taught but practised. But so far it has been exemplified only in the individual.

The vaster problems of the purging of states and of their righteous interaction have never yet been solved even theoretically ; and it goes without saying that no adequate example of a spiritual state has yet appeared. We have had nations in the past whose laws were supposed to emanate from their patron gods or even to be given by direct revelation from high heaven ; but the most conspicuous example of the latter, according to our Sunday-school books, has resulted in the people of that specially chosen race

being scattered over the face of the earth. Philosophers also have imagined the perfect polity of a righteous state; but there never has been such a state materialised as yet. As for the still sublimer stage of truly cosmopolitan culture which would ensure the righteous interaction of great states and powers,—this, in the face of the present scientific barbarism let loose on Europe, seems an ideal that well-nigh out-utopias Utopia.

The two problems, the internal and external, depend on one another; the welfare of nations and the good state of international relations are in the present stage of world-development more than ever bound up with one another. In these days of wide and intimate inter-communication, the commerce, industry and culture of great states are so largely interdependent that a general peace is the *sine quâ non* condition of their continued internal improvement and prosperity. The world is beginning to be an organism and the welfare of the parts depends upon the good order of the whole. But equally the health of the whole depends on the health of the parts; and all our modern states suffer from grave internal disorders. Our two problems thus act and react on one another reciprocally; and unfortunately at present take the form of a vicious circle rather than that of a healthy circulation. And it is a terribly difficult business to find a rational way out of it, even when the greatest possible pressure is put on us to do so; for though states and nations are made up of men, they belong to an order of things of which at present we know very little, and much less of how they can be made amenable to reason, when their passions are once aroused. It is clearly a spiritual rather than an intellectual task with

which we are confronted, and there will presumably be action first before there will be understanding.

As individuals we have had adequate instruction to aid us in our moral and spiritual development, because there have been amongst us men morally and spiritually trained and experienced, who could speak to us out of their personal knowledge and exemplify their teachings by their lives; but what individual can speak for a state or to a state with the adequate knowledge of experience? It is true that the idea of such over-men has been in the world, but has it ever been realised and so made effective? *L'état, c'est moi!*—has ever any human been able to say this in his senses? The royal soul idea doubtless represented some such ideal in the past history of kingship, and even to-day in Japan we have a relic of it. And in the books we read that the perfect ruler should feel with the whole state; the state, the people, should be his body. But has there ever been such a ruler really? Surely the best of monarchs must have fallen far short of this ideal, otherwise we should have had a righteous state, and history records no such admirable phenomenon. As for the West, we have with only too good reason grown sceptical of the divine right of kings, and are fast imposing human duties on them. And though an autocrat may act with sudden beneficence, as when the sale of vodka is suppressed by the stroke of a pen, it may be truly admirable, but it signifies an act done for a people in its childhood and not a responsible national decision.

As in the past the great religious reformers have insisted on moral worth as the only true standard of character, so to-day in the most cultured states inherited experience and common sense are groping

after a mode of government the ideal of which is to utilise the worthiest representatives of all classes for the ordering of the common weal. We are far from the proper blend as yet in this mainly subconscious striving after a timocracy or rule of the worthy; but it is much that experiments are being made, and are on their trial before the bar of history. We are living to-day in the West in a dominantly democratic age and the same spirit is beginning to creep slowly even into the East; but democracy in itself is no better than aristocracy; timocracy will come to birth only when a proper balance is established between the contraries.

It is vain that we look back on the past for any type of state that can serve us as a model in these days of empires and commingled nationalities. In some respects there may be certain similar elements; but we have new and vastly greater tasks before us than our forefathers, and, let us add hopefully, in spite of seeming failure for the moment, a far more widespread determination to tackle them. It is in our international relationships that we fail most glaringly. Here the ultimate appeal is to force. The balance of power doctrine has broken down; alliances for mutual protection against other similar alliances have turned the great nations into camps armed to the teeth, ready to fly at one another's throats, and the ghastly and inevitable result is what we see.

Is there no better way? Dare one suggest that if a spiritual teacher of nations is to appear on the earth, it can only be by some powerful nation or empire rising beyond its own immediate interests and showing an example of high honour and chivalrous generosity in international life? Is this so impossible an ideal to hope to see realised in some measure?

Surely this colossal clash of arms, the vastest war in history, when so many of the greatest world-powers are being tested to the quick, must signal some change quite out of the common, must mark the end of an old order of things and the beginning of a new order of greater promise? Let us then trust in the spirit that renews, and be bold to hope that even as, under the immense pressure and intensification of life that has been generated, the highest and noblest deeds of devotion and self-sacrifice and chivalry are recorded of individuals and groups and masses, so there may come forth out of this well-nigh superhuman test, out of this crucible of white-hot passion, that most precious metal of a nation as a whole chivalrous and generous in dealing with its foes, a noble nation as a unit. It seems as though to hope for this were to expect a miracle. But when so much nobility is being shown in many ways, when so many in each nation feel that their national life is being purified, there is some hope that the next great step may not be altogether a utopian dream.

But failing this spiritual achievement, which would carry the whole of human civilisation on to a higher level, much else could be done. For instance, if a settlement were reached that would commend itself as just to the conscience of non-combatant states, the world as a whole would have disciplined itself righteously for the first time in history. And that would be an enormous stride ahead.

But in any case we dare to hope for great things. We refuse to believe that national collectivities of mainly moral units are on no higher level than the natural brutes. What the natural synthesis may be that co-ordinates a multitude of human individuals

into a nation, is beyond our knowledge ; but it cannot be simply the mechanical summation of the units. We speak of the soul of a nation ; but this soul cannot be simply a brute entity. We are here surely dealing with a spiritual factor of an unknown order. We utterly refuse to regard nations as irresponsible amoral entities, precisely like or even lower than the animal creatures. For this is what we must believe if we give countenance for a moment to the gospel of might is right and 'scraps of paper,' and the justification of deliberate 'frightfulness' in waging war. This would be to despair of all advance in civilisation and culture. Is humanity after all these ages of toil and struggle to forswear its better nature consciously and fall back contentedly in its national outlook to a stage lower even than that of the natural animal ? And yet to this hazard are we come ; for it means nothing less than this when a soulless intellectualism attempts to prostitute philosophy and science in defence of such doctrines. This is indeed the last straw placed by a materialistic age on the long-suffering back of humanity ; and the moral sense of the world cries out against the outrage. Humanity as a whole is so far then on the side of the angels, and may go forward confidently.

If those in authority fail to recognise that they are face to face with spiritual problems and forces in dealing with national affairs, they are blind guides and unfit to advise and govern ; while if they deliberately destroy ideals they befoul at the source the spiritual life of the soul of the people. To have spiritual life collectively a nation must stand firmly for an ideal. If a nation is unjustly attacked and defends itself it acts spiritually ; it fights for liberty and justice, and

even if it fail outwardly, it has still accomplished an imperishable deed for the welfare of humanity. It has fought for the right. If it fight in defence of a weaker nation unjustly attacked, it aims at a still higher ideal; it treads the path of self-sacrifice. Out of sympathy it fights for righteousness. It employs defensive force to protect others from brutal aggression.

Even in the social life of the most peaceful and best governed cities we still must use police to suppress by lawful force the breakers of the law. Safe-guarded by this good order an individual may venture the high experiment of non-resistance as far as he is himself concerned; but even for the individual this doctrine has no authority when it is a question of defending others from ill-treatment. The beautiful dream of a righteous nation conquering its victor by non-resistance then pertains to paradise and not this world. The nations have here to work out their common salvation gradually by natural stages; and everything would seem to point to the next step being the creation of a peaceful international polity with an adequate police force to ensure its provisions being carried out. The idea seems simple and natural enough; but the practical difficulties are heart-breaking. Police! cries the sceptic. What kind of effective police force would lessen armaments? We are trying to do police work now, and it takes the whole resources of three of the strongest nations of the world, and even this is not efficient! Nevertheless, we reply, *solvitur ambulando*; the idea is already there, the attempt is being made, the difficulties are being lessened by the very nature of this great war. Nor need it necessarily be all so long a process. The new age begins, and in its idealistic advance may perhaps be as rapid as the

amazing materialistic progress of the past modern period.

Why should the ideal of general peace which the Western world has spasmodically longed after ever since the days of the boasted *Pax Romana*, be so hopeless of attainment?

The great majority of individuals in the nations of the West hate war; the most distinguished soldiers openly confess their detestation of it. Here then we have a vast potential energy stored in individuals to use for general peace and betterment. Some means will surely be found for liberating this moral force, co-ordinating it and giving it effective expression.

But it is not the necessity of finding the means of peace from war only that the dire compulsion of its unexampled horrors is now forcing upon us; dangers worse than war threaten us and until the causes of them are removed there never can be any lasting peace. If this stern correction, this fierce stimulus to force us to overcome our lethargy, had not come in international clash of arms, it would have come in social revolutions and civil or internal conflicts worse than national war. These may yet come in the future in some cases, even when war is over; but meantime the common outer evil has improved internal conditions in some respects in a quite marvellous fashion. We are given pause and respite within for setting our houses in order.

For whatever other causes there may be—and there must be many, human and superhuman—it is evident that one of the deepest reaching causes of this terrible explosion of anarchic forces is the inner instability of the nations—economic, social, political, cultural. And yet the very first shock of it has proved a blessing to them individually. Not to speak of others, have we

not ourselves experienced great good already? We have felt the admirable good feeling of classes and masses united in a common cause; we have seen the marvel of hostile elements that threatened disruption in the empire, come together into an amazing solidarity that no one could have ventured to predict. Nothing like it has been seen in any empire before. Cannot we conserve this good and foster it and use it in the best interests of our common welfare and of humanity when war is over? Is the future historian to say this was the instinct of self-preservation only, the purely natural reaction to a common fear, a wincing from a dreaded pain? Or will he have to chronicle the dawn of a new age, and say the conscience of the empire was aroused in defence of an ideal of genuine freedom, of which it had already experienced enough to fight for, not only willingly but enthusiastically?

This is a spiritual asset and a very precious one; but it can be conserved only by increased fidelity to such a high ideal. It is already no vain thing but a reality, as is proved most astonishingly by the fact that our late gallant foes in South Africa have themselves disciplined the recalcitrant elements of their own people in loyalty to it. Few can realise the spiritual anguish of such a self-discipline; it is a thing to move not only our respect but our reverence. Let us then strain every nerve to keep this good to use for the benefit of all.

And there is also present with us another earnest of the new age, in which we are fortunate beyond the other warring powers. The forces we dispose of in the field are entirely voluntary. This counts for much; it is another spiritual asset.

It is a truism to say that outer peace is not necessarily a blessing; it frequently means stagnation

or degeneration, or worse. If we do not use the times of peace for building up a righteous nation and true culture, our works are in vain and we waste our energies in generating inner forces of disruption far deadlier than the destructive power of cannon and of cordite.

All this is generally recognised and acknowledged, whatever our over-beliefs may be. But the religious mind that thinks on traditional lines, goes further and freely confesses the national sins; it has no hesitation in believing that war has come upon us by dispensation of providence for the good end of our well-deserved correction; the Christian nations are summoned by a just decree to set their houses in order and help make Europe a decent law-abiding community instead of being a lawless collection of armed camps. And indeed who can doubt that war on such a scale is the fiery hand-writing of the gods pronouncing judgment in characters the most ignorant can read, that our boasted civilisation and much belauded material progress are very sadly lacking if indeed they have not quite broken down? The general recognition of this fact was an absolute necessity if there was to be any genuine improvement. And this is now a spiritual gain already achieved on a large scale by the war. Its burning stabbing pains have suddenly roused us from our lethargic sleep of surfeit from material indulgence, and we know we are suffering from an acute attack of indigestion.

They will be wise physicians indeed who can prescribe the details of the cure; but it requires no great wisdom to know that all our troubles are due to lack of spiritual understanding. To be consciously imbued with spiritual life is, we firmly believe, the good end to

which humanity is destined some day to come. And therefore we do not despair of the future; on the contrary, we have high hopes the dawn of the spiritual age is even now breaking for the world, precisely because there is so wide-spread a recognition of the break-down of present-age civilisation in spite of its astonishing material and intellectual development, or let us rather say because of its over-development on exclusively material and intellectual lines. The logical outcome we now see before us industriously worked out with high ability by a great nation that has outstripped the rest in devotion to this material ideal; it has thus become the scapegoat for our general healing. We now see clearly whither we were all drifting, and that if a halt is not called and nations were to continue to rival each other in the race for success along the lines of physical force and power and soulless intellectualism, we should eventually all become the slaves of a scientific barbarism.

The age of mechanism seems at last to have begun to over-reach itself. Fascinated with our success in making machines, we have become obsessed with the machine idea; it has become an ideal; we have worshipped the work of our own hands and striven to copy our own creations. The vast majority of our workers have been forced to become machines in their daily lives; not only labour but all other activities of our corporate life are being made machine-like from top to bottom. Whole nations have thus been tending to become vast systems of machinery. It is all doubtless from one point of view very scientific and orderly and admirable; but it is nevertheless a self-imposed slavery, and we are beginning to find it out. Machinery is excellent in its proper order, but it is at best the

vehicle of material forces. The machine idea can never be the model on which our higher national life can be organised; any such attempt is bound to end disastrously. It is a perversion of the natural order.

Now the most perfect man-made organisation is an army—an engine of destruction. One nation in particular has sacrificed itself to making the most perfect machine of this kind the world has ever seen; it has become absorbed in its creation and enslaved itself to militarism. Not content with this, it would force this slavery upon others as part and parcel of a higher culture. Like Frankenstein in the novel, it has made a man-machine, and the monster has broken loose from control. The grim imagination of that famous story goes on to tell us how the soulless creature began to savage and lay waste and murder. It would, moreover, have forced its maker to construct a mate for it. But the prospect of a brood of such monsters let loose on the earth and the consequent annihilation of humanity was too horrible to contemplate, and so the man-machine had to be suppressed.

Unfortunately for us the analogy does not hold as to the solution; it is a far more complicated problem. If the construct of Prussian militarism is suppressed, it will be by the use of similar machinery. And if after the war the old bad way of things continues, we shall be left with the annihilating burden of the upkeep of immensely increased armaments all round, and the monster we fancied we were seeking to suppress will have left a monstrous brood behind it to strangle national life. The hope of the future therefore depends on creating organisations of a peaceful order, animated with the life of a higher culture and controlled by spiritual ideals.

Spiritually it is a common evil against which we are in arms; the general human evolutionary movement is struggling to reach its next stage, and therefore the moral instinct feels that the suppression of militarism is the first duty that humanity owes to itself. But we shall never really suppress the real evil by force of arms, nor shall we reach the next stage by diplomatic accommodation. The underlying passions are too great for any control by intellectual means, the present clashing interests of the nations too complex for any brain to reconcile. All that can be done by such means should assuredly be done; but they are by themselves inadequate. Fundamentally it is a spiritual problem and for its solution heart, hand and head must all co-operate. And most depends upon the heart and its conversion; if it were changed our arms would speedily fall from our hands and wise counsels would prevail.

This spiritual transmutation is beginning; but it is subconscious nationally. Let us hope that the new age will bring it clearly into general consciousness, and that we shall learn how to recognise spiritual forces and let them work unimpeded for the common good.

We know little at present of the subconscious even of the individual, while as for the subconscious of nations it is at present beyond us. There is, however, a certain phase of mystic consciousness that seems to testify that, irrespective of our responsible conscious life, we are all being used unconsciously to carry out some great plan, and that from this grandiose point of view all is provided for and all is well. Though then from the personal point of view humanity may be held to be responsible for the present state of affairs in so far as it consists of moral individuals, at the same time on

the impersonal side some great happening of a spiritual nature is being wrought irrespective of ourselves. Yet such a mighty crisis, some believe, could be not only consciously used by individuals for intensifying their own spiritual nature, but also consciously utilised on a larger scale for national benefit.

An idea of this kind can appeal naturally only to those who are already convinced that spiritual life can change all evil into good, transmute our sorrows into joys, heal our diseases and perfect our imperfections, in that it is the natural complement and fulfilment of our human existence. To bring this idea into our everyday life we must be more courageous still in our belief, and insist that spirit is not far removed from us by space and time, but very near at hand; nay, present in every fact of life that we experience, and possible to be known if we were only sufficiently awake to pay attention to it. The Beloved, it is said, waits at the door of every circumstance; but we are fast asleep or dreaming a topsy-turvy dream that usually perverts the knocking of love into a hard and cruel blow of fate. Such a faith can have no possible meaning for those dead asleep; to those who dream it seems a cruel mockery. Can joy come to us through bitter pain, they ask, life's tortures be caresses of supernal love? It seems foolishness, madness, while we are in the pain from which we shrink. Yet very many know it is true; for when the pain is over they rejoice they have passed through the trial of such a passion, and would not be without it; unconsciously a bond of love has been forged between them and their god.

At the other extreme, many have been so fascinated with the mystery of pain that they have morbidly yearned for increased suffering. Dissatisfied with their

natural share of it, they have deliberately set to work to inflict it on themselves. Yet even this aberration shows the power of transmutation, for self-inflicted physical pain willingly borne becomes psychic pleasure. Spiritual transmutation, however, is of a healthier order. Duty accomplished, service rendered and brave endurance of suffering change pain into power for good ; and there is quite sufficient suffering in life to test us to the quick without artificial stimulation.

The spiritual warrior is called the valiant in deeds, and an ancient legend tells us that as he struggles and endures on earth, the stature of his angel grows in heaven, and his heroic deeds weave for him a robe of glory on high. This is a beautiful figure and a lofty hope ; but if spiritual life is immediate and whole-making, there is no need to think of spiritual realities as hidden in some other world ; we should rather try to find them present in our daily circumstances. And if we did so perseveringly we might reach even to the high faith that every cloud has its silver lining here and now spiritually, that the underply of life's weaving is at the same time the necessary reverse of the perfect pattern, and the two naturally go together ; that in the wholeness of the spirit every outer pain, labour and struggle is instantaneously complemented by an inner joy, rest and peace. And further the gospel of the spirit teaches that we need not wait for physical death to be assured of this ; but that in life it is possible to rise from the dead to some measure of this spiritual consciousness.

Subconsciously, instinctively and intuitively many accomplish greater results than they are conscious of, and this especially in times of crisis. But it is our high destiny to become spiritually conscious here, and

a suggestion may be offered on one way of making a start.

If when immersed in our personal difficulties, our worries and our pains, we could remember this doctrine of the nature of spirit, it would already bring alleviation, purge the feeling of resentment and give us a pause, in which we might still further free ourselves by pouring forth good will and sympathy to all who suffer, and this the more genuinely because of our present passion. And when this spiritual act is accomplished, it is possible to attempt the experiment. We are surrounded by our fate ; things happen and we react to them ; our little passions are stirred in answer to the great passion-play of nature ; we act and join the dance of the atoms. If we now have faith that the natural power of passion is of the spirit essentially, and if we deliberately refer it to its source, and offer it on the altar of resignation and dedicate it to the highest purpose, then the spirit will take it to itself and purify and harmonise it, and transmute it for our blessing and the blessing of others. It is however not for us to decide the outer outcome for ourselves according to our own desires ; the great purpose is beyond our comprehension. And who can doubt this when the supreme prayer of the Christ in agony is : " If it be possible, let this cup pass away from me ; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt " ? The human element of transmutation is resignation, balance, equanimity ; but it is the divine alchemist who perfects the operation. All this applies to the individual ; but they who are beginning to live spiritually, though they may not be conscious spiritually, are the most worthy citizens a state can have, and beyond this are natural cosmopolitans, burghers of the world, alive to the wider

interests of humanity as a whole and solicitous of its welfare. But strange to say what is for the most part a hidden process in the individual, becomes a working that all may see in the masses in times of great crisis.

That there are many millions striving after the ideal of human betterment in many ways, and that because of this, spiritual transmutation is being effected on a vast scale, is patent in these days of unparalleled strain and tension, test and trial. This terrible world-crisis, when impersonal passion is playing on us on so colossal a scale, has already called forth in answer a vast amount of genuine personal self-sacrifice; never before has humanity been so attentive to any happening on earth; never before has the moral conscience of mankind been so stirred. These gigantic facts point to a genuine spiritual leaven working in the world-mass, and we need not despair. The reins of destiny are in wiser hands than ours; but humanity has already responded nobly to the lash of fateful circumstance and is beginning to pull itself together.

It is no good to fix our gloomy gaze on the dark side of things; the blacker they seem the more brightly shines the sun on the other side of the cloud. Indeed it is already shining through the murk in many places and the light that has got through is brilliant with promise of the future. The clouds of a world-war are blacker than the pit, and its horrors unspeakable; but just because of this, humanity, at this period of its development, with the proved latent spiritual power in it, is very near to winning a spiritual place in the sun.

It is exceedingly hazardous, as we have said, to draw any parallel between an individual and a nation, much more to find any analogy between the transmutation of the passion of the individual and that of the

mighty passions of the soul of the whole human race which we are now experiencing. They are of very different orders. What in the more advanced individual may in normal circumstances be a conscious struggle towards some measure of spiritual self-consciousness, becomes subconscious for him when such great passions sweep through the nations. Nevertheless, they are an opportunity of accomplishing incomparably greater results than in the days of lesser things. And is not evidence of this to be seen on all hands? Are not masses of people taken out of themselves and filled with a noble spirit of self-sacrifice that is truly astonishing? Is it difficult to believe that these so very practical results are of immense spiritual worth in the building up of character? May not a man under such circumstances achieve swiftly what he might never have accomplished had no such mighty passion come to intensify his whole nature? It is a lack of insight and a grudging spirit to talk of this as mass-suggestion, and say it does not count like the personal determination and the courage of the solitary striver in the moral fray with no such powerful stimulus and popular appeal to the imagination to stir him. For what is done is very real indeed; it is an act of self-donation and such acts count most spiritually. A man leaves lucrative employment, comfort, wife and children, abandons everything to risk his life for his fellows. This is an admirable spirit, and it is displayed conspicuously in all the nations, but most of all in our own, where service in the forces is purely voluntary in every way. Never has any nation raised so vast a voluntary force in the whole world's history. Surely we must admit that this is at bottom a spiritual good for humanity, and that they who thus come forward

are in their deepest natures spiritually active, and in the greater scheme of things shine forth as victors.

And then, in spite of all that can be said to the contrary and a very obsession of hate in one deplorable case, it is astonishing to see how very many can rise beyond the passion of national hatred; this is another spiritual asset of immense value. It is seen conspicuously in the astonishing way in which our own rank and file fight cheerfully and dispassionately as though taking part in a great game.

And how can one fitly speak of the countless helpers in many other ways; and least of all of the devotion and silent sufferings of the women folk; the giving up of what they hold most dear and the long agony of loss, out-weighing far the sharp short shock of violent death or even the cruel tortures of the wounded? Surely all this counts spiritually; and the transmutation of such grievous suffering must be very glorious.

And then again it is pleasing to see that the devotion of the nation in its public prayers is taking on higher forms of petition than ever before. There is much to show that the majority have become ashamed of the old 'god of battles' order of procedure. The light is here also breaking through; transmutation is beginning to be effected.

But how much more could be done if there were a more general understanding of what the power of absolutely unselfish prayer could effect! If nations through their churches were as carefully organised for such a purpose as they are for war, we should soon be sailing happily out of our sea of troubles into calm water. There are so many now-a-days that somehow or other naturally rise beyond the passions of national

hatred, that there is already an immense force of tranquillity to organise. If our religious folk were generally trained to some measure of recollection or quiet prayer that holds itself attentive solely to what is best, not asking for favour or partiality to be shown, but aspiring after the highest good for all without distinction of nationality even, enormous benefit would accrue. Nor is this so impossible as it may seem to many; already it is being attempted in some measure; there is a moving towards it—a beginning. But if such a potent atmosphere of equanimity and balance could be created on a large scale, the war-passion would speedily subside, and the destructive and disintegrating forces liberated by it, would be transmuted into beneficent power, not only for alleviating the pain of our mutually inflicted wounds, but also for refreshing with inner social health our disordered national organisms.

This would be a conscious national facilitating of the spiritual power of transmutation; and though we are at present far from realisation of such an ideal of co-operation with the power of the spirit, the potentialities are so clearly with us that we have every hope the new age will bring them into ever increasing actuality. *Adveniat!*

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE WIDER CONSCIOUSNESS AND HUMOUR.

EDWARD LEWIS.

HUMOUR is not conspicuous upon the surface of Edward Carpenter's *Towards Democracy*, but the salt is there, and is of so peculiar a quality that it may be worth while to extract a few portions for purposes of analysis.

The word 'laughter,' on the contrary, is not only of frequent occurrence in this great poem, but is also one of its key-words; yet if all the passages containing the word were collected and put into a critical wine-press, they would not yield a drop of humour. All laughter is not related to humour, any more than all smiles are manifestations of pleasure. There is considerable humour in the Bible—much of it doubtless unconscious—but it is not to be found in such a verse as: "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh."

About Carpenter's laughter there is something daimonic. It reminds one of Nietzsche's, yet it is far from being Nietzschean. Nietzsche's laughter is Jehovistic, derisive, intensely self-conscious, full of pride and scorn, cruel, bitter; when he 'side-steps' into the bargain, it might be the accompaniment of 'black magic'; it is almost joyless. And when he demands a god who can dance, one feels that he would like to be the one to make him dance—and with a whip!

Carpenter's laughter is almost the antithesis of

this. It is Olympian rather than Mephistophelian. It is triumphant rather than defiant. The perpetually recurrent phrase is 'joy and laughter!' It is sometimes terrific, but rarely if ever terrible. Most important and characteristic of all, so far from being self-conscious it arises when and where the boundaries of self-consciousness are transcended.

For, as is well known, *Towards Democracy* issued from the heart of an experience, somewhat rare in type and scarcely examined critically as yet, to which the descriptive name of 'cosmic consciousness' has been tentatively given. Precisely what this experience is, it would be difficult to say, and it is not to the purpose of this brief essay to discuss it. The existence of subliminal areas of psychic life, infra-conscious areas, is unquestionable. They have both a general and a particular effect upon the normal mind: a general effect—for probably, by a kind of diasmosis, a man's mental quality may be determined very largely by the character of the membrane or film (or whatever the 'limen' may be called) which divides the conscious from the subconscious, it may be thin or thick, clear or opaque, vibrant or stiff, sensitive or dull; and a particular effect—for the results of subconscious mentation are not seldom given up to the conscious mind. But, apart from these effects, it is apparently possible that at times these deeper areas should themselves come right through (so to speak) to the surface, like the up-thrust underneath waters of a spring; and then a new quality of consciousness altogether arises, of which the main characteristics are a diminution (amounting sometimes to complete loss) of self-consciousness and—to use Carpenter's own testimony—an 'indescribable calm and joy.'

Exactly what happens is not clear; speculation is, as yet, very dependent on analogy. It is like the molten ore which, under the pressure of some disturbance in the earth-matrix, is driven up into the heart of the mountain; or it is like the inrolling ocean which takes the shore-pool into its embrace, with a mingling of waters, and a transcendence of boundary on the part of the pool; or it is like the fountain-jet which sweeps urgent up through the falling spray. The assumption, however, which lies behind the name 'cosmic consciousness' is that, in the ultimate depth, the subliminal areas of human personality are continuous with the universal life.

Now Carpenter's laughter is the index of the ascent of this universal consciousness in the individual; it is the gesture of cosmic emotionalism; it is the roar of the unleashed torrent, the sound of waters leaping and gushing forth from within; using another stratum of language, it is the ringing cry of the nascent soul; it is a carillon of self-transcendence.

"I breathe the sweet aether blowing of the breath of God.

"Deep as the universe is my life,—and I know it; nothing can dislodge the knowledge of it; nothing can destroy, nothing can harm me.

"I take wings through the night and pass through all the wildernesses of the worlds, and the old dark holds of tears and death,—and return with laughter, laughter, laughter!"

In one important passage he uses the word 'laughter' to indicate the emotional aspect of the creative process, indeed as if it were in some sort the very substance of the creative life itself.

“O burning behind all worlds, immortal Essences,
 Flames of this ever-consuming universe, never
 consumed,—to laugh and laugh with you, and
 of our laughter

“Shake forth creation !”

Since *Towards Democracy* is an expression of this ecstatic experience, the particular quality of emotion indicated here must be presumed to be the constant inspiration of its pages ; and so we find that every now and again the author slips the word in, in parenthesis, as a reminder of the spirit out of whose fulness he prophesies, whose possession of him necessitates and guarantees the prophecy:

“To realise Freedom,—for this hitherto, for you, the Universe has rolled ; for this, your life, possibly yet many lives ; for this, death, many deaths ; for this, desires, fears, complications, bewilderments, sufferings, hope, regret,—all falling away at last duly before the Soul, before You (O laughter!) arising the full-grown lover, possessor of the password!”

Here, then, is laughter, but not humour. To come upon that, we must descend from the ‘mount of transfiguration.’ Yet all that has so far been written is not away from the mark, for Carpenter’s humour acquires its peculiar quality from the fact that it is suffused with the light reflected from this luminous and liberating experience.

Take, by way of example, the quaint poem which bears the title ‘Squinancy-Wort.’ This is the somewhat ugly name for a small common flower easily found in meadow or on hill-top ; so frail that it feels the burden of this double-barrelled name, and so sensitive

that it is ashamed because of the imposition of this cacophony. It is moved to protest. Many ages before Man appeared it was a denizen of this planet. From the high tops it watched while

“ Web-footed monsters came
And into the darkness went
In ponderous tournament.”

Then arrived Man,

“ With the gift of giving a name
To everything under the sun,”

and, for some reason quite beyond the understanding of this bewildered little heart, dubbed it Squinancy-Wort.

“ What have I done ? I linger
(I cannot say that I live)
In the happy lands of my birth ;
Passers-by point with the finger ;
For me the light of the sun
Is darkened. Oh, what would I give
To creep away and hide my shame in the earth !—
What have I done ?

“ Yet there is hope. I have seen
Many changes since I began.
The web-footed beasts have been
(Dear beasts !)—and gone, being part of some wider
plan.
Perhaps in his infinite mercy God will remove this
Man !”

This conforms to a common type of humorous situation ; it is a turning of the tables, an unexpected alteration in the perspective of importance ; but its peculiar quality arises from the interweaving of two

strands of feeling: on the one hand, a profound sympathy with Nature, a lover's admiration for her gentleness, simplicity and patience; and, on the other hand, a contempt at once candid and playful for the intellectual pride, the general air of superiority on the part of Man, the 'evolutional upstart,' who came into being as it were but yesterday yet already boasts himself lord of creation, whose science is largely a question of labelling, whose intense self-consciousness has created for him a delusive dualism between Nature and Humanity, and divorced him from the sweet, simple, healthy, free life of the children of the Great Mother.

The artificiality of much modern civilised life, apparent in not a few of our manners, customs, habits, fashions, receives many a shaft from the poet's bow. So long as the artificiality is mere pomp and show, parade and vanity, his humour is without sting. One 'Sunday Morning after Church,' for example, finds him sitting on the esplanade of a popular and fashionable watering-place; interested and amused, he is watching Church Parade with his companion, when

"Hist! this elderly matron and her daughter are coming to sit beside us!

"Heavy and heated, in rich silks deeply flounced and embroidered, and tight spindle-heeled boots,—they seem glad of a rest.

"The dress of the elder one especially is a study,—the flounces, the innumerable quantity of beads, the formless mass of plaits and gathers, the wonderful arrangement of whalebones in the body, the strict lacing down the back, the frills and lace round neck and shoulders, the several rings seen on the for a moment un-

gloved hand, the lump of trinkets suspended from the waist, and the usual headgear (one cannot help thinking of the chaotic mass of human work this idle red easy-tempered woman carries about on her body)."

When, however, this artificiality deepens—as it tends naturally to do—into unreality and infidelity, into untruth and insincerity, until human persons begin to lose the fashion and dignity of men and women, the humour becomes salt and pungent with criticism; it is not bitter, but it bites.

"In the drawing-rooms I saw scarce one that seemed at ease;

"They were half-averted sad anxious faces, impossible pompous faces, drawling miowling faces, peaked faces well provided with blinkers,

"And their owners kept standing first on one leg and then on the other."

Self-consciousness, for Carpenter, is the devil, the diabolos, the flinger of mists between Man and Nature, Man and God, and not least between Man and Man. It has, indeed, a necessary function in the development of the soul both of the individual and of society, it mediates our passage from a 'false individuality' to a true knowledge of our identity, but meanwhile it is the *fons et origo* of our antagonisms and delusions, of all world-wrong and world-woe. Sometimes he goes 'railing alongside the torrent,' lashing human selfishness with the scorpions of his wrath; but at least as often—and somehow it seems closer to his peculiar *métier*—he is to be found sitting apart and aloft on the 'hill of transcendence,' over-watching humanity as it works and wanders strives and seeks, yet is always

being led on by invisible hands towards a goal of which itself in the mass is unaware. As he watches, a smile plays about his mouth. It is as if he were looking down from above upon a maze with its intricate pathways and blind alleys, beholding with some amusement the futile eagerness and anxiety, the renewed efforts and the constant retracing of steps, the jostling and the antics, of those who are caught therein. These humans, he seems to say, take themselves too seriously, and attach too much importance to what they do or leave undone; they imagine themselves masters, yet at every point they are the slaves of their own concern; they are impeded by the delusive sense of their own importance; is the universe ego-centric, or even homocentric? And one can almost overhear his chuckle as he writes down in his note-book on that hill-top:

“The sun rises on hundreds of millions of human beings; the hemisphere of light follows the hemisphere of darkness, and a great wave of life rushes round the globe;

“The little pigmies stand on end (like iron filings under a magnet) and then they fall prone again.”

His relish in the humour of this figure is not less because its point tells against himself; of all men, he is an ego-centric, for has he not said:

“You are that Whole which Nature also is,—and yet you are that Whole in your own peculiar way”?

He sees, however, that the consciousness of self-importance is one of the symptoms of the disease of self-consciousness, arises because and so far as a man

lives on the life-circumference and not at the life-centre, is a mark therefore of eccentricity rather than of ego-centricity. This latter, duly perceived and truly realised, should give calmness, balance, unconcern, and that indifference which is the gateway of mastery.

At other times, from the same height of vision—that consciousness of union with the All-life which is deliverance from care and from evil—he makes gentle fun of the trivial fears which harass and haunt the lives of machine-made, unnatural, civilised populations ;

“Huddled, stitched up, in clothes, fearing a chill,
a drop of rain, looking timidly at the sea and
sky as at strange monsters, or running back
so quick to their suburban runs and burrows,
What are these ?
Are they men and women ?
Each denying himself, hiding himself ?
So timorous, like hares,—a breath of propriety or
custom, a draught of wind, the mere threat of
pain or of danger ? ”

Or, from still another point of view, it appears to him as if among the illusive mists of self-consciousness mortals were playing a huge game of hide-and-seek, with the additional advantage from the standpoint of the external observer that all the players are blind-folded more or less. It is as if two boy-scouts should be operating on opposing sides in a sham fight ; each is seeking the other, and after having traversed considerable country, now with precaution, now taking risks, duly passing from cover to cover, they both pop up at either side of a small bush, and enmity is dis-

solved in laughter. Carpenter does not really suggest that Life is a trivial thing, a mere game, though it is much more amusing (if we could only secure some measure of detachment) than our self-consciousness usually allows us to believe; but, in common with other teachers, he affirms that all the seeking is not on one side; that, for example, our quest of the Ideal is only the personal aspect of its quest of us; that all which our nature specially fits us for awaits us in the 'great Whole,' and in due time, sooner or later, will come to us and we to it. There is therefore no need to hurry. Over-anxiety is irrational because it is unnecessary, futile, and a real hindrance to success. There is plenty of time, and the End which we seek is with us. To-morrow, when we are busy with quite other things, the Lover (the Real Object of our quest), who has long been threading his way to us from afar, may unexpectedly confront us. This teaching is embodied in some of the poet's most striking and beautiful sayings. Thus:

“ The engine-driver shall drive in faith through the night. With one hand on the regulator he shall lean sideways and peer into the darkness,—and lo! a new signal not given in the printed instructions shall duly in course appear.”

Or again :

“ The Magdalen shall run down to answer the knock at the door, and Jesus her lover himself shall enter in.”

Sometimes, although it is the same high mystical goal, the character of the seekers, the methods of their quest, and also the nature of the more immediate

objects which allure them to pursuit, bring an element of humour into the situation. Carpenter does not miss it. He smiles as he prophesies :

“Cease prowling the streets, old man !”

The ‘old man’ may be the *vieux marcheur*, or the picker-up-of-seeds, or the artistic temperament seeking for the stimulus of some new experience, or the rummager in dust-bins, or the person who goes hither and thither through life always hoping to find something important and valuable which somebody else has dropped.

“Cease prowling the streets, old man ! I have seen what you are searching for ; it is safe, and the reward is great,—but now rest for a moment.”

The value of all experience, according to Carpenter, is that which it elicits in the soul. The crux of every experience is in the experient. To find the right reaction to experience is the secret of life. But since the potentialities of the soul are, according to his fundamental hypothesis, infinite, every kind of experience may be necessary. For this reason, he exhorts :

“Is your present experience hard to bear,
Yet remember that never again perhaps in all
your days will you have another chance of the
same.

Do not fly the lesson, but have a care that you
master it while you have the opportunity.”

If all kinds of experience are necessary, and if the value of any one of them lies in the quality of a man’s reaction to it, it will be difficult to follow traditional pedagogy and say of some experiences that they are good, and of others that they are bad. The highest

and richest type of human character is not acquired by the man who goes through life painfully sorting out possible experiences, pursuing only the 'good' ones while eschewing 'evil' ones; rather by the man who makes all things good by his mastery over them. So Carpenter says, in a poem of delicious detachment and unconcern :

“ Ever men say: Here lies the truth, there lies the truth—Take this, cast that aside—Throw in thy lot with us—We are the wise, the rest are fools.

“ I go with these wise folk a little way, and then I draw back again; I throw in my lot with them, and then alas! I throw it in with the fools.”

Edward Carpenter can scarcely be said to be a humorist. It is one of his peculiar virtues, however, that although he has a message to deliver he never ceases to be human and even homely. Few masters of prophecy have so sure, and at the same time so light, a touch as he. He evinces his own mastery by holding life very loosely. He has disclosed some of the deepest things of life, and made manifest the tremendous significance of the individual; yet never perhaps has he announced so wise a counsel as when he teaches us to laugh sometimes at life, and especially at ourselves. For surely the mark of the master-worker is to be free of his tools; and he who is unable to laugh at himself on occasions is shown thereby to be a prisoner of self-consciousness, held tightly in the heat and sweat of life at the circumference, and unhomed from the centre where there is power and poise and joy.

EDWARD LEWIS.

CORSICA AND GALILEE.

M. JOYNT, M.A.

IN a book which has been widely read during these months of war, the late Professor Cramb declares that in Europe in the twentieth century, two great spirit-forces are contending for man's allegiance: Napoleon and Christ — Corsica and Galilee. "To Napoleon the end of life is power, and the imposing of his will upon the wills of other men. . . . The law which Christ laid upon men appears to be the law of self-effacement." And in Friedrich Nietzsche he finds the greatest exponent in modern times of the spirit of Corsica.

It is not my intention here to inquire whether Professor Cramb's words are applicable to contemporary European politics. The conflict between Corsica and Galilee—between Rome and Judæa, as Nietzsche himself put it—is no new phenomenon of the twentieth century; it is not a conflict waged on human battlefields nor one in which nations take sides. But as Nietzsche is the writer who has given the most concise and complete expression to the spirit of Corsica as it is reflected in the modern Time Spirit, it may be well to call him to our aid in reviewing the terms of the conflict; and for that purpose we may turn to two of his later works, the treatises *Beyond Good and Evil* and *The Genealogy of Morals*.

I.

Nietzsche's philosophic system—if he can be said to have one—may be succinctly described as an attempt to translate the laws of natural evolution, so far as we can guess at these from their operation in the world around us, into the realm of morals. As such its cardinal doctrine is the 'will to power' (*Wille zur Macht*). "Life itself is will to power"; and for Nietzsche life is a single, indivisible if complex phenomenon, in which you cannot separate body from soul; neither has any meaning or existence apart from the other. The will to power is the root-instinct of man, the strongest, most enduring and most valuable force of his nature, the main factor in his evolution.

The will to power asserts itself in various degrees in different individuals and in different races, stronger or feebler according as they stand higher or lower in the scale of evolution. Some men and some races are naturally fitted to act, to lead, to rule, as others to endure, to follow, to obey. And within the same race the same natural distinction shows itself (in all young and vigorous races as yet unspoilt by political theories) in the existence of a ruling class or caste and a subordinate one—aristocracy and plebs.

This distinction itself gives rise to a moral distinction, not formulated but none the less real. The 'virtues' of the ruling class are those qualities which it finds most needful in asserting itself, its powers and privileges. Nietzsche turns to philology to show that the words implying 'good' and 'bad' in the older languages had originally no ethical significance, but

expressed the self-consciousness of an aristocratic class and its disdain for its inferiors. On the other hand, the ruled have their own code of appropriate virtues, to some extent the inverse of the aristocratic code. And so arise two standards: the morality of masters and the morality of slaves (*Herren-Moral* and *Sklaven-Moral*)—each exalting traits of character proper to itself. To the former belong self-confidence, bravery, truthfulness, loyalty, passionate devotion in friendship and in love, reverence to age, respect for one's ancestry and order, and respect for oneself as representing both, generosity (arising not from pity but from an exuberant instinct of power), freedom from vanity, from envy and from suspicion, a capacity for gratitude as well as for revenge, a certain need of having enemies (but such enemies as one can respect) in order to call out latent energies, a certain hardness that does not shrink from inflicting cruelty where necessary in the pursuit of one's aims—the qualities, in short, that may be summed up in the formula *Noblesse oblige*. To the latter belong prudence, industry, patience, humility, pity (for fellow-sufferers), friendliness showing itself in mutual aid—the qualities which go to make the conditions of life beneath a yoke more bearable. It is essentially a utilitarian code.

The revolution wrought by Judæa (*i.e.* by Christianity) in the history of Europe lay in the substitution of slave-morality for the other as binding on all alike, and the subsequent codifying of slave-morality. Christianity (aided in modern times by the fusion of races and the breaking-down of class or rather caste distinctions) has tamed the barbarian in man; but at the expense of his most valuable instinct—the will to power. It has made the world more habitable for the

many, by a process of levelling down. In the modern Christian (or Christianised) world 'good' has become a synonym for 'useful,' *i.e.* what is conducive to the happiness or well-being of the great majority. But "well-being is not an *aim*—it is rather an *end*"—a barrier to further evolution.

The task, then, which lies before the philosopher (to use that word in its wider sense) of to-day is to reconstruct a morality—it is a revaluation (*Umwertung*) of accepted ethical standards.

Such a revaluation can only be carried out by the individual for himself. For the mass a code of accepted values is an inevitable necessity. The 'philosopher' must assert his freedom, fashion his own values, be a creator. He must get beyond 'good' and 'evil'—be, in fact, what Nietzsche calls an 'immoralist.' Virtue in its highest sense is for him self-realisation, self-expression; it proceeds from instinct, not principle; the aristocrat, in the moral as in the social sphere, is a being of instinct, whose surest guide is his own impulse.

Such a task requires above all things will; to have a strong will is more important than how that will is exercised. There is no virtue apart from will; and will is the 'will to power.'

But the will to power is not merely the will to rule others; it includes power over self. "The energy and the joy of the will is the will to self-mastery (*der Wille zur Selbstbeherrschung*)."

Hence the strong man, the creator, does not shrink from danger and suffering—rather he welcomes them. Only—he does not accept them passively, in a spirit of resignation, as does slave-morality; they are the elements in which his nature develops. "The dis-

cipline of suffering has hitherto wrought every elevation of man." Greatness of nature implies capacity for suffering, as well as the capacity for concealing suffering (whether by gaiety, cynicism or stoic impassibility) and for turning it to account. If the strong man bestows no pity on others, neither does he ask it from others ; least of all does he pity himself. Nietzsche points out, what is quite true, that much of our modern humanitarianism is only a reflected self-pity, due to an effeminacy which shrinks from beholding as well as from enduring pain.

What is the ultimate aim of the 'will to power'? As well ask the ultimate aim of evolution. Instinct does not require for its manifestation to have a definite goal set before it. To prepare the way for the 'superman,' Nietzsche might perhaps answer ; but the superman, "the man of the future, who will redeem us alike from the ideal of hitherto and from all the necessary consequences of that ideal . . . who will restore to Earth her aim and to Man his hope, Antichrist and Antinihilist, conqueror of God and of Nothing"—this superman, though Nietzsche promises his coming, is a nebulous conception and a purely ornamental appendix to his teaching.

Such, in brief, is the substance of Nietzsche's morality. To do justice to it one must turn to his works. If not a philosopher in the strict sense, Nietzsche is a psychologist of insight and acumen, and those who dissent widely from his conclusions find themselves constantly compelled to acknowledge the truth of his premisses. As a system it has its justification. It is the morality of nature. In one sense it may be called the morality of history. It is the instinctive morality of conquerors on the material plane, whether in love or war ; the morality which has

built up great empires, Babylon and Rome and England; the morality of great rulers and statesmen, Cæsar and Napoleon, Richelieu and Frederick II. of Prussia, men of iron will and vast ambitions, aiming at far more than personal aggrandisement, undeterred by petty scruples in their choice of means, with a certain contempt for the lesser men whom they used as their instruments, yet compelling our admiration by a certain magnanimity and by the grandeur of their aims and achievements. It is not for little men to judge such natures. To a certain extent they are justified by the consciousness of innate power—for a force which does not act is a contradiction in terms, as Nietzsche reminds us—and also by the circumstances and crises which called forth their action. If from one point of view they may be called makers of Destiny, from another they are its tools—puppets in the hands of the Earth Spirit who is working at the loom of Time.

The chief danger in a scheme of evolutionary morality is that it may not go far enough—that it may halt before the final stage is reached. Nietzsche has divided man's moral evolution into three stages, symbolised as the Camel (the stage of slave-morality,) the Lion (the stage of master-morality) and the Child. But assuredly he has not himself gone beyond the Lion.

II.

Christianity has assumed so many different phases in adapting itself to the needs of different centuries and countries and conditions, that it would be hopeless to fix on any one as manifesting fully its

essential character; and Nietzsche in his diatribes against Christianity constantly shifts his point of attack. However, there are two main aspects of it to which he generally recurs. The one is what may be called its humanitarian aspect; the Church or Churches viewed as agents of civilisation, helping to 'tame' man, to lessen the aggressiveness of the strong, on the one hand and on the other to make existence safer, more tolerable for the majority, for the mediocre, the weak, the suffering, by exalting those gentler qualities which lessen friction and promote happiness, or at any rate comfort, in social life. This is the aspect of Christianity which is most in evidence in our midst to-day. The other I may call, by the term which Nietzsche himself has used, for lack of a better, the 'ascetic ideal'—Christianity as an inner or spiritual force, aiming at the conquest of man's self, his appetites, instincts, will—the subduing and transforming of his nature—leading up to 'self-effacement' as its ultimate climax. And it is this ideal with which we are at present concerned.

Nietzsche himself has suggested the genesis of this ideal in a passage where, dealing with the evolution of 'conscience,' he says:

"At bottom it is the same active force which in those great power-artists (*Gewalt-Künstlern*) and organisers is at work on a larger scale building up states, that here working inwardly, on a smaller pettier scale and in a retrogressive direction (in the labyrinth of the breast, to use Goethe's words) constructs negative ideals,—that very same *instinct of freedom* (or what I should call the will to power); save that the material on which the formative and compelling nature of this force exerts itself, is here man

himself, his whole original animal self—and not, as in the former case, another man, other men.”

Following this hint, we may conclude that the ideal of ‘self-effacement’ is only a certain form of ‘self-realisation’—the will to power directed inwards, asserting itself, not in the external world, but in the region of man’s spirit.

How far is this conclusion borne out by Christ’s own teaching?

It is a wholly superficial view, though one which has prevailed widely, that Christ founded democracy or set up a kingdom of the ‘lowly’ upon earth. He never meddled with social or political questions. He directed men’s thoughts and hopes to a ‘Kingdom of Heaven.’ And this Kingdom of Heaven was *within* man, a wholly immaterial and inward condition, not a state dependent on external circumstances, not a bliss to be realised in some future existence (for despite occasional utterances, it would be hard to construct any eschatological system from Christ’s teaching).¹

To be kings—sons of God—this may be an illusory aim ; but it is assuredly no petty one. It is one which above all others calls for ‘will to power.’ And for that reason it is an aim beyond the desires and beyond the reach of the many. “For every high world one must be born,” says Nietzsche in his doctrine of aristocratic morality. And Christ said the same over and over again in many different forms. “Many are called, but few are chosen.” There is an ‘election of grace’ ; to

¹ In the fourth Gospel, which, if not historic, certainly represents the spiritual essence of Christ’s teaching, ‘Eternal Life’ is always spoken of as a state of inner consciousness, not of duration in time. It is true that some of Christ’s sayings may be interpreted to mean a continuation of personal existence beyond the grave ; and this has been the view of the great body of Christians in all times. To discuss the grounds of such a belief is quite outside my present purpose ; my point is that no soul was ever impelled to seek the Kingdom of Heaven by the mere hope of future happiness.

seek or to find the Kingdom of Heaven a man must be endowed by nature with the requisite gifts, just as for every other high vocation.

Jesus Christ, in fact, recognised clearly a truth which all experience teaches: that men are not alike or equal in their moral and spiritual capacities, but represent countless grades of inner evolution. He was an evolutionist in the moral sphere. "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" But have men any *right* to expect grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? In the parable of the sower he taught that the fate of the seed depends on the nature of the soil. Truth is inoperative, may be harmful, when addressed to undeveloped or warped understandings.

He balanced this truth with another—a transcendental one—the brotherhood of man. These two doctrines are complementary and neither can be safely held without the other.¹

In the sayings of a teacher who addressed himself to men in all stages of spiritual development, we must look to find different levels of meaning. "The distinction between exoteric and esoteric," says Nietzsche, "formerly made among philosophers, among Indians as among Greeks, Persians and Mussulmans, in short amongst all who believed in a scale of rank and *not* in equality and equal rights—this distinction does not lie so much in the fact that the exotericist stands outside and sees, values, measures, judges from outside and not from inside; the more essential point is that he sees things from below upwards, while the esotericist sees them *from above downwards*." Nietzsche excepts

¹ The brotherhood of man is the higher truth—just because it is transcendental. But those who, like the poet Shelley, grasp it without possessing the psychological insight needful to recognise and deal with the inequality of men, are unfit for practical action.

Christianity from the religions which have an exoteric and an esoteric side. But to do so is to overlook many emphatic utterances of Christ. "Unto you [the inner band of disciples] it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto them that are without all these things are done in parables: that seeing they may see and not perceive; and hearing they may hear and not understand." "Cast not your pearls before swine." And it is only by bearing this distinction in mind that we gain a clue to much that is puzzling and apparently contradictory in Christ's moral teaching.

"The philosopher, being necessarily a man of To-morrow and the day after, has always been in conflict with his To-day and could not but be so; his enemy has at all times been the ideal of To-day." If ever these words of Nietzsche's were true of any teacher, they were true of Christ. He was essentially a 'revaluator'—a shatterer of accepted standards and prevailing ideals. "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time . . . but I say unto you . . ." In the eyes of his own generation he was a dangerous subverter and innovator. He attacked the 'good' people of his day with a vehemence hardly in keeping with that generally accepted view of his character which is summed up in the line "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild."¹

But he did not try to substitute one moral code for another. It would be impossible to codify the teachings of Christ or reduce them to a formal system; the spirit would evaporate in the process. Like

¹ A shatterer of ideals is not necessarily a breaker of laws. In all outward things Christ seems to have conformed to the customs of his race and day. No organised community can exist without a moral code of some kind or other, though such 'state morality' is inevitably utilitarian and may vary considerably in different times and environments. Obedience to it need not hinder the inner freedom of the individual.

Nietzsche he made the root of virtue an instinct—a creative instinct working from within. As Nietzsche himself has finely said :

“Jesus said to his Jews : ‘The law was for slaves ; love God as I love Him, as His son ! What have we sons of God to do with morality !’ ”

Love is not a state which can be reached by obedience to precept or by any process of reasoning ; it is an instinct which rises unbidden and whose action is essentially self-expression, for love means the identification of self with something else.

The love which Christ exalted was not love of persons, but love of souls. Hence his morality was as far as possible removed from utilitarianism. He did not aim at ‘the greatest happiness of the greatest number.’ He taught men to look for happiness elsewhere than in material things. The ‘other-worldliness’ of Christianity has often been made a reproach against it, but it is in reality its vital essence and the source of its strength. Love of the brethren may lead to, and indeed has always led to deeds of kindness and the relief of men’s distresses ; but this is an indirect consequence, not its primary feature. “The religious man,” says Fichte, “desires no happiness for mankind save in the ways of divine order. To make men happy by their environment can be as little his wish as it is the wish of God.”

So far indeed was Christ from seeking men’s ‘happiness’ that he exalted suffering as one of the means by which men are brought nearer to the Kingdom of Heaven. He exalted it in the same sense as Nietzsche has done—not as a passive submission to chastisement, but as something in its essence inextricably bound up with the higher aims of the soul. To be great in the

Kingdom of Heaven one *must* drink of the cup and be baptised with the baptism. And his votary was called to face not only or chiefly physical hardships—journeyings, perils in the sea, weariness and painfulness and watchings—but suffering and perils in that inner little-explored world of man's spirit, which has its torrid zone of fierce temptation and its poles of dreary abandonment and despair. Those who have studied spiritual autobiography can realise what dangers await the adventurer in those regions—how many perish on the way or return broken down in body or mind—what strange aberrations and sudden lapses may surprise the would-be saint. But there is a profound instinct in human nature which courts danger and suffering, and Christianity was perhaps never so strong a force as in the period in which the ascetic ideal was uppermost. The words of Christ which have found *deepest* response in men's hearts are not the comfortable invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," but the command, "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."

Asceticism has, in fact, two wholly different aspects. As a discipline imposed by authority it may be a highly useful instrument in training mankind, but it is of the nature of slave-morality. It can only be called an ideal when it is embraced voluntarily, in furtherance of inner aims. Perhaps such asceticism may be best explained as the means whereby the soul secures the freedom and the conditions necessary for following its vocation; and every real vocation implies some degree of asceticism. "If you look closely at the lives of all great fertile and inventive spirits," says Nietzsche, "you will find that they all adopted more or less the

three vaunted mottoes of the ascetic ideal—Poverty, Humility and Chastity—not as ‘virtues’! but as the most natural and fitting conditions of their best life and fruitfulness.”

But what is the end which the soul has in view? What is the fruit of its endeavour if it is not working for a ‘hereafter’? Is it not a contradiction to say that ‘self-effacement’ is the final outcome of the ‘will to power’? does not such an ideal lead, as Nietzsche says, to nihilism? To this question there may be more than one answer. “He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it,” said Christ. Or we may reply with Nietzsche: “All great things perish through themselves, by an act of self-annihilation (*Selbstaufhebung*); such is the law of life, that law of *necessary* self-conquest (*Selbstüberwindung*) which is of the essence of life.” All evolution ends in a climax.

M. JOYNT.

A LITANY OF NATURE.

OF THE SEA.

ROBE of the world ; unbroken girdle of the earth ; thou who holdest all things within thine arms as God surrounds the stars :

Thou who harbourest within thy womb the deep-sea monsters and the things of slime ; thou who hidest the jewels of the waves :

Are we not thy kin, since all things are in us—
thou who art kin to God ?

Renewer of the floods of heaven ; thou art the source of all strong rain :

Thou who art sterile and conceivest not ; thou who art barren yet makest all new things come forth :

Thou to whom all rivers come, shall we not come to God ?

Infinite ; unfathomable ; vast :

Thou whose deeps are troubled not nor stirred by any wind, beneath the tossing of whose waves is quietude unutterable :

Are not thy deeps in us ?

Austere and terrible :

Thou who dost serve us and dost rend our strong things as a beast with claws :

Thy shores are strewn with rocks as a battlefield with dead :

Teach unto us thy rage against the things that are not God.

Immaculate ; insatiable ; untiring :

Thou who lavest night and day the soilures of the earth, and by thy harshness makest all things clean :

All-purifying ; all-healing ; all-consoling :

Purge us from our littleness ; heal us of ourselves ; fold us in thee.

Thou who matest with the sun and art a mirror for the stars :

The moon is golden on thy breast and silvered with the bliss of thee :

May we not know within thy sacrament that we and these are one ?

Mother of motion ; sign of our desire ; vast soul of the peace that broods upon thy deeps :

Thou who art instinct with the passion and the changeless rest of God :

To-day thou art furrowed with the tears of Time, and to-morrow hast a peace past all Eternities :

Give unto us, who yet are men, thy fervour and thy peace.

* * * *

OF THE EARTH.

Moveless and merciful :

Thou art clothed with plenty as a tree is hung with fruits :

Thou from whom all things come ; thou to whom at last all creatures must return, and yet thou art not changed :

Give unto us thy fruits lest we forget the source of all.

Thou who liest open to the sun and takest to thyself the benediction of the rain :

Thou who art renewed by the mercy of the dew :

Thou whom the waters and the fire make pure and plenteous and complete :

Thou dost take with arms outstretched the messages of God :

Shall not we too receive ?

Thou who art the unbroken bowl into which all things are poured :

Thou art the mistress of heaven and the skies :

Shall we not espouse them and those that dwell therein ?

Thou who art made fertile with the seed of the gods :

Thou who labourest not nor workest, yet bringest all things forth :

Thou in whom all precious things are hid :

Show unto us that we give birth to the things that are of God.

Long-suffering and gracious :

Thou in whom the great trees grow ; thou from whom the flowers and the feathered grasses spring :

Thou dost nurture all and givest all things life :

Teach us to forbear with thee and suffer as thou dost.

Body of God ; sacrament of life ; veil of the abyss :

Thou dost upraise the mountains on which the white clouds rest, and makest the vales wherein the shadows are :

Thou who art sacrosanct ; thou who changest ever yet art ever one :

Make us to know the heights and deeps of God.

Thou sustainer; thou upholder; thou on whom
all things rest:

Ground of all; foundation of that which is:

Thou in whom all things have their root as we our
root in God:

Give unto us, who lift to thee our hands, thy
sureness and thy strength.

* * * *

OF THE SUN.

Flame inextinguishable; light unquenchable:

Thou who bringest forth the day and conquerest
the power of night:

Thou by whom we walk, without whom we
stumble in our way:

Thou who dost not fail:

Light of the world, unveil thyself to us.

Soul of the radiance of the dawn, whose rising is
beset with the gold of eastern kings:

Prince of the evening-tide, the pageant of whose
veiling is splendid with the blood of all thy slain and
soft as the music of the stars:

Thou who art ever new:

Rise within our souls and set not on our fears.

Merciless; imperial; supreme:

Thou who driest up the sources of the rain and
dost parch the well-springs of the world:

Thou who in thy noonday splendour dost scorch
up all weak things:

Burn with thy passion, wither in thy fierceness
the lesser things in us.

Thou who dost stir the seed within the hidden places :

Thou who drawest all things up from darkness unto thee :

Thou who openest the buds of all things that aspire to thee :

Thou to whom all things turn :

Awaken us, draw us, raise us to thy light.

Strengtheners; fulfillers :

Thou by whom is ripening and fulness and strong sap flowing in the veins of trees :

Bring us to thy perfection.

Central beauty ; fire unceasing :

Jewel of the south ; eye of God :

Thou who dost labour in the service of the world, and knowest not repose at any time :

Thou about whose centre all men and worlds revolve :

Take us to the centre of thy glowing heart of life.

Thou in whom all stars that wander find their ultimate repose :

Thou whose attraction over-rules the mystery of space :

Home of light ; end of life :

Give unto us, strong king of day, to come at last to thee.

* * * *

OF THE WIND.

Stainless and measureless :

Thou whose magic veils with blue the distant hills of faëry :

Thou dost bring the rumour of great waters and
tellest the tale of the islands of the south :

Thou who hast swayed the gold of the wheat fields
and known the rapture of untrodden snows :

Take us to the home of all the winds wherein the
great peace dwells.

Thou who goest over the wilderness and the bitter
places even as we :

Thou who sojournest in lonely lands :

Thou who hast dwelt upon the heights and known
the desolation that cannot be uttered :

Comfort us with the knowledge of thy strength.

Unseizable and uncontrolled :

Thou dost raise the mountains of the sea and
torturest the branches of the trees :

Thou who harriest the clouds and dost drive them
to refuge behind the hills of morning :

Thou who layest low the towers of our presumption :
Art not thou too within our deeps ?

Thou who art endless, thou who art boundless,
thou who art over all :

Thy mantle lies around the world as the robe of
the Queen of Heaven :

Prince of liberty :

Thou whom force may not manacle nor any power
restrain :

Enlarge us with thy great freedom.

Life essential ; life unfailing :

Thou art in the freshness of the morning and in
the solace of the evening breeze :

Thou without whom all life would fail and fall
away and die :

Thou who dost bear to their due place the seeds
of all our life :

We have no life but thee.

Mutable and immutable god :

To-day thou art here and to-morrow in a distant
land, yet at all times art thou everywhere :

Thou who upholdest all that approach thee :

Thou who movest us as we reach up to thee, till
we tremble with our great desire :

Even as thou are we changed ; teach us thy
constant purpose.

Spirit of the world :

We breathe thee in and thou dost sustain us, we
breathe thee out and thou art changed :

Thou who givest thy life for us :

Thou who art a thousand things yet art ever one
in all thy habitations :

Give unto us thine inspiration, that we be one
with thee.

D. H. S. NICHOLSON.

THE BYSTANDER.

Adstans loquitur :

A WHILE ago, it seemed I lay at length
Cramped, numb, and helpless, in a narrow place,
And suffered much, the while some monstrous Thing
Unformed, inhuman, held my soul appalled
With misery past the bearing of a man.
How came I here, and whence? So, let me trace,
If reason hold dominion in me yet,
The course of this grotesque bewilderment.

Pain I remember. Was it Pain I called
The throbbing blackness that with giant blows
Battered and burst the limits of my will
And crushed my patience into wild despair?
Or was it Fear? As I remember Fear
It should have meant the agony of doubt
Whether or no some hurt should overtake
The racing footsteps of my tortured mind.
But now, by all our mortal nature's laws
'Tis passing strange, but I remember nought
Of any process which unquestioning
I would call pain not fear, or fear not pain.
Now let each sense in order testify,
And with true witness build a ramp of truth
Whereon my mind may clamber to the light.
Light, said I? Then these eyes, that now are dulled
By strange unseeing, blind I would not say,
Shall first endure the probe of my research.

A field I saw, a field of rock-strewn earth
Wherein green patches fought with horrid mire
For short survival, fading to a mist
Of sedge and bramble further down the slope.
And, looming through a grim grey canopy
Of mist or smoke, I saw a further line
Of jagged bushes massed against the spur
Steep upward sloping, of a rugged hill.
The hill I feared, the sedge I sought to gain.

This I remember. Sight no longer helps
My aching memory to its goal. And so
I turn in this vast silence of my soul
To seek the key in sound. Yet here again
I wander baffled through imaginings
Of what sound was to me ; and all I clutch
From out the league-long distance of the past
Is that my senses reeled beneath the blows
Of some dread Force, unpitying, crafty, strong
With strength incredible, and swift as thought.
Will aught then aid me of the minor three
Attendants on my human consciousness
Which once I deemed so faithful? Taste and touch
Rise but to fall again, as morning dreams
Delude the waking brain with sense of power
Then melt within its grasp. Yet something stirs
Uneasy ashes of a hateful thing
That with foul vapours clogged all other sense
And yet was sense itself. Now is my thought
Hewn clearer by the discipline of will.
For, from my senses' base abandoning
I do perceive that Thought may stand alone
And lift my being to a loftier plane.

Why did I hate? And why, if hate be there
Should I not balance hate with love? A cleft
Gleaming with sudden light divides the wall
Of threatening helplessness. For Love is still
Alive and knowable. And with the word
A merciful relief withdraws the veil
And leads me on in swift advancing flight
To memories of holier, happier things.
For there was one, a being like myself,
In whom my centr'ing Love found resting-place
And sought no other, by whose sweet support
Counselled and smoothed my daily path ran on.
And now no fog obscures the memory
Of that clear flame which welded either heart
In service to its help-mate. Still it burns
Undimmed, soul-filling, re-inforced in power.
Here may my groping cease. Here may I rest
On one firm step toward my upward aim.
For if such love survive, while such decay
Hath sapped my senses' gaudy panoply
And stripped it bare, still flaunting feeble rags
Of past achievement, then is Love indeed
A ladder raised to immortality.

Now as I mount, a widening circle spreads
Of new horizon, and a sterner note
Rings through the music springing in my soul.
For there is that which in the path of Love
Sows obligations not to be denied.
Men called it Duty, setting in its frame
The jewel of a glad self-sacrifice.
Here is the heart-beat of all virtue found.
For where Love beckons not, by Duty shamed
The weak "I will not" bows before "I must,"

Until, fine-tempered by the armourer
In pain's own furnace, flashes out the steel
Of Resolution, championing the right.
Here may I seek the secret of that woe
Which in the dawn of this strange consciousness
Over my truer self held mastery.
Illumined by the rays of growing truth
I do recall from that dim yesterday
When yet my senses reigned, the humble pride
Which led me, one weak unit in my world,
To offer gladly my protecting hand
Against some peril which should menace it.
Duty shone there, yet duty's clear cold ray
Was mellowed too by love of that same world
Wherein my duty held me ; so I fought
With love and duty as my double spur.

The vision grows. Across that path of peace,
Justice and truth, which formed the common cause
Of those I loved and honoured, there arose
A myriad-fold conspiracy of hate.
And first we watched it as a distant cloud
Of thunder, muttering with uncertain voice
And devastating other lands than ours.
And then, drawn nearer by the magnet force
Of earnest strong defiance, torrent-like
It raged against the margins of our world,
Dictating as an idol for all time
The monstrous doctrine of its violence.
And I, with others nobler than myself
Obeying love and duty's twin command,
Made stern resolve, that with the uttermost
Of strength and skill and pluck that in us lay
We would resist, and in resisting crush

This grappling monster into nothingness.
With heart uplifted and hand fortified
By hard-pressed justice seeking hard redress
We gave our liberty, and took the yoke
Of glad obedience, severing all ties
Of shoreward longing as the helm was set.

Now as I part oblivion's yielding veil
Fresh horror greets me, for with troubled eyes
I seem to see that flame of violence fringed
With myriad sparks, each spark a living man
With soul and spirit equal to my own.
Him must I slay, him, though I hate him not,
Whom through the vast blind lottery of war
Chance leads against me, the unsinning tool
Of all that sin delights in. Equal fate
Makes his aim my destruction. From that day
When man first lifted Duty to the seat
Of judgment on his passions, could all time
Record commands more pitiful than these?

We then, our liberty so laid aside
That bondage seemed the sweeter, at the word
Of those we trusted bore our leader's arms
Along his chosen road, by sea and plain,
Mountain and marsh, until we reached the bounds
Wherein the hate-storm held usurping sway.

Fast grows the light; the mind's young sinews swell,
The fiery circle whirling round my brain
Lacks one link only to complete the ring
Of perfect consciousness. Whence came the gulf
Which, swallowing my senses, left this bridge
Apt to the child-steps of my stumbling thought?

Clear stands the purpose of our empire, clear
The might of those who barred it, and the road
Leading from home to duty, to the field
Where warring millions gambled for the fate
Of unborn centuries. I see my field,
My task of violence ; my immediate aim
The rugged hill across the mist of sedge ;
Then—nothing, save amazement—

* * * * *

GOD ! Oh my God, I know ! I understand
What Thou hast willed for me. That little span
Of earth-bound sojourning has found its goal
And this is Death ! Could blindness be so blind
That Life unbounded should be so miscalled ?
Life, undefiled by sense ; Thought purified,
Exalted, love-lit by the eternal sun
Of Love Himself. Be this my single prayer :
Death is behind me ; Lord, teach me to live !

A. C. H. KENNARD.

BLUE SKY.

AT the noon's height,
I look up, up where this tall blue-gum shoots
Into the light.
Daisies between its roots
Laugh ; the near-by camellia throws me down
Rays from its rosy crown ;
Higher, above fresh green, the citron shines
With golden fruits.
But, all these dear and beckoning beauties past,
Beckon'd my gaze is still—up the white mast,
Through the leaves, blackly-bright,
Splashes of sudden light,
Fine tongues of fire—
Up to the glittering, last
Thin silver spire,
Lifted, aloof and lonely,
'Mid bright air only ;
And, thence still beckon'd, looks up still, into
Nothing . . . but universal, full, consummate
Blue !

O Colour, Colour, Colour ! O pure, tender,
Passionate splendour !
Too perfect, living, true, far, far too intense
Simply to be a message unto sense !
Quick, up my spirit to mine eyes
And through their window, swiftly flies,
Poises herself upon that silver summit,

Launches herself, leaps, leaps
 Into those lovely deeps
 Beyond all plummet ;
 And there herself, at last, in pure perfection steeps !
 Ay, as a lark
 In a feast of flight,
 Soaring through splendid
 Limitless light—
 Ever new shining,
 And new surprise—
 'Mid glory on glory
 She floats and flies !
 Ecstasy, rapture,
 Her pinions buoy ;
 Nothing, nothing she knows
 But joy !

. Until, so buoy'd, so free
 In the all-ocean of that heavenly smile,
 The last adventure even ventures she—
 Slips from her own self out, a little while.
 Steep'd so in light, herself begins to shine ;
 Giving back all she's given,
 Dispenses the Divine,
 And feels herself an everlasting part
 Of universal heaven ;
 Finding, within, beyond, beneath, above,
 Nothing but Love ! nothing, nothing but Love !

B. E. BAUGHAN.

DISCUSSION.

'MYSTICISM AND WAR.'

THE article by Miss Evelyn Underhill in the last issue of **THE QUEST** is so interesting and excellent for non-mystics that it is liable to carry conviction. That the mystic "never doubts" and "is less disconcerted than many of his neighbours" I entirely uphold; but Miss Underhill leads us to believe that the mystic, who ever recognises both the struggling life within time and the spiritual life apart from time, may uphold, and even take part in, the horrible bloodshed in which the world is now immersed.

First to quote Miss Underhill: "The active mystic, the struggling fighting soul whom the Early Christians called an athlete of the Spirit; who grows by conflict, accepting his part in a world-order of which effort is the very heart—he has been acclaimed time after time by the mind of the Church as representing the true type. The quietist, who resists nothing, risks nothing, conquers nothing, has been condemned again and again." But even if the Church has again and again condemned the quietist, is it any reason for us to do so? The Church in the past has condemned many and varied sects. Has she always been right? The Church has in all ages tended to be warlike; she has carried the sword into many a country; she has condemned and slaughtered many a martyr, many a quietist, not excepting the Christ. But has she been right? Is it at these moments that she has been our guide to the highest and best? But although when the quietist is thus condemned and the fighter held up as the true type, one is almost stirred to side whole-heartedly with the quietist, this is not the position I wish to take up.

While living in this region of time and space, within the 'pairs of opposites,' there must ever be fight. Our very consciousness is dependent upon tension, attention, extension; our capacity for awareness is rooted in comparison, the putting things in juxta-position and in contra-distinction. I therefore

agree with Miss Underhill and "all true mystics" that "suffering, effort and cost" are "an essential part of life." But is struggle necessarily bloodshed, is cost necessarily devastation and war?

The brute man fights entirely in the outer world; the undeveloped human has few inner struggles. The moment his passions are roused he makes no attempt to fight them; he murders his neighbour or whoever may have aroused his wrath. Civilised man has outgrown this and found that a little internal struggle is worth a might of external force. It has been found that patience and forbearance work miracles, that might and power are not confined to the brute and the bludgeon. We all recognise this in the family; we are beginning to recognise it in the nation. England of all nations permits internal strife and struggle, and ever tries to conquer these difficulties without resorting to coercion and combat. Hence her luck. It is said of her that she is never ready but always wins—the true sign of spirituality; takes little heed for the morrow, because she is not relying only on the forces of the lower worlds of strife and struggle, but as a nation is just beginning to sense new powers and possibilities.

Miss Underhill considers that "the love-light has shone out in England more clearly than it has been seen for many years," because, in the face of a common danger and foe, be it remembered, "the barrier of separation between man and man has been cast down." Prompted by a very natural instinct for self-preservation the nation has done great things; but it is a matter of opinion whether the love-light may not have shone out as clearly to the sight of the mystic for years past, when many, hidden from the glare of public life, have been doing heroic deeds with an amount of *self-initiative* which suggests a finer nobility than the mass-formation of our present national emotion. We should not of course discourage this splendid rousing of the nation; but when discussing mysticism and the war we must not only face facts as they come to the surface but try to go more deeply.

We have all got to fight, there is no doubt about that, but we must show forth the spirit of self-sacrifice too if we would in any way emulate the example of the Saviour and have grace bestowed on us. Some may think that England is showing great self-sacrifice in going to help Belgium; no doubt this is true. But we

may be permitted to wonder if Belgium had been located in Armenia, for instance, instead of between us and Germany, whether there would have been an equally gallant answer to the call to arms. How much are we really fighting for right and how much for our own national self? On examination it will be found that our motives are very mixed, genuine love of justice and fair play being blended with fear for our national safety and desire for self-defence. For statesmen to consider the question of national safety and defence is proper; for warriors to respond to their call is right. But I hold that it is for the priest and the mystic to be ever preaching that self-defence is not the highest goal for the nation any more than it is for the individual man. It is by self-sacrifice that man grows in spiritual power and insight. The statesman can only carry out the will of the people; while the nation firmly believes that safety lies in fighting for its life, the statesman must call up the warriors. It is for the mystic to speak to the nation of higher powers, higher ways and means of self-preservation. Only in losing his life does man truly find it.

It is then for the mystic to combat the very materialistic point of view which is abroad just now that if Germany wins at arms it will necessarily establish German ideals; while if England triumphs on the battlefield that it will necessarily mean the triumph of English ideals. It is a commonplace of history that the reverse often takes place. If either nation would obey the spiritual law of progress and be willing, if necessary, to sacrifice its outer life for the sake of bringing to more vital birth its inner ideals, then should we see a triumph of national ideals such as has probably not been known in the world's history before. The sacrifice of the outer for the sake of the inner is the teaching of mysticism. If we are truly fighting for an ideal, thus, according to the mystic, should we most surely win it.

The exceedingly difficult point, the point of supreme importance, which Miss Underhill leaves entirely untouched, is when to fight and when to show forth this divine spirit of resignation which can, if brought into operation at the right moment, rise superior to all brute force *and triumph*. The Christ in solitude in the wilderness struggled with the powers of darkness; when faced by a crowd of soldiers he did not struggle or fight. Why did he choose to triumph internally and scorn to triumph externally?

If the Church had, at this moment of national crisis, risen to her true dignity and called upon her millions to fight internally, resigning the outer in order to triumph in the inner, we might by this time have seen the war stopped as by a miracle. But the Church seems to have lost its belief in the miraculous, to have lost faith in spiritual power, and relies instead on temporal arms. Let the warriors fight externally if they must; but let the mystics show forth that true spiritual power which is born of outward resignation coupled with the most intense internal struggle. The quietist or pacifist, however, if he relies on resignation alone, will certainly fail, for man is both mortal and spiritual. If he would attain to true liberation, he has to learn to blend and interblend these two contrary natures, and it is only when the spirit takes up the struggle and the brute in resignation dedicates its forces, that true power begins to operate in the life.

We must certainly "accept the ever-present fact of conflict as part of the mysterious plan," but in ordinary daily life, both individual and national, we have to be on the look out to see that we pitch our battle on better and better vantage ground; not in the quagmire of brute force, but upon the spiritual heights where the minimum amount of destruction carries with it the maximum amount of construction, where we destroy the valueless and build the valuable, until we learn at last to fight only in wars where the vanquished and the conqueror gain equally by the trial of strength.

I have no wish for any man to be content with "cloistered virtues," but would rather they sought "those characters of endurance, courage, devotion, which are evoked by the clash of opposites." "The spirit of strife and tension" I would certainly class as "one of the Seven Fountain Spirits," and agree that "its operations could not be limited to mental and moral conflict alone, but must be operative . . . on each of the three great planes of Reality." Of course there must be war on earth and everywhere where there is space and extension, but surely it is great lack of imagination to assume that the slaughter of human beings is the only way in which the spirit of strife can be satisfied. Every time the artist struggles to express in physical matter the highest intuitions of his soul, there is war on every plane, there is fight between spirit and matter which ends in a

marriage between the two. Every time the bricklayer lays a brick, he is warring and struggling against a physical force. Every time the ploughman ploughs with his share he is fighting a million foes. What need then to slaughter men, when the law is "thou shalt not kill" and we are told to turn the other cheek to the smiter?

Whether the nations can rise to this high ideal is a matter of opinion; whether mystics of the past were always able to live up to this high level is a matter of history; but that it is the teaching and goal of mysticism, I should have thought was beyond dispute.

There are numberless men and women to uphold war in a righteous cause; my regret is that Miss Underhill should so interpret the mystic view of strife as to drag it down to this mundane interpretation.

I think it is for the Church and the mystic to proclaim ever more and more loudly as the battle wages more and more hotly, that the nation has other needs as urgent and as crying as those of the flesh. It is now in the heat of battle, when the pairs of opposites are in juxta-position, when the tension is at its height, that the mystics should deliberately stand aside from all the swirl, and try if they cannot call down for the nation a greater share of spiritual life, a greater insight and judgment born to man when he deliberately refuses all outward struggle.

It is for the mystics to call upon the nations to show resignation, self-sacrifice towards one another, and a greater struggle for self-purification within. For the great consummation is born of gentleness, meekness and endurance without, coupled with the most intense and passionate striving and cost within. Thus only does the spiritual nature become operative and the body subservient to its every call. Whichever State will rise to the necessary national self-sacrifice, and bring together with this a more intense sense of responsibility towards its inner struggle against vice, that nation will be rewarded with a heightening of conscious spiritual life, such as is not accorded to those who rely upon victory at arms.

As one of the chief characteristic powers of the mystic is to be able to rise out of the limited personal point of view to a more extended outlook, so will he often be able to rise out of the limited

national point of view to an international outlook. The "popular imagination" is therefore not very mistaken when it supposes that "fidelity to purely spiritual interests" does "involve a certain passive disloyalty to the national group to which he belongs." As the present-day mystic should be able to embrace within the scope of his experience, not only the intense national patriotism of England, but also the life and death struggle of Germany, and should watch the part that each of these and the other combatants are playing in the great world-drama, with equal interest, this probably would appear to the warriors of the various competing nations as "a disheartening detachment from its warlike enthusiasms." Yet it is just this state of poise in passion which marks the man out as a true mystic, not unresponsive to the national passion, but feeling all nations equally and so retaining a balanced and detached point of view.

I quite agree with Miss Underhill that the tragic suffering of Belgium has been "a sublime exhibition," that her "willingness to fight, to kill, to die, in defence of the right has a true redemptive value for the world." But I would say that had Belgium chosen deliberately the path of resignation, it would have been an equally sublime exhibition. Had she ultimately attained the same victory over her foes by a tireless pitting of love against hate, which we all hope she will attain by arms, then I venture to think that it would have been of equal, and probably far greater, redemptive value for the world. That this can be done, that outer resignation coupled with inner passionate striving can bring victory, is the standpoint of the mystic; that it brings spiritual redemption is perhaps the point of view of the quietist or "anæmic" mystic; that in addition it should and can bring triumph in the world of men is perhaps the belief of the athletes of the Spirit. I therefore disagree with Miss Underhill when she says that "Belgium has shown on the battlefield, *as she could nowhere else have shown*, what the soul of a people is worth, and what the soul of a people can do." These words which I have italicised are pure assumption.

But even yet, I have not touched upon the profoundest of all mysteries, the mystery of the blood-sacrifice. Only those who abstain from the guilt of bloodshed can attain to an understanding of that great mystery the law of sacrifice. Hence has there been

in all times a marked tendency for mystics, priests and prophets to refrain from shedding blood in any form. That the early English priests were allowed to go forth in battle with a mace and not a sword, may for the man of the world be a cause '*pour rire*,' but to the man of the spirit it should be of profound significance. The mystic does indeed do "in a new spirit the common deeds of men," but as a general rule he abstains from slaughter and bloodshed, because he has begun with his inner spiritual vision to see through the bondage of that basic law of blood-sacrifice, and aspires to freedom from it, and to rebirth. He prefers to be the sacrifice, even as the Christ in the outer world deliberately became the sacrifice, but struggled in an agony of passion within.

Miss Underhill's article, I confess, is most stimulating; it stands as one of the excellent things that have been written upon the war. It presents a most elevating and comforting point of view for the statesman and the warrior. But I venture to think it is one quite apart from mysticism. When, then, she concludes "the mystic . . . accepts the fact of war. More than this, he does not feel it necessary to stand aside and refuse to take part in the strife of existence, *even when it assumes this awful form*," she may perhaps be correct in her facts with regard to certain mystics; but I venture to think that this is by no means the point of view of mysticism in general. And when she says that "military energies clearly form part of the active life of the race, constituting in themselves a school of virtue with which we cannot yet afford to dispense," she is expressing a personal point of view which is very popular just now, but which savours more of patriotism than of any mysticism.

MINNIE B. THEOBALD.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHANGE.

A Study of the Fundamental Principle of the Philosophy of Bergson. By H. Wildon Carr, D.Litt., Fellow of the University of London, King's College, and Hon. Secretary of the Aristotelian Society. London (Macmillan); pp. x. + 216; 6s. net.

THIS is the most able constructive study of Bergson's philosophy which has appeared in England. It consists for the most part of the instructive lectures delivered by Dr. Carr at King's College, and attentively followed by a record audience. It is not simply a summary statement of the new philosophy, but a distinct contribution to the subject, an independent and acute thinking out of its main principles. The charm of Bergson is his suggestiveness and freshness and the wide application that can be made of some of his fundamental ideas. If a name has to be given to the general tendency of thought of which the most developed embodiment so far is to be found in the striking notion of creative evolution, it might be characterised as vitalistic, to distinguish it from the tendencies of philosophy which can be classed as rationalistic or voluntaristic, and which find their basic principles in reason or the will. Its keynote is life, and its main object to elucidate the nature of the vital impulse.

The fundamental principle of this philosophy, Dr. Carr tells us, is that change is original; and elsewhere we are told that the essential principle of the philosophy of change is that movement is original. No precise distinction, however, seems to be intended by this wording. It is the ancient Heraclitean and Buddhistic doctrine of the flux, the ever-becoming. We are invited to start from this, and not to lose ourselves in the mists of a more recondite ontology. For it is contended that whereas every attempt to derive movement has been unsuccessful or led to contradiction, we can derive things from movement. There is fascination and novelty for many in this method, for it is the reversal of the general direction which philosophy has followed for 2,500 years.

This is not altogether the historical fact ; but we need not go into the ancient metaphysics of the 'cause' of motion or the philosophy of the Unchangeable, not as one of a pair of opposites, but as absolute. We think that here Bergson has not been quite fair to Plato and the rest ; nor has Dr. Carr avoided the difficulty by asserting that the original movement is absolute movement. Personally we hold that an absolutely restless universe would be a metaphysical nightmare.

But leaving aside ultimates, we cheerfully acknowledge the advantage of thinking out all the problems vitally and dynamically, and welcome the freshness of view that the philosophy of motion is able to bring to their consideration. The view that movement is original and space is derived, that life is the original order of reality and matter is derived, is fascinating. Life is thus postulated as the ultimate reality and life, we are told, must be conceived as "continuous movement, manifesting itself in the individual forms it produces." We should prefer to use the term 'spirit' here rather than life, as a more fundamental category. But Bergson so far has made no distinction ; he uses life in its widest sense. The type of Life's activity we can perceive in our own life, and its mode of action may be said to be "a tendency to concentrate and contract into a tension, in its turn to be relaxed into extension." The principle that explains the behaviour of this vital impulse is called creative evolution. But where Bergson differs from all present-day philosophers of other schools is that he contends that this life can be directly apprehended. Philosophy should start by an intuition of life. This is the greatest crux of the whole method. The mystic at once agrees ; the intellectualist strongly dissents. As a matter of fact the quarrel is a well-worn controversy in philosophy ; admit a 'faculty' of intuition and the rational foundation of philosophy is thought to be abolished or rendered insecure ; such is the contention. Dr. Carr is therefore at pains to rescue the Bergsonian intuition from the horns of the dilemma, and steer a middle course. He asserts that intuition in the new philosophy has nothing to do with mystical experience or ecstatic vision ; but on the contrary "it is the most common and unmistakable fact, and that we only fail to recognise it, because it is so absolutely simple that it requires a strong effort to turn the mind from its intellectual bent in order to get this non-intellectual vision." Supposing we were to call it spiritual tact, and leave on one side the tabooed terms 'mystical' and 'ecstatic,' could any agreement be reached, we wonder ? For us spirit is the most

actual, the nearest of all things, if only we were conscious of it. We are so used to it that we are unaware of it. And this seems to be the meaning, for we are told that the intuition of reality is the consciousness of the actual life we are living as we live it. And Dr. Carr very pertinently adds: "Bring it as a picture to the mind, present it to the mind as an object of thought, and it is gone. We can only refer to it as an experience of life that we have in living."

It is thus rightly called a 'non-intellectual' vision, though Bergson in his *Introduction to Metaphysics* defines intuition expressly as 'intellectual sympathy.' And even if it can be kept distinct from 'mystical' states, which is doubtful, it is certain the philosophical mystic will have less difficulty than any other class of thinker in understanding the manner of it. All however may have some idea of its nature, for we find it associated with instinct and sympathy, with the artist's insight, the lover's devotion, the mother's sacrifice.

This synthetic, whole-grasping intuitional method is said to be necessarily the 'reversal' of the scientific method. The latter analyses the whole ever more and more completely into its constituent parts, it "conceives of the whole as an association of its parts." The former on the contrary apprehends the whole before the parts and "interprets the parts as a dissociation within the whole." The subject-matter of this philosophy which the deterministic character of science cannot apprehend, is life, consciousness, freedom. Life as experienced by intuition is real time or duration. This is one of Bergson's chief contentions, and he is never weary of protesting against thinking time in terms of space; real time is continuous and not a succession of moments like our 'clock' time. In intuition we know our own life as 'a change that is indivisible.' "We are within a movement, or we are a movement experienced and not watched from without." Life is 'change or movement itself' and not a succession of changing states. It is intensive, not extensive; quality not quantity; spirit not matter; time not space.

Dr. Carr is especially fresh in the way he has brought out the importance of action. The psychological puzzles arising out of the dualistic manner of regarding mind and body, the absurdities of parallelism and the difficulties of interaction, are sought to be avoided by what is called the solidarity of action, meaning the solidarity of mind and body in action. This arises from the view that "the reality with which we are at every moment in actual

touch, the only reality we know immediately, is living action, and this is an indissoluble union of mind and body, spirit and matter." More than this, we are dealing always with a world of action; things are actions. This follows from the principle of original movement and from the view that consciousness is "a tension—the grasping, contracting or holding together of what is, in its absolute nature, flowing." It is this nature of consciousness that creates states or things. "Things are constructions of reality effected by memory." They are the "apprehensions of reality that the mind *dissociates* in marking out the lines of possible eventual action"; they are a schematical or diagrammatical form of action. Physical reality is thus not the psychical reality of life, but the schematical reality of things.

The action of a living organism is a solidarity of life and matter, of mind and body. The psychical reality mind is 'a duration, a time continuity'; the physical reality body is 'an extension, a space continuity.' The body is a 'material mechanism contrived for the storage and utilisation of energy.' The brain is not the organ of thinking, feeling or consciousness, but the organ which enables these "to become operative, to become capable of efficacious action, to insert themselves in the reality of life." In other words, the brain is "the contrivance by which the mind inserts itself in action." Thus the brain is an instrument 'formed, created, adapted' by the living impulse for action and for action only—and not for thought, feeling or consciousness. The doctrine of the solidarity of mind and body in action is far reaching, for we are told that "the mind is continuous with an infinite past, the body is continuous with an infinite present, and the ever moving point at which the two realities meet is the present centre of action." Nevertheless Dr. Carr is not dogmatic about the matter; he confines his theory to living action. "There may be," he even admits, "ways in which time occupancy, mind, and space occupancy, body, may exist independently"; but in living action "the one without the other is not."

The new philosophy thus rescues mind from the clutches of materialism, the basis of which is "the prepossession of our mind in favour of spacial reality." We can give no meaning to mind which is not spacial or extended, in terms of materialism, except by metaphor. Fundamentally the philosophy of change is a vital monism; for though life and matter, mind and body, are spoken of as two realities, they are, as we have seen, not independent of one another, which would lead to an irreconcilable dualism, but rather

two 'directions' in one original movement, which become solidary in action. Physics, however, to quote a famous phrase of Bergson's, is 'inverted psychics,' and not the other way about, as materialism would have it.

Bergson goes no further in ultimates than the vital impulse; but Dr. Carr claims that the fundamental principle of this philosophy gives us a new conception of deity, in that God can be conceived of as "unceasing life, action, freedom." This is said to follow from the fundamental postulate of change as the absolute principle. But even if we grant this, we see no necessity for conceiving of deity as apparently being solely in the process of becoming. Nor can we see any necessity for assuming that the only other alternative is to suppose that God endures without changing, is eternally complete, in the static sense that all is already made, all is already given. The idea of an absolute creative deity is that he is lord of change and time, in that he creates them while transcending them. Transcendence means that he embraces and over-rides all our distinctions of time and eternity, becoming and being; he is free from all limitations, in that he creates them. It is the old theological puzzle of God being immanent in his creation as well as transcendent. The mind here of necessity falls back unable to grasp the nature of the ultimate reality. It can therefore form no part of any rationalistic system of philosophy. Intuitionism should be able to bridge the gap between religion and philosophy; but if it insists on change being absolute *for deity*, it quite unnecessarily handicaps itself. When God is spoken of as changeless by the religionist it surely does not mean that he is a static and monotonous self-identity. Here we are rather looking towards the highest ideal of moral law, purpose and reason. It is quite possible to conceive of deity creating a universe with infinite possibilities of change, so that all things are ever new in it, according to Bergson's brilliant conception of creative evolution, and at the same time hold to a belief in the deity transcending change. Changelessness in this connection does not mean the incapability, the impossibility of changing, for thus God would be bound by change, and so not free; but rather the power to change or refrain at will. Therefore though to conceive of God as "unceasing life, action, freedom" is admirable enough, the religionist can safeguard his ideal by the simple declaration of faith that God is over and beyond this, the creator of life and the bestower of freedom.

Against the 'all is given' theory—the idea of an infinite mind

which holds every thing already done in it all at once—and the view of a universe in which every possible future position of its units could be calculated from their present known positions, Bergson is continually tilting, and rightly; his great virtue is to have pointed out that we have made for ourselves a host of quite unnecessary difficulties by the inveterate habit of interpreting time in terms of space. This time is not true time; true time is duration, it is real, in some ways the most real thing in the universe; it is the real continuum that holds things together, the indivisible, that which alone can give any true meaning to evolution, and make it creative and not mechanical.

Now whatever may be the correct meaning of creation, and as applied to deity it has been said to transcend thought or will or any act that can be named, Bergson has brought it near to us, and in some sort of a way popularised the idea of perpetual creation so beloved of Islamic philosophers; but what they refer immediately to God, Bergson brings into the natural process of things. The end of the whole of Bergson's philosophy is to vindicate freedom and free action; define freedom how you may, he declares, your very definition kills it, you join the determinists. Suffer it to remain free; so live and act. Dr. Carr will have it that this idea of freedom depends upon the notion of "a reality that is essentially, ultimately and originally a change that is undetermined, and whose determination is brought about by the action that its process involves." This will seem a squirrel cage for the rationalist pure and simple; but we need not object, for it is the ancient and inevitable conundrum of self-determination being the only freedom. Dr. Carr then continues: "By freedom we shall mean creating; by determination, the created; and liberty will enter into the very notion of the creating act." This does not differ so fundamentally from theological notions on the doctrine of creation; the theologians differ in reserving creation to the act of God alone, who in creating man endowed him with free-will. Bergson's doctrine may be used to bring the human and divine more closely together; what theology reserves to deity creative evolutionism would make in degree a privilege also of man. So that Dr. Carr can end his interesting study by writing: "The creative evolution is going forward in our individual lives; we are not merely creatures, we are creators, in us the absolute lives, and not merely we in it. It is this continuity of creation which unites as well as divides the whole universe. The Absolute transcends us infinitely and yet is wholly present in the meanest

thing that lives. Such is the essential principle of the philosophy which regards change as reality, movement as ultimate and not derived."

THE UNKNOWN GUEST.

By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. London (Methuen); pp. 840; 5s. net.

IN this work Maeterlinck gives us his views on certain classes of psychic phenomena, such as apparitions and hallucinations, psychometry, premonitions and presentiments, and also the 'faculties' revealed by the famous Elberfeld 'thinking' horses. It is to be followed, we are told, by another dealing with materialisation, psycho-therapeutics, etc. In the lucid and delightful prose of the well-known Belgian author, we are taken over ground more or less familiar by this time to most readers; yet it seems somehow fresh under the guidance of one whose vision is direct and whose impression is original. Throughout we remain in the presence of that 'stranger from another world,' the Unknown Guest, in whose honour the whole rite, so to speak, is performed, and whose existence, in the form of our own subconsciousness, is indicated as the dimly comprehended solution of the psychic problem. To the rival spiritistic theory it is conceded that even an extended telepathy will not account for all cases of phantasms or hallucinations; spiritism offers the simplest explanation, and, like the religious theory, "dispenses us from all effort or seeking." The mediumistic doctrine, as apart from any spirit theory, though not exactly accounting for everything, is "at least on the same side of the hill of life as ourselves," and does not alter physical or moral laws. "The existence of the medium is beyond dispute, whereas that of the spirits is not. Before turning to the mystery beyond the grave, let us first exhaust the possibilities of the mystery here on earth."

The same line of thought is followed in regard to psychometry. Confronted with the alternative of admitting that a sheet of paper, impregnated with human 'fluid,' and handed to a psychometer, contains all the incessantly recurring images that surround a person, his past, his future, his psychology, etc., or on the other hand of supposing "a network of nameless forces radiating from this same paper, forces which, cleaving time and space, detect instantaneously anywhere and at any distance the life that gave them life," Maeterlinck inclines to the conclusion that, "as the

cells of an immense organism, we are connected with everything that exists by an inextricable network of vibrations, waves, influences, of nameless, numberless and uninterrupted fluids," that what is carried along these 'wires' generally falls into the depths of the consciousness unperceived; and that the existence of this network is what is revealed to us by the sensitivity of the medium. One difficulty that arises with regard to the radiating forces theory is that the psychometer's vision hardly ever corresponds with what is occurring at the actual moment, but rather with the habitual action or the general impression; while another still greater difficulty arises when the 'faculty' operates in relation to the dead. A striking case of the latter is that of M. Étienne Lerasle, an old man of eighty-two, who on March 2 of last year left his son's house for his daily walk and was not seen again. The forest in which the house stood, was searched in every direction, ponds were dragged, etc.; but all in vain. At last the idea occurred to someone of applying to Dr. Osty, who went to his favourite medium, Mme. M—, and showed her a scarf that the old man had worn. All that Dr. Osty knew was that it concerned a man eighty-two years of age, who walked with a slight stoop. As soon as Mme. M— had the scarf in her hands, she saw the dead body of the old man lying on the damp ground in a wood, beside a horse-shoe pond, near a sort of rock; she saw the road he had taken, his intention of dying, his mental condition, the details of his dress and appearance. The roads of the forest were so much alike that the description first given was not sufficient; but after the third visit to the medium, the details becoming clearer each time, the man's friends, by following the indications step by step, ended by discovering the body, dressed and situated just as described, near to a stump of tree covered with moss, which closely resembled a rock. (This narrative is taken from the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, April, 1914, from which, together with the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, most of the illustrative cases are extracted.) Maeterlinck then asks: Are we to hold that communication was established with the dead man, or with his subconsciousness that continued to wander about the same place for a month or so after his death? or on the other hand are we to believe that all the coming tragedy, all that he was to do, see and feel, was inscribed on the scarf at the last moment he wore it? To this question no definite answer is given; though it is admitted that the spiritists may here find a serious argument.

With regard to foreseeing the future, the poet points out that, once the pre-existence of the future is admitted (an enormous assumption), there is no need for us to attribute to intermediaries the faculty of discerning it, since mediumistic manifestations show that we possess within ourselves the forces attributed to discarnate spirits. He represents with vivid dramatisation the 'tragic and diabolical reticence' of most premonitions. The story (taken from *Proceedings*, vol. xiv.) is told of a woman who has a powerful though vague impression that some 'burden' is to fall upon her family; the impression grows more intense and concentrates itself upon her little daughter. Whenever she plans anything for the child, a voice seems to say: "She'll never need it." One day a strong smell of fire fills the house; after which the mother begins to be very careful about matches, hiding them or putting them out of the children's reach. A week afterwards, as she takes the little girl up to her crib for her morning sleep, and puts her into the cradle, the usual mysterious voice whispers in her ear: "Turn the mattress." But being in a hurry, she defers turning it till after the child has had her nap. Soon after cries are heard; the mother hurries up, finds crib and bedding on fire, and the little one dies from its injuries three hours afterwards. The only possible explanation was that under the mattress there was a stray match which the child discovered and struck. Why did the voice which told the mother to turn the mattress, not go one step further, and add the word that would have saved the disaster? "What can be the secret of these inhuman games, these uncanny and cruel diversions on the most slippery and dangerous peaks of fate?" The 'spirits,' or whatever they are, that play us these mad tricks are to be put on the horns of a dilemma. "Either they foretell a calamity which their predictions cannot avert, in which case there is no use in foretelling it; . . . or if they give us the means to prevent it, they do not really see the future and are foretelling nothing." The spiritistic view is in these cases more difficult to justify than the other, for some sort of explanation may be found in the attribution of these warnings to our subconsciousness.

The characteristics with which the dramatic author invests the Unknown Guest, whose "inconsistent, impotent, ironical or humorous habits" he so vividly portrays, give, however, a quasi-animistic tone to the argument, and one cannot help feeling that it tends towards obscuring the philosophic solution.

The mysterious stranger, otherwise supposed to belong

essentially to the world of humanity, reveals moreover its unexpected presence in our brothers of the animal kingdom, and in the account of the extraordinary achievements of the Elberfeld horses, which have been tested by so many scientists, we are startled by the apparent discovery of a subconsciousness existing in quadrupeds, similar to our own. We are made to feel that Muhamed, the mathematician, with the 'indefinable, vast anxiety' in his limpid antelope eyes, is in very truth a fellow-creature in the remoter depths of his being. His understanding of human speech, his feats of spelling and arithmetic, above all his power of extracting square and cube roots—which latter he does instantaneously, and apparently by some method removed from the ordinary process of calculation—are all of the order that in earlier times would have been called miraculous. He even enters into conversation with his master, volunteering items of news; he tries to imitate human speech, and *explains why he cannot do so*. The telepathic explanation of these doings is precluded by—among other things—the fact that the horse solved problems which Maeterlinck, no arithmetician, did not understand while he set them. When we consider the series of calculations necessary for the extraction of the fourth root of a number of six figures, and that the 'horse' does thirty-one sums in five or six seconds; when we learn moreover that he has not been taught beyond the point of extracting the square root of the number 144, and that he spontaneously 'invented' the manner of extracting all the rest, the theory of intelligence in the animal becomes so extraordinary as to be untenable; unless it should be by an appeal to the mysterious nature of numbers in themselves! Instances cited of 'lightning' calculators—often children or even degenerates—go to prove that handling of figures is independent of intelligence proper. This however is but moving from one mystery to another.

The only theory at present remaining to us is that of the subliminal consciousness. Have mediumistic manifestations such as occur between man and man ever been discovered between man and animal? M. Ernest Bozzano (*Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, August, 1905) has collected sixty-nine cases of telepathy, presentiments and hallucinations in which cats, dogs and horses were concerned. Is it not permissible to believe, it is asked, that some remote part of their being contains the same psychic elements as ours? It is at one time man who transmits his perception of the invisible to the animal, and at another the animal which transmits its sensations to man. We have therefore intercommunications

which spring from a deeper common source than any we know. To the subliminal faculties of animals should moreover be added certain so-called 'instincts'—such as the sense of direction, migration, foreknowledge of weather, etc. If then we assent to the explanation by means of the subliminal consciousness we find ourselves on the same plane with the animals, in some as yet undetermined element "where it is no longer the intelligence that reigns alone, but another spiritual power, which pays no heed to the brain, which passes by other roads and which might rather be the psychic substance of the universe itself . . . diffused, multiform and perhaps, if we could trace it, equal in everything that exists."

The whole book points to the existence of an unknown agency, which comprehends within it the operations of that host of imaginary beings, gods, demons, spirits, elementals, etc., with which it is otherwise necessary to people the world. The mystery is to be found and faced *within ourselves*, not only in its more startling manifestations in dreams, hallucinations, and so on, but in its power of directing our veritable life, in determining our line of effort, our love, the faculty which, in spite of a previous determination of our own, it often compels us to develop.

"It smiles when we are frightened, and sometimes it is frightened when we smile. And it is always the winner, humiliating our reason, crushing our wisdom and silencing arguments and passions alike with the contemptuous hand of destiny. The greatest doctors surround our sick-bed and deceive themselves and us in foretelling our death or our recovery; it alone whispers in our ear the truth that will not be denied. A thousand apparently mortal blows fall upon our head and not a lash of its eyelids quivers; but suddenly a tiny shock, which our senses had not even transmitted to our brain, wakes it with a start. It sits up, looks around and understands. It has seen the crack in the vault that separates the two lives. It gives the signal for departure. Forthwith panic spreads from cell to cell; and the innumerable city that we are utters yells of horror and distress and hustles around the gates of death" (p. 320).

And this strange power has certain—mainly negative—characteristics. It has no fixed doctrine; it is often inconsistent; it is difficult to deny that it is non-moral. It is moreover immortal, or at least it mingles with that which does not die in the dead; and hence presumes the immortality or at least survival of a part of ourselves. To sum up in brief space the many-sided argument,

illuminated as it is by the dramatist's insight into life and human nature, is impossible; it should be followed as set forth in the book itself. We will only point out the probability finally indicated, that the scientifically trained European mind may succeed—where the efforts of the Oriental have left nothing decisive—in discovering the connecting link between consciousness and subconsciousness.

S. E. H.

THE GOSPEL OF HOPE.

A Message of Comfort for the Sorrowing. By the Right Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh. London (Robert Scott); pp. 120; 2s. net.

THOUGH of more general application, this message is addressed especially to mothers whose sons have fallen at the front; it warmly insists that the appalling loss of young life is not wastage. Dr. Walpole looks only on the bright side of things, and holds before the eyes of the sorrowing the picture of an immediate passing into Paradise for their beloved, who are presumed to be Christians.

Death is regarded as a change in life that introduces us to larger opportunities and fuller powers. Of the young soldier fallen in battle Dr. Walpole says: "I picture him still going forward, only without the limitation and hindrance that the flesh imposes on us here. His sacrificed life is taken up into a still larger world of sacrifice." Paradise is thought of not only as a home of rest and seclusion, but also as a preparation for the last great stage of life called 'the resurrection glory.' "As the active life prepares for the quiet life, so the quiet life for the fullest life."

The rest of Paradise is positive and not negative and has a character of its own. Basing himself on New Testament texts, as he does throughout, Dr. Walpole indicates this by drawing a distinction between labour and work. The departed there rest from labour but not from work. It is, however, a state where everything is looked at from within. "We see ideals as they are, unconfined, freely perfect, unspoiled by material expression. Intuition takes the place of sight, faith that of knowledge." It is as it were a withdrawal into the source of life, from the outward expression of things into the causes that underlie them. "Every one feels at home at once; there is no strangeness, no gradual getting used to things, no wondering whether you will

like it, for all those old friends which (*sic*), though we admired and praised on earth, we constantly found escaping us, are there in full strength." The will is not so much 'quiescent' as 'acquiescent,' not on a holiday by itself but in happy companionship with the will of God. This freedom and rest characterise the life of the blessed in Paradise. Throughout there is reference only to the fate of the worthy, and the attempt is to depict the condition of the heaven-world according to the Christian hope. Not only of the hell doctrine, whose omission no one will deplore, but even of the purgatorial state is there no word breathed. The 'message' indeed is too optimistic in some respects. It assumes, for instance, that by our experience on earth we shall have learned not only to conquer matter but also to overcome all its solicitations within ourselves. Would this were so; but the saints alone are in this category, and ordinary folk have here to be dealt with. As then on this hypothesis we shall have learned to conquer matter by our earthly experience, "so we shall have learned in Paradise the great hidden principles that underlie the outward forces of the world, to see the strength of the inward, the might of faith, the power that comes from contemplation. And in the third stage (the resurrection) we shall unite both these experiences in the joy of complete mastery both of the inward and the outward." The complete person must combine the two experiences for a really full realisation of the genuine spiritual life; this is the master idea underlying the crude dogma of the resurrection of the body. The Paradise idea gives opportunity for full experience of the 'inward'; but the difficulty is that a short life or even a long life does not give time for an adequate experience of the outward, much less for a mastery of such experience. That is why other beliefs have been put forward, such as transcorporation, with the ideal of the possibility of winning to liberation and understanding of both inner and outer while still embodied, not waiting for a general resurrection miracle. But this little book is intended for those who already believe on traditional lines; it is designed to give them help and comfort in the present time of dire distress and suffering. This it should do, if only from its most beautiful passage, which we cannot close without quoting. It depicts the comforting greeting of the Divine Love to the young officer whose name has been inscribed on the roll of honour, and runs as follows:

"Away from thy home thou wentest, not knowing whither thou wentest, and so thou understandest My going forth to succour the world. In the trenches thou hadst no cover for thy head, no

rest for thy limbs, and thou learnedst then the weariness of Him who had not where to lay His head. For days thou hadst short rations and hard fare, and in uncomplaining cheerfulness didst support the courage of thy followers ; and so didst thou enter into the Fast of the Son of Man. Again and again I saw thee in the night watches, facing the mystery of death and agonising in the conflict that it brought thee, and there thou didst have thy share in My Gethsemane. And then in obedience to the call that thou knewest meant death thou didst willingly lay down thy life, and so hast learnt the secret of Calvary more surely than a thousand books could have taught thee. All this was My plan for thee, that in a few weeks thou shouldst sum up the whole of life and entering into the fellowship of My sufferings mightest share the rest that leads to the glory of Resurrection."

SRIMAD-BHAGAVAD-GITA.

Or the Blessed Lord's Song. Translated from the Original Sanskrit Text by Swāmi Paramānanda. Boston, U.S.A. (The Vedanta Centre); pp. 144.

OF all Eastern scriptures the *Bhagavad Gītā* is the best known in the West ; we have now at least a score of translations into English alone of this gem of Indian religious thought, and to justify its existence a new version must be one of outstanding excellence. Swāmi Paramānanda's translation is a creditable piece of work, but it cannot be said to be better than half a dozen versions we could name. This being so, the advertising puff of an anonymous over-enthusiastic editor is a handicap rather than a recommendation ; one expects something of superlative excellence when one reads : " Begun in September, it was completed on the last Thursday of October—a *tour de force* well-nigh impossible for the mere scholar, who not infrequently devotes long years to the same task, but quite possible to the true devotee, whose whole life is but God's Word lived out. To translate a scripture three things are essential,—a thorough knowledge of the two languages, a profound understanding of the thought, and a realisation of the thought through the life. The letter must be illumined by the spirit ; and none can read the translation contained in these pages without feeling convinced that head, heart and life have co-operated in the making of it." If this were really the case the Swāmi would have insisted on putting the editor's rhetoric into the waste-paper basket to spare his blushes.

BUDDHIST PSYCHOLOGY.

An Inquiry into the Analysis and Theory of Mind in Pali Literature. By Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys Davids, M.A., Lecturer in Indian Philosophy, University of Manchester, Honorary Secretary, Pali Text Society. The Quest Series. London (Bell); pp. 212; 2s. 6d. net.

IN Buddhism psychology is not a secondary interest but a matter of primary and even fundamental importance. Its main doctrines flow from analysis of mind and achievement in mental discipline; its very ethics may be said to base on a psychological foundation. There have been no keener students and knowers of mind than Indian philosophers and contemplatives, and among them the Buddhists have been preëminent for their thoroughness and the objective nature of their standpoint. To judge by our modern psychological manuals, however, all this mass of experience, of analysis and theory, is not worth even a bare mention. The East does not exist for modern psychology. It is true that of the very large literature in Sanskrit and Pali bearing on the subject but little has so far been made accessible in translation. But this does not excuse its entire neglect; for sufficient exists to inform us of its nature and value. We hope therefore that the present small volume, which is summary and on more general lines than the two translated treatises so far at our disposition, will do something to mend this unsatisfactory state of affairs; indeed it has been projected for the special purpose of serving as an introduction to the study of Buddhist psychology on the one hand, and of calling the attention of Western psychologists to its importance on the other. Nor could any more competent exponent be found than Mrs. Rhys Davids, who is acknowledged to be the greatest authority on the subject we have in the West.

Though we are here naturally confronted with different 'habits of mind' in general from those we are usually accustomed to in the Occident, the main standpoints are by no means so foreign to us as might be supposed. The dogma, for instance, that nothing is in intellect that has not previously been in sense, is common to both Buddhist and most of our own psychological theorists; and the ruling principle of de-animising phenomena is the same as that on which modern science has been working since its inauguration. This principle is applied by the Buddhists with the greatest rigour, not only with regard to all physical, but also

all psychical phenomena. Mind is depersonalised to such an extent that we may say the main object and interest of Buddhist psychology is to persuade us of the error of believing in the existence of a permanent individual soul, or indeed of an enduring subject of consciousness of any kind. It deals solely with mental phenomena, which it holds to be more evanescent than even the temporary permanence of body. For it, feeling arises, consciousness happens, solely from the ever-changing contact of sense-object and sense-organ. To know this impermanent conditioning of consciousness in all its details is to have right knowledge. Both sense-objects and sense-organs are impermanent compounds of the ever-changing elements—which are not considered as substantial in any way but phenomenal fluxes, characterised as the extended (earth), cohesive (water), mobile (air) and calorific (fire). The whole universe is a flux, an ever-becoming; the ever-mobile, ever-changing world is compounded of countless syntheses of the four elements, regarded as irreducible data, but in the sense of phenomenal, yet not unreal, forces “of momentary duration but infinitely recurring, and combining to form apparently persisting, apparently static ‘things.’” Here we have a world in which Bergson, for instance, should be very much at home. Buddhism is far from being, however, a materialistic monism; on the contrary it is fundamentally idealistic; in it all things are mentally analysed, and the whole effort is to wean the mind from naïve realism and the habitual views of common sense. Nevertheless in its analysis it lays all the stress on the object; the object is the ‘relating’ thing, and the subject being the ‘related’ thing exists only through its relation to the object. All the stress is thus laid on the latter. This practically disposes of the subject as a noumenal self, and reduces the whole of the philosophy to one of relation and relativity; there are fundamentally relatednesses but no entities. All these elaborations have flowed from the fundamental conviction of Buddhism that wisdom consists in coming to know that the idea of ‘I’ is a perpetually changing thing, and that so long as we hold to it as a permanent reality, we involve ourselves in the ever-changing fortunes of the perpetual flux and fail to find rest. Therefore the Buddhist philosopher will not say, ‘I think, I feel,’ and the rest; he prefers to use such phraseology as, ‘there is a thinking,’ or ‘thinking arises,’ and is quite content with such tautologies as ‘thinking thinks’ or ‘feeling feels.’ Just as the modern world says of external phenomena ‘it rains’ and not ‘Jupiter rains’; so Buddhism would say of mental phenomena

'it thinks' and so forth. And this is practically also to what we have come ourselves in Western psychology.

We are not concerned in this notice to criticise what we hold to be the one-sidedness of the Buddhist main position ; on it much could of course be said. It is, however, not peculiar to Buddhism ; on the contrary it is evidently on all fours with the dominant tendency of modern psychology, which, as a science, deals solely with mental phenomena and their relations, and does not trouble itself with the metaphysical, philosophical and religious question of the soul and its nature. But Buddhism goes even further than our modern psychology without a soul, for it develops and investigates supernormal states of mind, not simply as abnormal and pathological, but as highly desirable ; indeed it centres its whole theory of sure knowledge precisely on the attainment of such states. It should, however, be noted that, though its concentrative and exceedingly active mental discipline, leading to meditation and contemplation of an illuminative nature, induces supernormal and sublime states of consciousness, it ever holds to the necessity of a strict analysis and criticism of such states, and an evaluation of them that is made to depend on a continuous development of the powers of right reasoning and ethical discipline. With the trained Buddhist this contemplation takes the place of prayer, and in its higher forms, as a mode of purified exaltation, it may be comparable with the spiritual joy in the sacrament of the eucharist experienced by the Christian. It is, however, essentially impersonal ; the whole endeavour being to depersonalise the experience. The final consummation aimed at is that at last in some birth every possible trace of clinging to personality will disappear, and then the absolutely Real, the utterly flawless Truth, will supervene.

To most people in the West and to many in the East the utter depersonalising of life seems to be well-nigh a spiritual suicide. But this cannot be so to those of the Buddhist 'habit of thought' ; for it is a fact of history that this Way has numbered more adherents than any other faith. It is therefore well to remember, before we pronounce a final judgment on what we imagine the Buddha and his Arahants were centred upon, that so far from the states of contemplation to which we have referred, leading to nothingness, they seem to have been accompanied by the most intense consciousness of ever increasing reality, and that too even when the whole effort was to eliminate every trace of personality, and deliberately pass out of states of ecstasy into states transcending those marked with the characteristic of joy.

We must now leave this absorbingly interesting subject with the reflection that, though the words of the teaching for the most part suggest a persistent effort to suppress or even extinguish not only all desire but also all selfhood, the reports of those who had attained bear the uniform impress of utter satisfaction. Somewhat of the nature of this contentment may be seen from the following episode :

“ Now Ananda saw Sāriputta coming afar off, and . . . he said to him : ‘ Serene and pure and radiant is your look, brother Sāriputta ! In what mood has Sāriputta been to-day ? ’ ‘ I have been alone, in contemplation, brother, and to me came never the thought : *I am attaining it ! I have got it ! I have emerged from it !* ’ ”

To the ordinary person this can have no possible meaning ; for him it would be anything but radiant joy not to realise it was *his* joy. But there are others who may have some notion of its significance, and who can understand why it was that the Buddhist made such a determined onslaught on the clinging to the ‘ I ’ idea. It is the most systematic endeavour to work out the theory of dying to live and losing one’s life to gain it which the world possesses. Nevertheless we hold that it is too one-sided a way, and that it is well to remember its spiritual complement, and turn our eyes also to the reality which throughout all the long struggle and training is ever striving to attain to spiritual self-realisation whether you call it soul or self.

But for how all these things stand in Buddhist psychology, and how wonderfully it strove to free itself from the tyranny of the flux of phenomena, the reader must turn to Mrs. Rhys Davids’ instructive and informing book.

SPIRITUAL HEALING.

By W. F. Cobb, D.D., Rector of St. Ethelburga’s in the City of London. London (Bell) ; pp. 312 ; 5s. net.

ORIGINALLY this useful survey and study was written for the Quest Series, but by arrangement was expanded into the larger volume which lies before us. The first six chapters are historical, beginning with this method of healing among primitive people and ending with the widespread modern movement of Christian Science, which Dr. Cobb reviews critically but sympathetically. He admits that, in spite of confused theories and erroneous

philosophy, it has "worked many cures, brought self-control, renewed hope and a braced and invigorated physical system to numbers of afflicted persons." This with regard to functional disease; though it should be added that the distinction between functional and organic can sometimes by no means be so clearly defined as is generally thought to be the case. This healing "has been done by mental suggestion as the immediate means, and by evoking as the remote means the health-giving force of the divine Life which inheres in all mechanism, physical and mental." There follow chapters dealing in this connection with the human organism, body and mind, with dreams, including an able summary of Freud's theory of psycho-analysis, and with the important subjects of suggestion and mass-suggestion.

After this survey and study the author puts forward a series of interesting conclusions. We agree with him that the first most striking fact is the ubiquity in some form or other of what he has called generally spiritual healing, though of course it might be called by other names, such as mental or psychical. The second fact is the general identity of the means employed in every age of culture by those who practise it. The prevalence of the belief in the agency of 'spirit' in this healing is worthy of special attention; nor should we reject the possibility in some forms of it of the agency of incarnate spirits. "What," however, "the nature of incarnate spirits may be like, is for the most part unknown," and can be gathered only from a very careful examination of the phenomena which suggest such activity. This side of the subject cannot be neglected, however, for we have here an unexplored continent awaiting the next generation of science; and its exploration will doubtless throw much light on the rest of the subject, by among other things, presumably, giving us an improved psychology. The decisive power in most cases of this healing is 'faith,' which may embrace a vast variety of objects, grotesque or sublime. But the pivotal point for an understanding of spiritual healing must be sought, according to Dr. Cobb, in the existence of the 'transcendental subject.' In his recapitulation he sets forth this tenet as follows:

"Man is two selves, one real and one illusory. The former is a member of the eternal, that is, the timeless order, and is embodied in a material organism. This organism creates the sense of the ordinary ego of waking consciousness, whereas that ego is but a pale reflection of the great everlasting reality which is the transcendental self. When the lower self can come into

vital union with the higher self, the road is cleared along which can travel the health-giving forces of the Great Physician. And their working it is which we detect in every marvel of spiritual healing."

This is a familiar doctrine and a view that brings comfort to many. But we must be very careful to safeguard the fundamental unity of the self, and let it be understood that the dualism and illusionism must not be pushed too far. Man is that riddle of the universe which both separates and unites appearance and reality.

But to return to the healing. To attempt to explain all cases of this healing by suggestion, with which so many are content, is highly unsatisfactory. Suggestion is a label that tickets a large body of complex and puzzling phenomena. Suggestion alone simply pulls a trigger, as it were; it liberates certain energies, starts certain forces into action, the nature and the means of working of which are by no means explained. What they are and how they act we do not as yet know. That many cures are effected by the methods of suggestion and subsequent hypnosis is indubitably true; but that the cures are due directly to these agencies is highly improbable. All we can say is that in many cases it is by their means that conditions are brought about for the life-forces naturally to readjust themselves; the conscious ego is no longer able to interfere, at any rate so much as usual, and the supra-conscious can work unimpeded through the sub-conscious. With regard to the term 'sub-conscious,' Dr. Cobb is of opinion that it should be "restricted to the mechanism of habitual processes in living bodies, and should not be stretched so far as to cover the phenomena of deep sleep, of dreams or of hypnotism." This is a very considerable limitation to this fashionable psychological *cliché*.

As is well known, medical authority accepts the methods of suggestion and hypnotism, but still, as it has ever done since the controversy arose in Mesmer's days, denies that there is any life-force or influence which can be transferred from one living organism to another; it will have nothing to do with 'mesmerism' or 'animal magnetism.' But, however we may name it, Dr. Cobb believes that the existence of this 'radiating force' will have to be recognised sooner or later, and that "anyone who cares to take even a very little trouble may easily satisfy himself that 'magnetic healers,' who are by no means scarce, do naturally heal" by virtue of some such force. To the layman it certainly seems that such

is the fact; and we have personally convinced ourselves that suggestion is inadequate to explain such a simple case as the following. By making passes without contact, down the spine of a spaniel, whose head was turned in another direction and who could not see what was being done, we have succeeded in putting it into a cataleptic state. The out-and-out suggestionist answers vaguely that as yet we do not know how far animals are suggestionable. In the face of such facts this answer is highly unsatisfactory. We, however, quite agree with our author when he says that 'mesmerism' and 'animal magnetism' are both obnoxious terms, "the former having the fatal defect of being derived from personal peculiarities, while the second assumes improperly that magnetism and animal magnetism are related as inorganic and organic chemistry." He suggests himself the use of the term 'pranism,' derived from the Sanskrit *prāṇa* (breath, life). The Vedāntic theory of the five 'vital ethers' is very interesting and the practice of the 'control of the breath' even more so, but we do not remember coming across any statement that any one of these *prāṇa*'s was transmissible between two organisms.

Another of our author's conclusions is that spiritual healing "should be defined as but another name for prayer in one of its aspects." After referring to the different kinds of prayer, which are of very different orders, he maintains that prayer is always "the stretching-out of the soul after something it has not got, but feels to be necessary to its satisfaction,"—that is, it is based on desire. But surely there are forms of prayer apart from this even if we spell desire with a capital. It can hardly be stated so generally that this healing can be defined as prayer. Prayer may be used by some as one of the most potent means for inducing the healing power. But there is no certainty about it, pray as we may. Spiritual healing is here taken to mean physical health, not moral purgation. The saints have frequently lived out their lives in physical pain and suffering; and on the contrary we know of very many who have been 'spiritually healed' without any change of life whatever. The most patent fact is that there is a power of physical healing which can be brought into operation by mental or psychical means, quite apart from any moral or religious considerations. It should therefore some day come within the domain of positive science to determine its nature in this phase and so utilise it as the most efficacious of therapeutic agencies. But the higher side of the subject will remain, and spiritual means will have to be employed for spiritual healing.

Dr. Cobb ends with an interesting chapter on the nature of 'The Miraculous,' and with the conclusion that "we may legitimately attribute the cures wrought at Lourdes and elsewhere to miraculous agency, if by that phrase we intend the direct intelligent action of God as the indwelling Power in Nature which (while continuously carrying Nature onward by Itself becoming outward) from time to time makes its normal working remarkable by some feature which is not so much new in itself as new to our usually holden eyes." This is a *via media* that will presumably satisfy neither of the intransigents in the controversy; but indeed *mira* do occur, no matter how strongly most of us object to call them *miracula* in the traditional sense.

There are subjoined several useful Appendixes, containing the reports of the British Medical Council and the Clerical and Medical Inquiry on the subject, also the creed of Mesmer and the hostile official reports on mesmerism by the scientists of the day, and finally a statement by a Hindu healer, which if true is a series of marvels indeed.

THE QUEST OF THE UNSEEN.

Meditations on the Eternal Truths of the World of Spirit, with Quotations from Ancient and Modern Writers. By Adelaide J. Lloyd. London (Longmans); pp. 65; 2s. 6d. net.

THIS collection of extracts, drawn chiefly—except for those belonging to the world-scriptures—from modern writers, is prefaced by a brief Introduction on the subject of the Great Reality underlying the universe, the concluding sentence of which—"The realisation of the working of this (the Eternal) spirit through one and all in its various manifestations is the vision of those who perceive the Unseen in the seen"—indicates the substance of the notions conveyed in the sections that follow. There are eight sections, each preceded by a short 'Meditation.' The general point of view is that of a mystical type of Christianity, and definitely so in the two concluding sections, on 'The Mystical Body of Christ' and on 'Spiritual Vision.' "The man with spiritual vision," says the writer, ". . . perceives the transfiguration of self-consciousness into god-consciousness, and thereby knows what, for man, even here below, can be and is Eternal Life." For those who like brief statements of profound truths this little book should be of service.

S. E. H.

ONE HUNDRED POEMS OF KABIR.

Translated by Rabindranath Tagore, assisted by Evelyn Underhill.

Published by the India Society. London (The Chiswick Press); pp. 67; 7s. 6d. net.

KABIR, weaver, poet, musician, ecstatic, mystic and saint, is one of the most remarkable examples of Indian religious genius. He flourished in the fifteenth century and spent most of his life at Benares. To-day his followers still number some million souls. Kabir endeavoured to blend the best in Mohammedanism with the most admirable elements of Hinduism; he has thus been claimed in some legends to be a Sūfi and in others a Brahman saint. There seems to be no doubt, however, that he was originally a Muslim who subsequently came under the powerful influence of an illumined Hindu teacher. But his free spirit could not be confined within the borders of any tradition, much less within the narrower limits of any special school. His catholic sympathy for the purely spiritual worship of God, apart from all forms and ceremonies and even from all books and scriptures, and the natural greatness of his soul enabled him to rise beyond the contradictions of dogma, and seek satisfaction in the contemplation of both the personal and impersonal, the immanent and transcendent, modes of deity, refusing to forego either in the transport of spiritual realisation which enabled him to see God in all things and worship Him in every act of life. Thus he declares :

“The Purānas and Korān are mere words; lifting up the curtain I have seen.”

And therefore he sings :

“The creature is in Brahma, and Brahma in the creature: they are ever distinct, yet ever united.”

“He is neither manifest nor hidden, He is neither revealed nor unrevealed :

There are no words to tell that which He is.”

“They have sung of Him as infinite and unattainable; but I in my meditation have seen Him without sight.”

“Some contemplate the Formless and others meditate on Form: but the wise man knows that Brahma is beyond both.”

These few out of many such verses will give the reader some notion of the depth of Kabir's spiritual experience and of his inspired sayings as to deity. But for most, perhaps the greatest charm of his poems is due to Kabir's keen sense of beauty and

especially the beauty of harmonious sound and movement. As a musician he is always singing of the inexpressible beauty of that divine music which he repeatedly characterises as 'unstruck'—the creative spiritual harmonies of the divine life.

"It is the music of the love of the three worlds.

There . . . the lover swings in play. . . .

Look upon life and death; there is no separation between them."

The figure of the swing—the cosmic swing—is a favourite with our poet; it meant much for him, and is evidently based on some exquisite inner experience.

"Between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious, there has the mind made a swing:

Thereon hang all things and all worlds, and that swing never ceases its sway."

Kabir the ecstatic musician not only hears but 'sees' sound and its harmonies, as when he writes:

"Where . . . the spirit dwelleth, is radiant with the music of light;

There, where the pure and white music blossoms, my Lord takes His delight."

And therefore his advice to a fellow traveller is:

"March thou then with His music."

The whole of religion for him is practically attuning the soul to the divine song and dance. The very body shares in this harmonisation; and the key to much is to be found in the line:

"O friend! this body is His lyre; He tightens its strings and draws from it the melody of Brahma."

"The form of His melody is bright like a million suns."

For Kabir the universe is the divine play of the creative energy and all things arise from the dance of God.

"He dances in rapture, and waves of form arise from His dance."

Or to put it impersonally:

"Before the Unconditioned the Conditioned dances."

Therefore he cries:

"Dance, my heart! dance to-day with joy! . . .

Mad with joy, life and death dance to the rhythm of His music."

The whole universe is the play, the sport, of the inexhaustible youth of the divine spirit:

"His play is the land and water.

His play the earth and the sky.

In play is the creation spread out, in play it is established.
The whole world . . . rests in His play."

Not only rites and ceremonies, but also asceticism, pilgrimages, and all the rest of the rigorous practices so dear to the heart of the professed religious in India, were held by Kabir to be of no importance. For himself he lived the ordinary married life, practised his craft and remained in the world, though not of it. Liberation for him was no question of geography or retirement into the forest or to some other quiet retreat; for:

"We can reach the goal without crossing the road."

The real prerequisites are few and simple:

"The man who is kind and practises righteousness, who remains quiet amid the affairs of the world, who considers all creatures on earth as his own self,

"He attains the Immortal Being; the true God is ever with him."

"Go where you will . . . ; if you find not your soul, the world is unreal to you."

"Why put on the robe of the monk, and live aloof from the world in lonely pride?"

The truest insight is the waking wisdom of God in the midst of the world:

"I shut not my eyes, I close not my ears, I do not mortify my body;

I see with eyes open and smile, and behold His beauty everywhere:

I utter His Name, and whatever I see, it reminds me of Him; whatever I do, it becomes His worship."

These few quotations from the hundred poems before us are a sample of the feast of good things in this selection from the rich treasury of Kabir's inspired verse. With Rabindranath Tagore to translate from the original Hindi and Evelyn Underhill to see to the final touches, it goes without saying that loving care has been bestowed upon the work and the spirit of it sympathetically seized. We have in consequence a rendering with many beauties of phrase to delight us, and by its aid Kabir should win many friends and admirers in the West among the lovers of spiritual beauty and exalted religious experience.

The present *édition de luxe*, we understand, is, as was the case with *Gitānjali*, now replaced by a cheaper reprint, published by Macmillan (4s. 6d. net.). The book is a verdant oasis in the midst

of the modern desert of paper and ink which so often confronts the reviewer of 'mysticism,' and we are very thankful for such a 'resting place' on the way.

THE SCIENCE OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

- i. **From Existence to Life: The Science of Self-Consciousness.**
 ii. **Illumination: Spiritual Healing.** iii. **The Way.** By James Porter Mills. London (Fifield); pp. 868, 174, 288; 5s., 8s. 6d., 2s. net.

THESE three volumes comprise the substance of the instruction given by Dr. Mills to his 'health classes' at Earl's Court and elsewhere, and the first of them is already familiar to many of his students under its former title, *Health, Abstract and Concrete*. In all three, the notes of the lectures and meditations have been revised and augmented in this new edition, and present a view of the human body totally opposed to that which has so generally dominated the ascetic religious life, and which regards the flesh as a vile intruder, a sinful burden weighing down the soul.

For Dr. Mills, the Body is the perfectly devised utterance and instrument of Original Mind. Nothing can go wrong with it unless it loses touch with its own First Principle, and loiters in the outward avenues of sense, instead of going back continually by the inner way to the Eternal Fount of Life. If pain and disease occur, it is the consciousness that needs to be healed. "The consciousness which wakes while the man sleeps is his determining power as to health or illness. This, in man's ignorance of truth, is capable of being acted upon by the elements, whereas it should be acted on intelligently and wisely by the mind of man alone." The body therefore is inherently immortal. It may yet take some generations to cure us of the bad habit of dying, just as it may take years to cure a patient of the bad habit of falling ill; but bodily immortality is clearly announced as the goal!

These propositions bristle with challenge alike to the experience and the aim of mankind. Even the most ardent teleologists have given up the claim that the bodily organs are perfectly adapted to the ends they serve, and are evidence of the marvellous wisdom and skill of their Creator. Tyndall once shocked Victorian orthodoxy in a famous passage about the human eye,—saying that if any optician had given him such an instrument for the

purpose of vision, he should have reprimanded the fellow severely for his incompetence, and sent him back to the apprentice's stool. Indeed the whole trend of biological discovery is to show us what an amazing makeshift the body is, and through what infinite blundering has been achieved even this tentative vehicle for the life of man.

Who or what is it then, precisely, that has 'blundered'? Not Nature, says Dr. Mills, but 'the consciousness of the race.' "We have hitherto been working on the hypothesis that we were born out of the race; and although we have talked very glibly about being children of God, we have behaved as though we were children of the race. Now this whole hypothesis is wrong. . . . God is the Original Principle of Health; therefore we inherit Original Health, but until we know of our inheritance we cannot act upon it; it will remain a blank to us. . . . The inheritance [of disease] which has been foisted upon us by mere race-experience is only a bogus one, having no grounds in truth." (i. p. 204.) 'Mere race-experience,' for Dr. Mills, is the obstacle which we have to leap over and get behind (or, as he would say, 'back of'), like the anarchist who regards civilisation as a disease to be cured, and would throw its triumphs and its failures on the scrap-heap together.

In the chapters devoted to the 'science of self-consciousness' it is argued that all disease is the result of 'sin,' *i.e.* of wrong thinking; since the impressions received by the senses are 'wholly governed by the mind' (this is quoted from *The Essentials of Physiology—a Quiz Book for Students*, by A. A. Hare). Dr. Mills employs the familiar illustrations from hypnotism as to the suggestibility of mind. "In the case of an hypnotic subject, if the operator suggests to him to smell a beautiful rose, at the same time handing him an onion, he will both see the rose and smell the scent of it, though he is really taking delightful sniffs of the onion. The olfactory machine is operated by the mind, yet the mind can smell independently of it, and will do so at the instance of its own idea and conviction, if the latter be sufficiently strong." Why not, then, in normal life, suggest to ourselves that the onion of our fate is invariably a rose?

Unfortunately this theory of make-believe is apt to break down on both sides. Not only do the most sincere believers in Original Health often remain permanently ill, but—what is far more damaging to the argument—the healthiest and most long-lived of the race are hardly ever the most virtuous and amiable

people,—virtuous that is in the Greek sense of the word, and not with the 'fugitive and cloistered virtue' against which Milton nobly railed. We are all acquainted with persons who have achieved robust health (or, as it has been aptly called, rude health) at the cost of all the more gracious human qualities. Most of us have been bullied by them in hours of pain. "Hoary-headed reprobates"—as someone lately said in these pages—"will cumber the earth for eighty summers," while the helpful and wise are cut off in their prime, leaving their work unfinished. The optimism of consumptives is notorious, and their love of life seems to be in inverse ratio to their grip of it. Is vigorous health any proof of right thinking on the part of its possessor? If so, it should follow that disease would bear some reasonable proportion to the error which produced it. Such penalties as cancer would be reserved for bores and criminals, while chilblains or an occasional headache might be required of the just.

That shrewd physician, Dr. O. W. Holmes, observed long ago that disease above the diaphragm is associated with cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits, while disease below the diaphragm carries mental depression with it. The problem is: How and why are these bodily and mental states associated? If, as Dr. Mills holds (in common with other and far older schools of medicine), specific diseases are brought about by specific habits of thought and feeling,—how long does it take for the sanguine temperament to manufacture phthisis, or for the hard and unloving nature to produce bile? We have seen that four-score years is sometimes not enough. The premiss lends itself readily to an argument for re-incarnation, but Dr. Mills is careful to avoid this hypothesis. He would tell us that the sick, the feeble, the violent, the unloving, have all alike failed to lay hold of the Knowledge which is everlasting life. This Knowledge is to be reached *from within*, and not deduced by the intellect from the reports of the senses. "There is no reason why we should go round-about ways of getting Knowledge when we can get It directly, but we must have the living expectation that It shall appear in the form of Intuition" (iii. p. 126). "It is a great rest not to think" (ii. p. 8). "I am fully convinced," he continues, "that Knowledge can be obtained in this way"; and it is to this end that the students' meditations are directed.

But knowledge of what? Of good and evil? Here Dr. Mills goes beyond Genesis, and declares that there is no evil to be known. "There IS only Infinite Goodness." Yet surely those who have probed most deeply into life have been the least inclined

to burke the problem of evil, or to deny the Power "who in Eden did devise the snake." Such evil may not (we believe) be infinite, but for us on this planet it is an established *law*. For it is not through ignorance or misapprehension that life preys upon life throughout the sentient kingdoms,—that the tsetse fly prolongs the dying agony of its victim, or the borer-fish eats into the living body of his neighbour. Their functions are just as cunningly contrived as any of the higher sense-organs of which man has sung the praise. Against this diabolical ingenuity in Nature the animal and the child are helpless. It remains for the enlightened man to oppose it with the *yoga* which is 'skill in action.'

We are entirely at one with Dr. Mills in regarding the conquest of disease as part of a much larger 'cure.' Bodily health is rarely attained by the direct cultivation of it. This perhaps is what the more thoughtful of doctors mean when they tell us they are treating not so much the disease as the patient. "There is a Spiritual healing where one can forget the state of untoward emotion altogether, and can rise into a state of Holiness or Wholeness which is health to the healer as well as to the sufferer" (ii. p. 6). Dr Mills' own work on these lines is recorded in a modest and interesting way, but we are apt to stumble a little over such phrases as "the Almightyness over which we have been slumbering the hypnotic sleep of objective dazzle." The ancients had a simpler way of putting things. "The perfecting of life," said Marcus Aurelius, "is a power residing in the soul." And that is about as far as we have got, after eighteen centuries of meditations.

E. W.

DREAMS.

By Henri Bergson. Translated, with an Introduction, by Edwin E. Slosson. London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 62; 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is a reprint of the translation, made apparently by an American,¹ which appeared in *The Independent* (Oct. 1918), of a lecture first delivered before the 'Institut Psychologique' by Prof. Bergson in 1901. Interest in dreams will never cease and books on dreams are sure to find many interested readers. 'Bergson on Dreams' is certainly a taking combination and our only regret is that there is not more of him. The 'sky-walkers,' however, will

¹ See, for instance, 'exposition' for 'exhibition' (p. 22) and 'street-car' and 'track' (p. 59).

not be flattered with the diagnosis of their dream-achievements, and the 'astral-tramps' will doubtless snort at our philosopher and psychologist if they also are to be included. The flying through the air and floating in space feeling if analysed immediately on waking is sufficiently accounted for as follows: "You will see that you feel very clearly that your feet are not touching the earth. And, nevertheless, not believing yourself asleep, you have lost sight of the fact that you are lying down. Therefore, since you are not lying down [in the dream] and yet your feet do not feel the resistance of the ground, the conclusion is natural that you are floating in space. Notice this also: when levitation accompanies the flight, it is on one side only that you make an effort to fly. And if you woke at that moment you would find that this side is the one on which you are lying, and that the sensation of effort for flight coincides with the real sensation given you by the pressure of your body against the bed. The sensation of pressure dissociated from its cause becomes a pure and simple sensation of effort and, joined to the illusion of floating in space, is sufficient to produce the dream" (pp. 27, 28).

And in general, Prof. Bergson thinks, the strict phenomena of dreaming should be traced to 'physiological' processes; for the stimuli are generally tactile sensations during sleep, and especially such tactile sensations as pertain to what is sometimes called 'internal touch'—"deep-seated sensations emanating from all points of the organism more particularly from the viscera" (p. 29). Such dreams of genius, however, as those of Stevenson, are not dreaming proper, for the distinction between waking and sleeping in them can never be sharply drawn. "When the mind creates, I would say when it is capable of giving the effort of organisation and synthesis which is necessary to triumph over a certain difficulty, to solve a problem, to produce a living work of the imagination, we are not really asleep, or at least that part of ourselves which labours is not the same as that which sleeps" (p. 84). This opens the door as wide as most of us could wish for a higher psychology.

The age-long and still unsolved puzzle of sleep Bergson ascribes chiefly to the fact of our becoming 'disinterested in the present situation or action' (p. 87). Common-sense and the waking state are in the long run very fatiguing. Thus the dreaming ego might be supposed to say to the waking ego: "I differ from you precisely in that I do nothing. The effort that you give without cessation I simply abstain from giving. In place

of attaching myself to life, I detach myself from it. Everything has become indifferent to me. I have become disinterested. One sleeps to the exact extent to which he becomes disinterested."

And then the author of *Creative Evolution* continues with his imaginary conversation between the dreaming and waking selves on the now familiar lines of that brilliant philosophy as follows :

"You ask me what it is that I do when I dream? I will tell you what you do when you are awake. You take me, the me of dreams, me the totality of your past, and you force me, by making me smaller and smaller, to fit into the little circle that you trace around your present action. That is what it is to be awake. That is what it is to live the normal psychical life. It is to battle. It is to will. As for the dream, have you really any need that I should explain it? It is the state into which you naturally fall when you let yourself go, when you no longer have the power to concentrate yourself upon a single point, when you have ceased to will. What needs much more to be explained is the marvellous mechanism by which at any moment your will obtains instantly, and almost unconsciously, the concentration of all you have within you upon one and the same point, the point that interests you. But to explain this is the task of normal psychology, of the psychology of waking, for willing and waking are one and the same thing" (pp. 52-54).

Nevertheless it is precisely this vast and hidden ground of the subconscious, which supplies and furnishes the many lands of dreams and of so much else, that is the subject matter of the psychology of the future. Of this future Professor Bergson speaks with fine enthusiasm in his concluding words :

"To explore the most secret depths of the unconscious, to labour in what I have just called the subsoil of consciousness, that will be the principal task of psychology in the century which is opening. I do not doubt that wonderful discoveries await it there, as important perhaps as have been in the preceding centuries the discoveries of the physical and natural sciences" (p. 62).

NATURAL LAW IN SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

By Émile Boutroux, Member of the Academy. Authorised Translation by Fred Rothwell. London (Nutt); pp. 218; 7s. 6d. net.

"In the reality of things, the rigid, eternal, mathematical order, which science considers from its own point of view, serves to

obscure an order that is invisible, supple and untrammelled, and therefore all the more beautiful" (p. 8). It is with this conviction that Prof. Boutroux emerges from his enquiry into the nature of the logical, mathematical, mechanical, physical, chemical, biological, physiological and sociological laws as at present formulated by science. In other words, he concludes that there is no absolute coincidence between the laws of nature as science assumes them to be and the laws of nature as they really are, and therefore the idea of natural law is not the same for the scientist and the philosopher. In spite of the ever-extending sway of science over manifestations that once seemed most hostile to its influence, and therewith the supine acceptance of theories of the absolutism of a soulless radical mechanism and determinism, the innate belief in human freedom and responsibility refuses to be brow-beaten and subdued. This natural instinct is philosophically justified by the fact that "in proportion as we advance from the study of the motions of the heavenly bodies—the most external reality with which we are acquainted—to the study of life and thought, the postulates required are the more numerous and inaccessible" (p. 212). And this just observation is emphasised by the following further considerations: "Physics, by regarding work as superior to heat, actually makes an open appeal to the notion of quality. Chemistry is based upon the postulate that elements of different kinds exist and are maintained in existence. The reflex act of biology is no simple mechanical reaction, for it has the property of ensuring the conservation, evolution and reproduction of a determinate organisation. Psychic reaction is something more, since it tends to provide an individual with the science of things, *i.e.* the knowledge of laws, and thereby with an indefinite power to utilise them for ends laid down by himself. To sum up, in sociology, the action of environment is not sufficient to explain phenomena: we must introduce man, with his knowledge and prejudices, his power of sympathy with other men, his ideas of happiness and progress, justice and harmony" (pp. 212, 213).

The conclusion of the whole matter is that the mechanical laws of nature revealed by modern science are for use and not for bondage. "Instead of being a necessity, they set us free; they enable us to supplement, by active service, that state of contemplation in which the ancients were plunged" (p. 218), and this withdraws us from the contemplation of abstractions and bends our energies ever more and more on that vital knowledge of concrete experience with which alone any true philosopher can be

satisfied. Professor Boutroux since 1875 has laboured consistently in the interests of that voluntarism which has been so powerful a factor in the best thought of France in the present century and which is destined to play a still more dominant rôle in the Regeneration.

AN APOLOGY.

IN our last number there appeared an admirable article, entitled 'A Hindu's Idealistic View of Christianity,' signed by Professor Ramdas Khan, Ph.D., of Calcutta University. Shortly after its publication, to our utter amazement it was discovered to be a word for word copy of the major part of an essay by Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard (*William James and Other Essays on the Philosophy of Life*, Macmillan, 1911, pp. 188-189). We immediately wrote a full letter of apology and explanation to Prof. Royce, and now publicly tender him and our readers the expression of our most sincere regret. The paper was first sent in through the intermediary of an old mutual friend of some thirty years' standing. We at once wrote to Prof. Ramdas Khan congratulating him warmly on what seemed to be a very remarkable achievement; he replied tacitly accepting these congratulations. The proofs were then sent him and were duly returned passed for press, including the title. The authenticity of the article could not therefore be reasonably suspected. The editor, however, takes full responsibility for the blame of not recognising Prof. Royce's style, all the more as he is a sincere admirer of the works of the distinguished Professor of Philosophy at Harvard; but it is impossible to read everything or even to remember a title of what one does read.

Just as we are going to press we have received a horror-stricken letter from Prof. Ramdas Khan, dated February 16. He writes that he has only just seen the January QUEST; that he has been the victim of a cunning and systematic plot to ruin his reputation; he has now discovered that his mail was intercepted, his article changed, his handwriting copied, and his signature forged by one whom he had previously regarded as an intimate friend.—ED.

THE QUEST

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THE QUEST.

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

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THE QUEST.



RELIGION AND THE INTERIOR LIFE.

Professor ÉMILE BOUTROUX, Membre de l'Académie.

I.

RELIGION and the interior life! A most real and engrossing subject evidently about the middle of the seventeenth century, when thought was the one pre-eminent reality and the soul was the battle-ground of tragic conflicts between reason and faith; when, in romantic parlance, we saw a doubt-tortured Pascal endeavour, ineffectually it may be, to overcome his enemy, by sinking all bruised and shaken into the arms of faith, as he clung with unsteady hand to the cross of Golgotha.

The interior life was then, assuredly, the seat of religion. No one would have dreamed of asking whether there was any connection between these two terms: religion and the interior life.

Is it the same now? Is the subject as real at the present time as it could be in 1656?

Certain observers of contemporary life would have us believe that the subject is dead, that it is a mistake to look upon religion as having anything to do with the interior life. The interior element of religion, they

say, is but an adventitious manifestation. It should be regarded as a kind of epiphenomenon determined by the exterior, as feeling is determined by action in the theory of James Lange. In reality religion consists solely of the rules and dogmas enforced in a church. All else, *i.e.* the interior feelings and actions of individuals, may be neglected.

Here, assuredly, an objection presents itself to the mind. Protestantism, which as a matter of fact places the interior life in the foreground; the Catholicism of an Augustine, a Saint Bernard, a Pascal, a Bossuet, a Bourdaloue; Christianity, which teaches that the kingdom of God is within us; Buddhism, which draws us away from the world of sense;—are we to say that these are not religions?

Indeed, they are not religions, answer the scientists of whom I speak. By supposing them to be religions, our definition of religion is based solely on feeling, not on science.

The observation and comparison of the whole of so-called religious phenomena emphasise the conclusion that what characterises them as religions is purely social and exterior, practical and intellectual.

Protestantism, Christianity, Buddhism, are not religions; they are systems of morals.

If this be so, the subject set before us is non-existent, though it may have been thought to exist formerly. To-day, the very idea of religion which it presupposes has gone by; it is out of date.

Are things really so?

It is easy enough to set morals and religions over against each other and say: Christianity and Buddhism being essentially systems of morals, thereby cease to be religions.

It is not easy to show that ethic is, in fact, something alien to religion, that it has an origin distinct from religion, and has gradually thrown off every religious element.

Socrates, the first to exalt morals into a science and regard them as distinct, considers ethics to be wholly imbued with religion. Essentially religious, he cannot dream of establishing a system of morals independent of religion. To his mind, ethic is the observance of the unwritten laws approved of by reason and by general consent. These laws include those that deal with piety and one's duty towards God. To him, faith in divine providence is greater than the whole of morals.

Again, morals were developed by the Stoics. Now, the Stoic is 'God-possessed.' "Without God the good man is naught," writes Seneca. And to find God, he says, man need not raise his hands to heaven: "God is near thee; is with thee, within thyself." Morals consist in willing with a will that is divine, not inspired by passion or caprice. So great a thing as a virtuous soul can exist only with the help of divinity: "So potent a thing cannot stand without divine support."

The third stage in the progress of morals as a distinct science is the doctrine of Kant. Now, the categorical imperative of this philosopher is, as it were, the impression made by God himself on the human will. Kant has even been called the last of the Church Fathers. Brought up on religion, and retaining throughout a religious mind and soul, he no more than the rest made any distinction between morals and religion. According to him, not only is belief in God a postulate of morals; but even practical reason, as Kant understands it, in its detachment from the world of

sense and the nature of its commands, is wholly imbued with religion. "*Du kannst, denn du sollst*" (You can, for you ought). In no other terms would Pascal have formulated the criterion of a religious conception of life.

Thus it is anything but evident that ethic as it is, morals as we find them in our consciousness, is independent of or even incompatible with religion.

What is the ground of this exclusion of religion from the interior life? It is the observation that religion, in most nations, as regards the majority of its manifestations, has consisted of beliefs and rites prescribed by a community. But what proof is there that these phenomena are the genuine principles of the religions in question and not manifestations of principles that are more profound and less apparent? One property of human nature is that it readily forgets the inner motives that have originated some given practice, and afterwards does the thing for its own sake as a matter of habit. Then we perform numerous actions which seem devoid of significance though they originally had one, actions which at first were but means for attaining to certain ends.

Another way of proving that the interior life is something purely adventitious as regards religion, is to appeal to history for the determination of the primitive forms of religion. The conclusion is that whatever is not found in these primitive forms is foreign to religion and a negligible quantity.

In such a century as the present, however, when nothing is talked about except evolution and progress, why do we insist that the most elementary and primitive forms—admitting our power to discover them—should still remain, even now, the norm and essence of

our different modes of activity? Is it not admissible that religion, like science and civilisation, has really evolved, and now appears in a form vastly different from its primitive modes? May it not be that progress actually consists of the greater and more essential importance attributed to the interior life?

We show ourselves particularly enamoured of sincerity, and rightly so; for sincerity, most assuredly, is one of the greatest of virtues. Of what else does it consist than of the harmony between our exterior life and the inmost essence of our being? If, then, we value sincerity, we cannot attribute moral worth to external manifestations that correspond to no feeling and express only a material and impersonal tradition. To separate from religion the interior life, reduce it to transmitted rites and beliefs, to an ecclesiastical organisation, is seriously to compromise its value in the minds of our contemporaries, to relegate it to the past and regard it as a simple matter of erudition and sociology.

It would not then seem that we ought, *à priori*, in the name of science, to refuse to consider the question set before us. Let us take things as they are, as we imagine they may and should be; and let us see, according to this view, if religion, like the interior life, has any foundation. If the result of our investigation is positive, let us boldly uphold the essential *rôle* of the interior life of religion, in spite of the empirical curves within which academic science would aspire to confine the future.

II.

In attempting, now-a-days, to justify religious beliefs, one frequently speaks of their beneficent effects,

the consolation, joy and peace with which they fill the soul, the experience which certain men have had—and which anyone may have—of their salutary influence. What could be more convincing than such an experience? We regard it as veracious because it is our own, a part of ourselves.

No doubt this is a very real and efficacious argument; but what does it mean exactly? As stated in general terms, it possesses incontestably a personal value and brings conviction to the individual who suggests the thing to himself; still, it has no communicable efficacy on that account; it cannot necessarily be imposed on other men as something to which they must assent.

Will it be alleged that the individual is self-sufficient, that the scruples of others matter little to him if he feels himself in possession of certainty, and that religious experience is the one thing that affords this certainty? Assuredly; but, on the other hand, is it not difficult for a man who reasons, who attaches importance, as is but right, to the opinions of his fellow-beings, to be content with his own personal conviction and regard as futile all discussion as to the intrinsic truth of the teachings which stir so deeply the world of thinkers, and even whole societies?

Now it would seem that religious experience, of itself alone, is inadequate to justify the beliefs of the religious consciousness.

In the first place, this experience is strictly individual; it comes to certain men with such precision and force that it compels their adhesion to it and produces in them a belief apparently irresistible. Others, however, experience nothing of the kind. The most pathetic accounts of events that have come to

religious souls, leave them quite unmoved. They set their own experience over against the experience invoked. They go further still, and proclaim that utility, the services that may be rendered by an idea or a belief, are, in their eyes, but poor guarantees of the legitimacy of this belief. Above all, they hunger and thirst after truth, proof, certainty, not only subjective and sentimental, but also objective and intellectual. They would rather suffer, renounce the sweets of peace and disinterestedness, than sacrifice the religion of truth wherein they consider that their dignity as human beings consists.

To such minds of what importance are the things that satisfy the needs of the soul? Must such satisfaction be felt as complete, for the object that procures it to be regarded as real and true? We are daily passing through experiences which belie this hypothesis.

The false, imaginary or absurd may console as well as, even better than, truth. Doctors are pleased to regard it as their duty to deceive their patients; they relieve their pain and suffering by means of falsehoods. Why should not this also be so in the moral and religious order of things?

Now-a-days the study of these phenomena forms an entire science—that of suggestion and its effects. By suggestion not only moral distress is cured, but also physical disease, and one of the forms of suggestion is unconscious auto-suggestion.

Now suggestion by no means implies the reality of the objects the idea of which it imposes; it is the form of certitude, one may say, applied to an imaginary object, and acting of itself. It is night, says the doctor at noon to his patient; sleep! and the patient falls asleep.

Again, it is possible to call forth or create the very needs which religious beliefs are qualified to satisfy. It is a commonplace to say that these are a matter of environment and education; that while they are imperious in one class of society, they are ineffectual in another. Now-a-days the psychologist teaches sure methods of awakening these needs in the soul, of making them profound and irresistible. For this purpose, he has only to set in action certain psychological laws he has discovered. Religious souls may be manufactured.

Now, suppose that this assimilation of faith to a suggestion or an auto-suggestion is in reality erroneous, that genuine religious need, the true effects of religion, differ totally from the psychic phenomena with which they are compared: does the argument of efficacy perceived within the soul become once again valid?

Just think: reduced to the mission of procuring peace of mind, of satisfying its feelings and responding to its needs, religion is no more than a simple means, an instrument, a sort of prescription; it is not an end, the one thing preëminently necessary and supreme.

If, for some reason or other, these needs were to disappear, religion would no longer have any *raison d'être*.

Again, what is the means which cannot be replaced, which we cannot, at all events, dream of replacing, and of which it may be said, once for all, that it is the only means and assuredly the best?

In Bernard Shaw's humorous pamphlet *Why I go to Church*, he shows that there is an imperious necessity in man to leave this world, in which he finds life too hard. He would commit suicide if he saw himself as he is. Men are conscious of this state of

misery, to find a remedy for which many resort to alcohol. I do not drink alcohol, says Bernard Shaw, but I go to church. Thus alcohol and religion are two means of realising the same end. The hygienist would recommend the latter.

Is religion indeed no more than a harmless *succedaneum* or substitute of alcohol? The human conscience is righteously indignant at such a question. All the same, it is important to note that, if religion had to deal only with utility and not with truth, it would show only a difference in degree from the other means of attaining the same end; experience alone could decide as to its superiority.

The reasonable man cannot put aside all consideration for truth or regard it as of secondary importance. It is not sufficient that he bears witness to certain needs in human nature; he asks himself if these needs are legitimate and if it is right that they should be met. And regarding the means themselves, he asks himself similar questions. A means must do more than merely be suitable for realising a legitimate or obligatory end. If this means implies a belief, as happens when appeal is made to religion, the reasonable man will enquire into the value of this belief and whether or not the object it offers us really exists.

What conclusion is reached by the man who, thus adopting the point of view not of utility but of truth, asks himself what are the essential needs of man and how he can legitimately satisfy them?

III.

What are the essential needs of man, not from the subjective standpoint of feeling, but from the objective one of intelligence?

The general consensus of opinion answers : the need of truth and of the ideal. We do not regard all needs as on the same level. Even the needs of happiness and inward peace, of contentment with oneself, however lofty they may be in certain souls, cannot be considered equal, in moral value, to the need of truth and of the ideal. Such are the needs, just in themselves, the satisfaction of which reason demands.

What now are the means of satisfying these needs which, in themselves, may be approved of by a reason which repudiates the principle that the end justifies the means, and which requires that both means and ends alike be in conformity with truth ?

To afford legitimate satisfaction to these two needs, many minds now-a-days would seem to be adopting a doctrine which may be expressed in Goethe's well-known maxim :

*“ Wer Wissenschaft und Kunst besitzt
Hat auch Religion ;
Wer jene beiden nicht besitzt,
Der habe Religion !*

“ He who possesses science and art possesses religion also. To him who possesses neither, religion is necessary.”

According to this doctrine, science and art contain in themselves all that is essential in religion, all that is true and good, universally and eternally necessary therein. To possess them, therefore, is also to possess religion itself, in all that constitutes the value of this latter. If one does not possess religion in this pure form, it is not advisable that he be therefore deprived of it. Let him receive it in its popular, its traditional form. Thus veiled and set forth, the truths of religion

speak to the imagination and the feelings, and so are accessible to all.

This doctrine seems very widespread now-a-days. Religions in their given form are, it is considered, but contingent and provisional means of satisfying the essential needs of the soul. Science and art are adequate, definitive means. Hence this consequence: if, in the soul, there are needs which science and art are powerless to satisfy, these are adventitious and imaginary, fictitious and perishable needs, which do not deserve to exist, and will actually disappear in proportion as the real needs are satisfied.

What are we to think of this doctrine?

It may be conceived and logically upheld if science and art, in themselves, are complete things, if—in theory at all events, if not in fact—they are self-sufficient and capable, as Goethe says, of being possessed. It will be so for science, if science really consists of a static and eternal system of truths necessarily inseparable from one another, that is, in a word, all necessarily founded on a single principle. Art also will be a thing that can be possessed if, independent of the free activity of man, the beautiful *per se* exists, the eternal, immutable model of everything in nature or art that deserves the name of beautiful. Thus conceived, science and art may be compared to fruit which is plucked, enjoyed and assimilated, though growing on trees whose nature exists *per se*, independently of the art with which we cultivate them.

We must find out if this conception is correct.

Descartes, at the beginning of his *Regulae ad Directionem Ingenii*, says that all the sciences are nothing else than human intelligence applied to different objects. Kant advocates the same doctrine,

and actually endeavours to determine the *rôle*, not accidental but essential, played by the mind in the creation of science. He also maintains the same theory with regard to art.

The increasingly rigorous analysis to which philosophers and scientists submit the development of science and art affords ever greater confirmation of Descartes' and Kant's theory, and destroys the illusion which is at the bottom of the dogmatic theory.

Science, separate from the human mind, conceived of as something passed from one to another, is science arranged for the convenience of teaching, the artificial systematisation of the sum total of actually acquired knowledge. Such science is not true science, which is the product of the laboratory and of the scientific mind ; it is the effort of the human mind to know and understand nature. Now in this effort analysis finds something introduced by the human mind itself—points of view, modes of grasping things and adapting them to the conditions of our thought, methods of organisation and reduction, which are not set forth or imposed by the things themselves, but which the mind evolves out of itself or creates by itself.

Will this participation of mind last only for a time ? Is the hour to come when science will be a whole, containing within itself all the conditions of its existence and development, so that the work of man is reduced to passive contemplation and analysis ? Who would affirm this ? Indeed, whenever a formula has seemed definitely established, perfectly known, clear, distinct and absolutely certain, profounder criticism has shown, in this very formula, an incomplete, provisional view of things, the expression of a contingent attitude of the human mind erroneously regarded as the

essence of a reality totally independent of that mind. Mathematical axioms themselves are not self-sufficient. There is no equality, no identity, *per se*. What exists is mind, working upon itself to invent methods of equalisation, of identification. Science, therefore, is not a thing *per se*; it is an activity of the human mind. Science is not self-sufficient; it presupposes man.

This must also be said of art; and the affirmation of the dependence of art, as far as man is concerned, is now-a-days a commonplace, unless I am mistaken.

No doubt art frequently appears as something ready-made, so to speak, which has rules and forms of its own, can be rigorously taught, and permits of an entirely objective appreciation. Critics, however, see more and more clearly that art, thus conceived, is but scholasticism attempting to reduce to precise formulæ the free creations of the masters. Just as, in the past, great works have issued, all aglow with life, from the genius and imagination, the heart and soul of man, in so far as it communicates with something vaguely inexpressible and infinite; so the future, to an indefinite extent, will admit of new creations, new modes of expression, used to interpret new mental states. If science is the man himself, and not a thing *per se*, it is even more evident still that art cannot be separated from the genius who gives it birth. Torn away from the parent tree, it withers and dies.

Art and science are not objects of which we have to gain possession; they are activities.

Science and art are not self-sufficient; they presuppose man. Thus reinstated, however, in human thought and activity, are they not sufficient ends for man? What can we seek that is higher than the true and the beautiful? Is not a human life, devoted

to the pursuit of these two ends, as complete and noble as possible ?

Pascal said: Man transcends man. If he is right, to show that man is at the basis of all science and art, as contemporary criticism does, is to introduce a principle, big with consequences.

Can man be content with scientific truth and an artistic ideal? We must note that in neither one nor the other is there any question of the distinction between good and evil. How can a system of morals be based on science, purely and simply, in whose sight everything is equivalent,—for science is nothing else than universal identification and assimilation? As regards art, a distinction was formerly made—perhaps it is still made—between the beautiful and the ugly. But is evil—admitting it to be always ugly, a very debatable point—nothing more than ugliness? Evil is what should not, what ought not, to be. The ugly may have a utility of its own, that of giving prominence to the beautiful. At all events, it may co-exist with moral splendour. The Romanticists regarded it as illumined therewith.

Man does not wish to enjoy science or art as a dilettante; he has no intention of forgetting himself in them but of cultivating them as a man. This means that along with scientific truth and æsthetic beauty he admits the existence of a definitely moral truth and beauty, or, if preferred, of good as distinct from truth and beauty pure and simple.

Is this all? Is the moral need the only one in human nature that is placed above the artistic and scientific needs?

In all things, man aspires after the most perfect, and it is his ambition to create. This dual aspiration

prevents him from being content with the visible given expressions of power and the ideal, however excellent they be. He is determined to attain to the very cause of being and good, to unite therewith as closely as possible, that he himself may share in the power to create the beautiful, the true and the good. In other words, every need of his soul has its finished form, or rather its root in a strictly religious need—that of attaining to the very being of beings, the source of all perfection, and of living his own life.

If this is so, it is useless to profess to satisfy all human needs by means of science and art alone. Goethe's solution, however noble it appear, however much it conform with the modern mind, is in itself inferior to the ambitions and rights of human nature.

IV.

We must then take up the problem ourselves and, considering human nature in its truth and assured needs, attested by reason itself, try to discover how, in the light of this same reason, these needs may most completely be satisfied.

Moralists, theologians, investigators into human nature, a Saint Paul, a Saint Augustine, a Pascal, all agree in saying that there is something strange in man—an inner contradiction and opposition.

Watch him during any manifestation whatsoever of his activity. Even if he attains his end, he is not content; he reflects. He was expecting, wanting something else. To grasp A is to miss not-A; he perceives that it is not-A on which he ought to have set his mind. Man believes he desires a certain thing; in reality he desires something different from what he

has. His present state is useful only in so far as it enables him to pursue some other. To persevere in the state he has most desired brings him disappointment. He admires and makes an idol of himself; but if he is alone with himself, he becomes bored. He wants something else, something that is not the necessary, inevitable, purely logical consequence of that which is. Such an event would not be something else; it would be the same thing in another form. Man wants something new, *i.e.* something which is made up of the given elements, assuredly, but is not the resultant, pure and simple, of the actual play of these elements. He wants a new thing to the production of which he himself has contributed, utilising his ideas and ambitions, his passions, caprices and the various forces at his disposal. In a word, he would like to create.

But why be uneasy, discontented and incapable of living with oneself? Is it not in the power of man, to some extent, to be continually changing his state and experiencing new sensations? In certain social situations can he not satisfy his imperious love of change? May it not be that, in reality, the reason he is eternally restless is that he seeks, in change, something that is not change?

Amongst all the antinomies lying hidden in human nature, is one that dominates and, it may be, determines the rest. It is the antinomy between power and duty. These two notions being inherent in our consciousness, what relation is it advisable to establish between them?

It would seem to be a matter of common sense that power conditions duty. "Ability is the limit of obligation" (*Nemo ultra posse tenetur*) is a well-known

maxim. Still, there can be no doubt that the notion of duty is profoundly modified by this alleged axiom. It is the intrinsic value of an action that makes it obligatory; not the facility or the difficulty of execution it offers to some particular person. Duty exists *per se*. Whether realised or not, whether we possess the power to realise it or do not possess this power, it still remains. Moreover, we must not forget that the amount of force or power at our disposal is unknown to us, perhaps unknowable or even indeterminate. The principle of Lucretius "*Sentit enim vim quisque suam quod possit abuti*" (Each man feels naturally what amount of force he can put into play) is secondary, not primitive. When some crisis befalls us, we find we are infinitely stronger or weaker than we imagined ourselves. Measured by the power of which one is conscious, duty, in the case of certain individuals, runs the risk of dwindling away to zero.

Must we then on the other hand measure power by duty, and set up as immediately certain Kant's famous motto: "*Du kannst, denn du sollst*" (Since you must, you can)? This formula, in the mind of Kant himself, expresses a claim of the reason, not a fact. How could power be determined naturally by duty? The latter is dictated to the human consciousness by an unknown power, whose subject it is impossible to find in nature. The former is made up of the natural forces themselves. What right have we to take for granted that nature and the principle of duty are one and the same thing?

This antinomy cannot be overcome in the case of man when left to himself. Neither can he free himself from these two ideas—or from one of them—nor can he reconcile them with each other.

What, however, will man do when faced with this problem? Pascal tells us: confined within the circle of nature, the only choice man has is between apathy and despair. Idly holding to the notion of his power, he will either turn aside from duty and find delight in diletantism or indifference as regards his higher destinies, or else, proud of his lofty destiny and uncompromisingly affirming that duty the reality of which his very reason demonstrates, he will raise his voice in protest, as one who is beaten, angry at the powerlessness of his nature to realise what must be. These are the two attitudes personified by Pascal in Pyrrho and Epictetus and by Molière in Philaute and Alceste.

Are we, as a matter of fact, reduced to a choice between these two problems?

Nature offers us no other solution. Religion, however, here comes to the help of nature.

It would seem that we may sum up the essential points of religion in the following elements: God and man's relation to God.

God has rightly been defined by philosophers as the synthesis of perfection and of existence. According to nature, the perfect is impossible of realisation; different perfections, even, like personality and infinity, are incompatible. God is a supernatural, infinite power that harmonises the contraries. "Thou makest order out of disorder, and things hostile are friendly for Thee," as Cleanthes says. This power is inherent in, not exterior to, perfection itself.

"Be ye perfect," says the Gospel, "as your heavenly Father is perfect." "Thy will be done on earth," again says the Gospel, "as it is done in heaven." In God, *ought* and *can* are one, not opposite and contrary, heterogeneous and distinct.

The second article of religion is God's condescension towards man. God does not enjoy his power all alone, he shares it, as it were, with the man who is conscious of his need and turns confidingly to him. Happy are those who beg for—hunger and thirst after—spiritual boons, says the Gospel, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Given the religion of God as father, as both the end and the means, in Pascal's language, it would seem right that we should recognise this religion as solving the antinomy presented by man's condition. We need not concern ourselves about measuring duty by the power of man as such, if the very existence of God proves the compatibility of all perfection with existence. His eyes fixed on God, man can fearlessly form the loftiest and purest conception of duty. The natural man, for instance, hesitates or refuses to regard love as an object of duty. "You do not love as you would, but as you can," seems a self-evident maxim. But religion regards love as a duty, and that love which forgets, gives and renounces itself, as the duty *par excellence*. For this love is in God, and God has realised it, says Christianity, in the eyes of men.

Duty, then, however sublime, can *per se* be accomplished. And man's power to accomplish it is guaranteed by the complaisance with which God enables him to share in His own being and life. Watch the child; from his mother who loves him, he learns to love his mother. In the same way, God's love for man becomes, in the human soul, the love of men and the love of God. "The love of the human soul for God," says Spinoza, "is nothing else than the love of God for men."

V.

The solution we have reached would seem to satisfy both pragmatism and rationalism in their essentials.

If mind, as manifested in the human mind, is presupposed by science and art, we could not, without ruining science and art themselves, deny the reality of mind and *à priori* regard its needs as negligible.

On the other hand, the mind cannot be in contradiction with itself, and cultivate within itself exigences which would be the negation of the way in which it is manifested in science and art. Again, the very reason, which controls the development of science and art, must be called in to judge the legitimacy of the needs of the mind which supersede the scientific and the artistic need alike.

Now, even from this point of view, naturalistic rationalism seems inadequate. Man's feet touch the ground but his eyes are uplifted to heaven. His reason, as Plato says, is a pulley which draws his soul towards a truth higher than sensible realities; it is a link between nature and God. And so the reality and worth of the interior life is attested by reason itself, although the latter, of itself alone, cannot create and develop it.

And in what way is this interior life distinct from the exterior life?

It would be contrary to fact and reason alike to reduce religions to purely interior phenomena. Every real solid religion, of extended sway, contains dogmas and rites in addition to the interior soul-impulse. Nor are these elements extrinsic; they are essential, if religion is to realise the idea of the kingdom of God descending

on earth. To act upon men, one must speak the language of human beings. God himself, according to Christianity, became man in order that man might become God.

To the religious man, the interior life and the exterior life are not two lives; they are the two aspects, temporal and eternal, of one and the same life. Man is called upon to draw nearer to and share in what God is. How could he still be religious, were he to lose sight of this transition from idea to being, this obligation to help forward the coming of God's kingdom on earth, which constitutes the very essence of religion?

The interior religious life, then, is not thrust back upon itself and removed from all contact with exterior life, as from some disturbing cause. It is the union of the soul with the principle of being and perfection, in view of the influence it must exercise on the world. It is the power which must change the world from within, without interfering with laws, institutions or social forms, without entering into conflict with men. Need I fight my enemy, if I make a friend of him?

The interior life is not the contrary of the exterior, but rather its model. It must find expression in the exterior life. The prayer of Socrates is as fitting now as it ever was: "Give me," he said to the divine powers, "the inner beauty of the soul, and grant that the outer be in harmony with that spiritual beauty!"

EMILE BOUTROUX.

(Authorised Translation by FRED ROTHWELL.)

THE CRADLE OF SPEECH.

Fleet-Surgeon C. MARSH BEADNELL, R.N.

HAVING traced in preceding articles¹ the evolution of voice and hearing from the lowly and comparatively silent invertebrates to the highly organised and melodious birds, we must now consider such functions in the mammals in whom, particularly in the more specialised, the apparatuses that respectively produce and intercept sound-waves and transmit and interpret the various nerve-impulses incident thereto, reach their highest level. A mammal's ear consists of three parts²: the external ear, a structure on each side of the head which, so far as man is concerned, is more ornamental than useful; the middle ear, which consists of a membrane or drum that vibrates to sound-waves and to the inner aspect of which is attached a chain of small bones—the hammer, anvil and stirrup—that amplifies and at the same time transmits the vibrations of the drum to another membrane, which is a kind of oval window in the wall of an irregular-shaped chamber constituting the third or internal part of the ear. This chamber is filled with lymph, which in its turn hands on the movements of the oval membrane to the sensitive terminal filaments of the auditory cells embedded in the inner wall of the chamber. These cells, which are, as it were, the

¹ The 'Dawn of Voice and Hearing,' October, 1914, and 'The Origins of Song and Dance,' January, 1915.

² See diagrams at end of article.

frayed-out ends of the acoustic nerve, transform the gross molar oscillations of the lymph into those delicate and subtle molecular vibrations of protoplasm that compose a nerve-impulse.¹ Such an impulse travels up the nerve to the brain, there setting up changes which are differentiated by the mind and interpreted as sensations of sound.

MUSIC AND RHYTHM.

The internal ear, as we have seen, has a twofold function; the semi-circular canals and otolith organ subserve the space-sense, while the cochlea is concerned in hearing. In far back ancestors the ear was an organ ministering solely to the former sense—indeed, this is still its primary function; later on certain portions of it were differentiated to respond to the vibrations set up by sound-waves. Originally animals did not *hear* sounds, but *felt* them,—first by means of the general body-surface, next by cutaneous nerves distributed all over the body, and later by particular cutaneous nerves localised in the head-region. Finally they were able to hear sound by means of metamorphosed skin-nerves that no longer came to the surface but remained in the deeper tissues as acoustic nerves. During the ontogenetical development of a mammal we actually witness the derivation of the specialised auditory from the generalised skin-nerve.² As the ages rolled by and

¹ A nerve-impulse may be regarded as a rhythmic 'flow' of 'neurokyme,' or nerve-force, from one neuron or nerve-unit to another. Each neuron is supposed to be charged with neurokyme as a Leyden jar is charged with electricity. The stimulus to one neuron sets free in it a surcharge of neurokyme which passes on through the synapse, or contact between two nerve-units, to the next neuron, and this now becoming surcharged overflows into the next, and so on, until the centripetal nerve-units in the brain are affected.

² The nerve of hearing is really the sensory dorsal branch of a cerebro-spinal nerve whose ventral branch is the facial nerve that energises the muscles of expression.

the phylogenetical development of the ear progressed, the primitive receiving apparatus of air-vibrations became more specialised, until a stage was reached when organised vibrations, that is music, began to be discriminated. At first, of course, such music was melodic and of the simplest conceivable character; but it paved the way for the sensing of those appropriately combined and simultaneously emitted sounds called harmony. Lower animals delight in melody; but the appreciation of harmony is the exclusive perquisite of man, we might almost say civilised man. Now there are harmonies and harmonies, from those of the mouth-organ to those of the orchestra; and indeed music could be used as a kind of separator of grades of mentality, just as different-meshed sieves will separate from the soil the coarse stones, gravel and fine sand. Our very dreams attest that in the order of evolution the mind reacted first to noise, then to melody, lastly to harmony. "Dreaming," says the maligned Nietzsche,¹ "is a reversion to the earlier stages of humanity; our primeval ancestors had, like the savage of to-day, a mental life similar to our dream-life." Just as the phantasmal objects of dreams are as a rule painted with the simple colours that appeal to the primitive mind, so dream-sounds are those of noises, of voices, sometimes of melodies. And just as the colour purple, so rare in nature that insects and even savages are blind to it, does not figure in dreams, so too the interwoven sounds of harmony do not appeal to the savage, nor, save in a gifted few, do they enter into

¹ Why our recent outcry against the poet-philosopher? True, Nietzsche hit out at all and sundry; but his nastiest hits were reserved for the Teutonic nation—a nation he accused of having arbitrarily stupefied itself through alcohol and Christianity, whose intellect was more and more on the decline, a nation whose education was becoming vulgarised and whose State and civilisation were antagonistic.

the dreams of man. However, nature allows no hard and fast boundaries, and it would be incorrect to say that an appreciation of harmony is absolutely distinctive of man; a few simple chords are possibly enjoyed by lower animals. Experiments conducted at the Zoological Gardens showed that few animals are indifferent to music, and that nearly all resent discords. Many too showed marked likes and dislikes for particular 'colours' of sound; the tiger, for instance, was soothed by the violin, but infuriated by the piccolo. Havelock Ellis describes how a dog howled on hearing a nocturne of Chopin, especially at the pathetic passages, once or twice catching and drawing out the very note played. He panted, walked about uneasily and now and then placed his head in the player's lap. Then, when a more cheerful piece by Grieg was played, he at once became indifferent, sat down, scratched himself and yawned; but directly the player returned to the nocturne, the dog repeated his howling.

Strange it is that mere vibrations of wood, iron and air should wield so tremendous an influence over organisms, evoking in ourselves the deepest and sublimest emotions, here spurring to deeds of prowess, there soothing with a sense of ineffable peace. This mysterious sway over the mind is probably because one of the first uses to which organised sound-waves were put, was as a method of sexual appeal; indeed, music to this day is *the* language of love. Again, organised sound-waves accompanied not only love- but waltzes, and hence were in intimate association with muscular movements of vital import to primitive man. And finally music is the essence of rhythm; and the hall-mark of rhythm was very early stamped on protoplasm. The ultra-atomic rhythms of the ether, the

particulate rhythms of water and air, the gross rhythms of winds, ripples, waves and tides left their indelible mark on the tender new-born life cradled in the pre-Cambrian seas. It was the *measured* sounds rather than the actual tones which so excited aboriginal man and drove him to action, bellicose or erotic. It was the recurrent boom of the drum, the twang of bow, the clatter of castanets and clang of cymbals—instruments which always figured in the love-dances of antiquity—rather than tonality, which then was quite subsidiary, that so inflamed the primeval mind. The development of the power of hearing and the concomitant evolution of music were best furthered by conditions unfavourable to the full exercise of vision. Being primarily a danger-organ, the ear received its stimuli to development principally at night or in the twilights of woods and caves; in the brightness of day more reliance was placed on the eye. To this day music has most charms when the light is subdued, because our visual sense is then lowered and our auditory sense exalted.

Look where we will, we see rhythm permeating all nature. Consider those most familiar objects, our bodies. We find all the principal organs contracting and expanding at regular periods; even growth is rhythmic, even the mind has its definite periods of activity and rest. There are rhythms in the circulatory sphere that correspond with the tick of a clock; there are rhythms in the sexual sphere that correspond with the majestic sweep of our lunar satellite. Turn to the microcosm and every cell is seen to exhibit rhythmic activities, every particle to throb with Brownian motion; and could we but tear aside the veil separating visible from invisible and peer into that fairyland of the infinitely little, we should see, so the

physicists assure us, the ultimate units of matter in perpetual rhythmic motion. Turn to the macrocosm, search the grand depths of solitude as far as we may, and we see æonal periodicity impressed on all phenomena. A nebula becomes a star; the star becomes a solar system with its living organisms; in time the mother sun draws her planetary offspring back to her bosom, there is a feeble flicker and then the system is dead—a cold, dark colossal clod. Tumbling through space there comes at length the inevitable meeting with some kindred celestial wanderer—I say ‘inevitable’ on the assumption that the movements and distribution of cosmic bodies in time and space are infinite. A stupendous crash, a vast flash, and, like a phoenix rising from the ashes, a nebula is begotten. The curve reënters itself, the rhythm is complete and the Master of Ceremonies rings down the curtain on one cosmic day. Such is the universality of rhythm. Can we wonder then that those rhythms within rhythms which we call music, should exercise so wonderful an influence over mind? Doubtless a long time has elapsed since human brain-cells, sufficiently differentiated to be the physical basis of delight in a fugue of Bach, evolved from pithecanthropoid brain-cells whose developmental stimuli in the musical direction consisted of little more than the moan of the winds through the tree-tops. But far longer was the period that linked up the ape-man’s cerebral cells to the helpless specks of plasm tossed about the primal ocean, poor little potential souls and bodies rudely goaded in the direction of sound-wave sensation by the clashes of the three new-born elements, earth, air and water. Yet let us not forget that large though such time-distances appear to our fleeting minds, they are

but flashes when compared to those majestic cycles of æons with which the astronomer deals, each of which is, perchance, but an ephemeral day in some stupendous supercosmos, wherein the whole of our sun-strewn Milky Way is, as it were, a mere blood-corpuscule. All, all is relative; we know naught of the Absolute.

WHAT THE EAR WAS AND WHAT IT IS.

One of the most specialised parts of the auditory mechanism is that in which the sorting out of various vibration-frequencies takes place, that is where the ear has to do with an estimation of pitch; and so sensitive is this region that some 11,000 tones can be discriminated. Now this number approximately corresponds to the number of hair-cells, or fibres of Corti as they are called, in the cochlea; and some authorities consider that these cells respond to the sound-vibrations in a manner analogous to that in which one piano responds, note for note, to another. Kölliker, however, maintains that there are only some 3,000 hair-cells to cope with four times as many distinguishable tones, and that therefore there cannot be any sympathetic relationship between cells and pitch of sounds. In support of the 'piano theory' it may be adduced, in the first place, that the hair-cells are arranged side by side in a geometrically graduated order of length and elasticity, just as are the wires of that instrument. Hence it would appear that each hair-cell possesses a different rhythmic value and is pitched to a different note. In the second place, the musical ear is able, in the words of Mach, to "pick out the single constituent tonal parts, not only of a harmony, but of the wildest clash of music imaginable." And, thirdly, we have the substantial evidence of

morphology. On the legs of certain crustaceans is a graduated series of hairs of varying length, thickness and elasticity, each of which is connected with the auditory nerve and is, to a certain extent, analogous to a hair-cell of our ear. Now these hairs have actually been seen to vibrate in response to musical tones, each hair quivering to one particular note only. Though analogy is no proof, such an one at least implies the probability of a relation existing between vibration-frequency, the organ of Corti and the capacity to decompose an agglomeration of tones into constituent parts.

The hypothetical phylogenetical development of the auditory mechanism in man, that is to say its gradual perfection in the ancestral line, is lent support by palæontology, morphology, physiology, pathology and ontogeny, or the history of the individual development which, in the highest animals, is hidden within the mother's womb. The development of the child as a whole, as well as of each of its parts, is a condensed *résumé* of the development of all its ancestors and their several parts. "Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny." The embryologist sees the ear begin as a little pit in the skin near the hind brain; by examining a series of embryos at successive stages, he observes this pit recede from the surface and turn into a sac which remains buried in the cephalic tissues. Watching its further career, he sees it divide into two portions, one of which becomes the otolith-organ and semi-circular canals, for balance and space-perception respectively, the other becomes the cochlea and organ of Corti. In the lowest vertebrates, where true hearing is wanting, the cochlea is absent; it begins to appear in the higher fishes, peeping out like a bud from the original sac; in

amphibians such as frogs it is more advanced, and in reptiles still more so; in birds it is well developed and shows the beginning spiral arrangement; in monotrematous mammals it is present but devoid of whorls; and not until the higher mammals are reached do we find it attaining full development.¹ As we ascend the animal scale the more elaborate becomes the cochlea, and this elaboration attains its maximum in man, who possesses a greater power of sound-analysis than any other animal. Extirpation or disease of the cochlea produces deafness; whereas destruction of the otolith-organ and canals causes disorders of orientation, so that a person with these latter structures disorganised is so destitute of the space-sense that, if made to lie down in the dark, he is unable to get up again until a light is brought. It is somewhat of a paradox that the young larvæ of frogs cannot be made 'giddy,' though the more elderly and sedate tadpoles are very prone to 'giddiness'; the explanation of this is that the semi-circular canals are present in the latter but not in the former. Again, crustaceans whose otolith-organs have been removed and who have been temporarily 'blind-folded' by the application of an opaque asphalt varnish to their eyes, lose all sense of direction, tumble head over heels and are quite indifferent as to whether they are on their head, back, side or tail.

Perhaps the most interesting experiment in this connection is that of Steinach on the crayfish, an animal whose 'ear' is situated at the base of the antennules. This investigator removed the otoliths and replaced them by bits of iron. The animal seemed perfectly satisfied with its artificial otoliths and behaved itself

¹ *The Labyrinth of Animals, including Mammals, Birds, Reptiles and Amphibians*, A. A. Gray, F.R.S.

normally until a magnet was brought near, when it immediately indulged in the most extraordinary antics. When the magnet was placed above the crayfish it swam upside down; by shifting the magnet about so as to vary the pull on the metallic otoliths, the animal could be made to assume the most absurd poises, always, however, to return to its normal position when the influence of the magnet was withdrawn. The insertion of artificial otoliths into a crayfish's 'ear' is not so difficult a feat as at first one might think; in fact, there are certain crustaceans that, after moulting, insert grains of sand into their own 'ears' to play the part of otoliths. If any person will stimulate the nerve-endings in his own otolith organ, he will be convinced that the function of that organ is one of orientation. He has but to place the terminals of a galvanic battery to each ear to experience a sensation as though he were falling through space towards the negative pole. In all animals it is the otolith organ that is the principal guide concerning position in and movements through space. When one sense is destroyed, other senses improve; and this explains the otherwise puzzling fact that an animal which has lost its otolith-organs, gradually recovers some of its space-sense; the reacquisition of the lost movements being due to an unconscious education of auxiliary space-sensing organs. Take a case in point. Hering had, in his laboratory, a blind cat that behaved almost exactly like a normal cat. It would play with balls of wool and roll them about the floor, would stick its head inquisitively into nooks and corners and spring neatly on to tables and chairs, it would run with accuracy through open doors and never bumped into objects. The cat's lost visual sense was replaced by

exalted tactile and auditory senses.¹ In our various complicated movements we instinctively pit one sense against another, hearing against vision, vision against touch, and so on, each sense correcting any errors in the other. In the absence of vision we cannot discriminate, as regards ourselves, between uniform motion and rest; we can sense *change* of motion only, and the specific organ telling us of such change is, as we have seen, the one containing the otoliths and canals. When the Irishman described his fall from the ladder he said, "It wasn't the falling I minded, but the stopping." Whether it is a horizontal movement in a submarine below the sea or in a train along the metals or in an air-ship above the clouds, whether it is our rotation round the earth's axis, our revolution around the Sun or our rectilinear rush towards Hercules,—of such movements, so long as they are uniform, we are totally ignorant. But accelerate or retard them, and the relationship between the otoliths and otolith-sac and between the lymph and semi-circular canals is altered, and this altered relationship acquaints the mind of the change of movement. When the otolith-organ gives rise to space-sensations that are at variance with those derived from other organs, such as the cochlea, eye, muscles, etc., we experience a nervous shock which may be anything from mild surprise to giddiness, nausea, vomiting or even loss of consciousness. Witness the sickness produced by the pitching of a ship or the giddiness following rapid

"'I'll tell ye,' said the blind woman, first assuming an attitude of listening that showed how effectually her powers of collecting intelligence had been transferred from the eye to the ear; for, instead of casting a glance of circumspection around, she stooped her face, and turned her head slowly around, in such a manner as to ensure that there was not the slightest sound stirring in the neighbourhood" (*Old Mortality*). See also H. G. Wells' *Country of the Blind*.

rotary motion of the body. Deaf-mutes, whose otolith-organs are invariably defective, exhibit uncertainty in their gait if they shut their eyes, yet, curiously enough, if spun round they do not, like ordinary people, become giddy.¹ If they put their heads under water they lose all sense of direction and exhibit the greatest alarm, being in complete ignorance as to where the surface lies. The auxiliary organs of orientation cannot, as we have seen, be trusted singly, though acting in conjunction they are of inestimable service in correcting or corroborating space-sensations originating in the specific organ. Sitting in a train at the railway station we sometimes perceive a relative motion between ourselves and another train; we feel positive it is our own that is in motion until, our eye alighting on some object, say the book-stall, which we know cannot be moving, we realise with a start it is the other train that is quitting the station. In this way we get to learn by experience that visual space-sense alone is not to be relied on, and still less is auditory space-sense. In a fog at sea it is impossible to locate with any accuracy the position of another ship by means of her siren. The reader, however, need not undergo the discomforts of the briny to realise the deceptiveness of his own auditory space-sense; let him stand blindfolded in the middle of a field while a friend blows a whistle, and he will be astonished to find that he has not the remotest idea of the direction of the source of the noise, especially if the whistle has been blown in front or behind him.² Again, sensations of pressure

¹ *Physiology*, E. Starling. Also Mach, *Analysis of Sensation*.

² The experiment must be carried out in the open, otherwise it will be marred by the effect of echoes. A man at the mast-head has more difficulty in determining the position of a fog-signal than has a person on deck, who unconsciously avails himself of the additional information furnished him by echoes from neighbouring structures.

taking their origin in the skin and joints apprise the mind in the one case with cutaneous, and in the other with articular space-perception, that is to say sensory messages coming from these parts of the body inform the mind how the body is situated and balanced with regard to its surroundings. But here again error is liable to creep in, for the lines of communication between peripheral parts where pressure is applied, say the joints of the foot or the skin covering its sole, and the central parts where the pressure is felt, are subject to derangement. In certain nervous diseases, for instance, the patient is unable to stand up or walk in the dark, and staggers and falls even if he closes his eyes in the daylight.

The human otolith-organ comprises two small chambers, the utricle and saccule, which open into one another and are lined with sensory cells, a special layer of which, the *macula acustica*, supports the little stones or otoliths. The saccule communicates with the cochlea which, as we have seen, is a sound-analyser; the utricle communicates with the semicircular canals. Nerve-fibres pass up from the saccule and utricle to an area in the brain that is concerned in the gravity-sense; in a similar manner the three canals are connected up to a brain-centre that is the physical basis of the orientation-sense; a third set of nerve-fibres links up the cochlea with the hearing centre. Most of our knowledge relating to our position in and movement through space is due to the deciphering, so to speak, of centripetal or towards-the-brain messages from the three outposts, utricle, saccule and semicircular canals, whose tiny living cellular units are in touch with the outer world through the medium of the lymph and otoliths. It has been suggested that

the internal ear also contains an organ of time-perception.

THROWBACK CALLS AND CRIES.

We must now leave that complex organ of space-perception and hearing called the ear and turn our attention to the sound-producing organs. As with the organs of sound-reception these are more differentiated in the mammal than in any other class of animal. In the highest mammals not only are the vibratile cords and their sounding-box very elaborate, but the larynx as a whole is enriched by large thyroid cartilages and membranes and by a cunningly contrived protective device known as the epiglottis. In the lowest mammals, the monotremes, the thyroid cartilage and vocal muscles are very primitive and even the marsupials, such as kangaroos, who are a stage higher in the social scale than the monotremes, still retain in their vocal apparatus distinct traces of the old reptilian musculature. The sounds made by the Australian ant-eater (*Echidna hystrix*), the sole representative of the more ancient of the two divisions of monotremes, are mere hisses; similar reptilian sounds are made by ornithorhynchus in the higher division. Besides the hiss these archaic mammals have retained other reptilian characteristics; they have, for instance, a low blood-temperature¹ and lay large-yolked soft eggs, they have too a smooth brain. The pouched animals or marsupials, who form a sort of half-way house between the highest and lowest mammals,

¹ If backboneed animals be arranged in the order of their bodily activity or, what comes to practically the same thing, in the order of their evolution, it will be found that their temperature shows a gradual rise from below upwards, thus: the mean temperature of the average fish is roughly 50° Fahr., of the amphibian 58°, reptile 61°, monotreme 79°, marsupial 94°, placental mammal 99°, bird 106°.

seldom indulge in vocal cries; indeed the wombat is so silent that its call has never been heard in the Zoological Gardens; kangaroos, too, are usually silent, though when excited they utter a loud rising and falling scream. The Tasmanian devil (*Thylacinus*) has a similar scream, accompanied, however, by a curious mechanical rattle; the Virginian opossum, another pouch-bearer, hisses.¹

The shriek is a primitive vocal sound and, when emitted by higher mammals in lieu of their specialised cries, is probably atavistic. Even man, under the primitive conditions of pain and terror, resorts to a shriek. Everyone is familiar with the neigh and whinny of the horse and the bray of the ass, but few have heard the awful shriek of these animals when in pain. During the Boer war it was once my misfortune to see some wounded horses that had been swept down the Modder river (which was in spate) from the enemy lines, and were being whirled round and round a deep eddying backwater, the steepness of whose banks forbade all escape. The human-like shrieks of those terror-stricken brutes as they frantically struggled to keep their heads above water is seared on my mind as with burning steel.

Sometimes when the outward and visible signs of inward emotions are not sufficiently impressive, the animal falls back on certain adventitious sounds, to some of which we alluded when discussing avian courtship. Among mammals such widely different species as the rabbit, sheep, horse and deer supplement their vocal signs of displeasure by stamping. Time has not yet allowed us entirely to shake off these now

¹ I am much indebted to Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, Secretary to the Zoological Society, for a description of the cries of monotremes and marsupials.

useless and ridiculous gestures. When angry we still stamp with our feet and bang any handy objects with our fists; we still express our grief and pain by flicking the fingers and wringing the hands, just as did our remote simian-like ancestors when they shook from their prying finger-tips some hurtful insect. Nearly all mammals have their danger-calls; the sheep whistles its *cave*, a cry in marked contrast to the ewe's 'baa' for its lost lamb; deer hiss, whistle, 'hum' or 'bugle,' according to their species. We need not leave our firesides to find two animals that are museums of vocal relics. The dog barks with excitement, growls with anger, whines with anxiety and yelps in a characteristic staccato manner when hurt; he has one bark for his owner, another for the tramp. But most significant of his cries is that dismal rising and falling ululation when, jaws wide apart and throat extended, he bays the moon, in obedience to the dictates of instincts handed down from wild ancestors. Now this curious call may be the relic of that which was emitted by the dog's ancestors when, hunger-driven, they hunted in packs and rounded off their quarry on the moonlit prairies, giving tongue the while to keep in touch with one another, or on the other hand it may be a relic of the old sex-call of non-gregarious ancestors who roamed about singly and came together only during the mating season. I do not know whether baying is more common in the dog than in the bitch—this would be an interesting point to ascertain,—but in any case the sex-view of the bay is certainly lent support by the fact that the stag, the male wild-cat and that disturber of sleep the domestic Tom, the male anthropoid ape and sometimes even man, one and all indulge in a lugubrious wail when endeavouring at

night to captivate the attentions of the gentler sex. The bark is a later development than the howl; hence the wild dog cannot bark but only howl; even the semi-domesticated dog of the savage has more howl than bark in its cry. The deep significance of the howl in man will be more apparent when we come to deal with the origin of language, for we hope to show that vocal sounds were first howled, then chanted and finally spoken—in short, that not only the dog's bark but man's speech evolved from howls. So much for the canine cry; remains that of the cat, our typical companion of the hearth. And what a vocabulary! Mewing for tit-bits, purring when pleased, caterwauling its mate, screeching when hurt, 'swearing,' spitting and hissing at a strange dog, crooning as it cuddles its young.

To enumerate the heterogeneous cries of mammals would require a volume and we propose, therefore, to allude only to those of evolutionary import. Seals, whales, porpoises and dolphins are descendants of terrestrial mammals who sought refuge on the bosom of the deep from a too-severe struggle for existence on land. Owing to readaptation to aquatic life, the form, habits and, to a certain extent, even the structure of these amphibious mammals, have become fish-like, for nature, rather than be deprived altogether of her offspring, will, if she finds the straight, up-hill track of life too steep for them, urge them along easier, if less ambitious, zig-zag by-paths, just as a horse dragging a heavy load uphill instinctively crosses and re-crosses the road. These hot-blooded, viviparous sea-mammals that feed their water-babies at the breast, have retained unaltered the bellow-cry of their land-dwelling forbears. Huxley it was who first pointed out that whales had

probably descended from land-animals resembling our cattle, and his view is substantiated by their very cries. The male of the New Zealand whale (*Berardius arnuxi*), for instance, bellows like a bull and the female lows like a cow; the female of another foreign whale (*Mesoplodon bidens*) was once stranded on our shores and lived for two days, the whole time lowing pitifully like a cow. I have often heard the ox-like bellow of male seals during the breeding season; the elephant-seal's cry during this same period is said to be like the noise made by a man gargling his throat. We must not forget to allude to the bat's call, if only for the reason that it is so shrill that those people alone can hear it whose ears are tuned to very high notes; probably in its turn the flying mammal is unable to hear those deeper sounds that lie well within the human field of audition. The 'laugh' of the hyæna should also be mentioned because of its uncannily human *timbre*.

Though nearly all mammals have separate calls for joy, pain, anger, etc., we do not meet with marked expression in phonation until we arrive at the order *primates*, amongst which are the lemurs, whose long-drawn-out wail and stealthy nocturnal habits have led the natives of Madagascar to regard them as spirits of dead men.¹ The howling monkey (genus *Mycetes*) has sack-shaped diverticula in its larynx as well as a hollow hyoid bone—peculiarities that give this animal a voice which can swell out into a reverberating roar that strikes terror into the hearts of animals for miles around. It is not often that evidence is forthcoming as to the nature of the call of

¹ The lemurs or indris of Madagascar travel about in companies and are held in awe and veneration by the natives for the reason mentioned. The word *indri* means 'look!' according to one authority and 'man of the woods' according to another.

animals living in pre-human times, yet the discovery of the fossilised larynx of an extinct pig-like animal (*Meso-reodon*) has proved that its vocal organ was constructed on much the same plan as that of the howling-monkey, and we are justified, therefore, in assuming that it had an equally terrifying roar. There is an Indian monkey who at sight of that old and ancient enemy of the whole simian tribe, the tiger, gets intensely excited and leaps from bough to bough, gesticulating, grimacing and hooting, thereby incidentally performing so useful a function by warning the natives of the proximity of danger that it is known as the Sacred Monkey of the Hindus (*Semnopithecus* or langar). The call of the man-like apes is loud and prolonged; the chimpanzee's pathetic cry is just like that of a human being, the gorilla howls and the gibbon whines. Of exceptional evolutionary interest is the call of the Orang-utan; it is a loud series of yells that sound like *ka-hah'-ka-hah'-ka-hah'* and compass a *complete octave of notes*. Speaking generally, apes are silent, morose and unsociable creatures, very different in disposition to the lively monkeys, who delight to congregate together and hold chattering conversations. All anthropoid apes possess throat pouches, which, however, are less developed than those of man; on the other hand the specific howling apparatus of monkeys has almost disappeared in genus *Homo*, the only relic of it being the little ventricles of Morgagni in our larynx. A comparison of the larynges of different animals, or even of different races of men, shows that the general tendency of evolution is to enlarge this organ and thereby deepen the voice. In lower races not only is the larynx small and comparatively ill-developed but the voice is shrill; Winwood Reade alludes to certain cave-dwellers of Egypt whose

speech was so high-pitched that it resembled the hissing of serpents and the whistling of bats. The largest larynx, and consequently the deepest voice, is found among Europeans, though Tartars are said to possess the loudest and Germans the next loudest voice; indeed, some of us at the present time might be disposed to say that in this respect the Tartars come a bad second to the fierce-faced apostles of 'frightfulness.' Woman's voice is softer and higher-pitched than that of man; and the same obtains in the hen-bird, bitch, mare, doe and other female animals. The stag, for instance, emits loud bass roars—at once its challenge to other wooers and its love-cry to the female; in what contrast comes the shy, scarcely audible, tremulous response of the doe! On the whole, therefore, we may conclude that deep powerful tones in the male and soft treble tones in the female are pleasing to the opposite sex.

THE UNRULY MEMBER.

As compared with lower animals, man is able to produce a much greater variety of sounds—a faculty he owes to the more differentiated muscles and innervation of his tongue, mouth and cheeks, which enable him more effectively to mingle the fundamental tones of the larynx with the overtones of the respiratory passages. His voice thereby becomes relatively more musical, and he is better able to produce those particular sounds we call vowels and consonants, in short, to articulate—a feature almost, though not absolutely, the prerogative of the family *Hominidæ*. Behind our chin-bone are four little bony prominencies, known as the genial tubercles, which give attachment

to the *genio-hyoid* and *genio-glossus* muscles that move the tongue. A fluent speaker can utter 180 words a minute, entailing more than 500 different movements of the various fasciculi of the *genio-glossus* muscle alone. Dr. Louis Robinson, in his *Story of the Chin*, gives illustrations of this muscle as it shapes itself in the pronunciation of different letters and words. To say the letter *T*, for instance, the tip of the tongue is first pressed against the roof of the mouth close to the front teeth by means of the *superior longitudinal* muscle that runs from the base to the point of the organ, and is then snatched away with great rapidity and exactly at the right moment by the anterior fibres of the *genio-glossus* muscle, which extend from the upper pair of tubercles to the tip of the tongue. On the principle that use begets size, the more the tongue is used in phonation the more do the muscles and the bony prominencies which support them increase in size. Hence the largeness of the genial tubercles is, in a certain degree, an indication of the speaking capacity and therefore of the mental development of their owner—past or present. The jaw of palæolithic man shows, relatively to that of modern descendants, very small tubercles, from which it has been deduced that his vocal utterances were fewer, simpler and more lacking in articulation. Another circumstance which points to the probability of articulate language being a comparatively late arrival on the human stage, is the fact that the tip of the tongue, the part most used in speaking, is ontogenetically—that is embryologically—a much later development than the posterior portion, and, as we saw awhile back, ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny. All relevant facts of morphology point the same way. In fishes and the fish-

like larvæ of amphibia, the tongue is non-protrusible, flabby and devoid of muscle. In some of the higher fishes, polypterus of the Nile for instance, the organ shows traces of muscle, while the air-breathing mudfish of Australia, with its well-developed respiration *and voice*, has a tongue more evolved and better supplied with muscles than that of any other fish. However, not until we reach the amphibia is there evidence of a distinctly movable tongue. Gegenbauer regards the mammalian tongue as a comparatively recent structure, and believes that the hard plate beneath the organ, known as the *sublingua*, is the remains of the old reptilian tongue, a view that is strengthened by the fact that in some animals, for instance in the lemur, the *sublingua* has a free tip and is supported by cartilage.

THE CRADLE OF LANGUAGE.

How the articulate sounds we call speech first arose and whether they had a single or multiple origin, can, of course, only be conjectured. According to Whitney, a primitive monosyllabic language is the parent of all those now spread over Indo-Europe. Possibly all languages came from the simple vocal sounds of the first wild men; so that the whole of this very obscure question turns on another and equally unsettled one, to wit: Did man himself originate in one or more regions of the earth's surface? However, that is another story; here we are concerned only with the genesis of those first sounds deserving of the appellation *words*, irrespective of their single or multiple origin. The consensus of opinion appears to favour the view that in the beginning sounds were 'inarticulate,' that in

course of time these gave way to 'articulate' cries of an onomatopœic nature, which, in their turn, ultimately developed into the phonetic sounds we now call language.¹ Viewing broadly the question of the gradual development of the means of communicating the contents of the mind from one organism to another, we note three² principal stages: first, the communication of 'ideas' by means of silent body-movements, that is by gestures, gesticulations, grimaces, etc.; secondly, the communication of ideas by means of sounds, vocal or adventitious; and, thirdly, the stage of word-pictures and writing, a process which has the advantage that the transmission of ideas from transmitter, that is the individual recording his thoughts on paper, to receiver, that is the reader of those thoughts, is independent of time and space, to the extent that reader and writer may be separated by hundreds of miles and centuries of years. Articulate speech "was no sudden acquirement," says Ray Lankester, "but was slowly, step by step, evolved from the significant grunts and cries of apes in the course of long ages and corresponded in its progress to a parallel progress in mental capacities." We picture the early stages of language as expressive smackings of lips and hissings of tongue, raucous throat-sounds such as growls and jerky grunts, prolonged laryngeal howls, all accentuated by pantomimic gestures, in which not only the tongue, teeth, lips, eyes, nose and ears took part, but even the very nails, hair and skin of the body. When early ancestors indicated the

¹ Sarcastically called by opponents the *bow-wow* theory.

² We might have said four stages in view of Kipling's poetic description (I quote from E. S. Grew's *Growth of a Planet*) of "the grey level plains of ooze, where the shell-buried cables creep," and where in the soundless darkness the cabled words of men "flicker and flutter and beat."

proximity of a wild beast they growled, pointed at it and shaped their features to resemble his, while they crawled stealthily away with belly crouched to the ground. They bubbled with their mouths to show they had found water, they grubbed with their hands and pretended to eat when they had discovered roots. In our daily intercourse with fellow-beings we still unconsciously mimic the expression of the human counterpart before us, we laugh with him and we weep with him; when we see him in imminent danger we go through the very movements he is making to escape that danger. Geiger indeed believes that when the emotional cry which so often accompanies the aping reflex of the face of another, reached a stage at which it evoked in the mind a definite visual image, *it then constituted the first word*. The derivation of language from this habit of giving vent to inner emotion by interjectional sounds was dubbed the *poo-h-poo-h* theory by Max Müller, who himself appeared inclined to think that speech is instinctive in man, in whose ancestors there originally existed a sort of spring-time of language, a "copious phonetic world that tunefully responded to the impressions of reality." This *ding-dong* theory, as it has been satirically termed, begs the whole question, as Noiré points out, for it does not explain how or when such world of sound passed into man nor how he came to apply it to things; it in fact throws no light on that early stage when the first sound-borne idea bridged the chasm between one organism and another. The savage, the child and sometimes, as we shall presently see, civilised man indulge in what we might call a caricature of this early stage of language. A monkey gestures the words 'Come here immediately' by forcibly pulling another

monkey towards him; a schoolboy expresses these words by 'beckoning' with his arm, the schoolmaster by a slight movement of his finger. That pantomime and gesture preceded phonation in the growth of language, is also borne out by the fact that among lower and relatively more silent members of the animal kingdom the adoption of *noli me tangere* attitudes is common. The hawk-moth caterpillar raising its head cobra-wise and the sea-urchin erecting its bristles are using the primitive language for *don't*, no less than the enraged man who shakes his fist in another's face. Mammals and birds shake the head from side to side when they experience a nasty taste; I have seen my dog shake his head violently for half an hour after he had taken a live toad into his mouth. *No* is negation, a refusal of something disliked; we avert the head, that is turn it away laterally from a nasty smell or unpleasant scene. My dog will turn his head to one side at mere sight of a seltzogene, because once he was squirted with soda-water from this apparatus; if the seltzogene is moved nearer the side towards which the dog's head is inclined, he will immediately turn the other way. Now we have only to imagine these movements repeated to see the gestural *no*. Lateral head-movements are typical of worms, fishes and reptiles; and it is conceivable that the widespread avoidance and dislike of snakes by other animals has become associated with the idea that lateral head-movements are indicative of something possessing *negative* attraction and to be avoided. The little wryneck has adapted the gestural *no* of the snake to its own preservation, for when surprised on its nest—usually a hole in a rotten tree—it not only undulates its head and neck, but accompanies these remarkably

snake-like writhing movements with a loud hiss, thereby frightening away the intruder, be he man or beast.

On the other hand are those nodding head-movements in man that express assent; we may regard these as the survival of movements by means of which the infant eagerly takes the breast, and as corresponding with the pecking of birds and the up-and-down head-movements of various animals when feeding. These nodding head-movements incidental to the pleasures of eating and drinking would thus get associated with the idea of something possessing *positive* attraction, something agreeable and to be assented to. In some such way probably arose the nod of the gestural *yes*. Rolling of the eyes from side to side is, in man, a gesture of nervousness and suspicion. Now suspicion is a form of fear, and fear is exhausted anger. These oscillating movements of the eye-balls, which are quite purposeless at the present day, are most frequently met with in infants, in the insane, in those who work much in the dark, and in certain states of partial consciousness; they are also natural to and very common in the highly 'nervous' monkeys, especially when they are alarmed. We are justified, I think, in regarding these eye-movements as relics of those which in ancestors were made use of when searching for some suspected danger. The faculty of posing and gesturing not only enables lower animals to frighten off enemies, it also enables them to warn each other of danger and advise each other in the chase for food; in a word, it enables them to converse. On a certain occasion when my wife and I were in a motor car with our Airedale terrier, we had the misfortune to run over

a retriever dog. Our dog had seen the retriever rush at the car and had heard its howl of agony as the wheels passed over him. The car, of course, was pulled up and our Airedale, jumping on to the back seat and seeing the dead dog lying in the road, immediately threw his head upwards and gave vent to long-drawn-out howls. This same dog has been taught to say 'grace' before taking his food, an act consisting in stretching out the fore legs, bending the head to the ground and giving a not-too-loud bark. On hearing the words 'You may have it' he at once begins his meal. When not very hungry his behaviour is somewhat comical. He first sniffs his food to make sure it is worth the trouble of a 'grace,' he then stretches himself and yawns, and finally gives a half-hearted salaam and a scarcely audible 'woof.' We do not accept such inferior coin and pretend to take no notice of him. He then repeats the process some two or three times, each successive 'grace' being an improvement on the last, but still falling short of the required standard. There is then a pause during which he appears to be thinking hard, for after looking first at us and then at his basin of food, he suddenly evinces what can only be described as exasperation; he gives a flourishing salaam, literally stamps the floor with his feet, emits a bark which he obviously intends there shall be no mistake about and then, scarcely waiting for our assent, he doubles back to his food and begins to eat. He loves to hunt with a spaniel companion. When he finds a rabbit in a gorse-bush he goes through certain squirming and tail-wagging antics, which invariably bring the spaniel to the other side of the bush. I have now given three examples of gesturo-vocal canine signals that have

frequently come under my own observation; they are obviously, when translated into plain English: (1) "Oh! How awful! I feel so dreadfully sorry for my poor unfortunate fellow creature"; (2) "Well, if you will insist on this very unnecessary and highly ridiculous performance take-it-and-be-damned-to-you"; (3) "Come here, old man, there's a bunny in this bush; you stand that side and I'll stand this, and we'll have him."

Perhaps, however, the transmission of ideas by gestures reaches a higher stage of complexity in the ants than in any other animal except man. The circulation of ideas amongst these little creatures is effected almost solely by pantomimic gesture. Seeing that ants indulge in co-operative actions, it appears that such gestures are purposive and the associated ideas are of an intellectual rather than an emotional nature. Visit an asylum for deaf-mutes and you will find yourself conjured back in time millions of years. Here a man describes a cow by holding an upright finger to each side of his head or a bird by flapping with his arms. He asks for water by pretending to drink, describes a thing as big by raising his hand and staring upwards, or as small by converse processes. His dislike of anyone is announced by the grimace of a nasty taste and shaking the head; he passes his hand across his brow, puckers his forehead and shrugs his shoulders to tell you he has forgotten something. We of to-day can scarcely conceive the importance of mimicry and of association in the gestural talk of bygone times, though the child and savage still give us an inkling. When, for instance, the aboriginal Australian was first shown a book he exclaimed '*muyum*,' a word meaning 'mussels,' and he did so

because the book opened and shut like the shell-fish. If the reader will watch a man in a 'fit of temper,' he will be convinced that gestural preceded phonetic language; for he will see that, as the emotional state swamps the intellectual, articulation shrinks gradually into the background and gesture pushes itself to the front. A man in this state is a reversion, and as such he is compelled to communicate his ideas to the individual with whom he has a difference of opinion, by prehistoric methods. The more uncontrollable his anger the more does he lapse into methods of fang and claw and the further does he recede through the ages, until finally he arrives in prevocal times. Hence the clenched teeth and hands, the stamping feet and banging fists, the rigid, knotted neck, beetling brows and retracted lips. Hence the 'towering passion' with its erect posture, extended head and 'cocked' chest, all calculated to cower the victim of wrath into submission by sheer apparent bulk; hence the dribbling, foaming mouth, the dilated nostrils and gasping breath; and hence too the harsh voice, degenerating into a growl, and at length, when the man is 'speechless with rage,' vanishing altogether.

It has been prettily said that the fingers of woman were created to caress, and it is hoped fair readers will not think me lacking in chivalry if I qualify the statement. The fingers and toes of the gentler sex have been brought to their present condition of delicacy and flexibility, first because man has for untold generations admired these traits in the female hand and foot, and has therefore been swayed by them in his choice of mate; secondly, because specialised and restricted use in the past tended to the same end. "Words are women,

deeds are men " was more true in the wild-man than in the wise-man stage. While the males were away using their digits in the rough work of hunting and fighting, the females were in their lairs and caves using theirs in the more delicate duties of caressing young, preparing food and in gesticulating. In those days, let us ever remember, articulation was an insignificant, helpless fledgling, while gesticulation was in its prime.

Children are primitive people ; when they attack one another the boys pummel with clenched fists, the girls scratch with *extended* fingers.¹ The average woman is a more graceful dancer than the average man, due possibly to the fact that her toe-muscles possess greater educability in virtue of the more specialised use to which they were put in the simian days of old. Women again, when nervous or frightened, are more prone than men to contract and thereby stiffen the muscles of the fingers and toes. This 'clawing down,' as it has been called, is an atavistic habit fraught with evolutionary significance. Our ancestors, when danger threatened, had to rely for such self-protective measures as running, climbing, seizing, tearing and scratching, almost entirely upon their twenty digits. If the reader, next time he is taken round a dangerous corner in a motor car, will subject himself to a strict introspection, unless I am grievously mistaken, he will find his finger-nails digging into the palms of his hands and his toes all 'clawed down' into the soles of his boots. In such a moment of breathless suspense he is an atavism, his civilised life is blotted out, as it were, and he himself, hurled back

¹ Children of both sexes exhibit the yet more primitive habit of biting when angry. The use of the teeth as weapons of attack or even of intimidation is very frequent among the lower races.

through the ages, wakes up . . . as a protoman in the dark forest primeval! There, confronted by some drooling monster he stands, armoured digits tense and ready, defending self and young . . . defying . . . averting . . . Death!

C. MARSH BEADNELL.

H.M.S. 'Shannon,' at sea.

SCHEMA OF ORGAN OF HEARING.

(See opposite page.)

The diagram is modified from Cunningham and Stoddart and the proportions are, of course, exaggerated for diagrammatic purposes.

Fig. 1. The external ear consists of the auricle (Aur.), including its lobe (L.), and the passage or *meatus externus* (M.). The middle ear consists of the drum (D.) and the chain of bones—the hammer (H.), the anvil (A.) and the stirrup (St.), the footpiece of which is fixed to the *foramen ovale* (F.O.), or *f. vestibulum*, or rather to the membrane covering this oval window which opens into the vestibule (V.) of the bony labyrinth (B.L.). The air in the middle ear is kept (in health) at atmospheric pressure, by means of the eustachian tube (Eus.), which opens into the throat. The vibration of the oval membrane in the vestibule throws the perilymph (P.) into vibration, which in its turn throws the membranous labyrinth (M.L.) and the endolymph (End.) into vibration. One end of the vestibule opens into the cochlea (C.); the other end, known as the *recessus utriculi* (R.), receives the ampullary ends of the semicircular ducts (S.D.), one in each plane of space. The vestibule contains two chambers, the utricle (U.) and the saccule (S.), each of which contains the otoliths (O.), which stimulate by their swaying movements the utricle hair-cells (U.H.C.) and the saccule hair-cells (S.H.C.). The endolymph vibrations set up by the oval membrane stimulate the cochlear hair-cells (C.H.C.). The movements and flow of endolymph in the semicircular ducts, set up by movements of the body, stimulate

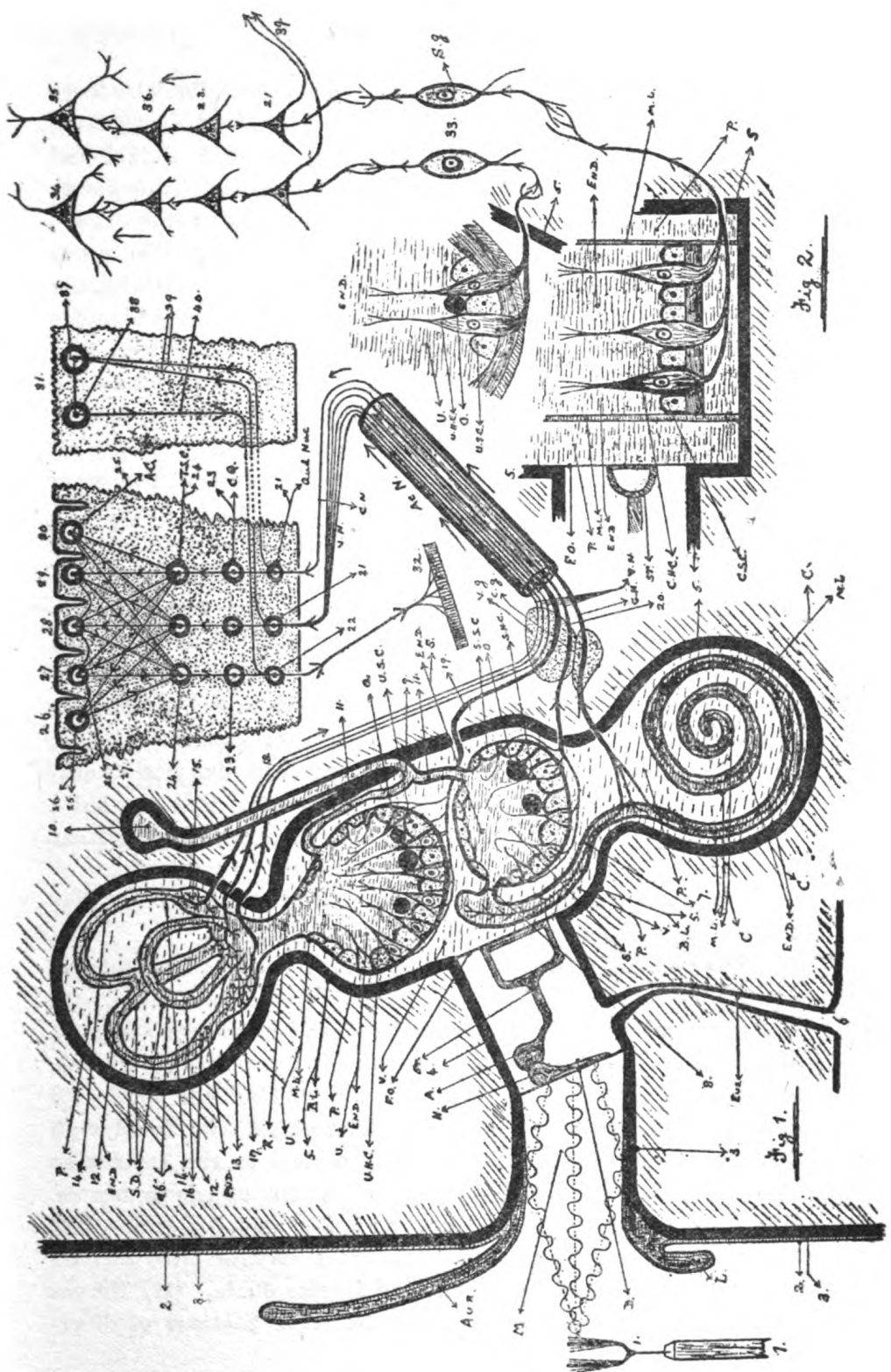


Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.

also similar hair-cells (not shown in the diagram). Each of these four sets of delicate hair-cells is held up by sturdy supporting cells of which the utricular (U.S.C.), the saccular (S.S.C.) and cochlear (C.S.C.) are shown. The hair-cells end in nerve fibres; those from the cochlea constituting the cochlear nerve (C.N.), those from the other chambers constituting the vestibular nerve (V.N.). The former passes into the cochlear ganglion (C.G.), the latter into the vestibular ganglion (V.G.); the two ganglia together forming the spiral ganglion of bipolar cells. The nerve fibres pass up in the acoustic nerve (Ac. N.). The cochlear nerve enters the auditory nucleus (Aud. Nuc.), where it gives off a shunt branch to the cerebellum. From the auditory nucleus the central fibres pass on through the mesial fillet and enter one of the basal ganglia, the *corpus quadrigeminum* (C.Q.). It is here that *elementary* sensations of sound—such as noises—take place. The fibres then pass on upwards through the *centrum ovale* into what are called projection-areas, in this case the first temporo-sphenoidal convolution (T.S.C.) of the cortex. Here sounds are *discriminated* into tones, etc. These projection-centres are in communication with the highest centres of the grey matter, the association centres (A.C.), where *ideation* takes place. Finally, the ingoing sensory messages from the ear can give rise to outgoing messages to the muscles *via* motor tracts. The vestibular nerve runs to the cerebellum but probably has somewhat similar connections in the brain ultimately setting up the spatial idea.

Fig. 2 shows the connection between the peripheral cochlear and utricular hair-cell and the central pyramidal cell.

The remaining parts of the diagram are indicated by numbers :

(1) Source of sound-waves. (2) Skin at side of head. (3) Temporal bone forming side of head and wall of external meatus, also wall of middle ear (4) and of bony labyrinth (5). (6) Throat, showing opening of eustachian tube. (7) Cochlear duct. (8) *ductus reuniens* connecting saccule and cochlea. (9) Endolymph duct and its sac (10), which originally opened to the exterior at the side of the head. (11) Duct leading from utricle to saccule. (12) Superior semicircular duct and its ampulla (13). (14) Posterior ditto and its ampulla (15). (16) Lateral ditto and its ampulla (17). (18) Nerves from semicircular ducts. (19) Nerves from utricle. (20) Nerves from saccule. (21) Stations of diver-

gence to cerebellum. (22) Anterior cornual cells. (23) Basal ganglia. (24) Projection-areas of cortex. (25) Association-areas of cortex. (26) Frontal lobe of brain. (27) Motor (Rolandic) area of brain. (28) Parietal lobe. (29) Occipito-temporal lobe. (30) Island of Reil. (31) Cerebellum. (32) Muscles for balancing, etc. (33) Bipolar cells of spiral ganglion. (34) Stereognosis-centre. (35) Sound-idea, centre for. (36) Noise, centre for. (37) Receptive centre and (38) motor centre in cerebellum. (39) Centripetal centre in cerebellum. (40) Centrifugal centre in ditto.

THE LONELY ODYSSEY OF LIFE.

WHAT is a soul to a soul but a wraith,
 That ship-like looms through the cosmic mist?
 It seems like oneself—we take it on faith,
 Yet never a wight has truly wist
 What his fellow is; for each doth seem
 A dream to himself, and to others a dream.

Peradventure at noon, where the fog less thick
 Lifts and lets fall a brightening ray,
 We feel for a moment our heart beat quick
 And we deem that the pall will pass away
 For love to shine—a revealing sun;
 And again the fog swoops on us drear and dun.

And so we drift on o'er life's desolate sea,
 Harbourless, treacherous; never a star
 Breaks through the gloom, till under our lee
 Tolls out a bell on Death's nameless bar.
 The darkness deepens, the waters shoal;
 Like phantom ships we have reached our goal!

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

WAR AND THE WORLD-FAITHS.

THE EDITOR.

At the dawn of Western thought the paradoxical sage Heraclitus declared that war is the father of all things; unfortunately he forgot to say who is their mother, the mother that heals the wounds of war in the great peace of her all-encircling love. Shall we call her with Empedocles simply love the consort of strife, or divine nature or wisdom, the fabled spouse and counsellor of deity, or by some even fairer name? But by whatever name we call this higher good it will never be fair enough, for the peace of God that ends the great war passes all understanding.

War is a means and not an end. If struggle is the law of the ever-becoming, it is not itself for which it fights; the combatants fight to carry out the purpose of a wisdom of which they are ignorant, but which they cannot cease to strive to know. This only we know in our ignorance, it is ground-fact for us, that nothing in this world is ever achieved without effort and struggle and conflict. Wearied by the ceaseless pain and strain we vainly ask why this should be the law of life, this the unavoidable condition of its preservation. But equally in vain do we strive to think how it could possibly be otherwise; no human mind can devise the simplest elements of an alternative scheme.

War there has ever been from the most primal of all battles fought for space. In space and in time throughout all phases of becoming there has been ceaseless

war. Life emerges only by the most dogged struggle with inorganic nature; and once freely moving in the organic field, life itself develops by an even fiercer struggle with itself for individual existence. When in the course of many ages a further change occurs, the transformation is but to a new mode of war, of that war on war which continues through all the stages of self-conquest.

War then there needs must be; we have no choice. But as to what kind of war we wage, we have a choice—an individual choice assuredly in every phase of the great war up to the very end, and a general choice even when we find ourselves collectively constrained to fight with arms and slay each other. For in spite of the incalculable present pain and suffering and destruction, and in spite of the certain death of all the combatants even if they survive the conflict, if we are to keep our reason undismayed and the deep faith of our will steady, we must perforce believe that this all-encompassing war is waged not only for future betterment of things in general but betterment of itself.

As for war in general, so for war in its special vulgar sense of organised armed conflict between parties in a state or between states or nations. And we are now at war indeed, not only our nation, but our nations, our whole empire, such war as never has been waged on earth before; nations and empires are with us, and nations and empires against us. What kind of war we should wage in such a conflict is at this moment the most pressing of all questions for one thousand million human beings. War, armed conflict with the most terrible weapons and engines of destruction that human ingenuity has been able to devise, is with us on a scale that staggers the imagination. The greatest

battles the world has ever known are but incidents in this colossal carnage. Half the world is at war, and alas! chiefly the nations whose culture has been professedly based for many centuries on the wisdom of a teacher, the inmost essence of whose doctrine is suffused with the peaceful spirit of the law of love. With what a cruel mockery of our hopes do we find ourselves now confronted; with what shame must we confess the failure of our boasted progress. Are we after all but savages collectively, are nations in the mass uncivilised, are international morals non-existent? Is there nothing loftier than the law of the pack, and must the individual who has long fought all this savagery down in himself and won many a victory in the high field of self-conquest, be forced once more down to the mass tyranny of national passion in these days of brutal appeal to the arbitrament of physical force? It cannot really be so within, in spite of all appearances without; for it is patent that in their hearts the majority of those engaged in the conflict hate war, they deplore the necessity in which they find themselves. The grim humour and pity of it—that this better feeling which is so generally expressed on all sides by the thoughtful, is too imbecile and unintelligent to organise itself for defence against the constraint of being forced back to a general stage beyond which the majority of us have individually far advanced.

But now that we are involved in this colossal conflict, we must make the best of it, and out of evil seek to bring forth good. This is not the time for tearful brooding over the past, for wasting our energies in vain regrets of what might have been; it is the hour for us so to fight that the conditions of the recurrence

of such misery should be made henceforth impossible. And this can be effected only by fighting a noble and chivalrous fight, in which the high individual and collective virtues that the strenuous conditions of war-time intensify so greatly beyond the normal pressure of the times of peace, shall shine forth amid the gloom as glorious beacon-lights for storm-tossed humanity. War is hell, as Sherman said; yet even in hell God is to be found. Indeed we would not simply repeat with the Hebrew singer, "If I make my bed in hell, Thou art there also," but would believe that the divine can shine more gloriously in such conditions than even in highest heaven, precisely because of the very extreme of the contrast. In these conditions of horror and extermination we have a test and trial of high virtue such as the times of peace can rarely offer, even in the humane, ennobling struggle against disease and suffering and misery and ignorance. At such times, we may well believe, not only the heroic warrior, but the average man in the ranks accomplishes quickly what he would otherwise take far longer to achieve. If only such intensity of virtue could possess us all in the common way of life for its betterment, if only we could be as noble fighters in the ranks of the celestial army here on earth, of that better nature in us which fights to heal the miseries and sorrows of our fellow creatures, how speedily would come an end to what we all deplore!

It is doubtless because we are so dull in this, and still so blind to others' woes, so grasping for ourselves, that war thus comes upon us in the mass; it is the inevitable outcome of our collective self-seeking. The atmospheres of the nations have been over-charged with this self-seeking, and therefore with mutually hostile

elements, and sooner or later an explosion must have occurred. The disease must come to the surface, and then all suffer outwardly for the inner unhealth of all. And even if now the malady should for a time be alleviated, and outer relief gained by some forced means of settlement and accommodation, the disease is bound to break out again later on, and perhaps even in a more devastating form. There cannot possibly be a radical cure until there is health within; that is until the healthy small lives, the sane individuals, are not only in the majority, but effectively organised for international well-being. We all know this; we are being forced by bitter experience on a vaster scale than ever before to realise the imperative necessity of a radical cure. Shall we be strong enough to cure ourselves with the inner help of the Great Physician, or are we again to patch ourselves up with some superficial measure of temporary alleviation? That is the great question.

The decision is on the knees of the gods; but just because of the dire necessity, there is reason to hope with all the more confidence that the outcome will compel the inauguration of an age of co-operation on a scale far beyond anything that has yet been seen; and with it will come a wider, deeper life all round, illuminated perchance by undreamed-of triumphs in self-conquest and in a knowledge of the inner laws of life and mind. Indeed this most terrible of all wars may prove such a blessing in disguise, that future historians will have to date from it the dawn of such a new spirit in the mass of mankind as to make our vaunted modern age seem in comparison a period of dense darkness. Already the sparse dwellers on the mountains, on the lofty heights of human accomplish-

ment, have from age to age been illumined by the dawn of that spirit; but the many dwellers in the plains have not yet been touched by the light-rays. They have at best caught sight of the promise of the dawn reflected from the mountain heights; the spiritual sun has not yet shone directly on them and warmed their hearts. We who are now in the plains, in the midst of the conflict of the darkness, can individually derive comfort from this promise of the dawn upon the mountains and from the reports of those who dwell upon various levels of the heights. What then have the teachers of the great world-faiths to report to us in our present sore trial, what various lights are reflected from the various levels of the heights to us in the plains?

First let us turn our eyes towards the Buddha, who taught two thousand and five hundred years ago, and whose report has influenced the lives of perhaps more millions of our human-kind than are to be numbered in the following of any other dweller in the light. The doctrine of Buddhism is an individual discipline; it does not concern itself with states and nations as such. The brethren of the order and the lay folk, if they are worthy, leaven the state. Now for both the professed and the lay there is a fundamental precept, the first of the five that are binding on all Buddhists, which if followed would inevitably put an end to war. It flows immediately from the spirit of charity and sympathy, of compassion and love for all living creatures, that the good law inculcates as its very basis; it is to refrain from killing. There is no qualification in this; it is not simply refraining from murder, but refraining from taking life—all animal life. The strict follower of the good law can bear no weapon ;

cannot even defend himself from murderous assault. But as Buddhism spread beyond the borders of India and warlike tribes and nations came under its influence, it is not surprising to find that laymen, and perhaps even on occasion the members of the order, had to accommodate this stringent precept to the necessities in which they found themselves. What is surprising is that on the whole we do find a far larger measure of success in keeping the precept than we should be led to expect from a general knowledge of human nature. Buddhism has never persecuted, never resorted to force, to impose its teachings on others; on the contrary, its history contains innumerable sad pages of records of monasteries wiped out and all their inmates martyred. A Buddhist state or country faithful to the precepts is necessarily the prey of any aggressor who chooses to war upon it. Theoretically, no doubt, the aggressors should have their hearts so changed by the gentleness of non-resistance that they should speedily turn into good Buddhists themselves; but practically this has rarely happened. Love doubtless can drive out all fear and transmute hate; but it must be perfect love, and there are few such lovers. Still the good Buddhist is taught to believe that he who is thus slain cancels a heavy debt to bondage, while he who slays contracts one. And indeed in all his self-discipline he practises dying to live, for it is only by the extinction of his clinging to separate existence that he can enter into eternal peace. Death is for him an ever-present expectation, a prime subject of meditation, and if he keep the law he is always prepared for it. Life and death are for him the inevitable alternations of that repeatedly renewed existence which he regards as bondage, and from which he would pass away into

the reality of eternal freedom. The strict Buddhist then cannot go to war or take any active part in it, for the taking of the life of another in any way or for any cause is apparently the most grievous of all bonds. Even if the Buddhist moralist would admit that there were things more grievous than war, he would deny that war could possibly end them; for hatred ceases not by hatred, hatred ceases only by love.

This is excellent; we too have so been taught in the West, and believe it doubtless right down in our hearts; but somehow or other we cannot or will not practise the rule; the life-urge in us is too strong for such high counsels of perfection. It is because of this subconscious instinct in the races of the West that Buddhist doctrine, in spite of the beauty of the lives of many Buddhist saints, and in spite of the attraction it has exercised on so many millions in the East, has never made any impression on the Occident. The hold of the West on to life is too vigorous for it to be persuaded to believe that it is precisely this clinging which is the cause of all the trouble. We are persuaded, on the contrary, that it is part and parcel of the purpose of things, and that there is something to be done here well worth the trouble and pain. The Buddhist would say that he agreed to this extent, that birth here into the man-state is a good thing compared with birth into other states, but only because it gives us the best opportunity of winning our freedom from all such states of bondage. The Westerner replies that he too would like to win spiritual freedom, but there is a world-task to do here as well. We have got to invent and devise and organise, to develop and build up and effectively perfect a form of civilisation here on earth more catholic than that of the puritan contem-

plative ; that in brief the monk-ideal cannot be the end of the plan of the world-purpose for this humanity. All this has not been produced simply for us to use our best efforts to withdraw from it.

It is perhaps just this life-impulse that is the cause of the present war ; it is perchance a subconscious seeking, under the guidance of the inner fundamental economy that rules it, to adjust itself more adequately to the insistence of spiritual needs, so that human civilisation and culture may be improved on a vast scale. Perhaps after this stunning experience of slaughter, the precept not to kill, even in the impersonal carnage of war, may be recognised by the West as the only stable foundation on which any genuine civilisation or culture worthy of the name can be built. If such a gracious consummation were to result from this horrid conflict, the price we are paying, colossal as it is, would be cheap ; indeed the value of observing the precept internationally would be spiritually incalculable.

If we next turn to Confucianism, we find that war has always been considered by the cultured Chinese as barbarous and the soldier's profession reckoned as one of the lowest. This follows immediately from two of the fundamental precepts of Confucian morals—namely benevolence and righteousness or charity and duty to one's neighbour ; and as a fact of history the China that bases itself on Confucian culture has ever suffered from foreign aggression and conquest. So too do we find it in the ethics of ancient philosophical Taoism, which based itself on an unshakeable faith in the original goodness of the heart of man. For it "appeal to arms is the lowest form of virtue" ; while one of its sages admonishes his prince : "Seek not to vanquish others, in cunning, in plotting, in war. If I

slay a whole nation and annex the territory in order to find nourishment for my passions and for my soul,—irrespective of military skill, where does the victory lie?” When then to these two ‘ways’ Buddhism was added to complete the ‘three teachings’ of China, we see how it is that the Chinese proper have never shown any military genius. It is true that when Buddhism spread among fighting races it could at best only modify the fighting spirit, and its fundamental precept of not killing had to go by the board. But though it has in such cases failed of its ideal, it has sometimes produced very fine things in the martial spirit of a nation. The exquisite sense of honour and chivalry and the high virtues which characterise *bushido*, the way of the knights or *samurai* in Nippon, roused the West to enthusiasm at the time of the Russo-Japanese war. And *bushido* spells the victory of Buddhist gentleness over the fierce nature of the warrior.

If we now pass some five hundred years down the centuries from the days of the Buddha within the confines of ancient India, we find a code of doctrine that purports to have been drawn up for the very purpose of meeting the needs of a warrior when plunged into the depths of doubt and despondency on the field of battle itself. The time was a period of high civilisation; already for centuries the loftiest ideas of later Vedic religion had been preached and Buddhism also had spread its influence far and wide through the land; it had indeed thrust Brāhmanism very much into the background. But the vitality of those doctrines which Buddhism ignored could not be suppressed, and we find them reviving in such attractive forms that Hinduism finally drove the doctrine of the Buddha wellnigh entirely out of India. Perhaps the

chief document of this renaissance is 'The Song of the Blessed Lord,' the famous *Bhagavad Gītā*, which is the best known of all Indian scriptures in the West, and considered by many to be the most catholic of its vast library of religious literature. It forms an episode in the story of the Great War sung of in the longest of the two great national epics, the *Mahābhārata*.

Provided the Western reader can enter sympathetically into the Eastern atmosphere, the introductory chapter of the *Gītā* is exceedingly dramatic. There is not only war, but civil war,—a fratricidal conflict. The opposing forces are drawn up in battle array confronting one another. Prince Arjuna hereupon bids his charioteer drive his car out between the two opposing hosts and halt it there. Now it must be remembered that love and honour of kinsfolk and love and worship of teachers are for a pious Hindu the breath of his social and religious life; such piety is in the very marrow of his bones, it goes to the very basis of his morals. The prince lifts up his eyes and gazes on either side; he sees his kinsfolk divided into two hostile camps, and among those opposed to his own side many great teachers whom he loves, reveres and venerates with all his heart. Horror seizes him; the realisation of the wickedness and ghastly nature of the dread deed so soon to be enacted utterly overcomes him. His weapons slip from his nerveless grasp and he collapses swooning on the bottom of the car. Doubt and despondency vanquish his mind and will. Brokenly he tells the charioteer he will not fight; nay, even if world-victory were promised him, even if he should become master of all three worlds, he will not slay his kinsfolk and his teachers.

But the driver of the car is no mortal; the

charioteer is none other than the incarnation of the Supreme God himself in human form. Krishna then begins the teaching, and the seventeen chapters which follow are an exposition of spiritual instruction and high religious philosophy, of all of which the immediate moral and burden for the doubting and despondent Arjuna is: "Therefore fight!"

The prince is a warrior and must manfully play his part in the scheme of things and most of all in battle; the proper characteristic, the innate duty, the very religion of a warrior, is to fight; if he fight not, he sins. Let him fight then for the right; his cause is just; and for a warrior a righteous battle is the open door to heaven. To withdraw from the contest in face of the foe would be a signal act of cowardice; it would be, not only an indelible stigma on his own character and honour, but also a sin against those who looked to him to show an example of nobility and courage in this time of testing and trial. He has totally misconceived the doctrine of right action, and is ignorant of the true nature of the spirit. If he fight righteously, poised in spirit, free from desire for result, impersonally one with the divine will, he need fear nothing. Death of body is inevitable; but the spirit of man is immortal. They then who ignorantly think they slay or are slain, know naught; the spirit slays not nor is slain. Arjuna and the rest of the leaders and all the men of the hosts have been spiritually from all time, and shall never cease to be, even as it is with the divine Krishna himself. Bodies are put on and put off as it were garments, the old being exchanged for new. To know this, to realise it, to act ever in absolute reliance on the spirit within,—this is freedom and knowledge and bliss. There can be no refraining from

action, each must play his proper part; the self-imposed law of the deity is to act, for without action the universe would cease to be.

The means of union of man with deity, of realising that that which appears to be individual spirit is actually here and now one with the universal spirit, are set forth. Knowledge, love and action are all means, and these can be variously combined. Every worshipper, no matter how crude his means of worship or notion of the deity, is provided for and welcomed in the great heart of the divine compassion. But as the main burden of the teaching is centred on reassuring the doubts and despondency of Arjuna, it is union by action that is chiefly insisted on directly and indirectly. The gentle, kindly, wise and loveable friend and teacher, who at the same time is represented as the incarnation of the very Supreme, urges the trembling mortal sunk down on the floor of the battle-car to stand up and fight. Nay, more; he who thus brings help and comfort to the bewildered and grieving soul, by the power of the spirit makes Arjuna see in vision that the whole world-process, with its perpetual war and destruction, its agony and death for all separated lives, is nothing else but the embodiment of the activity of that same spirit. Why this should be the spirit alone knows, and none can therefore know that mystery until they are consciously one with it. But to carry out the purpose of that process is the proper part of a warrior in a righteous cause; thus only can he be a good and faithful servant, a co-operator acting with the great activity, and therefore free from sin and hastening the time of his own self-realisation. Such seems to be the practical outcome of the teaching of the *Gītā* as to a soldier's duty.

But some contend that the dramatic setting should be allegorised, and the whole taken to represent the inner warring hosts of individual human nature, with the storm-tossed soul in the midst being roused from its doubts and despondency by the counsel and comfort of the immanent spirit. Others declare that this teaching was set forth because the times had grown too soft and degenerate; the natural fighting spirit had waned, and had not been replaced by a virility in life on other lines strong enough to keep the race in moral health. The teaching of the *Gītā* was a corrective to an over-dose of the contemplative and inactive quietistic life divorced from the practical. Others again would have it that as a fact of history the warrior caste with its knightly virtues was well-nigh exterminated in this fratricidal conflict, and never recovered its power and prestige; the consequences were deplorable, for the softer elements in the race had no longer any stiffening and the general quality of life suffered.

But that the soil of India can give birth to valiant fighters of various races is patent from its long history; indeed it has produced one of the very finest exclusively warrior-religions in the world in the Khalsā of the Sikhs.

Not that there is any need to go back to the past or to select any particular community as an example. All who have had the good fortune of mixing with the soldiers of our Indian Army of every faith and rank, cannot but be most deeply impressed with their experience. Here we meet almost without exception grave men of mature age and splendid physique, who regard their profession as a religious duty above all things, and esteem it the greatest happiness to end their lives nobly on the field of battle.

If now, from *Gītā*-days, backwards in time, we

ascend the Indo-Aryan stream of religion to its Central Asian source, and thence descend the sister-stream of Iranian belief and cultus, we journey through periods of strenuous struggle and warfare; and when we reach the days of Zoroaster's reform we still naturally find ourselves in a time of perpetual inroads and acts of violence. Perhaps no religion in the world has glorified the fact of war more than the cult of Ahura Mazda. Religion for the Masdayasnan was one perpetual fight, —a truceless warfare on the Lie and all its hosts, within and without. The whole theology of Zoroastrianism, its whole scheme of conduct, are set forth in terms of this vast conflict. The believer must fight strenuously, not only spiritually but also physically, against the enemies unseen and seen of Mazda, against those who corrupt the whole creation within and without. Final victory is promised to the good; but the struggle will last for many an age. Masdaism was thus a religion well suited to the Great Kings and their warriors of the palmy period of Persian conquest. And later on a form of this same Iranism, blended with Babylonian and Greek elements, emerged—a cult of the Unconquerable, of Mithra, the Light, the friend and saviour, that for three centuries rivalled Christianity in its wide expansion in the Western world, becoming the chief religion of the soldiery of the Roman empire. There were high spiritual elements in both Zoroastrianism and Mithraism, and the grandiose figure of the Light-warrior armed with the breastplate of righteousness and panoply of radiance appears, not only in Mandæanism and Manicheeism, but also in Jewish and Christian angelology in the person of Michael the leader of the hosts of heaven and slayer of the darkness. The wide influence in other respects of

developed and reformed Iranism westwards is freely acknowledged by students of the history of religion, and that influence always encouraged the idea of struggle and resistance both inner and outer.

So too with Judaism; we find in the bible of this national religion a complete armoury of texts for times of war. Yahweh is the Lord of hosts and armies; he led his folk in battle; he won them the victory. If they suffered defeat, it was not that Yahweh could not have won the field for them; it was to punish his chosen people for their sins and infidelity to him. The over-written records still show clearly the development of the national religion from notions of utter savagery about the deity onwards and upwards to the high moral inspirations of the singers and prophets, to a spiritual monotheism. How this peculiar race has suffered and with what scant periods of relief throughout its tragic history, we all well know, yet it has never lost faith. The terrible miseries into which we are now plunged so deeply, the all-encompassing woes of so many of our fellow-creatures, bring home to us in a way no effort of the imagination or contemplative sympathy could possibly do, the intense reality of the feeling of many an ancient singer of Israel. This so oft repeated bitter experience of the nation made them long with poignant intensity for the time when God should cause all wars to cease; and, when their national hopes were finally crushed for ever, the deep religious feeling of their nature took refuge in emphasising the spiritual doctrines of the faith that dwelt upon the love and mercy and the fatherhood of God. But the Jews can still be brave soldiers and heroes in battle; they still remember the spirit of the glorious Maccabean years of victory. And he who would fight can find

every sanction for taking arms and words of comfort for the fray in the books of the ancient Covenant.

These books of a nation were retained by the universalising faith of Christianity which first arose on Jewish soil; but of this later. In continuance of the prophetic traditions of Moses and Jesus there arose another universalising religion. Islam rejected much in Christian theology, and threw back on the strict and absolute monotheism of Jewry, and at the beginning emphasised exclusively that view of deity which can always be made an excuse for intolerance and a justification of religious war. Mohammed was a warrior prophet, and first preached to uncultured warrior tribes, and led them on to conquests which inaugurated what seemed at one time likely to become an all-embracing world-empire. It is true that the prophet in his more mystical mood declared that the battle against the lower nature was more painful and meritorious than the Holy War. But in general he was taken to mean that to fight for the faith was the most desirable opportunity for the Moslem warrior, who, according to the prophet's promise, would surely enter straight into Paradise if he fell in battle. Later on, in its expansion, the high culture and mysticism of Islam ennobled the brutality of war, and gave birth to an order of chivalry that aroused the admiration of the Western knights. The book of Islam written by its warrior prophet is the Koran. The Jew and Christian and the Moslem are all people of 'the Book.' In the Koran war is naturally taken to be a necessary state of things; and the believer is prepared by the teaching to play his part manfully on the field of battle and without any qualms of conscience.

From this very summary survey, we see that so

far the only really unqualified attempt at suppression of war is found in the chief Buddhist rule of conduct; if this were carried out, war would automatically cease. It is not that there are no modifying influences in the rules of the other world-faiths; there are many such. But in sum we may say that in general war is regarded by the legislators of the spirit of these faiths as inevitable; it is taken for granted that it is so inherent in the nature of things, so necessary a process in the world-plan, that it is vain to expect man can escape the general law.

And yet we feel to-day, even in the very midst of this hideous warfare, that it might have been prevented; that all the more now must means be taken so that it should never occur again. In other words, there is something deep down in us that gives the lie to the belief in war's inevitability—that is of war in this form of armed conflict between man and man. In most of the great religions we are promised an ending of war; we look forward to an end of strife, even to the peace of God that passeth all understanding. Not only so, but in the West there is an ever-growing sense that we are increasingly responsible for much that the past has set down to the immediate act of God; that it is for us to set right what is amiss owing to our ignorance and perversity; that if we want the kingdom of heaven on earth, we must ourselves deliberately set to work to bring it about, and that this can be done only by self-sacrificing co-operation. This most of us know in our better natures; and this is why we find ourselves to-day in that same better part lamenting our shortcomings. For while we fight honourably and bravely and unrelentingly for what we hold to be the right, we are still conscious deep down that we are guilty, and this from

the adamantine fact that it is the inevitable self-adjustment of the divine world-order which has at last forced this general purgation on us from without, because we have been too lazy and careless and supine individually and socially to cleanse ourselves and set our house in order from within in the long period of peace we have enjoyed.

And what, finally, is the teaching of the Christian faith, the common religion of the Western nations, with regard to war? We know that history marks down against the nations who profess the faith of Christendom, an unbroken record of centuries of ever fiercer and more bloody wars. We know that to-day, after nineteen long centuries, most of us have sorrowfully to confess there never yet has been a Christian nation. Christian bishops have even asserted that no modern state could exist if it followed the teachings of Jesus literally. It is patent, then, that popular Christianity is not the teaching of Jesus; general Christianity is so inextricably tied up with Jewish Old Testament history and doctrine, that in Christendom war has always been able to find its justification and the wagers of war their encouragement. The teaching of Jesus, as set forth in the gospels, concerning war and the old-time law of retaliation was very different. He categorically set aside what had been said by them of old, and insisted on a new law of love and peace for those who believed on his gospel. It is true that this, like the teaching of the Buddha, was an appeal to the individual and not enunciated explicitly as a law for states; but can there be any doubt that the intention of the whole teaching was to inculcate the higher law of love of God through love of man as the sole basis of the Christian life? It is in vain Christians say that

such an ideal is impracticable with human nature as it is; the first duty of the Christian is to make it practicable. Those at any rate who profess to believe that it was God himself who through himself in Jesus revealed to man the panacea for all ills, that spiritual rule of life which alone can make all wars cease, are put to it very hard indeed to find excuses. They must know only too well that after nineteen centuries of professed Christianity this ghastly world-war is a crucifixion of their God by his professed lovers such as no enemy could ever desire or inflict.¹

And how do such seek to avoid the spiritual storm and stress, the pain of the inner self-condemnation they must all feel in the quiet of their better nature for the pass to which things have come? They say that even Jesus could not consistently carry out this counsel of perfection; he bitterly attacked the religious lawyers and doctors of his time; he even resorted to physical force and drove the money-changers and hucksters out of the temple with scourging. That the doctrine of non-resistance, of turning the other cheek, was meant for the individual in his own personal ill-treatment, but it was not for him if another were unjustly attacked and maltreated and he were by to help. That Jesus knew wars must needs be, that such 'offences' (or should it not rather be 'snares') must needs come; though he proclaimed woe for those by whom

¹ As quite distinct from the gradual dogmatic development throughout the centuries and the growth of the Christian consciousness and conscience by adaptation to the facts of life, the purely historical problem of the root-nature of the original doctrine can, in my opinion, be solved only by a frank recognition that Jeschu ha-Notzri was a prophet who continued the preaching of John the Baptist: "Repent, for the Kingdom is at hand!" This Kingdom was the kingdom of the 'last days' and 'last things,' which was to come suddenly by the immediate miraculous intervention of Yahweh himself. In that dread day Yahweh would by his power uphold the righteous and overthrow the sinners; the righteous had no need to fight with earthly weapons.

they came. Nay, that in sorrow he knew, in spite of the overwhelming love which longed to bring peace on earth, the outcome would be, as it has proved to be, that he would be found to bring not peace but a sword, the sword of religious wars and persecutions in his name that have had scarcely a parallel in the world. That though he bade a hot-tempered follower who would have defended his beloved master with force of arms, to put up his sword in its sheath, on the ground of the inevitable spiritual law that they who take the sword and begin the fray must perish by the sword, he at the same time foresaw times of war and horror, when it would be necessary for him who had no sword, to sell his garment and buy a weapon.

But because we have here, according to the traditional and popular interpretation of the accounts, evidence of foresight of the terrible struggles through which the human race had still to pass before nations as well as individuals could become regenerate, this is no reason why we should supinely assent to have this fair consummation indefinitely delayed. The time has surely now come when such a corporate consummation, social and international, must make a beginning, make a supreme effort to manifest itself; for if this all-desirable beginning is now again postponed, we shall simply have to suffer once more all the dire pains of the present and even more terrible horrors. What we may regard as the natural birth-throes in the great body of mother earth can be ended joyfully only by the corporate birth of a spiritual humanity. Does this vast convulsion presage this glorious renaissance, the coming birth of a regenerate humanity, or is our mother still to suffer even greater tortures before the manifestation of this Son of God she longs to suckle on her wide bosom?

This and no less is now at issue. It is for this our earth exists, for this she has, conceiving of the spirit, decked herself in all her fairness; for this she has brought forth countless broods of living creatures; for this she has perfected individuals, and given birth to innumerable heroes and sages and prophets, to countless good men and true, foretelling in their lives the general manner of men that shall dwell upon her, when at last she shall have knit her small lives into such unity that they shall eagerly and knowingly co-operate, and so make possible the conscious indwelling of the Man Divine in his own proper nature upon the earth, even as he has dwelt within the souls of his chosen in the past.

G. R. S. MEAD.

CREATIVE ART: A STUDY.

ARTHUR LYNCH, M.A., M.P.

THE SONNET.

PROCLAIMED the Sonnet's born, her Ave known
In pain, fatigue, reluctance to the intense
Exquisite effort boded to the sense,
Nor sought but forced. From out a cloud dim-shown
She cometh, claiming homage as her own
Birthright, and gloriously beaming whence
She comes irradiating influence,
And speedeth, queening on her destined throne,
Her sovereign hests caught up in quick delight—
A wondrous gift. Admiring part by part
Perused, the poet finds her beauty grow ;
Nor chosen weeds lack wherein comely dight
She shines apparent ; this but left to Art—
To smooth the folds, or cunning piece and sew.
(From *Sonnets of the Banner and the Star.*)

DEAR MR. MEAD,

Apropos of our conversation, after the meeting of the Aristotelian, on the creation of a work of art, I send you a sonnet entitled 'The Sonnet' which contains in essence, distilled, the history of the process.

In prose it would run thus : A work of art springs with life from the author's brain. It cannot be built up by accretion piece by piece, nor fitted together in

cunning mosaic, although behind its being lies a long period of aspiration, thought and mental toil, and although its composition may involve care and patience and attention to details. The period of gestation in the author's mind is long; but when the work has been contemplated in all its parts, it becomes ripe for the tangible expression of its meaning.

Then the desires, the impulses, the winged movements overwhelm the artist's soul. He suffers a seizure in spite of himself, even against the resistance of other thoughts, aims, directions of his mind. A period of fatigue, of strain, of pain follows. The author has a presentiment of the call upon his powers, then an intense feeling of the energy of creation. Then the work of art finds life.

Speaking of the sonnet in particular, the poem is already complete, even though yet unpolished and unperfected. It is global, at once, integral. That is the condition of its vitality. The atmosphere, the form, even the words, in patches and framings and processes here and there defining it, are already determined. The author feels the elation of this life and beauty.

Then, as it stands like a new thing, out from himself, the artist studies it, the product of his own soul. He is fascinated by it. But there still remains something to be done—to disengage from the gross surroundings of material things, of inferior language, the original beauty of the thought. The qualities of artistry there involved relate to taste, skill, mastery of technique. These are the factors most amenable to improvement by study, frequentation of good models, practice. They form part of the *métier* of the artist.

The seizure, the inspiration, the vision,—these are not to be taught ; they are emanations of the soul.

* * * *

Such, I am convinced, is the true representation of the mode of creation in art ; no faculties of taste, of criticism, of facility of technique, suffice. Creative art requires more than a talent ; it asks for a life. Behind every true poem lies a great force of moral endeavour. That must never be left out of account ; I will venture even to say—indeed I have elsewhere shown it in psychological analysis—every great discovery of science has had its roots steeped in high emotional impulses which have given the vital spirit to the growth of the intellectual powers.

The great poets who have spoken of their art have uttered sayings which bear out what has here been indicated. Wordsworth declared that poetry arose from emotion recollected in tranquillity, and in his sonnet to Haydon he expresses also the greatness of the moral attributes of the poet. Byron said that he was like the tiger, if he moved the first spring he could not return ; and we find in Byron at his best a wonderful energy of creation, but in his lesser moods the evidence of artistic negligence. Shelley, who was above all an inspirational poet, revised his poems with sincere diligence ; and the spontaneity and magic of Keats did not absolve him from the painstaking toils of refining. There the true artist showed himself. In Milton the technician, the artist, vies with the poet.

In these considerations will be found the answer to the question of the claims of ' form ' and ' matter.' The essential to all great art is the inspiration, the seizure, the magic moment of synthetic vision. ' Form ' without this inspiration may sink to the level of

'ingenious nonsense,' to use Newton's words; and high inspirational quality without technique, the skill and taste of artistry, disappoints us even while we admire.

* * * *

Questions of another order now arise; as for instance with regard to the recognition of beauty and the standards of excellence. Let us change the object and speak of sculpture. At one time I admired Canova's work excessively; I looked upon his Venus, of whom Pauline, the beautiful sister of Napoleon, was the representative, as little short of perfection. Subsequently I compared this statue with that of the Venus de Medici, and I saw how much it had owed to the original, and how far it was inferior. Here we come upon a factor of taste, one of the least valid and yet perhaps the most powerful,—the comparison with a model set up in our minds as a standard. The manner in which that model has assumed its place, depends on a thousand circumstances of our education. Briefly we may call this the influence of tradition, convention, or of fashion. But when I gazed upon the Venus de Medici herself I asked myself: What is the secret of this fascinating charm? It is useless to persuade the beholder that this Venus is not an intellectual modern type, when beside her in comparison all other types sink to the commonplace. The proportions here appear not only exquisite for a woman, but also a sort of architectural perfection seems to show in the form.

Yet again pursuing the question further: What criterion have we that the irregular lines of any human form should be beautiful? Here I am certain we soon come to the test of utility. We look for a fine, full

and healthy development of every limb and every part. There, it might be said, our taste would change with a changing sense of utility. Justly, that is so. After I had studied anatomy I looked upon representations of the human form with a different eye, and anything that disappointed my sharpened sense of utility displeased accordingly.

Certainly I will not over-insist even here, for I believe that the hidden springs of æsthetic judgment are far more various and more profound than is usually supposed. Burke's essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, which delighted me as one of the first analytic expositions I had read, now seems to me partial and shallow. Kant, Spencer, Vigo, Benedetto Croce and the excellent Grant Allen, the shrewdest of them all in this respect, have lifted a corner of the veil.

The clearer exposition would involve considerations of the physical base of emotion itself, discussion of the sense of effort and the effects of rhythms, various impacts of sensations, various forms of association and enhancements of hedonic states, instincts, memories, hopes and ideals—all mingled in the matrix from which inspiration springs.

I am,

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR LYNCH.

House of Commons,
April, 1915.

GOOD AND EVIL WILL.¹

A. CLUTTON BROCK.

THERE is at the present time a great confusion of thought about the will; I do not mean among philosophers, although they have helped to increase it, but in the mind and speech of the ordinary man. And this confusion arises, I believe, from the fact that the ordinary man has ceased to make a distinction between flesh and spirit. He believes that it is rather clever and scientific of him to refuse to make that distinction. But in doing so he ignores a perpetual conflict in himself which is the most obvious and constant factor in his own experience.

We are all of us always aware of this conflict, and the distinction between flesh and spirit is made by the mind of man to express his sense of it. A man may say that there is no such thing as spirit, while there obviously is such a thing as flesh; but in saying this he does not get rid of the conflict, nor of the fact that it is a conflict, not between different bodily instincts, but between bodily instincts on the one side and some force in himself on the other which desires to control those instincts. When I say this, I am talking, not as a

¹ When this paper was read to the Quest Society, one of the audience rightly pointed out that I was unjust to Nietzsche, in that I had fastened upon one side, and that the most capricious, of his teaching, and had said nothing of the other sides of it. Nietzsche says many things, some of them wonderful in truth and beauty. But the very phrase 'will to power' does, I think, imply a fundamental error; and I deal with that error in this paper, since my subject is will. But I take this opportunity of saying that I do not suppose Nietzsche to be a kind of civilian Bernhardt and that I do not confuse him in my mind with Treitschke.

philosopher, but as an ordinary human being, and I appeal, not to the authority of philosophers or men of science, but to the constant experience of other human beings. We are all aware of the different instincts of our bodies, and also we are aware that we are never satisfied with their satisfaction. We know too that there is sometimes a conflict between them; but we can distinguish quite clearly between such a conflict of different bodily instincts and the other conflict between a bodily instinct and this power in us which always resents the supremacy of any bodily instinct and which tries to establish its own supremacy over them all.

This power used to be called the spirit, and it is so called to mark the distinction between it and the bodily instincts which it tries to control. If people dislike the word spirit because of its associations, I see no reason why they should not find another name for it. They may call it x if they like and the bodily instincts y ; only they must not pretend that the distinction and the conflict do not exist, because, if they do that, they deny the most constant and the most obvious experience of every human being.

But the denial is often made and the consequence, as I have said, is a great confusion of thought about the will. People who see that there is a conflict in us, and indeed no one can deny that, hold that it is a conflict merely between different bodily instincts and that the one which prevails is called the 'will.' Thus you have people talking about the 'will to live,' another name for the instinct of self-preservation, given to it because it is a summary of all our bodily instincts except that which may be called the 'will to propagate.' Then there is the 'will to power' which, if there are only bodily instincts, is merely an indirect form of the

will to live. For why should I want power except to make my living more secure? But this use of the word 'will' implies that when there is a conflict of instincts, one instinct prevails only because of its greater power. It denies the existence of any power behind the instincts which wills that one of them shall prevail over the others. Above all it ignores the fact that there is some power which is often stronger than the will to live itself. And since this is so, the term 'will to live' is an absurdity, for there cannot be a conflict of wills in one and the same mind, unless will is merely another name for bodily instinct; in which case why call it 'will'?

The main difficulty in the use of the word 'will,' and indeed in all the disputes about free-will and predestination, is that we are aware of what we call will—indeed that it is a name we give to a constant experience of our own minds—but that we are also aware that will does not always prevail in us. It is a power, but it is in conflict with other powers that are also a part of ourselves; and these sometimes overcome it. But we call it 'will' because we are sorry when it is overcome and glad when it prevails. We do not consent to its defeat, but we do consent to its victory. That is to say, the power which opposes it is to us an insurgent power; it is a part of us, but it is a part which rebels, not merely against the rest of us, but against that unity which we wish to be.

Thus a man who is at the mercy of his instincts as each of them is made supreme by circumstances, feels that there is no unity in him, and is conscious himself, even when some one instinct is utterly predominant, that he has no will. You may say, if you like, that a man on a sinking ship who tramples

down women and children to get to the boats, is possessed by the will to live. But he himself, when he can think over the matter afterwards, knows that it was not will that possessed him but an instinct; and in his shame at his own cowardice he draws a clear if unconscious distinction between will and instinct; and his will, acting retrospectively as mere repentance or shame, asserts itself, impotently perhaps, but does assert itself in an effort or a desire to guard itself against such tyrannies of instinct in the future.

The will, in fact, whether triumphant or overcome, is constant. Instincts arise and strive to satisfy themselves, but if they force consent upon the whole nature, that consent is only momentary and tyrannous. The moment the instinct is satisfied, the consent is withdrawn and the mind refuses to recognise the instinct as will at all, but rather sees in it a force hostile to will. And the difference between the will and these instincts, however powerful they may be at the moment, is that they cease to be powerful when satisfied; that the mind withdraws its consent and approval from them then; whereas the more the will is satisfied the more powerful it becomes, and also the more conscious of its own aims. Instincts, by themselves, are not conscious, and the more powerful they are, the less there is of consciousness in the mind possessed by them. In a frenzy of lust or a panic of fear there is no consciousness and the man, as we say, becomes an animal. All his power is the power of his body, and the more complete that is the more it can satisfy itself only by purely physical means, and exhaust itself by these means. Whereas will, as it grows in power, grows in consciousness and can use all means to satisfy itself. And this consciousness,

this deliberate and continuous effort at satisfaction, is what we mean by will, as opposed to instinct; and so we make a distinction between a man who is possessed by an instinct and one who uses his will to satisfy an instinct. The former is to us impotent because he is will-less, the latter is powerful, because, even if he misuses his will, he has it.

It is possible, as we all recognise, to misuse the will; and we make a clear distinction between misused or perverted will and the tyranny of mere instinct.

They are in fact two different things, as we may see by comparing the cowardice of a panic-stricken mob on a sinking ship with the courage and discipline of an army fighting for a bad cause. In the one case blind instinct is tyrannous. In the other will, permanent and conscious, works perhaps for the satisfaction of an instinct, but still it works and is something distinct and separate from the instinct.

Therefore we feel from our own experience that will may have a right or a wrong purpose, may be, as we say, good or evil will. It is not merely power that is good in proportion to its magnitude. It is valued also according to its effects, and we judge it mainly by its effects upon other men. It is by these that we judge of its effects upon its possessor.

But the will to live or the will to power of which we have heard, will of course not be judged at all by their effects upon other men, but only by their results to the man who exercises them. The value of the will to live consists in the amount of life which it gives to its possessor. The value of the will to power is the amount of power it gives to him. And if it gives him life or power it is not to be judged at all by its effects upon other people. Nietzsche in fact tells us expressly

that in valuing the will to power we must disregard its effects upon others. This estimating of will by its effects on others is to him the fundamental Christian heresy. It is the conspiracy of weak mankind against the strong, and the weak have succeeded in persuading the strong that their will to power is evil will, and that they, the strong, ought to judge themselves by the extent to which their strength is exercised with the approval of the weak.

Nietzsche has this show of reason on his side, that we all feel that finally the only judge of a man is himself; that he must have his own values or else they are no values at all, that he must in fact be free. And he is not free if he does only what other people tell him is right because they find that it is good for them.

But for Nietzsche freedom means power,—power, that is to say, not over yourself, but over others; and this implies of course conflict, since all men cannot have power over each other. Therefore according to him there is necessarily the same conflict of wills among men as of instincts. There is a struggle for life among them of the spirit, if he believes in the spirit, as of the flesh. And spirit prospers and is free in a man only if he has power over the spirits as over the bodies of other men, his spiritual inferiors. In fact the struggle for life dominates all his philosophy, and for him it is the fundamental fact of life, whether physical or spiritual. Triumph in life is always victory over others and the power which it brings; and heaven would be the supreme power of one man over the flesh and the spirit of all other men. Therefore there could only be heaven for one man. He never seems to have asked himself why power is in itself

good, or whether, according to universal experience, it has proved to be good to those who possess it. Nor did he ask himself why the will to power, as he calls it, always, in proportion to the extent to which it is exercised, raises up opposition to itself and in fact produces itself the obstacles to its own success. All he noticed was that the weak, as he calls them, do combine against the strong, by which he means those possessed by the will to power, and that ultimately they overcome the strong by their combination, since the more exorbitant the will to power the more it claims for itself from, and over, others and therefore the greater the army which it arrays against itself.

Thus, if his theory of the will to power be true, if it is the fairest thing in the world and in fact the only good and pure will, then life is a kind of ironic process incessantly destroying its finest products. There is not a survival of the fittest but a survival of the most unfit, of those who possess least of the will to power and therefore make least claim upon others, and who have the power of combination because they make least claim.

He saw that this was what happened in actual life, and he was angry with life because it happened so. He wanted to change our whole scale of values, to make us value the will to power so much that we should refuse to combine against it. We were to call this will not evil but good; and if we did this, there might eventually be hope for mankind through the establishment of a race of men with the will to power strong in them, although they could only manifest their will to power by tearing each other to pieces.

Nietzsche, as I have said, assumes that the struggle for life dominates man's whole nature. He

thinks only in terms of it; and it is significant that thinking in terms of the struggle for life should have carried a man of genius to such absurdities. There is in his mind a hopeless confusion about spirit and flesh, about will and instinct. One cannot prove him wrong in his ultimate beliefs, but one can say that, as a working hypothesis, those ultimate beliefs carry him into a series of statements that are flatly contrary to our own experience.

However much we might try, we could not change our values as Nietzsche wishes us to. He wishes us to change them because, he thinks, we shall produce a finer race of men if we do so. But our values cannot be changed by any scientific hypothesis about the future, because they are not the result of reasoning. When I value some virtue as I see it in action, it is not because I am speculating upon the effect of that virtue upon the future of mankind. It is because that virtue raises a certain answering emotion in me as if it were a piece of music and I am moved by it, as by a work of art, without any thought of its consequences. A fine action is fine like any other fine thing. I recognise it as good, as I recognise that a sunset is beautiful; no philosopher can change the nature of the emotion that is caused in me by it any more than he can, by arguing, persuade me that a sunset is ugly. Further, it is not good to me because it helps me to the satisfaction of any fleshly appetite or instinct of my own. If I see a man ready to sacrifice his life for other men, I admire him, not because I feel that he might prolong my life by sacrificing his life for me; on the contrary, the effect of his action on me is that I am incited to imitate it, and so it may be actually dangerous to my life. There is something in me which

admires it for its own sake, and without thinking of its effect on any particular interests of mine. And this something is that which produces in the brave man that virtue which I admire in him. It is something which I have in common with him and which leads me, not to a conflict with him, but to a harmony. And this something I call the spirit. Spirit in one man recognises the action of spirit in another, recognises the freedom of spirit from the tyranny of bodily instincts and appetites, and this freedom it calls good. This freedom is approved by a man's whole nature, whether he sees it in himself or in another man. In admiring it or in exercising it he attains to a complete harmony of his whole being, to that harmony which is will.

One might suppose from this that all will must be good. And yet there is clearly good and evil will. There is will which, while it is a harmony of the man who exercises it, does not lead him into harmony with others but into conflict. And it is to them evil will, so that, while they may admire its power and the control which it has over certain instincts, yet they withstand it with all the force of their own wills and feel that it provokes them to an inevitable conflict.

This evil will, as I have said, can be clearly distinguished from the tyranny of instinct; for when a man, dominated by an instinct, satisfies it, it no longer tyrannises over him. The man who has trampled down women and children in a panic of fear is ashamed of his fear afterwards. His whole being has not consented to the panic; it has overcome him because he had not the will to resist it. But evil will may be permanent in a man. It is will because the whole of him consents to it and because it has control of all his instincts,

so that he may exhibit many of the virtues which come from the control of instincts by the spirit, such as courage, endurance, temperance. And yet his spirit itself, while exercising this control, is perverse and desires, not harmony with other men, but predominance over them.

This problem of evil will is forced upon us by the spectacle of the German people at the present time. We cannot but admire their courage, their endurance, their self-sacrifice even; but all the time we see that they are sacrificing themselves in their thousands to an evil collective will. All the grosser and simpler instincts seem to be mastered by that will, so that the German soldier in the field behaves like a hero and, if his cause were good, if he were truly fighting only in defence of his country, we could call him a hero without reserve. But, though individual Germans may be deceived, there is no doubt that the German nation as a whole is possessed by an evil will, a will which leads it to conflict, not to harmony, with mankind and to a collective action which in an individual these individual Germans would condemn.

There are millions of Germans who believe that it is right for them to sacrifice themselves so that their nation may be predominant in the world. And their very spirit consents to the notion of German predominance, as if it were the proper aim of a German spirit, as if indeed their spirit were German too and in necessary conflict with the spirits of Englishmen or Frenchmen.

There is here a perversity of the spirit which does produce a will that is evil and which we other nations have to withstand with all the power of our own wills, so that it becomes easy for us too to persuade ourselves that there is an ultimate spiritual conflict

between us and the Germans as well as a conflict between our bodies.

The question then that we have to consider is how does the spirit fall into this perversity? How comes it to desire power that leads to conflict instead of freedom that leads to harmony? And in considering this we have to remember that this spirit is, here, in the flesh and that there is always more or less conflict in us between the spirit and the flesh, which they desire to turn into a unity. This unity, which every human being, from the loftiest to the lowest, desires, may be attained, at any rate for a time, by different means and at different levels. We attain to a unity at a very low level when we are satisfying some very powerful appetite. Then the physical pleasure of the satisfaction is so strong that the spirit is, as it were, drowned in the rush of sense. There is a unity which the whole being enjoys and which only ceases when the appetite is satisfied. Then the spirit begins to reassert itself and it may, in reasserting itself, produce a sharp conflict. Indeed this sensual unity is always transient, and the whole being does not consent to it except while it lasts. There can be no permanent consent except to a unity at which the will aims and which implies a certain predominance of the spirit over the flesh.

But again so strong is the desire of our natures for this unity that the spirit will sometimes make terms with the flesh. It will not consent to the predominance of each appetite as it is provoked by circumstance, but it will glorify some one appetite with its own spiritual glory, so that it makes that appetite predominant over all the others and becomes its servant. The crudest example of this treachery of the spirit is the

romantic sensualist who uses his spirit to glorify his lust, and who sees a kind of heaven before him in each amour. He does attain to unity by this means and a unity in which all his faculties are exercised and not merely swamped by his appetite. And because they are all exercised he may avoid all physical excess. His excesses are imaginative. His sin consists in setting a wrong heaven before himself, a heaven of spiritual slavery, not of spiritual freedom. And his spirit consents to this slavery because the heaven of spiritual freedom is for all of us so far away and, at the beginning of our search for it, so vague in its distance. The senses tempt us, not merely with the pleasure of their own satisfaction, but also because they tempt the spirit with a clear and definite goal. *Submit to us*, they seem to say, *make this treaty with us which is will, and there is a clear object in life before us both—an object which we can attain to because we know what it is, and which, if we attain to it, will give us a far more exquisite pleasure than sense alone can give, and a pleasure far more tangible than spirit alone can give.* To this temptation the spirit may yield and, when it does, the result is the unity, low but permanent, the evil will of the Don Juan.

But there is a more insidious temptation of instinct than this and one to which finer natures succumb. The struggle for life is, or ought to be, a fact for all of us. But in a civilised society it is a complex fact. A man owes a duty of work to the society in which he lives, but he may perform that duty in very different ways. He may obey or he may command; and in performing it he will get payment, high or low, according to his abilities. The very existence of the struggle for life and of its civilised organisation makes

it necessary that some men should have power over others; makes it necessary too, our natures being what they are, that some men should have higher rewards than others. And so the more gifted men, entering into the struggle for life as a matter of necessity or of duty, obtain power and high rewards by their success in it. There is injustice in this, but a necessary injustice, men being what they are.

Now no man can attain to spiritual freedom by merely avoiding the struggle for life. It is a duty to live, and we cannot dodge duties. The refusal to perform them does not mean merely a duty not done. It is not merely a technical offence scored up against us by the recording angel. Its punishment consists in the effect which it has upon the whole mind, and especially in a perversion of the intellect, which attempts to justify what cannot be justified, and so suffers from its own impossible task. If we could ourselves utterly consent to some failure of duty, we should not, in ourselves, be punished for it. Our real punishment consists in the harm that is done to us by our effort to consent to the failure, which weakens the whole energy of the mind and makes it less capable of spiritual freedom. That is why men have done penance for their sins; they know that by confessing their sins and punishing themselves for them, they escape that weakening and rid themselves of the sin and its effects.

So there is no way to spiritual freedom by refusing the struggle for life as a base and material process. That is only the way to a subtle spiritual slavery, the slavery of one who lowers and weakens himself with a consent to his own failure of duty. Men are aware of this fact by instinct almost,

and especially those are aware of it who have strong faculties which they wish to exercise. They go eagerly into the struggle for life, excel in it and obtain the rewards and the power given to excellence.

But the instinct of self-preservation, the will to live as it is absurdly called, makes men value power and riches, which are forms of security in this world. And further the desire to exercise their faculties, which is always strongest in those whose faculties are strongest, makes them value power also because it gives them more and more scope for the exercise of their faculties. These values are all instinctive; they are of the same nature as the savage's satisfaction when he has robbed another savage of his prey, or as his delight in his skill in hunting.

Thus instinct is satisfied by power and rewards; but in a civilised society power and rewards are also a temptation to the spirit and not merely to appetite, just because all the faculties may be employed in obtaining them.

A man in the pursuit of them must control and master his cruder appetites. He must learn not to yield to every passing desire, not to live from hand to mouth. He must even try to do what he has to do as well as he can do it for the sake of doing it well. For otherwise he will never attain to excellence. And thus, in his restraint and in the pursuit of excellence for its own sake, he will win the admiration of men who do naturally and generously admire whatever is well done, and whatever shows self-control and an unflinching purpose. Napoleon in his youth had a passionate desire for excellence in his profession, which must have been disinterested or he could never have attained to excellence, and for that he was ready to

deny himself all the pleasures of appetite and all ease and comfort. In this pursuit of excellence he saw his way for a time to freedom of the spirit. There was something that he desired more than he desired his own well-being. He was like an artist who thinks of his work, not of himself.

But his profession was one in which excellence brings the greatest power and the richest rewards, and these it brought to him very soon. All France applauded him as the hero and deliverer. He was taken up to a high place and tempted and his spirit yielded to the temptation. He had attained to excellence, which at first he had desired, like an artist, for its own sake, but soon he desired instead the rewards of excellence with an insatiable desire. His whole nature consented to this desire, and his spirit was overcome by it because it still meant the exercise of all his faculties and the practice of many virtues. But all the same his spirit was enslaved by the will to power, which is only an instinct or rather a complex of instincts; and the will to power became an evil will that meant an incessant and always increasing conflict with other wills, and an effort to subdue them rather than to work in harmony with them. And the effort was like the effort of a man who rolls a snowball. The further he rolls it the larger it becomes and the heavier the weight against him. So Napoleon, possessed by a will that was only the triumph of instincts in his mind, had all the instincts of mankind more and more against him, and in the end they overcame even his power and his will, so that he was imprisoned like a dangerous wild beast, which indeed his will, utterly despiritualised, had made him.

But Napoleon was an individual, and his will to

power was plainly selfish and aimed at the gratification of his own particular instinct. Everyone could see this in the later part of his life and no one now would defend his ambition. But when a nation is possessed by the will to power, every single member of it may be still capable of the most devoted self-sacrifice, may be ready to forget himself in the ambitions of his country. That is the case now with Germany; the Germans are able quite sincerely to talk of their national ambition as German idealism, because each one of them cares more for that ambition than for himself. This Germany, for which they are ready to die, is something outside themselves and far above them, and they can see themselves as martyrs for a faith. Yet everyone else sees them as fanatical worshippers of an ugly and arrogant idol; and all their devotion, all their apparent self-forgetfulness, only raises up against them an opposition strong in proportion to its own strength. We can admire their virtues still; but the will that provokes them all is to us evil will, just as much as if an individual were exercising it for his own glory and power. They have succumbed to a temptation more subtle than that which overcame Napoleon; but still it is only a temptation not an ideal, and it leads to slavery not to freedom of the spirit.

For underlying it is a doctrine, not of freedom, but of spiritual slavery, a doctrine which denies the existence of spirit at all and affirms that the struggle for life is the ultimate fact of life. And in this doctrine there is a profound inconsistency which is proved by the very virtues of the Germans. For a nation consists of the men and women who compose it. If they idealise it they are idealising themselves, collectively perhaps, not individually; but men are no more ideal in

the mass than taken one by one. But according to their doctrine, a nation is an organisation made for the furtherance of the struggle for life, and its persistence as a nation is the ultimate fact at which it aims. Its morality as a nation is conditioned by that fact. It can do nothing wrong which helps it to persist. But still the nation which persists is only the men and women who compose it. There is no Germany except these and their forefathers and descendants. But this national effort is all to secure the survival of these as a nation, even though individuals may be sacrificed to it.

They say that its survival is to be desired because of its spiritual achievements. But if survival is the ultimate fact to which all other facts are subsidiary, what do these spiritual achievements matter? They too would all be sacrificed to survival if it were necessary, for survival is the supreme national purpose which makes virtues of what would otherwise be crimes. If Germany will sacrifice the spiritual achievements of other nations to her own survival, she would also sacrifice her own. If she is ready to vow that there shall be no more France, with all that the spirit of France means to the world, she would be equally ready to sacrifice all that Germany has meant to the world so that Germany might survive as a national fact. And it might well happen that in this effort to triumph as a nation in the struggle for life, she might triumph and yet deteriorate spiritually so that she became a nation of scientific Red Indians, with no aim except to wage war and with no virtues except warlike virtues. Then it would be clear that she aimed at nothing except national survival and that for this she had given up all the spiritual achieve-

ments which, according to her present plea, justify her complete absorption in the struggle for life.

She would for the sake of living have lost all reason why she should live. The bare fact of national survival would be to her success, just as the bare fact of his own survival is success to the man who tramples down women and children to reach the boats.

Now in the case of the man who does this there is no reasoning. He does not justify himself nor does he discuss with himself which is the best way to save his life. He sees the boats and goes for them in a will-less panic. But the German nation is not will-less and its policy is not the result of mere panic. For forty years or more it has been forming a theory upon which all its policy is based. It does not gratify its national instincts and appetites on the spur of the moment, but decides in cold blood that all its higher faculties are to be employed in the gratification of those instincts and appetites. It also decides after much argument and discussion that the policy it pursues is the best possible for its object—the success of the nation in the struggle for life. Thus if it turns out that its policy is not the best, that the nation's life is endangered and not made secure by its struggle, then, on its own theory, all that it has done will be wrong, all its virtues of self-sacrifice and courage will be vices. The test of success is the only test for it. That will is an evil will which fails in its object. And since this is so, since every action, every policy, every exercise of the will, is only to be judged by its ultimate national result, no spiritual intuition is of any value whatever to the German nation. Just as the demand of an instinct may lead a man to his destruction, so the demands of the spirit may lead a nation to destruction. If, for

instance, the German armies in Belgium had refused to kill civilians when they were ordered to do so, if the soldiers had said that they, as men, could not do it, then according to the German national theory, their refusal would be right or wrong according as it helped or hindered Germany in the war; and the question whether it was right or wrong could not be decided until its effects were thoroughly clear. That is the German view, and it explains the German docility. A German will not listen when the State is in question, to any urgent cry of the spirit within him. He assumes that his commanders know better than he does what is good for Germany, and what is good for Germany is absolutely good. So he does not listen to spirit any more than he listens to flesh, when they command. He will die or he will murder as they command, believing that whatever he does will be for the good of Germany,—that is to say, will help her to survive as a nation.

But, I repeat, if his commanders are mistaken, if for instance their cruelties in Belgium assist German defeat rather than German victory, then there is no virtue in the German obedience at all. It is in fact as vicious as that sentimentality at which the Germans are always girding. The sentimentalist, they say, means well but does ill; and that is equally true of the obedient German soldier, if his obedience is given to foolish commanders.

So, on this theory of the supreme importance of the national struggle for life, the individual German has no inward guidance at all. He can only wait for results to see whether he has done well or ill; and this is true of commanders as well as commanded, of the Kaiser no less than of the youngest recruit. The

Kaiser must wait for results to see whether he has done well or ill in declaring war. If Germany is beaten, he will have no consolation in the thought that he acted with good intentions. There are no good intentions according to the German doctrine; what helps Germany to survive is good, what endangers its survival is evil. The Kaiser, of course, with his pietistic disguise of the doctrine, will tell himself that God is angry with him; but that is only his primitive way of putting it. He will feel, when he thinks God is angry with him, just as General Bernhardi would feel if he found that he had made a mistake.

The Germans' whole theory therefore leads them into an absurd position. They still profess to believe in good and evil, which are values of the spirit. They still express the moral emotions which are caused by the spirit in its effort for freedom. But they have no right to these virtues and emotions until the bill is sent in. They ought to wait until the end of the war before they exercise any moral judgment at all. If they are beaten, then they have been wicked in all that they have done; if they win, then they have been virtuous. But in practice this, as we all know by experience, will not work. It is what happens at the moment that provokes moral emotions in us; and our virtues are the result, not of argument, but of what the spirit tells us is good or evil. The spirit in fact, in valuing, works as instinctively in its own sphere as the instincts themselves. An action is good or bad to it when it is completely cognisant of that action, as food is good or bad to the taste. And will is evil when it determines to pay no heed to those values of the spirit, when it determines to subject them to material results; for to do that is to make the spirit itself a slave to theory, so

that it loses its own instinctive power and becomes like the flesh when all its senses are dulled.

That is what has happened to the Germans as a nation, with the result that their soldiers will commit crimes at the word of command, and that their commanders have no notion what effect those crimes produce upon the rest of the world. But still the curious fact remains that the Germans, like the rest of us, profess to have moral values and to feel moral emotions. But these values and emotions are strange and absurd to the rest of us, as if a man were colour-blind and insisted that red was blue or orange purple. I will give an instance of this from *The Truth about Germany*, a document signed by thirty-four German dignitaries and distributed in America. "We have experienced from the Belgian population," they say, "such things as we had hitherto seen only in wars with negroes. They shoot in blind hatred from any house, from any bush, at everything that is German. We had on the first day many dead and wounded caused by the civilian population"—that is to say, on the first day of their violation of Belgian neutrality. They are honestly indignant at what all the rest of the world admires, the rising of a whole nation to repel a treacherous attack. And why? Because for them the success of Germany is the absolute ultimate good, and whoever opposes it is doing wrong. Indeed they speak of the Belgians as the guilty population—and all this in perfect good faith, for it is too artless to be insincere. It was just the same with Napoleon in his later letters, which are full of moral indignation against everyone who opposed him, since to him his own success had become an absolute moral good and not merely something materially desirable.

But the point I wish to make about this state of mind is that, as the success of Germany is to it the ultimate and absolute good, so it assumes an ultimate and absolute conflict, with no possible reconciliation, between the will of Germany and the will of other nations. What is good to Germany is evil to them and *vice versa*. And that is the test and mark of evil will everywhere and in nations as in individuals. It always implies an absolute irreconcilable conflict between itself and other wills. It does not wish for a harmony, since its good is evil to other wills, and if its good prevails, evil prevails for them. In the case of mere instinct there may be this conflict, as where two men desire the same thing to satisfy their appetites. But the conflict happens; they do not will it and they do not invest it with spiritual values. If one boy snatches an apple from another boy, he does not think that boy wicked, he merely wants the apple. If a man tramples down women and children to get to the boats, he does not think them wicked, he only wants to save his own life. But when there is a complete consent of the spirit to some instinct or complex of instincts as to the theory of the national struggle for life, then the spirit glorifies success with its own spiritual values and feels its own spiritual hatred for anyone who hinders the success.

It does, in fact, glorify conflict as if that were its desire instead of harmony. It does consent to the will to power which is the will for conflict; and the will to power, the more absolute it is, is the more sure to frustrate itself at last by the conflict which it provokes. Then we see indeed the expense of spirit in a waste of shame more utterly than in the lust of which the poet speaks. For spirit always rebels

against pure lust, which is a sin of the flesh; but to the sins of the devil spirit consents utterly, and that is why we call them sins of the devil, why they are sins of evil will and not merely of instinct.

But because the Germans as a nation are possessed of evil will we must not therefore believe the obvious absurdity that all Germans are wicked. In ordinary times of peace only a small part of each individual German is concerned with his nation, only a small part of his will participates in the national evil will. It is only when that evil will expresses itself in war that the individual German wills evil with a great part of his mind; and even then he must retain many of the habits of his better self so that he will be kindly if he is allowed to be, and in any case will show courage and self-sacrifice and many other virtues. His sin, in any case, is the sin of obedience in act and thought and feeling, the refusal of spiritual freedom from a perverted sense of duty. Often indeed he is not possessed at all by a boundless ambition for his country. He believes that Germany is attacked and fighting for her own life; and here again his only sin is the sin of obedience in that he will think and feel what is suggested to him, and will not use his own reason, preferring to be an item in a national crowd rather than a man whose aim is to know what is true and to do what is right.

But in this preference again the spirit yields to instinct; for in all men there is a hive or pack instinct inherited from their own far past, an instinct that may lead them at once to moral cowardice and physical heroism, but which is always the enemy of spiritual freedom.

And this very instinct, because there is a spirit in

all men, tempts their spirit with the promise of a heaven here and now on earth, with a harmony that may deceive the spirit into thinking it a spiritual harmony, when all the while it is only a mere instinct urging men to act together for their common safety or victory as if they were a host of ants attacking another host.

So all the Germans who die so heroically are martyrs to a lie because of that fundamental falsehood which they have all told themselves: that they are occupied with spiritual business when they are really occupied with temporal. For what is the business of the spirit by which its workings may be distinguished from the workings of appetite or instinct? Its business is the love of something altogether outside itself and distinct from itself, a love which is purely disinterested and which makes a man forget himself altogether and exist only in that love, just as he forgets himself and exists in a supreme physical effort or pleasure. There is this manifestation of spirit in a passion for truth or for beauty or for goodness. It is never quite pure in a human being, since he is also a being of flesh; but he desires its purity and is happy in proportion as he approaches to it. And since it is thus disinterested, it never leads him into conflict with other men also moved by the spirit, but rather into harmony with them. One man possessed by the passion for truth recognises the same passion in another and loves him for it. There is no rivalry between them because neither desires to get anything for himself. The truth is not his truth, nor does he wish to make it his, he only wishes to know it as deeply as is possible to his human capacity; and another man who is trying to know it is not a rival but a helper. If there is any jealousy in his mind, his passion for truth is not pure

but adulterated with the bodily appetite for praise or power or reward. And the freer it is from such adulteration, the more he is in harmony with others who seek for truth and the further away from all thought of the struggle for life, and all its rivalries sink down below the spiritual freedom of his mind.

But this national passion, with which all nations are tainted and Germany is now possessed, is in its essence of the flesh, not of the spirit. It is the passion of a nation that does not desire ultimately to be itself better than it is, but rather to gain riches and power; and these it must gain at the expense of some other nation. So that its passion leads it always into physical conflict with other nations, just as the same passion in men leads them into conflict with other men.

But the sin of Germany is that she, more than any other nation, has mistaken this physical passion of hers for a spiritual passion, that she has in fact made a religion of patriotism.

Now patriotism is right enough in its place, but when men make a religion of it, when they regard the triumph of their own country as a final end as if it were heaven, they are enslaving the spirit to the purposes of the flesh. To the German that is true which Germany wants to believe and that is right which Germany wants to do. But the very statement of this proposition shews its absurdity. For these words 'true' and 'right' are words made by the spirit to express its own desires, and they cannot be used of the desires of the flesh. A thing is true or false irrespective of any desire that it shall be true or false; it is right or wrong irrespective of self-interest. The German Chancellor says necessity knows no law; but

the answer is, as someone has put it, that the law of Heaven knows no necessity. What the Germans have done in Belgium is not right because the German nation has chosen to do it, any more than it would be right if a single man had chosen to do it. Ultimately the only question which the Germans ask themselves is whether it is expedient. But just because they have allowed their instincts to enslave their spirit, they call expediency right, and invest it with the emotional values proper only to what is right and is recognised as right by the spirit.

And here again one can use another test by which to distinguish evil will from good will—that is to say, a will in which spirit is enslaved by instinct from a will in which spirit is free. For the enslavement of spirit by instinct leads at once to an intellectual perversion from the effort to think that good which is expedient. No man can will evil and believe it evil. He has to persuade himself that it is good and invest it with the emotional values proper to what is good. And in doing this he must make his intelligence also the slave of his instincts, using his reason not to tell him what is right, but to justify to himself what he wants to do. That is what the Germans do now and have long been doing in their national policy, and the result is a national stupidity which to the rest of the world is incredible, a stupidity which threatens to bring them to national ruin.

They have by long practice learnt to satisfy themselves with absurd reasons and they believe that they can satisfy the rest of the world. Further, since they have persuaded themselves that what they think expedient is also right, they believe that it will seem right also to those to whom it is not expedient. Their

will leads them into a conflict with other nations, being physical not spiritual; and yet, since they believe it is good will, they persuade themselves that it ought to lead them into harmony with others, and when it does lead to the inevitable conflict, they believe that the conflict is a proof of the wickedness of their enemies.

They really feel the moral indignation proper to a disinterested passion for what is right. It is as if ants believed that they attacked another nest of ants because of its immorality. So there is a profound, if unconscious, insincerity in their reasoning and in their very emotions. They can believe what they want to believe and feel what they want to feel, that is to say what their instincts prompt them to believe and to feel. And these beliefs and emotions which, if they were true and just, could lead them into harmony with other nations, do as a matter of fact make other nations feel that they are animals of a different genus, utterly separate and distinct and hostile in spirit no less than in flesh.

I have spoken so much of the Germans, partly because we cannot now help thinking of our conflict with them, and partly because they are the most typical instance at the present time of evil will and its symptoms and effects. But I have wished to use them as a psychological example rather than to express any enmity towards them; and if I seem too topical I must ask pardon for it. Certainly I do not mean to say that we or any other nation are quite free from these faults. One has only to read the newspapers to see how in us too instinct is always threatening spiritual freedom, that we believe, many of us, that we must be like the Germans if we would overcome them. They

have attained to a kind of perfection of evil will which makes them very strong, and we, we are told, must oppose this perfection of theirs with a perfection of evil will of our own. But if we do that, the two evil wills will destroy each other in their perfection and the whole world will be laid waste by their conflict.

We cannot submit ourselves to evil will for the purpose of this war, and then throw it off as soon as we are victorious. If we were victorious through this perfection of evil will, then the victor would be only another Germany called England, and that victor would certainly sooner or later suffer the defeat of Germany; for like Germany she would raise up against her evil will the wills of all mankind. She would be rolling the snowball that Germany is now rolling. Therefore we must not aim at the German perfection of evil will, but must be content, even in this struggle, with the practical disadvantages of our own imperfect good will. For good will is distinguished from evil will also in this, that it is always imperfect in men. Therefore it makes them humble when they contrast their small finite achievements with the infinity of good possible to them. But evil will, since it aims at something finite, can attain to perfection and to the arrogance of conscious perfection—that perhaps is the reason why we hate it so much in others. They make a little finite heaven of their own and attain to it, and to us it is an ugly heaven; but the heaven desired by good will is imperfectly conceived as the will itself is imperfect; and in that imperfection and our consciousness of it all our differences are reconciled. We know that it is the same heaven that all men of good will desire; but being only men they differ in their conception of it and are content to differ,

knowing that all their conceptions are imperfect. For them it is not the differences that matter, but the good will in common. But for evil will the differences matter supremely whenever evil wills are in conflict with each other; and the heaven of one will is the hell of another.

A. CLUTTON BROCK.

A POET OF MYSTICISM.

SPEAKING of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, a famous critic once said: "Our age has seen a specialisation of emotions as well as of studies and industries. Let us not then expect all things from any man. Let us welcome the best representative of every mood of the mind."

The ardour and one-pointedness of Rossetti's thought—its utter absorption in the Quest of Beauty—come back to us as we open the two substantial volumes in which we now find Mr. A. E. Waite's *Collected Poems*.¹ For if Rossetti was pre-eminently the Lover as Mystic, Mr. Waite might well be called the Mystic as Lover. We must hasten indeed to qualify and enlarge a word so narrowed in its common use as to suggest almost the opposite of what it signifies in these poems. To the ordinary man, love is too often a sharp limitation of interest in life—the selection of a single object of devotion to the detriment of all beyond. It is not in this way that the mystic's heart is kindled. For him each glimpse of beauty in the earth, and in the face of man or woman, is but the hint and stir of something greater. For him—to quote again Rossetti's critic, F. W. H. Myers—"all life has been sanctified by that supreme experience." The mystic lover sees the world

“—apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.”

It is not always given to the scholar, the historian

¹ London (Rider); 2 vols., pp. xxxvi. + 854 and xii. + 852; 21s. net.

and the critic to approach his subject matter in this sacramental mood. But those acquainted with Mr. Waite's contributions to the literature of the Lesser and Greater Mysteries during recent years, are already familiar with his courtly and spacious mode of address and his deliberately poetic treatment of prose. He has steeped his pen in ceremonial language; and if the habitual use of mystery-words in a speculative treatise should appear to the plain man a stumbling-block and foolishness, they are at least the legitimate ornaments of poetry. In prose and in verse, Mr. Waite writes as a devotee, and 'can no other.' Somewhere in an earlier volume he has said: "My true intent from the beginning of my life in letters has been for the delight of the soul in God; and I have not consented with my heart to the making of books for another and lesser end." The confession might well stand as a foreword to his *Collected Poems*. It is but a variant of the dedication made by the witnesses of the Spirit from age to age. "For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." "Even desire [for the lesser things] departs from the abstemious dweller in the body after the Supreme is seen."

Those who open these volumes in a casual and browsing way, not turning to the Table of Contents unless driven by a query, will miss some of the most characteristic examples of Mr. Waite's art. For the Table of Contents is itself a poem, loftily conceived, exquisitely laboured, by a past-master of titles and sub-titles, elaborate synopsis and elusive summary. 'Veils of Isis,' 'Plumes of Sable,' 'The Scarlet Swan (an Ethic of Dream Life),' 'The Swooning Castle,' 'Cups that Pass in the Night,' 'The Blessed Life of Sorcery,' 'Of True and False Marriages (Concerning

Sacraments and their Substitutes),—these are but random phrases, often enlarged and expounded in commentary to a paragraph almost as long as the poem, and forming, in rich imagery and flowing cadences, a sustained prose *obbligato* to the work as a whole.

Mr. Waite is no Pocket Poet. He calls for leisure, lamplight, and a cushion between the book and the knee. Prodigal of his treasures, he pours out for us the accumulated store of a traveller sensitive to all modes of earthly beauty, but especially to the living passion and movement, in Man and Nature, which open most readily the doors of revelation for the Eternal Form within. Gold-dust of thought—a thousand gems of speech uncut and unpolished—are tumbled out upon us in these lavish pages, till at times the *débris* of the workshop hides the jewel. Yet, while the terms of the workshop and storehouse come to our lips, it is by no means to an indoor atmosphere that Mr. Waite induces us. Rather he leads us forth, in fancy, into light and air. His inmost temples and presence-chambers are open to the stars and within sound of the sea. He is indeed pre-eminently a nature-poet, in the sense of being able to find in the most pastoral simplicities the full equipment for the highest mystical rites; and here we feel his kinship with Wordsworth, and with those to whom the life of the affections rather than of the senses serves for their sacramental cup.

One of the most beautiful of the shorter pieces is the little poem called 'Absolution,' in which the writer—quite in the spirit of Saint Francis—asks pardon of his humbler fellow-creatures and blesses them as he goes upon his way:

“Birds of the air and the beasts, I know by your
moans and cries,
Your songs which pant for language, your sad, deep,
eloquent eyes,
Ye also have needed love ; the want of the world ye
know!
Warm be the sunshine about you, soft the winds as
they blow ;
If I have wronged you—it may be—come ye also—
forgive.
The life of all life uplift you, that ye may also live ! ”

Contrary to the way of Muses, it is in the three long mystical dramas which occupy the second volume, that Mr. Waite's Muse attains her highest and most level flights. The lyrics with which they are interspersed are for the most part more finely pruned and finished than those among the miscellaneous poems ; and the plays as a whole are admirably constructed, well balanced and full of dramatic interest and rich symbolic invention. The first is a morality-play on the subject of the Lost Word. With much tenderness and poetic insight is portrayed the declension of a great Church “ from which the Divine Gift and Leading have been taken,” and the ultimate redemption won by the Daughter of the House, “ who is in this case older than the House itself or the imputed Mother and Widow.” ‘ The Further Side of the Portal ’ deals with more obscure and esoteric ceremonies, and could not perhaps be fully enjoyed except by those to whom Masonic symbolism is not only familiar but helpful and illuminating ; yet to an audience rightly attuned to its presentation the closing scene of the first part—‘ The Hold of God ’—might be made genuinely impressive. ‘ A Soul's Comedy ’ takes us into a more every-

day sphere of action, but even here it is easy to trace an allegorical background to the simple story of a lady's love for her page. Certainly those who have found delight in the content of Mr. Waite's earlier volumes may be counted on to read the plays in their entirety.

ESTHER WOOD.

TOWARDS INTERNATIONAL MORALITY.

G. H. POWELL.

THOSE who have passed through the stage of 'thinking imperially,' who have learnt to think 'in continents,' or it may be 'in hemispheres,' may now gird themselves to the supreme task of formulating a theory of 'world-socialism,' if we may so call it, adapted to the immensity of the present international cataclysm.

That the monstrous engine of War is ploughing up the soil of Europe in new and deep furrows, is clear enough. The question which at once enthuses and intimidates the political imagination, is that of the seed to be sown in them.

So imperfect, so fragmentary, so disturbed by prejudice and partisanship, is our knowledge of the intrinsic qualities of the soil, that the most learned may well confess themselves doubtful and puzzled as to the proportion of wheat and tares likely to be raised, and the inferences, hopeful or other, to be drawn from the harvests of the past.

The enthusiasms kindled by the opportunity, the complex and often unintelligible variety of what has been, the unbounded possibilities (at least to the idealist mind) of what might be, are such as may well stuff the largest of political brains to bursting point. Indeed the moral courage necessary for the statesman and diplomat in his chamber at home is fairly comparable to that asked of the soldier on the battlefield.

The problems of national 'socialism,' of the

adjustment, that is, of the relative rights and duties of the social strata or units composing a single people, these have been considered serious enough. That any similar process would have to be applied—and applied, at any rate in part, by ourselves—to the various national units, the international strata, of Europe, is the sort of prospect we have long kept, or at least endeavoured to keep, outside the domain of practical consideration.

Primâ facie one might say that, in the recent yet early stages of full political consciousness, the idea is one as unpalatable and intrusive as the first suggestion to the father of a respectable family that he ought to concern himself with the support and education of a number of distant, unknown and largely impecunious relatives. Openly and tacitly it is a business, a responsibility, the sense of which almost any political party would naturally contrive to evade.

If Liberal and idealist, they would do this on the ground that such an obtrusion of ourselves into the affairs of other nations was an unwarrantable impertinence, that, if matters of principle were involved, we could not be sufficiently sure of the correctness of our own to be justified in imposing them on other people. If Conservative or Tory, they would base their objections on the ground that we had nothing to gain by an interference that would bring us no accession of territory, and that our duty to our neighbours consisted first and foremost, if not exclusively, in keeping them politely but firmly at a safe distance by adequate naval and military defences. Somewhere between these two lines, it may be suggested, would lie our normal national attitude of any date, say, in the Victorian age.

Of the present appalling and portentous war,

with all its immense intellectual interests, the rudest shock has doubtless been the complete awakening from such a frame of mind, if it be not the terrifying conviction that we shall never sleep again. Have we not, indeed, in 1914,

“ Heard a voice cry : ‘ Sleep no more ’ ;

Prussia hath murdered sleep, and therefore Europe
Shall sleep no more, England shall sleep no more ” ?

First in the pathetic process comes—may we not say?—a sense of social or ‘ class ’ indignation, such as the pre-Revolutionary aristocrat might have felt on hearing that a distant peasantry had burnt one of his farms. Is it bearable, we were prone to ask, that some half-baked, indeterminate pseudo-nationality, whose whole annual revenue would scarcely equal that of one of our first-class banks, should be able, through the machinations perhaps of half-a-dozen corrupt or impecunious schemers, to derange British credit and cause the most respected stocks to fall like Rhodesian mining shares ?

That, it may be objected, was not the true *causa causans* of the calamity. No ; but things do not happen—they *cannot* happen, in most cases, for very shame, without a formal cause. Where we cannot control the accumulation of immense stores of explosives, we are under the tiresome obligation of looking carefully after matches or any minor agents of incendiarism.

And it would be idle to deny that this gives us a new and by no means soothing perception of European ‘ unity.’ As a matter of fact, we do not think it at all necessary to our happiness that we should be ‘ united ’ in any sense with the fragmentary remains of decadent or demoralised communities, with whom we do not appear to share any interests in common.

That, we may say, is the comfortable sleeper's primary and instinctive feeling on being awakened. But then dawns upon him what we shall surely not be far wrong in calling one of the new sensations of an '*annus mirabilis*'—to wit, that of our subjection, of the universal subjection of all peoples, nations and languages, to *one supreme tyrant—Geography!*

Here, at any rate, what we call progress, civilisation, increased facilities of communication (dreadful thought, where only protests or maledictions are to be communicated!) appear to have a fatal and disastrous, at any rate an extremely tiresome, effect of involution and entanglement that supplies the practical answer to our dream,—in a word confirms the growing conviction that, if it was not our business of old time to 'look after' other nations with something else than judicious ultimatums and well-aimed broadsides, *it is so now.*

And this is no less than the demand of a new world-philosophy of which the principal problems may be outlined in the inquiry:

- i. How many real 'nations' are there in existence?
- ii. How far is their existence (or their further subdivision) desirable?
- iii. How far, on the other hand, does international unity (or approximation) represent a possible, or a superior, political ideal?

Few professional statesmen would complain that these subjects are of inadequate scope or interest. Rather may we feel that as one climbs a mountain peak to survey a landscape, so the difficulty here is of attaining a standpoint of historic height and breadth sufficient to embrace them all in one homogeneous study.

The enterprise would be simpler, to begin with, if the units concerned were all definitely separate entities like the 'pieces' we turn out upon a green cloth before attempting a drawing-room 'puzzle.' But they are not. There are real, old-established, deeply consolidated nationalities, and there are ostensible, unreal organisms which pretend to the same character and wear, to some extent, the same political appearance. There are nationalities representing primitive indestructible units; and there are nationalities that are mere names or brackets comprising diverse quantities held together by complex and conditional 'understandings' or compromises. There are paralytics, invalids, deformities, and at least one pair of 'Siamese twins.'

Reviewing all the various items before us in their places on the map, we realise that it is not even as if the formal *status quo* had any theoretical or reasoned authority.

In the cases where, as in our own, unity and outline seem most indissolubly established, there again crops up the permanent illogical entanglement of Might and Right.

If our frontier is secure, our homogeneity unlikely to be disturbed, that is merely because our material evolution has happened to coincide with certain natural features.

Could we imagine it a law that "good nations when fully grown occupy islands," that might seem an intelligible principle making virtue its own reward. But can we attribute special iniquity to the nations whose life-long sufferings seem due to the fact that they are separated only by a small river or a roadway and hedge from others, whose innate uncongeniality to

them would fairly be indicated by a stretch of 'unplumbed salt estranging sea'?

Geography rules and is its own reward, unaffected by human vanity, on which it would seem to cast many a preposterous slight. Our philosophy of equality, or impartiality or omniscience—does it not break down before the mute immovable obstruction of a river or a chain of mountains? Will not any inhabitant of Lancashire, Yorkshire or the Thames Valley testify to the astonishing mental remoteness to normal mankind of the village or the scenery, 'so near and yet so far,' on *the other side*?

Science with its tunnels and bridges may do wonders for us; but all these wonders taken together remain but a scratch on the surface of Earth, our source, our prison, our universal grave, the Great Mother, 'so careful of the type,' so careless of the clash of types and races and what becomes of the conflict.

For if Europe were an archipelago, how infinitely simpler and safer would be the distribution of all the various states according to their sizes! How comparatively simple the business of patrolling their obvious frontiers and detecting their nascent hostilities!

* * * *

Such reflections, of course, do but serve to reduce the political philosopher to a becoming state of modesty and diffidence. But if his task, his sphere of activity and influence, is to be much vaster, so also must his ideals be infinitely higher, even if they do not point to some sort of finality.

The nations of the Earth—small and great—are there. They share with us a decided taste for existence. Every month, every day of that existence brings us

nearer together. Us, our character and activities, they must regard with ever-increasing interest, affection, alarm or aversion. It is largely for us to choose. Their position, their activities, must tend more and more to affect, to endanger or secure our own.

We have need then to formulate a philosophy which will include them all, small and great, establish possible and consistent relations with *all*, and differentiate those relations on principles which, taken together, will constitute a workable human code of international morality. This, as only the impatient Utopist needs to be reminded, will not be the same as regulates private conduct.

“*La grande morale*,” says the famous aphorism of Mirabeau, “*est quelquefois ennemi de la petite*”—in the sense in which the ‘bold’ outline may be more true than the ‘niggling,’ and things that engross the specialised attention are invisible to the broader view, except as relative parts of a whole. Everything to the ‘*grande morale*’ is ranged on a larger plane of time and space. The scale naturally enlarges itself as we pass from the individual through the class and then the nation to the human universe. Over that vast area, up that steep ascent, lies the route of the world-politician, to the greatest, the sublimest ‘view,’ it may be conjectured, that has ever dawned upon him on arriving—round a sudden and tragic corner, as so often happens,—at one of the new standpoints of history and civilisation.

Our duty, the special mission of the races endowed with vigour and blessed with success, must be taken, like some Alpine ascent, in easy stages. It cannot be ‘rushed.’ Henceforward, if we please, the way lies clear and hopeful before us, so long as we keep a

faithful grasp of our method of procedure and of our ultimate, however distant, destination.

Human nature, after all, is much the same, wholesale or retail. Though the scale of action may differ, what man likes from man, class likes from class and nation from nation.

'Socialism'—and the word is here used to describe the study and reform of society as such, not any special suggested remedy—is a new and modern idea. Man first learns to be just and polite to his fellowman. Then he gradually realises that there are other 'entities' (in the elaborate modern social system) which practise the functions and must take on the duties and claims of the individual, that as nature makes individuals so nature *plus* education makes classes, and nature and racial differentiation make those 'other nations' which Mr. Podsnap in the early Victorian age used to put aside with one sweep of his arm as 'un-English.'

So they are, indeed, as we ourselves may be described as un-Serbian, un-Austrian and un-Turkish. And the possible temptation, in the revulsion of our new and humaner social attitude, to *make* them 'English' or *vice versa* is one of the dangers—if not one that specially besets ourselves—of the new situation.

Doubtless the slightest pretence that all or any of the so-called 'nations' are morally, politically or intellectually on the same plane, would be another no less dangerous delusion.

But if our duty to them is and must be largely educational, education also is one of the arts that have been much improved and actualized of late. We realize that it means the natural and tasteful cultivation of such flowers and fruits as are adapted to each

particular soil, *not*, as a Bernhardi would have it, the ruthless destruction of these as low-class vegetables, much less the trampling of the garden into a highroad for our own utilitarian purposes.

The natural history of each nationality is to be studied, not that we may subdue it, but that each unit, when ascertained and fairly outlined and protected, may contentedly progress *in its own natural way*. If that way is not always easily definable in the case of mixed or complex nationalities, still, in the vast majority of cases, the blunders most to be avoided are at least obvious enough. The two extremes of social policy may be brilliantly illustrated by a comparison of our own treatment of India and Egypt, the treatment imposed by a practically conquering race of superior material civilisation upon Orientals of at least a remote and un-congenial type, with the first outline we have seen suggested of German Imperialist policy in Belgium. What is the attractive *solatium* offered to this outraged, plundered and distracted country after a week or so of subjugation? Increased freedom? Better government? Financial reform? No—but a compulsory imposition of—the German language! Under the peculiar circumstances would not Chaldee, Cuneiform or Esperanto appear more humanising? The thought recalls every *non sequitur* known to the wildest burlesque. (“‘Are you thirsty?’ said the Red Queen to Alice. ‘I know what *you’d* like. . . . *Have a biscuit!*’”)

In that business of interpreting one nationality to another, which is the principal art of the world-socialist, in the tentative approximation of diverse national ideals, Great Britain has had a lengthy and unique experience, and at least an undeniable modicum

of success. If then it be possible for Indian hill tribesman, Burmese peasant, Egyptian fellah, to regard a white man, even a white conqueror, in the light of a helpful elder brother, surely there need be no despair of such an attitude and such an influence in the case of any European race. In a policy of which the essence is compromise, neither one nor the other of the two conflicting ideals, individual freedom and universal unity, must be allowed to engross our enthusiasms.

As to the goal of international union, the idealist need not torment himself with impatience. Let him but give free play to the natural instincts of humanity, secure peace and order, maintain some sort of legal framework to keep each unit in its place, and nature will do the rest.

Truth is one and science is one, if this is not quite the same with literature. If humanity progresses, it can only progress towards unity. Individualism, too, may be trusted to take adequate care of itself. Only by increased knowledge and association can it test its own value. And if no injudicious effort is made to disturb the process by violent compulsion or restraint, those national ideals which do not satisfy modern aspirations will surrender to those that do, and leave behind them mere husks of 'independence' to be swept away by the next political breeze.

The process of evolution here contemplated has much to say to the instinct known as 'patriotism,' which, in early stages, is to the national unit but what normal egoism is to the individual. An unreasoning preference for the place where one was born, a belief that it is superior to all others, these are, in primitive ages, the spurs of sufficiently vigorous action. Our 'Old English' patriotism consisted largely, for some two

centuries of energetic life, in our hatred of the French. But wherever we dwell travel, experience and association confound and dissipate all such over-positive or purely conventional impressions. Till, though we may still sing in festive moments how the brightest and best of all virtues and blessings "to our little isle belong," we become convinced that Providence has not after all been so partial as we imagined, that, though England is a pleasant place, we could be, as many of our colonists and more foreigners are, quite happy elsewhere,—in fine, that not climate nor locality is the real lodestone to our souls, but the character and *morale* evolved in them. To this may be appended the inspiring corollary that the true *foyer* of patriotism, that is of individualist national enterprise, can only be maintained by the action of a continuous and homogeneous moral enthusiasm.

"What constitutes a state?

Not high raised battlements nor towers,
But men, high-minded men."

Nor is the case much simplified if the towers and battlements be chalk cliffs and the ramparts those of the storm-tossed sea. If then the natural ambitions, the moral potentialities of a 'nation,' are the same everywhere, only increased inter-knowledge is needed to establish their sympathy. Not of course that in public or private socialism sympathy or union or equality can ever be that *first* thing—which is *Life*.

'Socialists' and Equalitarians of the Utopist order are often apt to forget that people *may* be brought together by external influence to their own hurt, that the things which separate individuals and classes in actual life are—for the purposes of Life

—as precious as the things which draw them together. The democratic ideal, it cannot be too often asserted, is not the removal of distinctions but the removal of *unreal* distinctions,—a truism which needs emphasis at any moment when democracy seems in danger of deserting its province of critical actuality. The political atmosphere of the last eight or ten years has somewhat encouraged the growth of an unreal, abstract, bureaucratic scheme of life, of social order, failure and success, reward and punishment, in (somewhat hostile) contradiction to the well-wrought and highly vitalised ‘social system,’ which is in fact, at this moment, carrying our great country with calmness and success through the most tremendous of ordeals.

But, if we are not true to our best selves in the fullest social sense, we shall not exert the best influence as world-socialists. It is a supreme interest in something outside ourselves, something superior to ourselves and to any single national ideal, that will command the respect and sympathy of the other peoples. There must be no national ‘class’-prejudice, bias or hostility to interfere with the new competitive alliance which means but the free *life* of ‘*la carrière ouverte aux talents*.’

It is needless to urge that the ‘supreme interest,’ the one truly associative centralising force, is not material ‘might,’ though it may be the soul of that might. It is Freedom, the joy of Life, the spring of unhampered individual initiative, the principle embodied, for commercial purposes, in ‘Free Trade.’

Here we collide with a sovereign fallacy inspiring the new and sanguinary crusade against civilisation as hitherto understood. It is argued, not merely that Germany is ‘the most civilised nation in the world’—

an absurd perversion of history—but that high ideas (and, one may presume, high social ideas) can be acquired, enforced and instilled by the conscious exercise of brutal violence, that alien, uncongenial and hostile races must be securely slaughtered before the good in them can be duly appreciated and utilised. This is a mistake, not indeed unknown to history, but seldom illustrated on so large a scale. High ideas, where existent, are impaired or destroyed by such a course of conduct. Neither the Humanism of Greece nor the Christianity of Palestine was extended in this fashion.

The argument, like that accompanying most uninvited gifts of the Danaï, is of course the merest sophistry. The '*Kultur*' it is intended to deposit upon the nations conquered, is merely so much food for the conqueror's insatiable egoism, an extended mirror in which that egoism can forevermore see itself refracted in various colours. Not of such militarism was it written :

" I wage my war—no nation for my friend,
Yet in each nation having hosts of friends."

The Empire which asks 'not learned men but obedient subjects,' has no particular use for 'friends,' who might be a restraint upon action and a nuisance when it came to dividing the spoil. Even less interested is it in freedom, for it starts with an *idée fixe* of the exhaustive perfection, if we take the avowal seriously, of its own ideals ; and that is never a helpful mood in which to approach 'the other nations.' It assumes, rather, that they might as well not exist, seeing that their (hypothetical) conqueror can supply the world's *desiderata* unaided.

Now no nation can expect to do this. Doubtless

it must exist and believe in itself before it can pose as a world-power. But, beyond that, with the utmost enthusiasm for proselytism, *we can only disclose to the world the principles and methods by which our own happiness and success have been attained.* The idea of a destructive—even if also instructive—crusade must be for ever abandoned.

The great Anglo-Saxon democratic association, miscalled an empire, surely provides the most suggestive of precedents yet offered for the pacific alliance of Europe and the world in general; the central organism providing force where order would otherwise be unattainable, but for the rest, though originally imperious and self-interested, learning to dispense with *rule*, to lose her old-world instincts of acquisitive greed (the antiquated 'milch-cow' attitude to Colonies) in the larger, more inspiring sense of pure, free *expansion*, the aim of diffusing a good thing and a great thing over a larger area. In a word, the socialist success of the 'British Empire' consists in its *non-British* nature, and the new Imperialist jealousy of it as a 'soft job' cornered by the English race is proportionately misdirected.

Thus if the close of the greatest war in history renders possible the establishment of some sort of central control representative of the most important powers, its efforts for the moral assimilation of the weaker nationalities need not be conducted on Pan-Anglican, much less on Pan-German lines. One may fairly say 'much less,' simply because the Anglican world-alliance is a thing that has grown naturally, while the other is the highly conscious and even illogical creation of a recently generated and largely illusory ambition.

The golden age prophesied and demanded for Europe by our enemy of the moment is at least an impressive picture of that 'abomination of desolation' from which all the rest of mankind prays to be saved. Whatever may have been right or necessary in the fourth century, it is too late now to preach egoism and inhumanity as a saving gospel. Weakness, defective frontiers, imperfect devotion to the Moloch of militarist mobilisation, these are not capital crimes in the eye of the international judiciary we would establish and consolidate.

To the militarist critic, England is a weak power, but she is free. France is weak, yet precious to the richer and hardier peoples. It has been given before now to the weak ones of the earth to confound the strong. Nay, to apply fully the Bernhardian theorem, may we not say Germany herself, by her indignant demand for world-power, confesses to weakness and therefore falls under the same condemnation. It must then be our interest to destroy her root and branch ! But it is our duty to her and the world to show that—we know better !

G. H. POWELL.

MECHANISM AND TELEOLOGY.

By JAMES H. HYSLOP, Ph.D., LL.D.

WE usually assume in the expression 'mechanism and teleology' that the issue between them is a clear one, and that we have nothing to do but to proceed to defend or oppose one or the other of them as an interpretation of certain facts. But the matter is not nearly so clear as we too readily suppose. The phrase is charged with many centuries of associations, though the ideas have completely changed which gave rise to the problems. The first general assumption is that there is some sort of antithesis between the ideas of mechanism and teleology, or purpose, and this often predetermines the attitude which we take toward various claims made by scientific and philosophical minds. The fact is, however, that there is a whole bundle of problems implied in the terms and they do not always involve opposition to each other. These may be reduced to three general problems. The first is the controversy between mechanism and teleology in the interpretation of the cosmos, or nature external to man. The second is the controversy between mechanism and teleology in the interpretation of human phenomena. The third is the evidential problem in regard to both of the controversies mentioned. In the actual disputes of men these three problems are confused with each other, and antitheses that belong

to one are applied to another where they do not belong. We shall have to examine this confusion as preliminary to the solution of the problem or problems implied by the terms.

The whole problem is equivocal. We assume an antithesis between mechanism and teleology and then proceed with controversies where there is no antithesis at all. We must therefore examine the historical incidents in human thought that have determined the use of the phrase. That mechanism and teleology are opposed conceptions has been a long-standing belief. It is not limited to the modern world, though the conflict is sharper than in antiquity. The reason for this is very simple. Ancient philosophy had no such dread of materialism as Christianity has taught most people to cherish. The more distinctly monistic views of antiquity deprived the mechanical theory of the sting which dualism gave it. Christianity had certain problems to solve and it thought to find the solution in something outside of matter; namely, in a spiritual conception of causality and the immortality of the soul. It would not try to find its solution within the province of matter as did some of the Greeks, but defined its position with such clearness that it gave rise to an antithesis which did not necessarily exist in some of the monistic views of things. Let us define the situation and then examine its historical origin.

The question whether there is any antithesis between the ideas of mechanism and teleology depends wholly upon the question whether we shall define the terms as convertible with the ideas of uniformity and caprice, or as convertible with the ideas of external and internal causation. On the former conception there is no antithesis whatever; on the latter there is

an antithesis. Then both are complicated with the evidential issue which we shall also have to examine in the course of the historical development and analysis of the question.

The whole controversy arose in the contemplation of nature. In regard to this there were two types of minds, according to the degree of culture attained. One type looked upon the world as the playground of capricious agents, whether physical or divine, natural or supernatural. The other looked upon it as the expression of perfectly regular and fixed laws, the uniformity of co-existence and sequence. Now there was a certain kind of antithesis here, the opposition between the regular and the capricious. When men undertook to embody their views in the choice or opposition between the mechanical and the teleological, they made this convertible with the uniform and the capricious, though they had no right to do so, at least so long as they regarded intelligence, which was the implicate of teleology, as consistent with either law or caprice. The reason for this will appear later. Just at this point another confusion was introduced. It was the opposition between the purposive and the non-purposive. The teleological always implies purposive action, and if the antithesis is to be made clear between the mechanical and the teleological, we should quite naturally identify the non-purposive with the mechanical. But this will be found to have its qualification, both in respect to the relation of the uniform to this idea and in respect to its relation to external causality to be considered later. We remark the fact here, however, merely as an indication at this point of the wilderness which we are approaching in the unravelling of the problem.

The line of controversy for ancient civilisation on the matter may be drawn between philosophy and religion. Religion was embodied in animism for the lowest type of minds and in polytheism for the next stage, though still lying on the borders of the most primitive animism. Philosophy represented the mind that had emancipated itself from the toils of both these more primitive ideas. Mythology and polytheism dominated the earliest mind, and the only shadow on its poetic views was the vague consciousness of Fate, the one fixity in the order of the world which its imagination did not illuminate. It was recognised, but its meaning was ignored. The gods, however, even though they were personified forces of nature, were conceived as capricious. They were subject to no laws of restraint. Philosophy, on the other hand, seized as its clue to the interpretation of things, as well as a means of escape from the nightmare in which animism kept the human soul, the very fate or fixity which had been so steadily ignored by the imagination of the supernaturalist. When philosophy became monotheistic it was able to join the ideas of will and fate, at least in a few minds. But polytheism held to that conception of will which made it the agent of caprice or lawless liberty. It actually embodied that idea in the political power of rulers. Law and order were the incarnation of something else than will. At the very outset of thinking, therefore, the antithesis was between the order of nature and the order of mind. Nature was the kingdom of fixed and purposeless action. Mind was the province of capricious and unrestrained liberties. Intelligence was thus identified with ability to act regardless of nature, and the freedom of the will was lawlessness. Nature and law

were fixed and invariable, the sublime and inflexible order of fate.

Now it is interesting to note that the full idea of mechanism and teleology is not yet present. The full meaning of those ideas was reserved for a later date. We have only the contrast between uniform and capricious actions, with the assumption at times that the antithesis coincides with that of purposive and non-purposive actions. Yet the Greek mind did not always and uniformly exclude teleology from the order of the world. Anaxagoras was clear on this point, and Plato and Aristotle admitted teleology into the scheme of things. But they did not represent the radically clear position of either school. The materialists boldly excluded design from nature, and the naïve animists permitted scarcely anything else there. The monistic spirit of philosophy made it difficult to be as clear on the matter as was desirable for the purposes of debate. The assumption that all reality was of the same kind, the various forms of it differing only in degree, offered little chance to define the issue so clearly as did Christianity. The reason for this unsettled position was the attitude of the Greek mind toward the fact of inertia in matter. It did not make itself perfectly clear and consistent on this point. It never regarded matter as essentially and necessarily inert. It divided its view between inertia and self-activity in the same substance. Some matter was inert and some was self-active, and as mind itself was only a fine form of matter it would not naturally draw the lines for dualism so clearly and radically as did later philosophers.

It was Christianity that cut this Gordian knot. It made matter always and in all forms necessarily

inert. This meant that it was incapable of initiating action of any kind, and that we had to go outside of matter to find the cause of its motion. In so far as Plato set up a Demiourgos to account for the cosmic order, he assumed this same position, but it was not necessarily required of his view of matter. But the moment that all matter in all conditions became inert, its motion or changes of motion became the effect of an external cause. Christianity, of course, went further and asserted that even the atoms, which Plato and Aristotle would have regarded as eternal, were created; and this doubled the strength of its position philosophically, in that it sought the background of things in spirit which it conceived as self-active. Matter and spirit were different in kind. Matter was always inert and spirit was always self-active. Spirit was prior in existence to matter and the causal agent responsible for its creation and its order. The material cosmos was not looked at as a self-regulative agent. Its entire behaviour was under the direction of mind.

This point of view wholly changed the antithesis which had prevailed in Greek thought. It was not the mere observed difference between uniformity and caprice in phenomena, but the distinction between external and internal, between inert and self-active causality. Christianity approached the problem through the idea of causality, not merely that of the nature of the actions observed. It was not primarily concerned with the uniformity or caprice of the world's events, but with the nature of its causes. Hence it approached the problem through the antithesis between causality and chance, not between fixed and capricious events. But it did not wholly escape the influences of the age in the conception of the problem. It had to

face the demand for evidence of spirit and its causal action. It conceded that this evidence could not be found in the laws of nature. It sought the evidence in variations from a fixed order and so resorted to miracles as proof of the divine. Here it was that it betrayed its weakness. But whether a weakness or not, this position introduced into its conception of teleology some of the limitations which had characterised the thought of the untutored Greeks. But it started with the idea of causality, and free causality at that.

Here it was that the ancient idea of the 'mechanical' was altered. The term, in fact, might be said to have come into existence with this point of view. The conception of the uniformity of nature did not rise with it, for that was as clear to prior times as to modern ones. But it introduced the idea that the mechanical implied *ab extra* causation. The teleological was *ab intra* causation. The antithesis was now between *vis a tergo* and *vis in re* forces, not between uniform and capricious ones.¹ The conception of a machine thus becomes something implying foreign or *vis a tergo* causality, and this wholly regardless of the *character* of that causality. The causal agent may be either intelligent or non-intelligent. Nothing is implied as to its uniformity or capriciousness, but only its externality. It might be either of them. All that is implied about the nature of the act in the machine is that it is not self-initiated. It is this fact which pre-

¹ The expression *vis a tergo* is the technical philosophic phrase for 'external causality'; *ab extra* means 'external.' *Vis in re* is the technical phrase for 'internal causality,' sometimes called *vis in situ*; *ab intra* means 'internal.' The phrases are used in this article for their technical accuracy in order to prevent misunderstanding on the part of scholars. If then the reader will always think of 'external force' when *vis a tergo* is used, and of 'internal force' when *vis in re* is used, he will understand sufficiently the appeal to students.

vented its being free. Its mechanical nature was not its uniformity or capriciousness, but its foreign initiation. If the machine was uniform in its behaviour, this fact was due not to the machine or to the nature of the act, but to the cause. Mechanical action might be either uniform or capricious, according to the nature of the cause. It would require a uniform external cause to make its own action uniform. The subject remained a passive one under instigating causes. The cause might be either intelligent or mechanical, in the old sense of the term. The new conception of the mechanical became merely that of *ab extra* or *vis a tergo* action, as reiterated above.

Now the important point to be observed is that, in Christianity, the mechanical was consistent with the teleological. The act is called mechanical because it is not the self-created act of the subject in which it appears as an act, because it is an *ab extra* or *vis a tergo* act. The agent or cause may be an intelligent one, in so far as we know. There is nothing in the mere fact that it is *vis a tergo* to determine that it too shall be mechanical. That is a matter of evidence. The cause may be either physical or mental or both. The fact that it originates outside the machine does not make the antecedent mechanical, while the act of the machine in response to it is mechanical, just because it is not the volitional or self-active result of the subject in which it occurs. Hence the mechanical and the teleological in the Christian system do not necessarily oppose each other. They may exist side by side.

If you insist that the antecedent too is mechanical, that is, *vis a tergo* action, you only push the creative cause a step further back, as long as you assume that

matter is essentially inert, and not to stop anywhere at all is to abandon the idea of causality altogether, unless you make it *vis in re*, which is to abandon the mechanical altogether, as the Christian system conceived it. But in any view of it the nature of the antecedent cause is not necessarily assumed in the conception of mechanics. The mechanical and the teleological are conceived as consistent with each other, and we must first prove that the antecedent is always mechanical or *vis a tergo* in order to exclude the teleological from the cosmic system. The whole problem is thrown back upon the nature of antecedent causes, not upon the uniformity or capriciousness of action.

Let me summarise the case. The Greek mechanical and teleological coincided with the distinction or antithesis between law and caprice, fixed and wanton acts. Whether the cause was external or internal made no difference. It was the form of the action that determined the conception of the problem, though we could not examine closely into the facts without encountering the very distinctions which Christianity made more emphatic. But as Greek thought had failed to regard matter as essentially inert, it offered Christianity a clear escape philosophically from the conclusions of ancient philosophy. With the assertion of inertia as fundamental the way was open for ignoring the nature of the action in terms of regularity or caprice, and conceiving the difference between the mechanical and the teleological as that between *vis a tergo* and *vis in re* causality; and though there is an antithesis between the two kinds of causes, the doctrine of inertia prevents the existence of any antithesis between the mechanical and teleological

as formerly understood. The mechanical and the teleological may exist side by side.

But the tendency of modern science, especially in the doctrine of gravitation, chemical affinity and biological phenomena, to return to *vis in re* forces, where inertia prevailed before, has caused men to fall back upon the conceptions of uniformity and caprice for determining the opposition between the mechanical and the teleological, and so to deny the existence of the teleological altogether as the condition of getting any unity at all in the world order. Having assumed that the controversy in Christianity was between the mechanical and the teleological, which it was, though not making them mutually exclusive, but only questioning whether the teleological might not be superposed on the mechanical, the modern scientific view, in abandoning the special significance of the distinction between external and internal causation, has imposed on the older doctrine the antithesis which existed only in the new point of view.

Now all along in this development another fact existed which tended to increase the perplexity of thinkers. It was the confusing of the *evidential* with the *constitutive* or explanatory problem. Applying the term mechanical to the ancient conception of what was presumably opposed to the teleological, namely, the uniform, we find that the ancient mind appealed to this uniformity as representing the *nature* (or the *ratio essendi*) of the mechanical, and caprice or lawlessness as the *evidence* (or the *ratio cognoscendi*) of the teleological, though not necessarily constituting its nature (or *ratio essendi*). The untutored mind, no doubt, regarded the nature and the evidence of the teleological as the same thing. That is, caprice was

both the nature and the evidence of the teleological. But the philosophers did better. They made the teleological consistent with the uniform, so that the nature of the mechanical and the teleological might be the same in both, while the capricious or exceptional, some variation from the usual order, might be the evidence of the teleological while not being limited to its nature.

This is only to say that, while there was an antithesis between the nature of the mechanical and the nature of the teleological, the antithesis between the nature and the evidence of the two did not coincide with the antithesis in their nature. If the philosophers had not made the rational or teleological consistent with the uniform, or with action according to law, they might have preserved the antithesis between the mechanical and the teleological as clear as it was in the earlier conceptions of Christianity. Had the Greeks always and everywhere insisted on the antithesis between the nature and the evidence in determining the opposition between mechanical and teleological conceptions, they would have all been as radical as the Epicureans. But Plato and Aristotle and the Stoics redeemed the situation, and left a heritage which later science might have respected but for the position assumed by Christian thought.

Christianity carried the antithesis all along the line. It was personified dualism. Mind and matter had no common nature. The mechanical and the teleological, in spite of the fact that they were consistent with each other from the standpoint of causality, were unreconcilable in respect of their nature and evidence. It conceded the nature of the physical to an invariable uniformity, no matter what

its cause, and also that where this uniformity existed there was no evidence for the supernatural, and it was the supernatural, the exceptional, to which it appealed for evidence of the divine. It did not constitute the rational by the uniform. It was caprice or variation from the laws of nature that constituted its evidence of spirit and teleology. The antithesis here was radical and soon obscured the actual consistency of the conceptions in terms of causality. Then when science returned to the more ancient view of causation, and tacitly ignored the radical conception of inertia taught by Christian philosophy, the confusion became great. The assumption that uniformity was both the essence and the evidence of the mechanical and that the teleological required as its essence and evidence the capricious or variation from law, challenging the whole tendency of natural science, was equivalent to the elimination of the supernatural altogether. The moment you found conformity to law associated with external causation you inferred the exclusion of teleology. The mind did not return to the ancient position which left open the question of causality, and did not insist upon an antithesis between intelligence and action according to law. It remained by the antithesis which religion supposed, against its own genius, between the mechanical and the teleological, and construed with terrible *ad hominem* effect the real antithesis between the essence and the evidence for the opposition. Hence the power which physical science has had for destroying the ideas of teleology. Let us put this in the form of a concrete illustration.

The illustration shall be a factory. We have a set of machines producing commercial fabrics. We assume that the machinery does not act of its own

power. This is *vis a tergo*. Now the Greek would have accepted this as readily as we do, but he would have limited the inertia to this particular form or condition of matter. He would not have made matter ultimately inert. Having no doctrine of gravitation he could endow the atoms with spontaneous motion, and the expression 'living water' was mute testimony to self-activity in that, and perhaps all falling objects indicated the same. To him, therefore, the mechanical was consistent with both *vis a tergo* and *vis in re* action, and represented nothing but uniformity of behaviour. The nature of the cause had nothing to do with it. Even mind or spirit might be mechanical or conform to law. But the moment you assumed that all matter whatsoever and in whatever condition was inert, you cut it out of its own causal action and your machinery became subject to external causality as the explanation of all motion. The mechanical either altered its conception or added to the traditional conception of it the idea of causation *ab extra*. This made the mechanical convertible with action *which was not its own initiatively*. That is, mechanical action is *vis a tergo* action on an inert subject. It was not uniformity that constituted its nature and evidence now, but foreign initiation. The machine shop is mechanical because the force that runs it is external to the machine. The action is transmitted, not originated within. But it leaves open the possibility that the external force shall be intelligent, and so the mechanical action in things may be consistent with teleological influences. Whether the antecedent power in running the machine is mechanical or teleological is a matter of evidence, not of assumption in the fact of causality.

That the teleological here is quite consistent with the mechanical, even when mechanical causes are assumed in the propulsion of the machinery, can be made perfectly clear. First the machine is the product of intelligent action. Secondly the machine itself will not do its work without the perpetual influence of intelligence in directing even the *vis a tergo* energies that cause its action. The motion in the machinery may be convertible with the energy in the steam or the heat in the fire or the potential energy deposited in the coal or wood, yet these do nothing without the directing efficiency of mind. Whatever the conservation of energy may have to do in explaining the equivalence of the physical terms in the series, this fact does not exclude the influence of intelligent efficiency in the result. Teleology is present in spite of mechanics, and even though you have no evidence of it in the equivalence of the mechanical terms. The evidence of it is not in the caprice of things or in the variation from regular law, but in the convergence of forces which would not spontaneously take this course. No doubt mechanical events will always be physically conditioned, though they are not necessarily mechanically or physically *caused*, provided we understand the use of the term cause. The material cause may always be mechanical or physical, while the efficient cause may not be that at all. Efficient and material causes (or *ratio fiendi* and *ratio essendi*) do not conflict. They may exist side by side, and hence the whole problem of mechanism and teleology may be solved by making this simple fact clear.

The whole confusion for science has been in identifying the teleological with caprice and exception

to law. There would be no objection to making exceptional events the evidence (or *ratio cognoscendi*) of the teleological as long as the uniform is conceived as evidence of the mechanical. But the real mistake was in making the uniform the nature and the evidence of the mechanical when it should have been limited to *vis a tergo* action. It is not the uniformity of the action of a machine that makes it a machine, but the foreign nature of the impulsion. Uniformity is as consistent with intelligence, indeed may be an essential characteristic of all rational intelligence, and we might even regard the capricious and variation from law as opposed to intelligence instead of being evidence of it, except for the fact that the order of nature requires adjustment to it as a condition of intelligent action, and that may make variation from experience a condition of rationality in certain cases. Hence it is possible to find in unusual events evidence of adjustment where the necessity of absolute uniformity would exclude the possibility of intelligent action, which is always consistent with either uniformity or caprice.

The source of the confusion can be best illustrated by stating the various pairs of antitheses, or supposed antitheses, that have petrified into language, and are often made convertible. They are the Mechanical and the Teleological, Physical and Spiritual, Natural and Supernatural, Uniformity and Caprice, Law and Miracle, External and Internal Causation, Freedom and Determinism. In fact these antitheses do not always coincide exactly, as we have already seen, but in common parlance they are so often treated as pairs of synonymous antitheses that the implications remain long after the ideas have really changed. The whole

matter can be better represented, however, in another way. I shall do this by a more elaborate definition of the conceptions in terms of the two different ages.

Greek : The physical implies the uniform or fixed action, the natural, and is indifferent to the question of external and internal causation.

Christian : The physical equals or implies the inert and therefore involves external causation in all its action, and indifference to uniformity and caprice.

Greek : The spiritual equals or implies caprice (not always) and indifference to external and internal causation.

Christian : The spiritual equals or implies the capricious (not always) and self-activity or internal causation.

It should be perfectly apparent in these facts why the antithesis between the mechanical and the teleological would not remain the same for the two points of view. The Greek antithesis had to do with the relation to law and caprice. The Christian antithesis had to do with the relation to causality. With the Greek inertia was no part of the situation. With the Christian inertia was everything in determining the issue. With the Greek the teleological would have been in no conflict with the mechanical but for the identification of it with caprice, and that only in the materialists and the common mind. With the Christian there would have been no conflict but for this same identification. Now that we have come to recognise that intelligence, when rational, accords with law or uniformity of action, as well as variation, as adjustment requires it, and that science has returned

to self-activity in matter, the scientific mind should find no antithesis between the mechanical and the teleological. They have always been consistent with each other under certain limitations and but for the evidential question they might never have been opposed to each other. It is there that the crux of the issue appears.

I have not been trying thus far to defend the existence of teleological phenomena or teleological causes in the cosmos. That is a different problem. All that I have been endeavouring to do has been to establish at least a conditional consistency between mechanism and teleology. Whether any teleological phenomena exist is a matter of evidence. It is not a matter merely of consistency in conceptions. The controversy between physical science and philosophy in the problem is based wholly upon the ambiguities of the terms and the equivocations in the real or supposed antithesis. That antithesis cannot exist when the doctrine of universal inertia is abandoned, and yet the physicist is the more obstinate in the insistence on denying teleological phenomena. If he remained by the doctrine of absolute inertia he might better sustain his claim logically and throw the whole burden of proof on the teleologist. But he has abandoned the position which might deny teleology and remains by the antithesis of another age, an antithesis which no longer exists on his own premises.

I have said that the fact of teleological phenomena is a matter of evidence, and in the discussion of that aspect of the problem we may find additional proof that the ideas are consistent with each other, and that the time-worn antithesis is not between the mechanical and the teleological, but between other

matters altogether. In no case are the ideas contradictory. They are only ideas which define an issue of evidence, not an issue of exclusion or contradiction. The scientific man wants a single principle of explanation and if the mechanical supplies the want he regards the teleological as unnecessary, not contradictory to his explanation. It is only a question whether the teleological shall be admitted as an additional cause over and above the mechanical.

The problem has usually been discussed in relation to the cosmos. That is, the question has always been regarding the existence of God or intelligence as the primary causal agent in the physical universe. It is there that the chief difficulty has been, and it has been the limitations of the evidence which caused this difficulty, and in default of frankly admitting the fact, disputants have wasted their energies on trying to reconcile the existence of the mechanical with the teleological. The proper mode of approach, both for reconciling the two sets of ideas and for getting a presumptive claim on the issue, should have been to study the phenomena subjectively, that is, in the phenomena of the mind, no matter what theory we held regarding such phenomena. That approach is the one I make here and its leverage will be apparent later.

In the phenomena of consciousness and volition we have teleology without any question whatever. You may take any theory of the origin of consciousness you please and it will not affect the question within the province of mind. You may call it mechanical, if you like, and you may make it the resultant of foreign stimulus all you please, but purpose is there and a part of the whole. Materialism does not exclude

intelligence and teleology from the phenomena of consciousness. The testimony to their existence there is absolutely unimpeachable. If you insist on excluding them from mental phenomena you have no authority for either accepting or estimating the mechanical itself. You have no evidence for the mechanical anywhere except such as consciousness supplies, and within its own domain it cannot be impeached. It attests the teleological as a part of itself, and you may either identify the mechanical with it or make the teleological a parallel fact, in either case the teleological is not inconsistent with the mechanical, and we have no right to the antithesis which physical science so often tries to impose upon us. Subjective teleology is provable by absolutely invulnerable evidence and mechanism cannot eliminate it without eliminating itself.

But when it comes to objective teleology, the existence of it is not so easy of determination in the cosmos at large. It is the paucity of evidence that creates the doubt or the difficulty. But there is one field in which its existence cannot be disputed and to that I have already referred briefly. It is in the field of human creations and machinery. We know without the possibility of dispute that teleological influences accompany the existence and action of human creations. We may explain all we please of their action by mechanical causes, the teleological accompanies them. No amount of equivalence between antecedent and consequent excludes teleology here. The teleology is not in the machine itself, but outside it. The action of the machine is not purposive on the part of the machine, though it may be on the part of the antecedent, this depending on what the antecedent is,

whether physical or spiritual. All this is truism and is invoked here to show the consistence of teleology with the mechanical in the external world. It remains to ascertain whether it is still possible to assert the teleological beyond the world of human volitions and machinery created and directed by human volition.

The consistence of teleological ideas with mechanical ones in the two fields mentioned makes them consistent everywhere, though we may not have the evidence that teleology is to be found in cosmic phenomena apart from human volitions. The presence of teleological events in connection with machinery and in spite of the conservation of energy prevents the materialist from dogmatizing in the matter, though he may be justified in demanding better evidence than has hitherto been supplied for it.

Now the condition of teleology in nature is the establishment of the priority or parallelism of thought to the order which we call mechanical. We have to show either that intelligence and volition are the causal agents in the physical order or that they are concomitant with it, just as we find them in human creations. But if the mechanical and the rational orders have the same uniformity as their characteristic it will be difficult to find the evidence for the teleological, after admitting that the mechanical exists as a fact. The teleological will not seem necessary unless there are facts which the mechanical cannot explain. It is here that the human mind has always shown its proclivity for the exceptional, for the supernatural, whatever that may mean, for miracles, as a difficulty for the mechanical theory of things, at least as a sufficient cause for all phenomena, whatever range of application it might have for the usual uniformities of

nature. But when once the exceptional is admitted as a factor evidentially, there is danger that it will become the criterion of the nature of that which it attests, and then the world has to be divided between two conflicting causes. The mistake, however, in the religious mind, has always been in making the nature convertible with the evidence of intelligence. The materialist had only to accept this conception of the situation and to explain away or deny the reality of the apparent exception to his mechanical order, while he identified the essence and the evidence for the mechanical. If the teleologist could scientifically prove the independence of consciousness he would at least establish the parallelism of the teleological and deprive the materialist of half his territory and point the way to possibly establishing the actual priority of consciousness in the cosmic order.

Now there is no distinct and clear evidence in the physical order, unless we except organic life, of intelligent and teleological phenomena, and our biological chemistry claims to eliminate this evidence there. But it is certain that organic life is the only field in which there is the distinct appearance of purpose in its creations. But nature terminates these organisms, and consciousness which is their crown and fruit is supposed to disappear with them. Materialism still has the evidence of the subordination of consciousness to organism. It knows consciousness only in connection with organism, and when the organism disappears it refuses to recognise the continuance of that consciousness, so that the mechanical order seems to have the priority both of existence and of value for the cosmos. But if you once established scientifically that consciousness,

individual consciousness and personal identity, could exist independently of the organism, at least the parallelism of teleology would be proved in the physical cosmos, and it would be but a step to prove its priority, while a fulcrum would be established for applying the argument from design in a way that has not previously existed. That ought to be apparent to the most stupid, and I do not dwell upon it here for any reason but to show that the teleological theories require *facts* rather than mere logical consistency of ideas to establish their claims. The only weakness of teleology in cosmic affairs has been its lack of facts, of evidence. Both the consistency of teleology and mechanism and the truth of it as a fact in mental phenomena and human creations have indubitable proof, but in cosmic phenomena this evidence has not been so plain, and we have had to remain content with the consistency of the ideas.

JAMES H. HYSLOP.

THE SOUL OF FRANCE.

JESSIE L. WESTON.

THE perusal of the very interesting and stimulating article on the 'Spiritual Use of War,' by the Editor of **THE QUEST**,¹ has suggested to me the possibility that readers of this Review may care to have some record, at first hand, of the influence which this unparalleled world-upheaval has had, and is having, upon the French nation. To those who strive to look below the surface aspect of events—and surely most readers of **THE QUEST** strive so to do—the vision thus revealed is one of consolation for the present and of encouragement for the future.

From the first moment of the outbreak of the War many of us felt, I think, that we were in the presence of no ordinary conflict, but rather of the setting free of tremendous elementary forces; that the catastrophe had been inevitable, the culmination of a stage in world-evolution.

Surely the most marked feature of this 20th century has been the insistence upon the reality of spiritual force, the recognition of the operative and moulding power of unseen energies. Whether in the philosophy of Bergson, with its recognition of vital as opposed to material energy; or in the domain of science, where the influence of mind upon mind in suggestion, hypnotism, telepathy, and the existence in the individual of a subconscious intelligence have won their

See the last number.

way to acknowledgment as actual healing agencies ; or in the uncharted, outlying tracts where ' spiritualism ' and ' occultism ' are at work ;—everywhere elements, the very existence of which would fifty years ago have been generally denied, are now admitted to be potent factors in human development.

On the other hand, all the marvellous progress of modern Germany has been based upon the development of material forces, and measured by the standard of practical efficiency. This has been carried to a point at which the organisation of military force is presented to the world as the goal towards which all the efforts of advancing civilisation should be directed.

To quote from a letter addressed by a German professor to a French professor, published in the *Écho de Paris* of May 6 :

“ German militarism is the most important work of culture which Germany has created, and her original contribution to the culture of the world. . . . We shall continue to crush you all in such fashion that you shall never arise again to trouble us in our universal mission. Germany is the physician who shall cure the human race.”

Is it not obvious that sooner or later these two force-currents were bound to come into opposition ; that the one or the other feeling its very existence menaced would challenge the decisive combat ? It was the material force which threw down the gage.

But though from the first I apprehended the underlying significance, it was not till I returned to France that I realised the portentous character, of the struggle and the appalling strength of the forces of evil that have been loosed. It is not my intention, even were the pages of this Review a suitable medium,

to give instances of the horrors that have been perpetrated. English people have little idea of their extent and much is so utterly unprintable that the general public will probably never know the full truth; but two aspects of the German methods of warfare must be mentioned, as they are essential to a just appreciation of the attitude of the French people. These are the treatment meted out to women and to the churches.

The systematic violation of the women of France in this war is a thing which stands by itself. Nothing like it has ever been known before; for we are face to face, not with the sporadic outrages of a maddened soldiery, but with a scientific, cold-blooded attempt to 'Germanise' the race, an attempt planned and directed from above and carried out under official sanction.

Even more sinister is the ferocious hatred directed against all the external fabric of religion. Everywhere the churches have been systematically destroyed. In one district alone forty have disappeared. The very stones have been taken to mend the roads. The ornaments of the Church and vessels of the Mass have been systematically and horribly profaned. At Rouvres, for instance, the Chalice was filled with swine-flesh. In every town and village the priests have been singled out for special ill-treatment—mutilated, killed or carried into captivity. The whole fabric of organised religious life in the occupied Departments will have to be built up afresh.

And the result on France has been extraordinary. The very shock of such previously unimaginable horrors seems to have, not merely steadied the soul of the country and kindled within it a flame of the purest and most exalted patriotism, but also to have

quicken into conscious expression that underlying and vital attachment to the Catholic faith, which no system of secular education or anti-clerical legislation can eradicate from the French character.

French patriotism has always possessed a peculiar character of its own. To the Frenchman his country is an ideal figure, whom he regards much as the Troubadour of old regarded his lady. From Roland, praying with his last breath that '*la douce France*' shall not be shamed, to the hero of '*Les Oberlé*' who feels 'how good it is to die upon French soil,' France has been the object of the disinterested worship and service of her sons. And it is France, in and for herself, they serve. They have no vision of a France dominating all other countries, imposing by force of arms her culture upon all other nations, but rather of a France intact, her territories free from the foot of the invader, her honour unsullied by treachery or breach of faith. Germans shout of their 'Fatherland'; Britons bring the dutiful service of sons to the Mother Country; the French see in their land the Maiden rather than the Mother.

It is with a genuine ideal before their eyes that these soldiers go to war, giving their lives with a strange light-heartedness—" *Il plait à Dieu que nous nous donnions avec gaiété,*" one said to a friend of mine—but with a deep underlying sense of the sacredness of their cause.

A very significant fact is that you no longer hear the *Marseillaise* played upon organs or whistled by the street *gamin*; its performance has become a solemn national ritual. When Mlle. Chénal, robed in white, with Alsatian head-dress and tricolour draping her as mantle, sword in hand declaims the National

Hymn, her auditors realise that they are assisting at an Act of Faith.

“ *C'est une belle guerre !* ” a friend exclaimed, after expatiating to me on the horrors of the German occupation. And an officer expressed himself in precisely the same way to a friend. After telling of the devastation he had seen, he exclaimed: “ *Mais qu'elle est belle, cette guerre !* ” By virtue of the ideal within them the French have lifted the whole war on to a plane where the inner and spiritual significance becomes clearly apparent.

The atmosphere is absolutely free from the miasma of poisonous spite. There are no ‘Hymns of Hate’ to be heard or maledictory greetings exchanged. But those Germans who, apparently judging from this silence, write and talk of a possible *rapprochement* between Germany and France, to the detriment of England, entirely underrate the depth of French resentment. It finds little expression in words, simply because it goes too deep for utterance. Germany has sinned past pardon, as in their belief she has sinned past human punishment. “What can we do?” they ask, with a shrug of the shoulders. “We cannot outrage and torture women and children or desecrate churches!” But forgiveness? “*Oh, les pardonner !*” said a Frenchwoman, with an eloquent gesture of her hand, waving away the idea as outside the limits of possible discussion. I have spoken with many who are convinced that Germany is at this present moment in literal truth ‘possessed’ and acting under the direct impulse of powers of evil. They say that no sane human mind could conceive the diabolic horrors perpetrated. I have heard of men returning from the trenches suffering from absolute ‘soul-shock,’ due to the

recognition of having been brought face to face with a power of evil the existence of which had been previously undreamed of.

I have talked with a resident in one of the border towns, the last to be evacuated by the Germans after the war of 1870; she was emphatic in her insistence on the moral deterioration which has taken place in these forty years. "They were severe then; they treated us as conquerors, but they behaved like gentlemen. Now—they are animals."

The destruction wrought on the churches has made an enormous impression upon the popular mind. One realises this from the frequency with which the theme is utilised on the popular post-card. Now it is the Christ, Who stands with tear-dimmed eyes at the door of a ruined church and asks: "What have they done to My House?" Now the Virgin Mother, who holds out a mutilated Crucifix: "See what they have done to my Son!" Or the terrible card which shews the Kaiser on his knees, grasping at the robe of the retreating Christ Who turns from him, pointing to the shattered towers of Rheims in the distance. That there was a genuine revival of religious life in France had for some time before the War been a subject of comment. The shock to the national sense of reverence given by the German disregard of sanctities has given open expression to this revival. "*The army prays,*" they say; and in the daily paper I read yesterday how a General had written: "*The one thing we are short of is not shells or ammunition, but Eucharistic wafers. The priests have to break each into four to meet the need of their communicants.*"

The letters from the front published in the papers or read from the pulpit are a striking revelation of the

faith, the patriotism and the family affection which animates the French soldier, expressed with a touching simplicity and lack of self-consciousness. If our own men are dying like heroes, as they undoubtedly are, the French are in many instances dying like saints. To both alike I think death comes, as it did to Nixie, in the guise of 'a verywonderfulindeed Adventure.'

And the temper of the French women is equally admirable. There are no complaints, no excitement, so far as I have seen, no playing to the gallery, but a quiet, business-like, well-organised activity. Probably owing to the fact that the censorship is so strict and the *communiqués* so concise, the leader-writers in the daily press for the most part refrain from discussing or criticising the actual progress of the war, but act rather as leaders and directors of the national conscience, dealing with the various practical problems which arise with a large impartiality and freedom from political or religious bias, laying so far as may be the foundations for the better France of to-morrow.

Of course I do not mean to say that all is on this high level; that there are no post-cards one could wish away, no coarse cartoons; that there are not people who take advantage of emergency legislation to avoid the payment of debts they could well afford to discharge; that there are not in some quarters suspiciously inflated war-profits. All of these things are to be found in France as elsewhere; but the broad fact remains—there is a healing virtue even in this unparalleled cataclysm, and France at least has understood the 'Spiritual Use of War.'

JESSIE L. WESTON.

COMMUNION.

My chamber is so still, so still,
The night without so dark, so still.
Methinks I hear the feathery thrill
 Of the wing'd hours a-flying.
My lamp is spent, the hearth's red glow
Has burned to ashes long ago ;
Ghostlike the walls and casement grow,
 In the pale moonlight lying.

My chamber is so still, so still,
The street so still, the town so still.
Who watcheth there upon my sill ?
 What gracious power is waking ?
That holds me, lest the spell I mar,
Mute, as the mute moon-shadows are ;
The whistle of a train afar
 On the lone silence breaking.

Lo ! sudden o'er my face I feel,
As light as down, a faint breath steal.
 I close my eyes, my senses reel
In yearning self-surrender.
And unseen fingers softly press
My brow ; a sister's gentleness,
 A mother's love, a child's caress
Are not more sweetly tender.

Oh! wondrous fellowship of souls,
Oh! magic love, whose power controls
Two spirits distant as the poles,
That else were strangers ever.
Thou dost with thine enchanted wand
Bend time and space to thy command,
And, heart to heart, in mystic band
Unite that none may sever.

My chamber is so still, so still,
The street so still, the town so still.
I hear the soft, the feathery thrill
Of the wing'd hours a-flying.
Oh! love so near, so far away,
Dim vision, yet mine own, I pray
But this—thy soul with mine may stay,
While the long night is dying.

POL DE MONT.

(Translated from the Flemish by M. W. HOPER.)

MOONLIGHT ON THE TRENCHES.

SHH! Not a sound! The darkness hides us, but
It doesn't make the enemy deaf, you know. . . .

Thank heaven, we've gained it—the new trench—at
last!

Now for a rest perhaps till morning. What?
What's that, old chap? (Speak low!) '*There'll be
the moon?*'

O rubbish, man! the clouds are much too thick,
And we . . . well, but—why, yes, you're right, by
Jove!

The wind *has* scattered them—all but that one.
You say the moon's behind it?—So she is!
It's got a kind of—glow.

Then presently

There'll be a crescent rim that glides beyond
That last cloud's edge. (I always used to like
At home the moment when one watched it come.
A shaft of light would catch the church-tower first—
A silver spear of beauty—and then flood
The stream with some—some magic) O, I
say,

How I *am* gassing! Can't you shut me up?
What was the point? The moon, of course. Well, now,
That means (confound it!) there's no rest to-night.
In a few minutes—three, let's say, at most—
The moon is out, and we see where we are;
Also where *they* are.

What the devil was that?

A cough? I know, yes; but it wasn't here—
Not in this trench; which means it came from *theirs*.
Good lord, how close we must be on them, then!
They must have moved to-night, you know, as
well. . . .

I say, it's queer this, isn't it?—to wait
And wait for the old moon, and then let blaze.
(I'm hanged if I don't think I hear them *breathe*.)
All in the day's work—or the night's, no doubt.
And yet—it does seem, doesn't it? enough
To have to fight these beggars here on earth
Without the moon in heaven joining in?
(Don't laugh, for God's sake!)

There—there—*there* she comes. . . .

Men, do you see them? Are you ready? *Fire!* . . .

Talk about closeness! Why, I saw my man
As plainly as this mud, and could have chucked
A stone to him—only I had to shoot. . . .
Damn it, but I believe he's hit me, too! . . .
The moon—what was I saying?—used to fall
Like a great silver spear . . . to fall . . . a
spear. . . .
I say, my hand's all wet . . . I want . . . to
see . . .

And why—has somebody—put out the moon?

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

SONNETS.

DESPONDENCY.

I WATCHED a wild bird shut within a cage,
Beating its unsunned wings against the wood,
In unaccustomed, hopeless vassalage.
Perched on a wall in darksome solitude,
As if forgotten by the cloist'ring hand,
It strove with fluttering, faint futility
(That it might win again to fairy-land)
Against its captor's careless empery.
So too, I deem, when 'gainst their fleshly bars
Our souls beat wildly in their prison cells,
Beneath the cold espial of the stars,
Watching impitiously, pale sentinels—
They seem, in desolate impuissance,
Forgotten victims of a careless Chance.

SLEEP.

DEAR Sleep, the loyal subaltern of Night,
Coming in gentle semblance of grim Death,
With treasure-laden hands, and vestments dight
With figured wonders, and effacing breath,
Soothing the hurts of youth, the frets of eld,
Pointing beyond the margent of the stars
To visions that my childish eyes beheld,
Ere men immured my soul with bookish bars.
Arm me then nightly, so that I may fend
The thrusts of Day with Hope's white panoply,
And bid majestic Time for me unbend,
And speed the hours with reckless instancy,
That I may tread that land of lost delight
Behind the curtains of concealing Night.

STEPHEN SOUTHWOLD.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE STEWARDSHIP OF FAITH.

Our Heritage from Early Christianity. By Kirsopp Lake.
London (Christophers); pp. 195; 5s. net.

UNDER this somewhat uninspiring main title Professor Kirsopp Lake has produced an exceedingly stimulating and instructive volume. There are some short-sighted folk who imagine that because German learning is at a discount just now in popular estimation owing to the severe attack of megalomania from which the Teutonic patient is at present suffering, therefore what has generally been known as the 'higher criticism' has ended in ignominious failure, and religious conservatism has once more captured all the enemy's trenches. This is, however, an utterly absurd reading of history. The best elements of the 'higher criticism' are a permanent gain for human progress, and this 'deeper criticism' can never be destroyed so long as fact and sane and sober reason hold any ground in the domain of religion. Professor Kirsopp Lake is one of the most distinguished teachers and level-headed critics that English (and we must also in justice add German) scholarship has turned out. He has had the highest distinction accorded him by competent judges. Neglected by the Academical authorities of this country, the University of Leyden, that justly renowned and ancient centre of Dutch learning, welcomed him to the chair left vacant by the death of van Manen; and now Harvard has further added to his laurels by creating a special chair for this distinguished searcher and thinker. A series of short and simply expressed lectures, given at the Lowell Institute and in the King's Chapel at Boston in 1913, forms the basis of the volume. Their brevity and easy and direct expression with such a subject are masterly; for, in spite of the apparent absence of effort, the volume reveals on every page to the student, not only that the speaker and writer is familiar with every turn and twist of the great problems of the origins and developments of Christianity, but also that he has a remarkable gift for genuine historic objectivity and just judgment. At the same time the

anxiety to preserve the best in the great tradition at its full, that is to say its true, value, provided there be no juggling with facts, is equally manifest. There are few books on the subject we have read with so much assent on so many points, and we can therefore naturally recommend it warmly to those who are interested in this most important matter and care for our opinion. Professor Kirsopp Lake is utterly fearless ; at the same time he allows for a far larger amount of historicity than is usually the case with advanced criticism. As opposed to the Liberals, who would rationalise the records and read present-day theology and theories into the books of the New Testament, Professor Lake finds the truest factor of the history in the eschatological element of the preaching ; and we agree with him. Jesus was a prophet who believed whole-heartedly in the 'last things,' and many of the deeds and words recorded of him, which are utterly incomprehensible on any other assumption, become sun-clear when once this is admitted. Those who prefer truth to theology will have the courage to face the facts ; for they believe that fidelity to objective truth will win for mankind more than all the theology or accommodated and philosophised religion in the world. Another sound canon of criticism that Professor Lake has adopted, is that we should be ever on our guard against an illegitimate use of symbolism and allegorical interpretation. We must be first quite sure that a document was meant by the original writer to be taken as symbolical, that it was intentionally written as an allegorical exercise, before we give rein to our imaginative interpretation, by means of which in the last resort well-nigh anything can be made out of anything. The sane way of critical research is to interpret documents according to the mind of the time and the mind of the writer. It is no good expecting to find the refinements of 20th century theological subtleties in the simple and literal eschatological statements of the first century. The exegetical manipulation of texts in the interests of present-day theories produces intellectual dishonesty and a habit of mind that can lead to nothing but confusion and extravagance.

We shall never reach truth in these difficult matters by trying to dodge the difficulties by the subterfuges of auto-suggestion ; reality will be reached only in proportion as we are content boldly to recognise the facts. For these facts are the sign-posts to lead us to the recognition of that objective truth here and now which is of a higher order than any theological abstractionism—that topsy-turvy method which would presume to map out *a priori* a

history of the past in respect to the life of the founder and the early development of the Church which never really existed.

Of the many points of great interest on which we should like to dwell did space permit, we can select only one, and that for very brief remark, in spite of its great importance. One of the chief contributory causes, if not the main cause, of Jesus' being done to death, was in all probability the historic fact underlying the graphic 'driving out of the money-changers' narrative. The inner significance of this highly embellished and therefore de-formed story is seen in its right perspective from the vantage ground of the following considerations. "The priests were in possession of a commercial monopoly: in practice no one could offer a sacrifice in the Temple except by buying a victim in a market controlled by the priests. No one could give money except in Jewish coin, to obtain which he was obliged to exchange the current Roman coinage at the table of the money-changers—also controlled by the priests—and for this of course he would pay a commission. Thus the same supply of Jewish coin would keep on an endless circuit, passing from the money-changers to the pious Jew who wished to contribute his offering, from him to the priest, and from the priest back to the money-changer, and each time the circle was completed there was a profit on the transaction.

"It was against this commercial monopoly that Jesus protested when he spoke of a den of thieves. The den of thieves retaliated by accusing him of rebellion against the Romans, and in spite of his teaching of non-resistance to persecution they secured a conviction by making use of the information that Jesus regarded himself as the coming Messiah, who would reign in a kingdom which would take the place of the Roman empire" (pp. 88, 89).

This is a sample of the 'goods' of a fearless and justly critical historical research which Professor Kirsopp Lake is 'delivering' for the use of those fighting for the righteous cause of true religion. It should not be supposed for a moment, however, that we are here dealing with a rationalist of the old school. By no manner of means. On the contrary, we are in company with the best in the Modernist spirit, and what the programme of such Modernists is we may learn from our distinguished author's preface where he writes:

"The responsibility of those who teach Christianity at present is twofold. First, never to lose sight of the vision of a better world, and to teach their pupils to join with them in seeing visions

and dreaming dreams; secondly, by the study of the past, and by keeping keen the edge of the intellect of themselves and of others, never yielding to the temptation to obscure the difficulties of fact by taking refuge in the ambiguities of language, to further the exact knowledge of the world as it is, in order that those who have the vision may also have the practical ability to use [? it] in the service of progress" (p. vi.).

RELIGION AND ART.

A Study in the Evolution of Sculpture, Painting and Architecture.

By Alessandro della Seta, Professor of Archæology in the University of Genoa. Translated by Marion G. Harrison. With a Preface by Mrs. Arthur Strong, Litt.D., LL.D., Assistant Director of the British School at Rome. With 200 illustrations. London and Leipsic (Fisher Unwin); pp. 400; 21s. net.

IN prefacing the English translation of *Religione e Arte Figurata*, Mrs. Arthur Strong has done wisely to record the studies and investigations which preceded the publication, in 1912, of this book by the young Professor of Archæology at Genoa. To those who follow the course of the scientific study of art, the name of della Seta needs no introduction. His first important book comes to them with the prestige of the author's reputation as a classical archæologist, foremost during the last few years in the publication and illustration of monuments at Rome and elsewhere, as a philologist and as lecturer at the universities of Rome and Genoa. For the general reader, however, to whom, as much as to the student of art, the book offers suggestive matter for thought, a like knowledge of the Italian scholar's right to speak with authority is, as Mrs. Strong has realised, desirable. For the author is delightfully free from the conventional manner of learned book-making. His pages preserve the unhampered character of the lectures delivered at Rome in 1908/09, which form the foundation of the work. "Bibliographic notes," he expressly states, "are reduced to a minimum, so that the evidences of research may seem to have been suppressed. This was done, however, in the interests of the reader, in order to give him a complete idea of the links which unite religion and art rather than a learned discussion on separate facts." Relieved thus from the awe induced by those citations of authority which appear to give facts and theories unanswerability, the general reader

might, but for Mrs. Strong's warning, dissent too rashly from the unexpected conclusions to which the author's training and research have led him. That learning competent to deal with the controversial issues raised in *Religion and Art* would entail acquiescence in della Seta's conclusions, is by no means to be inferred. A prime merit of the book indeed is its note of adventure, of challenge. The author entirely refuses to be taken for granted.

The range of his investigations into the religious origin of art is vast. It comprises the proto-historic 'reindeer period,' and the variations of art in Egypt, Chaldæa, Mycenæ, Greece, Etruria, Rome, and in Buddhist and Christian races. In this great field of time and space he boldly follows the clue of his idea—his theory that art arose as a magical practice designed, by means of reproductions of form and action, to act upon nature and the forces superior to man. Wide is the field to be scanned, and the author has not narrowed it by assigning a rigidly typical character to the civilisations he surveys. The life of a people, he allows, is not at one time in one stage of enlightenment, one agreement of spirit. Thus in the Greek temple he finds two currents of inspiration—the one, rising from the mass of the populace, issuing in the creation of the image of deity and of votive statuettes; the other, influencing the artist through the thought of the cultured and luxurious classes, resulting in decoration. "The one is based on the magic value of art, the other upon its purely representational value." Those who disagree with this fundamental separation of the elements of imagery and of decoration in art, will at once object that the 'idol,' at the height of Greek art, is purely inspired by the sculptor's passion for ideal beauty, while the 'decoration,' say in the metopes and frieze of the Parthenon, may easily be related to the idea of the goddess as a governing force in life, the source of governance and of conquest over the lower nature. Professor della Seta meets this objection by the fact, not to be controverted, that the subjects of the metopes, as of other decorations such as those which Pausanias describes, were taken—haphazard, he apparently thinks—from the ancient store of legend, 'the repertory common to Greek art.' This, in his view, precludes imaginative relation between the enshrined deity and the ornament of the shrine. But is there no parallel between the decorating with legendary devices of temples or of the statues of the gods and the enriching of churches with representations of the lives of the saints, the ancestors of Christ, the history of the

true cross and other cognate themes? Surely the creative mind of the artist may take up and blend in unity various currents of thought?

No better example of diverse inferences to be drawn from a single fact could, in this connection, be furnished than by the author's deductions from the account given by Pausanias of the enthroning of an archaic statue of Apollo at Amyclæ. The throne, richly decorated with legendary themes by Bathykles of Magnesia, was, in some way we cannot understand from the description, wrought around the rude, pillar-shaped idol. The author finds in the 'forced relation' between the primitive image and the splendid throne proof of their disparate origin. But may we not equally well find here an instance of the union, in one faith and piety, of old and new strains in Greek civilisation? For a fact unmentioned by della Seta is that the pillar-statue stood on a reliquary, which according to local tradition held the remains of Hyacinthus, the beloved of the god, accidentally killed by him while they played at quoits. In his memory were held the Games of Amyclæ. What more natural than that the sculptor, invited to the little Spartan town to enshrine this sacred relic, should illustrate from the resources of sacred legend the highest hopes of man concerning immortality? Does not the account of Pausanias, too imperfect for us to dogmatise, at least allow of that interpretation? Read his description of the function of the gods represented on the base of the throne. "They are conducting Hyacinthus to heaven, with Polybœa, the sister of Hyacinthus. . . . Hercules, also, is figured on the tomb, carried, he too, to heaven by Athene and the other gods."

I have dwelt thus at some length on the author's view of the 'double current' in Greek art, because it is typical both of his liberality of apprehension and of its limitations. To a considerable extent the scientific study of art is humanised by della Seta's mind. Valuable, from this point of view, is his recognition of various degrees of thought and development in national life. On the other hand, throughout the book he is apt to impose arbitrary singleness of purpose on the state of mind which we call artistic genius. In the case of the enthroning of Apollo he would not, apparently, allow that the worship of Apollo by the townsfolk—worship, doubtless, partly superstitious and designed to propitiate the god—found yet other expression in the invitation to Bathykles to come and adorn their sacred image. Still less is there, in his view, room for the probability that the artist, coming into a

special circle of devotion to Apollo and to Hyacinthus, united in his work elements of thought derived both from the minds around him and from ancient legend.

This partiality in the author's outlook is doubtless a condition, perhaps an essential condition, of the penetrative study he has given us. His subject is not Life and Art. It is Religion and Art. His prime thesis is that the fixed intention which first led man to depict or carve forms was religious, meaning by religion magic—effective action upon nature and the beings believed to hold dominion over nature and man. With this as its origin, 'the track of conquest' is for della Seta summed up in the change whereby art finally placed "the Divinity in the beauty of His form or in the nobility of His works before the eyes of the believer, substituting action on the spectator for action on external nature." This, indeed, is a fruitful idea, but it entails the relegation to the background, as secondary causes, of every other need but religion which may induce creative expression. Results of this perspective view of the mind of the artist, with (as it were) magical religion close up to the picture-plane, and other inspirations approaching vanishing point, are to be found on nearly every page. It will suffice, and for the general reader will most clearly illustrate the writer's preconception, to cite his treatment of the analogy to primitive art found in the art of the child. For here we are on ground where we and the erudite author have equal right to an opinion.

"It is generally said that a child draws or models whatever most strikes his fancy. I should say that he draws or models what most excites his desires. . . . Not that the child imagines the figures which he produces can actually be transformed into the reality, but he persistently reproduces those figures which represent for him the reality most to be desired. . . . This explains why . . . a soldier is one of the favourite subjects of a small boy, while that of a lady in full dress is preferred by his little sister. . . . And the element of magic, of desire, is displayed . . . also in his preference for certain playthings. . . . Everyone has noticed that children do not like mechanical toys. . . . Why is this? Because toys are for a child what idols or votive figures are for an uncivilised people—creatures subject to his will. . . . Now the mechanical toy does not leave the child free to exercise this magic power. Instead of being the master he is the slave of his toy . . . and as the child wishes to command and not to obey, he soon frees himself from his tyrant."

Now recalling our own play-life, does this psychology satisfy? Not the reality most to be desired, surely, but the reality which can be sufficiently amplified to make drawing a progressive act of imagination, is surely the truer explanation of a child's choice of certain subjects to draw. As to the proper and general boredom with finite, repetitive toys, is it not induced because these present no chance for creative freedom? The one thing they *do* allow is command. Punctual and precise, they do what they are wound up to do, whereas the inanimate, all-potential kind of plaything is matter for invention, lends itself to creative effort.

No adequate idea of Professor della Seta's argument is of course to be gained from scanning disputable positions. But to instance them is to do the learned author no injustice, for, as has been said, he purposely avoids mere safety of statement. He will above all have the reader co-operate with him in thinking out the immensely interesting problems he raises. His learning and breadth of view illustrate his argument with *data* gathered from the whole course of art. That he is not equally informative in every direction is inevitable. But the chapters on Egyptian art, including a detailed examination of funerary art, in which the magic element is obviously predominant, and on the art of Greece are essays full of information and of stimulating inferences. It is perhaps surprising that Buddhist art has not invited della Seta to equal fulness of treatment, and especially Buddhist art in China, to which he refers with extreme brevity. Nor is his treatment of later Christian art as comprehensive as befits its supreme place in the scheme of development by which art illustrates "the progress of the human soul rising from timid primeval ideas to the high moral teaching of historic religions." In his preference for Italian art Professor della Seta betrays perhaps the racial bias to which may be assigned the scant notice given to Rembrandt. The Dutch master's art, with its inner impulse towards abstract form as the equivalent of the deepest idealism, contradicts a statement such as "at the moment in which . . . the human element offers its most perfect terrestrial forms for the representation of the divinity, . . . we have the culmination of art."

It should be added that the frequent illustrations greatly help the interest of the book, which by the way hardly reads like a translation. The short chapters on architecture are exclusive to the English edition.

R. E. D. S.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MAHARSHI DEVENDRANATH TAGORE.

Translated from the Original Bengali by Satyendranath Tagore and Indira Devi. London (Macmillan); pp. xlii. + 295 ; 7s. 6d. net.

THE religious and social reform movement in India known as the Brahma Samaj (sometimes loosely rendered into English as the Theistic Church) was developed out of a society founded in 1828 by the famous Raja Rammohan Roy, who had devoted himself with single-hearted purpose to a study of what was best in the great faiths of the world. He was a rare example of spiritual insight and wide learning and left an imperishable name behind him. As an instance of his thoroughness and of his candid mind, it may be remembered that he learned Hebrew and Greek in order to read the two Testaments in their originals. But his regrettable death in 1833, so soon after the foundation of the Samaj, left the young movement with insufficient guidance, so that it languished and would probably have become extinct or been confined to a very small circle, but for the boundless enthusiasm of a young convert who had already established a society for the study of what was best in the ancient scriptures of Vedic India. This was Devendranath Tagore, who in 1842, at the age of thirty-five, incorporated his society into the Samaj and set to work to reorganise the movement. Gradually he drew up a covenant for regulating consistency of conduct among the members, introduced a regular form of worship and a service of beautiful prayers for spiritual light and strength based on ancient models, and later composed a work of high inspiration, to serve as a scripture. From this time onward to 1905, when he passed peacefully away full of years and honour, he was and remained the chief spiritual influence in the movement as a whole. It had, however, in course of time divided into three sections. In 1865 Keshab Chandra Sen, a man of great ability, enthusiasm, high aims and commanding personality and very sympathetic to Western ideas, broke away from the parent church; he considered it was not sufficiently progressive and liberal and its reforms not drastic enough. The older man could not approve a policy that he considered unduly provocative and wished to keep the movement on more moderate and exclusively Indian lines. Hereafter the parent body was known as the Original or Adi Brahma Samaj. Though no agreement could be brought about between the two bodies, it is

gratifying to learn that the two leaders remained on cordial terms personally. The younger man continued to cherish the utmost reverence and regard for the elder, who in turn treated Keshab till his death in 1884 with paternal affection. Soon after this division the enthusiastic younger leader started what was called the 'New Dispensation,' of which his followers speak in the highest terms. Difficulties and dissatisfaction on some points, however, arose and a regrettable incident, Keshab's sanction of the child marriage of his own daughter to a reigning prince, which was contrary to one of the main principles of the reform, brought about a crisis. In 1878 accordingly another secession occurred, constituting the Sādhāran Brahma Samaj, or People's Church, the government of which was conducted on democratic lines.

After Keshab's separation Devendranath practically retired from active work in the Samaj, and for the last forty years of his life devoted himself to seeking communion with God and giving spiritual help privately. Thus his spiritual influence steadily increased and, as his son tells us, "henceforth he became the common patriarch of the Samajes, and a Maharshi for all Hindus." The title Maharshi (literally 'great sage') may be perhaps best rendered by 'Saint'; and indeed it was well deserved, for in the life of Devendranath Tagore we have a high example of a noble, courageous and saintly soul, whether from the standpoint of the East or of the West. A few years before his death at the ripe age of eighty-eight, he was persuaded to write his autobiography in Bengali; it is, however, not a record of the whole even of his active life, for it ends with the year 1858, when he was only forty-one years old. We accordingly hear nothing at first hand of his intimate association with Keshab Chandra Sen or of the great crisis in the movement, except for a few letters between them published in the Appendix of the first edition and omitted from the present issue. But above all we have no word or reference to those forty years of ripe spiritual experience and ever increasing communion, of which we long most to hear. Perhaps the Maharshi felt that he could not make this part of his spiritual life in any way public—it was too near and intimate to him; while on the first forty years he could look back with greater detachment, though they were still vividly impressed on his memory.

Nevertheless what we have is a valuable and instructive human document for the student of spiritual biography. It will be of special interest to those English readers who know and

appreciate the works of the Maharshi's distinguished youngest son, Rabindranath; acquainting them as it does with what must have been a very powerful spiritual influence in the life of the poet. The Bengali original was published shortly before the death of the saintly writer. It was then translated into English by the poet's elder brother, who regrets his inability to reproduce the 'convincing diction' of his father's original. A useful introductory chapter was added by the translator, and in this Calcutta edition of 1908 there are twenty illustrations which are omitted in the present English revision. To this Evelyn Underhill now writes a highly appreciative introduction, reviewing the spiritual incidents of the autobiography, and naturally finding much that is common between East and West in these high matters.

Devendranath Tagore was brought up in surroundings of princely wealth; he speaks of being plunged into a life of pleasure and luxury in his youth. Suddenly all was changed for him. It was the night before his grandmother's death. She had been taken to the banks of the Ganges to breathe her last orthodoxly. The priests were chanting the Holy Name. The youthful Devandranath was seated at some distance apart. It was the night of the full moon. "The sounds reached my ears faintly, borne on the night-wind; at this opportune moment a strange sense of the unreality of all things suddenly entered my mind. I was as if no longer the same man. A strong aversion to wealth arose within me. The coarse bamboo-mat on which I sat seemed to be my fitting seat, carpets and costly spreadings seemed hateful, in my mind was a joy unfelt before. I was then eighteen years old." This state continued during the whole night; but the following days of excitement, the death of his grandmother and the funeral rites, banished it. The experience, however, had done its work and a genuine spiritual 'conversion' had been wrought in his whole nature. Then followed the inevitable reaction: despair at losing and endeavour to regain; the struggle with the world. He turned with all his heart to God. Dwelling on the vastness of the creation and the infinity of the heavens he endeavoured to find God by the 'light of knowledge,' and by himself reached the familiar conclusion: "All created things are transient, corruptible, changeable and dependent. The Perfect Wisdom that has created them and is guiding them; that alone is eternal, incorruptible, unchangeable and self-dependent. That eternal, true and perfect Being is the source of all good and the object of all

worship." Of this he had convinced himself positively. At the same time a strong antipathy to idolatrous ceremonial or image-worship of any kind took possession of him and he determined at all costs to break with it for ever. As child and school-boy he had known Rammohan Roy, but had never realised what the man stood for. Now, he tells us, "I remembered Rammohan Roy—I came to my senses. I pledged myself heart and soul to follow in his footsteps."

This determination meant a complete break with the most sacred religious family customs; and as he was the eldest son of one of the most prominent families in Bengal, the moral courage required was very great indeed. He continued, however, in spite of all difficulties and gradually won over his brothers. At this time he was under the erroneous impression that all the Hindu sacred books were full of idolatry, and that it was impossible to "extract from them truths pertaining to the formless and changeless God." Then one day chance brought him a fluttering page of one of the most beautiful of the older Upanishads, the fine flower of Vedic inspiration. He began eagerly to devour them and drink in the highest inspiration of ancient India. He determined to found with his brothers and a few friends and relatives a society for the study of the Veda and the 'spread of the true religion'—the knowledge of the Supreme Brahma. A year afterwards this society was amalgamated with the Brahma Samaj, and in the following year Devendranath started a paper in Bengali which still exists (the *Tatwabodhini Patrika*). It was devoted to the public welfare and instruction; and especially interested itself in the propagation of a knowledge of the Vedas and of the Vedānta (*i.e.* the Upanishads) and the worship of the Supreme. It was the first paper of its kind, and one cannot but be struck in reading this part of the narrative at the evidence of the ignorance even among the educated of these precious religious monuments of ancient India.

It was in the Upanishads themselves, however, that they sought for light, and not in the later Vedāntic philosophy. Indeed, with the absolute monism of Shankara they would have nothing to do. "What we want is to worship God. If the worshipper and the object of worship become one, then how can there be any worship?" Devendranath even attempted a commentary on a theistic basis as an offset to the famous work of Shankara. But he says nothing of the two other great systems of Vedāntic scholasticism, the dualistic and modified monistic, both of which

allow for his difficulty. The three systems together embrace all points of view ; each by itself is partial. Religion, however, and not philosophy or even religio-philosophy was his main interest. In his detestation not only of any representation but of any representative of the Supreme, Devendranath rejected the whole doctrine of incarnationism or avatārism, one of the most popular Hindu doctrines. It was probably on this account that he never referred to Christianity, while Keshab was a great admirer of the Christ, whom, however, he also regarded as one of the greatest of prophets and not as an incarnation. The nature of the liturgy of the Brahmos and their theology at this time may be seen from the following verse of a fine hymn of praise adapted by Devendranath :

“ We salute Thee, Spirit of truth and Cause of this universe.
 We salute Thee, Essence of Wisdom and Upholder of all that is.
 Thou art the Restorer of Salvation and only God, the One
 without a second ;
 Eternal and all-pervading Brahma, we salute Thee.
 Thou alone art the Refuge of all things ; Thou alone art
 worthy of homage.
 Thou art One, the Protector of the world, self-revealed.
 Thou alone art the Creator, Preserver and Destroyer of the
 universe.
 Thou alone art high, fixed and unfaltering of purpose.”

Thus satisfied in mind and heart by finding in the Upanishads, presented in a more vivid manner, the truths at which he had arrived through his ‘ own poor understanding by the grace of God,’ he had found the God of his adoration and sanctified himself by worshipping Him, alone and in the company of others. But more was to come. Formerly he had deemed it privilege enough to salute God from a distance. Now as the result of meditation another great change occurred ; he became conscious of the indwelling deity, the Inner Guide. “ Whenever, in solitude and in the dark, I acted against His wish, I at once felt His chastening influence ; at once I saw his terrible face, ‘ dread as an uplifted thunderbolt,’ and the blood froze in my veins. Again, whenever I performed some good action in secret, He openly rewarded me ; I saw His benign countenance, all my heart was purified by the waters of holiness. I felt that, ever enshrined within my heart, He taught me wisdom. . . . In punishment as in reward I discerned His love alone. Nurtured in His love, falling to rise

again, I had come thus far." He was then twenty-eight years of age.

The following year (1846) his father, the famous and princely Dwarakanath Tagore, died in London. It was the duty of Devendranath as eldest son to take the chief part in all the elaborate funeral ceremonies—a matter of utmost religious importance for the family. But in spite of his whole world being against him, because of his Brahmo vow he steadily refused to take part in the most essential ceremony when the image of the family god was brought in. It was an act of great courage, and he triumphed spiritually. The crash of the famous firm of Carr, Tagore & Co. followed; and though the brothers were protected by a trust deed, under the influence of Devendranath they voluntarily surrendered the whole of the rich possessions of the family to the creditors, and thereafter so administered the estate that after ten years of unremitting labour all debts were paid off. Devendranath regarded this great disaster as a high spiritual opportunity. "Things turned out just as I wished; all our property went out of my hands. As in my mind there was no desire for the things of the world, so too no worldly goods were now mine; like unto like, both sides were balanced." He took it all as the immediate answer to his constant vow, "O Lord I want nothing but Thee!"—and regarded the day as a day of days. It was another great step forward. In spite of all the business worries and difficulties that followed, Devendranath pursued his way serenely and watched over the welfare of the Samaj.

He had now come to see that God could be viewed as a 'trinity,' and that he who can contemplate this trinity at one and the same time is the true '*yogi*.' He is without and within us and yet exists in Himself. Seekers after God must realise Brahma in these three modes. "When we see Him within our soul we say, 'Thou art the innermost soul of the soul; Thou art my father, Thou art my friend, Thou art my comrade.' When we seek Him without us, we say, 'Thy royal throne is in the infinite sky.' When we see Him in Himself, see the Supreme Truth in His own sanctuary, then we say, 'Thou art in Thy own Supreme Goodness and Peace, One without a second.'"

But by this time Devendranath had perceived that the basis of the Brahma religion could be laid in no scriptures, not even in the authentic Upanishads, where with his aversion from monism he read with distaste the great sayings 'I am He' and 'That art thou.' What then could be its foundation? "I came to see

that the pure heart, filled with the light of intuitive knowledge,—this was its basis.” Not that this was contrary to the teachings of the Upanishads, where we read : “The pure in spirit, enlightened by wisdom, sees the holy God by means of worship and meditation.” There were of course many schools already among the seers of the Upanishads and many later ways of interpreting them. But this now so familiar point of view apparently took our religionists a long time to find out. With the rejection of the monistic interpretation, Devendranath put on one side the later cognate *māyā* or illusion doctrine, which however is not found in the Upanishads proper, and also all idea of absorption. The doctrine of all becoming one in Brahma dismayed his soul. “If,” he says, “this means that the sentient soul loses its separate consciousness, then this is not the sign of salvation but of terrible extinction.” But as a matter of fact it is difficult to find such a doctrine in the Upanishads. The idea of a heaven-world that commended itself to the mind of Devendranath was that of continual progress through spheres of ever greater holiness. But what of the final consummation? It is at long last to find refuge in the bosom of the Eternal Brahma. “There, filled with new life, and purified by His grace, the soul remains eternally united in wisdom, love and joy with that infinite Wisdom, Love and Joy, even as shadow unto light. That moment lasts for ever.” In the heaven-world passage there is a reference to ‘returning to earth’; but nothing is said about this fundamental doctrine, common to nearly all Indian systems. It would have been interesting to have had the Maharshi’s views on this subject of reincarnation. The Brahma Samaj, however, we understand, as a body rejects it.

The need of having a scripture now occupied all the thoughts of the Brahma leader. He tells us how he fervently laid his heart open to God, and how at last the flow of inspiration came to him. In the short space of three hours he dictated, in a tumbling stream, the outpourings of his heart, and the *Brāhmī Upanishad* or Upanishad relating to Brahma was the outcome. He evidently regards it as something quite apart from himself and given immediately by the Spirit, and has the greatest admiration for it. It is for him the topmost branch of the Vedic Tree of Life; the crowning-point of the Upanishads.

During all these years of spiritual striving Devendranath had felt a great craving to be with Nature and to seek God in her purity. This craving to fly from the world into solitude grew so strong upon him as at last to be irresistible; and in 1856 he left

home determined to go thence and 'wander everywhere.' He travelled to Benares and Amritsur and thence made his way to the Hills, to Simla. There he remained in retirement and meditation some eighteen months, broken only by an expedition up the mountains. He was continually rapt by the beauties of Nature, in which he found the constant presence of the Divine, and grew into closer and closer touch with the indwelling Spirit. It was the terrible year of the Mutiny; but our contemplative remained on in Simla undismayed. He was not, however, to remain undisturbed in retreat from the world, in tranquillity and inner joy. There was danger in this state, danger of what has been called 'prideful isolation.' There came suddenly a rude awakening, not from without, but from within. One day, gazing on a broad mountain stream in the valley, he was pondering over the lesson it taught: how the river has to humble its pride, abandon its purity and take a downward course in order to fertilise the land and make it yield grain. Suddenly, as he was musing, he heard the clear commandment of his Guide within him: "Give up thy pride, and be lowly like this river. The truth thou hast gained, the devotion and trustfulness that thou hast learnt here; go, make them known to the world."

At first this was a stunning blow, and it utterly unnerved him. Must he then leave the holy land of the Himalayas; must he again return to the din and darkness of the world? He spent the night in agony with violent palpitation of the heart. In the morning, however, he gave his servant the order for departure, and immediately the palpitation ceased and all his distress vanished. And so after a dangerous journey he returned home to Calcutta, and took up again his work with the Samaj, inspiring it with his sermons, his words and presence, and watching over its welfare. This was in 1856, when he was forty-one years of age; and here the autobiography ends.

It is the simple recital of earlier memories vividly recalled and dwelt upon by the ripe experience of venerable old age. There is no subtle philosophising; the tests of right doctrine are very simple. It presents to us the story of a devout soul struggling to be free from an environment of worldliness and of forms of religion repugnant to it, and to win to a pure mode of spiritual worship. To the student of general religion the autobiography is of interest because it gives us the crucial moments in a reform that became practically a new religion; and it is of special interest to the student of the mystical element in religion, for we

are in it permitted glimpses into the intimate spiritual development of the man who was regarded by all its branches as the patriarch of the movement, and over and beyond this by very many Hindus as a saint and prophet. For whatever difference of opinion there may be as to doctrines in India, there is no country in the world more tolerant in matters of religion or more ready to recognise spiritual attainment irrespective of dogmatic creeds. Finally the present publication should be of special interest to Unitarians, between whom and the Brahma Samaj there has been for long a strong bond of sympathy.

THE ARYA SAMAJ.

An Account of its Origin, Doctrine and Activities, with a Biographical Sketch of its Founder. By Lajpat Rai. With a Preface by Prof. Sidney Webb, LL.B., of the London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). With ten Illustrations. London (Longmans); pp. 805; 5s. net.

OF the various indigenous reform-movements in India the Arya Samaj is decidedly the most active and vigorous. Its programme aims chiefly at religious, social and educational reform, and its most characteristic feature is its enthusiastic loyalty to the teaching and institutions of the grand period of Vedic inspiration. The whole movement is essentially national, and its main effort is to arouse in India the memory of what is best in the great tradition of its spiritual heredity. Though it is fully conscious of the necessity of adapting itself to the better elements of Western culture, it holds that there should be no servile copying, but that these should be subordinated so as to give free scope to the full expression of the heredity of the race and the genius of the people. The Arya Samajist is very proud of the past achievements of the sages of his people in religion and philosophy and culture in general. He contends, and justly, that the salvation of India is unthinkable apart from a renaissance of this native spirit of virtue and love of wisdom so admirably shown forth by the Rishis of the past. A general reform, indeed, is hopeless without a natural driving power. Whence is India to find this native urge if not in herself? Modern science and Western material civilisation, whatever good they may possess, and they possess some considerable advantages of their own order, cannot by themselves foster the healthy natural growth and development of Indian humankind. If such a

violent change were attempted, it would be disastrous to the natural development of the national life and genius; it would be the forcible imposition of an artificial, external and mechanical restraint which would cripple and deteriorate that life, if it did not make it wilt and wither to the sorry shadow of its better self. Nor is the impulse to come from any religion alien to the Vedic faith, the tradition of which contains in varying proportions every element necessary to a high religion. Mohammedanism or Christianity will not redeem India proper. India stands for the manifestation of a special genius in things religious, and this good must be preserved for mankind. Nor is an indefinite eclecticism or an over-tolerant universalism, that is scarcely distinguishable from indifferentism, to save India. To protect Aryanism from the inroads of the aggressive faiths of Islam and Christianity, the Aryas now feel it necessary to be aggressive in their turn. If Islam and Christendom are absolute in their claims, and so intransigently intolerant of the claims of all other faiths, then in self-defence the Aryas are to be as absolute in their assertions. Personally we think all three wrong-headed in this and offenders against the higher comity of genuine spiritual religion. But it is just such absolutism of claims that provides the driving power in popular religious self-defence and propaganda. Moslem Moulvi and Christian Missionary are therefore naturally extremely annoyed with the Arya Samajists—for the common victim, instead of playing any longer the traditional *role* of passive resistance, has taken a leaf out of its aggressors' book and . . . well, things have been very lively already and promise to be even more so. But it is not only with foreign faiths that the Arya Samajists have been in conflict; the more strenuous struggle has been with their own folk. They have resolutely attacked caste and hereditary Brahmanic privileges and many other abuses of rite and custom. Consequently the whole of the hierarchy of conservative priests and levites, scribes and lawyers, has been trying to eliminate them by all means fair and even foul. In brief, the Arya Samaj is a very interesting and important effort, and deserves the unprejudiced attention of all lovers of India. Until recently the British Government suspected it of extreme political views, and even at one time of being a hot-bed of sedition; but the documents we have seen go to prove that this suspicion has been unjust, and indeed the mistake is now officially recognised. Mr. Lajpat Rai's book, though naturally enthusiastic as to the excellent intentions and good work of the Samaj, tries to set forth the matter impartially; and to a large

extent the author and compiler succeeds. For ourselves we gladly welcome in the Arya Samaj one of the most vigorous elements in the present all-important reform and the renascence of that vast dependency which the gods have decreed shall be under the administration of the British Raj; for it is precisely because of its love of the great past of India, because of its loyalty to the best religious tradition of the Indian peoples, that it will do a work which no other agency can effect. But when its work is more securely established and it has breathing-space for calmer reflection, the day will certainly come when Arya Samajists will recognise, as surely as Christians have had to recognise, that an infallible Veda is as untenable a faith as an infallible Bible. In the new age of humanity which is dawning, books, even when spelled with a capital letter, will be esteemed at their proper value, and the Religion of the Spirit will at length come to its own.

RUYSBROECK.

By Evelyn Underhill, Author of 'Mysticism,' 'The Mystic Way,' etc. The Quest Series. London (Bell); pp. 198; 2s. 6d. net.

WE are glad to welcome at last an adequate, if necessarily short, introduction to the life and works of Jan van Ruysbroec, the famous Flemish contemplative of the fourteenth century. Hitherto the English-reading public has had to be content with the scrappiest information on the subject, and that too though it concerns one of the greatest—some say the greatest—of the mediæval mystics. It goes without saying that the editor of the series and the writer of this notice would not have chosen the topic and secured the sympathetic mind and able pen of Miss Underhill to treat it, if he had not thought the subject of great importance and the combination of subject and exponent a happy one. And the time of publication is also appropriate; for the thoughts of all to-day are sympathetically turned to Flanders, to Belgium, in her supreme hour of crucifixion; and it is good, in this dark night of the soul of a people, to read of the devoted life and courageous spirit of one of her greatest sons who triumphed in the life-struggle and consciously overpassed mortality.

John van Ruysbroeck was born in 1293 and passed away in 1381 at the ripe age of eighty-eight years. With the partial break of twenty-six years of work as a secular priest in Brussels, he may be said to have given himself almost exclusively from early boy-

hood to the withdrawn and cloistered life and to spiritual instruction. There is not a word to show that he travelled or had any knowledge of the world beyond the narrow limits of the capital and its environment. Nevertheless, in spiritual matters his experience is extraordinarily wide and intimate. In his later works especially, we find a subtlety and depth of feeling and insight that are rare even among the genuine mystics. And his intuition of the life of the spirit is sound and healthy; for he knows that the active and the contemplative modes must be blended for a fruitful outcome of the spiritual union, and that this union can become more intimate only by utter self-donation, not only to God, but also to one's fellow men. This sane life he lived most fully within the walls of the priory of Groenendael (Green Valley) after the age of fifty. But somehow the thought comes to us that had Jan van Ruusbroec known the world before his illumination, had he continued to live in it after his coming to know spiritually, we should perhaps have had a direct spiritual reform issuing from his activity, instead of an indirect influence on a comparatively few chosen souls. However, perhaps it is foolish to speculate on the might-have-been; we should rather content ourselves with Miss Underhill to make the best of what has been, and of what is in the writings and records that have come down to us. And Ruysbroeck did much and longed to do more; and it was in keeping with this desire that he broke with the ecclesiastical fashion of the time and wrote his great works in the vernacular. From these originals we have no translation into English save part of one treatise, and this by an imperfect knower of mediæval Flemish. And indeed even of versions from translations Latin or French (for though the German rendering is the best none exists through this medium) there is but a small fraction of John of Ruysbroeck's output.

Miss Underhill is pardonably severe on Maeterlinck's unfortunate phrase, 'an ignorant monk,' in his brilliant but superficial essay; nevertheless it must be admitted that Jan van Ruusbroec's training was narrow enough, even though he was to some extent acquainted with the ordinary theological curriculum of the day. He was a dull scholar as well, we learn. It is therefore all the more astonishing that in fundamentals he rose so superior to his external training, and that it did not hamper him more seriously. For ourselves we do not think that Ruysbroeck can be shown to be so 'orthodox,' in the accepted meaning of the term, as Miss Underhill tries her best to make

him out to be, though even she has to admit it is a hard task. For us the genuine inspiration of the spirit is such precisely because it transcends 'orthodoxy.' Ruysbroeck was a natural mystic; what was in him burst through in spite of, rather than because of, his theological schooling. The latter could never have been the prime cause in producing his works, the best of which are the creations of genius and not the product of the school. It is also of interest, and deserves the close attention of the reader, to see how, though Ruysbroeck writes a violent polemic of an apparently wholesale nature against quietism and pantheism, it is really the dangers and evils in this mode and this point of view which he combats so vigorously, and not either of them absolutely. And the psychological explanation of this strenuousness and bitterness is precisely because he felt that these were his own dangers and temptations; for both of them in their better meaning enter largely into his nature and teaching. The higher problems of pantheism and quietism are of great subtlety and difficulty, and cannot be disposed of summarily by the serious and experienced student. For this reason and for a number of others the works of Ruysbroeck are deserving of close attention, and we heartily recommend Miss Underhill's helpful volume to those of the readers of **THE QUEST** who are lovers of the mystic way and of the spiritual life.

THE SPIRIT OF JAPANESE ART.

By Yone Noguchi, author of 'The Spirit of Japanese Poetry,' etc.
 Wisdom of the East Series. London (Murray); pp. 114;
 2s. net.

READERS of **THE QUEST** are sufficiently well acquainted with the work, both in prose and verse, of the talented Japanese poet Yone Noguchi. He has lectured to the Quest Society on 'The Spirit of Japanese Poetry' and contributed a delightful sketch, called 'A Japanese Temple of Silence,' to the April number of **THE QUEST** for 1914, in the July number of which Mr. F. Hadland Davis also wrote on 'The Poetry of Yone Noguchi.' Mr. Cranmer-Byng, the editor of the Wisdom of the East series, has done well to secure this pleasant chat on *The Spirit of Japanese Poetry*, which allows us an instructive glimpse into the delicate æsthetic soul of the best art of Nippon. Mr. Noguchi's MS. has evidently been edited; but while due regard has been rightly paid to retaining as much of his quaint phrasing as is permissible, there is still a number of

lengthy sentences that should have been broken up and their meaning made clearer. It has frequently been said that the Japanese, and to an even greater extent the Chinese, are nervously less sensitively organised than the Western peoples; and there seems some truth in this, judging by their stoicism amidst the pangs of pain and refinements of torture. This gives rise to a most interesting psychological puzzle, for we have to ask ourselves: How comes it then that in races so organised nervously we find, at any rate in their best artists, a subtlety of taste and aristocracy of feeling that frequently make our own standards of æsthetic sensibility appear gross and *bourgeois*? Mr. Noguchi frequently twits certain phases of Western art with, 'vulgarity,' a term which for our poet apparently connotes the sin against the Holy Ghost in æsthetics. For the cultured Japanese, art is a religion, is spiritual; and in reading the subtle appreciations and criticisms of Yone Noguchi,—for subtle they are in spite of the quaint and apparently at times naïve phraseology in which they are expressed,—one cannot help the reflection that it is an additional proof of how far Teutonic *Kultur* has gone crazy when it vents its spleen by hurling at the Japanese the contemptuous insult of 'yellow monkeys.'

According to Yone Noguchi the most general characteristic mark of the spirit of Japanese art is that it aims at poetry and atmosphere rather than at mere style and purpose. For himself he is most deeply enamoured of silence and stillness, of the indeterminate and faint suggestion of subtle possibilities of spiritual emotion and delicate gossamer-like imagery,—a peculiarity indicated by his frequent use of the epithet 'grey.' Thus, for instance, to take one example out of many, he writes: "The atmosphere I want to create should be most impersonal, not touched or scarred by the sharpness of modern individualism or personality, but eternally soft and grey." Here we have the strong influence of the spirit of the contemplative Zen Buddhism upon Japanese art; it is essentially religious, but in a sense that is very different from the general religious mood of the West. In this connection Noguchi speaks of that idealism or dream where sensuousness and spirituality 'find themselves to be blood brothers or sisters.' Of one of the Japanese masters who has most perfectly caught this 'silence of grey and blue,' this 'stillness of atmosphere and tone,' he writes that his "art, indeed, is the highest art of Japan," and to this he hastens to add his own personal belief that this mode of art will also be finally the highest

art of the West. Now of late Western art has influenced a considerable school of Japanese artists; but in the opinion of Yone Noguchi this is at present an unnatural and inartistic mixture. Western notions of art must be absorbed and transmuted by the national genius if they are to have a really beneficial effect. And so he writes: "I have thought more than once that our importation of foreign art is a flat failure. It may be that we must wait some one hundred years at least before we can make it perfectly Japanese, just as we spent many years before thoroughly digesting Chinese art." Nevertheless he has to admit that before the importation of Western art Japanese painters were 'colour-blind artistically,' and that this same foreign art initiated the 'artistic eye' of the Japanese, which was only able to see everything flat, into the mysteries of perspective. Finally for himself he is of opinion that in the present age Japanese artists of all schools are 'greatly cursed by objectivity,' and he doubts whether the price Japanese art is now paying for this objectivity is not too tremendous; for it was, in his view, precisely in the citadel of subjectivity that the old high art of Japan rose and fell.

We would cordially recommend our readers who are lovers of æsthetics to spend a couple of hours with Yone Noguchi's pleasant meditations on the 'Spirit of Japanese Art.'

THE FELLOWSHIP OF SILENCE.

Being Experiences in the Common Use of Prayer without Words, narrated and interpreted by Thomas Hodgkin, L. V. Hodgkin, Percy Dearmer and J. C. Fitzgerald, together with the Editor, Cyril Hepher. London (Macmillan); pp. 241; 4s. 6d. net.

"THE Quaker has found in his Meeting a Sacrament in which Silence is the outward and visible sign." These words are taken from *The Stewardship of Faith*, a brilliant Modernist book recently written by Professor Kirsopp Lake of Harvard University. They came to our memory upon reading the above work as exactly explaining a curious position. For while the Rev. Cyril Hepher finds in Fellowship the 'very basis of the Sacraments,' George Fox considered the Silence of his meetings as the symbolic sign of the presence of the Holy Spirit working in and with the spirits of those who were gathered together in prayer, without words or ceremonies or externals of any kind whatever. His idea was really that of a sacramental silence speaking with power in the

hearts of his people, although he would never have used that word himself. We have indeed in this original work a curious and enlightening sign of the vital times in which we live and of the varying phases of faith through which we are now passing. The 'experiences' here recorded are rendered in their mystical meaning and are contributions to what our modern metaphysicians have come to call epistemology. It is for this reason that this quite unusual book will be found by many both interesting and delightful reading.

The book began to come to birth at Havelock, New Zealand, where, in 1912, the High Church editor had gone to preach for the Evangelical vicar there a mission, which was to be above all things of a sacramental character. But the unexpected happened once more, and the missionary seems to have learnt more than he taught. For he found in this little Colonial church of the Anglican communion a spiritual practice and method of prayer which was nothing more nor less than the Quaker's silent meeting held in an ecclesiastical edifice amidst all the usual signs of Catholic worship and decoration. That silent meeting so held in one of the churches of the Establishment which persecuted George Fox over two hundred years ago for daring to do this very thing in his own bare and empty building, is really the basis of the book. The editor speaks of this silence and prayer or 'quiet waiting upon God' as being a 'hidden treasure,' which he then and there discovered apparently for the first time. The Rev. Cyril Hopher writes: "The still silence was living with the sense of God, and the instinct for God, lying deep in the soul of man, was thereby set free." This is of course only another way of stating the well-known spiritual principle that Silence is the Voice of God. It is the ancient foundation fact upon which all the contemplative monastic orders have been and still are constituted. But in the most severe types this silence was coupled with solitude. The great idea of George Fox was 'silent fellowship.'

Amongst the papers making up this deeply interesting little book of 'experiences,' those by Mr. Thomas Hodgkin and his daughter Miss L. V. Hodgkin are the most unusual and illuminating. They are, as it were, the Quaker witnesses to the revelation of this silent meeting in a church. Miss Hodgkin's four short essays are instinct with the charming grace of a simple sincerity and living with their touch of tenderness. That on the 'Colour of Silence' is especially pregnant and poetical in its tracing out of the inner and emotional meanings of what she

calls 'this deep, dear Silence of ours.' In her other papers, 'The Surrender of Silence' and '*Ut Omnes Unum Sint*,' we get the deeper thoughts upon which all this spiritual power is founded; and in that 'On Silent Worship' Mr. Thomas Hodgkin writes in weighty words, that are worthy of sturdy old George Fox himself, the first of the Friends. In his share of the work the editor is throughout anxious to preserve the sanctity of the sacramental system as an essential of all real religion, but he generously admits that the secret of the 'hidden treasure' he found lay in the silent fellowship of the people at prayer, which he describes as a 'sacrament of friendship.' So we get down to thoughts far deeper than the technical or even the symbolical significance of a word or a rite, and arrive at true liberty of the spirit. In his concluding 'Silence Sermon across the Water,' the editor bases himself upon the tripartite division of man as body, soul, and spirit. He places the spiritual plane highest of all and states that we must learn how to still 'the intellect for the sake of the spirit,' which can only be done by a true interior silence. So he not only confirms the Quakerism of George Fox, but he falls into line with the greatest spiritual mystics of all countries and of all times.

F. W.

A MISSION TO HEAVEN.

The 'Shi Yeu Ki' by Chiu Chang Chun. Translated by Timothy Richard, late Chancellor and Director of the Shansi Government University. Shanghai (The Christian Literature Society); pp. xxxix + 362; Mex. \$6.00.

THIS strange medley of travel, myth, magic and religion has been regarded in China for some seven hundred years as a masterpiece of literature, and is one of the many literary monuments of the East of which the West is utterly ignorant. It was written by Chiu Chang Chun (1208-1288), who was first a Taoist priest living near Tsingtao, and later became an enthusiastic advocate of (Mahāyāna) Buddhism and also, as claimed by the translator, a convert to Nestorian Christianity. He recognised impartially the good in all these religions, and became the adviser of Kublai Khan, the first Mongol Emperor of China. This extraordinary document, which beggars description, is a work of considerable length, about double the size of the New Testament; Dr. Timothy Richard, the veteran broad-minded missionary, who has so assiduously en-

deavoured to bring the best in Christianity and Chinese Buddhism into some measure of harmony, has now summarised most of it and translated the rest for the first time into English; indeed it is the first time it has been translated into any language either Eastern or Western. There are thirty illustrations taken from a late Chinese text.

We quite despair of giving any adequate idea of the multifarious contents, and must fall back on the introductory summaries for indications of some salient points. In general it deals with the two great forces of good and evil, worked out in heaven, on earth and in hades, and with the final triumph of the good. Though not distinctly a book of travels it is cast into the form of a record of fourteen years' journey across Asia by a small and quaint group of pilgrims seeking the true scriptures; the travel idea is indubitably modelled on the famous travels of Hiouen Thsang to India for a similar purpose in the 7th century, but our travellers' final destination is heaven, not India. Our book describes, not only scenes in various continents of the then known world, but also imaginary regions in heaven, earth and hell, and abounds in marvellous adventures of gods, men and demons. It outlines creation in seven periods, and has indications of an elaborate scheme of astrology. Though the chief character is a Buddhist sage, the real hero is a marvellous monkey possessed of magical powers. Can there here be any possible connection with the famous monkey-god Hanumān of the Indian *Rāmāyana* epic? It must, however, be remembered that from the beginning in Buddhist scripture the sensuous, impulsive, ungoverned mentality is frequently likened to an ape. This wonderful ape, originally born from a peach stone, was evolved into a man, and finally became one of the great Buddhas in heaven. Doubtless there is an under-meaning in the peach stone and peach banquet and such like manifold details, on which the complex magic and mystery of Taoism and Chinese Buddhism could throw further light. Dr. Richard himself suggests that the peaches, the wine and the pills of immortality represent "the intellectual and spiritual fruit and wine and medicine of the enlightened mystics." And in general the book may be said to be an allegory describing the "progress from animal life to the human and intellectual, and then from the selfish intellectual life to the higher life of consideration for others, which again is the service of God and the immortals." The magic and alchemy of later Taoism, however, are over it all; and the forces of nature are regarded as true immortals. Whirlwinds,

blizzards and cyclones are thought of by the author "as the highways, or express trains, of spiritual forces, carrying terrible destruction to all who oppose them, but of unflinching help to those who are to be saved." The book abounds with magic ways of transporting its heroes from one part of the universe, seen and unseen, to the other with the rapidity of lightning. They can grow in appearance to the height of a hundred thousand feet or become minuter than a midge. The chief magic weapon of our marvellous ape is a tiny piece of wire which he carries in his ear, but which he can at will transform into an enormous club the size of a pillar—a weapon which no one else can wield in battle. The book is worth reading if only for the monkey's exploits; he is always to the fore with his ingenuity and valour; he goes to heaven, but as he steals the nectar of the celestials and gets drunk on it, he is naturally kicked out. But even that is a minor exploit in the list of marvels. In the midst of this strange medley there are frequently introduced the high teachings of Chinese Mahāyāna Buddhism, mingled of course with the elaborate mythology of its composite pantheon and serried ranks of excarnated saints and Buddhas.

We are not prepared to deny that there may be some imixture not only of Nestorian Christianity but also of Manicheism in some of the elements of the syncretic Chinese Buddhism of this period, and that we should look for it with most chance of finding it in the lengthy and discursive *Acta* of our tolerant and synthesising author. But Dr. Richard's indications are by no means convincing. He relies chiefly on chapter 88; but in it we can find absolutely nothing to indicate Nestorianism or any other form of Christianity. Here are the two key-passages according to the translator:

"The true Illustrious Religion is not human.
The great Way, whose origin is in all space,
Whose influence pervades the universe,
Has balm to heal all suffering."

This is pure Taoism of the great period. But Dr. Richard triumphantly points out that the word in the original for 'religion' is the same as that used on the famous Chinese Nestorian monument. Well, what then? In order to prove his point Dr. Richard would have to show that this term was peculiar to the Nestorian monument and not one of the general terms for religion. The second passage is a description of how the converted monkey

teaches three young princes 'how to pray'—which latter phrase Dr. Richard prints in full capitals as though it clinched the whole matter. But surely here again we are in full Taoism of a later form, combined with Buddhist contemplation, for we read :

"He ordered (them) . . . to go to a quiet room, where he drew the seven stars of the Great Bear on the floor, and made the princes kneel on them. He told them to close their eyes, concentrate their thoughts on some scripture truth, and let the breath of Heaven enter their bodies, so that God's spirit might dwell in their heart. After prayer, they would receive renewed power, being born again, their very bones being transformed, and they would become the sons of God. The princes then spent the whole night and day absorbed in a trance of new life. When they awoke and rose on their feet, they found themselves endowed with new strength."

The 'elixir of life' was one of the chief ends of Taoism and led in its higher forms to a spiritual alchemy; in original Taoism the perfect man was regarded as and called a son of God; regeneration, the being born into the 'class' of the worthy (*gotrabhū*) by means of contemplation and trance or ecstasy, is a technical Buddhist term even in Pali Buddhism, where there is no question of Christian immixture.

We are, however, practically in the pioneer stage of our study of the amazing wealth of Mahāyāna syncretism and, though we must hold Dr. Richard's main contention as 'non-proven' from the present document, we have to thank him for making the work accessible in part, and hope that *The Mission to Heaven* may attract the attention of scholars and induce them to enlighten us further on the subject.

ON LIFE'S BY-WAYS.

By Pierre Loti, Member of the Académie Française. Translated by Fred Rothwell. London (Bell); pp. 280; 5s. net.

THIS book of traveller's impressions, inconclusive and even non-moral as it is, yet full of that instinctive feeling for the soul of things which is the secret of the artist, seems to bring us into closer intimacy with the author than do some of his longer and more elaborate works. Some well-known traits strike us with the living touch of actual intercourse. The fear of, and the longing for death, which seem to be in some way connected in his mind,

as it might be the obverse and reverse of the same impression, are shown to us again and again, now in glimpses, now in fuller revelation. He describes how, in the village of Sare, on the evening of his farewell to the Basque country, "the gentle nuns, all dressed in black, file along the paths leading to the tombs, with blossoming rose-trees all around; then the *angelus*, just overhead, begins to ring out in the peaceful twilight To-night, in this ancient, well-preserved spot, from which so many prayers have been offered up, deep within my soul there momentarily rises a sense of resignation to soothing death, and at the sound of the *angelus*, amid these tombs and autumn rose-trees, in the quiet darkness, a deep religious peace comes over me" (p. 127). But what follows? "There, above the Eastern mountains, a great blood-red orb begins to rise: the moon, that emblem of eternal death, throws back my mind into the abyss of time, the unfathomable beginnings of things, and all the lure and delusion of a faith which, for a few moments, had been so soothing in the quiet cemetery, vanishes before this rose-coloured ball. Oh! the fright, I might almost say the horror this moon causes me, when it appears so close at hand, so near to the things of this earth, a sinister object, whose immutable eternity seems to defy our poor little ephemeral souls, our paltry thoughts on immortality" (p. 188).

After witnessing the death-agony of a worn-out horse in a bull-fight, he 'transfers his pity to himself,' feeling himself to be a more wretched creature than the dead animal, who has at least finished his course. This feeling reaches practical expression in the story of the pup that had been left to die on the shore, and whose cry of agony had drawn him from his bed at dawn, and induced him to descend the cliff by the aid of a rope in order to 'answer its appeal,' and which, after a 'momentary indecision,' he gently plunges in the water, covering its head with a stone, by way of fulfilling the injunction: "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." We get, as usual, glimpses of his extraordinary understanding of animal life, and the scene enacted on a housetop between the black and the white-and-yellow cat is one of those almost human dramas by which Pierre Loti has often thrown flash-lights on the mysteries of animal psychology.

The description of the Madrid of 1898, and the calm dignity with which the news of the defeat off Manila was received, is of historical interest, while the long account of Easter Island—so

clear in its unstressed details that it remains indelibly fixed in the memory—has also a less personal and a more scientific value.

But the deepest personal note, and one which conveys the impression that his other mental traits have each in some way a connection with his extraordinary *sense of the sea* (which he says has had 'charge of his life'), is struck in the concluding piece, 'After Reading Michelet'; in the course of which an incident of inner experience is related that, intentionally or not, draws partly aside the veil that shrouds a profound and elusive personality. "I remember one evening . . . when I was more closely than usual in contact and communion with the vital powers present in these seas. We were in the middle of the Atlantic, under the equator, in a region of heavy, warm downpours of rain, such as must have fallen when the world was young. It was the decline of one of those exceptional days when every veil between sky and sea was removed. . . . In the immense glowing void, two ships lay motionless, becalmed day after day, slowly rocked on the bosom of the sea; our own, and a strange vessel, away on the warm limpid horizon. Between four and five in the afternoon, just as the sun was beginning to cover the waters with gold, I was ordered to go in a tiny boat and visit this other ship, which had signalled to us. When midway, with the two motionless ships in the distance, the one in front and the other behind, I became aware that I was engaged in a most imposing and solemn *tête-à-tête* with the great silent deep. Alone in that frail boat with its low sides, urged on by six sailors all languid with the heat, I, a solitary insignificant being, was making my way over a sort of heaving watery waste, a smooth blue mother-of-pearl surface, streaked with gold. There was a mighty swell, howbeit gentle and soothing, beneath our boat, as we continued to advance with the same peaceful flow, rolling from one horizon to the other—long smooth undulations, immense risings of water following one another with rhythmic slowness, like the back of some gigantic beast, whose very indolence renders it harmless. Gradually and without any will of our own, we rose upon one of these fleeting blue crests; then we caught a momentary glimpse of the magnificent expanse of sea, flooded with light, whilst all the time we had the uneasy impression of being borne aloft by something fluid and unstable, something that would speedily disappear. The swell soon passed away, with the same gliding motion, the same treacherous gentleness, and once again we were in the trough of the wave. All this took place in utter silence,

without the slightest shock or sound. . . . This sun-kissed water, with its dull oily appearance, rocked our boat on its bosom like a tiny feather. . . . If we leaned over the side of the boat to take a little in the hollow of the hand, we saw that it was full of myriads of tiny plants or insects, literally swarming with living things. . . . Then did the sea appear before my eyes as Michelet saw it—the mighty crucible of life, whose ‘conceptions are unceasing, and whose births never-ending’” (pp. 228-230).

S. E. H.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BERGSON.

By the Hon. Bertrand Russell, Lecturer and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge (Bowes); pp. 36; 1s. net.

THIS pamphlet contains a criticism of Bergson's philosophy by the protagonist of the vigorous philosophical movement generally known as the New Realism, with a reply by Dr. Wildon Carr and a rejoinder by Mr. Russell. The criticism was first read as a paper to 'The Heretics' at Cambridge. The Hon. Bertrand Russell, who is a distinguished mathematician and whose philosophical views have sometimes been referred to as Platonic realism, is at daggers drawn with Bergson, whom he accuses in the first place of being entirely out of date in his mathematics. The latest developments of mathematics have no difficulty in conceiving of motion as continuous. Bergson's accusation that the mathematician thinks motion by a series of discontinuous states or points, and that the intellect can do nothing but spatialise and geometrise the continuous flux of becoming, is therefore not the case. His cinematograph analogy, whereby he seeks to show that the intellect can only take snap-shots at life, is beside the point. For "a cinematograph in which there are an infinite number of films, and in which there is never a *next* film because an infinite number come between any two, will perfectly represent a continuous motion." But this is a metaphysical cinematograph indeed, and we are left wondering. It is however true that the new mathematics have taught us much about infinity and *continua* which was previously unknown, and that Bergson has not taken this sufficiently into consideration in his onslaught on intellect and its proclivities to think matter. Bergson contends that the mathematical view of change "implies the absurd proposition that movement is made out of immobilities." To this Mr. Russell replies that this is at best a verbal quibble, and that the apparent

absurdity vanishes as soon as we realise that motion implies relation. "A friendship, for example, is made out of people who are friends, and not out of friendships. . . . So a motion is made out of what is moving and not out of motions." When, however, we are told that the whole of Bergson's theory of duration and time rests on the elementary confusion between present remembering and the past event remembered, and that Bergson equally confuses perception and the object of perception, and so blurs the distinction between mind and matter, we must protest that we have found no sufficient ground for this reproach in the philosopher's works.

As to fundamental principles, the doctrine of absolute motion as the origin of all things can be pushed too far, and if we are for ever to be confronted by an absolutely restless universe it is a wearying prospect to contemplate. Bergson has given us furiously to think about many things and has a freshness and suggestiveness that belong to few modern thinkers. But his utterly restless universe leaves us unsatisfied in spite of the freedom which he offers us so convincingly. Mr. Russell is one of the ablest critics of Bergson; nevertheless we venture to think that he has done less than justice in some important respects to the brilliant French writer whom he criticises, and especially when he concludes that "there is no room in this philosophy for the moment of contemplative insight when . . . we become conscious of the greater ends that redeem man." This deduction is based mainly on his contention that for Bergson the good which he hopes to see realised in the world is 'action for the sake of action.' It is true that Bergson's onslaught on finalism apparently in any shape or form gives colour to this contention and conclusion. Nevertheless it seemed when we read the criticism a premature interpretation of the mind of the philosopher, who has not as yet dealt with the ethical implications of his method, for he makes no claim to set up a system. And now as a matter of fact it is seen to be an erroneous gloss, for in a recent eloquent speech referring to the horrors of the War, Bergson has declared with the most vigorous emphasis that all our material advance and scientific progress are of no value whatever unless dominated by a moral purpose. Therefore Mr. Russell's main conclusion falls to the ground and the sting is taken out of his final words, which read :

"Those to whom activity without purpose seems a sufficient good will find in Bergson's books a pleasing picture of the universe. But those to whom action, if it is to be of any value, must be

inspired by some vision, by some imaginative foreshadowing of a world less painful, less unjust, less full of strife than the world of every-day life, those, in a word, whose action is built on contemplation, will find in this philosophy nothing of what they seek."

In his rejoinder to Dr. Carr, however, Mr. Russell sums up his position less positively by saying:

"I hold that much less can be known about the universe as a whole than many philosophers are inclined to suppose; I should not therefore assert dogmatically that the universe is other than it is said to be in this or that system, unless the account in question appeared self-contradictory. What I do maintain is that, in view of the mistakes in Bergson's reasoning, his conclusions remain mere imaginative possibilities to be placed alongside of the thousand other possibilities invented by cosmic poets."

We may add that a similar reproach has been brought against all philosophers without distinction by their critics; for who of them has not been found guilty of self-contradiction? It is however something of a distinction to be a cosmic poet as well as a philosopher.

PRAGMATISM AND FRENCH VOLUNTARISM.

With Especial Reference to the Notion of Truth in the Development of French Philosophy from Maine de Biran to Professor Bergson. By L. Susan Stebbing, M.A., Tutor and Lecturer King's College for Women, Visiting Lecturer Girton College. Cambridge (University Press); pp. 169; 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is No. VI. of the Girton College Studies and an extended form of Miss Stebbing's thesis for the London M.A. It is not only an able but also an interesting and useful piece of work, especially owing to its discriminating account of French Voluntarism, of which Prof. Bergson is so distinguished an exponent. It gives the amateur Bergsonian a much needed setting to what he generally regards as an isolated phenomenon. Miss Stebbing's subject and standpoint is lucidly set forth in her own words as follows:

"It is the fashion among present-day philosophers to depreciate reason, and in the forefront of these are the French Voluntarists—especially Bergsonian Intuitionists—and the Pragmatists. But in their methods and conclusions they are obviously

opposed, and an attempt is made to show that in no sense can the French Voluntarists be classed as Pragmatists. In their treatment of the problem of truth this divergence becomes marked. Both, however, fail to give a satisfactory account of truth, the Pragmatist because he identifies truth with one of its consequences, the Bergsonian Intuitionist because he identifies truth with reality. Hence both resort to non-intellectual methods of determining truth and of solving metaphysical problems. But only, it is urged, by the admission of the non-existential character of truth and by the complete working out of the demands of intellect can we obtain knowledge that is at once complete and rational, hence truly *knowledge*."

We have read this able thesis with pleasure and profit, and should like to give it a more adequate notice than the demands on our space permit. By all means let us have a 'complete working out of the demands of intellect,' but also at the same time let us never forget that 'man' is more than intellect. Intellect cannot give us 'complete knowledge'; for that nothing but the whole man and the full use of all his activities can suffice. Intuitionism and intellectualism should be synthesised and not divorced; both are necessary as mutual complementary factors in the whole. Divided they are either sterile or give birth to abortive progeny; united they are the parents of a truly spiritual offspring.

THE LIVING TOUCH.

By Dorothy Kerin. London (Bell); pp. 96; 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is an interesting and in some ways a remarkable account of a cure in a young woman of long-standing phthisis, which she and her mother and her nurses believed to be miraculous. Miss Dorothy Kerin's story of the occurrence and her vision is written simply and sincerely, though too vaguely, and with considerable religious and emotional fervour and feeling. We completely believe in her good faith and in that of those whose written testimonies are added by way of confirmation. All the same it is, we think, matter for regret that the book was not made much better, as it so easily could have been, by a more precise statement with dates, facts, age and particulars. No one now-a-days will lightly accept the explanation of a miracle. Turning then to the other theory of 'faith healing' or auto-suggestion, we feel obliged to call for further evidence. As it stands, the story tells

us of a girl who from birth had always been delicate, sensitive, loving pictures of angels and all spiritual things. After a series of illnesses we get to about the year 1907, when we are told that, after a bacteriological examination, the malady was definitely diagnosed as phthisis. From that date there were hæmorrhages, doctors and nursing homes, being taken home to die in 1909, living bedridden for five years continuously. Altogether it is said that twenty-eight doctors gave no hope of her recovery, and in December, 1911, two doctors declared her disease to be tubercular peritonitis.

Both the girl herself and her mother state that on Saturday, February 17, 1912, a Dr. Norman said she could not live through the following day.

On the morrow in the evening she got up, saying, "I am quite well," walked at once about the house and ate a hearty meat meal, which she had not done for years. There was no period of conalescence; her wasted condition vanished, the flesh had come back and she seemed perfectly sound and healthy. A fortnight later she was examined by X-Ray specialists and pronounced whole and well; nor could the usual tests discover by reaction any sign of tuberculosis. So she remained in good health until September, 1918, when, as the result either of assault or accident, her head was injured and another apparently miraculous cure occurred, into which we need not enter here.

The claim made is thus the highest possible. It is nothing less than that a case of confirmed phthisis lasting quite five years, during which the patient was helplessly bedridden, complicated with tuberculosis and hæmorrhage and latterly blindness, was completely cured, suddenly and at once, during a vision in which an angel said, "Get up and walk!" Again we have no doubt about the good faith of the story or of the fact that, after this event, the girl was whole and well. But, as in most of these stories, the published evidence of her disease is weak. There was no X-Ray diagram taken before the cure; the Dr. Norman who attended her before and after does not give his testimony. The still unknown depths of neurasthenia and hysteria and the possibilities of unconscious simulation of those very symptoms on which all these doctors mainly depended, must always leave room for doubt in cases of this nervous and emotional type.

F. W.

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