

THE QUEST

A Quarterly Review.

Edited by G. R. S. Mead.

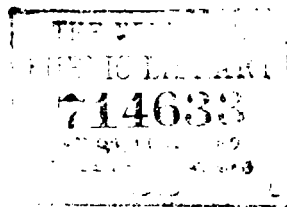
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THE QUEST.



ITALIAN THINKERS OF THE PRESENT.

W. TUDOR JONES, Ph.D.

I.

INTRODUCTION—THE WORKS OF CROCE, VARISCO AND ALIOTTA.

THAT a philosophical movement of the greatest significance is at the present day in full force in Italy is clear to everyone who is acquainted with the literature of the subject. Until lately that literature was confined to the language of its own country, but within the last ten years a number of the most important works has appeared in English and German, and is beginning to exercise a deep influence on European thought.

Since the death of Rosmini in 1855 Italian thought had become, until lately, largely dominated by the philosophy of Hegel. Rosmini's most important works appeared in English more than a quarter of a century ago, but most of them are now, I believe, out of print. They contain much that is of great importance in the domain of philosophical thought. Rosmini was more

than a mere echo of the great thinkers of the past. He was, it is true, greatly indebted to the works of Plato, St. Thomas, Descartes, Leibniz, Kant, Schelling and Hegel, but he was able to construct a system of thought which was in a peculiar sense his own. He taught a kind of Real-Idealism which he designated as Psychologism. Like Descartes he started from the 'thinking self'; and from the content of the 'thinking self' framed his conceptions of Reality. The knowledge of the Real, according to Rosmini, is not anything found in the external world but in Ideas. Of these Ideas the most universal, the highest, and the most original Idea is that which is inborn and *à priori*—i.e. the idea of Being. This Idea precedes every judgment which the mind is able to frame; it is nothing sensible; it needs no other idea in order to grasp it; it is grasped by means of a spiritual intuition alone. Such an Idea, according to Rosmini, includes the Idea of God. The existence of God is known *à priori*; indeed the Idea of Being—of our own Being—produces effects which cannot proceed from us as mere individuals, but must have proceeded from an Absolute Reality. Civilisation and morality thus originate by handling everything according to its value in the scale of Reality. The aim of History is thus a realisation of the Idea of Humanity. Such an Idealism was bound to influence deeply the most selective minds that came into contact with it. This has proved itself to be actually the case. Rosmini's teaching has created a School which has enabled the thinkers of his country to avoid many of the shallows of Positivism on the one hand, and many of the bogs of Hegelianism on the other. And besides this, Rosmini's teaching has exercised a deep influence on the Philosophy of the Roman Catholic Church of which

he was a member throughout his life. The opposition which his teaching received was on the whole mild, and even this did not come from the higher quarters but from a number of the unlearned. It is to the credit of his Church that Rosmini's teaching obtained partial freedom to develop his system during his own life-time.

There is no space for me to show that there were important elements of Plato and Hegel in Rosmini's system. It is sufficient to say that, after Rosmini's death, Hegelianism became the fashionable creed of Italian thinkers. A parallel instance is to be found in our own country. The works of Stirling, John and Edward Caird, T. H. Green, William Wallace, R. L. Nettleship, McTaggart, Mackenzie and others in England are sufficient evidence of the truth of the statement.

But Italy is not merely indebted to Hegel; it has raised upon its own soil thinkers who actually anticipated Hegel and Kant. The most important of these is Giambattista Vico (1668-1774), who may be designated as the real precursor of Hegel. Vico's life was a sad one, and the stars in their courses seemed to be fighting against him in so far as earthly success was concerned; but there was something whose origin is beyond the stars and their courses present as a spark within his soul. It is lamentable to witness how his writings have been so long neglected. Even such a historian as Windelband has hardly a word to say of him, and the sole monograph of Vico in England is that written by the late Professor Flint of Edinburgh for Blackwood's *Philosophical Classics*. But Croce has at last done justice to Vico, and his book is now available in English. I shall have to refer to it at a later stage in this article.

Just as Vico anticipated Hegel, so Antonio Genovesi (1712-1769) anticipated Kant in many important respects.

These facts are pointed out in order to show that the Italian thinkers of the present have behind them several of their own great thinkers as well as Kant and Hegel. And it is to some of the most prominent of these that we now turn.

II.

BENEDETTO CROCE.—Croce (b. 1866) is Professor of Philosophy in the University of Naples. Five of his works have already appeared in England and one small work on Aesthetics in America, whilst several of the volumes have appeared in Germany. Croce's main strength lies within the domain of criticism. He is far stronger in analysing and discovering the weakness of other thinkers than in creating any closed system of his own, though there is much in his writings which is constructive and original.

In the realm of the Philosophy of History Croce has been deeply influenced by Vico and Hegel. His *Philosophy of Vico* appeared in England in 1913 (London; Allen and Unwin). The translation by R. G. Collingwood is an excellent piece of work—it is true to the original, and yet keeps close to English philosophical terminology and idiom. In this book Croce presents Vico's Theory of Knowledge with special clearness. Amongst the rich mass of material we take here one or two elements which have direct bearing on some of the latest phases of Philosophy. We hear much to-day of the place of creativeness in Philosophy, and of the need of Philosophy taking into account not

only the external world but also the world of consciousness. The growth of Natural Science during the latter half of the last century has made it imperative for thinkers to emphasise once again the function and content of the human mind. Croce points out how Vico actually created a Theory of Knowledge far in advance of that presented by Descartes. Vico laid down the principle that as only the *creator* of a thing can know the thing, the whole of reality must be divided into the world of nature and the world of man. The world of nature is created by God, and therefore God alone knows it. Vico was agnostic in this sense—in the sense which Kant after him emphasised. The truth is that we can know far more about the world of mind or spirit than about the external world. Vico asserted “that the human world, being man’s creation, is known by man. In this way his Theory of Knowledge raised the knowledge of human affairs, formerly considered proximate and probable, to the rank of perfect science; and it expressed surprise that philosophers should so laboriously endeavour to attain to a science of a world of nature, which is a sealed book to mankind, while passing over the world of man, the science of which is attainable. The cause of this error Vico traced to the ease with which man’s mind, involved and buried as it is in his body, feels bodily things, and the labour and pains it costs to understand itself, as the bodily eye sees all objects outside itself, but in order to see itself requires the help of the mirror” (Croce’s *Philosophy of Vico*, p. 24).

It thus seems that man is more certain of the powers that dwell within his own mind and spirit than of the external forces of nature. In the former, there is an immediacy of knowledge and experience which

may be termed intuition, and which is practically identical with Bergson's and Volkelt's usage of the term intuition. This influence of Vico is found on the three Italian thinkers we have selected for consideration in this article.

Another important point presented by Vico and clearly interpreted by Croce, and playing, indeed, an important part in the latter's *Aesthetics*, is the emphasis laid on the relation of Philosophy and Language. Vico emphasised the continual need of the study of Philology. The meaning which he attached to Philology is well expressed by Croce: "By Philology Vico means not only the study of words and their history, but since words are bound up with the ideas of things, he means also the history of things. Thus philologists deal with war, peace, alliances, travels, commerce, customs and every other subject connected with man's life on the earth. Philology, in a word, in Vico's sense, embraces not only the history of language or literature, but also that of events, philosophy and politics" (*Life of Vico*, p. 31). The diplomatists and politicians of Europe have not yet learned this lesson, and it is no wonder. Vico's teaching has remained underground for centuries, but its recovery and interpretation in Croce's teaching are likely in time to make the diplomatists and politicians of the future look with astonishment at the appalling ignorance of their 'brethren' of the present day—fellow-workers, at the beginning of the 20th century, who never believed in Philosophy but who muddled along in a haphazard manner through the chaos of the events which presented themselves, without any principle or norm to guide them to differentiate between the various values which were imbedded in the collective experiences of mankind.

Croce points out that Vico's philosophy would have created *wisdom* and *insight* had it obtained fair play; for what else can Philosophy mean than an increased guidance to man in all the complex affairs of the world and in the perplexing complications of his own consciousness. "It is the faculty which rules over all studies and by which all the sciences and arts that go to make humanity are acquired. And since man is both thought and spirit, intellect and will, it must satisfy both these sides of man, the second as the result of the first; it must teach the knowledge of divine things, to bring to perfection things human. The wise man is man in his totality and entirety, the whole man" (*Philosophy of Vico*, p. 235).

A great deal of Croce's own teaching moves on similar lines, and the deep influence of Vico is perceptible everywhere.

As already stated, Vico anticipated Hegel, especially in the realm of the Philosophy of History. Croce about fifteen years ago turned to the interpretation of Hegel and published a volume on *The Permanent and Transient in the Philosophy of Hegel*. This small work has gone through three editions in Italy; it has been translated into German and greatly appreciated; and it is now available in English under the somewhat cumbersome title *What is Living and What is Dead in the Philosophy of Hegel* (tr. Douglas Ainslie, Macmillan & Co., 1915). This volume of Croce's deserves high praise though not the eulogy passed on it by the translator in his introduction. It is not quite correct to state that this interpretation of Croce's is something original or unique. Abler and deeper are the studies of Kuno Fischer, Stirling, Wm. Wallace, and McTaggart. But still we are grateful for the volume,

for it is a very able piece of work. It shows clearly Hegel's influence on Croce. The main value of the work lies in its illuminating exposition of Hegel's Dialectic. Croce is well aware of the splendid work done in England in this respect. "Far more important than the German studies, are the studies on Hegelianism which have been carried on for over thirty years in England. There the work of Stirling has shown itself to be very fruitful; for there Hegel is clearly expounded, truthfully interpreted and criticised reverently and with freedom of mind. In return, the powerful spirit of Hegel has for the first time awakened the speculative minds of the English, who have been for centuries the world-purveyors of empirical philosophy and who even in the last century seemed incapable of producing any philosophers better than Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer" (Croce's *Hegel*, pp. 215-216).

Croce himself, at the close of the volume, admits his indebtedness to Hegel. "I am," he says, "and believe it to be necessary to be, an Hegelian; but in the same sense in which anyone who has a philosophical spirit and philosophical culture in our time, is and feels himself to be at once Eleatic, Heraclitean, Socratic, Platonic, Aristotelian, Stoic, Sceptic, Neoplatonic, Christian, Buddhist, Cartesian, Spinozist, Leibnizian, Vichian, Kantian, and so on. That is to say, in the sense that no thinker and no historical movement of thought comes to pass without bearing fruit, without depositing an element of truth, which forms part, consciously or no, of living modern thought. Neither I nor any sensible person would wish to be an Hegelian, in the sense of a servile and obsequious follower, who professes to accept every word of the master, or in the

sense of a religious sectarian, who considers disagreement a sin. In short, Hegel too discovered a moment of truth; to this moment we must accord recognition and value. That is all. If this does not happen just at present it does not matter. *The idea is not in a hurry*, as Hegel used to say. The same content of truth must be reached, sooner or later, by a different way; and, if we have not availed ourselves of his direct help, yet when we look back upon the history of thought, we must still proclaim him, with much marvel, a prophet" (Croce's *Hegel*, p. 216). It is in Croce's *Logic*, *Aesthetics*, and *The Philosophy of Conduct*, that his main indebtedness to Hegel is most clearly seen. We are grateful to Mr. Ainslie for his excellent translation of a fine book. He deserves our thanks for the great work he has done in connection with three of Croce's most important works.

Another small work of Croce's is *Historical Materialism and the Economics of Karl Marx* (Allen and Unwin, 1914, translated by C. M. Meredith). The translation is of a very high order, and the introduction by A. D. Lindsay is of great value. The volume consists of occasional letters and short articles. One of Croce's main points is to show that Marx's theory of value is economic and not moral. Besides this criticism of the Marxian theory Croce analyses and criticises the theories of Professors Stammer, Labriola and Pareto. The volume makes clear Croce's important distinction between the economic and the moral.

When we turn to Croce's *Aesthetics as Science of Expression and General Linguistic* we find the final shape of one of the main pillars of his thought presented. The work appeared in England in 1909 (tr. Ainslie; Macmillan & Co.).

Croce defines Aesthetics as the Science of Expression, and opens his volume by showing that human knowledge has two factors—the intuitive and the logical. The former obtains knowledge by means of the imagination; the latter by means of the intellect. Thus human knowledge is productive either of images or of concepts. These two aspects are of course not found entirely apart in the human mind. Perception is intuition. It is this intuitive or expressive knowledge which constitutes the aesthetic or artistic fact. But there must be a conscious subject to contemplate the world. The fundamental forms of knowledge are thus shown to be two—the intuitive and the conceptual, and so we get the two disciplines of Art and Science or Philosophy. “The intuition gives the world—the phenomenon; the concept gives the noumenon—the spirit” (*Aesthetics*, p. 52). The aesthetic activity is not only theoretical but also practical, but the practical activity follows the theoretical. Croce further examines practical activity and divides it into the economic and the ethical. All this is worked out in an original manner. In many ways Croce leaves traditional philosophy behind himself. For instance, the old division of man’s consciousness into thought, feeling and will is modified by him. In fact, feeling in the ordinary sense is, according to Croce, only another name for thought in action.

In the emphasis which he lays on Thought, Croce, in the main, follows Hegel. With Croce logical knowledge—knowledge of the meaning and universality of the concept—is to be obtained by means of syntheses of opposites, and in such syntheses is Reality to be found. In Judgment, Definition, and Inference man becomes the possessor of a new kind

of Reality—a Reality which exists alongside of the world of ordinary existence. Such a second world presents us with a *Sollen* (an Ought) which is the expression of the will of man. But in this fact, Croce points out, there is no dualism between thought and action; the thought is thought of an action, and the action is an act of thought. Thought and Will are thus indissolubly connected. There is no space for me to show how all this is an important modification of the Kantian Philosophy, and is destined to have far-reaching consequences.

As all this may appear somewhat unfamiliar to the reader unacquainted with philosophical terminology, let us turn to the more practical side of Croce's teaching and see what its real message is. He stands, in the first place, for the reality of mind or spirit. He is aware of the failure of Natural Science and Positivism to grant man the higher forms of reality. He would certainly accept all that the valid conclusions of Natural Science have to present concerning the universe and human life. But the fact is often overlooked by scientists that every branch of Natural Science does not say enough—does not say the whole—concerning life. Where are we to look for the More that is to be said? Evidently not in something which has no relation to the mind, not in something which has not grown up as a growth of the mind itself. We must turn to something which springs from the very nature of thought. By means of reflection the mind comes to meaning, value and significance. Croce would not say that these exhaust Reality. There may be, and we believe there is, a Reality to which the most universal concepts must refer. Croce's contemporaries, Varisco and Aliotta, think so too. Although Croce himself does

not go quite so far, still he has left the empirical and positivistic planes far below himself, and has ascended to a realm of the spirit, and feels that there are heights still to be scaled because the possibilities of life are inexhaustible. He is conscious that it is useless to try to compress life within the realm of any system of Science or even of Philosophy. He closes the Philosophy of Conduct with the two notes of assurance and humility—assurance that the economic, ethical and aesthetical worlds have alongside of them a world of the universality of meaning and experience, and it is in this world of the universal that everything else obtains its final meaning. Life has one end of its field always open: "No philosophical system is definite, because Life itself is never definite. A philosophical system solves a group of problems historically given and prepares the conditions for the posing of other problems, of new systems. Thus it has always been and thus it will always be. In such a sense, Truth is always surrounded with mystery, an ascending to ever higher heights, which are without a summit, as Life is without a summit. At the end of one of his researches every philosopher just perceives the uncertain outlines of another, which he himself, or he who comes after him, will achieve. And with this modesty, which is of the nature of things themselves; with this modesty, which is also confidence that I have not thought in vain, I bring my work to a conclusion, offering [it] to the well-disposed as an instrument of labour" (closing passages of the *Philosophy of the Practical*).

III.

BERNARDO VARISCO.—He was born in 1850, and is at present Professor of Theoretical Philosophy in the

University of Rome. Outside his own country he is not yet well known, but he is rapidly rising in favour in England, France and Germany. Two of his volumes have just appeared in the Library of Philosophy (Allen & Unwin): *The Great Problems* has been translated by Richard Lodge, and *Know Thyself* by G. Salvadori.¹

Varisco differs from Croce in several respects. Croce possesses a good deal of the qualities of the artist and the poet besides those of the philosopher. Varisco, on the other hand, is a purely logical and metaphysical thinker. His works are devoid of any of the literary flavour of Croce and Aliotta. Not a word is inserted but which has to serve towards the elucidation of the argument he has under consideration. This fact renders his books far from easy reading, and it is only the pure love of truth that keeps one to his processes. But one is helped by him immensely through his illustrations of facts in the natural world which seem on the surface to contain no metaphysical problem at all. These facts seem self-evident to the ordinary mind. Yet Varisco uses these as illustrations for the elucidation and interpretation of the most subtle problems in Metaphysics.

Varisco can never hope to obtain the audience destined for Croce and Aliotta, but he seems to me to be even a deeper thinker than either of the two, and seems to touch deeper 'grounds' of the universe and of life. When his system is worked out and popularised by his pupils—as far as this is possible—I believe he

¹ Varisco's other writings are: *Scienza e opinioni*, 1901; *Le mie opinioni*, 1903; *Introduzione alla filosofia naturale*, 1903; *Studi di filosofia naturale*, 1903; *Corpo e anima*, 1903; *Forza e energia*, 1904; *La conoscenza*, 1904; *Paralipomeni alla conoscenza*, 1905; Articles in *Rivista di filos.*, 1901, 1908; *Rev. filos.*, 1902, 1906; *Das Subjekt und die Wirklichkeit*, in the *Logos*, 1911.

will be remembered as one of the deepest thinkers of the first quarter of the 20th century. The two volumes which have just appeared in English deal more directly with these deeper problems than probably any of his other works. It is also fortunate that the translations have been placed in such capable hands. *The Great Problems* should be studied prior to *Know Thyself* because, in one sense, the latter carries further the problems which had to be left largely on one side in the former. Varisco himself states that his system is not yet complete. The attempt made in the two volumes is nothing less than to give a presentation of certain fundamental investigations concerning man and the universe. Great questions present themselves to every reflective mind, and these are not easy of solution, but demand the most strenuous labour and concentration for their partial solution. But the labour is worth the while, for the results attained will grant man a knowledge and experience of reality, and will finally lead him to God. Varisco's call for 'The Search after Truth' opens *The Great Problems*. "The world has value for us; it is the source of pleasures and pains, of life and death. Does Nature tend towards an End? To this End, if End there be, can we in any way contribute? If so, how? What shall we say of the history of Man? Will it one day end, leaving no more trace of itself than a bubble in water? Or is it directed towards an End? Does personality survive the body? Suppose it does: Will its states in the future depend—and in what way and to what extent—on its conduct here? Suppose it does not survive: Is it still possible—and if so, how—to assign a value to the individual life, in spite of the horrors with which fate threatens it and which it not rarely inflicts upon

it? Is there or is there not, above things or in things, a Principle of wisdom and goodness which governs them? Propounding to ourselves these questions and others inseparably connected with them—the Great Problems—we seek a knowledge, a theory, which has a practical importance of the first order" (*The Great Problems*, p. 1).

Varisco goes on to show that the search after truth is not a search in vain. The search is necessitated by our very nature as human beings. "Man is not content, like the brute, to repeat constantly the same cycle of operations: he strives necessarily towards a 'better.' And how are we to know this 'better' without search? The search, if it be comprehensive enough, will enable man to see that even to this day there are two opposite conceptions of truth whose reconciliation we ought to strive to bring about. These conceptions may be termed the Christian and the Humanistic. The first of these makes the 'better'—or rather, the absolute Good—consist in an order, willed by God, which goes beyond the field of this life and which each of us can realise in the Beyond, provided that he fulfils here below the will of God. The subordination of terrestrial Ends to those of the world beyond is essential to this conception. Whereas the other, the Humanistic, does not recognise or admit other than terrestrial Ends, another life than the present, other duty than that laid down by the aspiration towards a 'better,' an aspiration which has a value of its own, and not as evidence of an unvarying good outside us" (*The Great Problems*, p. 3). The hope of the Western world consists in knowing where the truth lies; and the main work of religion is to solve the great problems which at present baffle us.

Varisco emphasises that we must try to understand our powers and pass beyond them in knowledge and experience. But this is possible only in so far as we use the truths we actually possess, for it is these that lead us to new truths. Although man must constantly feel the ground of actual, every-day experience under his feet, still he must construct the best possible theory from the elements of the experiences which present themselves to him from day to day. Thus analysis and synthesis are constantly needed in all thought and action. Theory and practice are both needful for the perpetual unfolding of life. Our danger in this country to-day is probably an over-emphasis on the practical side of things with the consequent neglect of theory. The German danger is in making an idol out of every theory and in ignoring the simple, practical elements of life, especially as these reveal themselves on the humanitarian side.

Everywhere Varisco emphasises the need that man should deal with everything *ex veritate*, for this is the sole condition for removing the chaos of the human world. And to do all *ex veritate* is of supreme importance and the sole condition of success, not only in the realm of knowledge but also in the realms of morals and religion.

It is of interest here to notice that Varisco does not terminate the solution of the Great Problems within the domain of Ethics, but passes beyond to Religion. He shows that 'the unity of Being,' *i.e.* the existence of the Universal, Rational, Eternal, Divine, that penetrates things, is no longer to be disputed. Materialism, under whatsoever form, and coarse Atheism are eliminated for ever. "The realm of Values is not that of the pleasures and pains of the senses, but

that of the rational knowing activity. At the same time we have overcome and definitely eliminated the conception of creation, according to which God and the World would be outside each other. That the Divine is immanent in things, and that things have existence in the Divine, is as certain as the existence of the Divine and the things" (*The Great Problems*, p. 268). But we are told over and over again that this insight into the nature of the universe and of life is not to be obtained without constant effort. Varisco calls man to know Reality, and such knowledge will become something more than knowledge. "That it may be possible to penetrate the rational organisation of the universe, we must neglect none of the fundamental characteristics of the universe and of reason. To construct a theory without caring about practice is contrary to common sense. Theory must be the theory of practice, and it is itself a practice. To know signifies to value. The great problems are problems of Values" (*ibid.*, p. 269).

Where can the nations of Europe obtain better advice than in the following passage at the close of *The Great Problems*? "Each man in the field of human experience ought to be good and energetic. He ought to work for others, and count on the aid of others; he ought, moreover, never to lose sight of himself, and ought to render himself capable of sufficing for himself. In the field of human experience, the two requirements, far from excluding each other, integrate each other. Only the good are truly energetic; only the energetic are truly good." Varisco's final words in *The Great Problems* are full of optimism for the moral progress of the world. "The unity of reason assures us that the influence of diversity in practical criteria—let us say simply the influence of wickedness—will gradually be

restricted. A time will come when the bad will have to be content with doing wrong, and will no longer be able to assume the appearance of justifying their own erroneous valuations with systems which seem, but are not, coherent with systems which have the appearance of truth. That moment will come. One who has confidence in the destinies of man and in the power of reason cannot doubt it. But it is not yet come, and we must prepare for it."

Know Thyself carries further into the realms of Metaphysics and Religion the themes presented in *The Great Problems*. Varisco moves on some of the lines laid down by Hegel, Rosmini, Edward Caird and F. H. Bradley, though it cannot be said that he is even an echo of them. His voice is his own, and his conclusions are the results of his own reflections. It is a voice, I feel convinced, which is destined to leave a very deep influence on the thought of the day.

IV.

ALIOTTA.—Professor Aliotta is one of the younger generation of teachers. He lectures at the Royal University of Padua. Before the issue of his book on *The Idealistic Reaction against Science* (Macmillan & Co., 1914) he was practically unknown outside his own country. It is only just to give a word of praise to the translator—Agnes McCaskill—for her excellent version. She has accomplished a magnificent piece of work. The volume is of great importance. It presents an interpretation and criticism of all the scientific and philosophical systems of the present day, whilst the final chapter (of nearly 100 pages) presents the author's own system. Aliotta seems perfectly at home in the

philosophies of England, France, Germany and America. Like Croce and Varisco, he too sees the impending doom of all the mechanical systems of the universe and of life. The time has arrived when the intellect should be conceived as only *one* avenue to reality; will and imagination are to be more and more recognised as providing other, and more important, avenues. In dealing with Agnostic Positivism, Aliotta shows that mechanism and evolution are two concepts which cannot be derived from one another, since they correspond to two different aspects of nature—one quantitative, the other qualitative. The Natural Sciences which deal with the laws of the inorganic world have next to nothing of importance to say concerning the greatest things in the world. "The scientific method is thus proved to be inadequate, not only in the field of speculation, but also in that of phenomena itself. The theory of evolution, whilst thus calling attention to the new forms and new concrete aspects assumed by reality in the process of development, to the irreversible direction of development in time, and to the hierarchical order of the beings which rise little by little to higher forms of life, reveals a world beyond and above abstract mechanism and indifferent to every temporal and hierarchical order—the world of valuation and history" (p. 11). Aliotta shows that Intuitionism, Pragmatism and Intellectualism are no more than partial views of life. "Scientific experience is not the only one which can and must serve as the basis of philosophical speculation; our mind possesses other functions which are no less vital and no less original and profound. Art and moral life are not a tissue of illusions, but spheres of conscious reality, whose existence cannot be questioned, and philosophy must take these data also into

account if it would give us a total conception of the world. The contemporary speculative currents of thought which have arisen in opposition to intellectualism, possess the merit of having asserted in no uncertain voice the rights of feeling and will against the excess of scientific materialism and the cold indifference of agnostic positivism; but they have allowed themselves to be carried too far by the reactionary movement, and have ended by going to the opposite extreme and sacrificing understanding to mystical inspirations, wild flights of imagination and the crude utilitarianism of practice" (*ibid.*, p. 405).

It is pointed out in many places in the volume how necessary concrete thought is in the construction of our views of the world and of life. No philosophy can be complete or satisfying which leaves out of account any of the aspects of thought. Aliotta shows that thought, on its intellectual level, by means of the concept and the judgment, carries the individual to a realm beyond the passing moment; it gives values to moments which transcend the ordinary experiences of life. But such thought is activity developing in an individual consciousness, in which the act of conception does not involve the cessation of volition and feeling. The truth which is present is something 'given,' it is true, but it is 'given' to a conscious subject that has to understand it and make it its own. Hence the need of realising the work of the subject in the apprehension of reality. Aliotta thus insists that the subject has to react upon the material which is presented to it, and can never remain a mere passive recipient of something that comes ready-made from the outside. Idealism has often forgotten this work of the subject. Aliotta rejects the thesis of Absolute Idealism and turns to a

Theism on the lines laid down in this country by Professor James Ward. There is no satisfaction in either Naturalism or Absolute Idealism, but in a principle that exists in the universe—a principle analogous to the best that is within man's spiritual nature. "This principle is for us an Absolute Self-conscious Personality, which is, like our mind, Volition, Thought, and Imagination in one indivisible whole, an Ego, which is not motionless and shut up in an abstract identity, but eternally renews itself in its inexhaustible life. Creative activity is its essence, just as it is the essence of our mind, which experiences it in itself, and has therefore concrete cognition of it; it is no obscure mystery, no incomprehensible dogma, but rather something which is revealed to us in the continual evolution of universal reality and of our own consciousness. The question, 'Why has God created the world?' is then meaningless to us who are incapable of conceiving a Mind which is not fruitful and active creative spontaneity. The work of creation is as eternal as that Consciousness which manifests its abundant life in that work. The lot of the Theistic conception is not indissolubly bound up with that of a beginning of the cosmic process in time, since it is possible to reach the Personal God even if we concede the eternity of the world. The work of creation has no end, just as it had no beginning; we behold its accomplishment with our own eyes in everything which lives and is subject to change, in the opening flower, the sprouting seed and the glowing dawn in the heavens" (*ibid.*, p. 478).

In this article my endeavour has been to show that the three greatest thinkers of Italy at the present day present a view of the universe and of life which attempts to satisfy the needs of the intellect, the will,

and the soul. The influence which the three are exercising over thousands of young minds in their own country at the present moment is destined to become a force of enormous significance in the mental, moral and religious evolution of the Italy of the present and of the future.

W. TUDOR JONES.

LOYALTY TO EARTH.

LORD, if some sudden gleam from Thee,
That through the veil Thy love might send,
Make me to scorn this earth I see,—
Then, Lord, withhold that gleam from me
Until the End.

If I, set free in dreams, could share
The life where tears are wip'd away,
And cease for this poor world to care—
Then, Lord, deny me dreams so fair
Until that Day.

EDWARD SHILLITO.

THE RÔLE OF BRUTE FORCE IN HUMAN DESTINY.

MONA CAIRD.

I.

MAN has been called the master of his fate. Wholesale slaughter, devastation, ruin of all beautiful and noble things, of the best and bravest lives—such is the work of the master-builder !

The poet's adventurous assertion seems to force upon one the alternatives of disputing it or of concluding that man is constitutionally demented. For if he *is* master of his fate and not a lunatic, how is his conduct to be explained ? It looks as if, so far from being a free agent, he were merely a superior kind of ant or bee, driven by the whip of instinct to build and periodically to knock down his crazy commonwealths, and to go on doing it after un-numbered centuries of experience, with the same old fury of folly and self-torture as in the Early Eocene.

One cannot but ask : Is this to go on indefinitely ? The majority appear to think so. They assure us that war will last as long as there are men to make it. If this be true, it looks as if there would *not* be men to make it for very long, since the increasing perfection of engines of war threatens soon to make a clean sweep of the male population of Europe ! With every new discovery there is also created the possibility of a still

more appalling instrument of torture, and we can see no limit to this sort of progress. New generations, no doubt, would always spring up again, like villages at a volcano's foot, so obstinate is every form of life; but civilisation would certainly be swept away as dust before the broom of the War-god.

The only hope of averting the fate which is advancing upon mankind is to extend the civilised institutions achieved in single states to the whole world. But such an attempt, we are told by the level-headed and sensible, is foredoomed to failure. Fortunately level-headed, sensible people are generally wrong; but one can never be sure that by dint of saying the same sort of thing over and over again through the ages, they may not happen once in a way to collide with the truth. What if they be right *this* time? They are quite sure that brute force is the final ruler of human affairs, putting aside of course—as generally seems to be done in emergencies—such uncertain factors as Providence and the Emperor's 'Gott'—or 'von Gott,' as rumour declares his admirer has now promoted him to be addressed. It is remarkable that the holders of this pessimistic creed are not at all depressed about it; in fact they regard pessimism with stern disfavour. The breezy optimist is always cheerfully sure that ideals of serious progress in human conditions are Utopian. Even in the face of the present illustration of what we have to expect if we are *not* Utopian, he still contentedly holds the Force theory and regards dissentients as amiable lunatics.

Are they really in a fool's paradise, stupidly defiant of plain facts? As the awful news comes day by day from the battle fronts, the question cannot be lightly set aside. It is of no use trying to evade a conclusion

because it is disagreeable. Let us then experimentally accept the doctrine and assert it in categorical form: The ultimate ruling power in human affairs is and always will be brute force.

The statement does not sound very venturesome at a moment when torpedoes and howitzers are busy deciding the fate of the world. What can mind do to stop a shell? The shell pursues its course though the biggest minds in the two hemispheres forbade the sacrilege. Physically it would be possible to sweep away every human mind in existence with the exception of the last man who completed the task; and even he could turn his weapon against himself and so exterminate the human race, leaving the instruments which those astonishing beings had contrived for their own undoing, in possession of the field. But what then? Would the howitzers and the maxims and the shells proceed to form a government after their own ugly hearts? Would they shriek and blast and devastate? By no means. Amid the desolation they had caused, the iniquitous monsters would lie spell-bound and helpless. And gradually, as the seasons went by, wild flowers would spring confidently at their feet, and in the mouth of the guns—silenced in good earnest—birds would build their nests.

II.

Such is the result of pressing home the force argument. It seems at first sight as if one were knocking down a man of straw—or of gossamer; for who supposed that guns and torpedoes made and worked themselves? Nobody of course; but most people reason *as if they did*. Their arguments amount to

nothing unless brute force be self-directing. They entirely ignore, by implication, that to make force of any avail, human will and idea must be behind it. Not all the armaments in the world nor all the power of the mailed fist could move a feather or harm a fly except at their command. The real power then for good or evil is spiritual, not physical.

This is one of the many neglected truisms which strew the zigzag path of progress. In the face of this particularly ill-used and indisputable axiom, how surprisingly many of our compatriots, for instance—enjoying the security and advantages of the most perfect results of civilisation—insist that society is after all based on physical force! So says the ‘anti’ when he maintains that women ought not to have political representation because they could not compel obedience to the laws. So says the militarist, who believes that armaments and armaments alone can enable a people to live in safety; the present war being adduced as irrefutable proof of the doctrine. Have not civilisations in the past been destroyed by barbarous invaders? In the last resort, therefore, it is simply brute force that decides the fate of mankind.

It is strange how plausible the assertion seems even when it has just been disproved. One cannot deny that civilised peoples have fallen again and again before barbarians, or that barbarians have certain advantages over the civilised in virtue of their absence of scruple and their general insensitiveness. With the spread of civilisation, however, these advantages tend to diminish; in other words, will and idea have changed, and with them all the factors of human life. Public opinion is roused to oppose *en masse* a people guilty of deeds which shock too seriously the collective

conscience. As that moral sense rises, barbarism loses power. The effect of 'frightfulness' is no doubt to terrorise, but it now also enrages and so tends to unite the world against the criminals.

Still it has to be admitted that the gods are apt to fight on the side of the big battalions; our ideas not yet being strong enough on the side of the angels.

But to realise this is only to scratch the surface of the question. To go back to our 'anti.' In insisting that society is founded on force he is guilty of heinous special pleading, for he ignores the fact (as the believer in the eternity of war ignores it) that civilised states, as regards their internal affairs, have long ago abandoned the arbitrament of physical force, having resisted the calamity even to the extent of pressing force into the service of right as opposed to might, and so, with real irony, causing force to dethrone itself. Force is in fact the most obedient thing in creation. Like the Tarasque, the ferocious Dragon of Tarascon, tamed and led in the paths of virtue by the gentle Saint Martha, the monster is no longer, in civilised nations, a beast of prey, but loyally serves and defends all members of the community quite irrespective of their muscular development. If he has a preference, it is in favour of muscular weakness. The policeman raises a specially protective arm for the perambulator as it crosses a crowded street. The 'anti' himself (except when opposing the suffrage) is quite aware, in the major part of his consciousness, that society really is *not* based on force. His whole conduct betrays that certainty. He would not propose to subject a candidate for Parliament to a muscle-testing machine before allowing him to stand for a constituency. Nor would he demand the same proof of strength from his electors.

Yet when the suffrage is in question he suddenly takes the Force theory as proved ; while his spiritual brother (who believes that war and human nature are inseparable) joins him in ingeniously overlooking this important instance—namely the very society whose protection they enjoy, in which brute force is *not* the final arbiter. If it were, woad (or less) would still be our costume and the simple wigwam our not very delectable home.

The ease and celerity with which these reasoners are able to shift from one basic assumption to another—as from air to water and *vice versa*—is full of psychological interest ; for it is not to be explained by simply assuming insincerity. This characteristic of becoming logically amphibious is no doubt shared in some degree by us all ; but when it appears in its extreme forms, the question becomes pressing : How can a mind sincerely believe two absolutely contradictory things at the same time, when they are in immediate juxtaposition ? One has witnessed the quick change taking place between two clauses of the same sentence. How is it possible for reasoning to go on at all if its fundamental law is broken at the outset and in full sight of the reasoner ? This is a problem for professional psychology. All that can be noted here is the fact (which is no explanation) that on these two particular questions the tidal wave of civilisation has not yet run as far in-shore as the normal tide-line ; hence pre-civilised ideas tend to crop up in relation to them and through familiarity to elude the vigilance of genuine thought.

Brute force being conceived, for the occasion, as the final court of appeal, the continuance of barbaric conditions is accepted as inevitable on the inconclusive ground that “human nature will always be human

nature." No doubt it will. It is at least difficult to imagine it anything else. But that does not carry with it the impossibility of civilised international life. If it did, it is difficult to see why it did not also render civilised *national* life impossible. There are many human attributes that might well be supposed to prevent it. But the general average or amalgam of qualities has proved sufficiently good to keep those non-social impulses from becoming dominant.

Of inanimate nature one might more safely make dogmatic assertions. The prophet who maintained that earth and sky, having always been earth and sky, always *will* be earth and sky, should escape the charge of recklessness; but to assert continuance in perpetuity of any characteristic of that arch-chameleon human nature is, to say the least of it, adventurous. Human nature is the one thing in the universe which does seem to have the power of winning new attributes; and to maintain that anything depending on man's will and idea is inherently impossible shews not so much prophetic insight as logical foolhardiness.

The sinister suggestion mentioned above of course may be true. Human society is possibly an elaborate kind of ant-community with a wider range than the ant's of instinct and faculty.¹ The free-will puzzle meets us here. But it is at least clear that man's 'wider range' does permit of developments to which it would be difficult to set limits, however inexorable those limits may conceivably be. Even if man be nothing but a sublimated ant tethered by inexorable instinct, who can venture to predict *à priori* the exact length of his tether?

¹ Auguste Forel defines instinct as 'reasoning, organised, systematised, and automatised.'

III.

That tether appears to be elastic, and its length to depend mainly upon the nature of human thought and will. As to its limits it would be thrillingly interesting to experiment.

It lengthens as thought grows nobler; it shrinks with the growth of such ideas as are now debasing the moral coinage of Europe. The conflict is a gigantic duel between two sets of ideas fighting for the soul of the world. The one has in its train material aggrandisement—for a time—intellectual and political slavery, spiritual darkness; the other, freedom, law, spiritual development, romantic adventure. Each of us is bound to take a side with one of these tendencies, and it is by no means a foregone conclusion that the line of cleavage will always be that of national frontiers. While Germany stands, on her own eloquent shewing, for the idea of brute force *in excelsis*, many of her bitterest enemies, in the throes of what they consider patriotic ardour, often offer her the sincerest form of flattery. For some strange reason, it seems to be assumed that German ideas on British soil would become something quite different and superior. Could this really be counted on?

What may be necessary as regards military defences Heaven alone knows; but that military precautions without drastic changes in international relations are going to make things safe and sound is surely 'Utopian' with a vengeance! To defend ourselves against the arms of Prussia and fall a victim to her ideas would indeed be an ironical fate. It reminds one of the ancient saying by which the people of Provence describe this hapless situation. "He had the bad

fortune of Monsieur Sequin's goat, which fought all night with the wolf and then the wolf ate him in the morning."

If this war proves anything, it proves that the present international system—or lack of system—is a dismal failure. Yet there are many who appear to think the one thing to do is to pursue it more thoroughly. Britain had not enough soldiers. The balance of power was not quite right. Correct that, and the breakdown of the balancing-system would be avoided. But so say the other Powers. Germany was resolved upon world-dominion—incited we are assured by our own career of conquest. Would she have failed to raise bigger armies to prevent the righting of the balance in our particular sense? Would she let us outrun her without resistance *ad infinitum*? It is inconceivable.

While defences have to be maintained (and that will indeed be a difficult problem to deal with) this war has surely made it plain beyond all possibility of question that a new and more vigorous departure on the old lines—a general *crescendo* of armaments, secret-service, diplomatic machinery and Balance of Power—will mean another world-calamity on a scale even vaster than the present. What is to prevent it? And let us not forget that in the future Britain will virtually cease to be an island. Improved aircraft must soon put an end to that. Improved war-engines generally will make existence for all nations well-nigh unendurable. What then is to be done?

IV.

There is no difficulty in seeing what *ought* to be done. The difficulty is to do it. But that is always

the difficulty in tackling great and beneficent projects. It should inspire rather than depress us. If it be true that brute force cannot act on its own initiative (and *that* at least is a truism) the other truism follows: that salvation will only be found by placing the obedient monster under command of wise and broadly sympathetic ideas.

Probably the reason why the German hordes have not been having all their own way in Europe (as the ancient barbarians had it) is simply because the level of modern notions of conduct is appreciably higher than in Roman days. Even the most civilised ancient society, with its blood-stained arenas and brutal treatment of man and beast, would see nothing strikingly out of the common in the methods of Attila or Alaric. Their rule or another would come to much the same thing for the majority. There was nothing to cause or to make possible a revolt of nations against atrocious methods or a rising in defence of rights, for there were practically no rights to defend. If the level of sentiment goes on rising, we may be able at last to bring to an end the tragic old story of civilisations built up by human toil and genius and untold suffering, only to be blotted out by a flood of stupidity and barbarism. The aim therefore must be to make brute force—in so far as it is needed at all—the instrument for protecting public right; for guarding the independence of the smaller nations; for helping all to develop on the lines of their peculiar genius; so that each nation takes its special part in the international community. In short the ideal is: co-operation and fellowship in place of antagonism.

V.

Germany has shown us the consequence of the opposite type of ideas when pushed to their logical conclusion. And ideas harboured during long years, to the exclusion of others, always *are* pushed to their logical conclusion.

This great people, once among the finest in Europe, has provided us all with a neat epitome of doctrines which—as some exasperated critic said of an uncongenial novel—“would repay careful avoidance.” But they are specially German doctrines only in the sense that they have grown to rankness on German soil. They are simply the *reductio ad absurdum* of ideas long held in every land, but generally held in slovenly fashion, without any realisation of their essential nature. In our own country they have a considerable following, notably among a particular section: the practical gentlemen ‘with no nonsense about them,’ who used to assure us so incessantly that war was war and that you ‘can’t make it in kid gloves.’ Therefore, the inference seemed to be: make it with any atrocious implement you can lay hands on. At the time of the Boer War, for instance, these assertions about war and kid gloves were on every lip. It was impossible to get through an ordinary dinner-party without being told that, if it had not been for our sentimental humanitarianism, the war would have been over months ago. If only, it seemed, we had burnt more farms and spread misery far and wide instead of ‘pampering’ the enemy, they would have been brought to their senses long ago. So might the Germans argue to-day. So no doubt they do argue. If they had neglected to

devastate Belgium, the Belgians would not have understood that Germany was not to be trifled with. The childishness of the argument is apparent enough on German lips, but the same argument passed muster for the plainest common sense when used by ourselves.

Of course what was meant by the absurd reasoning in the two cases, is entirely different. That is why these parrot-sayings are so dangerous. The Englishman who insists that 'war is war' implies by the significant phrase just as much as and no more than his sentiment may approve. *He* is not going to be hampered by words and their meaning! He uses them with a fine, free irresponsibility. He does not approve of hoisting the white flag and then firing on the enemy. He warmly objects to 'frightfulness.' So when he declares that 'war is war,' he means—what he does mean in fact. But meanwhile his dictum goes forth to do its work on human minds, as every dictum must; its author little dreaming that others less magnanimous but more intellectually lucid may take him at his stupid word. He has had his lesson now! 'War is war. You cannot make it with kid gloves.' Therefore rain bombs on undefended towns, fire on the Red Cross, sink ship-loads of non-combatants, ill-treat prisoners helpless in your hands and so on. Why not? If the phrase has any meaning it means just this—and as much more of crime and loathliness as one may choose to pack into its accommodating circumference. A striking phrase is almost like a living creature when it gets really on the move in the mental realm—a perilous guest for mind or heart if it be false and cruel! These senseless old dogmas should surely now be recognised for the traitors that they are. It is indeed traitorous to one's kind to repeat them. The present dreadful

harvest of evil ideas (the above among them) ought to teach us to banish all such indeterminate phrases, which cover with perfect logical equality conduct which at least has the sanction of international law, and infamous deeds which may be arbitrarily justified, as occasion arises, on the simple plea of 'necessity'—a universal solvent warranted to disintegrate at sight every moral principle or decent feeling ever harboured by mankind.

If we cannot abolish war, at least each of us can do something to make it as little horrible as possible. More lies in the power of the expressed idea than most of us realise. It is of expressed ideas that human destiny is built. It may be 'inconsistent' to make war and to try to be humane at the same time; but what matters inconsistency if it mitigates unspeakable suffering of mind and body for our fellows? What matters it if the standard of human conduct is thereby raised by one hair's-breadth?

Moreover, is it inconsistent to make small advances in the right direction if one cannot take the whole distance at a stride?

VI.

Germany certainly has the virtue of consistency, if virtue it be. She has chosen things material for her worship all along the line. Material things, Heaven knows, have been worshipped by other nations too, but Germany seems to have shredded off nearly all else by deliberate education of her people; so that, by elimination, as it were, she has been performing a scientific experiment on a huge scale and under strict conditions. If there be any who do not understand

the answer, surely the last trumpet would fail to wake them !

There is a famous picture to be seen in the Cathedral of Orvieto representing numbers of grave-stones being pushed up and people emerging from their graves in answer to the great summons. It might be symbolical of the present situation. The whole civilised world seems to be wakened from a long sleep by a call to the judgment seat of man's own reason and conscience. The verdict threatens to be 'guilty' and the punishment terrible. There is only one way of averting it: rapid and thorough-going amendment.

Of this there are many satisfactory signs. It is not proposed to enter here into complex problems which crop up in myriads as soon as one comes face to face with the details of international schemes, however wisely planned. The point which it is desired to emphasise is that *some* scheme is urgently necessary, and the growth of an attitude of mind which will help it to success. Here everyone without exception could contribute to the result.

John Stuart Mill says something to the effect that education, custom, habit, go on educating large sections of the people for the old order long after the new has come, much more when it is only coming. So that we may hope for results from the thought and action of the few, while the majority are still going on saying cheerfully that 'war is war,' and quite a desirable thing on the whole, that 'human nature is human nature,' and that everything not already accomplished is Utopian.

Mr. Aneurin Williams, M.P., whose article on a proposed League of Nations was so much discussed, holds that public opinion is far in advance of machinery in this matter, and that what is mainly needed is an organised system by which that opinion can be carried into effect. If his view is correct, the establishment of a Federation of civilised states may not be, after all, very far distant. At any rate every effort made towards it means a step nearer to a new era in human history. The extension which would become possible in the range of enterprise, commercial, intellectual and social, must alone alter the whole conditions of life.

The many inevitable difficulties would probably be most serious at the beginning, while old ideas were still strong and instinctive, and faith still weak in the community of human interests. But if that community is a bed-rock truth, as surely it *must* be, it would tend to manifest itself with growing clearness as time went on, shining out through the confusing complexity of modern conditions which so often obscure for generations truths of supreme importance to mankind.

VII.

There is one danger accompanying a drawing together of the nations not to be overlooked, and it is a serious one: that unity, when attained, might become mere uniformity—a boiling down of the peoples into a dull average, robbing life of all incident, charm and variety. If that were to happen we should have paid ruinously for what had been gained; or rather much of the promised gain would not be achieved. Immense stimulus to progress might be hoped from

the co-operation of different types of mind, taught by various and contrasted experiences; but that could never happen were all inspiring differences to be blotted out. If human progress means loss of character and individuality, the prospect is blank indeed.

But here again all depends upon ideas. Granted that an International Community is possible, it ought also to be possible to unite with it the idea of fostering national feeling and national institutions. There is nothing paradoxical in this. International unity and national individuality are really correlative parts of the same principle. A unity founded on mere negation is almost a contradiction in terms. The narrow antagonistic sentiments that often accompany what we call patriotism, so far from being essential to it, constitute its base alloy. True nationality and patriotism are sentiments without which the world would be infinitely the poorer.

The desirable achievement, then, is not a sort of composite cosmopolitan photograph but a harmony between strongly individual elements. Union implies that there are separate entities to unite. In this sense the human race is already a unity, but its parts tend to quarrel among themselves as in a diseased body. That is for lack of proper co-ordination. But proper co-ordination does not require the separate organs to merge into an undifferentiated whole. That way lies the jelly-fish. 'Unity in diversity' should be the motto of the world-symphony that is to be. Without the diversity there could obviously be no symphony. In the world of music, confused noise would be the analogue of cosmopolitanism of the obliterating type. Above all things to be avoided is a blurring of national outlines. National liberties must be

sacrosanct. The value of one race for another, as of one individual for another, is precisely in their special characteristics. Thence the immense importance of friendship between nations. To know another people even slightly is to gain a new outlook on the world, and, paradoxical as it may seem, it is also to receive a revelation of the rich treasure of our own national inheritance. A pig-headed belief in the superiority of one's native land is a very different thing from genuine appreciation of its finer qualities, distilled, as all such qualities are, from a people's experience and suffering during long ages. Wider knowledge of our neighbours is bound to purge national sentiment of its stupider elements, and then patriotism will mean only deep love of country; and like all true love it will be full of sympathetic understanding for the similar loyalties and affections of others.

VIII.

Among many problems that spring up in connection with the project of a Federation of Free Nations is the question of great or little states. Is it in the line of progress that there should be many individual states under separate governments, or a few vast Empires uniting many peoples under one flag?

The only justification for the latter arrangement is that the peoples so living should do so willingly, and that their national faith, their language and liberties should be religiously respected.

But it seems probable that the idea of vast empires is a worn-out legacy from Rome. Force was regarded in Roman days as the handmaid of despotism, not of justice, still less of freedom; and the best

chance of a fairly tolerable existence was probably to be found under the protection of the Imperial Eagle. The Empire was the great civiliser of that day. She protected those who submitted to her despotism.

The strongest band of brigands is always ready to guarantee protection, on blackmail terms, from other brigands. This of course is not a sound or fair analogy, but it does represent, in a rough, inaccurate fashion, a particular aspect of ancient society. The 'strongest band of brigands,' in the case of Rome, gave to the world the only kind of civilised life then possible. Thence perhaps the fascination which the Roman Empire has always exercised over men's minds.

But since that day conditions have profoundly altered. What worked for good and progress then may now mean stagnation and even evolution backwards.

It is necessary to guard the imagination from the powerful influence of an imposing and picturesque idea, as that of a great Empire undoubtedly is. Before submitting to its sway, one has to enquire how these vast aggregates of people now affect or will affect the fortunes of mankind.

Since the decline of Roman power, a number of states and nations¹ have grown up, each with a marked individuality, and this force of individuality the civilised world cannot afford to lose. The sterile uniformity which constitutes the danger of the future was happily impossible to the many nations under the Roman flag. The difficulty of communication alone prevented it. It can only be avoided to-day through

¹ The beginning of the idea of true nationality dates, according to W. Alison Phillips, only from the French Revolution (*Edinburgh Review*, January, 1915).

forethought in the forming of the new ideals. Great empires or confederations may be fraught with similar dangers. Through the very success of a Federation scheme, the seed might be sown of disastrous loss of human quality. Our problem then is to achieve the incalculable advantages of co-operation between nations while avoiding its threatened penalties.

Few people seem to be aware of these rocks ahead. Some god-forsaken Englishman is reported to have expressed the wish to give everyone in the British Empire an English mind! Short of giving everyone a German mind (as was also crazily proposed) one can imagine no more dire calamity.

Houston Stewart Chamberlain lays stress upon the eternal opposition of what he calls 'universalism and nationalism.' "Wherever we meet universalism," he says, "there anti-nationalism and anti-individualism are its necessary correlatives. Nor does it need to be conscious universalism, it is sufficient that an idea aims at something absolute, something limitless," for instance "a single, individual Divine State."

Goethe is quoted as saying of vitally mobile individuality that "it becomes aware of itself as inwardly limitless, outwardly limited."

"This," our author adds, "expresses a fundamental law of all intellectual life. . . . Every systematic division which creates outward boundaries threatens the limitless whole, for it produces personality. . . . The Jesuit Order make it their first care that its members become completely un-nationalised and belong solely to the universal Church. . . . History . . . teaches us that it is only those races which are limited, which have taken root in and grown up out of national individuality, that have achieved great things. So

soon as it strove to become universal, the strongest nation in the world—Rome—disappeared. . . . If we limit ourselves outwardly—in regard to race, Fatherland personality . . . then the inner kingdom of the Limitless will be opened to us, as it was to the Hellenes and the Brahman Indians; if, on the other hand, we strive after something which is unlimited—after an Absolute, an Eternal—we must build on the basis of a narrowly circumscribed inner life, otherwise success is impossible. Every great Imperium proved this; it is proved by every philosophical and religious system which claims to be absolute and alone valid; it is proved above all by that magnificent attempt to supply a universal cosmic idea and cosmic government, the Roman Catholic Church.”

This writer sees in the history of the first twelve Christian centuries an incessant struggle between these two principles.

It is indeed a fact that the gradual emergence of nationalism from the octopus arms of the Roman Imperial idea in Church and State is still incomplete; and there are even signs of a strong contrary sentiment—a tendency to retrace our long blood-stained path by re-affirming universalism under new names.

The reason perhaps is that the modern state is suffering from certain troubles which are part of the cost of our liberty: a great possession not to be had for nothing. But the cure for these ills is really implicit in the gift itself, if we had but the patience to await and guide its unfolding. Care, of course, would have to be taken not to allow license to pose as liberty. But liberty does in time teach people—if only by dint of painful disasters—that discipline and self-control are necessary in education and to the

conduct of life generally; and that in emergencies a free and sane people must agree to act in concert—under guidance of their chosen conductors—on pain of national annihilation. That is not a giving up of liberty; it is using it for combined defence.

But many find the educational methods too slow. They will not pay the price of freedom, and clamour for the old 'disciplines' and despotisms which certainly are very convenient and order-producing methods, making organisation easy, and yielding moreover some real benefits (at ruinous ultimate cost) if ordained by wise and beneficent rulers, be they kings or labour-leaders. The drawbacks are that, in the first place, we cannot be sure that the rulers *will* be both wise and beneficent—or either; and secondly that, even if such good fortune should befall a nation, the people *are not free*.

If this bare fact is not sufficient to condemn the attempt to introduce new reforms of despotism under democratic names, or return to the older despotic systems—whose advantages are evident in the splendidly organised German nation—there is the further consideration that it must eventually involve disastrous loss of initiative and spiritual vitality. Have not the rulers the education of the children in their hands? The reward of all this reaction may be great material power, but it makes continued progress impossible. Of what use is it to have a nation easy to govern, if the people are not worth governing—millions of intellectually-enslaved people incapable of adding spiritual treasure to the world?

The direction of progress for modern Europe, therefore, seems to be at right angles to universalism in all its forms.

While it is necessary to avoid the common fallacy that because one thing has failed its exact opposite will succeed, it does seem as if a Federation of many states of varying size, rather than a building up of one or two gigantic empires, were the right goal to aim at. There could and should be states great enough to ensure certain advantages for the commonweal otherwise unattainable. Equality in regard to size is as dull and undesirable as equality of every other kind; for it is diversity in every possible aspect which inspires and creates. But the attainment of those advantages need not involve swallowing half the globe or forever adding territory to territory. After a certain point, increased size ceases to increase possibilities, while it deprives other peoples of a chance of developing theirs.

Happily the conviction is spreading that if civilisation is to be saved, the defence of the liberties of each nation must become the business of the group, an attack upon one being regarded as an attack upon all. From this great things must follow.

There is nothing easier than to say that all this is visionary, and there is nothing more difficult to refute. But the danger of the present position of affairs—a danger which has been steadily creeping upon us for years—has now placed us, as it were, with our back to the wall. We must fight or lay down our arms; and we all know by this time what *that* would mean!

If the attempt of man to save himself from destruction by his own ingenious mechanical inventions should fail, at least he will be in no worse plight than he is at present.—And if it succeeded——! The stake is high and worth playing for.

MONA CAIRD.

‘THE HYMN OF THE SOUL’: ITS MEANING AND AUTHOR.

VACHER BURCH.

THERE is a beauty about this Hymn which gives it a unique place in Near Asian literature. No poem is like it in the body of Syrian poetry. Nor is there its equal, in exact point of time, in the literature of the Western world. It, however, bore a child lovelier than itself. This is not realised yet by students, and what it is must await a proper moment of disclosure. It is enough at present to attempt the understanding of the parent's charm. Two names have been put upon the Hymn by those who have studied it. They have called it ‘Christian’ and ‘Gnostic.’ When we endeavour to read it in the light of the first name we find that we have more answers than the Hymn has questions; and with the second name the poem raises more questions than the term can answer. In both cases we are driven to allegorise what already has the nature of allegory; and with the two we bring foreignness into the beautiful fabric, either by inclusion or exclusion. These intrusive and extrusive qualities are what all excellent interpreters try to avoid. A review of the critical literature which has gathered about the poem, manifests that it has been singularly fortunate hitherto in the distinction and prudence of its interpreters; though the notes of a commentary which have come down to us from the eleventh century, and in

which the poem was considered to be Christian, evince the possibility that some of the earlier students may have revelled in the work of painting this lily of poetry. The tendency can cause no surprise. A flower has its chalice of seed within the petals we admire, and soon will come the wind to carry them unto unplanned growth. Even so is it with a composition like the Hymn; from its flowers of speech fall the seed of many other flowers, unless the prudent gardener has come before the vagrant wind and has gathered the seed with careful hands. New material with new light has made it imperative to risk imprudence in a fresh interpretation. In the following attempt rendering and analysis will be intertwined, since the readers of *THE QUEST* have before them, in the July number of last year, a revised literary translation.¹ If any of them as well are the possessors of Professor Bevan's edition of the Hymn, or are near a library where that desirable book is, it will be found to be of large service. Where the present interpretative rendering departs from those which are known in Europe, will not be heavily underlined. The multiple refinements of exegesis in early Greek and Syriac literature upon which such matters depend, could not well be discussed here. And though, for instance, a delicate problem in Syriac palæography when settled can open for us the closed doors of meaning in a manner that is like the coming of the wind of the spirit, still there are fitting places for the discussion of such problems.² When, as at present, the first want is the release of fresh virtue from ancient loveliness and

¹ By Prof. F. Crawford Burkitt, M.A., D.D., F.B.A.

² For the full discussion of authorities, etc., readers must be referred to the writer's forthcoming book on Marcion.

thought, we shall address ourselves to that task almost as if we could not be called into question for the unexpected turns of thought we may lay bare.

At the outset of an understanding of the Hymn we are met with frank helpfulness on its part. The poem allows of no artificial methods of partition. It divides itself. The divisions are two. There is in the Hymn: 1. An Autobiography; 2. A Mysticism. We will take them in turn and thus cover the whole poem.

i. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN THE HYMN.

A Syrian set out on a pilgrimage from whence the soul is born, on through the world and back to the place of the soul's birth. His wealth was spiritual—a large but light load. On leaving the homeland for the journey, 'the bright robe' which was wrought and woven to his stature was taken from him. And his forbears wrote a compact on his heart that, if he went down into Egypt and brought back the Pearl, he should be reinvested with his robe and gain the rank of prince. So he left the East and went into the world accompanied by two messengers, for he was young to go on this pilgrimage. They went with him past the limits of Maishān, the gathering place of merchants, in the district of the Euphrates and Tigris. His companions left him when he came to a certain land and city which were to be his spiritual Egypt. Straightway he lodged himself near to where was the Pearl. He was alone amongst strangers. But another youth came, who had been born in a Near Eastern land; and they became intimate. With him the Pilgrim shared his spiritual riches. He warned his pupil against the Egyptians, the unclean ones. However, to save himself from

contumely because he was a stranger, he clothed himself as they. Soon he forgot his princehood. Will and mind slept. His mission was gone. Then his forbears saw his plight. They summoned all the mighty ones of Parthia; and together they wove a plan to release him from Egypt. A letter was written and signed by them, calling to his remembrance why he had been sent thither and renewing his knowledge of the bright robe that awaited his faithfulness. This letter was given wings like the eagle. And it flew to where he was; there it sounded its wings and spoke to him. He found the words of the letter to be like those hidden in his heart. Then he roused himself from sleep; and snatched the Pearl from the dreadful guardian which had it in possession. He stripped off the filthy garb of the Egyptians. Taking his way homewards, the letter went before him as light and guide. He left all the country of the Egyptians and reached Maishân again. There the two messengers met him, and they bore his bright robe. This robe now became voice and light and encourager to him. In love he ran towards it and was adorned. Thus he came to the gate of his father's majesty. There he did homage, and was received as one who had done his duty. He was raised to mingle with his princely equals. There was but one other step he could take, and that would be into the presence of the ineffable king of his Partho-Syrian forbears.

This outline of the Syrian Pilgrim's Progress will not appear as if we had shaken its petals into a heap rather than daintily plucked its flowers, when we add to the way of his pilgrimage the manner and matter of his seeing. As is usual in such writings as the Hymn, the path trodden by the feet is of interest; but how

the soul accompanies the Pilgrim, or searches forward and about the path he goes, is of great interest. The quest is the fascination. For knowing that a pilgrim has found, since we have learnt the path he took to and from his goal, we may share in his rest as he sits down in his kingdom when we learn the manner of his deed.

ii. THE MYSTICISM OF THE HYMN.

We have seen the Pilgrim start with his large but light load. What was in his pack? He had silver and rubies and gold; a fourth precious stuff is not yet identifiable. In the opening of the Hymn these are said to make up the load which he is to bear without aid; towards its closing these possessions are made to form part of the bright robe he reassumes when he returns from his pilgrimage. Thus we can be sure that the riches here meant are spiritual. The silver is said to have come from Atropatēnē; that is from a great Zoroastrian centre. Now white is the cult colour of Anahita, the great goddess of that stage of Persian worship which followed the Gāthic. Further, at the high moment in the ritual of Tishtrya the god is clothed in white. The same colour belongs to the cults of Mithra and Verethragna. The rubies are from India. Many gods are red or ruddy in the *Rig Veda*, including the pair Varuṇa-Mitra—gods that would ally themselves naturally with the drift of mysticism represented in the writer of the Hymn. Concerning the gold, the poem says it was from 'the land of the upper ones.' Instead of finding Media in this phrase as is usual, we will see Parthia, or what in a later line is more concretely expressed as the Hyrcanian heights, whence

kings and princes sped to the gate of the Pilgrim's father when it was found that he was asleep as to his mission; for Parthia is the true land of his spirit, and the 'upper ones' are those from whom he comes and among whom he will take his place when the journey is done. From this statement we shall be able to educe the belief which illumined his heart. Before doing so it will not be out of place to emphasise the Pilgrim's wide culture; which, as he tells us, was also extended to his will, for there he had been girt with adamant.

Clad in this manner he started on his journey. Passing the meeting-place of the Eastern merchants,—and here we must note that Maishān is the only place-name in the poem used as such—he reached the land of Babel and, entering a walled city, he went down into Egypt. The remark concerning Maishān, coming as it does in the midst of a gathering of what look like names with merely geographical significance, is another important point for the understanding of the Hymn; Maishān is a poet's discreet indication of the westward direction of his pilgrimage. What then are we to say of the names—Babel, the city and Egypt, which are clustered together after the first mention of Maishān? Students are agreed that Egypt is not the land of the Pharaohs but a name in contrast with the Pilgrim's 'heavenly home,' to use Professor Nöldeke's descriptive epithet; that is, it is a name to represent a country spiritually inimical to the Pilgrim. Further, as it is used in the poem it is an evident synonym for Babel and the city. This view is enforced when we recognise that the poet uses the terms 'the Egyptians' and 'the children of Babel' interchangeably. But what of the city's name? As it stands in the manuscript, we have a problem in palæography rather than

in ancient geography. The *minutiæ* of the following conclusion will be given, as has been said, elsewhere. Just now we are concerned with the meaning of the poem; therefore the name may be given without arguments to weigh the reasons for and against. The city with walls that admitted the Pilgrim to his Egypt, was Sodom. The collocation of names found in the Hymn is also in one other earlier writing—the *Revelation of John*—where we find a great city ‘spiritually named’ Sodom and Egypt, and again Babel; in other and better known terms, the poet is referring to Rome.¹ With the same discretion as marked his actual reference to Maishān, we find the poet describing the position of the Roman empire when he came out of Egypt and turned his face towards his home in the East; coming away from Babel, he writes, it was ‘on my left hand.’ Besides helping to clear up the chief topographical difficulty in the Hymn, this view will serve to bring into relief the sensitive intellectuality of the Pilgrim’s search. He was a seeker after Truth. We shall understand better the manner of his search by enquiring into his mission at Rome.

The Pilgrim left the home of his spirit with his mission written upon his heart. It consisted of an injunction and two promises: He was to go down into Egypt to bring back the One Pearl which was guarded by the poison-breathing Dragon; and doing this he should receive his bright robe and be raised into heirship in the spiritual kingdom. What is meant by this One Pearl that is to be snatched from this Dragon? A valuable parallel, and also the explanation, is to be

¹ This is an early Near Asian view, and so is unrelated with the Papal view of later exegetes.

found in a document earlier in date than the Hymn. The last deeds of Phocas, the martyr bishop of Pontus, have been preserved in Armenian and Greek. These *Acta* are notable for the saint's encounter with Trajan, and also for their witness to a phase of Christian thought which has yet to be studied. We may indicate the latter fact with most profit for our present purpose, by remarking that Pontic thought, at the time of Phocas, was chiefly a mingling of Persian and simple Christian ideas. The narrative concerning the bishop illustrates this and that matter we seek. Omitting many details, we will take from the *Acta* what is needed here. The bishop had been tortured already, but nothing could break his spirit. And in prison when it was midnight he uttered a prayer which has come down to us. In its course are these petitions: "Keep my spirit, as Father, as God, as Lord, as Shepherd, lest there breathe upon me the Dragon, lest his feet trample upon me. For he could not persuade me by gold or silver to lose the precious Pearl. But lo, I have abandoned all that I may possess thee alone; the altogether precious Lord, the pitiful, the light-bearer." The Pearl then, in the sense of Phocas, was the Spiritual Christ. What value has the Dragon? It is in plain contrast with what is spiritual. The completer meaning comes out in an answer made to Trajan a little before Phocas went to his death. The bishop had denied the existence of Trajan's gods. "Are the gods demons, and we swine?" asks the emperor. "Tell me then what other god is left?" Phocas said: "He that gave thee thy authority. For ye are dumb unthinking animals, and know not the benevolent God." That is to say, there was nascent in Pontus what later in the

second century captured the world under the name of Marcionism : the contrast of a lower physical creation due to the Demiurgos—or, in the phrasing of Phocas and of the Hymn, the Dragon—with the spiritual creation due to the benevolent God and by the instrumentality of the Spiritual Christ. The histories of early Christian thought at present draw largely their knowledge of these matters from the brilliant and distorting controversial writings of Tertullian. There are, however, documents and view-points accumulating which will sift the statements of the Carthaginian, and by this means we shall have given us the true colour and detail of opinions that had moved the early world in a profound measure. By following the lead of Phocas, we recognise in the Pearl of the Hymn the Syrian poet's aim to seek knowledge of the Spiritual Christ. But do the views of Phocas and the Syrian agree concerning the Dragon? There is indeed the same striking relation of the Pearl and the poison-breathing Dragon in both writers. Remembering that the poem is autobiographical, that is a poem written after certain events have come and gone, we shall find at least presumptive support for agreement between the two second-century writings. Still this would not be a sufficient harmony. We must seek whether the view is essential to the mysticism of the Hymn? It has been found already that the Pearl stands for knowledge of the Spiritual Christ. It is another precious quality of spirit and mind to set beside the riches with which the Pilgrim set out. We have remarked as well that the reassumption of his bright robe and his assumption of princely rank should be the consequences of his faithfulness. Thus the object and order of his pilgrimage are bound together. If

now we turn to the Avestan literature and to the *Farvardīn Yasht*, we read as follows: "And the man who in life shall treat the Fravashis well (that is, is loyal to them and the belief they enjoin) will become a ruler of the country with full powers, and a most strong chief." Here we have the concept of princeliness or rulership and its source. Again, and before we examine the new term that this quotation has brought to us, we find in the letter which came to arouse the Pilgrim from sleep this trumpet-like call—he is to remember his glorious robe with which he shall be adorned, and then shall his name be read out in 'the list of the valiant.' No reader of the *Yasht* we have cited can pass unmarked the long list of the Fravashis, of the great heroes or rulers, with which it closes. There can be no doubt that the poet's phrase and the list in the Avestan document define the same object. Having made these important harmonies, we may return to the new term introduced by our first quotation from the *Yasht*—the Fravashis. Now one clear meaning is to be found by comparing the two citations from the *Avesta*; the Fravashis in them are the spiritual presences of the mighty dead. But the term means more than this; for the mighty ones have vital functions, also each faithful man has his own Fravashi, his bright robe and regalia of rulership. The poet gives deep and memorable expression to this truth. When he had left behind him the world of oppressive earthliness, he found his bright robe coming towards him; its beauty he saw both in himself and yet as if it were distinct from him; also the likeness between those who brought his robe and his uncontaminate counterpart was complete. Further, as the robe drew nearer to the Pilgrim, it nurtured him unto its own

larger height and size; thus adorned and restored the Pilgrim passed on to become a Prince. Those who are skilled in Avestan philology, will notice how exact the Syrian poet is to the few certain significances of the word *fravashi*. Letter, robe and messengers are either ministrant or ministrations of Fravashis. Two other points regarding this religious conception must be brought out. A recurring theme in the Hymn is the reference to the Pilgrim's spiritual Father and Mother and Brother. The poet is thus true to the older and simpler form of the Fravashi belief; for in that form the habitation of the Fravashis is not in a heaven but in a family-group, which is ever being enlarged by the home-coming of the faithful younger members. The other point is this: that the belief establishes a metaphysical dualism—it recognises a world of the body and a world of the spirit, and unto the latter the faithful belong. Forgetfulness of the belief that has for the Pilgrim such genetic qualities, would mean not only sleep on his part, but a clothing of himself with the garb of those who were the bond-servants of the Dragon. This was his case, as he tells us, until the letter came; then he arose 'and stripped off their filthy and unclean garb.'

The question naturally arises at this point how Phocas and the Pilgrim agree concerning the belief we have dwelt upon. There is a Christian and a Persian element in the bishop's faith. These are mingled, and Christianity in him is the mingling or selecting power. What mingles or selects in the Pilgrim? Several broad differences present themselves when we analyse his mysticism. Though both thinkers ultimately trace a phase of their thinking to the *Avesta*, in the Pilgrim this assumes a Partho-Syrian colour. That is one

difference. For him the Fravashi rulers are Parthian and Syrian, and the spiritual commonweal unto which he aspires is made up of those orders of heroes. A second difference is in the Pilgrim's developed use of the Dragon-concept. Phocas drew the distinction between those who sought the Christ and those who worshipped heathen gods. The Pilgrim relates closely the dreadful guardian of the Pearl and the unclean Egyptians. As in Phocas, a vital antinomy is set up. We may describe it thus: The higher knowledge (the Pearl) was in the bondage of the lower (the Dragon and the Egyptians)—or, if we put the statement into the language of the history of religion, the knowledge of the Spiritual Christ was overshadowed by the official Christianity of second-century Rome. When we enquire of contemporary writers for fuller explanation, we receive an answer like this: A school of thought arose, whose leader was from Pontus, and these taught that Christ was wholly spiritual and the Lord of a spiritual creation; whilst the official Christians, who believed in a God of the Old Testament, were said to be in slavery to the Demiurgos, whom this God had employed in the physical creation of the world. Already it has been mentioned that the statements of Phocas were nascent Marcionism; then the opinions reflected in the Hymn are nearer those with which Marcion startled the world of the second century into thought and himself and his followers into an extraordinary mission on behalf of the Unearthly Lord. What became an evangel in Marcion was part of a spiritual philosophy in the Pilgrim. He would have the Pearl on his spiritual vesture that he might add it to his Parthian gold and the silver of Anahita the goddess, who became in due time central to the

Fravashi cult. The association of a noted name in second-century religious history and the writer of the Hymn appears to be irresistible, not only because of the mysticism of the Syrian writing which outlines the cosmology that came to remarkable use in Marcion's teaching, but also because Marcion so well fits the Eastern youth the poet met in his Roman exile and whom he taught. And the bitterness of the passage in the poem where the Pilgrim tells of his assimilation to the Egyptians and his break with them, describes exactly the approach and repulsion from the Roman church that history tells us was the experience of Marcion's teacher. If these things are true, then the teacher, Cerdon, is no longer a shadow without a voice in the scattered notes of an epoch in the progress of man's soul; at last he breaks his long silence with the compelling beauty of his message in the Hymn of the Soul.

VACHER BURCH.

PEERING AHEAD IN THE MURK.

THE EDITOR.¹

WAR and peace, as we all know, are names for one of the many pairs of opposites which manifest the fundamental law of that process of becoming which conditions all existence. From the most ancient period of systematic thought recorded in history, the wit of man has wrestled with this law of duality, and manfully endeavoured to find the solution of the riddle in some synthetic and reconciliatory principle. Chinese speculation, for instance, laid it down from the start in ancient times and in mythological terms that Heaven and Earth are the parents of all things, and as culture advanced it gradually philosophised these sensuous figures into well-nigh algebraical formulæ—an x and a y , for which all fundamental pairs of contraries or complementaries, up to the highest categories human thought has devised, could be substituted. In the earliest distinct philosophical period already the problem was squarely confronted, and in later times, and especially in the mediæval and modern developments of Japanese Confucianism, the doctrine of the positive and negative energy of the universe was highly elaborated, and subordinated to the governing principle of an ordering reason. It is unnecessary to refer to the many attempts to define the problem in other

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lands in the past and present. The riddle of the universe is the fundamental enigma set to human intelligence, and peace in this war of speculation, we venture to think, can be found only on the path of that progressive self-realisation which results from persistent effort in a genuine synthetic and spiritual mode of life, thought and action.

We cannot therefore accept in any but a loosely figurative and superficial sense the famous dogma of the Ephesian sage, surnamed the Obscure, so pithily and picturesquely phrased in the three alliterative words of the saying we clumsily translate by: War is the father of all things. For in spite of the paradoxical dexterity in juggling with opposites which Heracleitus exhibits in many another saying, here he forgets to tell us who is the mother of all things. Nevertheless the hard logic of the facts of experience must convince even the most mediocre intelligence that the positive energetic factor in existence, if not its fundamental law, is that principle to which we refer when we speak of struggle and conflict. The struggle for life is the primary dogma of all evolutionist speculation in the past and present; and in spite of the horror of our gentler selves at the endless ghastly tragedies of nature and the seemingly untameable proclivity to savagery in man, and the consequent painful and desperate inner wrestling with the 'why' of such a remorseless process of manifestation and development, it is utterly beyond our ability to imagine even the faintest outline of a workable alternative scheme. The grim spectacle at which we are not only forced to gaze, but in which we are also compelled to take part, is throughout characterised by strife, conflict, war—unorganised and organised struggle, from atom to nebula, from nebula to man;

and then once more struggle and conflict among men as individuals and as groups of social units organised into families and clans, into nations and states; and concomitantly therewith also within man himself as a moral entity war among his own members. Life struggles with inorganic nature, life wars with life, intellect battles with intellect, until there emerges the high stage of struggle against strife and war on war.

All this is patent, trite and commonplace. And yet more patently and tritely still we all in common have to confess that, in spite of the long and painful higher human struggle against the lower strife, we find ourselves to-day involved in the greatest war, in the vulgarest sense of organised armed conflict between nations and states, that the history of this planet has ever witnessed. We struggle to awake from this cruel fact as though it were a horrid dream of animal passion uncensored by reason; but for the responsible, for the men of social conscience at least, there is no escape from the concrete world of this terrible reality to some private subjective seclusion where they are fancy-free to spin out abstract schemes of things as they may imagine they ought to be. Men are fundamentally social beings, and the best of them practical social idealists whose heroic task is to deal objectively with the betterment of things as they concretely are; and such scorn to flee to the quiet retreats of personal subjectivism, there to let their imagination mould the facile plasm of fact-free thought into utopian dreams. The social idealist gazing upon the horrors of this war may gain some measure of comfort by seeking to find all the indications of good he can in the patent welter of evil, some signs of heaven in the raging hell let loose in our midst. He may say that international

war consolidates the several nations, bestows on them that high good of genuine inner solidarity which is unprocurable in less strenuous days. He may add that the heart-breaking and nerve-racking intensification of the physical and psychical forces by the war-passion brings out the best in myriads who otherwise would have been content at best with the average and the mediocre; that war makes many true heroes and genuine aristocrats of the commonplace and *bourgeois*. This is true, and in many cases most gloriously true. But unfortunately selfishness and cowardice, and cruelty and viciousness and barbarism, are also intensified, and most horribly and outrageously so. Nevertheless all historians and psychologists must confess that without a colossal stimulus mankind in the mass can never be thoroughly roused and tested; when, for the time at least, the old external standards of masses and classes no longer serve but are replaced by new norms of inner and deeper value, and many change places in the great game of general post.

Material success, as all thoughtful people will heartily admit, by no means necessarily connotes progress in any high sense of the term; progress to be of real worth now-a-days must mean general betterment all round. For long the greatest energies of the vast majority have been absorbed in increasing physical comfort to the grave detriment of higher interests and forgetfulness of real values; we were all prior to the war nationally plunged in deep spiritual lethargy. Few will deny that a terrific stimulus was absolutely necessary to shake us out of this long peace-begotten lethargy of spirit. The stimulus has come indeed and more terrifically than even the most fanatical social reformer amongst us could have wished. It has been

said that when there is a genuine spiritual stirring, a true thoroughness of stimulation, it appears first of all physically in outer struggle and conflict. The dark side, it is said, comes first. And indeed it seems to be so from even a cursory study of the history of the past, of natural history and the history of speculation. Chaos precedes cosmos in time; inchoateness and crudity temporally prevent, in the good old sense of the term, the ordered and more perfect. Experience then permits us to hope that this chaos of war presages a new age of peaceful development,—that is development free of armed conflict,—towards a higher stage of social betterment than the world has yet known in the mass. And as the chaos is very great indeed let us hope that the succeeding cosmos will eventually be proportionately great and wide-reaching.

We have been told *ad nauseam*, indeed none but the most ignorant can fail to know it of themselves, that this war is by far the greatest armed conflict with which our long-suffering earth has been in travail. But this colossal conflict is something more than simply the quantitatively greatest of a series; it is qualitatively different from all others. For the first time in history we have what may be called a genuine world-war in the sense of a war affecting the whole world. It is not simply that it is being waged, with one exception, by all the most powerful nations of the earth, but that because the commercial interrelations and well-nigh economic interdependence of all the nations great and small are so closely interwoven and knit together, none can escape scot-free from the effect of the cataclysm, no matter how loudly they declare their neutrality. All suffer in one way or another; and not only so, but in exact proportion to the power and

culture of the nations that officially stand aside, have they laid upon them a grave responsibility and a high duty to humanity which they cannot ignore or escape save at their moral peril. The guardianship of the dignity and righteousness of international law is for the time especially in their keeping; if they are mute in the face of outrage they are false to the best interests of humanity, and future history will judge them it may be even more hardly than the actual belligerents, and their national reputation will suffer.

Here the great question of international morals presents itself for our most serious consideration. Here indeed we are confronted with a grave problem that far outweighs all subsidiary questions of selfish national interests which are being battled for in the fight for the preservation of national life on both sides, in continuation of the natural struggle which is the lower law of existence. But, as has been dinned into us of late on all sides, it seems generally denied by the most aggressive of the combatants, that what is moral law for individuals should hold when the interests of the state are concerned; for the denial is supported by the elaborate arguments of the learned and by official pronouncements, and is acquiesced in, if not heartily assented to, by the mass of the people. Let us then formulate the problem more precisely and consider briefly the grave and all-important question: How far can ethical principles which govern the mutual relations of individuals be applied to those of states? And I would here crave the reader's benevolent indulgence if the limit of space compels a summary, and therefore somewhat dogmatic, statement of personal views, instead of a lengthy and closely-reasoned thesis, prefaced by a careful general introduction. One has

perforce to plunge into the midst of matters, as indeed is the case in the whole of this paper, and hastily seize upon a few only of the more important points for rough comment.

In treatises of international law a state has been defined as "a community of persons living within certain limits of territory, under a permanent organisation, which aims to secure the prevalence of justice by self-imposed laws." In such a soulless entity I have at no time had any very lively interest; and in this enquiry particularly I venture to think that none of us is chiefly interested in legal definitions, but rather that our main concern is with natural facts and the quest of spiritual realities.

Let us, therefore, confine our attention mainly to the blood-bonds of a natural nation. The chief point in the enquiry which presents itself for consideration may then be conveniently summed up in the fundamental question: Is such a nation a moral entity?

Here we seem to have presented to us what is primarily a spiritual problem. The psychological view of the question, immensely important though it may be, is, I think, a secondary consideration, and may be stated in the somewhat technical phrasing: Is a nation a synthesis or a complex?

I am myself bold to believe that a nation is spiritually a synthetic whole; a genuine nation is not the simple sum of its units, not a purely mechanical complex. The popular phrase 'soul of a nation' more nearly hits the mark, I venture to think, than all the timid pseudo-scientific phrases that make for safety. Those who believe that there is the adumbration of truth in the popular term 'soul,' that it can suggest

the notions of character and value and meaning, those who believe in the persistence of such a human soul as a spiritual entity, cannot think it unreasonable to hold that an organised grouping of human souls, peculiarly conditioned by national physical and psychical heredity, is something more than the outcome of a chance collection of individuals.

Blood, as Goethe has told us, is a very peculiar fluid; and if the blood is not the life, as the crude guess of a pre-scientific age had it, there is nevertheless nothing unscientific in the view that blood is the most immediate material vehicle of that life which we share with the animals, and that it is intimately correlated with all those hereditary impulses, instincts and predispositions, which we have of late learned to call the sub-conscious, and by so naming them have been enabled the better to fix our attention upon a huge complex of exceedingly important psychological facts and processes which were hitherto largely neglected, and so to start on the definite quest of a genuine explanation of their nature, meaning and value; for it would be foolish to think that the name itself really explains anything.

Now a modern nation with any pretension to culture is made up of units who for the most part are moral individuals. Further, as we have ventured to suppose, such a nation is also a spiritual synthesis; that is, it contains more in it than the mathematical sum of its units. And if these units are mainly moral entities,—that is to say, spiritual personalities partly in *esse* and partly in *posse*, that is actual and potential, conscious and sub-conscious,—much more then should the synthesis, even if of another order of reality, be of a moral nature; though of course in this

greater order its morality is at present vastly more potential than manifest in comparison with the morality of the better specimens of the individual human order.

In the animal kingdom proper we see the individuals of the various genera and species living the life of their natural order, in shoal and school, in flock and herd, in pack and hive, and also the more solitary and more individualised following a law of specialisation approximating to what takes place in the human kingdom of natural lives. May it not then be that, beyond and above the human as well as below it, there is an economy of its proper natural order—a higher economy which so to speak reverses and resumes the lower process? So that, just as the highest specimens of the animal kingdom are separated out and specialised to develop an egoity, the moral individuals of the human kingdom are destined, by following this complementary and reconciliatory process, to be gradually ingathered into willing and conscious co-operation with the successive degrees of the life of a higher organic whole. And further, may it not be that the conscious activities of this greater whole must naturally find their first, and therefore necessarily embryonic, manifestation in their own order, in the lives of nations?

To such an outlook, I venture to think, we seem to be invited by the facts of existence ranged in an evolutionary order of progress. And as I feel already convinced that this outlook must envisage the ever-widening horizons of a spiritual problem, I have intentionally used the epithet 'moral' in a definitely spiritual sense, and not simply as a synonym of social convention or custom, or even of the question-begging

phrase 'right conduct.' 'Spiritual' is undoubtedly one of the most misused and abused adjectives in our language, and therefore its employment is almost certainly open to grave misunderstanding. Here however it is intended to qualify the nature and activities of that fundamental synthesis which unites and embraces the two forms of energy underlying what are generally known as life and matter, mind and body, and so forth, of which pairs both members, it may be added, are also in final analysis supposed to be essentially spiritual. Spirit may thus, when used of human beings, appropriately indicate that greater, deeper self of every man, which when it becomes active manifests the commonest characteristic of its nature in the capacity of the individual to sympathise with others and feel solicitude for their well-being. It is, as it were, the ground of responsibility and goodness in us. Moreover it is permissible to believe that its presence naturally makes us aware, at least elementally, of its ultimate authority as the good ruler of our inmost life. In most of us this spiritual consciousness is at first quite naturally dim and negative, manifesting itself in an inner feeling of disquiet and then of prohibition when we are about to do something not rightly, as is reported of the *daimonion* of Socrates; positive benevolence and a ready whole-hearted co-operation with this divine impulse, conation or will is a still later stage. The spirit thus conceived must needs be the ground of the moral nature in man, and therefore spiritual self-consciousness, or the perfecting of our spiritual personality, would seem to be the good end of all right endeavour and true progress. Spirit thus regarded is not a separative or separated thing; it is social, co-operative, solidary, global; for it is

that which constitutes us organic parts of the great whole.

There has been for long and is to-day much dispute as to the meaning of the thread-worn terms 'substance' and 'energy,' for we are ever seeking to refine our categories and give them subtler and clearer definition; but for the believer in spiritual morality there is a depth of truth in the thought that what a man does that he is, provided of course that his will consents thereto—in the notion that the results of such action are sub-consciously attached to us somehow, substantially and spiritually, materially and mentally, and condition not only our every future action but our whole entity. But whether we look at the problem from the standpoint of substance or of energy, it is fundamentally a spiritual problem. It matters little whether we say the change is in the quality of the man's substance or in the grade of his energy; both these must be necessarily partial views, and the true and immediate explanation is hidden in the divine mystery of the spiritual nature.

The immediate problem before us, however, is: Can the moral progress which is the high human task and duty and the spiritual good pleasure of the individual, be required of a nation? Personally I have no hesitation in answering to this question with all emphasis: Yes. Not only ought it to be required, but it can here and now be demanded; for already some few nations at any rate are obedient to the voice of a conscience that transcends national needs and necessities. The good future of humanity, therefore, which can surely be nothing less than the development of the spiritual self-consciousness of mankind, depends chiefly, if not entirely, upon the general willing recog-

nition of this corporate common task. The realisation of the spiritual kingdom here on earth must assuredly wait upon our human conscious and deliberate co-operation ; for how else, save by miracle, can the co-ordination of the general activities of our mass humankind into a conscious organic whole be brought about, and so the way be prepared for the rational development and moral health of the body politic of mankind ?

Humanity is a natural organism at present in an embryonic, or at any rate infantine, state. As the child is a young animal and remains an animal until it is gradually disciplined and governed by reason and good-will, so is the mass of humanity in its international relations at present still in a parallel animal state. It is but recently that the world-body has been equipped by wire and cable with a physical nervous system for rapid intercommunication ; it is almost within the memory of the present generation that for the first time in the history of the planet conscious emotions on a world-scale, or at any rate involving vast numbers of human units all over the world, have been experienced comparatively almost immediately on the happening of some great event or catastrophe. The time has thus now come not only for a sub-conscious advance of a new order but also for deliberate conscious attempts at organised movements towards ever greater and higher achievements, based on sympathetic co-operation and made possible by the ever-deepening sense of social responsibility in the masses of mankind. But the response of huge masses requires terrific stimuli ; and it is perhaps permissible to believe that nothing short of the awful conflict in which well-nigh all the most powerful nations of the world are now engaged, could have provided a really effective and efficient stimulus.

Not only so, but, in spite of the clash of the innumerable selfish interests of all grades that are involved, it is an augury of hope, confidence and good cheer that fundamentally the majority of the nations are fighting for moral issues. Though, naturally, comparatively few among the masses consciously realise it as it should be realised, there is nevertheless a very considerable volume of educated opinion that is aware of the true meaning and value of the real issue at stake. And this means nothing less than that the most fateful die humanity has ever thrown has been cast, and that therefore the conscious will of the better part of humankind is set on the accomplishment of a reform of incalculable promise for the future good of the whole common weal—a good which will eventually, let us hope, exclude no fraction, even the smallest, of the human family from its enjoyment.

We have heard much in the past of the 'church' and the 'spiritual body of Christ' and the realisation of the 'heavenly kingdom' here on earth. These ideas and ideals, which have for so long been for most people vague abstractions, are now being brought in concrete form into the field of practical politics on a vast scale. To-day, before our very eyes, I am bold to believe, in grievous travail and grim reality, the spiritual body of humanity is being formed and fashioned by the healing powers that are even now at work transmuting the warring forces in the womb of Mother Earth. For spirit is indeed not something removed from the earth, not abstract and distant, but here and now in the midst of concrete things. It is within the very warring forces themselves, while at the same time it transcends them. It is then for us wisely to recognise this spirit and willingly co-operate with it, if we would have inner

and finally genuine outer peace. To fight the good fight should be to lay hold of eternal life not in some distant future but here and now; and this high conflict must at the proper seasons be physical as well as psychical, material as well as mental, if it is to be truly spiritual. We must strenuously resist injustice and tyranny and lying and all the vices with all our might wherever they are found. If these vices are manifested in and by organised states, then other organised states must see to it that the breakers of the good law are disciplined by armed protection and defence of the victims of their oppression.

To-day there is for a righteous nation something greater than patriotism and the defence of purely national interests. The test of all nations to-day, to determine their respective places and dignities in the grand body politic, is that they should consider the interests of humanity first before their own interests. This is the hall-mark of the greater morality; and this deep choice decides whether a man is dominated by the animal instincts of his blood-ties or responds to the spiritual impulses of the greater whole of which he is fundamentally a part, and so passes from the slavery of the flesh into the spiritual freedom of true cosmopolitan citizenship, and thus advances one stage nearer to the final liberty and peace of the City of God.

Patriotism is what the Platonists called a political virtue—excellent in its own order; but at this stage of human culture it becomes a vice if it is allowed to usurp the high prerogatives of the spiritual virtues. And at the head of the hierarchy of these moral powers are enthroned the love of man and the love of God.

Now, though bearing ever in mind that good is mingled with evil and evil with good on both sides,

nevertheless we may be bold to say that the Germans, taken as a whole, deliberately in the ruling theories of their men of authority and learning, and sub-consciously in the consent of the masses to the dictation of their leaders, have practically made the material success of Germany the criterion of corporate moral action. An act in war is for them good or bad if it brings or does not bring material success; success is put before progress. Therefore has Germany by her acts outraged the moral conscience and estranged the sympathy of the major part of the rest of the civilised world; and therefore those who are in conflict with her are, while in part defending their lower interests against hers, beyond and above this lower struggle of the flesh, fighting for genuine moral principles and the good of humanity as a whole.

That such a struggle is the fortuitous clash of mutually irreconcilable brute forces is, in my belief, wholly incredible. The present world-conflict, I firmly hold, is watched over and guided by the providence of the divine economy; and such is my unshakeable over-belief in spite of all ghastly appearances to the contrary.

The betterment that will, we all hope, result from this purgation, might conceivably perchance have been brought about by struggle and conflict of a higher order; nevertheless reason persuades us that a purging which is to be thorough must be on all planes of human activity; for otherwise the spirit would be balked and hindered and hampered in part of its energies, and its operation would not be thorough and therefore not fully spiritual.

If now we repeat the question: How far can ethical principles which govern the mutual relations

of individuals be applied to those of states?—then, in the light of the foregoing rough considerations, the answer will be : Precisely in so far as we ordinary men and women can respond to the quickening of the spiritual life, is a world of moral international relations possible.

And now as to peace in its most vulgar sense as cessation of or freedom from war in the usual meaning of armed conflict between nations and states. Such peace must come sooner or later, and the prayer of the better part of humanity is that the imposing of the conditions of peace may be in the hands of the more innocent, of those who even were there no other evidence—and there is ample and convincing evidence—are patently proved to have been averse from war by their unreadiness and unpreparedness for it. It is the prayer of all the allied nations who have been most unwillingly forced to fight against aggression and against what in last analysis is a traitorous spirit to humanity, which has not only deliberately prepared itself for two generations with an unheard-of intensity of concentrated energy to be brutally strong and confidently ready in every detail and every way to kill, but has further devoted itself *con amore* to an organised system of minute espionage everywhere without distinction in the houses of its friends and hosts. It is the hope also of the majority of the peoples of neutral nations who desire the victory of the better part of human nature. In brief it is the prayer and hope of all who duly appreciate the real moral issues at stake.

That there will be even so an ideal settlement, is hardly to be hoped for; but that there may be a settlement which will make and mark a decided step in advance of all prior accommodations is to be reasonably

expected ; for already there is a very extensive volume of desire that it should be so, and the negotiators, even if they should personally be out of sympathy with a policy of general generosity, will be compelled to be mindful of this widely-felt desire. But indeed the practical obstacles in the way of reaching a really just balancing of so many clashing interests may well prove to be insurmountable even with theoretically the best will in the world. Matters of extreme delicacy will have to be comparatively roughly and hurriedly decided. The peace conditions will necessarily be fundamentally determined by the positions of the various belligerents at the hour of final crisis, and will thereafter have to receive definite shape by the necessarily rapid adjustments agreed by plenipotentiaries, no doubt highly skilled diplomatically, but desperately hard put to it to find generally acceptable formulæ when so many immensely important clashing interests are involved.

In the present condition of affairs no experienced student of history and human nature, I take it, can be so uncritically and unpractically optimistic as to expect that such a congress will be able to inaugurate a really new and better order of things. There will be accommodation, let us hope, in some respects at least of a more enlightened and generous nature than usual. But for a drastic and thorough reform we have not been even now sufficiently schooled ; the real schooling will begin after the sound and impartial thrashing we have received all round from the stern school-master of life. What moderate betterment we can reasonably hope for is that a general move forward will be made towards the next natural step in international social relations, and that some system of world-police to enforce the decisions of the moderate modicum of

international law we have so far evolved, will be somehow brought into effective being. This we may hopefully look forward to in reason, for this war, as has already been insisted upon, is not simply a war of wars of the normal type. We stand to-day on the margin of a distinct general consciousness that international world-arrangements are not only possible but absolutely necessary; for the first time in history the idea of a common responsibility in furthering the development of the fundamental social world-structure into a workable organic whole is forcing itself upon the general attention. The beginnings are then already with us and the new order already in embryo. Indeed I am bold to believe that this great war is the outer manifestation of the pains of this world-labour; that it foretells that the new order is very near to birth-point, and a gigantic and amazing birth it promises to be.

Peace of the outermost order we must necessarily first have, but struggle and re-formation of a deeper, inner, more intimate and immediate nature must continue after the readjustment of external national boundaries and the re-mapping of Europe. The war has intensified the primary and secondary bonds of nationality; it has made solidary for the time at any rate the internal unity of every one of the warring nations, and bound more tightly than before the natural ties of blood. This is a decided good of its own order, for it is a love-bond; but a still higher spiritual good is in seed in that vast ground of the fundamental tie of humanity, of the nature of which we are at present so dimly aware, as may be seen from all the unreal talk about brotherhood in the past. Efficient consciousness of the vast possibilities for good latent in this fundamental and at present subconscious ground of our nature has

yet to be developed. War has intensified the natural distinctions of national characteristics, all of which must be preserved for the common good, so that the whole may be the richer and more varied. But if international hate between the combatants has intensified intranational love, so also has co-operation in a common cause and effort brought about closer bonds between allied nations. This also is of good augury for the future. We are already in many ways learning to know better the nature of the great natural national characters, the psychology of those that are with us and of those who are against us, and let us also hope our own most puzzling psychology,—our virtues and our vices, our good points and shortcomings. And in the comparative quiet after the war we must see to it that we improve our knowledge by learning still better to estimate justly the experience gained both by co-operation and by opposition.

Now if there is thus a new texture of human inter-dependence being woven, we may say that the ground of the stuff consists of the tightly wound threads of national blood-ties, but what of the woof? Must there not be a transectional interweaving, a shuttle threading? Economic conditions are already accentuating and after the war will continue to intensify, not only industrial problems, but also a host of other far-reaching social questions, all of which must be bravely met and wisely solved for a really stable structure of the general social welfare. The mobilisation idea which stress of circumstances has forced upon us, we may very well expect has in some fashion come to stay. The extreme individualism of the British character and its love of loose liberty will doubtless continue to resist this tendency more

strenuously than it will be resisted elsewhere. But it is with us, not only in the form of the deliberate mobilising of industries for the increased output of munitions of war, but also already in many other ways, and may perhaps, before the war is over, embrace most of our general national activities. And after the war—may it not be that we shall witness an age of mobilisation in the form of attempts to internationalise various orders of industrial and commercial and also intellectual and artistic activity? Already before the outbreak of hostilities we were given to understand that what was called international socialism would prevent so dire a calamity as a European war; that the brotherhood of the workers would see to it that not only the capitalists but also the military and diplomatic and professional classes were put in their proper places. We all know how immediate was the lie given to this premature boasting, and how when the crisis came the rich blood of national heredity and the subconscious instinct of the various folk instantly swept on one side the doctrinaire ideals of the threateners of a class war. Nevertheless it is not absurd to expect that one of the greatest factors, not in breaking down, but in modifying and refining national blood-differences and in weaving the stuff of social human nature into a genuinely organised structure, will be a sympathetic international drawing together of the many varied phases of human activity, not simply of industry and labour, but of all honourable work of hands and heads and hearts.

And behind and beneath all this is a still more fundamental natural difference that must be blended into a higher synthesis for the peace and well-being of mankind. Another natural distinction that the war

has intensified is the blood-difference of sex. The natural wont of sex has reasserted itself and thundered out its everlasting yea against the degeneracy of decadence and luxury. But, as we all know, woman has been of late insurgent with resolute determination against age-long injustice and abuse of many inter-sexual relations. The genuine woman's movement, though for the moment in this country silent on the surface, because in this great crisis woman's intuition has wisely called a truce to controversy for the time amid the horrid din of manhood's battle, is still with us and all the more intensified because of the great war. Does anyone imagine that woman will not all the more strenuously in future demand to have some say in matters that touch her and her dear ones so nearly? The just and sane emancipation of woman is one of the most potent factors in the reformation and reconstruction of the new age; woman must play her absolutely indispensable part in the spinning and weaving of the new social vesture of humanity, and will co-operate with men in many other proper spheres of activity besides that of fulfilling her most natural high *rôle* of wife and mother. She is indeed already doing so now and most efficiently and devotedly in very many ways, as may be seen on all sides. The human soul, be its body male or female, has many needs and duties, aspirations and rights, besides those that are radically determined by the sex of the body. This gigantic and far-reaching problem has to find a sane, just and reasonable solution in the new age; and pray heaven we may reach it without experiencing the incredible horrors of a sex-war, which would make even the frightfulness of the present armageddon pale in its poignant intimate intensity.

That peace in the high sense of harmony within the entire social structure and spiritual economy of humanity can possibly follow the ending of the present barbarous armed conflict, is in the nature of things outside all reasonable expectation. But if this is beyond any sane hope, it is within reason to believe that this great war will inaugurate a new age of betterment in many ways; this good hope should give us strength and confidence to work with all our powers effectively to hasten on the good things that promise achievement in so many fair ways.

The future then to which all good and true men and women may look forward, is the privilege of continuing to fight the good fight; for without this higher struggle there is no laying hold of eternal life, as the familiar phrase has it, no other means conceivable of our fitting ourselves even to recognise the nature of this highest ideal, much less to realise it. But even when, as we all hope, the power of Germany for armed physical aggression has been suppressed, we shall by no means have done with her as a rival in other fields of activity. And such rivalry is quite legitimate, for no noble mind can be so grudging as to withhold its genuine respect and high admiration for her industry and ability and her genius of organisation when these are turned to right ends. And here we may speculate on three possibilities after the war, one of which would bring us into renewed conflict with Germany. It may perhaps happily be that the German soul, through the discipline and bitter experience of this war, will as a whole turn and repent her of her aggressive spirit; or it may be that she will, less happily, be rent in twain, and her intellect will war against itself, in a higher conflict of national and

international moral readjustment. There is, however, a third possibility. Germany, eventually beaten in arms, may continue obdurate in spirit and in intellect, and so seek by every possible means, and with all the power of her organised science and learning, to defend and justify her every public act in this war from first to last. Her present temper for the most part seems to be to regard whatever brings material success to Germany in war as the moral justification of the deed; but even when ultimate material success has been happily taken from her, she may continue to work out a theory of German morals to justify German deeds.

In such a corporate defence before the tribunal of history, such a national *apologia pro vita sua*, the arms and forces would be intellectual; and it may then come to pass that Germany will mobilise her intellectual forces and sharpen her intellectual weapons—and she is already admittedly the best organised nation in the world in academical industry—and fight to the death to defend her conduct, sticking at nothing and introducing ruthless devices in intellectual war as she has already done in physical conflict. The high prize to be fought for will be the preservation of the moral ideals of humanity. And against such organised scientific and philosophic barbarism, in defence of the interests of the lower nature, should it come about, we others, who are ready to admit our own many shortcomings and confess our sins while we strive for the higher and more general good, would have to prepare ourselves—would have to organise and mobilise to fight the good fight. But if this great struggle of the intellect is really ahead of us, it will be a fight that we may enter upon with enthusiasm and inner joy and the peaceful confidence that here indubitably, in spite

of every 'frightfulness' of the enemy, we shall eventually win, and win such a battle for humanity as has never been fought before in depth and fineness of reasoning. And for the many when this further phase of the great war is over, and for the few even while it is being fought, let us hope there will be wisdom enough even to thank the adversary that he has thus forced on to far more rapid demonstration and determination than otherwise could have been achieved a very great good.

But even if this intellectual armageddon is not to be fought out in this precise way, and Germany is to be with us either wholly or partly in the fight against the worse part in intellectual and moral conflict, the present war has already prepared the conditions of a deepening of thought and life that no other storm and stress could have so rapidly brought about. When, for instance, we remember that even within our own voluntary system the best youth of our universities are by thousands in the fighting line and with them many of our younger lecturers and professors, and also great numbers of our school teachers, not to speak of the many others rendering service in the merciful and humane activities of the Ambulance and Red Cross; when we further reflect that in the conscript armies of France and Belgium, of Italy, Serbia and Russia, and above all in this respect of Germany and Austro-Hungary, all but the physically unfit of the higher students and of the teaching class are in the ranks, consciously facing the grimmest realities of death and carnage, not to speak of priests and clergy in great numbers—when we further consider what this must inevitably mean for the future of education and of thought, in science,

philosophy and religion, the prospect of the dawn of a new age, of a genuine reform and renaissance for the world, is bright indeed. Can we imagine that men who have passed through such terrible experiences—not to speak of the agony and helpless sufferings of vast numbers of non-combatants—and been at grips with such grim realities, will tolerate the unpractical programmes of education that at present for the most part throttle our schools, or that the students who return from such hard lessons in the severest school of life will patiently endure the lifeless insipidity of the atmosphere of the average academical lecturing-room?

It may of course be objected that all this has occurred before on a smaller scale and that it is difficult to trace any great advance in education and in thought in consequence of the bitter experiences of war. It is difficult perhaps to cite cases offhand, and to my knowledge no systematic attempt has been made to deal with this very important historical subject, but I am bold to think results could be traced *in petto* by competent enquiry. It is, however, the vastness of the scale of warring, the general recognition of the stupendous crisis in human affairs through which we are passing, and of the dire necessity of radical reform in so many ways and of a general revision of values, that differentiate this happening from all others of a similar nature, and drive the lesson home in unforgettable fashion. If such a terrible awakening were to be followed by the lethargy of the normal hum-drum somnolence of the habitual in education and in thought, then indeed might the virtues who watch over our destinies despair of human-kind. But surely such sleep has been murdered out of us, and we are at last awake generally for better things, strong to reap the

harvest of the potent seed sown in the soil harrowed by our common sufferings and watered by our blood.

Therefore after the formal peace that will follow this organised armed conflict we may reasonably expect, not the false peace of exhaustion and general weariness, but higher conflicts still, in the endless war of man's struggle to satisfy here and now the needs of his better nature, to fulfil the commands of his inner monitor and to realise himself in the spiritual activity of true social service. This is the common social task of that true manhood which responds to genuine spiritual stimulus and finds its satisfaction in such responsibility. In these good undertakings for the common weal the individual shows himself greater than he knows himself to be; and this high struggle, I firmly believe, marks the next natural step in evolution and development towards the realisation of the human individual as a conscious spiritual personality. That any of us will see the consummation of these individual co-operative efforts in a perfected humanity at peace with itself in the quiet of harmonious realisation here on earth, is of course unthinkable; that is the far-off divine event to which, we may hope, the whole of our human creation is moving. But the very fact that there is a 'something,' no matter what we call it, that forces very many of us so to act for general betterment even when our intellectual theories refuse belief in individual persistence after bodily death, makes it not unreasonable to believe that this 'something,' which urges us to strive for general betterment, at the risk of our personal comfort, is wiser than ourselves, the power, so to say, of a higher life within us, the true spirit of man's greater self. And however imperfect may be each and every attempt adequately to explain its nature,

meaning and value, I for one hold that there is continuance for this good outcome of individual moral activity, and that in some very real way the activity and the outcome are indestructibly bound up with each other, and both of these with the spirit of the man who has thus heroically striven.

It is the high over-belief of many that spirit in its own nature is not separate as bodies are spatially and temporally apart and mutually externally determined, but unitary and solidary, yet continuously enriched by the right activities of all the countless spirits of men who in it are in some incomprehensible way one with another in a timeless and spaceless compenetration. And some dare to go even further on this path of faith, and venture to believe that the absolute nature of spirit is not set over against the flesh, not an infinity and eternity opposed to time and space, but the ground reality of these realities, including and embracing all, here and now with us at every moment of time and every point of space; and that peace, true peace, the peace of God that passeth all understanding, as the familiar *logos* very wisely has it, is somehow realisable. Indeed those who have made a serious comparative study of the highest spiritual experiences of mankind recorded in the literatures of the greatest religions of higher culture, may reasonably hold that it has already been reached in some measure by some, here and now in the midst of the strenuous war that perforce conditions the nature of the ever-becoming and ever new. The divine plan and purpose, they believe, is being gradually realised in the process; and man is the highest product of that process here on earth; and his destiny, we dare to think, is that he shall know as he is known, and at last become a

conscious co-operator with the divine will and wisdom. In this alone, we venture to believe, can true peace be found and true freedom gained ; and such I take to be the inmost teaching of all the great religions when all lesser speculations and dogmatic wrappings have been stripped away. It is the common good tidings of the greatest spiritual heroes of our kind who speak of what they know, those who have had the deepest experience of the horrors and pains of the perpetual great war, and have not flinched but fought on with the crown of peace within their hearts, even when the crown of thorns lacerated their heads, and human reason failed them in the poignant pangs of that crucifixion which alone transmutes the human into the divine.

G. R. S. MEAD.

SCULPTURE AND IVAN MESTROVICH.

ERNEST H. R. COLLINGS.

THE final test of the value of a work of art rests with that spiritual quality, which may be called 'infinity,' that lifts man to the gods. In sculpture (the making of images in stone, metal, wood or clay) it is very necessary to insist on this, because so often it is still judged by the degree in which mere shape is faithfully copied, as if reproduction alone possessed inherent merit.

It is reasonable to assume that art originates in ecstasy and in the desire, first to express this fulness of emotion for self-satisfaction, and then to communicate it to others; the form of expression being determined by the nature and degree of ecstasy, the artist's capacity and the means at his command. More or less exact imitation of something seen, remembered or imagined may be the result; this, however, should not be judged by its faithfulness to a model, seen or unseen, but by the degree in which the artist has succeeded in translating his original idea.

If we go back to the early world, we find that the thoughts to which man most felt the need of giving expression, were those concerning the forces of nature about him and those connected with his own position on the earth. Thus, of his wonder and loneliness, was born that tangible link between him and all he did not

understand—art, which leads the individual into the universal.

The Egyptians set a standard for sculpture; using the most durable material, the very hardest stone, and recognising its particular quality of concentrated strength, they so directed their technique that the ideas they sought to express were enhanced by the very nature of the block they worked on. Before their finest statues we realise that in no other figures has man so worthily done homage to all-powerful gods; in these carven stones (wonderful in ease of craftsmanship alone) the technical excellence is in complete accord with the deep thought of their conception. The Egyptians show us gods we neither love nor hate, for they are beyond good and evil; and before whom we cannot but say, "Do with us what you will for you are mightier than we." They have no need of a more persuasive naturalism, a greater sense of obvious life; for if their 'being' is not seen on the surface it burns without rest within.

If Egypt set up immortal figures of omnipotent and inscrutable gods, Assyria has perpetuated in its sculptural reliefs the glory of kings of men, the furious ecstasy of living known to the lords of earth glorying in their strength of body. An Englishman,¹ with a mind more than usually sensitive to the 'measureless desire of life,' has expressed such a state for us:

"I dream sometimes backwards of the ancient times. If I could have the bow of Ninus, and the earth full of wild bulls and lions, to hunt them down, there would be rest in that. To shoot with a gun is nothing; a mere touch discharges it. Give me a bow,

¹ Richard Jefferies, *The Story of My Heart*.

that I may enjoy the delight of feeling myself draw the string and the strong wood bending, that I may see the rush of the arrow, and the broad head bury itself deep in shaggy hide. Give me an iron mace that I may crush the savage beast and hammer him down. A spear to thrust through with, so that I may feel the long blade enter and the push of the shaft. The unwearied strength of Ninus to hunt unceasingly in the fierce sun."

Those reliefs which show mythical figures, winged or eagle-headed human beings, human-headed bulls or lions, seem equally carved by man for his own glory alone; having taken to himself the strength of bird or beast he stands before us a super-powerful man. It is interesting to compare the Egyptian 'Sekhet,' terrible in its godlike majesty. The controlled simplification of form given by the Egyptians to their figures to increase the dignity of idea, gives place in the Assyrian reliefs to controlled accentuation of form, an insistence on muscle, on elaborately curled hair and costume decoration, on feathers and leaves. Detail so sensuously felt adds significance to figures and scenes, and yet in the best examples never detracts from the value of the carving as a whole.

The Greeks brought gods and men together and, in achieving that serene harmony of human and divine which crowns their art at its fullest and most sustained expression in the Phidian marbles of the Parthenon, they lost the unfathomable depth of Egypt and the fury of Assyria, as also they left behind the *grotesquerie* of their amazing Minoan forerunners, whose unfettered naturalism they transformed into their own idealised realism. Stages in the development of the Greek ideal may be studied in such archaic statues as the 'Apollo

of Tenea' and the 'Strangford Apollo'; in the former, while the figure still retains some of the authority of Egyptian art, the spirit seems to have fled, and the smile, inherited perhaps from Crete, seems to express a knowingness which has not yet become mind. The figure indeed stands rigid, as do the puppets at the showman's bidding in Stravinsky's ballet *Petrouchka*, before the first steps in the dance of life; in the latter the wonder of new-born intelligence suffuses the waking flesh, and the glowing beauty of this adolescent god of the morning stimulates the beholder's mind and body to the utmost, the one interacting with the other. The sculptor has not attained the more placid loveliness of Phidias, which gives dreamier content, but by his very reticence he achieves perhaps more, even if in our joy we receive a hint of that unrest which art was to know after Greece declined. The balance of the Phidian art leans to the human side, as if the gods were brought nearer to man in his realisation that life was good, life joyous and full, mind and body alike free but in mutual agreement, satisfied in the security of knowledge which taught that harmony could be attained on earth. The necessary perfection blossomed with the thought inspiring it but to die, leaving those masterpieces which have come to be regarded by so many as the highest expression of art.

Before considering the work of Michelangelo and more modern sculptors of the West, who broadly may be said to derive from Greece, we must turn to Indian sculpture, which should be considered by the side of Egyptian, Assyrian and Greek. Here, in contrast to the static Greek, is achieved a more dynamic harmony in which the balance inclines to the divine, as if man were lifted to the gods, joining them in their 'cosmic

consciousness.' A refreshingly enthusiastic champion¹ may be quoted to explain the Indian position.

"Indian art was conceived when the wonderful intuition flashed upon the Indian mind that the soul of man is eternal, and one with the Supreme Soul, the Lord and Cause of all things. It took upon itself organic expression in the Vedas and Upanishads, and though in succeeding centuries other thought-centres were formed in Persia, China and Arabia, the creative force generated from those great philosophical conceptions has not ceased to stimulate the whole art of Asia from that time to the present day.

"It is probably an unique phenomenon in the evolution of the world's art that so many centuries elapsed between the complete expression of Indian thought in the Vedas and Upanishads and the full maturity of the technic arts, as revealed in the sculptures of Elephanta, Ellora and Borobadur, and in the best Indian Buddhist paintings from the fourth to the eighth centuries A.D., the majority of which have perished. . . . The poet-priests and chieftains who composed the Vedic hymns and expressed their communings with the nature-spirits in such beautiful imagery, were great artists who gave to India monuments more durable than bronze; and already in this Vedic period, centuries before Hellenic culture began to exert its influence upon Asia, India had conceived the whole philosophy of her art. It was the Vedic poets who first proclaimed the identity of the soul of man with the Soul of Nature, and laid claim to direct inspiration from God. Vak, the Divine Word, they said, took possession of the '*rishis*,' entered into the poet's

¹ E. B. Havell, *The Ideals of Indian Art*.

mind, and made him one with the Universal Self. This idea of the artist identifying himself with Nature in all her moods is really the keynote of all Asiatic art, poetry and music."

Such conceptions of universal movement and the repose of contemplation, depicted in the figures of 'Shiva as Lord of the Dance' and the seated Buddha respectively, are among the glories of Indian art in sculpture. In the masterpieces of these and kindred images, bronze and stone are so ordered by the very highest skill that their essential qualities express the exuberance of widely ranging life, physical and mental, under control. Compare the fire of movement at white heat in a 'Shiva Dancing' with the disordered frenzy of so much later art which seeks to express energy.

Michelangelo links ancient with modern art. As far as was in his power he gave sculpture in the West again the position it had steadily lost since the time of Phidias, and rescued it from the *cul-de-sac* whither Gothic architecture had led it. He reasserted the precious quality of the material itself and its possibilities for the most noble work when respected rather than abused; for the romantic religious ecstasy of Gothic thought tended to give to stone an unnatural life it could not support. To his understanding of technique was added a titanic creative impulse and a mind which discovered anew for the world the wonder of man's destiny. Michelangelo sums up the spirit of the Renaissance, the reblossoming of mind in a consciousness of beauty; man had become suddenly aware again of his glorious body made in the divine image:

"And so thou wert God-shapen: His finger
Curved thy mouth for thee, and His strong shoulder

Planted thee upright : art not proud to see
In the curve of thine exquisite form the joy of the
Moulder ? ”¹

Free on the earth again would he stand, eager for life and knowledge, and if, as we seem to see in those figures which the sculptor fashioned, heroic doubt was born of man's efforts to achieve and understand, it was because he set out to grasp too much in his ubiquitous desire. In his efforts to regain for sculpture a lost position, it is scarcely to be wondered at that, genius as he was, Michelangelo was unable to advance the art to any appreciable extent beyond giving it—this certainly was an inestimable gift—a character of mind which it had not previously possessed ; and of course his acquaintance with ancient masterpieces was quite insufficient to urge him to attempt any such synthesis of style as that which an ambitious sculptor might to-day essay. It is not suggested that mere jugglery of borrowed forms could possibly result in a product of any worth ; but an intelligent appreciation of the vital manner in which the masters of old set forth their ideas should be a most profitable source of inspiration and a means of revivifying sculptural art. The ancient masterpieces have been too long taken for granted, Greece given pride of place without any question and Egypt, Assyria and India almost wholly neglected.

A study of the work of the Southern Slav Ivan Mestrovich may give an opportunity of readjusting values, for his power of synthesis is remarkable. Largely spontaneous, we do not belittle it when realising how much better equipped in knowledge of the past is the modern artist compared with his pre-

¹ D. H. Lawrence, *Love Poems and Others*.

decessor. This power, so sanely controlled by a deep understanding, has given the fullest expression to what would seem the sculptor's central thought—man growing stronger by his acceptance of and his faith in life—and gives a particular force to an art which rooted in earth flowers to the skies.

Mestrovich was born in 1883, at the beginning of a period dominated, as regards sculpture, by the art of Rodin, which may be said to have stood as a symbol of restless and very varying effort. No adequate survey can be attempted here but the names now mentioned will indicate outstanding tendencies. Meunier in a technique of restrained naturalism has shown man made dumbly heroic by a fate forcing him to endless and weary labour. The lyric sculptors, Bistolfi, Carl Milles, Minne, Rousseau, have given expression in a more atmospheric technique to an indwelling spirit of mingled quiet joy and sorrow; and somewhat akin, the tragic Edström has led us to the more masculine and massive art of Bourdelle, Hanak, Lederer, Maillol, Metzner, Stursa. Some of the latter school, though possessing a feeling for the essentially sculptural, seem insecure in inspiration or technique, and give an effect of laboured striving for the impressive, the naïve or the archaic. Already also have appeared those whose 'intellectual' interest in abstract shape leads them, in the opposite direction, to just such a by-way as that entered by misguided followers of Pygmalion who have wooed form with caresses.

D. S. MacColl¹ in an appreciation of Rodin has used the words, 'an unexampled lust of form.' This indeed measures his strength and his weakness, as

¹ *Nineteenth Century Art.*

also, if not applied too strictly, it measures the general capacity of the period. The man whose healing hands have given cosmic form to the unwieldy mass of sculptural material appears from an almost unexpected quarter, the inspired forerunner of what may be a second and more glorious Renaissance, being a Serb peasant, before whose figures Rodin has bowed with the words, "*C'était mon rêve !*"

Of this Slav's art it may be written, as it has been of Cézanne's :

"It seems to be a part of what is permanent; to be aloof from stress and change; to be an echo of the great silences, of immemorial time and infinite space; to hold in itself the enigma of man's brief life amid the eternity of the universe. We are moved by it, not to words, but to deep and strong emotion."¹

The art of Mestrovich is a steady organic growth from the seeds sown in his race-consciousness, when as a child he took to heart the national folk-songs, to the flowering of his great conception, 'The Temple of the Day of Vision.' His birthplace was Vrpolje in Croatia-Slavonia, where his parents went each winter from the village of Otavice in Dalmatia; and all the circumstances of his early life have had some influence on his work. Brought up in the simplest manner, he acted in his young days as the village shepherd, and his sensitive mind received its first inspiration when, alone with the animals, he felt the might of nature in his wild and rugged surroundings. His dawning imagination was fired when round the family hearth at the day's end he heard of the past, of all his people's glory and its passing, when, on the field of Kosovo,

¹ Charles H. Caffin, *How to Study the Modern Painters*.

Czar Lazar, Milos Obilich and other heroes died. He carved simple domestic utensils in wood and modelled in clay, worked with a stone-mason in Spalato and, at the age of about 18, went to the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts, where his artistic schooling was soon completed. His early work, such as 'Timor Dei,' 'Laocoön,' 'The Lustful Old Man,' 'The Fountain of Life' and 'The Sacrifice of Innocence,' is full of restless life in which thought and technique are not fully controlled; but particularly in 'The Sacrifice of Innocence' the heart is profoundly touched by the so human appeal of this circle of earth's children waking to the wonder of their pain. Here, if the technique is immature compared with later work, we realise the divine intuition of man's deepest joys and sorrows which is at the root of this young Slav's art.

The annexation by Austria of Bosnia-Herzegovina profoundly affected Mestrovich, and his idea of commemorating worthily the never forgotten day of Kosovo and enshrining in stone all those ideas of unity which were gradually gathering strength among the Southern Slavs (of whom the inhabitants of Serbia and Montenegro alone were free) took definite shape. In Paris he began the figures which were to adorn his 'Temple,' those figures which, shown to the world in the Pavilion of the Kingdom of Serbia at Rome in 1911, foretold the resurrection of a people. There was no conscious seeking of a subject for the sculptor's hands and chisel; he had but to call those dream-forms which had been near to him all his life, and in the effort of creation, of releasing them from the clay, from the stone, his sculptural means were consolidated into a technique of great constructional force which, while synthesising natural shapes, not only retained

their vital effectiveness, but added the control of an informing spirit by imposing a rigid restraint that preserved the essential quality of the material used. Conception and expression were fused, and the result seems inevitable. If we are reminded of the deepest Egyptian thought in the 'Caryatids,' of Greek harmony and beauty in 'Remembrance' and 'Widow and Child' and of the fury of Asia in 'Milos' and 'Srgja,' we find no mere eclecticism but the direction of the most appropriate means to a desired end.

As 'The Temple of the Day of Vision' sums up the aspirations of the Southern Slavs, Mestrovich's model for the building itself stands as a convenient epitome of his art. The building seems so desirous of keeping in closest touch with earth; like a primitive dwelling it is rooted there, a true home of men; and when we have become conscious of this we realise the tower set up like a monolith to the skies, thought mounting through those close-packed figures which decorate it. We are borne back to the twin origins of sculptural art—man's instinctive worship of stones and his desire to express a fulness of emotion in durable form—and forward to the limitless future of the spirit. Art such as that of Ivan Mestrovich opens unexpected doors in the courts of the mind and, by urging us to examine afresh sculpture all over the world, through the realisation of the cultural reflowering of an heroic and most noble people, compels us to a better understanding of man, more clearly seen in the awe-inspiring reality of the universe, a passionate pilgrim seeking with a song in his heart the home of his fathers—the gods.

ERNEST H. R. COLLINGS.

GERMANY'S LITERARY DEBT TO FRANCE.

JESSIE L. WESTON.

ONE of the most remarkable, and indeed unparalleled, features in this present lamentable war has been the clamorous and insistent assertion on the part of Germany of her possession of a culture, of a national development, at once moral, literary and scientific, so superior to that of other nations that she is justified in endeavouring by force of arms to impose this 'culture' upon the rest of Europe.

I am aware that an attempt has been made (with a view to lessen the monstrous absurdity of this claim) to distinguish *Kultur* as made, and spelt, in Germany from our usual conception of the term; but the Germans themselves know no such distinction. I was in Germany at the outbreak of the war, and when England finally declared herself upon the side of France and Russia it was pointed out to me what a sin we, as a folk akin to the Germans, sharing the same '*Kultur*' (*Wir sind zwei Kultur-Völker* I was reminded), the same traditions, the same literature (!), were committing in ranging ourselves on the side of a barbarous people like the Russians.

It is a proverbial saying that "the world takes you at your own valuation," and Germany's vociferous iterations of her culture-claims seem to have exercised a mesmeric effect upon some minds. There were

certain English professors who did not hesitate to sign a protest against war with a country to which we owed so deep an intellectual debt. It has probably not yet dawned upon these serious, and unimaginative, gentlemen that the principle enunciated was capable of another and wider application.

No such protest came from French scholars. Not that they are, as a body, less 'cultured' than their English *confrères*; not that they are less ready to acknowledge the value of work done in other lands; probably no body of men is so free from a taint of false nationalism, or so ready to accept good work on its own merit, no matter who may be the author; but precisely because, possessed of a keener critical faculty, they have a juster appreciation of the real value of German research. I suspect also that, as they are gifted with a lively sense of humour, the extravagant claims of Germany have served to cast a gleam of amusement athwart the blackness of the War-cloud.

Why, indeed, should France trouble to dispute the claims of a culture based upon a borrowed foundation, the materials for which were a loan from her?

It is an old story now; and what Germany has contrived to forget, England for the most part never knew, but France remembers—and smiles.

It was towards the latter part of the 12th century, under the influence of chivalry—an institution which, as all the world knows, owes its development, as it does its name, to the French culture whose widespread and beneficent effects the Middle Ages at least did not disdain to admit—that Germany first possessed a conscious literature. Previous to that date we have only such fragments as the *Hildebrands-Lied*, the *Waltharius*, and sundry prayers and spells, such as

form the earliest remains of all literatures. Man at first takes more interest in his relation to the unseen powers which can help or harm him, than he does in his dealings with his fellow men. Also, till the influence of chivalry and *courtoisie* had created a *milieu* for the enjoyment of literature, literature could not exist; the demand creates the supply. But in extraordinary and startling contrast to the paucity of literary monuments previous to this period, are the number and high quality of the works, the composition of which falls within certain well-defined dates. A German writer describes the age as one which displays "a high degree of æsthetic culture, such as was not attained again till 600 years later." It is denied by no literary critic, German or other, that with the death of the Landgrave Hermann of Thuringia, in the early part of the 13th century, the golden age of German literature closed; it relapsed into a mediocrity from which it was rescued only by the intelligent patronage of German princes in the 18th century.

How is such a phenomenon to be accounted for?

If we examine the works of the period and find that their inspiration came *from the outside*, we are, I think, driven to the conclusion that this people, which now makes such overwhelming claims upon our admiration, was in reality singularly deficient in original inspiration or power of independent construction, and was dependent upon foreign inspiration and foreign models to a degree unknown in any other literature.

That this is no prejudiced assertion, but a simple and moderate statement of fact, will be apparent if we examine the *provenance* of those works which, by

universal consent, rank as the classics of Mediæval German Literature.

Heinrich v. Veldeke, who is termed by modern Germans 'the father of artistic chivalric poetry,' admittedly grew up "in an environment especially strongly influenced by French culture." (I am quoting throughout from the standard German literary text-books.) His first successful work, *The Aeneid*, was inspired, "not by Virgil, but by a French poem"—probably Benoit de Saint Maur's *Roman d'Aeneas*. The success of the poem was so great that, at the request of the Landgrave Hermann, above referred to, Herbot v. Fritslar undertook the translation of the earlier period of the Trojan War by rendering into German verse Benoit's *Roman de Troie*.

It is worthy of note here that, while the German writers simply translated French into German verse, the French author drew his material from an interpolation in the Latin of Cornelius Nepos, expanding the bare incidents of the original recital into romantic French verse. Thus, alike in classical knowledge and inventive faculty, the French writer had the advantage.

That he also possessed the advantage of a higher standard of conduct and manners is evident from a remark in Paul's *Grundriss der germanischen Philologie*, where the writer admits that where v. Fritslar departed from his model, by introducing realistic descriptions, he oversteps the bounds "not merely of courtly convention but of good taste."

A much more famous writer than v. Fritslar, or even than v. Veldeke, was Hartmann v. Aue, whose work is referred to in eulogistic terms by contemporary and following German writers. Of the four romantic

poems we possess from his pen, three are certainly translations from the French. *Erec* and *Iwein* are versions of romances of the same name by the famous French poet Chrétien de Troyes; *Gregorius* is also taken from the French of an unknown writer. The fourth poem, *Der arme Heinrich*, is a version of a tale found in the *Legenda Aurea*, but we do not know Hartmann's direct source. The *Lanzelet* of Ulrich v. Zatzikhoven, a poem interesting rather on account of its subject-matter than its literary merit—it contains a version of the Lancelot story earlier than any other which we now possess—was derived from a French book in the possession of Hugo de Morville, one of the hostages who replaced Richard Cœur de Lion in his German prison in 1194. It is quite possible that this poem may have been the original *Lancelot* of Walter Map, and that in this instance, as in other cases, the German source, written in French, was composed in England.

The *Diû Krône* of Heinrich v. dem Türlin, a long rambling compilation of tales centring round Gawain, has an unknown French source. The writer professes to be following Chrétien de Troyes, but he has borrowed little from that writer.

The *Wigalois* of Wirnt v. Gravenburg again is a free rendering of the *Bel Inconnu* of Renaud de Beaujeu, known to the German author by oral transmission.

Even the two greatest poets and most original minds of the period, Wolfram v. Eschenbach and Gottfried v. Strassburg, owe their fame to translations from the French. The exact source of Wolfram's *Parzival* has not been definitely determined; but whether that source was by Chrétien de Troyes or by Guiot le Provençal (as Wolfram himself asserts), there

can be no doubt as to the language of the original. The hero is Angevin on the father's side, Galois (Welsh) on that of the mother—he is no German. Indeed, the obvious aim of the writer is the glorification of the house of Anjou!

Nor is the case otherwise with Wolfram's later work, *Willehalm*, which is derived from the well-known *Chanson de Geste*, *Aliscans*.

The connection of the Swan-Knight story with the Grail theme, a connection which has become familiar to modern music-lovers through Wagner's *Lohengrin*, is not, as has been supposed, Wolfram's invention, but is found in two French versions. The earliest literary treatment of the Swan-Knight theme is the *Chevalier au Cygne* of an unknown French writer; and the legend is frequently referred to in the 12th century in connection with Godefroi de Bouillon, the conqueror of the Holy Sepulchre, who was traditionally supposed to be the lineal descendant of the mysterious knight. The German *Lohengrin* is a late version, based upon the poem of Wolfram and the original Swan-Knight tale. The original is to be located on the Lower (Dutch) rather than on the Upper (German) Rhine.

Perhaps the most brilliant name in this long list of German poets who drew their material from French sources, is that of Gottfried v. Strassburg, whose *Tristan und Isolde* is a translation of the *Tristan* of Thomas of Brittany. Here, as in the case of Wolfram, we have the work of a genuine poet translated by a poet; and the result is a monument of literature. Gottfried was a master of literary style, and his poem is certainly the most artistic version of the *Tristan* story now extant.

The work of Eilhart v. Oberge, who drew from the same source as the fragments by Bérol, is much inferior in literary merit to that of Gottfried, but is equally dependent upon a French original.

So far were the German writers of the day from considering such dependence a thing to be denied or ignored, that they asserted it in cases where there is reason to believe the attribution to be fictitious. Thus Stricker in his *Daniel*, a confused medley of knightly adventures belonging to the decadent period of chivalric romance, claims as his authority Alberic de Besançon, the author of a poem dealing with Charlemagne, of which only a fragment has been preserved. Alberic lived at the very beginning of the 12th century, before the Arthurian legend had been adopted as a popular literary theme; and such a work as the *Daniel* cannot possibly be from his pen.

When we turn from the great romantic works of the classical period to the lyrical poetry we are still confronted with evidence of French influence. Lyric verse, which is primarily the expression of personal feeling and sentiment, is naturally and inevitably marked by the individuality of the writer in a degree absent from epic or narrative poetry; the effect of foreign influence is more general, there is less direct borrowing. But that the famous German *Minnesänger* belong to the same family as the French, or more correctly speaking Provençal, Troubadours, and owed their initial impulse to that specific relation of the poet to the lady he served which was a development of the chivalric tradition, is undoubted. To quote Gröber (*Grundriss der romanischen Philologie*): "Even as the institution of knighthood took, not only very early, but very deep, root in the south of France, so also was the art of

lyrical poetry cultivated with a specially loving care. As the other nations of the West adopted the institution of knighthood as their own, so, at the same time, they took over this special form of chivalric activity, and that in practically the same shape as it had assumed in its original home."

In fact we have certain instances of not merely an imitation of form, as in the case of the *Tage-* or *Wachter-Lieder*, which are derived from the French *Aubade*, but of actual borrowing of content.

No serious writer on the subject can have any desire to minimise the value of Mediæval German poetry; certain of the writers, such as Wolfram v. Eschenbach, Walther v. der Vögelweide and Gottfried v. Strassburg, belong by universal consent to the first rank of mediæval poets, but this does not alter the fact that so far as form and subject-matter are concerned they are followers, not initiators. The French were the pioneers alike in social organisation and literary development.

German critics to-day must perforce own this; but they endeavour to nullify the effect of their admission by claiming that "while mediæval knighthood owed its formal development to the French, that development in Germany received a special impress from the deeper national character, and specially from the Germanic conception of loyalty, chastity and honour." If this were indeed the case we might well cry to-day, "*Quantum mutatum ab illo!*" I suspect, however, that quite as much is due to the French preference for keeping different styles of literary composition apart, and treating a tale as a tale, while the Germans have an inherent fondness for the *Tendenz-Schrift*.

As undeniable as the fact of their initial debt to

France is the fact that with the death of the princely patron Hermann of Thuringia German literature fell from its high estate, and only regained an analogous position under similar courtly encouragement in the 18th century. Nor can we forget that when the prince who must be considered as the founder of modern Germany, Frederick the Great of Prussia, desired to introduce literary culture into his kingdom, it was again to France, in the person of Voltaire, that he turned.

The whole literary history of Germany is exceedingly curious; no other country presents a similar problem. With France and England, for instance, the process of evolution is continuous; some periods are more prolific than others, but there is no hiatus. With Germany we have a period of spasmodic brilliance, and then silence. Some may of course point to the wars and divisions of Mediæval Germany as affording adequate explanation of this lack of literary activity; but the argument will not hold good. It was precisely when their respective countries were torn by conflict and seething with internal dissension that Dante and Langland produced the *Divina Commedia* and *Piers Plowman*, two of the most individual and characteristic works in all literature. No, the German is not a spontaneous creator. He requires, in the first instance, encouragement and direction from above; in the second, his *forte* lies rather in annexation than in invention.

But is there not something humorous in the fact that it was precisely to a body of literature essentially foreign in origin and inspiration that Wagner turned for the material upon which to build up his National Drama?

There is no doubt that to his fellow-countrymen to-day the heroes of the Wagner-drama are one and all *echt Deutsch*. I have on many occasions derived extreme amusement from the perusal of articles in the German papers fulminating against the iniquity of entrusting such rôles as Tristan and Parsifal (both of whom were of course Celts) to other than German artists. Or when I have read of the impossibility of a Dane and a Swede adequately representing Siegfried and Brünnhilde—whose original home was not on the banks of the Rhine (as in the *Nibelungen-lied*) but in the far Scandinavian North of the *Volsunga-saga*. It was even more delightful when an enthusiastic German lady informed me solemnly that a certain famous Belgian tenor, not being a German, was quite unacceptable as Lohengrin. He hailed from the very home of the Swan-Knight! No, the modern German has certainly no sense of humour; and as a culture-hero I hold him to be sadly out of place.

In all seriousness, if an appeal based on our supposed intellectual debt to Germany could fairly be addressed to the English public, before provoking a war with France, might not a similar appeal, and that with tenfold more reason, have been made by German professors to their own countrymen? There can be no doubt of the immense debt which civilisation in general owes to France; Germany's share of that debt is no small one.

Personally, I am sceptical as to the indebtedness of modern England to modern Germany; that individual scholars may have ground for gratitude I can understand, although, so far as my own branch of research is concerned, I have always combated, and shall continue to combat, the undue value placed upon

the results of German research. I believe English scholars are too prone to undervalue their own achievements, and not merely to overvalue, but to make an actual *fetich* of, German scholarship.

But even if modern civilisation has owed in the past a debt to Germany, she herself has liquidated that debt in blood and fire. You cannot murder your debtor and expect to receive payment from the corpse!

An article contributed by the famous German chemist Professor Ostwald to the Swedish paper *Dagen* casts a lurid light upon the present situation.

The learned professor asserts that German militarism is simply an expression of the organising genius of the German nation, by means of which it has reached a higher stage of civilisation than that attained by other nations. "The French and English have reached that stage of cultured development we ourselves left over fifty years ago. That stage was the one of Individualism. But above this stage is found the stage of Organisation, and that is what Germany has attained to-day. You ask me what Germany wants? Well, Germany wishes to organise Europe because up till now Europe has never been organised."

Professor Ostwald may be theoretically right, and collective Organisation may be a higher stage of civilisation than Individualism; but each stage must complete its own process of evolution before it can pass to a higher. Before the individual is fit for organisation he must be truly civilised—that is, he must be master of *himself*, of his desires, his passions, his appetites, or else the imposition of a strict external discipline only makes him a slave. Also, while respecting himself as a man, he must understand the claims to respect of others.

The organisation of civilised men for purposes of civilisation may be a benefit to mankind; the organisation of masses of imperfectly civilised units, subject only to discipline from the outside and possessing no inner rule of conduct, and that for purposes of aggression, is on the contrary the most appalling danger which civilisation has ever been called upon to face.

JESSIE L. WESTON.

(Copies of the above article can be obtained from David Nutt,
17, Grape Street, New Oxford Street, W.C.)

THE SUNDIAL.

DECEMBER.

So many days the Sun has made no sign,
Has veiled his face from this rapt worshipper,
Who stands unconscious of the passing year,
Rememb'ring only moments, fierce, divine,
When rays of glory pierced the heav'ns to shine
Upon his face. Oh! what to him the whir
Of Time's swift wings who listens for a stir
Of wind to lift the veil before the shrine?
Years and the flux of years are nought to him
Whose life is centred in the flux of light,
Who stands whole days bathed in a splendid flame,
And waits long hours for the first dawning rim
Above the earth; absorbed by day and night—
Blest victim of the Sun-god's mystic game.

H. H.

EAST AND WEST END SILHOUETTES.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

EAST END.

I.

THOSE dark, curious-cornered, evil-smelling streets near the Docks have a wicked air peculiar to themselves; they give one a sensation which few even of the most dilapidated alleys on the other side of the main road can impress upon a casual wayfarer. They make one think of Meryon's 'Rue des Mauvais Garçons'—that curiously suggestive etching with so curiously suggestive a name. What is it, exactly, that causes the dishonesty of a row of mere houses? Here, at all events, you meet few people, you hear no noise, you see nothing actually suspicious behind any of those dark shutters, those undrawn blinds. Yet it is with a strangely suspicious sensation that you pass doorway after doorway, feeling at every step that next moment—next moment Yes, the street is quiet, but you realise that it is plotting something, secretly, and you walk in suspense at this suspended villainy of things.

II.

A broad dimly-lighted street near the Docks. Most of the windows are dark. The street sleeps. There are few passers, and they flit by like wicked shadows. As I walk slowly onwards I see a low window with neither blinds nor shutters. Attracted by the

bright light, I stop and look in. It is a small, poorly-furnished room that I see. In the middle is a table, covered with the remains of supper. There is a lamp on the table, and grouped around it, talking eagerly, their faces bent forward into the circle of the light, are four people, evidently Jews. The two whom I see in profile have the long hooked noses, the black shifty eyes, the tangled black hair of the definite tribal type. The woman who faces me is partly hidden by the lamp, but I can see her coarse black hair and the dark skin of her cheek. The one who sits with her back to the window has the bent and mountainous shoulders of a very old woman. They have finished supper, but they still sit around the table eagerly discussing something. It is not the party at the table, however, that makes me pause so long at the window. Off in a corner, almost close to the door, sits a young girl of delicately Jewish beauty. She sits motionless, absorbed, lost in some vague reverie, her head lifted, her eyes gazing into space, her lips slightly parted. She sits as Thérèse sits in Zola's play, self-absorbed, unconscious of those about her—the greedy, gossiping folks around the table. Of what is she thinking? I ask myself, as at last I move on my way, haunted by the clear pallor of that strange mystic face, those visionary eyes, that immovable attitude.

III.

We heard the sound of a barrel-organ, and turning the corner saw before us a large open space, which seemed almost filled with little dancing figures. The children had swarmed out from the network of streets surrounding us; some, no doubt, had followed the organ from far. And now it was a patter of shoes on

the rough pavement, the rising and falling of little petticoats in the air, the stirring of scores of little dirty-stockinged legs in time to the rhythm of the tune. They were dancing those elaborate step-dances which are the fashion just now among the street children; and, as always happens, some were teaching others how to do it, with serious airs of importance, a serious attention on the part of the learner. Soberly dressed, dressed in tawdry finery, dressed in rags; all with holes in their stockings, with frocks that lacked buttons, frocks coming undone; hatless for the most part, or swinging their hats in their hands—the children danced to the sound of the barrel-organ. Some of them, trained, no doubt, in the pantomime, twirled their legs with astonishing dexterity; all kept up the step with tireless persistence. The whole court was a heaving sea of vari-coloured skirts. It was with solemn faces, without cries or laughter, that the children danced—little pale creatures who took their amusement with profound seriousness. Around them was an outer edge of bigger girls, of women with babies, who looked on curiously. My friend, the actress, leaned back against the window-sill of a shop, drawing her cloak around her. Her face wore that tantalising smile which it wears so often, and which melts her clear features into so novel, so attractive a grace. Our eyes met: it was only thus that either of us confessed how both longed to be dancing with the children.

IV.

At the end of the long and narrow street we had been following a broad road cut cross-wise. Two public-houses stood sentinel at the corner. As we passed between them, out into the open space, one of

the glass doors of the public-house on our left swung open. A fine-looking woman of about thirty ("something like Ada Rehan," said the actress) leant up against the wall, putting her handkerchief up to her flushed face—so bold and handsome under its tumbled cloud of blonde hair. She was quite drunk, and she sobbed in little short gasps, jerking out a few convulsive words between her sobs. A man, leering sympathetically, tried to pacify her; while another man, who had followed her out of the public-house, stood a yard or two away, with an air half ashamed, half defiant. It was he, no doubt, who had made the poor thing cry. With a furtive air he approached her. Perhaps he wanted some more money out of her pocket, for he made a feeble attempt to wheedle himself back into her favour. But the woman, holding herself against the wall, only plunged the handkerchief more desperately into her streaming eyes. The man shrugged his shoulders, and stepped heavily back against the swing-door. It opened, closed behind him. We walked on, and turning some time after, saw the blonde woman still leaning up against the wall, with the light of the gas-lamp on her yellow hair, her handsome crimsoned face, the pocket-handkerchief that had once been white. And the other man, with the sympathetic leer, was still by her side. He had come nearer.

V.

Ahead of us the road is ablaze with lights. Gradually, as we come nearer, they resolve themselves into flaring naphtha-lamps, swinging from the cross-timbers of the stalls that line both pavements. It is now late. The middle of the road is strewn with vegetable refuse in which our feet sink; but there is

still plenty of stuff on the stalls, there are still people passing, people pausing to scrutinise the goods. Odours of stale meat, of stale fish, of stale vegetables, mingle in inexpressible confusion with the musty smell of cast-off clothes, the pleasant savour of hot chestnuts, of hot potatoes. Butchers flourishing long knives in front of their pale or dark-coloured joints, shout one another down in voices grown hoarse with much shouting. The shrill voices of women rise from the greengrocers', the fancy stalls; puckering their inflamed cheeks, the sales-women cry their wares. And it is now a line of intent faces before a stall, the eyes all turned in one direction, where the seller is offering a great bargain; and now an avid circle about a swinging lamp, the light full on their open mouths, their tired staring eyes, their wisps of untidy hair, as some cheap-jack holds up his little boxes of pills, or his cheapest knives in the market. Jews elbow past, talking in various dialects; young girls with babies drag themselves wearily along, stopping, half to look at the things, half for the sake of a rest. And there is a hubbub of voices, a confused movement, a constant flickering and alteration of lights. As we turn up one of the side streets into the semi-darkness, the whole lighted scene seems suddenly to go out, as if one had extinguished it, and the noise itself, though we are but a few yards distant, drops all at once to a vague, an indistinguishable murmur.

VI.

A CONVERSATION AT THE CAFÉ ROYAL.

I started out the other night with the intention of going to a music-hall. But I had not got far along the

Strand when I met Scaramouch the poet and Saint-Just the revolutionary. Scaramouch is irresistible when he insists. The three of us fancied ourselves to be poets; and when three poets meet, it is enough for one of them to have made up his mind. So presently we found ourselves in the Café Royal. Saint-Just quenched a modest thirst with a small lager; I, who can never drink beer except in Germany, ordered a vermouth; Scaramouch gratified his fantasy with an absinthe. It was not the absinthe, nor the vermouth, nor the lager; but we soon began talking metaphysics. There is a subtle influence in the heat, the glare, the reduplicating mirrors, of the golden Café with its clumsy goddesses tumbling through the roof. It shuts one in upon oneself, exciting and oppressing the brain at once. We talked of London, of the impression its streets gave us. "I feel, as I walk along the Strand," said Saint-Just, "how kind it would be if I were to stab every second man I meet.—I wouldn't do it, for the world," he added gently. "Kind to which?" I asked, "the first or the second?" Scaramouch leaned across the table between us: "Stab *him*," he said; "he's the second man!"

So it was that we began to discuss the problem of existence. The ideal man, to Scaramouch, is Shakespeare; to Saint-Just, Buddha. "Starve yourself for three weeks," said Saint-Just, with his fervent seriousness, "and then light will come to you; then you will be in a condition to receive it." "Let me rather," retorted Scaramouch, fiercely, "be as Hercules when he went to call on the Danaïdes; only thus can one front the problems of the universe as they should be fronted." And he sipped his absinthe. For my part I confess that I have never been very anxious to solve problems.

I never succeeded in solving those of Euclid when I was at school, and I scarcely fancy I am likely to have greater success with more difficult ones now. Still, it is interesting once in a while, in the Café Royal, watching the smoke curl upward from one's cigarette, to set the mind at work on the trick of 'spiral ascensionist.' As interesting as it is useless—that we all know. So when the problems had been examined in all their angles, and problem superimposed upon problem till they touched the ceiling, I was rejoiced to find that the conversation was slipping round towards art. The soul in art: that was how we slid imperceptibly into the subject. Not that the soul in art seems to me of much more interest than the soul in itself—at all events as matter for discussion. But the Café Royal in art—that, if you like, has its interest! And we were soon confessing to one another that each of us had written a poem about the Café Royal—something modern, modernity in poetry. Saint-Just's was about a lady with amber gloves; my lady was in black, black from head to feet; as for Scaramouch, he declared that poem, title, subject, everything was copyright, so I dare not breathe a syllable about it. Perhaps I may venture to quote my sonnet. I did not quote it then: we are merciful, and spare one another but why spare the public?

AMBIGUË.

Is there a meaning in your mystery,
 Strange eyes, so cold, so mirror-like, whose
 smile
 Lures, but declares not? What determinate
 wile

Lurks in that passionate ambiguity?
 How steadily your gaze from him to me
 Turns all its jewelled brilliance! For the man,
 He holds you, by his purse-strings, while he
 can.

He holds you—as the fisher holds the sea!

Sphynx, I adore you, I am at your feet.
 (Heed not the man: I speak but through the
 eyes!)

But do not hear me: change not: nay, smile
 thus

For ever with that air ambiguous.
 What lies beneath it? Nay, I know not; sweet,
 Nor if the snake is in your paradise.

There is an impression, which, at all events, is after nature. Shall our theorisings decide that its being so is a merit or a defect? All art is founded upon truth, we were told once; upon lies, affirms a modern apostle. The nearest approach to nature—to nature which may be beautiful or which may be ugly in itself, or the exclusive preoccupation with beauty—which is the legitimate aim of the artist? First principles in art!—as useless a search, perhaps, as the search for other kinds of first principles. It is not in the Café Royal, certainly, that one can find the answer; and so we fell again to questioning other matters—religion, conduct, the present, the future. Saint-Just, like all revolutionaries, is a visionary, and he mildly but confidently asserted his power to foretell the future. “Well,” said Scaramouch, “you can foresee a revolution, can you? I can foresee the Cromwell, the Napoleon, who will come after, and master the revolution. It is not very difficult to foresee the future of

nations." And he began puffing his pipe vigorously. "In a million of years or so," he went on, "you'll admit that the world will be done for, used up, burnt out, a mere moon, without inhabitants, without memory of Shakespeare, without memory of Oscar Wilde, of you and me—" but here the smoke from his pipe obscured him, and I lost the conclusion from these comfortable premises. My cigarette had gone out, like our speculations, which had come to nothing—not even a conviction. And the mirrors seemed to surround us like the cold limits of the visible, showing us, wherever we looked, only ourselves and our fellows: a brilliant light, a crowd, an hour's pastime. But outside, impenetrably shut off from us until our time came to rise and go forth, there was the night, there were the stars.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE BLIND DEAF MAN.

ARVID JÄRNEFELT.

ONE evening when we, a crowd of merry folk, were assembled in the house of a wealthy peasant, an old man who was blind and deaf suddenly entered the room. He had lost his hearing when he was fourteen, and two years later an accident deprived him for ever of his sight. Without any invitation the old man began to talk about himself, and although his tale was long we all listened breathlessly to the very end.

He spoke thus :

I do not see anything. My eyes always face that which you call darkness and emptiness. Try to imagine that. Close your eyes! . . . Neither can I hear anything. I am always surrounded by perfect stillness. You call it the stillness of the tomb. . . So it is—endless emptiness and deep deep stillness.

The only thing which keeps me in touch with you is my power of speech, which I have not lost, although I cannot hear my own voice nor your answer to what I say. I can only ask for something to be put in my hand, and give up waiting when I receive nothing. I am a great nuisance and trouble to people, I know. I must always be moving from one place to another, from one farm to another. A blind and deaf man—how can he help himself! Where would he be if he were left alone?

As a rule someone or other grips my arm roughly or the hem of my coat. Then I guess that what had just happened is this :

“—Antu, will you go and lead this poor man to the next house?”

“—I don't want to! Let Pekka take him!”

After that I feel someone dragging me along. I know what that means. “Well, come along; what a bother to have to lead all of you!”

And so we stumble along. I am a burden to people. I am already much too old and worn out and ought to be left on the rubbish-heap. Even were my sight all right, I could hardly lift my feet over the stumps quicker than I do it now.

Numberless are the little hands which in numberless cases have pulled me by the arm or dragged me along by the hem of my coat.

And many are the tricks which I use to bribe the little scoundrels, to induce them not to run away from me, leaving me helpless. Those tricks of mine are very necessary.

I know two tricks which are really good.

I promise them all sorts of things.

I collect in my pockets bits of metal which I polish by rubbing them against my rough trousers to make them shiny. They entice and attract my little guides: “Look here, I will give you this when we get there. Come along with me!”

But when my promises don't help me I show my temper. I threaten them, I shout at them, I grope for a stick and, when I know that my guide is likely to give in, I strike the ground with my stick: “If you don't come back at once I will give you one when we get there.” And afraid of my stick the little scoundrel slips a long alder twig into my hand. I take hold of the one end and he of the other so that I cannot possibly reach him with my stick.

But there are some upon whom my promises or threats have no effect whatever.

I have just come across one like that. We were on our way from one farm to another. I soon found out that he was not one of these mischievous boys; he was gentle. But his soul was restless like fire, his hand was warm and quivering. I felt it as soon as I touched it. When we were off I put my hand on his head. His head just reached my shoulder. How soft were his thick boyish curls! But what an impatient boy he was! Not that he wanted to get rid of me; it rather seemed as though, possessed by his own thoughts, he forgot what he was doing. Of what use are my bits of metal to him! As to threats—it would be like treading on precious stones and crushing them.

He probably left the level main road and led me by some short cut. There was no end to the hillocks, stumps and boulders. I simply trusted to my good luck; I could not control my heavy steps, but trotted anyhow. Sometimes when the ground in front of me was more uneven than I expected, I stumbled most clumsily, and if there was a stump in the way I often found myself on all fours.

The going grew heavier and heavier; evidently we were climbing a long hill. When we came out on the main road again and the ground became more level, a gentle warm breeze blew in my face, which made me think that we had come to an open field. I also discovered that it was evening—almost sunset.

It suddenly struck me with horror to think that my guide might desert me at any moment, leaving me alone in the twilight, on the moor.

It is not difficult to imagine the condition of a blind deaf man deserted by his guide under such

circumstances. He does not know whether there are any people about who can hear him, and yet nothing is left to him but to shout incessantly for help. He shouts when there is no one about to hear him, and probably is silent exactly at the moment when someone is passing by. He calls for help sometimes the whole night through or lies down to rest and wait for the time people wake up.

I thought of slackening our pace a little as I felt a little tired; but exactly at that moment I noticed that my guide became more restless than ever.

All his impatience and desire to free himself expressed itself in the way he touched my hand and made me imagine all that he saw and heard. And through him I myself saw and heard everything, and even more clearly than in those days when I was not blind and deaf, but as in the spring of my youth when I roamed along the green valleys of this wonderful world. I knew what he saw. He saw below a big village. The walls of the houses were bathed in the light of the setting sun and the windows all aglow. Along the main road a throng of youths marched to the cheering sound of drums. They were passing by now. We were left further and further behind.

Hardly had I time to finish my thought when I felt that my guide had suddenly deserted me.

“—Here—here—stop! Where are you?”

Seized with anguish and fear I groped round me.

. . . It was impossible to find him.

“—Here! I will tell you of things that you never heard before; I will reveal great secrets to you!”

So I shouted in my need of him.

I must do something, I thought, I must do my best to entice him to come back.

"Listen, only listen! I will explain to you what is life and what is death. I will open to you the gates of heaven!"

And standing there I spoke to him without knowing whether he listened or not.

"Only listen to me for a moment," I said, "and I will tell you what will happen to you after your death. Well, laddie, after your death you will come to a big, big hall. It is so large that thousands of stars and millions of burning suns are not sufficient to light it, and the noise of the bursting worlds does not disturb its stillness. There is nothing to hear nor to see in the heavens. Only invisible beings soar there amongst the solitary stars for ever fulfilling God's will, and one is like a child in this infinite stillness.

"That's how it is. You think that you see the throngs of heavenly messengers soaring by, and you seem to hear the sweet sounds of harps ringing in your ears. 'Pray stay!' you call. 'Wait a little!' And there you are; the last angel stops to listen to what you have to say. 'Pray give me also something to do,' you say. 'I do not want to be the only one idle here.' 'Do the same as we do,' replies he.—'What do you do then?'—'We are creating new worlds and new living creatures from eternity to eternity.'—'Oh! how gladly I would take part in your work!' you say.—'Very well,' answers he, 'come with us, and we will see what you can do here.'

"And with a swiftness which makes you dizzy you fly in the company of those gentle spirits through immeasurable spaces until they point out to you a little tiny star. 'Fly up there and teach the people there to love one another, so that the Kingdom of God may be established there, that all may become as one

and happiness reign over all. This is the first command which you have received from God ! ’

“ You feel happy because you also have received an order from God himself which you have to fulfil in God’s name. And you remember that you had already heard all about this love and that therefore this work will not be hard for you. But how astonished you are when you notice that you are returning to the same earth which you had just left. You recognise everything there. The same people are there ; they struggle and quarrel, they are frivolous and each one thinks of himself only. What else can be attempted here but the fulfilment of the command given by God ! But what a misfortune—you think to yourself—I am only a spirit ! I have not anything with which I can move them. I have not a whip to drive them to do good ; I have no glittering things to entice them ; I have no hands to prevent them from doing evil ; I don’t possess even a voice with which I might talk to them and warn them. What am I to do then ?—What else but use the means which are open to you ! You can speak to them through their thoughts, speak to their conscience. Whether they listen to you or not, it is not your business. All that you must do is to make use of every opportunity, when for a moment they cease to be taken up with their strivings, as for instance in the evenings when their minds are at peace and they prepare for rest, or in the mornings before they are again carried away by the whirlwind of their daily bustle which drowns the sound of your voice.

“ Don’t you see what a spirit is and that such is his message ordered by Heaven ? ”

Maybe I speak in vain—I think—maybe my guide is still here near me. At any rate I will go on. . . .

“Well, it is only natural if you are curious to know how it is that I, a blind, deaf old man, know all about heaven. Know, then, that I am much nearer heaven than you are. You know that I can neither see nor hear, so that I am always surrounded by endless stillness; besides, I stand upon the threshold leading to that immeasurable hall, the walls and roof of which cannot be seen and the floor of which cannot be touched. You have a lot to lose before you enter the Kingdom of Heaven. But I—I have to lose only my voice which you hear now; soon, very soon, I shall not be able to speak to you otherwise than through your thoughts.”

When I said that, I felt a soft curly head leaning against my breast and a pair of tender arms twining round my neck. I could not hear what he was saying, but his caress explained all to me.—He was also blind and was seeking for the protection of one who could see.

So we trotted down the hill hand in hand, one supporting the other, and after long, long wandering he brought me into this warm room.

As I cannot see nor hear anything, I don't know whether there are many people in this room or no one to hear me. But if there are any people here, let me tell you, be quiet for a minute, close your eyes and listen to the voice which speaks within your heart. Do all that is in your power to fulfil its message upon the earth. Because many have come to the Kingdom of Heaven but have returned to carry out as spirits all that they neglected to do as men.

ARVID JÄRNEFELT.

(Translated by Constantine Sarantchoff from the Finnish.)

ANASTASIS.

C. DELISLE BURNS, M.A.

BODY said: "Little Soul, you are leaving me?"

"I go forth free," Soul replied, "and you lie still?"

"It is a sad parting," said Body; "but for you it is well."

"For me too it is sad, Body mine."

"No; but you adventure into new spheres and I lie here asleep."

"You change and take strange forms, my Body; and I not otherwise, though I did not know it would be thus. I too change from form to form."

"And are we then still to have a like fate, though now we dwell apart?"

"Can you not see me, how I change every moment?"

"Little Soul, I see the white sheets where I lie and the green leaves moving at the window, and I hear the noise of the wind; but you I do not see nor do I understand what you say of change."

"And I, Earth-born, I see you as it were a mist or a ghost; but I see no more the colours of earth, and I am deaf to the sounds you hear."

"You have wide worlds to live in."

"Body, my comrade, I am afraid! I did not know it would be thus when I longed to venture forth."

"Speak louder! Your voice is fading from my ears, or I am falling asleep."

"Comrade, friend, I cannot do without the green leaves and the wind and the various world where I once lived with you."

"Do not weep, little one! See, I do not weep any longer; but I lie still."

"Do you remember the day when you showed me the daffodil hanging over the water and its pale image below? I cried aloud then, for it was beautiful."

"And you the next day took me up to a hill where you dreamed of a splendid life. I almost died then with the burning of my blood."

"I remember. But you, while I dreamed of heaven, showed me the grass at your feet, how it grew humbly and was very gentle, being the nearest to your mother the great earth."

"I remember how you made me fall and touch the dear grass."

"I travelled far with you, comrade, until you showed me grey eyes under a cloud of waving hair; but then I knew that you journeyed not in vain, and I blest you that you could speak to me of beauty. And her voice, dear Body, her voice I can hear still, though all the sounds of earth are lost to me."

"It is true, I showed you her beauty; but that was afterwards. It was you who found her, Soul."

"I remember I was afraid because I knew that I had met her long ago."

"So you said, Soul of me, but I did not understand you; for it was the first time I had beheld that fair body and those grey eyes. You took me aside and spoke with a trembling voice.—Why did your voice tremble?"

"I was afraid, Earth-born."

"You said she had spoken true words."

"That was long ago; and then you showed me how she touched her hair to draw it back and how she smiled."

"Soul of my life, you it was who lay restless within me, as it were stricken with fell disease. And do you remember how long it was that you would turn away from every fair colour and sweet sound, always dissatisfied?"

"You were good to me then."

"And I knew at last one day that you had longed for a deathless thing."

"When did you know?"

"When you turned to me and whispered that she had said 'I love you.' Then did I faint and lose my sight for colour and my ears for sound."

"Was it pain then, my Body?"

"I do not know what to call it; but I know at that moment you did more for me than ever I could do for you. You showed me more than all the beauty of the world."

"It was a great journey we went together and the world was fair in which we travelled. But now I must go alone and therefore I am weeping."

"Little Soul, farewell!"

It was a great while that Body travelled alone; and of its travels no one knew, for it was very silent.

But Soul went out into the other world that lies beyond the blue of the sky. There it dwelt, speaking much and questioning all things; but no answer came. Then Soul gave out of its life all that it could.

More and more of its life Soul gave, hoping to hear

and to see again ; but all things seemed to be fading into nothingness and the sound of their voices became fainter and fainter, and all its striving was vain.

And at last Soul said : " I am free indeed, but I am coming at the end to nothingness. I did wrong to leave Body. I was too proud. I will go and search if anywhere before I die I may find the dear eyes which showed me beauty and the limbs which made me strong ; for alone I can do nothing."

So Soul came down and wandered in the place of its departing. It went always like the wind and it sighed and sang in the ear of all things. It whispered to the flower that falls at noon : " Have you seen anywhere a body without a soul ? " And the flower answered : " No ; I was born in the early morning and I die in the noon. Ask something old." And the flower laughed and fell. So Soul came to a stone that had been on the hill before the grass grew there or the trees appeared, and it questioned :

" Changeless Stone, you who watch the things that are born and die, have you seen my Body anywhere ? "

" Why do you seek that which is dead ? " Stone asked.

" That it may live again," Soul replied ; " for I know now that I was proud. I cannot live without the thing I once longed to leave."

" Go by the stream in the mountain where the water falls from the rock above and there ask," Stone said ; for it was wise, and although it could not clearly see it heard all that those said who passed by.

So Soul went by the mountain path, and it sang as it passed the pines and it sighed in the grass.

At last Soul came to the stream in the mountain where the water fell from the rock. And it asked the

grass at the water's edge, but the grass answered nothing; and it asked the rock, and Rock replied: "I know that Body passed this way. It came in the dust from the plain below; and it fell in a crevice here. Then a seed was brought on the wind and the seed grew; and Body passed into the leaves and the leaves fell in the stream, and Body passed into the water. But now I do not know where it has gone."

Therefore Soul went down to the deep pool in the stream, and it said: "Stream of the mountain, tell me—where is Body? For now I am faint and like to die of long wandering alone."

"Rise and fly on the morning wind, O Soul," Stream sang in reply. "There you will find what you seek; for Body hung over me in the spray this many days back and now is gone."

Now Soul was weak with its long journeying, so it gave itself to the wind at the close of day to be borne to the dawn through the night.

The early dawn was grey and the rain began to fall when Soul lifted its dim eyes as the night-wind paused. Then the sun burst from the clouds, and the morning wind flung the veil of the rain aside and fled past it up to the mountains. Soul turned as the wind passed and saw, bright above the slope of the hills, a rainbow; and out of the colours the eyes of Body shone.

With a great cry Soul and Body ran together.

Together they went up like a flame into the place beyond the blue sky, and there they heard the harmony of the spheres and they saw the colour of the stars and they understood the Word that made the world.

C. DELISLE BURNS.

THE PHANTOM ISLE.

G. W. ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS, M.A.

FROM the little cliff which rises at the eastern end of Pevensey Bay a vast expanse of green levels, fading away into the distance, runs side by side with the greater expanse of the sea. So low is the land that the two merge into one, and the placid monotony of the water passes into the green sward by what seems a natural undulation. As I stood on the brink of this immense lake, a keen wind from the East swept across it, painting the foreground with a curious blur and obliterating definition. The sky, gloomy in the extreme, held no break. Everywhere was great movement, but it was silent. A process of joy and fear, of light and darkness, was unfolding, and gradually I became conscious that my own soul was unfolding with it. A living web of alternations springing from the spirit of the plain enveloped me; a sonorous rhythm of solemn sensations in which positive and negative became, as it were, the very waves of a dual ocean, distinct indeed, but inseparable in everlasting movement. Suddenly out of the toneless distance came a thin sound of sheep-bells. I raised my eyes and sight travelling over the mysterious void in front rested upon its further boundary. The contrast is abrupt and complete. The levels give place to the heights; the sombre radiation of dark green mounts swiftly to shafts of airy silver playing upon the lofty skyline of the downs. Yonder the giants of

Sussex stalk in majestic progress to their goal. Towering so long above the westering lands of the Weald, they last of all assume an equal lordship over the levels and the sea.

But from where I stand, ten miles to the east, things as they are become things as I see them ; truth is shown to be a question of personality, not as men usually term it of fact. Beachy Head, alone of all the range, shuts in the great bay of Pevensey ; but, across my larger bay of interchangeable flat surfaces, water and green levels, mists and depths, hazy outlines and dark shadows, the southern mountains would seem to spring from the sea as far inland as the blur of Cuckmere Gap. As a phantom isle above the sleeping ocean the soft uplands, bare of tree or obstacle, cleave the further sky wreathed in grey smoke lit by sunbeams—a vision of beauty poised and spacious. You know not what longing is if you have never beheld that faëry country hovering, elusive, unsubstantial. The soul learns by illusions and by contrast ; and both are yonder. Where else do great hills rise as suddenly from so curious and so vast a plain ? Where else does an ocean of flat land prolong the effect of the water which it leaves far up into the country ? Even this portion of the Downs themselves is sharply distinctive—one group of heights cut off from the main range with the three sides visible to sight falling sheer.

In itself the picture is complete ; the fabled isle is there. Pictures may well be complete when we know not what lies beyond the frame. This place might well hold the riddle of Time. The decaying walls of Pevensey Castle tell of Roman, Saxon and Norman, each in his turn passing onwards to the isle. The progress is endless.

Would you, too, set forth to the radiant isle? Would you breathe that silver air which, as some alchemist, would remake your soul? Then you must cross the sea—the dual sea of opposites, of water and of land, of fluid and solid, inseparably conjoined. Courage! On those sunlit summits is surely One who shall resolve the discords of the way. Yonder perchance dwell the gods. A person without gods is intolerable. If you have them not, you must seek them—love, wealth, moon or stars, humanity, or the deities of religions, it matters not. It is before all things necessary to have gods; . . . and you must seek them in ships of dream. Put forth gently upon the sea! The water is calling, the levels are calling: “We are here a marge for labouring oar, and a track for hurrying feet. Alone, the water will not bring you where you would be; nor will the levels. Here is the water of knowledge, and the land of ignorance; the white foam of what ought to be, and the level of what is; the sparkling scintillations of spirit, and the hard pathway of matter.” Delay not for opposing voices. On, on! The isle is flaming in red and gold. Mysterious hands are darting forth from the infinite void beyond; great torches are held across the arc of the heavens. Let the dream-ships advance still further; to the calling voices let the oarsmen answer: “Severed, ye be fictions. We will traverse both together. Experience alone is unity.”

What way the ships are making! It is a good saying—‘experience teaches.’ It is well to endure correlatives that we cannot avoid. What! the way does not content you? You are impatient for the far-off isle? You weary of the unities which join but merge not? Truly by the water you may sink, by the

land you may be bruised. Hasten your dreaming. Speed onward to the isle. Reach it. Step ashore. It is the time of sunset. Have you passed from birth to death on your amphibious vessels? Surely now is transcendence and refashioning; now is unity beyond difference; now is the reconciliation. . . . But be careful, do not burn your boats. You have traversed the dual sea; but what kind of unity dwells here? Are the riddles of the road answered? Are wrongs righted? Is evil overcome by good? This unity is beyond contrast, for you will not meet with 'Is' or 'Ought-to-be.' Lo! the water and the levels have led to extinction, not to unity. Or have you at last reached one who reigns? Would you murmur salutations? Would you offer homage? Think you, tired traveller, that such a one can reconcile the dualities you have left behind? Can a third unite? See you not that you have found a trinity of difference? . . .

Back to your ships of dream! Back to the levels and the sea! Them at least you know. The contrast is sharp, the opposition bitter; but beyond experience is a void, and unity above all knowledge can resolve no discords. I do not like the god whose name is All-in-allness. The ships of dream are better . . . dreams the riches of the soul, the golden carriers of hope. Out of the unknown ages ere history was born, on through the twilight mists of fable and romance, through the centuries of knowledge and of work, ever has man voyaged on dreams. Into the unknown future he passes . . . on dream-ships still. But what if they founder? You would say that golden galleons weather not opposing forces. Yet all seas give up their dead. If dreams could die they would come back to you still more golden—for are not dreams

experience? They brought you to a phantom isle, a mirage, you complain? But they themselves are true. Let them drift o'er the levels and the water; they only can bear your one soul across the two. Unity is in yourself alone, in your laden galley rich with spoil.

Ah! What is this? I have waited so long that the morn is already breaking. Here are the sweet fragrant levels and the tireless plashing of the sea. The faint streak of the downland is one long line of grey. A beautiful freshness is over all things—a sense of perpetual youth. Endless beginnings are around me. Birds are calling and flocks rouse themselves from sleep. I remember that when I came here all was dark across the levels and the sea; the light was westering on the downs in front and sinking into fires beyond. Now it seems there is no beyond. Have I laboured all the night and taken nothing? . . . But now the light is coming from behind; I turn to the Watcher and the Awakening.

G. W. ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS.

SAYINGS OF DĀDŪ.

IN the secret of my being my Teacher is found. His grace is in me. He has placed his hand on my forehead and I know that I am boundless.

The meeting of him was simple. He took me in his arms and the Merciful lighted my lamp with his own.

He changed your heart, giving it a new form. O Dādū, your five senses have become wondrous since he turned them in his hands like beads.

O my true Teacher, waken my soul with your voice if you will, or take me into your heart, making me one with you.

From the outside I seem unbroken, but in my inner heart every thing is well crushed. When the Teacher strikes one with his words the outsider knows nothing of it.

The Teacher uttered his words in joy; the distant and the near became one. The disciple Dādū heard them and their music dwells in his memory.

The woman in me drew the curtain aside revealing the meeting of the soul and the Great Soul, offering the cups filled with the draught of love.

O Dādū, the Teacher who is true has shown the truth. For truth unites with truth and dwells in it.

Sit there where the night never touches the day and tell the beads in the rosary of mind. The thread is given by the Teacher and the telling is simple.

Sit there where the Infinite is alone and tell the beads in the rosary of mind. There the spring festival is endless where the meeting with the Teacher is simple.

He neither lived in the house, nor went to the wilderness, nor did penance and fasting. In his mind he found, O Dādū, the words of the Teacher.

Attend only to this—that there may be yearning in the heart and quietness in the senses, the rest will come easy.

I dwell in I am, the body dwells in That, the life dwells in Life. This knowledge, simple as breath, comes from the Teacher.

‘Thou art mine,’ ‘I am thine’; the recitation is made complete between the Teacher and the disciple.

The sun reflects him and the fire. It is the nature of the Master to reveal himself as the servant in the heart of the pure.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

[Dādū is said by the author of the *Dābistān* to have flourished about 1600 A.D., at the end of Akbar's reign. But popular tradition places him considerably earlier, claiming that he was a disciple of Kāmāl, the son of Kabīr. He is said by some to have been a cotton cleaner by ancestral profession and by others a cobbler and quite unlettered. In any case he is regarded by many as a great saint and sage, and to this day a numerous following, known as the Dādūpanthīs, derive from him. His real name was Mahābali; but as he called everybody *dādā* (brother), he got the nickname Dādū.—ED.]

JEWISH APOCALYPSES AND RABBINIC JUDAISM.

C. G. MONTEFIORE, M.A.

OUR European civilisation, if it be well advised, will never refuse to accept any enrichments of nobility or suggestiveness to its moral and religious store. But no scholar, familiar alike with both Christian and Jewish thought, has ever attempted to set forth, in their fulness, the religious and moral ideas contained in the Rabbinic literature, or to indicate how many, or how few, of them have anything of value, help or beauty for the modern and the western world. In addition to profound and many-sided learning, such a task would need great sympathy and great impartiality, a combination of attachment and detachment hard to find united in a single individual. For us moderns and westerns, no man can write truthfully and interestingly of the later Jewish religion who does not feel both with Christianity and with Rabbinism, though he need not, and probably had better not, be a believer in either.

In the two wonderful and epoch-making centuries which stretch from 100 B.C. to 100 A.D., the varieties of Jewish thought and of Jewish religious teaching were many. Even if, for the moment, we put Christianity aside and apart, we may say that these two centuries saw the development and efflorescence of Hellenistic Judaism, the development and efflorescence of Apocalyptic Jewish literature, and the development, if not yet the efflorescence, of Rabbinism. All these three varieties of Jewish thought influenced, and were influenced by, one another.

More reasons than one have lately contributed to bring the Apocalyptic variety very prominently before all who are interested in the religious history and religious development of those two hundred years. In England, a distinguished scholar, Dr. Charles, has made this field of learning peculiarly his own. He has himself edited and translated a number of the Apocalyptic

writings, and finally, with the co-operation of other scholars, he has brought out the great Oxford edition of the *Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha* in two splendid quarto volumes, the second of which includes translations with notes of nearly all the Jewish apocalypses now extant and written within the limits of 100 B.C.—100 A.D. Certainly, whether in England or in Germany,—for Germany had already possessed an admirable (and much cheaper!) collection of Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha, published in 1900,—he who runs may read.

At any rate, it is now possible to know what the content of Jewish Apocalyptic literature actually is, and even to assess its value. For here we have it all translated and available before us. Yet it has to be remembered that its value for edification is one thing, its historic value is quite another. Its effects and influence upon the Judaism of its own age and upon the Judaism of the succeeding ages—as well as its effects upon Christianity—constitute a peculiar problem.

It is disputed whether Apocalyptic was a sort of side-development in Judaism, which came and went, but so far as Judaism is concerned passed by without greatly affecting the main religious stock, or whether, on the other hand, later Judaism owes much to it of its theology and its religion. And again it is disputed whether or no, in the course of its history and development, Apocalyptic Judaism became one of the highest phases of Judaism, influencing Rabbinic Judaism to Rabbinic Judaism's great advantage, and yet unable to influence it still more, or fundamentally, because growing increasingly divergent from it and different.

Jewish scholars had been inclined to minimise and depreciate the influence of Apocalyptic upon Rabbinism. Thus we find Dr. Schechter, one of the greatest Talmudists in the world, declaring that the Apocalyptic books “contributed little or nothing towards the formation of Rabbinic thought. The Rabbis were either wholly ignorant of their very existence, or stigmatised them as fabulous, or ‘external’ (a milder expression in some cases for heretical), and thus allowed them to exert no permanent influence upon Judaism.”¹

¹ *Some Aspects of Rabbinic Theology*, p. 5.

Dr. Charles, not unjustifiably, as it seems to me, is in sharp antagonism to a sweeping statement of this kind. It may, however, be questioned whether he does not himself exaggerate in his turn. To Apocalyptic Judaism Rabbinic Judaism, he holds, owes much of its 'higher theology'; but, on the other hand, Apocalyptic Judaism gradually diverged from certain fundamental assumptions common at first both to Rabbinism and itself, so that, at the close of the really fruitful and original period of its history, it is more or less consciously at issue with Rabbinic Judaism, and has become so markedly 'prophetic' rather than 'legalistic' that it can no longer discern salvation in the Law. Its affinities are with Christianity instead of with Judaism. The Church translates its writings, edits, interpolates and cherishes them; the Synagogue neglects them, and casts them out.

That the Apocalyptic movement started from a legal basis Dr. Charles maintains. The weight of evidence seems with him. It is even doubtful whether Leszynsky and others are right in supposing that some of the Apocalyptists were Sadducees. "To every Jewish Apocalyptic writer," says Dr. Charles, "the Law was of eternal validity."¹ Even the attacks of the author of *The Assumption of Moses* upon those who say, "Do not touch me lest thou pollute me," do not, according to Dr. Charles, relate to the Pharisees. The Rabbinic and Apocalyptic development both spring from a common Pharisaic ancestry. However the truth may lie as regards *The Assumption of Moses*, Dr. Charles' main contention is, I believe, correct. As against Friedlaender, Dr. Charles is justified. This learned, but somewhat wayward, scholar may be reasonably mentioned here because his odd views have apparently been adopted, at least in part, by Dr. Oesterley. Friedlaender holds that the Apocalyptists were the leaders and teachers of those puzzling and interesting people whom the Talmud speaks of as the *ame ha' aretz* (people of the land), and these people, whoever they may precisely be, were certainly the enemies of the Rabbis and the Pharisaic Traditionalists. Dr. Oesterley adopts this hypothesis, even to the extent of supposing that the great mass of the people remained, after the Maccabean struggle, even as before, under the spell of the Hellenistic spirit,

¹ *Religious Development between the Old and the New Testaments*, p. 33.

and that they too had their teachers, who were the creators of the Apocalyptic literature. Both Pharisees and Apocalyptists go back to a common ancestry, the 'Pious Ones,' the Chasidim, of the Psalms and of the pre-Maccabean period, but "whereas the Pharisees were the bodily descendants of the pre-Maccabean 'Pious ones,' the Apocalyptists were their spiritual descendants; the former transformed the faithfulness to the Law of their forefathers into legal burdens, the latter clung loyally to the simple belief of those self-same forefathers, a belief which was not blurred by intricate learning and a superabundant 'oral tradition'; theirs was a piety, on the contrary, which was born of the spirit of the times and, therefore, such as was characteristic of the common folk." Hence, the Apocalyptists are "the true prophets of the people"; "they were loyal to the Law, but not in a Pharisaic sense, laying stress rather on the spirit of its observance than on carrying it out literally." "The pronounced other-worldly character of the books which they wrote was in marked contrast to the strictly practical and narrow purview of scholastic Judaism."²

Of all this there seems to be very little proof in the sources themselves. Nowhere, for instance, does 'Enoch' appear to criticise the scholastic interpretation of the Law or the new Rabbinical injunctions. Nowhere does he urge that the spirit, rather than the letter, of the Law should be observed.

Dr. Charles, while strongly maintaining the original affinity between Jewish Apocalyptic and Jewish Legalism, emphasises the growing divergence between the two. The Apocalyptic writers and thinkers, with all their loyalty to the Law, naturally tended to lay more and more emphasis upon those particular elements of their study which were peculiar to it. These were the non-legal elements. The thinkers and students who were not Apocalyptists tended to lay stress upon what was peculiar to their particular discipline, and this was essentially the Law. Hence, as time went on, the two branches of Pharisaism tended to draw apart; they laid such increasing emphasis upon their own chief factors that any other was almost completely excluded. Thus, Legalistic Pharisaism drives out the Apocalyptic element almost wholly; it

¹ *The Books of the Apocrypha*, p. 9.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 96, 99, 197.

becomes more and more exclusively legal ; Apocalyptic Pharisaism, or better Apocalyptic Judaism, develops more and more the apocalyptic, that is the prophetic, that is, practically, the anti-legal element, so that it comes "to recognise, as in 4 *Ezra*, the inadequacy of the Law for salvation."¹

It is, however, very doubtful whether the supposed antagonism of the Rabbis to the Apocalypses was due to their non-legal character, or to their growing indifference, or even ultimate opposition, to the Law. Other reasons for the Rabbinic neglect of those Apocalypses, which in various translations have been preserved to us by the Church, seem more probable and *prima facie*. The Apocalyptic writings, so different from one another in many things, are alike in this : they all anticipate an early coming of the Redemption, the New Order and the Messianic Age ; some of them calculated, or hinted as to a calculation, when these great events would take place. The Rabbinic doctors, however, for various reasons, but mainly because they did not want to foster false hopes, or to encourage a hopeless contest with Rome, were against these foretellings and calculations. This was the case with most of them after Hadrian, with some even before him. It would seem that they also objected to the circulation and reading of speculations about the origins of the world and cognate matters, with which many of the Apocalyptic writings are concerned, and which, though they make them for us extremely tedious, made them then alluring and seductive. The gradual disappearance of Apocalyptic may, therefore, have been due to causes independent of, and other than, an inadequate appreciation of the Written and the Oral Law.

And can we be so sure that every sort of Apocalyptic vanished altogether ? Is it not the fact that many Hebrew Apocalypses survive, portions of which are not by any means so late as used to be supposed, so that really there was no complete disappearance of Apocalypse, even after the agony of the Hadrianic War ? And is it not the fact that, if we were to put all the separate bits together, there is a considerable amount of Apocalyptic in the Talmuds and the other Pharisaic writings ?

Now if indeed that be the case, two ideas may have to be

¹ *Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha* (Oxford, 1913), vol. ii., p. vii.; *Religious Development*, p. 35.

revised. It may be that the loss of the original Hebrew or Aramaic of *Enoch*, the *Testaments*, *Ezra*, *Jubilees*, and so on, may not be entirely due to Rabbinic disapproval. It may be due partly to the troubles of the age, or to accident, or to the fact that these particular Apocalypses were adopted and admired by Christians. And, secondly, it may be that the Rabbis, or many of them, were a bit less sober and unimaginative, a bit less limited, in thought as well as practice, to the 'trivial round, the common task,' than has often been supposed. Admirable as those eight concluding pages of Professor Burkitt's first lecture are, they may not, perhaps, express the *whole* truth, or they may emphasise one side of the truth a little too strongly. At any rate, except for the special foreshortening, it is by no means sure that Jochanan ben Zakkai and his successors had, as Professor Burkitt declares, 'dropped the conviction that had produced the Apocalypses.'¹ If ever people were buoyed up to live through seasons of gloom by a conviction of the world to come, half earthly and half heavenly, it was surely the Rabbis of the first and second centuries after Christ.

Dr. Charles speaks of a certain development in Apocalyptic as if it "started from the basis of the Law," but gradually excluded the legal element more and more, while increasing the Apocalyptic, *i.e.* the prophetic, element correspondingly, and finally "coming to recognise, as in 4 *Ezra*, the inadequacy of the Law for salvation." It is, however, extremely questionable whether this supposed 'development' has any existence in fact. What other evidence is there besides 4 *Ezra* of this alleged growing anti-legal tendency? Where do we find traces of the process which culminates in that remarkable book? 2 *Baruch* was written about the same period as 4 *Ezra*, yet it breathes, according to Dr. Charles' own showing and careful analysis, a very different tone. He essays to prove that whereas 2 *Baruch* "emanates indirectly" from the school of Hillel, 4 *Ezra*, in such matters as "the Law, works, justification, original sin and free will, approximates to the school of Shammai."² Poor Shammai! He would certainly have shown some of his notorious ill-temper had he been told that his school were to

¹ *Jewish and Christian Apocalypses*, p. 15.

² *Religious Development*, pp. 244, 249.

recognise the inadequacy of the Law for salvation ! But so far as the statement as regards 4 *Ezra* is true, the explanation must be sought in the idiosyncrasy of the writer and in the misery of the age in which he wrote, far more than in any supposed 'development' of Apocalyptic in an anti-legal direction. And that 4 *Ezra* is a highly original writer we all know. Rightly does Professor Burkitt say of that 'arraignment of Providence' in his book, which does him such infinite credit, and which is on so much higher a religious level than the replies with which he seeks to stifle his doubts and qualms, "there is very little like it either in Jewish or in Christian literature, till we come to modern times."¹ Moreover it is doubtful whether the real difference between the author of 4 *Ezra* and 'developed Talmudic Judaism' lies in any theory as to the inadequacy of the Law for salvation ; it lies rather in a different view as to the mercy of God. For in spite of certain one-sided utterances which can be illegitimately used, Talmudic Judaism did not hold that the vast majority of those who were 'saved,' obtained that salvation by their own works and by nothing more. They obtained it by God's mercy, which for the Talmudists was something wider, more tender and more forgiving than it was for the author of 4 *Ezra*. "Not because of our righteous acts," says the old Talmudic prayer, "do we lay our supplications before thee, but because of thine abundant mercies." Or even with still greater emphasis: "Our Father, our King, be gracious unto us and answer us, for we have no good works of our own ; deal with us in charity and kindness and save us."² And the great mass of the Talmudists believed that such prayers were answered.

"Apocalyptic Judaism developed more and more the Apocalyptic, *i.e.* prophetic element." What does Dr. Charles precisely mean by the close approximation of these two adjectives? Prophecy, he explains, in the old form, when men spoke or wrote their inspired messages in their own names, became at last impossible owing to the claims and position of the Law. Thus its place was gradually taken by Apocalyptic, "which, in Judaism, always remained pseudonymous." For as the Law could tolerate

¹ *Jewish and Christian Apocalypses*, p. 43.

² *Authorised Daily Prayer Book* (ed. Singer), pp. 7, 57.

no fresh oracle from God, when men were moved by the divine spirit to "deliver their spiritual message, they could not do so openly, but were forced to resort to pseudonymous publication." Thus the writers of Apocalypses were the prophets of the periods from about, say, 180 B.C. to 100 A.D. Many of them were "enthusiasts and mystics" who, on account of "the evil character," that is the legal character, of the period, though they belonged to the "true succession of the prophets," were obliged to issue their works "under the ægis of some ancient names." Dr. Charles admits, indeed, that there were points wherein prophecy and Apocalyptic diverge, but apparently—mainly because the Apocalyptists knew and taught the doctrine of a blessed life beyond the grave—the divergencies are all to the advantage or higher greatness of Apocalyptic.

What are the points wherein prophecy and Apocalyptic are supposed to be essentially at one? First, both prophets and Apocalyptists are inspired, and come to learn the will of God in the main through the same channels. Secondly, both prophecy and Apocalyptic deal with the 'last things,' though each has its own peculiar eschatology. Thirdly, Apocalyptic, no less than prophecy, is "essentially and radically ethical." Fourthly, as opposed to Legalistic Pharisaism, the Apocalyptic writers "carried on the mystical and spiritual side of religion."²

We do not want to belittle the Apocalyptic writers. They too, like the Legalists, brought their grains of truth to the great altar of religion. But when one places *Amos*, *Hosea*, *Isaiah*, *Jeremiah* in one group together, and next to the group puts, shall we say, *Enoch*, it is hard at first to think of anything but difference between them. How direct appears the intercourse of the prophets with their divine Lord. How delightful is the almost complete absence of angels and demons, and of all sorts of grotesque supernatural machinery and weird speculations. We must admit that one of the greatest Biblical and theological scholars of our age has observed that "it is a mistake to contrast the Apocalyptic writers sharply, as a class, with the prophets," and that, "so far as religious teaching is concerned, it is not possible to draw any

¹ *Religious Development*, pp. 223, 224.

² *Religious Development*, pp. 16, 30, 44.

distinct line between prophecy and Apocalyptic."¹ No; perhaps it is not possible to draw such a line between Apocalyptic and prophecy at prophecy's lowest and poorest, but between Apocalyptic and prophecy at prophecy's highest and best there is not only a line but a gulf. It may be admitted that the object of the later prophets is akin to a main object of the Apocalyptists. That object is not primarily to denounce and to threaten, but to comfort, to strengthen and to sustain. The denouncings are reserved for the enemy, whether within the nation or without; their own group or their own party, in comparison with the others, are the righteous and the holy. But if this close similarity of objects unites *Enoch* to the author of *Isaiah* 40-55, how much else divides them asunder! Fresh and noble message, on the one hand; on the other, involved speculation and dreary, unreal revelations. For though it is now the tendency to deal tenderly with the Apocalyptic writers, and it is pleasanter, and as a rule truer, to appreciate than to decry, we cannot help suspecting that most of the visions and the trances of which we read were not experienced at all, but were elaborately devised to heighten the stage-effect, and to encourage the reader more powerfully. Even if we compare *Enoch* with the 'legalistic' *Ezekiel*, we are conscious of the descent. What has *Enoch* to offer in comparison with the teacher who broke for ever with the paralysing doctrine of the grapes and the teeth, and put in its stead the doctrine of the new heart, the joint work of human effort and of divine grace?

It is claimed that there is a kinship between Apocalyptic and prophecy, because Apocalyptic is 'essentially and radically ethical.'² Now as to the contents of its ethics a few words must be said later on. But if its essential and radical ethicalness consists in its belief in the righteousness of God, in its optimism, in its faith that God reigns and that righteousness shall ultimately prevail, then it merely displays these Jewish doctrines in common with every other type and phase of Judaism, and most emphatically with the Rabbis and the Talmud. But apart from this fundamental and underlying faith, the most essential characteristic of prophetic ethics, which runs like a golden thread from *Amos* to *Zachariah* and even to *Joel*, with his 'rend your heart and not

¹ Professor Toy, in *Jewish Encyclopædia*, vol. i., p. 673.

² *Religious Development*, pp. 16, 30.

your garments,'—the contrast between the outward and the inward service of God,—is in Apocalyptic almost everywhere conspicuous by its absence.

How far, again, was it Apocalyptic Judaism which “carried on the mystical and spiritual side of religion” as opposed to the legalistic?¹ Let an impartial reader go through the whole of the second volume in Dr. Charles’ great collection (in which volume all the Apocalypses are gathered together), and he will probably declare that only in a very low sense of the word can these writings be called mystical, nor will he assess their spirituality very high. There is much mystery, but little mysticism. Of the rapture and spirituality of the Psalmists there are few traces or echoes. For sayings like, “Who is so near as God who, when his creatures pray to him, puts his ear near to their mouth,” for rapturous yearnings like “Though my Beloved oppresses me and embitters my life, yet shall he lie between my breasts,” we must go, not to the Apocalypsists, but to the Rabbis and the Legalists.² To many persons the mystical and the spiritual seem obviously opposed to the legalistic. But to the Jew this opposition has never existed, and least of all did it exist in the first, second and third centuries after Christ. Any attempted contrast between the Apocalyptic and the legalistic side of Judaism, so far as it would relegate mysticism and spirituality to the former and exclude them from the latter, must inevitably break down. It is wholly unhistorical.

Dr. Charles, moreover, appears to think that Legalistic Judaism became more and more unmystical and unspiritual, not only because it was legalistic, but also because it allied itself with politics. He speaks, for instance, of ‘the growing secularisation’ of the Jewish religion of the first century after Christ, of the leavening of Pharisaism with earthly political ideals, and implies that all true spiritual religion is opposed to any alliance of religion with politics. The Pharisaic party became committed to political interests and movements; the secularisation of the Pharisaic movement culminated in the fall of Jerusalem. After that fall followed ‘dark and oppressive years,’ ‘an evil and barren era’; legalism is now all triumphant; Apocalyptic, that is prophetic,

¹ *Religious Development*, p. 44.

² *J. Berachot*, 13a (Schwab vol. i., p. 152); *Sabbath*, 88b.

Pharisaism is driven out and disappears ; and, says Dr. Charles, in solemn and italicised words, "the Judaism that survived the destruction of Jerusalem was not the same as the Judaism of an earlier date."¹ We are given to understand, though we are not told so in so many words, that this difference was all to the bad. Degeneration had begun and went on apace.

But must it follow that an association of religion with political ideas makes necessarily for the secularisation of religion ? Are we not keen to-day that religion should be associated with actual life, and that it should not say that it has nothing to do with the policy of nations ? Are we not keen that religion is by no means to think only of another world, but is to think very much indeed of this one ? Has it not to transfigure the fleshly and the material rather than to neglect them and pass them by ? Was it, in itself, more religious to say, "Rome is too powerful ; we must keep quiet, observe the Law, and leave the overthrow of Rome to God," than to say, "God will help us if we help ourselves ; let us fight the tyrant, or die in the attempt" ? But we have to remember that there was no subtle or mysterious or essential connection of legalism with the second utterance rather than with the first, and as a matter of fact the great Rabbis, from Hillel onwards, and even before him, were mainly against a forward policy and in favour of quiet and submission. It may, indeed, be argued that the Legalists after Hadrian became more spiritual than they had been before, though the great figure of Akiba shows how dangerous it is to deny spirituality to a supporter of a distinct political ideal and of a very fighting policy. Yet while we may allow that the Rabbinic religion developed on more sides than one after the fall of Jerusalem and the Hadrianic revolt, it would not be true to make too violent a contrast between the religion before, and the religion after, these terrific and epoch-making events.

It is curious that Professor Burkitt seems to associate the Apocalypses with the very things from which Dr. Charles (because, in his opinion, they are evil things) would most carefully dissociate them—politics and national life. And, in so associating them, Professor Burkitt seems to go too far. He says that the

¹ *Religious Development*, pp. 239, 242, 243, 35.

Apocalyptic writings are "the most characteristic survival of what I will venture to call, with all its narrowness and its incoherence, the heroic age of Jewish history, the age when the nation attempted to realise in action the part of the peculiar people of God."¹ If this be true, the Zealots and Akiba are the people who attempt this realisation; Hillel, Jochanan ben Zakkai and the rest of them do not. Thus it will all depend on what is meant by the words 'in action.' For that Hillel and the Rabbis tried to make those they taught and influenced play a part, and live a life, suited to the peculiar people of God cannot surely be denied. And that the 'action' was not in fighting does not render it less quietly heroic, on the one hand, or less consciously directed towards a practical realisation of the duties imposed upon the chosen people of God, upon the other. What is really ever at the back of Professor Burkitt's mind is that the Apocalypses preached, and Christianity realised, the doctrine of the New Age. But that is just where the Apocalypsists do not, except for the foreshortening, essentially differ from the Rabbis, and why therefore their age cannot be safely contrasted with the age which followed them. For the Rabbis too had an unconquerable hope in the future, and testified to that hope in thousands of words and in hundreds of lives. And we might even say of their writings, what Professor Burkitt says of the Apocalypses, "we study them to learn how our spiritual ancestors hoped against hope that God would make all right in the end."² For if there is one deep thought underlying all the Rabbinic literature it is this.

Nevertheless, there was one important point in which the Rabbis doubtless differed from the Apocalypsists as regards the relation of the 'old age' or 'this world' to the 'new age' or the 'world to come.' The Apocalyptic writers tended more and more to deepen the contrast between the two. In 4 *Ezra* this contrast reaches its climax. Though God is, in a sort of way, the Lord of both worlds, yet in another sense the contrast between the two amounts almost to this: the world to come is in very truth God's world, the world of righteousness and peace and happiness; but this world is, if not in set terms the world of the devil, yet certainly the world and the home of suffering, of sin and

Jewish and Christian Apocalypses, p. 15.

² *Ibid.*, p. 16.

of death. This awful contrast was alien to the prevailing spirit and teaching of the Rabbis. For this world too is God's world; in this world too, and even before Messiah's advent, goodness and happiness are not impossible. The merciful rule of God extends to this world as well as to the world to come. Through the Law and by the help of God pure joy can be experienced even here and now. For the Commandments were given for life and not for death, and though human nature is prone to sin and to err, it is also capable, by the helps which God has given, of righteousness and of love. Moreover to each world its own gladness, and the very materialisms of earth were to be enjoyed. But they were to be enjoyed in sanctification. The warp of earth was to be shot through by a religious weft. The joys that are conditioned by the senses were not to be despised or considered evil; they were to be transfigured. Lust was to be transformed into love. It is not clear how far the Rabbis of the early Christian centuries grasped or formed any conception of development, but they did at all events believe that it was worth while to think out the best methods of justice, of charity and of social well-being. They longed for the 'new æon' no less than the Apocalyptic seers, but in the intensity of their conviction of the life to come they refused to despair of the life upon earth. Spiritual joys were better; but material joys, when sanctified by religion, were good.

Fifteen years ago, in an article on the Jewish Apocalypses, Professor Toy observed that in the development of this branch of literature "two controlling motives may be especially observed: interest in the future—especially the future of the true Israel—and interest in the secrets of the universe. The two oldest Apocalypses that have been preserved—*Daniel* and *Enoch*—may seem to represent these two divisions. . . . Both exercised a profound influence upon the nation, and upon the development of Jewish theology. Such doctrines, common to both groups, as those of the resurrection and the millennium and the Messianic Kingdom, were soon given an assured place in the common belief. The elaborate mythology and occult science of the Enoch literature were inherited by the Jewish Midrash and the early Christian writings. As for the more distinctly patriotic Apocalypses, especially *Daniel* and 4 *Ezra*, there is abundant evidence that

they gave in full measure what they were designed to give: encouragement and new religious impulse to the pious in Israel."¹

We venture to think that Professor Toy goes rather too far, though Dr. Charles goes even farther. He says: "Talmudic Judaism, no less than Christianity, owes its spiritual conceptions of the future to Apocalyptic." Again he says: "Apocalyptic gave birth to and shaped the higher theology of Judaism." Apocalyptic "led the people into more spiritual conceptions alike of this world and of the world to come."²

As to the 'encouragement' of which Professor Toy speaks there can be little doubt. The 'new religious impulse' is less certain. He probably means that to the writers of the Apocalyptic books is due the general belief in the resurrection and in the judgment and its effects—an eternal life of blessedness for the just, a long or eternal life of agony for the wicked, or, more comfortably, an eternal life of blessedness for one's own party, nation or community, a long or eternal life of agony for one's enemies and the unbeliever. No one would deny that the Apocalyptic writings in some degree helped forward and diffused these doctrines. But whether they actually created them, in the sense in which we may say that the prophets of the eighth century B.C. created the ethical monotheism of the old religion of Israel, seems more doubtful. It is more probable that the doctrine of the resurrection grew up, so to speak, over a wider area than the Apocalyptic school. The men of that school eagerly adopted it, used, propagated and confirmed it. But they did not create it.³ Many a Pharisee must have learnt it outside the Apocalyptic area. The two most famous Jewish prayers about the resurrection are very ancient: "Thou quickenest the dead with great mercy, and keepest thy faith to them that sleep in the dust. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who

¹ *Jewish Encyclopædia*, vol. i., p. 673.

² *Religious Development*, pp. 34, 44. *Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha* (Oxford edition), vol. ii., p. viii. n. 1.

³ More than fifteen years ago that admirable scholar Gunkel wrote these excellent words. The first sentence remains true even to-day. "*Die Herkunft und Entstehung dieses Glaubens an die Auferstehung aus den Toten ist noch immer eine ungelöste Frage. Deutlich ist aber uns die ungeheure Bedeutung, die dieser Glaube in der Geschichte der Religion hat: er hat die ganze Religion des Judentums umgestaltet; dieser Glaube macht so sehr Epoche, dass darnach die ganze Religionsgeschichte Israels in zwei Teile zerfällt: vorher und nachher.*"

Die Apokryphen und Pseudepigraphen des alten Testaments (herausgegeben von Kautzsch), vol. ii., p. 370.

quickenest the dead." "O my God, the soul which thou gavest me is pure; thou didst create it, thou didst breathe it into me; thou preservest it within me, and thou wilt take it from me, but wilt restore it unto me hereafter. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who restorest souls unto dead bodies."

These prayers do not give the impression that they and their writers owed much to Apocalyptic. They seem to spring from a source wider than Apocalyptic and more general, which every group was able to draw upon in its own way, some more soberly and quietly, some with greater exuberance of imagination and of fancy. It was the more restrained and less Apocalyptic type of mind that gave birth to these simple and affecting prayers, and we may reasonably suppose that the doctrine of the resurrection and of the future happiness of the righteous, even from its beginnings, was not the exclusive property of the Apocalyptic enthusiasts. At any rate very early in its history within Israel it must have passed over from them—even supposing that with them it started—to a much wider circle and to the general body of Pharisaic teachers. On the other hand, it is likely enough that the fascinating phantasies of the Apocalyptists helped to fasten the doctrine of the future life and of heaven and hell more securely and permanently in the hearts and minds of the people at large.

Yet, however the truth may lie as to the *origin*, it may nevertheless be legitimately asked how far did Judaism owe the higher and more spiritual *developments* of the doctrine of the future life to the Apocalyptists, and how far did it lose those developments when the Apocalyptical writings were banned, lost or destroyed? But legitimate as is the question, difficult and dubious is the answer.

The higher developments of the doctrine (apart from the question of the future blessedness of the Gentiles) are presumably four:

First, the substitution of the immortality of the soul for the resurrection of the body. But this substitution, or rather this addition, for the spiritual never drove out the material doctrine entirely, was due to Greek influences, and not specifically to Apocalyptic.

Secondly, the substitution of a refined doctrine of resurrection—such, for example, as that of St. Paul—for one grosser and more

crassly material. Doubtless some of the Apocalyptic writers advanced to such a doctrine, but it is probable that the advance was general, and not confined to Apocalyptic limits. The classic utterance of Rab (who lived in the first half of the third century A.D.) need not be regarded as due entirely to Apocalyptic influences. "In the world to come there is no eating and drinking, or procreation and increase, or buying and selling, or hatred and jealousy and strife. But the just sit with crowns upon their heads, and find delight in the radiance of the Shechinah."¹

Thirdly, the doctrine of purgatory or in other words of purification. This, too, is but doubtfully due to the Apocalyptists as such. "The school of Shammai," as we are informed, "said, 'The completely righteous, on the judgment day, are inscribed and sealed at once for eternal life; the completely wicked are inscribed and sealed at once for Gehenna, but the inbetween go down to Gehenna and howl and come up again, as it is said, I will bring a third into the fire and purify them; they will call on my name, and I will hear them, as it is said, The Lord casts down into Sheol and brings up again.'"² But whether this comforting purgatorial doctrine was brought to the school of Shammai by Apocalyptic books and circles, is extremely uncertain. If, indeed, you are inclined to call all speculation or fancy upon these high doctrines Apocalyptic, as for instance for an earlier age Dr. Charles includes the author of *Job* among Apocalyptic writers, you may put purgatory to an exclusively Apocalyptic account; but this seems stretching the use of the word in an illegitimate way.

Fourthly, universalism. Here we must carefully distinguish the sense in which the word is used. A universalism which refuses to exclude from grace and salvation any human soul, whether Gentile or Jew, or whether, at the moment of death, repentant or unrepentant, was as unknown then as it was unknown both to Judaism and Christianity until modern times. The most merciful idea was that the unrepentant idolator and the unrepentant Jew would not rise at all, or that they would be given an early and complete despatch, as the Shammaites said of those who sinned with their bodies, whether Israelites or Gentiles, "they go down to Gehenna and are judged there a twelvemonth,

¹ *Berachot*, 17a. Bacher, *Die Agada der babylonischen Amoräer*, p. 25.

² *Rosh ha'Shanah*, 16b, 17a.

and then their bodies are destroyed, and their souls are burnt, and the wind scatters them under the soles of the feet of the righteous."¹ In the excellent words of Dr. Charles, neither Jew nor Christian held it "a dishonour to the God they revered and served . . . that he should visit with a never-ending punishment the errors and shortcomings," or even "the wilful sins of a few dim and mistaken years of earth, and limit to a hand-breadth of time the opportunities and irremediable issues of a never-ending eternity."²

There is, however, another sense in which we may use the word universalism, and in that sense it is only right and just to give honour to some at least of the Apocalyptic writers. We read in *Enoch*, "And all the children of men shall become righteous, and all nations shall offer adoration and shall praise me and all shall worship me. The Son of Man shall be the light of the Gentiles, and all who dwell on earth shall fall down and worship before him." And there are some other hopeful passages like these. On the other hand, there are many other passages, just as there are entire books, which teach a very different doctrine. The 'most profound and touching of the Jewish Apocalypses,' as Dr. Charles calls 4 *Ezra*, predicts no mercy to the Gentiles in the Messianic Age. Thus we cannot speak of universalism as regards the Gentiles as in any way characteristic of Apocalyptic teaching as such, just as, on the other hand, gleams of a wider doctrine are not wanting among the Rabbis of the Talmud. We know that R. Eleazar (third century) entirely approved of the saying in 2 *Baruch*, "I will scatter this people among the Gentiles that they may do good to the Gentiles," for, he said, "the purpose of the dispersion is to make proselytes."³ And even earlier than the author of *Baruch*, we find Hillel declaring, "Love peace and pursue peace; love men and bring them near to the Law," or, as it is said in another place, "bring them under the wings of the Shechinah."⁴ The hope, the desire and the expectation that idolatry would cease, and that all men would become worshippers of the One God, continued throughout the Rabbinic period. They prompted the second portion of the famous *Alenu* prayer, which is

¹ *Rosh ha'Shanah*, 17a.

² *Religious Development*, pp. 131 *fin.*, 132 *init.*

³ *Pesachim*, 87b.

⁴ *Aboth*, i. 13 (ed. Taylor). *Aboth R. Natan*, xii., p. 27a (ed. Schechter).

at least as old as, and may even be considerably older than, the second century. As the Liturgy, more than anything else, represents the considered and official doctrine of the Synagogue, it may be said that, in this second sense, Rabbinic eschatology became and remained completely universalist. For this is the prayer:

"We therefore hope in thee, O Lord our God, that we may speedily behold the glory of thy might, when thou wilt remove the abominations from the earth, and the idols will be utterly cut off, when the world will be perfected under the kingdom of the Almighty, and all the children of flesh will call upon thy name, when thou wilt turn unto thyself all the wicked of the earth. Let all the inhabitants of the world perceive and know that unto thee every knee must bow, every tongue must swear. Before thee, O Lord our God, let them bow and fall; and unto thy glorious name let them give honour; let them all accept the yoke of thy kingdom, and do thou reign over them speedily, and for ever and ever. For the kingdom is thine, and to all eternity thou wilt reign in glory; as it is written in thy Law, The Lord shall reign for ever and ever. And it is said, And the Lord shall be King over all the earth: in that day shall the Lord be One, and his name One."¹

We have already heard that Apocalyptic, according to Dr. Charles, "gave birth to the higher theology of Judaism." Over and above 'spiritual conceptions of the future,' it is not wholly clear how much, or how many things, this 'higher theology' is supposed to contain. And is it always a term of praise? If, for instance, it includes speculations, such as we find in *Enoch*, about angels and demons and stars and the various heavens and hells, it may indeed be that later Judaism owes much to Apocalyptic in this somewhat tiresome department, but must we call it 'higher theology'? For have we not here rather a descent than an improvement? Many of us to-day would prefer the clean and pure monotheism of the author of the Priestly Code in the Pentateuch to all the weary ramblings of *Enoch* and his peers. Gunkel wisely remarks that one of the most striking and

¹ *Authorised Daily Prayer Book* (ed. Singer), p. 76 *fin.*, and cp. Dr. Abrahams' remarks in his Annotated Edition of the *Daily Prayer Book*, pp. lxxxvi.—lxxxviii.

important things about the Priestly writer's narrative of creation is that to him the stars are just *things*.¹ But they are things which are never, and can never be, disobedient to their Maker and to Eternal Law. What a tumble back into primæval mythology to regard them as conscious beings, fallen angels, with all the rest of the tedious rigmarole which we have to struggle with in *Enoch*!

It is often said that in late post-exilic Judaism the conception of the Deity tends to become one-sidedly transcendent. God deals with men through the mediation of angels. The assertion has its measure of truth for the Apocalyptic, but it is inaccurate in respect of the Rabbinic literature. Professor Cook appears to doubt whether 'intermediate agencies' do not also play a great part in Talmud and Midrash, but if he cared to read some thousand consecutive pages of the translations of Wuensche or Goldschmidt or Schwab, he would easily perceive that though, if you collect all the references to these 'agencies' together, they form a considerable number, yet nevertheless, in the bulk of the literature as a whole, they sink into insignificance.² Of the whole it is not false to say that it is almost always God with whom the Rabbis are concerned, to whom they pray, with whom they commune, and very rarely indeed an angel. To them, "near is God," as it says in a famous Talmudic passage, "with every kind of nearness."³ God and they are on such close and intimate terms, even though reverence and love go hand in hand, that they require no angel to mediate between them. Not that they do not believe in any number of angels. Only, if the Father in heaven be your friend, comforter, helper and judge, what need and what use of angels? Why stop short of Him? The angels are only His creatures like ourselves. But it was not from Apocalyptic that the Rabbis learnt this admirable immediacy.⁴

So far from Apocalyptic "giving birth to and shaping the higher theology of Judaism," it might paradoxically be said that what is best and most characteristic of the higher theology of the

¹ *Genesis übersetzt und erklärt* (3rd ed.), p. 109.

² Stanley Cook, *The Study of Religions*, p. 182, n. 1.

³ *Jer. Berachot*, 13a.

⁴ Dr. Wicks, in his laborious and informing work, notices that in the first century A.D. "there is a marked decline of the idea that God uses angels as agents in affecting human fortunes." "The doctrine of the distant God" hardly appears "in this century" at all (*The Doctrines of God*, pp. 115, 117).

Judaism of the Rabbinic age was not due to Apocalyptic, and that what was most characteristic of Apocalyptic did not pass over into Judaism.

It would lead us too far if we attempted to discuss those items in higher theology characteristic of Judaism, in which it moved forward beyond Old Testament limits. We may, however, make a bald list of some of them with an observation or quotation here and there.

The doctrine of divine aid and grace is already in the Old Testament, but Rabbinic Judaism (and not Apocalyptic) carries it forward. "If a man sanctifies himself a little, they sanctify him much; if a man pollutes himself a little, they pollute him much."¹ Here God's help shades off into a theory of habit; but, elsewhere, the doctrine is more distinctly stated. "For him who would pollute himself, they open the door: him who would purify himself, they help." In other words, man is *free* to sin, but he is *helped* to goodness. "If you want to buy naphtha, it is said, measure it for yourself; if you want to buy balsam, it is said, wait for me till I measure it with you, so that we may both be scented."² Note the strange mysticism of the last words. God is glorified by man's sanctity. And these passages are familiar and characteristic.

It was not Apocalyptic that helped Rabbinic Judaism to its splendid development of the doctrine of repentance. "God says, My hands are stretched out towards the penitent: I thrust none back who gives me his heart in repentance. The door of repentance is ever open: he who would enter, can enter. Open for Me a gateway of repentance as big as a needle's eye, and I will open for you gates wide enough for chariots and horses."³

If, in Judaism, an excessive emphasis upon the doctrine of measure for measure is softened in one direction by the theory of repentance, it is softened in another direction by a higher conception of suffering. The incidental Old Testament teaching, "Happy is the man whom thou chastenest," is markedly developed.

¹ Yoma 39a.

² *Ibid.* cp. *Sabbath*, 164a; *Makkoth* 10b; *Mechilta* on *Exodus* xv. 26.

³ For these and many other passages see my article on 'Rabbinic Conceptions of Repentance,' *Jewish Quarterly Review*, January, 1904, vol. xvi., pp. 209-257.

"Beloved are sufferings"; these are most familiar Rabbinic words. "When God sends you prosperity," says Akiba, "give thanks, and when he sends you sufferings, give thanks likewise." "To rejoice in one's sufferings" became a new duty, a new ideal, while the noble and oft-quoted story of Akiba's martyrdom strikes a far higher note than the cry of the persecuted pious in Psalm xlv. It scarcely interferes with the dignity of the conception of these 'chastisements of love' that through them man is supposed to obtain the higher reward and the greater beatitudes of the world to come. Where do we find this chapter of higher theology in Apocalyptic?

Rabbinic Judaism became more and more dominated by the Law; yet through the Law certain supposed and familiar defects of Legalism were either overcome, or a counterweight was erected against them. Excellences were thus produced of which we find little trace in Apocalyptic. For instance, there is the fine Rabbinic creation of '*lishmah*,' that is, doing the commands "for their own sake," for the joy of them, for the sheer sense of delightful duty and not for the sake of the reward. To rejoice in the commands is as characteristic a phrase as to rejoice in sufferings. 'For its own sake' alternates with, and is the equivalent of, 'for love.' The love of God becomes consciously recognised as the highest relation of the human to the divine, though it was not supposed that love ought entirely to cast out fear. So it is said, "Do the commands from love and do them also from fear, so that if thou wert inclined to hate any of them, remember that thou lovest, and no lover can hate, and if thou wert inclined to despise any, remember that thou fearest, and no fearer can despise."¹

It was the Law which led to the conception of the sanctification of the divine name, as an ideal and a motive. "Open to me," cries the voice of the beloved, in *Canticles*, "open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled." It is God who calls to Israel. Why my 'undefiled' (*tomati*), as the Authorised Version translates? Because the Israelites were united 'with (*mutamim*) the Holy One, and gave their lives for the sanctification of the divine name.'²

¹ *Jer. Berachot*, ix. 7.

² *Midrash Tepillim*, xviii. 7.

Through the Law too is won the teaching of the imitation of God, so frequent and characteristic a conception of Rabbinic theology. Its nobility is not really depreciated by the quaint and queer way in which it is often presented. All the deeds of mercy and neighbourly love, upon which the Rabbis laid such stress, are ascribed to God, and then, conversely, man is told to do these deeds as an imitation of God. Thus he is to accompany the burial procession, to comfort the sad, to clothe the naked, to visit the sick, because God did so or does so, and he is even to attend the bridegroom—to be a sort of best man—for the same strange, and yet beautiful, reason.

The culminating work of Apocalyptic, which, according to Dr. Charles, would seem to be 4 *Ezra*, recognises 'the inadequacy of the Law for salvation.' And as its author has not found any other instrument more efficacious than the Law, it is not unnatural that, convinced as he also is of the malignity of the human heart, he is inclined to despair. Not only the whole Gentile world, but the overwhelming majority of Israelites will also be 'lost.' It is often supposed that Rabbinic Judaism oscillated between despair and self-righteousness, the Law producing now one odious and irreligious extreme, and now the other. But whereas 4 *Ezra* can only get so far as despair, and 2 *Baruch*, a contemporary writing, as 'self-complacency,' Rabbinic Judaism, as a whole, achieved the mean. Most Rabbinic teachers would agree with the author of 4 *Ezra* that few, if any, Israelites can fulfill all the commands of the Law, but they believed that what is wanting in the Israelites' actions would be overlooked and ignored by the compassionate forgiveness of God. The tears and fears of R. Jochanan b. Zakkai upon his deathbed are often quoted. But more characteristic, and more central, is the comfort given by R. Akiba to R. Gamaliel when he evinces a similar gloom. Even a portion—a single command—of the Law faithfully discharged will be accepted by God as if a man had fulfilled the whole. And this sort of working compromise is the solution and discovery of Rabbinism.

So too as regards self-righteousness. The Rabbinic doctrine of '*zechuth*'—a word usually, but inadequately, rendered by 'merit'—is not only very difficult, but, to our modern minds, it is often very unattractive. Yet it is constantly tempered by an insistence upon humility, and by curious cross currents which

emphasise human frailty, the feebleness of human effort, and the impropriety of leaning upon one's own strength and virtues. "What are we? What our righteousness? What our might?"—as the phrases go in that very old prayer which forms part of the daily morning service for home and for synagogue. Among the qualities said to be necessary for the attainment of the Law or *Torah* is one which is translated by Dr. Taylor, 'not claiming merit to oneself.' The original phrase means literally 'not seizing good to oneself,' and it recurs pretty frequently. Thus R. Jochanan ben Zakkai used to say, "If thou hast attained much *Torah*, do not claim merit to thyself, for thereunto wast thou created." And it is observed that the reason why the book of Ezra was not called after Nehemiah's name was because he ascribed to himself merit. Rabbinic Judaism seems, by its own native genius, to have come to some fair working compromise between pride and despair, though doubtless there were many individuals who failed on the one side or upon the other.

The author of 4 *Ezra* is forced to his despair by his acute sense of the *cor malignum*. The Rabbis developed with much power and originality the doctrine of the 'evil inclination,' the '*Yetzer ha Ra*,' but they taught that grievous and terrible as the evil inclination is, the Law, on the one hand, God's mercy, upon the other, prevent the necessity of despair. The awful seriousness of the '*Yetzer*' is picturesquely and emphatically dwelt upon again and again. At first a guest; then the master. At first no thicker than a spider's web; at last thicker than a cart rope. And so on. Yet it is recognised that the '*Yetzer*' is not only an inseparable part of human nature, leading a man, in simple, Rabbinic phrase, to build a house and take a wife, as well as to transgress and to sin, but that also it can be tamed and transfigured. Hence the noble doctrine that God must be blessed and thanked for the evil '*Yetzer*' as well as for the good, and that indeed, in one sense, the evil '*Yetzer*' is itself good. The strong, big nature has a large measure of evil '*Yetzer*,' but also possesses a greater power with which to overcome it. And by three agencies the '*Yetzer*' can be held in check and subdued: man's freewill, the Law and the help of God. For the very agency which, according to St. Paul, helplessly and hopelessly stimulated the '*Yetzer*' was, according to the Rabbis, the divinely appointed means by which the

slavery to the 'Yetzer' could be overthrown. "There is no freedom except through the Law." "*Und das Gesetz nur kann uns Freiheit geben.*"¹ Accurate or inaccurate, in any case a noble and purely Rabbinic chapter in the higher theology of Judaism.

If the Law generated poisons, it also generated antidotes. These antidotes (with one exception) are in no wise the work of Apocalyptic, which, as we have been told, became, in the course of its development, less and less concerned with the Law. Yet they are important items in the higher theology of Judaism. Such an antidote is the conception that the whole object of the Law is moral purification. Another is that the ritual laws have no magical virtue in themselves, but for unknown reasons are the will of a perfectly righteous and perfectly wise God. A third is the ennoblement and sanctification of life by means of the Law. Eating and drinking, washing, sexual actions, going to bed and getting up, business occupations, are all hallowed and humanised by glad reminders of God. Even visibly, the environments of life, and man's own body, are adorned by the *Torah*. "Beloved are the Israelites, for God has surrounded them with commands. Thus there are the *Tephillin* for head and arms; there are the *Zizith* for clothes, and there are the *Mezuzoth* for gates and doors. David in his bath said, Woe is me, for I stand naked without a command (*mitzvah*); but when he looked down and remembered his circumcision, his spirit was quieted within him."² A fourth antidote is that joy in the commands, the doing for doing's sake or for God's sake and glory, to which allusion has already been made. A fifth is the distinction which the Rabbis made in their own way, but which they recognised well enough, between the ritual laws and the moral laws. A sixth is the important conception of *Lifnim meshurat ha' Din*, of equity *versus* legality. Among the many reasons given for the fall of Jerusalem, one of the most striking is that of R. Jochanan, who said that the reason was because the judges judged in it according to strict rule, or in other words because they remained within the strict letter of the Law, and did not act according to equity.³

¹ Goethe can have had no knowledge that his superb line had been anticipated by an ancient Rabbi.

² *Menachot*, 43b.

³ *Baba Mezia*, 30b.

The same words and the same conception meet us in the odd notion that God himself prays. And this is his prayer: "May it be my will that my compassion may conquer my anger, that my compassion may overcome my legality, that I may deal with my children with the measure of compassion, and that I may enter for them *Lifnim meshurat ha' Din*."¹ Lastly, it might be noticed that, in spite of their hostility to Christianity, the Rabbis were wise enough—and here they followed on the lines of certain writers of Apocalyptic, such as the author of 4 *Ezra*—to lay considerable stress upon faith. It is questionable whether a Rabbinic Jew would have thought it a little *outré* when R. Nehemiah said: "He who fulfils one command in faith, is worthy that the Holy Spirit should rest upon him." Or, again, when it was said that Abraham only acquired this world and the world to come by the *Zechuth* of faith, or that the Israelites, as a reward of their faith, were inspired to sing their Song of Deliverance, or when R. Simlai said that Habakkuk reduced the 613 commands to one: "The just shall live by his faith."² How far the Rabbinic combination of faith and works was philosophically mingled together may well be doubted, but that it was practically effective is tolerably sure, and if so faith was a chapter of higher theology for which both Apocalyptic and Rabbinic may claim some credit, but Rabbinic the larger and the more important share.

Sufficient has now been said in substantiation of the view that what is best and most characteristic of Rabbinic Judaism did not come to it through the agency of Apocalyptic. Conversely, one outstanding feature of Apocalyptic, or, at any rate, of some Apocalyptic writings—the feature for which most thanks are given to them by Professor Burkitt—seems to have had least influence upon the higher theology of Rabbinic Judaism. "Apocalyptic," says Dr. Charles, "and not prophecy, was the first to grasp the great idea that all history, alike human, cosmological, and spiritual, is a unity." Apocalyptic, in short, provided, "a Semitic philosophy of religion."³ So too Professor Burkitt says that "Enoch is an attempt to see the world steadily and to see it whole, to unify the physical world, the moral world and the politi-

¹ *Berachot*, 7a.

² *Mechilta on Exodus* xiv. 31. *Makkot*, 23b.

³ *Religious Development*, p. 24.

cal world." It contains "a serious attempt to account for the presence of Evil in human history." "And those who cling to the belief that human history is not altogether meaningless, and that it marches, however slowly and haltingly, to a definite goal, ought to regard the ideas enshrined in books like *Enoch* with sympathy. It is by this doctrine of a purpose underlying history, and of an unerring Judgment to be pronounced upon it somewhere, somewhere, that these books can still strike a chord in our hearts to-day."¹ In Rabbinic Judaism, though the hope for, and the faith in, a Judgment is vivid and keen enough, any sort of philosophy of history or religion seems to be lacking. Whether Dr. Charles and Professor Burkitt put rather more into the words of the Apocalyptists than can actually be found there, might indeed be mooted, but in any case Rabbinic Judaism does not appear to have inherited this peculiar excellence.

A word or two must be said in conclusion as to the ethical contents of the Apocalyptic literature. When we examine the Apocalyptic writings *seriatim*, it is only very few of them which shew any advance upon Old Testament ethical teaching or which contain any traces of originality. In his *Eschatology*, and in the introduction to Vol. II. of the Oxford edition of the Apocrypha and the Pseudepigrapha, Dr. Charles makes a few quotations to show the greatness and importance of the ethical teaching of the Apocalyptic writers. One is from *Jubilees*—of a most commonplace character. A second is from *Daniel*. A third is from 2 *Enoch*. The rest are from *The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs*. He then goes the length of saying that it "would be possible to fill many pages in setting forth the teaching of Apocalyptic on such ethical subjects as conscience, courage, endurance, long-suffering, justice, truthfulness, temperance, singleness of heart, deceit, calumny, folly; on religious themes of an ethical character as love, faith, works, forgiveness, compassion, humility, reverence, covetousness, lust." And he even ventures to add that the few quotations he has made have established his thesis sufficiently for his present purpose. Summing up, he declares that the ethical teaching on these subjects in Apocalyptic is "a vast advance on that of the O.T. and forms the indispensable

¹ *Jewish and Christian Apocalypses*, pp. 21, 33.

link, which, in this respect, connects the O.T. with the N.T.”¹

For these sweeping assertions the evidence seems very small. There are a few good things in 2 *Enoch* which hardly go beyond Old Testament teaching, and there are some really fine things in the *Testaments*. It is to this small compass that the gigantic claims made by Dr. Charles must be compressed. Far truer is Professor Burkitt's estimate, though he seems to exaggerate a little on the other side. “If one goes to the Apocalyptic literature for edification, one does not get it. The most you arrive at is a sort of patronising approval for such elements as the ethical maxims in the *Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs*.”²

We do, however, get further than patronising approval. The sayings on forgiveness, on love, on purity, on pity, on overcoming evil by good, the attacks on hatred, jealousy and envy, do contain ethical teaching of a very high order. They show a distinct advance in these matters upon the general level, and in one point it is hardly too much to say, even upon the highest level, of Old Testament teaching.

It is especially the virtue of forgiveness as to which Dr. Charles claims that *The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs* (an Apocalyptic work of the second century B.C.) enunciated a doctrine that infinitely transcends the teaching of Sirach (which itself “attests some advance” upon that of the O.T.) “and is almost as noble as that of the New Testament.” He cites one particular passage—a very striking one as all must allow—as “the most remarkable statement in pre-Christian Judaism on the subject of forgiveness.”³

“Love ye one another from the heart; and if a man sin against thee, cast forth the poison of hate and speak peaceably to him, and in thy soul hold not guile; and if he confess and repent, forgive him. But if he deny it, do not get into a passion with him, lest catching the poison from thee he take to swearing, and so thou sin doubly. And though he deny it, and yet have a sense of shame when reproved, give over reproving him. For he who

¹ *Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha*, vol. ii., pp. x. and xi.

² *Jewish and Christian Apocalypses*, p. 15.

³ *Religious Development*, p. 153.

denieth may repent so as not again to wrong thee; yea, he may also honour and be at peace with thee. But if he be shameless and persist in his wrongdoing, even so forgive him from the heart, and leave to God the avenging."

The stress which is laid by Dr. Charles upon the single virtue of forgiveness—in his little book of 252 pages a whole chapter of twenty-six pages is given to the subject—may be a trifle excessive. But that the teaching of *The Twelve Testaments* upon forgiveness is exalted and sustained, and moreover "in keeping with the entire ethical character of that remarkable book," may freely be allowed. More questionable is Dr. Charles's desire to set off the *Testaments* by vehement attacks upon alleged contrary teaching in the Old Testament. Whether "malignant venom," "the most appalling exhibition of vindictiveness to be found in religious literature," are true characterisations of the Imprecatory Psalms, or whether these Psalms "more than justify" the assertion that the ancient Hebrew had been *commanded* to hate his enemy, may well be doubted, but cannot here be discussed. It is, however, worth noting that a certain famous adage in *Proverbs* is spoken of as "one of the most remarkable in the Old Testament for its distorted ethics."¹ We read in *Proverbs* xxiv. 17, 18:

"Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth,
And let not thine heart be glad when he is overthrown,
Lest the Lord see it and it displease him,
And he turn away his wrath from him."

To this quotation Dr. Charles appends the following italicised sentence: "*Here we are bidden not to rejoice in an enemy's overthrow lest God see our malicious joy and so restore our enemy to prosperity.*" But is it not, to say the least, somewhat curious that Dr. Charles carefully omits to mention that the best modern scholars (for example, Kamphausen, Steuernagel, Wildeboer, Toy) interpret the verse very differently, so that the "vile direction" which Dr. Charles finds in it falls to the ground? In the last line "to thee" is understood, and, as Professor Toy says, "turn his anger from him" is not to be interpreted "as affirming that God will cease punishing a wicked man because another man is pleased at the punishment: the full form of the expression is 'turn from

¹ *Religious Development*, pp. 140, 141, 142.

him to thee,' and the stress is to be laid on the 'to thee.' 'Thou,' says the sage, 'wilt then become the greater sinner, and Yahweh will be more concerned to punish thee than to punish him.'"¹ Perhaps Dr. Charles may prefer his own interpretation to that of Prof. Toy.² It is not, however, too much to say that in a popular work such as *Religious Development*, the exegesis of the majority of the greatest scholars should at any rate have been mentioned in a footnote. Or might not the Old Testament in a disputed passage have even had the benefit of the doubt?

How far did Rabbinic literature adopt and maintain the high teaching of *The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs* upon the subject of forgiveness? We cannot enter here upon this thorny problem, concerning which a pretty quarrel is in course of progress between Dr. Charles and the learned Reader in Talmudic and Rabbinic Literature at the University of Cambridge, Dr. Israel Abrahams. The latter scholar in the *Cambridge Biblical Essays* (1909) had controverted Dr. Charles' view that "forgiveness is only incidentally dealt with in Talmudic writings and is not made the central doctrine of the religious life." Now in a long footnote in his little book, Dr. Charles replies, reiterating his former statement, and we have no doubt that Dr. Abrahams is excogitating his rejoinder. We would only remark here that Dr. Charles' incursions into Talmudic questions must be read with caution. His amazing misunderstanding of the trick played by Simon ben Shetach upon King Jannaeus (*Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha*, vol. ii. p. 814) has been nobly admitted by Dr. Charles himself (vol. ii. p. xiii.), though whether 'gross lie' is not somewhat too heavy artillery for Simon's conduct may perhaps be doubted. In the note on forgiveness Dr. Charles tells us that, in *Yoma* 86b, "Rabbi Jose ben Judah says that a man may forgive his neighbour three times but not more, and in support of this limitation he quotes *Amos* ii. 6." Not unnaturally Dr. Charles adds, "with this teaching we might contrast that in *Matt.* xviii. 21, 22."³ Indeed we might. Only unfortunately R. Jose said nothing of the kind. Using a frequent

¹ *The International Critical Commentary*, p. 448.

² He had already indicated his preference for his own unusual interpretation in his paper on 'Man's Forgiveness of his Neighbour' in *Transactions of the Third International Congress for the History of Religions*, vol. i. p. 308 (1908).

³ *Religious Development*, p. 152.

Rabbinic idiom R. Jose, half jestingly, half seriously, observed that *God* will forgive a man for the same offence three times and not more, and for this limitation he quotes *Amos* ii. 6. The supposed contrast with *Matt.* xviii. 21, 22, falls to the ground.

An impartial survey of Rabbinic ethics has still to be written. Those who, from the bulky Rabbinic writings, fish up little titbits to praise or blame, from a purely western and modern point of view, both do them wrong and distort them. Rabbinic ethics touch our ethics in many points; but they are not the same as ours, and our western point of view must not necessarily be regarded as the invariable and perfect touchstone of assessment and of worth. And before we can rightly blame or praise, or rather before we can rightly judge, we must fully understand, and to understand needs, upon the one hand, some imaginative sympathy and, on the other, a certain historic sense.

That, however, in many respects the ethics of the Rabbis constitute an advance upon the ethics of the O.T. and are of ethical value and suggestiveness even to-day, there is some reason to believe. A few things about them strike even a casual and superficial reader. One is the insight shown into human nature. A second is a peculiar and often charming delicacy. A third is a certain sturdiness and commonsense. A fourth is the full application of lofty principles to the most homely actions and situations. R. Akiba, who died joyfully in torments, confessing the divine Unity, and loving God with all his might, declared that a man who eats any food which does not agree with him commits three sins, he debases himself, he debases the food, and he says an inappropriate blessing. That is Rabbinic ethics all over, no less than the saying that "he who makes his neighbour blush in public will have no share in the life to come."

Dr. Charles says that "the ethical element is present also in Talmudic literature, but somehow it lacks the fire and inspiration that distinguish it in the Pseudepigrapha." We are also told that "the chief work on ethics in the Talmud," the *Sayings of the Fathers*, has been included in his great collection, "in order that the student might have before him the best that Later Judaism produced in the domain of ethics. It will be obvious even to the most cursory reader that a great gulf divides the ethics of *The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs* and even those of 2 *Enoch* .

from these excellent but very uninspiring sayings of Jewish sages belonging to the legalistic wing of Judaism. It is quite true that many a fine saying is found in the other tractates of the Talmud and other Rabbinic writings, but the harvest that rewards the diligent reaper is slight in comparison of the toil, and the number of really fine sayings that were uttered before A.D. 100 is far from great."¹ Now it is true that the *Sayings of the Fathers* may be called an ethical work, but it is misleading to speak of it as the chief work on ethics in the Talmud (or rather the Mishnah), because the tractates of the Talmud are vast amorphous jumbles in which ethics with many other subjects form a part. It is scarcely accurate to say that the *Sayings of the Fathers* constitute "the best which Later Judaism produced in the domain of ethics." When does Later Judaism end? If we take 100 A.D. as our limit, the statement may perhaps be true, but why should we do so? It is true that the number of *recorded* fine sayings before 100 may not be very great, but what does it matter whether any noble utterance dates from the first or the fourth century? It is, in either case, the product of *legalism*, and of a *much more developed and predominant legalism* in the fourth century than in the first. As to 'passion and fire' and 'the great gulf' opinions may legitimately differ. We have already seen that one competent observer, Prof. Burkitt, clearly does not find in the ethical teaching even of *The Twelve Patriarchs* the 'passion and fire' which Dr. Charles detects in them. It is also a question of opinion whether the sayings of the Jewish sages in *Pirke Abot* are 'excellent,' but 'very uninspiring.' At any rate it seems clear that their excellence is not derived from the Apocalyptic literature. Even where they deal with the future life—the special province of the Apocalyptists—they often show a noble and an original touch. Let two sayings of R. Jacob illustrate the point. "This world is like a vestibule before the world to come; prepare thyself in the vestibule that thou mayest enter into the hall. Better is an hour of repentance and good deeds in this world than the whole life of the world to come; better is one hour of blissfulness of spirit in the world to come than the whole life of this world."

C. G. MONTEFIORE.

¹ *Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha*, vol. ii. p. xi.

DISCUSSION.

CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM AND THE DEFENCE OF WAR.

I NOTE that various mystics, including your valuable contributor Miss Evelyn Underhill (in the *Hibbert Journal* for April), have been trying to find good things to say about the present war and war in general. The intention is to vindicate the 'wisdom' and 'love' of the Deity in bringing to pass such happenings as we read about in the accounts of this bloody war.

God being in his Heaven, the inference is that all *must* be well. Starting with belief in a personal Deity who is *perfectly moral* and who has *complete sovereignty* over the world, the Christian mystic is compelled to make out a case for the high moral value of war. He is driven, in mere consistency, to urge that somehow war makes for 'spiritual' good; that it serves as a *training ground*; that "the real virtue of a nation's life depends, not on stability achieved, but on the opportunities offered for hard and difficult action. Severe discipline, conflict, catastrophe and test of every kind—even involving the willingness to take or inflict death for the common good—appear to be essential factors in healthy racial life as we know it: and the compensating virtues of charity and mercy have more often been produced under their influence than in equable and prosperous times. Unless we expel God from His universe, and revert to the dualism of the scholastics, we are almost bound to believe that His full thought for man cannot come to perfect fruition without the awful discipline of war; and hence that within the bosom of the only Perfect, hardness and softness, mercy and force, are reconciled." These are Miss Underhill's words. She lays stress anon on the value of war as *improving national character*, 'the perdurable treasure of humanity.' She quotes Treitschke (the brutal) in defence of her thesis! She extols the admirable *organic unity* achieved by war in national life, the emergence of the 'personality'

and supreme worth of the nation, and looks to the individual finding his true worth only in 'self-devotion to the needs and interests of the whole.' There is great hope for souls who "thus surrender their personal desires at the demand of a greater, more impersonal love." These citations I make from her recent article on 'Problems of Conflict.'

Christian mysticism, I repeat, is forced to make the seemingly worst appear the best. All the foregoing contentions are necessary *if* you believe in a *perfectly moral* deity who thinks like a person in time and who is supposed to be *revealed* in the world. But, of course, there are many alternative hypotheses (even among those which recognise a God) which can offer explanations of war and evil in general. James, for instance, like Mill, took refuge in the hypothesis of a finite or *limited* God, not fully master of the world. Such a God may be conceived as imperfectly wise, powerful or moral, or all these at once; in these sorts of hypotheses war and like evils are incidents only of a defective and largely undivine world-order. And, of course, there are many other idealistic systems which lie outside popular creeds, Christian and other, and furnish solutions not requiring the hypothesis of a God at all. Christian theism itself, one has to note, is ordinarily an assumption from which writers start, but which they do not seek to prove. This need excite no surprise, for the fundamental doctrine of Christianity—that of the infinite 'Perfect' *personal moral* Being who underlies all reality and rules, in an ideally powerful and 'moral' way, 'his' world—is one quite unsupported by any evidence open to philosophy. I don't want to introduce here the Kantian refutation of the 'theological' arguments for such a god. But since Kant's criticisms have never been answered, and since there is no effective evidence assignable other than what they embody, one may look back at his comments at times with benefit.

In short there are many philosophical alternatives, idealistic and other, to the speculative theology proffered by Christian mysticism. For the present, however, let us ignore competing attitudes and look at some of the facts and contentions connected with war.

War, of course, is a continuation of the conflict that arose with Nature—you have it running through very much of animal life. In the case of Man, war at the outset was as inevitable and

(owing to the low level of his morality and intelligence) as necessary as it is now between creatures like ants or rats. And the older virile communities, dwelling under conditions of hard living, really prospered by, and so came to extol, war and war's leaders. Now-a-days, however, conditions have changed. Economically both victor and vanquished stand to lose. And 'spiritually,' as I must urge, the losses are even greater. Idle to insist on war as the training ground of special virtues, courage, endurance and so forth—these latter are grown equally in peace in all quarters, even in the ways of sport, at polo, mountaineering, motoring and a thousand other amusements. *The ideal of life is play rather than work, free joyful activity rather than 'discipline.'* But surely there is enough misery in peace to give the field for that display of 'mercy' and 'charity' which Miss Underhill requires. *We do not need to create evil and misery just to relieve them*; a father does not blind one son in order to teach another how to 'sacrifice' himself in waiting on his brother! In sober truth, we ought not to want victims in order that we may grow virtues *only useful to victims*; we ought to be as little burdened with victims as possible so that all of us shall live happily and expand freely without this superfluous kind of nuisance at all. If, however, we leave abstractions and go into the detail of actual war, we shall speedily suspect that this notion of making victims in order that other people may be improved by weeping over them is grossly immoral. Imagine, *e.g.*, a thousand men tortured to death by 'gas' in order that we at home may have the 'discipline' of a breakfast thrill. Surely a procedure of this sort would 'reveal' either a diabolic God or what Dr. Schiller has called a 'mad Absolute.' Innumerable miseries of life outside the field of war present the same difficulty. The worst, indeed, degrade both the victims and those who gaze at them alike.

Do you still harp on the benefits to 'character' due to war? I find my own hail-fellow-well-met ways of the days of peace more and more invaded by vicious impulses and elemental feelings best left behind with the ape and tiger! And I note a like vicious demoralisation around me.¹ As to the actual fighters, we incur

¹ A study of the reports on recent atrocities committed by soldiers is enlightening reading. A throw-back to accursed primitive passions is favoured by the stimulus of conflict.

positive losses of the men with *the best characters* ("Death reaps its harvest always among the best men," writes Field Marshal von der Goltz); the refuse being left to continue the race. War menaces the character of the stock by *worsening heredity in the spheres of body and mind alike*. Nor does war even improve the moral atmosphere of the populations who survive. "The frequently quoted simile that war is like a thunderstorm, which clears the air under great convulsions, must certainly not be applied without reserve. The Thirty Years War changed Germany into a wilderness and brought in its train a demoralisation without parallel; and our experiences in the Fatherland scarcely tend to foster the belief in the purifying effects of the last war [1870]" (Von der Goltz in *The Nation in Arms*). A spiritual decline, and incidentally a marked insurgence of feminine sexuality, has always followed wars of any severity. Along with the destruction of wealth, rank vices are fostered among the lower classes *owing to life becoming too hard*. Do you say that there are, at any rate, a few counter-vailing virtues evoked by war? Of course there are. But they are *not worth the price charged by the Fates*. Recall here that almost everything regarded as detestable has a fair side. Even the vivisection, on cruel lines, of a rabbit may serve to awaken pity in some onlooker! Are we then to torture? Even a bandit or pirate has the virtues, as well as the vices, of his calling. But we don't for this reason encourage these gentry to multiply.

As to the 'organic union' of nations effected by war, surely our apologists are thinking of the successful fighters. And this cry for political 'union' itself can be terribly overdone. The union of interests due to peace-sympathies, culture and economic ties is far more valuable. But 'union' ought in no case to be made a fetish. We ought to get rid, for instance, of all enthusiasm about special 'races,' 'nations,' etc., save in so far as these latter *subserve our full and rich living*. The whole concept of nationalism, as still entertained, seems unsound. As Dr. Schiller well says, these abstractions 'races,' 'countries,' 'nations,' etc., are too easily made the stock-in-trade of ruling cliques—become dodges, *devices* by which schemers work their evil will. We must hold to the primacy of the individual, who is *the only reality in all these discussions worth considering*. You—I—he—, if we can live richly and fully in a freedom as devoid of 'discipline' as

possible, all is well. 'Union' is only good in so far as we want it and are inconvenienced by it. We ought to regard the Treitschkean State (this latter is in the direct line of descent from Hegel's) which *absorbs* the individual as quite absurd. And we ought to view him who dies for this kind of fetish as either radically vicious or a fool. 'State' worship will disappear when the evolution of man is more complete. It degrades the individual.

Those who regard war as a *divine necessity* must be asked to say whether they think the U.S.A. and Canada will progress better by remaining friends or by indulging henceforth in a succession of wars. The query seems an embarrassing one. By the way, if war really betters character, why not make American and Canadian women fight as well as men?

If, as a non-Christian mystic, I am asked how I regard war, I reply that it seems to me merely one of the evils of a world-order in all directions full of blemishes and failure; a world in no sense 'divine' and in which chance has to be reckoned with as Aristotle noted of old. There have been a few useful defensive and offensive wars, but the majority belong to the devilry of things and are predominantly evil. Thus nothing can compensate Europe for the loss of her finest youths medically selected to die, an *élite* wasted on the field. And a world-order showing this blemish stands either self-condemned or requires a deeper metaphysics than Christianity or Christian mysticism can supply. A 'God' revealed in such madness were the Devil indeed.

E. D. FAWCETT.

A NOTE ON RUSSIAN PHILOLOGY.

MAY I venture to draw attention to some philological points raised by your contributor Professor Orloff in his article on 'Holy Russia' in the January number.

P. 238. The Russian words for 'art' ('artist'), *hudojestvo* (*hudojnik*), have nothing to do with *hudoj* = 'bad.' The former word shews a different vowel in the oldest Slavonic language, *viz.* Old Bulgarian; this last language has a nasalised vowel which takes us back to a lost 'n.' Thus the Old Bulgarian word for 'skilled' (which is the source of the Russian word for 'art') is identical with the Gothic *handugs*, which again is probably

connected with the English 'hand.' Apart from this the Russian word for 'bad' originally meant 'small,' 'thin.'

P. 239. There is nothing unusual in the use of 'there is to me' (or 'with me') for 'I have.' This is the rule in Hebrew, where also there is no word for 'have.' In Latin too and many other languages the same idiom recurs.

P. 239. I rather miss the point about the story of Peter the Great. The word *fortotchka* is borrowed from German *Pforte*.

P. 241. The word for 'war,' *voina*, has nothing to do with *voi*, which refers to the howling of animals. The former word is connected with the Latin *venari* and the German *Weide* (= 'hunting').

P. 241. I know of no Russian word *pobeda* with the accent on the last syllable; however there is *bjeda* = 'misery,' which has an adjective *bjednyi* = 'poor.' To these two the Russian word for victory (*pobjeda*) is, it is true, related, but Prof. Orloff has inverted the relationship. The two are related as the Latin *affligere* ('to dash to the ground') and the English 'afflicted' (literally 'dashed to the ground'). In other words the adjective is derived from the verb and not *vice versa*. *Pobjeda* is connected with the Gothic *baidjan* = 'to do violence to,' 'to use compulsion' (*Gal.* ii. 14). Hence the adjective means 'one who receives violence.'

I hope that it will be understood that I fully recognise the value of Professor Orloff's article, but that is no reason why his statements on scientific points should be unchallenged.

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July 8, 1915.

Though ignorant of comparative philology I know for certain it is a most fascinating study, but that nevertheless we reach thereby approximations only. I also happen to know that the ancient Bulgarians, being the nearest neighbours of the Greeks with their proneness to nasal sounds, had once a nasal in their word *hoodog*, 'skilled,' which brings it into close connection with the English 'hand'; but neither contemporary Bulgarians nor Russians have any recollection of its use. In dilating on my theme, *viz.* the Russian Ideal, I was, I still think, entitled to

bring the word *hoodoy*, 'meagre,' 'thin,' into connection with that religious Ideal, by pointing out that *hoodojestvo* ('art') may be taken to mean 'attenuated following,' i.e. imitation of God's creation.

Most energetically do I object to *voy* being confined in its meaning to the howling of animals; only those who are innocent of Russian can make such an assertion.

It was this innocence of my critic that has made him miss the point in the story about Peter the Great. Had he known that *fortotchka* is a diminutive of *Pforte*, he would have at once perceived that the small opening made by the first Russian Emperor to admit a few foreigners as instructors was taken by the Germans to mean 'the gate thrown widely open,' the consequence being their inrush in hundreds and even thousands.

The word corresponding to the English 'victory' was written *po-bedá*; the accent being placed on the last syllable so that it could not be mistaken for the compound *pobéda*. No adjective was formed or even mentioned, yet my lecturer accuses me of making my derivation from the adjective mentioned by him; whereas I merely said: *po* meaning 'after' and *beda* 'misfortune, misery,' the compound would mean the result or outcome of misfortune or misery.

My contention and my argument were that a Russian is thoroughly permeated with religion in all his views, inclinations and dealings. This, I still think, has been clearly demonstrated; and if my critic would add to the unfortunate Russian history this religiousness of every Russian he would easily see that, although there is a word for 'I have' in the sense 'I possess,' a Russian's nature would not permit him to extend his presumption to God's prerogative ("the earth is God's and the fulness thereof"). In this connection let my critic examine the word *bogatyi*, 'favoured of God.' Let him also examine the word *prostshayte* used on taking leave, meaning 'forgive me if I had done anything (wrong).' He would, I hope, admit that 'peace' in Russian is co-extensive with 'the world,' since *mir* is the word used both for peace and the world with us in accord with the Angelic song: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace."

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N. ORLOFF.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE MUSICAL FACULTY.

Its Origin and Processes. By William Wallace. London (Macmillan); pp. 228; 5s. net.

THE able author of *The Threshold of Music* and of various musical compositions indicates the aim of his new book in the preface, an aim which is psychological rather than musical, and although writing primarily for the scientist the author does not abandon the simplicity demanded in discussing purely musical matters. Mr. Wallace is backed by a long personal experience in the art itself and also a practical study of all that concerns the functions of the brain. "My last word here must be that, when my early training forced me to rely upon the evidences of my senses, the realities of life became insistent beyond all conception of poignancy, and it was only by taking refuge in the infinities of music that I found the means of reconciling these realities with dreams."

To begin with, the author deals with two apparently contradictory processes: that of the essence of sound dominated by physical laws, and that process which converts this form of sound into a fluid medium of thought. He insists that the differentiation between the functions of the higher brain-centres and those called sensory-motor is most important. From a purely physiological, the author drifts into an æsthetical and historical view, and arises from this in order to discuss the phenomena of the Wonderchild, where he first of all treats of the careless instruction which artistic natures often undergo at school, and then takes up the mystery of the Wonderchild's technical predisposition, supported by many facts and detailed arguments. Again we are submerged in physiological matters when Mr. Wallace brings out with technical ability the difference between the ear and eye functions, underlining the phenomenon of binocular vision, and notes that the intimate connection between the two eyes is absent in the case of the ear. A study of Helen Keller's and Laura Bridgman's

education in language reveals to the author that, although they were able to write fluently within a short period, close examination of their sentences written down shows that they were not in possession of mental audition, which audition Mr. Wallace claims to be dependent for a certain space of time on the auditory apparatus, after which the mental audition can become independent of the auditory functions, as in the case of Beethoven and others. In this connection the author devotes a great part of his book to the subject of heredity and Nisbett's theory of the Insanity of Genius. He gives us many tables of percentage of ages and diseases of artists, and refutes appropriately and with professional dexterity all Nisbett's claims regarding the diseased brain conditions of a Bach, a Beethoven and other composers. "We may all end our days in asylums, but that will not prove that we were geniuses."

To finish, Mr. Wallace pleads for his fellow-artists and demands special compassion towards them and understanding of their 'struggle against the common foe: Stupidity.' He puts before us the difficulty and intensity of the composer's and performer's concentration, his deceptions, his hours and months of waiting. Before finally laying down his pen, the author exclaims: "Man in the Occident is a mongrel," and sinks down into contemplation of the prehistoric world and its savage. Not content, however, he once more emerges to comfort and assure us that "all we know of *homo sapiens* is that he was an artist."

Mr. Wallace reveals a splendid knowledge in many matters and especially in those connected with physiology. There are many strong and instructive moments in his book. Besides this, a marked facility of writing brings to us many charming features; so much so that it would not be amiss to refer to a few. On page 12, in speaking of the difficulty of analysing the musical faculty, he writes: "The lustrous garment of music in which we enwrap our minds in these days, may appear too opulent, too garish for an art that was well content with the white samite of an earlier time; but in whatever period the web was warped, of whatever threads the habiliments were wrought, the best that every age gave forth seemed to it as cloth of gold, for man could make no better,—he could weave no better than what the experience of his own time had to teach." And in speaking of Bach, 'this giant . . . sprung from a race of pigmies,' on page 83, he says: "Nature undoubtedly did leap forward to give us a Bach, and possibly from sheer exhaustion or from surety that the thing she

had made was good, possibly from secret joyousness of having wrought a wonder, lay still and watched man's next effort." Again on page 62, where the author speaks of the careless education of artistic natures, we read: "It is a disaster when the young and gay mind, like a happy tree in spring, conscious of its blossoms, is ruthlessly mutilated by those who are careless of its fruit."

Besides many more passages of this same versatility, we come across many interesting statements and hypotheses. On page 17, the author upholds that in music "history proves that the centre of gravity is constantly being shifted, not by popular opinion, but by the evolution of the art itself, by those fluctuations of thought which have specially affected it."

On page 82, Mr. Wallace conjectures a possible close connection existing between the emotion of the audience and the emotional responsiveness of the performer. An audience possibly possesses a collective form of mental ability which is concentrated upon the speaker or performer. One regrets that we are not given more results of studies on this interesting phenomenon.

In speaking of audiences Mr. Wallace ascertains that their attention is primarily visual and not auditory; that unless the listener has his attention under control, his mind may wander and drift into other currents. "Many people, when describing a concert, begin with what they saw, and this is frequently the most lasting impression." Very true. And how devastating! A scrupulous, impartial study of the audience would reveal many astounding and interesting facts, and erase many so-called music-lovers from the final recension, much to their probable astonishment. Few would remain who listen to music with their ears!

On page 92, Mr. Wallace remarks that with two deaf composers, Beethoven and Smetana, he finds the tendency to force the pitch. This tendency may be that of musicians who become deaf, and here also the author encourages a study on the subject. Further on we find developed the state of a composer after weeks of torture owing to the persistence on the 'edge of his mind' of a tune he cannot define clearly. As the brain-cells are not in complete circuit, the precise form of the composer's thought, that is the musical sound, fails. This complete circuit once established realises the musical thought. And, we may add, the composer takes glad leave of his chamber of tortures. The author also treats interestingly of individuality in music, and justly remarks that Beethoven was the first conspicuous example

undergoing self-development. Interesting again are his theories on memory and 'muscular memory.' One regrets that the author develops but little the subject of inhibition which is treated on page 111. Did we not possess this automatic inhibitory power, not only perceptible sounds would enter our consciousness, but also that part of sound which is generally imperceptible unless we forcibly turn our attention to it—the web of overtones to each tone and their overtones, etc. Music would become an unbearable noise could we not involuntarily occlude the ear-sense. An interesting study would be to discover whether the sound, including its overtones, all of which we are able to hear consciously, physical conditions permitting, is but the foam of the great wave of Sound which through this automatic inhibitory action is prevented from reaching our consciousness. And this greater part of Sound which does not reach up to our consciousness, may perhaps play a very important part in our subconsciousness, and through it influence, to a degree little suspected by us, not only listener but also composer. This subject, more thoroughly considered, would perhaps upset many cherished theories concerning the musical faculty and bring us nearer to the primordial force of Sound and its response in human nature. One cannot help wondering whether reflections on these lines would not be of more value to our present day than all theorising on brain-cells and matter and sensory-motor functions.

The underlying honesty of investigators like Mr. Wallace accounts for their abhorrence of charlatanism and of those rather too frequent and undesirable birds who sing of their 'being in touch with the infinite.' One is convinced that it is a healthy instinct which leads them to state that the field of scientific research "has been invaded by a horde of loose thinkers and self-centred egoists." Yet the wish cannot be withheld that these investigators would, if but for a short period, forget all the outer light and 'look' intensely, with a mind dismantled and purged from all shadow-matter; that they would open that which in them dreams and longs, and like one who fears lest the noise and dust of the world touch the child he bears, they would leave for a time the habits of former days, to wander into the land of the Sun, there to hold up high the hidden treasure, to lift it into the life-giving aura of the Sun. Surely this treasure, this new-born child, would bring with it light and power to penetrate the land of shadows where to-day's one-sided science has lost her way. The virginal contemplation of the Muse of Sound, for instance, unhampered by any empiricism

or theoretical shadows, would perhaps bring with it the force to enter with a clear mind the barbed-wire defences of a science which is becoming desperate ; would, may be, heal the wounds of a modern psychology which suffers madly.

These few striking examples of the author's versatility and ability in no wise exhaust the material given. To the scientist and to one interested in medicine this book should be of much interest. In a certain way and to a certain degree it infiltrates some artistic nourishment into the hunger-stricken world of theory.

W. M. R.

THE SHEWING OF A VISION.

Being Extracts from 'Revelations of Divine Love shewed to a devout anchoress, by Name Mother Julian of Norwich.'
With a Preface by the Rev. George Congreve, M.A.
London (Elliot Stock); pp. 166 ; 2s. 6d. net.

A BOOK of quotations, arranged for each day in the year, from the 'Revelations' of Mother Julian might be welcome, but the quotations should at least be accurate and the phrases given in their original order. Although the editor states, in a short prefatory note, that the extracts are 'compiled from the edition formed from the manuscript in the British Museum,' a comparison of this book with Miss Warrack's shows discrepancies such as the following (concerning the vision of the hazel-nut): "But what beheld I therein? Verily the Maker, the Keeper, the Lover"; which sentence in Miss Warrack's edition reads: "But what is to me verily the Maker, the Keeper and the Lover,—I cannot tell." Sequences are also altered, as in the quotation beginning "There was a treasure in the earth which the Lord loved,"—a sentence which is immediately followed by one taken from the preceding page, and obscuring the meaning. The extract on the first page beginning "I assented fully, with all the will of my heart, to be at God's Will" is followed by the words "Suddenly the Trinity fulfilled my heart most of joy"—which belong to a later phase of the vision. Such alterations as these seriously affect the sense, and even the changes in phrasing, which are met with throughout, should not have been made without a word of explanation.

The book is prefaced by a brief account, by the Rev. G. Congreve, of the circumstances of life and the characteristics of the anchoress, whose religion of love and happiness has given refreshment to many a seeker after truth.

S. E. H.

VIDYĀPATI: BANGIYA PADĀBALI.

Songs of the Love of Rādhā and Kṛishṇa. Translated into English by Ananda Coomaraswamy and Arun Sen, with Introduction and Notes and Illustrations from Indian Paintings. London (The Old Bourne Press, 15, Holborn, E.C.); pp. 192; 10s. 6d. net.

VIDYĀPATI, who flourished in the latter half of the fourteenth century, is still the most popular poet of Bengal; his love-songs are sung everywhere among the folk, especially the women folk. It is therefore well that we should have at last a version of the 'wealth of songs' of this the most popularly renowned poet of Vaiṣṇava India, and it is fortunate that this version comes from the sympathetic and skilful pens of Dr. Coomaraswamy and Babu Arun Sen. Now the poems of Vidyapati Thākura (Bidyaputty Tagore) are transparently and frankly love-songs. If they can be said to describe 'the courtship of God and the Soul, under the names of Kṛishṇa and Rādhā'—as the Introduction has it—this may be for the initiated alone; for the profane, and also for the folk, they depict the passion of intense natural love, if in an atmosphere of refinement. Nevertheless we should not hastily dismiss the matter with the crude hypocrisy of shocked puritanism, and piously thank God that Christianity has not a Kṛishṇa and Gopī element. For in Jewry and Christendom the ever beloved *Canticle of Canticles* was originally a collection of the love- and marriage-songs of a Semitic folk; these were frankly natural and secular, and the present-day customs of the Syrian peasants in the 'month of weddings' (March) is directly reminiscent of them. We all know how this famous collection of beautiful folk-songs, frank and unashamed, was later on allegorised by the vivid imagination of Rabbinical and Christian exegetes, and used as the foundation on which to construct a whole theology of subtle and profound, spiritual and mystical, import. But the original folk-poets of the songs were utterly ignorant of all this. Now if this can have been and still is, not only tolerated in the West, but admired and defended in some quarters with the greatest ardour as religious in the best sense and leading to the sublimest heights of purity, why should we Occidentals turn away in horror from the Vaiṣṇava poets of the loves of Kṛishṇa and Rādhā, as though Christian tradition were innocent of so natural and necessary a stage of transformation of human passion. It is, however, somewhat different

with the *Song of Songs* and Vidyāpati's *Padābali*. The Bengālī singer was presumably already fully conscious of this stage of transition from human to divine love; the folk-poets of the old Syrian love songs, on the contrary, were entirely unhampered with any such refinements. Now if this is the case, it is regrettable that Vidyāpati, as a conscious singer, should have dwelt so persistently on the human element. It is very difficult indeed, with all the best will in the world, to allegorise the vast majority of his poems, except by the most strained and artificial exegesis. It is a far more easy task to give a spiritual significance to the poems of his famous contemporary Chandī Dās. It is Vidyāpati, however, who is the favourite with the women and girls. This may be partly because of the beauty of his language, which is very highly admired in Bengal; but it is mostly due, we should say, to the old, old story, ever new,—the ever-varying fortunes of the wooing and the final absolute abandonment of the lovers to an over-mastering passion. How beautiful the original may be can be seen from what may be called 'The Honey Song,' which reads in our version :

" Drunken are the honey bees in honey season
With the honey of the honey-flowers :
In Honey-Brindāban¹ resides
The Honey-Lord of honey-love.

" Amid the companies of honey-maids
Is honey-honey-dalliance ;
Honeyed are the blissful instruments of music,
Honeyed hands are beating honey-measures.

" Honeyed is the dance's sway,
Honeyed are the movements of the dancers,
Honeyed are the happy songs,
And honeyed are the words of Vidyāpati."

The best specimen of a poem with mystical import is, in our opinion, the following song about Dūtikā, one of the messengers between Rādhā and Kṛishṇa,—that is presumably, when mystically interpreted, the linking formal conscious state between the transliminal mutually complementary modes of the spiritual nature. (Kṛishṇa is here called Mādhava, i.e. Honey-sweet or Spring-like.)

¹ The town where Kṛishṇa dwelt.

"Often, in meditation on the name of Mādhava
 She changes into Mādhava himself :
 Forgetful of her own desires and of her own identity,
 She is enamoured of her own charms.

"O Mādhava, your love is peerless !
 The fire of sundering from herself devours her body in its flames ;
 I doubt if she may live.

"Her friends are filled with grief, so sadly she regards them,
 The tears are pouring from their eyes :
 The cry of ' Rādhā, Rādhā ' echoing repeatedly,
 She murmurs broken words.

"When she is with Rādhā, she thinks that she is Mādhava,
 And when with Mādhav, Rādhā :
 And even so, this bitter love may not be broken asunder,
 The pang of separation hurts her more and more.

"Just as a tree both sides aflame quite utterly consumes
 Some wretched insect's life :
 In such a plight, O Vallabha,¹ I saw the nectar-face,
 Says Vidyapati."

VISRAMIANI.

The Story of the Loves of Vis and Ramin : A Romance of Ancient Persia. Translated from the Georgian Version by Oliver Wardrop. Oriental Translation Fund. New Series, Vol. XXIII. London (Royal Asiatic Society); pp. 409; 10s. net.

OF English knowers of Georgian there are few and of books on Georgia—that most interesting land of survivals and blends of legend from a variegated past—there is a regrettable dearth in this country. THE QUEST, however, has not quite neglected the subject, for in 1912 (Jan. and April), it published two exceedingly instructive articles by Prof. J. Javakhishvili of the University of Petrograd—entitled 'The Folk-tales and Ancient Pagan Religion of the Georgians' and 'St. George the Moon-god'—and also a review (in the July issue of the same year) of the late Miss Wardrop's pioneer version of the famous Georgian national epic, by the 12th century poet Shota Rustaveli, known as *The Man in the*

¹ Another of the many epithets of Kṛishṇa.

Panther's Skin. It requires an uncommon scholarly equipment to deal with the literature and cultural history of a land so near the ancient and middle age 'Clapham Junction' of the Near East, and we must be thankful for anything we can get at present. Translations are of course of first importance; commentaries and notes can come later, and for some time to come will most probably have to be based on the labours of native or Russian scholars. We have now before us the version of an interesting but very puzzling document done out of Georgian by the late Miss Wardrop's brother. The translation, on the merit of which we can form no opinion, reads excellently; but the brief preface and the absence of explanatory notes leave much to be desired. The story of the Loves of Vis and Rámín is claimed to be 'one of the oldest novels in the world,' and indeed it goes back to a considerable antiquity. The Georgian is itself a version, ascribed by tradition to Sargis Tmogveli, a poet of the reign of the famous queen Tamara who flourished in the 12th century. The story goes far back to a Pahlavi original, and is a relic of that Old or Middle Persian literature that was almost entirely destroyed by Muslim fanaticism. It now survives in Persian literature owing to an excellent verse translation made by the Persian poet Gurgáni (Fakhr al-Dín As'ad al-Astrarabadi al-Fakri al-Gurgáni) of the 11th century. A text of this *Wis o Rámín* was edited by Capt. W. Nassau Lees and Munshi Ahmad Ali (*Bibliotheca Indica*, New Series, Calcutta, 1865), but this volume also is unfortunately quite innocent of all introduction. Of this later Persian poem a long account was given in 1869, by K. H. Graf, in vol. xxiii. of *Zeitschr. d. Deutschen morgenland. Gesellschaft* (pp. 375-433). Graf, however, throws no light on the original of the poem, and though he tells us that the later Persian poet considerably embellished the original, he does not submit the later document to a critical analysis. As for Mr. Wardrop, he has not taken the trouble even to compare Graf's lengthy verse extracts, joined together by prose summaries, with the Georgian, so as to tell us what relation there is between the Persian and Georgian. It would, however, require an article and not a review to supply the omission, and for this we have no space. In general, this long poem may be said to be a tale of fierce and ungovernable love and passion, in a setting of gorgeous oriental exaggeration and wild imagination. The passion is elemental, and the morality non-existent. Many examples of highly rhetorical love-letters are given, and the heroic loves of a Tristan and Isolt (with which our poem has been

compared by N. Ethé in his *Essays und Studien*, Berlin, 1872) pale before the fierce fires of the passion of Vís and her lover Rámin. Our famous romance, however, is of great literary and historical interest, and we agree with Mr. Wardrop when he says that "there is reason to believe that it may have had a good deal to do with that development of European romanticism which finds utterance in the songs of the Minnesingers, the lays of the Troubadours and the letters of Heloise." Indeed we may go further and repeat what we said in noticing Miss Wardrop's translation of *The Man in the Panther's Skin*,—that this period of Georgian literature must be seriously reckoned with by the historian of chivalry and student of chivalric love. It may be noted finally that, to generalise from a limited experience, the present generation of knowers of Persian poetry, be they Persians born or speakers of Persian, seem to know nothing of Vís and Rámin, and characterise the very names as utterly un-Persian.

SEEING GOD.

Personal Recognition of Divine Love. By the Venerable Basil Wilberforce, D.D. London (Elliot Stock); pp. 80; 1s. 6d. net.

THIS book is another of the 'Purple Series,' making the third of the author's contributions. It is a pretty title; but somehow the colour seems to have got through the binding into the language, and the whole of the little volume appears a bit pompous. 'Seeing God' was a favourite idea with the earlier saintly mystics, who wrote their experiences in a style of simple sweetness and with a high humility. Here we have a rather lofty and prelatical pronouncement, which to the milder and meeker brethren may seem a trifle overwhelming. For example, we are told that "God is the Infinite Originating Mind thinking thought-creating phenomena, as life-centres in which to realise qualities perceptible in Himself." Now for all we know that sentence may be full to the brim of deep thought; but it needs discovering. Again take this: "All is well, for God is Infinite, and the Infinite is Mind, and Mind is Spirit and Spirit is Love." To us this style of writing and of printing—for the book is a real Carnival of Capitals—is a little tiring to the brain and to the eye. It is indeed quite an Archidiaconal work in which, though the words seem strong and stirring, the sense there may be in it will for many readers be found hard to get at easily.

F. W.

WHAT IS LIVING AND WHAT IS DEAD OF THE
PHILOSOPHY OF HEGEL.

By Benedetto Croce. Translated from the Original Text of the Third Italian Edition, 1912. By Douglas Ainslie, B.A. (Oxon.), M.R.A.S. London (Macmillan); pp. 217; 7s. 6d. net.

AS Dr. Tudor Jones' excellent paper on 'Italian Thinkers of the Present' has already given a sketch of Croce's work, it is not necessary to deal at length with this interesting volume, which is the third of Mr. Douglas Ainslie's capable versions of Croce's contributions to philosophy, the previous two being his *Aesthetics* and *Philosophy of the Practical*. In Dr. Tudor Jones' paper will be found the necessary background for an intelligent understanding of Croce's position in contemporary Italian thought and the setting and context to his present important study of Hegel's contribution to philosophic development. Croce pays a high compliment to the work of English thinkers as exponents of Hegelianism, but in this connection we should not forget the fine piece of criticism and construction of the American Gustavus Watts Cunningham,¹ in which he vindicates the essentially spiritual nature of Hegel's 'Thought' against what he considers to be the misconceptions of Profs. Baillie and Pringle-Pattison and of Dr. McTaggart. Croce believes that the principle of the solution of the problem of opposites put forward by Hegel is one of the greatest philosophical achievements. It is, like all great discoveries, very simple, and is thus set forth by the Italian thinker: "The opposites are not illusion, neither is unity illusion. The opposites are opposed to one another, but they are not opposed to unity. For true and concrete unity is nothing but the unity, or synthesis, of opposites. It is not immobility, it is movement. It is not fixity, but development. The philosophic concept is a concrete universal, and therefore a thinking of reality as at once united and divided. Only thus does philosophic truth correspond to poetic truth, and the pulse of thought beat with the pulse of things" (pp. 19, 20). The whole

¹ *Thought and Reality in Hegel's System*. New York (Longmans, Green & Co., 1910), No. 8 of the 'Cornell Studies in Philosophy.'

of the enquiry is devoted to considering with much acuteness what is vital and what is dead, what is true and what false, in the application and working out of this great principle in the works of Hegel and his followers. The chief error to which Croce draws attention is that Hegel applies his triadic method of overcoming the opposition of thesis and antithesis in a higher synthesis in a cast-iron fashion to concepts that are not really opposites but simply districts or degrees of classification.

The difference may at once be seen by comparing the famous genuine triad being, non-being and becoming with such false triads as natural soul, sensitive soul, real soul, or theoretic spirit, practical spirit, free spirit, with which the pages of Hegel are liberally besprinkled. Croce is thus opposed to what has been called the 'panlogism' of Hegel. Though he is enthusiastic about the right application of Hegel's great principle, he protests loudly against its abuse; and we cannot refrain from quoting in conclusion his eloquent proclamation of the nature of the truly vital philosophical quest as contrasted with Hegelianism or any other philosophical 'ism.'

"He who takes up the *Logic* of Hegel, with the intention of understanding its development and above all the reason of the commencement, will be obliged ere long to put down the book in despair of understanding it, or persuaded that he finds himself face to face with a mass of meaningless abstractions. But he who, like the dog of Rabelais, 'a philosophical beast,' instead of leaving the bone alone, takes a bite at it, now here and now there, chews it, breaks it up and sucks it, will eventually nourish himself with the substantial marrow. Hegel and his disciples after him have persistently pointed to the door by which the *Logic* can be entered: pure *being*, from which we must gradually pass by the vestibules and up the stairs of *nothing*, of *becoming*, of *determinate being*, of *something*, of the *limit*, of *change*, of *being for self*, etc., etc.,—in order to reach the sanctuary of the Goddess, or the Idea. But he who obstinately knocks at that gate and believes the false information, that such and no other must be the door and the stair, will vainly attempt to enter the palace. That door, which has been indicated as the only one, is a closed, indeed a sham door. Take the palace by assault from all sides; thus alone will you reach the interior, and penetrate to the very sanctuary. And it may be that you will see the countenance of the Goddess lit with a benevolent smile, beholding the 'saintly simplicity' of many of her devotees" (pp. 118, 119).

STEAD: THE MAN.

Personal Reminiscences. By Edith K. Harper. London (Rider); pp. 262; 7s. 6d. net.

THESE reminiscences deal for the most part with the psychical elements in a life of extraordinary energy, multifarious interests and generous impulses which came to so dramatic a termination in the appalling tragedy of the 'Titanic' disaster. Miss Harper was in closest touch with her chief during the most active period of his psychical experiences, investigations and undertakings, and speaks at first hand of many intimate matters that will specially interest those who have already some acquaintance with the late W. T. Stead's publications and manifestoes on spiritism and allied subjects and the violent controversies in the press to which they gave rise. Once having convinced himself that communication with the 'dead' was a fact, Stead boldly avowed his belief in the most public manner, and with characteristic energy strenuously championed the cause of spiritism. His interest was intensely human and he had little patience with cold-blooded scientific methods of research. He saw clearly that once proved genuine such communications must constitute one of the most important facts in life, and believed fervently that if it became generally known, it would bring immense hope and comfort to millions. Having found what he considered to be a good thing, he held it was his bounden duty, in spite of every prejudice and opposition, to hand it on to others. It was for him a religious matter; the door once ajar between the two worlds opened up many spiritual possibilities, so that religion, without losing anything, would be enormously reinvigorated on these lines. His attitude was summed up for him in a 'message': "The mission of spiritualism is to make men spiritual"—a text on which he frequently preached. This, it must be said, is taking a very high view of phenomena which for the most part encourage a subtler form of materialism.

'Prince of journalists,' as he has been called, Stead was a publicist and populariser to his finger-tips, and accordingly boomed, with all the vigour and energy that characterised his many undertakings, what seems from the account before us to have been really the most absorbing interest of his life. This wide publicity not only roused the bitterest opposition on the part of sceptics and philistines, but was also distasteful to many who either interpreted or valued the phenomena differently, or who

objected to the after-death state being secularised and made too everyday-like.

The book under notice permits frequent glimpses into the private side of all these matters, and enables us to some extent to see them from within and from a different angle. Miss Harper is naturally a staunch believer and writes with the greatest affection, admiration and respect of her late leader; of his and her conviction and sincerity, moreover, there can be no doubt. It is true that on occasion her faith was not so robust as that of Stead himself, who always acted on the principle of helping the 'other side' as much as possible and giving it the benefit of the doubt until it was clearly proved wrong. What is most astonishing is that a man who lived so extraordinarily busy and strenuous a life and was possessed of so active a brain, could have been a successful and continuous automatic writer; he could even, for instance, allow his hand to write automatically in such unfavourable conditions as while waiting at a station to catch a train. Miss Harper herself was also an automatist for writing; and one of the most interesting psychical facts recorded is that the same message was conveyed in both her own and Stead's scripts when they were apart and often far apart, and that sometimes a message that the one began the other completed. But however or by whatever medium the message came, the rule adopted was that it was to be judged by the content and not by the means. Stead's own firm conviction, from his considerable experience, was that telepathy between the living, no matter how far it were stretched, could not account for it all; it explained of course certain classes of phenomena satisfactorily enough, but a mass remained over that nothing but the fact of incarnate intelligences or 'spirit return' would account for. Though he was very scornful of some of the methods of the S.P.R., which, he declared, tried to put every possible obstacle in the way of communication instead of meeting the effort half-way, he recognised the value of keeping careful records of all experiences and experiments. In time a huge mass of 'psychic archives' was thus accumulated under the charge of Miss Harper. We are not told whether any use is to be made of this material; but its careful and unprejudiced analysis by an experienced investigator should be of interest. But even among those who are prepared to accept the spirit theory as necessary to account for a certain class of phenomena, there are few who will not think that Stead was generally too credulous, and entirely overstepped the mark when, for instance, he believed he was in

constant touch with Catherine the Great, Gladstone and other famous personages of the past. As for the much talked of Julia's Bureau, which to the outsider had all the appearance of a business office for communication with the other world, Stead himself regarded it as a religious undertaking, for which there was no charge and on which he expended considerable sums of money. And as to the outcome of the experiment, it is of interest to note the following statistical results of its three years' activity: "Out of six hundred and twelve applications . . . only fifty-eight stated definitely that they had *not* been brought into touch with their friends. One hundred and fifty-two wrote that they were *uncertain* one way or the other. A good many cases were deferred, for various reasons; some were unfinished, and some had failed to return their reports. But one hundred and ninety-two, *nearly one-third* of the whole, wrote a declaration that they felt convinced that they had been brought into communion with their friends on the other side."

THE SLAV NATIONS.

By Srgjan Pl. Tucich. English translation by Fanny S. Copeland.
'The Daily Mail' War Books. London (Hodder and Stoughton); pp. 192; 1s. net.

ONE of the benefits of the present upheaval is that the public are beginning to be taught at least a little about nations of which they had previously the haziest notions or were in blissful ignorance. And this is especially the case where the Balkan nations are concerned, and not only with the general public but also in many cases with the otherwise fairly well-informed. It is not, however, simply because he tells the general reader many facts he wants to know, that we welcome M. Tucich's handy and informing volume, but because it gives us an insight into the feelings and aspirations of the Slavs in general and especially of the Southern Slavs through one of themselves. M. Tucich is himself a cultured Serb and in the second part of his book writes with an intimate knowledge of his people and their more immediate brethren the Yugoslavs, or Southern Slavs, both those of Serbia, Bulgaria (though somewhat doubtfully) and Montenegro and those of the Dual Monarchy in Dalmatia, Istria, Carniola and Bosnia-Herzegovina. The first part of the book presents us with an informing, though necessarily brief, sketch of the rest of the great race, the better known and more

famous, though younger branch, the Northern Slavs of Russia and Poland and Bohemia.

There is indubitably a tremendous life-urge stirring all through the Slav race; a new phase of things is thence starting, young and robust and destined to play a very important rôle in the Europe of the future. Not to speak of the political, social and economic aspects of the outcome of this huge impulse, already great literary and artistic achievement of its own special kind is manifesting itself, and promises to give still richer and finer expression to the natural genius of the race in many modes and directions. Europe has so far little understood the Slav; and of the Yugoslavs in particular M. Tucich says they have for the most part hitherto been seen by Europe through the eyes of Germany and Austria. This is, he protests warmly, a false vision. It is true the cultural development of the Yugoslavs has been greatly retarded by repression and oppression; but the spirit of true culture is with them, and their innate genius, if allowed freedom to develop itself on its own lines, has something of high value to give the world. They yearn to come into closer touch with the nations of the West from whose sympathy they have been so far excluded by misunderstanding and misrepresentation. What the Southern Slavs hope for as the outcome of the present titanic struggle, and how M. Tutsich reads the past and regards the present, may be gathered from the concluding paragraphs of the last chapter where we read with the main points emphasised by italics:

"If the present war is decided in favour of the Allies—and this is the prayer of *all* the Slavs—it will become necessary to settle the Southern Slav problem once for all. This can only be done *satisfactorily* by respecting the principle of nationality, and by a just delimitation of the various national zones. . . .

"The Slavs have been tortured long enough. For centuries they have guarded European civilisation against the inroads of *Ottoman Islam*, which has always been synonymous with bigotry, barbarism and sloth, and should never be confounded with *Arab Islam*, or *Hindu Islam*, to which the whole world of science, art and philosophy is eternally indebted. Austria and Prussia are the natural heirs of Ottoman Islam [especially in their latest attempt to suppress Serbia], and the Southern Slavs have made an heroic stand against this latter-day *Prussian Islam*.

"Civilisation owes them a debt of honour, and it is only their due that Europe should give them justice."

To the volume is appended an interesting 'Epilogue,' by

M. Demitrij Mitrinovich, called 'Buried Treasures.' These treasures of literature and art are to be found in the rich folk-poetry which has kept the soul of the people alive through the dark centuries of their long sufferings, and in the astonishing sculptural and architectural creations of the Serbo-Croat genius Ivan Mestrovich.

Since the distinguished Serbo-Croat essayist wrote this Epilogue, the exhibition of Mestrovich's masterpieces at the Victoria and Albert Museum has rendered his title in this respect no longer appropriate. The power of something great and new in sculpture, the spirit of a nation eloquent in stone, has arrested attention and we are glad to be able to include in the present number for the benefit of our readers an artist's high appreciation of the genius of Ivan Mestrovich.

THE MEANING OF THE WAR.

Life and Matter in Conflict. By Henri Bergson, with an Introduction by H. Wildon Carr. London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 47; 1s. net.

THIS is a translation of Bergson's now famous discourse as President of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques at its annual public meeting in December last. It concludes with an eloquent forecast of how a philosopher many years hence will perchance speak of the grand outline of what will then be happily past history:

"On the one side, there was force spread out on the surface; on the other, there was force in the depths. On one side, mechanism, the manufactured article which cannot repair its own injuries; on the other, life, the power of creation which makes and remakes itself at every instant. On one side, that which uses itself up; on the other, that which does not use itself up.

"Indeed, our philosopher will conclude, the machine did use itself up. For a long time it resisted; then it bent; then it broke. Alas! it has crushed under it a multitude of our children; and over the fate of this young life, which was so naturally and purely heroic, our tears will continue to fall. An implacable law decrees that spirit must encounter the resistance of matter, that life cannot advance without bruising that which lives, and that great moral results are purchased by much blood and by many tears. But this time the sacrifice was to be rich in fruit as it had

been rich in beauty. That the power of death might be matched against life in one supreme combat, destiny had gathered them all at a single point. And behold how death was conquered; how humanity was saved by material suffering from the moral downfall which would have been its end; while the peoples, joyful in desolation, raised on high the song of deliverance from the depths of ruin and of grief!"

To this is appended in further illustration of the main thesis a short article on 'The Force which Wastes and that which does not Waste'—in other words material force and moral force.

THE FREE SPIRIT.

Realisations of Middle Age with a Note on Personal Expression.

By Henry Bryan Binns. London (Fifield); pp. 175; 4s. 6d. net.

THIS volume consists of a collection of sonnets and other poems of varying interest—among the best of which is that entitled 'The Beechwood in March,' in which, as well as in most of his nature-poems, the author shows considerable imaginative power—followed by an essay (of 57 pages) on 'Personal Expression.' The latter is one of the many things now written on the 'higher consciousness,' and suggests the doctrines of certain 'Thought Centres' by which the sterner side of truth is ignored and a scheme of the universe drawn up leaving the crucifixion out of account. There is the dogmatic note so often observable in such writers, many of whom seem to regard their own line of experience as the only way of attainment. There are nevertheless, and in spite of a considerable amount of repetition and a looseness of arrangement, some interesting points in this essay. The main idea insisted on is that the realisation of one's own personality is the necessary means of attaining to contact with the divine life and thus winning freedom, and that this realisation is achieved by a deliberate effort of the will. Purpose is to be persistently maintained. It is, however, equally necessary to 'let go'—to adopt a passive attitude, which will allow the seeds of divine knowledge to germinate in the soul. This achievement, we are told, belongs especially to middle life, when, if development be continued, a vital 'second-wind' (*sic*) may be gained, and youth renewed.

S. E. H.

THE RECONCILIATION OF RACES AND RELIGIONS.

By Thomas Kelly Cheyne, D.Litt., D.D., F.B.A. London (Black); pp. 216; 6s. net.

THE late Professor Cheyne was an excellent scholar and an indefatigable worker. In the field of critical studies he was quite fearless—to the point even of temerity and eccentricity. Indeed, in his numerous articles on O.T. subjects in the *Encyclopædia Biblica*, of which he was the editor, whatever theme he treated he could never keep away from his favourite but extravagant North Arabian theory; 'Jerahmeel' thus became a sort of King Charles' head for this almost over-learned scholar but loveable personality, and tended to get on the nerves of the reader. The present work is in some respects a somewhat curious, if not altogether unexpected, close to Thomas Kelly Cheyne's life-work. He had gradually worked his way to the high ideal of a union of races and religions; and in his view the latter must precede the former. The first requisite in this beneficent task is a truly catholic sympathy of a genuine spiritual nature. "I have," he writes in the Preface, "endeavoured to study the various races and religions on their best side, and not to fetter myself to any individual teacher or party, for 'out of His fulness have all received.'" Now this is excellent for a start, just as the attempt to reach the 'unity' state in any of its degrees is excellent as a start for the mystic. But in neither case is it the end. It is at first sight remarkable that one who had spent the chief working years of his life in critical research, should at the end have cast aside the analytic method for an eclectic and synthetic way of feeling. This is, however, a quite natural process and to be expected by a knower of the psychology of religious experience. The man who advances in spiritual growth must satisfy both modes of his nature. What is, however, generally forgotten in this connection is that neither of these modes by themselves can give birth to wisdom; the two must be balanced and blended and duly married for the forthbringing of spiritual realisation.

On the whole we must confess that we are somewhat disappointed with Professor Cheyne's last will and testament. His book is not a general treatment of the grand theme that his title suggests; it is rather, for the most part, the history and description of one religious movement of our time—Bābist Bahāism—to which Professor Cheyne had given his adhesion.

Those, therefore, who wish to be informed of this movement, which originated some threescore years ago in the preaching of the Bâb in Persia, and the destinies of which are at present presided over by Abbas Effendi, known to the faithful as Abdu'l Baha, will find much to interest them, framed in a general setting of good will and feeling for the spiritual element in all religions. It is moreover undoubted that Baháism is a strong reformatory movement chiefly in Islam; though it has also a certain following in America, France and this country. That, however, it is the one synthetic religion which is ultimately to prevail, as its adherents assert, is in our opinion the fond belief of insufficiently instructed minds. Nor have we been able to assure ourselves of the extraordinarily high wisdom of the venerable Abdu'l Baha himself, in which his followers also so fervently believe. Professor Cheyne's book, however, though devoted to Baháism, is not to be permitted to be made an occasion of considering the pros and cons of this religious and social community and endeavour. This would require a volume larger even than that of the late Old Testament scholar; for, like all such endeavours in the past and like similar attempts in the present, Baháism being human is like all human activities—mixed.

KNOW THYSELF.

By Bernardino Varisco, Professor of Theoretic Philosophy in the University of Rome. Translated by Guiglielmo Salvadori, Ph.D., Lecturer in Moral Philosophy in the University of Rome. London (Allen and Unwin); pp. 324; 10s. 6d. net.

PROFESSOR VARISCO, the *doyen* of Italian philosophers, is already known in England by the translation of his chief work on fundamental problems (*I Massimi Problemi*), and the present volume, ably rendered into English by Prof. Salvadori, who is himself half-English, is an immediate sequel to that suggestive enquiry. Dr. Tudor Jones' article in the present issue has already given our readers a general sketch of Varisco's position in modern Italian thought and noted the place of the present volume in this thinker's development. It must be confessed that our author is not very easy reading; but as he is continually reiterating his main positions and replying to criticisms and misunderstandings of his former work, it is not so difficult to understand the nature of his chief contentions. He insists greatly on spontaneity and the subconscious and a kind of modified pluralism, but above all on

the knowability of reality. The whole book is an explication of the theses summed up in the condensed statement which follows:

"Every subject is a centre of the phenomenal universe, is the unity of all phenomena,—a secondary, that is to say a particular, unity; *i.e.*, not unique, but one among many ordered among themselves, but still, a unity of the whole phenomenal world. This latter is a system of more or less developed subjects. Every subject varies in so far as it is spontaneous, but also in so far as its spontaneous variations interfere with those of the rest. The course of events implies both a-logical factors, which are the spontaneities of the single subjects, and a logical factor, on which the interfering of the single spontaneities according to necessary laws depends. This logical factor, on which the necessity of thought is founded, is the supreme Unity of the universe—a Unity which, while it connects the subjects, is constitutive of each, so that each subject exists only as belonging to the system. The supreme Unity is Being—that which is common to every concrete, and of which every concrete is a determination. Subjects are, as unities (with regard to their form, not to their content), fixed determinations of Being; phenomena are variable determinations. And Being is simply the most common concept of being. It exists in so far as it is thought. And it is thought essentially, in a more or less explicit way, by each subject. For the existence of a subject consists in thinking, not, to be sure, in abstract thinking, but in a living which implies abstract thinking as an essential moment of itself, or from which it is possible to abstract pure thought. And without the thought of Being, or of the universal, there is no possibility of thought. Therefore, the reality of the universe coincides with its knowableness. Or rather, the reality of the universe consists in being known. The cognition of reality by a particular subject is nothing but reality itself, in so far as it is included in the subject as a constituent of it; and reality is properly nothing but what is included and necessarily included, though under a more or less explicit form, in each particular subject" (pp. 262, 263).

To the ordinary reader all this will doubtless appear pure verbiage. But Prof. Varisco is evidently not writing for the general reader, though here and there he almost seems to think he is. To get at what is valuable in his thought you have to follow him very carefully in the working out of his ideas, and you can do so only if you are whole-heartedly on the side of idealism, and also a Hegelian of sorts.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE KAISER.

A Study of his Sentiments and his Obsessions. By Morton Prince, LL.D., Author of 'The Dissociation of a Personality,' etc. London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 75; 2s. 6d. net.

DR. MORTON PRINCE is one of the most distinguished of American psychologists; he has given special attention to the study of abnormal cases, and in particular to the curious phenomena of what is termed the dissociation or disaggregation of personality, as exemplified most strikingly in his now classical study of the 'Sally Beecham' case. The present study, based on the public utterances of the Kaiser, is instructive in many ways, and in particular brings out clearly the nature of the subconscious complex which makes Wilhelm II. so bitter an opponent of the powerful Social Democratic party in Germany, whose programme should by no means, according to Dr. Prince, be confounded with that of Socialism proper. The emphasis in the term should be laid on the epithet 'Democratic.' The gist of the matter may be seen from the two following paragraphs:

"It should be explained that psychological analysis of the emotions goes to show that the sentiment of hatred is made up of several emotions associated with the object, at least fear and anger and vengeful emotions, which last also includes anger, besides that most conspicuous trait of the Kaiser—the self-regarding sentiment. The way the *defence reaction* comes into play is this: The instinctive emotions and their sentiments are awakened and recur from time to time whenever the subconscious egoistic sentiment, or any of its associated psycho-genetic thoughts—those of his possible fall from power—is touched. The sentiments of fear he will not admit to himself and they are repressed as such; but the fear emotion *appears in consciousness disguised as hatred* of which it is a component. Anger against and hatred of democracy he is prepared to admit. They rise into the full light of consciousness although their real underlying cause is hidden.

"Such an intensely fixed emotional idea (hatred) recurring whenever its object is presented to consciousness is, in principle, an obsession, although it may not be so beyond control as to be pathological. But, as in the Kaiser's case, it may be only the apparent obsession, *i.e.*, a defence reaction to the real obsession hidden in the subconscious. The Kaiser's real obsession is a *subconscious phobia*, a fear of democracy for himself and his House."

THE PERSONALITY OF CHRIST.

By Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B., Abbot of Buckfast. London (Longmans); pp. 275; 5s. net.

"*EGO sum Via et Veritas et Vita.*" These great words from St. John's Gospel sum up, for multitudes of men, the essential power and principle of Christianity. The *Ego* is emphatic: *I* am the Way, the Truth and the Life. It is upon this *I* that the Religion of Christ was built by Himself, though the Churches came later and sought to find other foundations. That *Ego* is the Personality of Christ; and it is only in the character of Christ that His own vital teaching is to be seen. This book is in many ways most remarkable. The author is a well-known Catholic Benedictine Abbot. His work is described by him as 'a very unconventional rendering' of the third part of the *Summa* of St. Thomas Aquinas, which is his treatise on the Incarnation. Dom Vonier regards it as matter for rejoicing that there should be, in these days of freedom of thought and of criticism, "a demand for such a work in the Anglo-Saxon world," because it shows that there are men amongst us "eager to penetrate the subtleties and sound the depths of the masterpieces of religious thought." The Abbot has written his book with a charming and sincere clarity of style, which is wonderful to those who know anything of the Scholastic manner of St. Thomas. But the lucidity and logic which in the original are conveyed through the Mediæval method of Question, Article and Answer, are here revealed to the plain man in strong and simple English.

To the mystic this great *Ego* explains itself. He knows intuitively, and without using metaphysical terms, what it means. But Theology seeks to analyse and set down in order its full content, and in so doing it is compelled to use accurate and scientific terms which shall make an intellectual appeal. It has lately been said by a Modernist writer that, as a people, we have lost the habit of Theological thought, and certainly the Scholastic terminology would now-a-days be a dark language to many. Yet for sheer hard thinking out of abstruse and abstract problems these old writers cannot be beaten. They arrived at conclusions by logical processes which, *if once their premisses be admitted*, are still impregnable. Our author has however managed to restate the doctrine of the Hypostatic Union, which, as he says, is based upon great metaphysical principles, in so clear and coherent a way as

to be readily comprehended. While maintaining the Infinite Personality of Christ, he deals fully with both the Divine and the Human Nature in the language of to-day. Especially good is his treatment of what may be termed the humanities of the Humanity, as shown, for example, in that difficult problem of the Agony in the Garden. In general terms he declares that Christianity is not a System but a Person, so that its whole truth and life turn upon Christ's own Personality. He asks: "Is not the Personal Love of Christ, such as history reveals it, a psychological proof of His Divine Reality?" This is a modern way of putting the problem of the progress of Christianity which so baffled the historian Gibbon and many others since his time, and which still stands as a fact unanswered and unsolved after centuries of criticism.

F. W.

THE QUEST FOR TRUTH.

By Silvanus P. Thompson, F.R.S. London (Headley Bros.); pp. 128; 1s. net.

THIS is the last delivered 'Swarthmore Lecture,' a foundation which provides for an annual lecture on some subject relating to the Message and the Work of the Society of Friends. Professor Silvanus P. Thompson's essay is a sober and thoughtful piece of work, as might be expected from so distinguished a man of science and member of the Quaker community. The essayist does not lose himself in metaphysics, but takes his stand on the basis of practical common-sense and objective service. Thus for him "truth, in its essence, consists in the strict observance of the correspondence between word and fact." Truth is to be distinguished from veracity. "Veracity, which is always a commendable quality, implies a correspondence between what a man believes and thinks on the one hand, and what he says, and acts upon, and does on the other hand. But truth is much more than mere veracity. It implies the effort—the continued, intelligent honest effort—to bring one's conception of things into accurate correspondence with things as they really are; so that one's speech shall not merely voice empty or confused or untrue opinions or impressions, but shall express, so far as possible, the thing that is." The love of such truth, however, is possessed only by the few, and Professor Thompson after many years' reflection has been forced to the conclusion that the majority of men do not want to know this truth of things. Nevertheless there is spiritual truth

of another order from that which has been described. As a Quaker, Prof. Thompson has to admit intuition into his world-view; but this intuition does not become definite knowledge until it has been worked out by reason. The Quakers are upholders of the intuitionist view of religion and "rediscovered for themselves the significance of 'that inner stillness wherein we discover truth at first hand'"; their whole movement was founded on the faith that "God can and does communicate His will, without any go-between and apart from all institutional or human agency, to the individual soul of man." Due regard for these two standpoints and their harmonious co-working is manifested throughout the essay. In one place we note that Prof. Thompson calls Thucydides the 'father of history.' Is this intentional, and a reflection on our old friend Herodotus who generally enjoys the distinction, at any rate among school boys brought up in the exclusively Western tradition?

NERVE CONTROL.

The Cure of Nervousness and Stage-Fright. By H. Ernest Hunt.
London (Rider); pp. 127; 1s. net.

MR. HUNT inculcates the systematic application of auto-suggestion primarily to the evils of nervousness in public speaking, singing, etc., but also to defects in health and character, and even to the building up of a 'personality' and the development of a new philosophy of life. He proceeds by a mental process instead of appealing directly to the will. Impress your subconsciousness, he says in effect, with ideas of confidence, and a growth of confidence will be the natural result. Some of the advice given is no doubt practically useful. Believe you can do it and you can do it, is an axiom of common sense; and reiteration of the desired idea (the method on which the author mainly relies) may doubtless often be effectual. The book however shows little or no knowledge of neurology in a scientific sense; and when the author ventures on such questions as the relation between the conscious and the subconscious, the interaction between mental and physical states and the evolution of character, he is on slippery ground. The two theses from which he evolves his theory are that the memory of the subconsciousness is enduring, and that it will accept any idea presented to it by the 'subject.' The function of the will in connection with the result is left out of account.

S. E. H.

THE RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT IN MODERN LIFE.

By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph.D. New York & London (Putman's Sons); pp. 311; 5s. net.

THIS book is mainly based upon lectures delivered by the author in America, at different dates and on various occasions. Dr. Dresser is, no doubt, a ready speaker and a rapid writer, and he has published many similar books. But to us his work presents a fearful facility of language and a fatal fluidity of thought. The Preface describes the author's aim as being "to restate the Religion of the Spirit so as to make it as clear-cut and efficient" as the most positive of the old precise doctrinal systems. This is to be done without dogmatism but with "explicit reference to the original Christianity of those who knew it as a life." "The inner centre or heart" of man is the point especially emphasised. But the result of dispensing, not only with dogmas, but also with definitions, is that the whole work exists only in the vague and the vast and, as many will think, the void. It is indeed an apotheosis of the Nebular Hypothesis in all Religions. There is a wealth and a waste of words everywhere, without any outstanding thought or idea unless it be a sort of cloudy Quakerism. In fact the book is all atmosphere and this Religion of the Spirit will seem to most people 'in the air.' Nor is it possible to make anything of a theory which deals only with Spirit and says nothing about Flesh. The reading of this flowing prose may make many well-meaning persons think that they are themselves thinking, and will cause them to 'feel good.' But it will not help them in fighting the facts of life, such as suffering and sorrow, or pain and poverty, to say nothing of disease and death; all of which are left out of account in this soothing recipe for making up a modern spiritual Religion.

F. W.

BARON VON HÜGEL'S SECOND ARTICLE.

I GREATLY regret that, owing to a call far away, for close upon six months, from my books and papers, and to my absorption in the slow deathbed of a dearly loved near relative, I can only now return home and to the final composition of my second paper upon 'The German Soul and the Great War'—for the next (January, 1916) number of THE QUEST.

FRIEDRICH VON HUEGEL,

Rome, September 1st, 1915.

THE QUEST.



THE GERMAN SOUL AND THE GREAT WAR.

BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL, LL.D.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

IN my previous article¹ I first attempted to define the precise range within which these studies would be confined, and the reasons why, within these limits, they bade fair to prove of some real value. That I would only submit certain quite general, but very deeply engrained, peculiarities of race—the special strength and weakness of the German soul in contrast with the English and Scottish; and again certain characteristics peculiar to the main groups of religion and philosophy in Germany, as these specially articulate, strengthen, weaken or deflect those peculiarities. And that, within this range, I had a good chance of seeing mostly true and somewhat deep, simply because I am myself half of German, half of English and Scottish blood; and because religion and philosophy, English and German, especially in their bearings upon these very peculiarities, have constituted the direct practice,

¹ See the April number, 1915.

experience and absorbing interest of the now fully forty-five years of my adult life.

And that first article next attempted to describe what were thus discovered to be the fundamental peculiarities of the German soul: an imperious need (as soon as this soul is fully aroused) of theory, system, completeness, at every turn and in every subject-matter; an immense capacity for auto-suggestion and mono-ideism; and an ever proximate danger, as well as power, of becoming so dominated by such vivid projections of the racial imaginings and ideals, as to lose all compelling sense of the limits between such dreams and reality, and especially all awareness, or at least alertness, as to the competing rights and differing gifts, indeed as to the very existence, of other souls and other races, with their intrinsically different civilisations, rights and ideals. Or again a certain consciousness of these others can remain, but they have now become for it simply things, material obstacles, incentives to a ruthless obliteration. Thus this soul easily loses such initial sense as it may possess, of its own abiding need of other races, other civilisations, not to conquer or to absorb, but to love and to learn from, as so many God-willed complements and correctives of itself,—each peculiar race and civilisation contributing differing yet essential elements to the whole of the human spirit-life and civilisation.

We thus find a soul startlingly unlike, not the Scotch, but the English. The English faults are, upon the whole, Defects; the Germans' faults are, mostly, Excesses. The English are too loosely-knit, 'go-as-you-please,' fragmentary, inarticulate; a continuous compromise and individual self-consciousness. The Germans are too tightly buckled-up, too much planned

and prepared, too deliberately ambitious and insatiable, too readily oblivious of others—especially of their own need of others, of esteeming others and being esteemed by them. The Englishman rarely loses, he would not wish to lose, his direct consciousness of himself, a consciousness which, to himself, is not unpleasant; but neither does he lose, or wish to lose, the corresponding direct, work-a-day consciousness of the fellow-creatures around him. The German, where at all fully awake or aroused, wishes to lose, and largely does lose, such a direct, full consciousness of himself as but one amongst his differing fellows, for such consciousness is painful to him. The Englishman inclines to be selfish in a small way—to be *egotistic*, preferring his own immediate self to the other immediate selves, whom he never ceases to perceive as thus directly around him. The German tends to forget both his own self and the other empirical selves altogether, to be *egoistic*, to see directly his system, idea, alone, and only thus (upon and within this now vivid cloud) his own, or his race's, immensely magnified, simply potential, but thus immeasurably more potent, self. The indelible sense of other individual lives keeps the Englishman moderate; the rightness and richness of his theory, in so far as he has one at all, matters comparatively little for his own practice. But the German is ever liable to lose such immediate sense of the empirical other lives, in his congenital need for, and ready fascination by, theory; so that *for him* one must account it to be of primary importance that his system shall be adequate, especially that it shall seriously supplement and correct, that it shall not simply project, and (when taken back as thus projected) shall not immensely steady and strengthen, the weak-

nesses, prejudices, limitations peculiar to himself *qua* German. Thus doctrinal religion and philosophy, and their doctrinal negations, doubtless play a larger, or at least a more direct and decisive, part in the German soul's life as a whole, than do the corresponding doctrinal religion and philosophy, and *their* philosophical negations, in the life of the English soul.

I shall now attempt, in this concluding article, to show shortly how, where and why the four chief types of German religious and philosophical affirmation and negation express, intensify, check or alter the congenital characteristics of the Teutonic soul. And I shall end by a short indication as to where appear to lie the roots of reform, within the German soul itself, for its own especial weaknesses and excesses.

I.

Friedrich Naumann, in his *Briefe über Religion*, vividly depicts how, to this very hour, even in deeply sceptical Berlin itself, it is the religion of our fathers, especially the Christian religion, which (in spite of the many superficial counter-indications) still always deeply affects, and often really determines, the peculiar groupings, strengths and shortcomings of men.

Now the actual life of such a highly educated and immensely active population as is that of contemporary Germany shows, of course, on the surface a quite bewildering variety of gradations, combinations, affinities, between whatsoever religious and philosophical convictions, positive and negative, we may fix upon as primary. But for our purpose we shall probably work with the most useful distinctions, if we accept four great groups. There is the Roman Catholic group,

represented, let us not forget, by close upon, if indeed not quite, one half of all the German-speaking peoples, although doubtless in large parts of Austria this religious influence is mostly perfunctory. There is the Protestant position which, if taken as still predominantly affirmative and historically religious, can hardly, in ordinary times, be actively held by more than, say, a fifth or a sixth of all that population, yet which, even in the majority which retains little or no churchgoing or dogmatic faith, is still strong, in moments of stress and conflict, and in combination with other motives and impulses. There is the Idealistic philosophical conviction, which, for the last sixty years, has lost such visible leadership as, for about an equally long time before, it then undoubtedly possessed amongst the intellectually influential classes; yet which, in mostly hidden and indirect ways, continues very accurately to express, and powerfully to strengthen, the most German peculiarities of the German soul. And, finally, there is Materialism, theoretical and (still more) practical, which, since the fifties, and especially since 1870, has, almost without pause or limit, grown and thriven upon the less noble needs and weaknesses, the immense material successes, and even the very strength and truth, of the German soul.

1.

The Roman Catholic position still teaches and practises, instinctively and massively, in frank application within this visible world, the other-worldliness of man's ultimate call, and the priority in worth of this call over his this-world call and duty. The immense

importance of these facts and the ever-pressing need of their proclamation require to be remembered if we would be sufficiently grateful to Rome, when at her best, and sufficiently appreciative of the difficulties specially inherited by herself, when at her weakest.

The difficulty and weakness here meant I take to have passed through three stages ; and the full fruitfulness of the Church, in its this-world orientation, to be reached, only if and when she can completely and persistently resume, and improve and reapply, in the greatly altered circumstances, a certain insight and temper which, so far, she most completely attained in the second of these stages.

In the first stage, well-nigh to Carolingian times, the overpowering predominance of the other-worldly orientation, and of the categories of Sin and Redemption (as absolutely primary or even as sole), caused the State either to be overlooked or to appear chiefly as part of that sin-occasioned, or at least deeply sin-infected, order out of which Christ came to set us free. Thus Christians generally could hardly yet vividly apprehend the State as an essentially ethical complex, possessed of its own unique rights, duties and laws of life ; and as necessary, in this its unique character, to the all-round development of man, even of religious man, and of the specifically religious complex, the Church. The existing Roman State was, even after the peace of the Church and up to the ancient Roman Empire's full dissolution in the West, accepted by Christians with little or no attempt to apprehend or to develop its conception and function as an ethical complex of a special kind.

In the second stage, the early middle ages, the ancient problems acquired a new form and a fresh

spirit amongst the newly Christian races and people that had nowise, or but slightly, experienced the old Græco-Roman Empires. The cities, with their free discipline and ordered guild-life, now prepare the questions and the ground for the golden age of Scholasticism, which culminates in Aquinas and in Dante. In this system the leading categories are, no more Sin and Redemption (as in St. Paul and still more in Augustine), but Nature and Supernature, *as*, in the simplest and most spontaneous of images and implications, they can well be said to permeate the original message of Jesus Himself. But now, some eleven centuries after that first, immensely pregnant proclamation, the this-world orientation, which there remains almost entirely implicit, receives a loving attention and careful elaboration, for which that first millennium was not yet ripe. Here we get the recognition of the polarity of man as he is (his orientations both towards sense and the fleeting and towards spirit and the abiding), recognised as prior to and independent of all sin. Man is indeed a sinner and requires redemption, but, more largely and fundamentally still, he is a creature with certain natural powers, needs and ends (inclusive of a certain kind of morality and religion), which directly operate within and for space and succession, sense and the body; and a creature touched also by, thirsting for, and elevated to, certain supernatural realities and requirements, which concern his duration and his spirit, and which find their completion for him, not in this earthly life, but in the other. That centrally natural life (with its morality of the Golden Rule) forms and finds its specific complex in the State; this centrally supernatural life (with its ethics of the Sermon on the

Mount) has its specific expression and means in the Church. The State here is recognised as essentially ethical, although ethical in an elementary, homely, give-and-take, calculating and self-conscious way; and the Church has not to infuse *this* morality into the State, but has only to aid in awakening it there, as ever latent in the State as such. The Church has, roughly, to begin where the State leaves off; and *her* ethics are of a transcending, abiding, self-oblivious, God-seeking and God-finding order, the whole a gift from the God of Grace, intended to meet, penetrate, raise and satisfy the aspirations infused by Himself into the work of the God of Nature. And these Gods are not two Gods, any more than these men are two creatures; but the same God, once for all the God of Nature and of Grace, supports, stimulates and satisfies man, once for all a creature of sense and time, of spirit and eternity, and does so for each in and through the other. And hence State and Church are both necessary to man's full development in his two levels and calls; they are even variously necessary each to the other.

The third stage followed, alas, pretty rapidly. We can now trace very closely how, at a particular moment in the struggle between the Popes and the Emperors, certain canonists of the specifically Church party ceased to be satisfied with the true balance,—with two complexes, each essentially though differently ethical; but they now conceived the State as an essentially non-ethical, pre-ethical complex, which, itself necessary to the Church as the Church's physical substratum, support and defender, required the Church's continuous impulsion and regulation within the State's own degree and kind of action. So the great canonist

Sinibaldo de Fieschi, who shortly afterwards became Pope Innocent IV., could teach that the *persona* of the State is purely *ficta*; moral responsibility attaches to individuals and to the Church, I suppose also to families, but not to the State. Noble Papal pronouncements, such as Leo XIII.'s '*Immortale Dei*' of 1885, have, of late years, again proclaimed the rich doctrine of the two great Moral Complexes, thus meeting the quite independent but similar conclusions of great German and English jurists and philosophers. But the conception of only one great Moral Complex possesses still a wide implicit influence, in considerable part derived from the twin facts that Christianity began with a profound abstraction from the earthly State, and that Christianity remains turned, first and foremost, to its heavenly Home.

During this great war we have indeed been thrilled by such resonant utterances as those of the Primate of Belgium and the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Glasgow, and, in other degrees and ways, by declarations of French and English, and one or two Italian Bishops. Nor can any just observer doubt the sensitive soundness of instinct, upon these points, of Roman Catholics generally in France, Belgium and England. Yet such an observer would have also to admit the apparent absence of all check exercised by their religion upon the 'realistic' affinities so markedly revealed by the German Roman Catholic clergy generally and by the laity of the great Centre Party. I take it to be beyond question that, the *Kulturkampf* once settled, the bulk of the Roman Catholics of Germany, although, according to German standards, independent enough in municipal and home-political affairs, accepted and even helped on the Chauvinist

temper, megalomania and 'realism' so prominent in their Government's dealings with other countries.

2.

The Protestant position, in so far as it persists in a definite doctrine and corporate organisation of its own, continues, in our questions, to be dogged by the great disadvantages of its origins. Historical research is showing, ever increasingly, how profoundly the original movement (however much occasioned, excused, or even justifiable, by long-standing abuses and excesses) was shaped and coloured by the doctrines and temper prevalent in those times — by Occam's sceptical Nominalism and a predestinarian Rigorism which exaggerated the already hardly practicable tempers of Saint Paul and Saint Augustine. What the Catholic second stage had so nobly perceived was thus lost again; the categories of Nature and Supernature (which does not destroy but perfects Nature) were dethroned from their primacy, in favour of the categories of Sin and Redemption, with mostly a jealous exclusion of the very idea of a double level and polarity within man's goodness itself. Man can thus be bad or he can be good; and his life on earth is essentially a conflict between this good and bad. But man is not substantially good in a certain kind, and called to a slow transformation by and into a still higher kind of good.

True, the most characteristically German, and the most loved by German Protestants, amongst the Protestant Reformers, Luther, is the least systematic amongst them in this acute rigorism and dualism. Much of the Catholic mystical depth and tenderness,

and not a little of the sacramental sense, still persist in this astonishingly manifold genius. Yet it is also unfortunately true that, precisely in our matters, Luther is not more, he is greatly less, satisfactory than Calvin, who, so much wider in his influence in Europe at large and in America, coloured so much less of German life. For that most unhappy racial arrogance of tone towards non-Germans, which Luther so largely himself introduced, and so largely fostered; that temper of superiority and contempt with which the German was encouraged by the Saxon miner's son, largely because of the new religion itself, to look down upon the Latin races: this was necessarily absent from the temper of Calvin, the middle-class Frenchman of humanist training. And again the most distressing coarseness, brutality and recklessness of temper and advice, which so gravely disfigured and limited the finer gifts and capacities of the ardent, self-communicative Luther, were conspicuously absent from the life and teaching of the cold and relentless, but always self-contained and deliberate Calvin. Luther's '*Pecca fortiter*' answer to Philip of Saxony's case of conscience; his inflammatory instigation to revolt of the poor German serf peasantry, and then, when their revolt came, his adjuration to the German Protestant princes to 'brain them, as so many mad dogs'; and his sermon, to an ordinary church congregation, in the fulness of his experience and authority, as to the man's universal and absolute right to the satisfaction of his sex instinct—say, with his maidservant, if only he has first solicited his wife and she has refused him three times: these are but specimens of a brutality which, alas, has (upon the whole) only helped still further to endear Luther to a large section even of the

educated German public, and greatly to encourage the corresponding impulses within their own natures. At the Luther centenary celebration in 1888, perhaps the most tumultuously applauded of the tableaux of his life was the one which showed Catherine of Bora, still in Nun's costume, being fondled on the knees of Luther, still himself in the Augustinian habit—surely, an unlovely form under which to insist upon the doctrine of a sole kind and stage of goodness. And, not a decade ago, at a centenary celebration connected with the town and university of Heidelberg, one of the scenes enacted which symbolised German colonial rule—began with German colonial officials in tropical costumes bastinadoing their native subjects, and ended with these same officials stringing up on trees these same coloured men.

And the vein of impulsive brutality in Luther co-exists alongside of a central current of an astonishingly subtle, indeed strainingly doctrinaire, character. He must and will attain to absolute certainty of his own salvation, as a fact fully achieved already here and now; and absolute certainty he attains by and within an act of the purest abstractive thought—of sheer faith in the redemptive act of Christ alone, and in the all-sufficiency of that act. Good works must and do follow from this faith; yet it is the faith, not the works, which alone is necessary. The visible, sensible, institutional, is for Luther (when in this, his most characteristic vein) not right save as an expression of such a purely spiritual, indeed intensely brainy, conviction. Only the word of Scripture, taken in by your own eyes, is an exception; indeed, as to that book and these eyes, Luther repeatedly declares that souls have been lost because they could not read. But

otherwise nothing sensible can help towards the spiritual. The crucifix may be retained as expressing faith, it may not be used to awaken faith. I may kiss my child because I love it; I may not kiss it in order to love it, or with any belief that kissing it will awaken or strengthen my love: the devotional equivalents of these latter acts and beliefs are 'superstition,' 'magic,' 'foreign,' even 'babylonish.' Undoubtedly Luther, in these doctrinaire subtleties, was, in great part, moved by the thirst of all deeper religion, and especially as he found it in Saint Paul and Saint Augustine, after the simply given and prevenient character of Grace, and our utter need of it. Yet the angry contempt with which he refused to find any equivalent to his own strivings in the average Catholic principles and practice, during well-nigh fifteen centuries before his sheer and complete rediscovery of these truths, and his quite arbitrary aloofness, when in this vein, from one of the two essentially inter-related movements between sense and spirit, remain potent stimulants to the similar congenital weaknesses of Germans generally down to this very moment. They still fully possessed my tutor's outlook; they still strongly influence the powerful and warmly Christian canonist Professor Rudolf Sohm; they greatly limit the insight of a philosopher, otherwise so free from all dogmatic scruples as Professor Eucken; they tax all the strength and vigilance, in such perception of their erroneousness as he has reached, of so virile and amazingly rich a mind and soul as Professor Troeltsch. Indeed where-soever these influences do exercise their sway, they necessarily feed a separatist attitude towards the great bulk of other times, other races, other churches, of a kind more subtle and difficult of detection and cor-

rection than was Calvinism in its frankly iconoclastic and consistently contemptuous springtide.

3.

The Idealist position has now, for some seventy years, been so little prominent in Germany that it is difficult clearly to gauge its present range and influence. Yet the instinct of the arch-‘realist’ Napoleon, when, especially in relation to Fichte, he expressed his dread, thinly veiled by contempt, of the German ‘ideologues,’ was utterly right in its perception of the terrific force imparted to the German character by such ‘mere theorisings.’ Indeed it is this position that, more than any other, reveals the deepest idiosyncrasies, strengths, weaknesses and dangers of the German soul. I propose here to ignore Kant and Schelling: Kant, because of the very traceable influence of his Scotch Calvinist descent on his father’s side, and because, as the earliest clear exponent of a scheme for a permanent peace, he is, in his strong Moralism and prevalent Deism (rather than Theism), less characteristic of what we are here seeking; and Schelling because, after passing through almost every possible phase, he ended definitely friendly to Church institutions of a hardly Protestant type. Schleiermacher also, for other reasons, is less helpful. I will here only consider certain features of Fichte, in his *Reden an die deutsche Nation*, 1808, and three peculiarities of Hegel; and this although I deeply admire the German revolt against Napoleon and the steely purity and strength of Fichte’s central intention and will, and again the wide stretches of magnificently rich, penetrating insight we owe to Hegel, especially in his *Phenomenology of the Human Spirit* and his *Philosophy of Right*.

As to Fichte, here are two groups of sayings—the first, as to the new education he would graft upon Pestalozzi's scheme; the second, as to the ultimate cause of the essential superiority, clear to his own mind, of the races of Germanic speech to all other West-European peoples. They will illustrate, even without comment, the main contentions of these articles.

“The new education must itself produce with necessity the necessity that it intends”; “it is primarily the sure, deliberate art of producing in man an infallibly good will” (*Werke* vii. 282). “This education never has to do with any self-seeking, because it suffocates the root of all such self-seeking, obscure feeling, by clear thinking.” “The man thus educated is impelled by a love which, in no degree whatsoever, turns to any satisfaction of the senses, but to activity of the spirit, for the sake of the activity, and to the law of this activity, for the sake of the law” (*Ibid.* vii. 291, 307). “Such a creative love pre-supposes, in the person to be seized by it, a capacity for producing, out of his own activity, pictures independent of already extant reality—in no wise copies and successors, but patterns and precursors.” Hence Pestalozzi is held “to instigate the child's mind to the projection of pictures, and to allow it to learn whatsoever it learns at all only by such free creation” and projection; for “he cannot mean by contemplation (*Anschauung*) that blind handling of, and fumbling around, objects of sense called perception (*Wahrnehmung*)” (vii. 284, 404). And indeed, even “to attain a secure conception” as to the true aim of Pestalozzi's scheme “we must refuse to inspect anything of the actual execution; since from such a

clear conception of his aim there springs (directly) the further concept of the execution and its necessary consequences, without any of your empirical experimentations " (vii. 402).

And as to the prerogative of the Germanic peoples that retain Germanic speech, we learn that the whole of modern central and western Europe has been formed by the Teutonic races,—those that have retained their original seats and language (Germans, Scandinavians), and those that migrated into ancient Roman territory and there adopted some Latin tongue (French, Italians, Spaniards). (Fichte does not mention the English.) But it is the former alone that thus possess an instrument which is the spontaneous product, and the adequate awakener and expression, of their true selves ; whereas the latter nations are irretrievably doomed, as regards their own selves, to remain on the surface of things and of themselves, and, as regards Germans and Scandinavians and mankind at large, never to be more than useful incentives to the German's true penetration of such subjects and of himself, a penetration which he can then hand on to the world at large, but not to those neo-Latin countries (vii. 311-377). For "between life and death there is no comparison ; and hence all direct comparisons between the German and the neo-Latin languages are utterly futile." Besides "a German who learns Latin more thoroughly than does the foreigner (a thing he may well achieve), thereby attains to a far more thorough understanding of the neo-Latin language than is possessed by this foreigner who speaks it ; and thus the German, if he but uses all his advantages, can understand this foreigner even better than the latter can understand himself." Again, "only the German truly possesses a

people of his own; only he is capable of specific, rational love for his nation." In a word, "all who either themselves truly live by a creative production of the new; or who at least stand attentive as to whether the current of an original life may not, somewhere or other, seize them also; or who at all events have some foreboding of, and do not hate, it: all these are original human beings; they are (if contemplated as a people) an original people, *the* people, Germans. All those who resign themselves to be something only secondary and derivative, and who clearly know themselves to be such, are so in reality, and become so always increasingly, because of this their belief; they are but an appendix to life, an echo of an already silent voice; they are (contemplated as a people) outside of the original people, the Germans, and, for the latter, strangers and aliens" (vii. 374). Fichte finds that Germans are without native words possessing the same connotations as "the three infamous neo-Latin words 'humanity,' 'popularity,' 'liberality,'" and this, because Germans are too original and sincere for such clap-trap. But "character has no particular German name, precisely because, without any knowledge or reflection of our own, character is expected to proceed directly from our very being"—"to possess character and to be German are, without doubt, synonymous" (vii. 321, 446).

It would be wrong to quote these things here as though many a German had not, ever since they were produced, smiled at or protested against them. Yet they are, alas, sadly instructive as to the national weaknesses. Just think one moment. Here is one of the chief German philosophers teaching equivalently, throughout a long course of public lectures, that Dante

was hopelessly debarred from finding the depths of his own soul, and that the deathless *Divina Commedia* seriously profited mankind only as a stimulus to Klopstock in the composition of his still-born *Messias*!

As to Hegel I would only point out how curiously few have been the students, German or even English, who have at all vividly realised the surely tangible interconnection between the incentives to man's self-inflation contained in three prominent characteristics of his thought. Indeed, his doctrine that matter is simply a secondary creation of the human mind—its leavings, so to say: this is even often supposed greatly to help religion to be spiritual. His utter insensibility to the overwhelming probability of the existence of other finite intelligences which, not human, are far more intelligent than man: this is held to eliminate superstition. And the more characteristic of his two ultimate trends, in which he holds no God distinct from the world, all reality consisting of but one and the same mind in process of variously slow or rapid, easy or difficult, evolution, is softened down into some would-be compatibility with genuinely Christian mysticism. And yet these three doctrines are closely inter-connected and all equally characteristic of Hegel; and they all help to leave his disciple in a universe empty of all realities really distinct from the one single mind as to which he himself is not only an ever integral part, but of which he, *qua* man, is always the supreme flower and expression throughout all space and time. Self-reverence can indeed exist here, but no adoration, no creaturely temper, no articulate humility, no anticipation and utilisation of the body's claims and stimulations. If, along many noble stretches, Hegelianism has expressed and helped the

German at his best, it has also, on these crucial points, for the most part projected and strengthened his native weaknesses—his inclinations to excess.

4.

But it is Materialism, if we take the word in the broadest of its unfavourable senses, that, on the surface at least, appears interiorly to have sapped, or utterly to have swept away, by far the greater part of the three idealisms hitherto considered, — even of the ground which these have in common. And indeed I believe it undeniable that it has been the influence of Materialism which has, more directly and massively than the weaknesses of all the three above groups even taken together, turned and changed the German soul. This influence can perhaps best be traced if we discriminate between four successive waves or stages—all this well within the last three or four generations.

There was first the invasion, from America rather than England, of an intense Industrialism, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, turning the population ever increasingly from agriculture and patriarchal village-life, or moderate, local trades-work within and for the town guilds, to great mining, factory, commercial enterprises and to a large proletariat existence in certain hugely swollen centres of relentless, feverish labour and competition. It is in 1812 that the then young Romanticist Ludwig Tieck, in the Introduction to his *Phantastus*, utters his disgust against “the almost fantastic enthusiasm” with which the teacher of one of his companions welcomes “all that is useful, new, factory-like,” “as in Fürth” (in contrast with the patriarchal Nürnberg) “with its

mirror-polishings, button-makings, and all the other noisy trades—a North America” transplanted into Germany. All this in contrast with a warm admiration for “the strong Englishmen” (pp. 8, 9, 13). In this matter, it was Puritanism (ranging from Calvinism to Quakerism) that had chiefly trained some twelve or more generations of its followers to an activity thoroughly unnatural in the intensity of its concentration upon matters largely of little or no intrinsic attraction or educative worth. The monastic ideal had doubtless occasioned certain grave abuses in the past; Calvin’s and William Penn’s substitute for the three monastic vows, managed, quite unwittingly and when (as in Benjamin Franklin) the originally religious motive and restraints had relaxed, to train the human will necessary to the prevalence of the type of business-man who will, for half-a-century, starve out seven-tenths of his nature, for the sake of making quite unneeded money in the most mechanical of ways. The results of such excessive concentration and production are huge, soul-destroying *Trusts*, immense national rivalries, and appalling bloody wars initiated chiefly for the further dominion of such insatiable machines.

There was the second invasion,—the advance by leaps and bounds of Mathematico-physical Science in its direct, triumphantly successful application to human physical comfort, and with the all but inevitable weakening of the sense, which alone ensures the soul’s nobility, as to the true (the ever secondary and ministerial) place of all such things. A pedantic barbarism was the necessary result, a coarsening of man’s feeling, thinking and theory—‘philosophical’ Materialism, Naturalism, Monism become the vogue.

And this vogue arises undoubtedly in part on occasion of noble discoveries and of the labours of men far more cautious and spiritual than these, their mostly noisy and reckless popularisers; and again, also, as a reaction against, or as a relentless application of, various excesses or weaknesses of the Idealist philosophy. It was in 1854, at the Naturalists' Congress in Göttingen, that passionate debates on Materialism showed how largely it then held the attention and imagination of the public. Vogt, Moleschott, Büchner were intensely active in this direction. And as late as 1872 D. F. Strauss could, in his last book, *The Old and the New Faith*, declare himself a Materialist. Since 1859 and Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Evolution had been especially pressed by Germans into the service of a variously aggressive Monism of a preponderantly materialistic kind—so especially by Ernst Haeckel, whose *World-Riddle* was at its 240th thousand, in the German original alone, in 1908.

There was the third invasion,—the dangerously rapid, complete and immense success of the Bismarckian policy, in its three closely interconnected wars of 1864, 1866, 1870. The great influx of gold from France, came as the third on top of those other two waves of Materialism; and it came, not indeed without great previous sacrifices and virtues of the German people at large, yet still planned (to the last detail), not by themselves or by men of liberal sympathies, but by a genius scornful of all truly constitutional government, of small nationalities, of all moral scruples that stood in the way, not simply of the existence or slow growth, but of the violent political consolidation and the physical predominance, of Germany. Bismarck himself was too rich a mind to

intend, indeed not to fear, the full triumph now before us of Junker militarism and Colonial megalomania; yet it was he, probably more than any other single man, who fanned, and in part incarnated, the spirit which has now gone so much further, and has risked so much more, than ever he would have done.

And the fourth and present invasion is precisely this Pan-Germanism and 'The State is Force' doctrine, which the Allies are up in arms against, and which has been fed, for half a century, upon most of the finer, most even of the finest needs and qualities of the German character.

It is plain from all this how greatly the rest of Europe, and indeed America too in an especial degree, shares the responsibility for the first two invasions of Materialism here indicated. Monsieur le Play, that remarkable French observer, in his very careful books upon the working-men of Europe and upon the social reforms he considered urgent, found, in 1864-1878, the agricultural and family system to be almost everywhere undermined, and the reforms to be chiefly necessary in France. And the most influential preachers, throughout Europe generally, of man's sacred, primary right to ever increasing creature-comfort were, not Germans, but the Englishmen Bentham, John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. These movements doubtless possessed their element of truth and usefulness, at and for their times. But now, for some thirty years at least, the finer minds and outlooks have everywhere been recovering a hearing against the philistinism that, assuredly, lurks very plentifully in those positions.

And as to the Bismarckian wars, we in England now see clearly how deplorable was our non-

intervention in 1864, when we ought to have succoured Denmark in her straits.

And finally it is, surely, evident that Germany is now so formidable a foe, and one that so profoundly requires defeating, not directly because a false doctrine peculiar to herself possesses her, her devotion to this conviction being just what the Allies would give to any conviction of theirs; but because a spirit of sheer money-making and boundless commercialism, which more or less dominates and vulgarises us all, and which we ourselves rather than they began, has, in the German, found a lodging within an incredibly vehement and concentrated, systematic and visionary soul.

II.

The points, in the now dominant outlook of the German soul, at which we can and should hope for a change or development, appear to be the following four. I move from the point where we ourselves will have to do pretty well everything, to the deeper and deepest matters where directly we can do nothing except admit and correct our own similar or contrary deviations.

1.

The starting point must be supplied by the failure of Germany in this war, a failure sufficiently clear and massive to awaken the majority of the German people to an active, efficacious, persistent dissatisfaction with the militarist Absolutism and feverish Pan-Germanism increasingly dominant during the last three generations. It is Germany's visible, 'realistic'

preponderance in the world, the reputation of her ultimate physical irresistibility, that are now evidently dear above all to the average German; only a very clear, very large failure of these pretensions, as brought to a test in this war, will make him change his mind. And such a failure is difficult for the Allies to obtain against a Government and people bent upon the precisely opposite success, with a length and extensiveness of preparation, and an intensity of concentrated purpose, probably unmatched in history.

Indeed the difficulty here is twofold. Absolute Government undoubtedly possesses great advantages for the successful prosecution of war; and the German people has long shown how much it cares for success in war and, almost from time immemorial, how little it minds Absolutism. On this, the starting-point for change, it is not the Germans themselves that can be expected to supply the materials for such a modification of their present state of mind. The Allies have either to win very great, quite tangible successes, or they have so hugely to drain the resources of Germany, as in either case, to bring the majority of the German people itself to realise that it has lived for a legend or, at least, for something costing more than it is worth.

Yet, after all, such consummations are well within the power of achievement by the Allies. Such a concentration upon war, as has been effected by Germany, even if now over half-a-century in operation, cannot be kept up for ever even by Germans; especially since, precisely because of the special temper and methods which have made her so formidable a military machine, she can indeed win over to active alliance such semi-barbarous governments as Turkey and Bulgaria, and can, perhaps, keep dynastically

related Greece and Rumania neutral to the end: but she can hardly win or check anyone else. And yet not all her present helpers will suffice against the Allies, even if these acquire no further active adherents, provided only that they continue strenuous and united until the clear and crushing defeat or exhaustion of the Central Empires. Thus, and thus alone, can and will German Real-Politik be refuted on its own ground.

Here we English can profoundly help Germans to re-find their best selves: all thoughts of any peace stopping short of such clear great victory mean the abandonment of the attempt to furnish the datum and starting-point for Germany's own true regeneration. Thus none but Germans themselves can take the place, or can directly aid the re-development, of their own true selves; yet only non-Germans, indeed only men for the time arrayed in a bloody war against them, can furnish Germans, as they have now become predominantly, with the kind of facts necessary for any such change in their mental orientation.

2.

Perhaps the first point that we can hope to see changed in the Germans by the Germans themselves, will be the awakening of the need for some form and degree of genuine political self-government, so strong as to force the abandonment of the present very real autocracy, the repression of the Junker and Pan-Germanic swagger, and either the renunciation of the ambitious colonial policy (a thing so recent, and so profoundly distrusted even by Bismarck all his life) or, at least, the infusion of a new spirit into such large colonisa-

tion. Colonisation would then primarily become a means for genuine improvement in the lot of the natives, and for the training thereby of young German officials in self-restraint and a wisely sympathetic government of alien, and more or less barbarous, races. Genuine self-government at home would transform the political parties in the Reichsrath, from mere critics and voters perennially dispossessed of the only thing which is a full cure for doctrinaires—the opportunity of themselves carrying out successfully their own ideas—into groups ever liable to achieve the responsibility of office. Thus all the chief sections, interests, currents of the body politic would receive a genuinely political education; each would contribute to the all-round development and health of the State's rule within; and the State's respect for, and restraint towards, the specific lives of the family, the trade, the municipality would grow more genuine and articulate.

Here, with regard to this organic conception of the State as but one, though the most extensive, of the organisms which lie around the individual man, the State which, in its own manner and degree, is itself also a *persona non ficta*, German thinkers (especially the great Otto von Gierke) have been doing admirable work. And municipal life in Germany has so long a history and so vigorous an activity, that in it, and in the guild, lie ready the concrete preliminaries for the more general, the political, evolution of this organic sense. True, the advance from even the richest, most vividly apprehended, theory to practice, in fields unfamiliar to a people, is usually very difficult; and here the transition, from such limited complexes to the supreme, the all-englobing complex of the State,

is a change, not simply of degree, but of kind; and it is especially when the average German's practice touches this supreme complex that he has ever shown so strange a passivity, indeed an actual liking for being ordered about in a minutely regulated manner, provided only it be mechanically perfect.

Yet, after all, national character is, if really limited, limited in ways that cannot be forecast in any detail by even its deepest representatives or acutest critics. Thus the Englishman typified by St. Thomas à Becket and by King Henry VIII.; as an Ironside under Cromwell and as a fellow-reveller of the Merry Monarch; as a subject of George II. and now under George V.—what bewildering changes, many of them quite unforeseeable! Nor is the modification of the German, here hoped for, essentially greater than has been the change of the Frenchman, from the dreamer of a domination of Europe under Louis XIV. or Napoleon I. to the sober-minded Frenchman of our time; or, again, than the change from the German of the outlook largely determined by Goethe, or by Kant, or by Wilhelm von Humboldt, to the German temper which we now deplore.

3.

But the State, thus conceived as a moral complex in its action inwards—as the environment, stimulator and protector of the other complexes (each different in kind from one another and from it) within itself, has also to be recognised as a moral complex in its dealings with the other complexes (similar to itself in kind) outside itself. That is, there exists, deep within the nature of things themselves, such a thing as inter-

national morality. Here is the point where the problems are especially difficult, and still only dimly, intermittently recognised and practised by us all. It is here also that the official German spirit has, for these last seventy years, been especially faulty and deleterious.

The intrinsic difficulties appear here to be threefold. Every man, group, institution that claims to act and to be treated morally is, as regards the apparent consistency and honesty of his position, at a necessary disadvantage when contrasted with men, groups, institutions that disavow any such pretensions. No human being or group does, or can, always live up to even his most sober and sacred convictions; hence the less he puts up a standard of living, the less his actual life will be chargeable with empty rhetoric or wily hypocrisy. Then again even some of the moral obligations of the individual, such as 'thou shalt not steal,' 'thou shalt speak the truth,' incur suspension where, say, a man dying of hunger carries off an unpaid-for loaf; or where a man, to save the life of an innocent fellow-creature, misdirects the pursuers. And at least equally great analogous exceptions have to be granted in the moral life and duties of the state. And lastly, there is the quite specific, as yet hardly elaborated, difference within similarity, that the relations between state and state cannot indeed, in the long run, be treated as intrinsically non-moral, yet that their morality differs from the morality of the relations between man and man. For the State's existence and action is, not the parallel or response to the individual man's existence and action, but the presupposition and medium of this individual man's wholesome action and secure existence.

Yet, as with the individual so with the State, we have, not to run away from, or succumb to, difficulties, but partly to resolve, partly to bear them, as intrinsic to the task of mankind. The first obstacle must be met by a frank admission of the universality of the fact, and by a persistent demonstration of how futile is the use of this fact as against the admission of moral concepts here or anywhere else. The second objection probably finds its best answer in a constant distinction between Ethics and Casuistry, and by the practice of a maximum of Ethics and a minimum of Casuistry,—leaving the exceptions to be met, in what then will always be felt to be more or less rare or unique occasions, by a moral sense rendered simple and straight precisely by the long preceding periods of its exercise and application in what are recognised as the normal circumstances. And any efficient answer to the third difficulty can make headway only if and after, and never before, we have recognised the State as essentially moral, as (after all) the creation, however spontaneous and necessary, of human beings, who begin to be, and who remain, human only so long as they possess, in any and all of their functions and formations, some interior striving, conflict, groping, ideal, all of an ever incomplete kind, one never more than partially practised, yet none the less truly moral.

The first section of this paper will have shown how differently, yet everywhere really, difficult is any such full and persistent recognition of the essentially moral character of the State, within each of the four large German groups there considered. Yet life, the great teacher, is subtly yet unconquerably against all these groups, in so far as they *will* ignore or deny, in word or in deed, the ethical nature of the State. This

war will itself teach us all very much on this point: it will refute all hankerings after 'the splendid isolation' of England and, especially, the now official German doctrine that the State is based upon force (not will); that, in relation to other states, it has solely to consider its own physical aggrandisement and superiority (instead of, first, its own existence); and that it needs no trust, no friendship, from other states but their fear alone (instead of their respect based both upon its honesty and its force). No such 'pure' teachings correspond to real human life, ever essentially 'mixed,' and ever (slowly and inconsistently yet truly) growing in the depth and range of its standards even more than in the consistency of its practice. The long competition between polygamy and monogamy, of slavery and freedom and the like, shows plainly how impracticable and sentimental appeared, for tens of centuries, the men who, in such other matters, stood where now stand the promoters of Hague Conferences. Those men and these men appeared and appear thus to such others, because the latter are too much obsessed by brute force and the immediate effects of blind battle to perceive and to foster the eventually all-conquering power of the elastic, subtle growths of the deeper life itself.

4.

Yet the last change is the most clamorous for us all; and here especially we can see how strongly the first two groups are working, in Germany itself, to stimulate and incorporate the most ultimate and ineradicable need of man as he remains persistently throughout time and space. The fact is that now less

than ever can man be made into something not essentially *amphibious*. True, he has his earthly life, with its predominantly physical requirements and individual self-seeking; he finds himself, from the first, environed and moulded by the complexes, largely one within the other, of his family, his trade, his state; he even discovers, and (in practice) is largely determined by, the fact that his own state (and he himself with it) depends extensively upon the existence, the rivalry, the trust and the friendship of other states. Yet all this, indefinitely improvable though it all be, does not, in the long run, suffice him: sooner or later he finds himself solicited by 'another state' or condition, 'a new rule'; he gets a glimpse of what has variously impelled him all along. The supernatural life, in a word, is as real a fact as is the natural life. My dog requires his fellow-dogs, but he also requires me, once he has experienced human society. And I myself require my fellow-men, but I also require God and intercourse with Him, as the great realities revealed to me, at work within my life, by religion.

Now here there are two difficulties, special (in the intensity of their degree) to the German soul. It is clear at once that the feverish race for wealth and material power, prevalent especially in Germany, yet also in America and England during these last three generations, inevitably deadens the soul to its own deepest intimations. But then this obsession of the soul by, say, one tenth—and the least fruitful, least final tenth—of a fully awake soul's interests, is too near to mania to last permanently anywhere; it is no more satisfying than is the opposite, the Neapolitan lazzarone's do-nothing existence. And especially the artizan classes, in Germany as elsewhere, already show

clear signs of a fuller awakening to these deepest of man's interests; and this will powerfully aid the classes above and below them in *their* turn more fully to regain or to discover the same, their own greatest, needs. But it is surely also clear how powerful in our times are the solicitations that tend to deflect, or to arrest, the genuine development of any such movement, and to make it rest, not in Historical Religion, taken as a truthful witness to more than human reality—a real God, a real soul, a real life of each in the other, begun here and completed beyond the grave—but in some form of pure Immanence—or, at most, in some variety of Fichteism—belief in the more than human, quite ultimate, reality of certain laws of the ethical life. This danger, assuredly real even in England, is trebly real in Germany for reasons presumably obvious to us now.

Our best hopes for Germany here lie, I believe, in three directions.

The Churches, and in particular the great Roman Catholic Church, are not played out. Especially if, and when, they fully wake up to the moral character of the State also in its international dealings, will they be driven back upon their primary domain and function, the witness to what lies beyond, what ultimately requires, and is required by, even the widest of such natural complexes and outlooks — seas of Nature surrounded by the ocean of Supernature. Roman Catholicism, even in Germany, cannot permanently become Chauvinistic; and, by its fuller recognition of the State as the specific organ of natural morality, it will stimulate both the State to *this* morality and itself, the Church, to its own supernatural ethics.

Philosophy is not played out. Assuredly it can-

not be dictated to by any theology or Church. But religion, where it exists sufficiently massive and sincere, can both sober and stimulate philosophy to an ever greater sensitiveness towards the specific facts of religion and towards philosophy's own standards and end. And thus imperfect philosophies can be replaced by philosophies more adequate as theories of the actual realities of life which, after all, are the sole true data of philosophy. Thus Hegel rightly supplanted Kant in the question of the Good Will as never simply a form but as always also related to other already extant realities and goods. And in its conception of the State, Hegelianism wanted little more than the corrections introduced by the English Hegelians to be of a grand adequacy. But Hegel himself, indeed the entire Idealist succession, is, as regards epistemology and the philosophy of religion, now, after the dreary excessive reaction of Materialism, such as that of the later Feuerbach and of Haeckel, in process of supplantation by a sober critical Realism, represented by such men as Dr. Frischeisen-Köhler and Professors Windelband and Külpe. Professor Troeltsch too can be assigned his place here, at least as regards a keen sense of the inadequacies of Kant and Hegel in face of the central facts of religion. Philosophies that leave no room for Prayer, Adoration, Sin, Forgiveness, Redemption, may be excellent in many other directions, and also as criticisms and stimulants of religious thought; but as would-be adequate theories of religion, they cannot fail more or less to misconceive and to explain away facts of inexhaustible vitality.

And the artizan classes, hitherto the stronghold of a largely materialistic socialism, are not played out, as future centres and vehicles of truly religious apphen-

sion. In England symptoms of the awakening of the religious sense within these classes are increasing; and as to Germany, we have the conviction of so well-informed and cautious an observer as Professor Troeltsch that the greater part of the German Socialist movement will, not long hence, seek spiritual shelter and sustenance in some such small Christian communities as the Herrnhuters or the Moravian Brethren.

Let me conclude again with insistence upon vision, as profoundly congenial to, and immensely powerful within, the German soul, this time, I hope, without a trace of any, quite involuntary, unfairness. It is plain that men can escape the evils of a false theory, either by attaining to distrust of all theories, or by the substitution of a more adequate theory for that false one. Were Englishmen ever capable of such obsession by a false theory, they would assuredly be cured in the first way, not the second. But Germans, I submit, will have to be cured, doubtless, they also, on occasion of certain facts new to themselves, yet substantially by means of a new, wider, more adequate and more nobly German, vision of their own. Paul Heyse, in one of his stories, always so exquisite in form yet mostly so frivolous in moral temper, presents an occurrence as real, which I take to be typical of the manner in which Germans—the shock from outside having been given them—will alone fully recover their own souls. A young married woman of Cologne longs to bear a child so spiritually fair that men's mere sight of it shall perennially win them to the love of the Invisible; yet how to help on this consummation she has no idea at all. But daily, in shine and shower,

she prays before an altar in the great cathedral, and looks up in rapt absorption at an angel's countenance, gazing serenely down upon her from out of the stained glass window above. She prays thus, ever longing, absorbed and wondering, from spring to winter. And in the physical winter she experiences a deep spiritual spring: for she now bears a daughter; and behold—the angel face. And this daughter, henceforward to the end, wins men to the upward life by her very look—more by what she is than by any single act she does. Somewhat thus, I submit, will Germany reform her soul and its acts, not directly by self-criticism or by the dropping of all dreams, good or bad; but by absorption in another, a nobler and more adequate, vision, by one truly expressive of her own noblest self. She will perceive the German race and state as indeed a permanently essential, most important, constituent of mankind; yet this on condition that, whilst respecting these her own self-expressions, she also respects and nourishes the other different complexes within her own borders; that she recognises this German state and race as but one amongst many others, all variously necessary to each other; and, above all, that she vividly apprehends the spiritual, eternal, other-world life as the moderator, here already, of her ever proximate tendency to vehemence and excess. Such a procedure will be very un-English, but it will be thoroughly characteristic of, it will but resume, the noblest traditions and teachings with which the human race at large has been stimulated and supplied by that essentially rich and large, but of late 'heady' and hardened, spirit—the German Soul.

F. VON HÜGEL.

THE DISCREDITABLE DOCTRINE OF REWARD.

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

ACTION and reaction are equal and opposite in the physical world ; but in the presence of persons and the disturbing element of free will we can hardly say as much, or rather such a measure possesses little or no meaning. We can quantify forces, but not moral and spiritual factors with their incalculable range. And that is why the ancient doctrine of rewards and punishments looks so strangely incongruous in the religious sphere. This obsolete doctrine, so mean and materialistic, built up by the perverse ingenuity of priests and theologians, has no place or honour now among thoughtful men and women. When our Lord laid down the eternal principle of Love as our working law, He cut away for ever the ground on which this discredited and discreditable belief stood. It is entirely unspiritual and almost immoral, and the first cousin of the mechanical and unfortunate and automatic creed of Karma. Less than all cannot satisfy man, and nothing lower or less than the Divine practice and precedent will inspire the world to worthy ends. If then Love means, as it must, life in the infinite, a hunger for the highest possible, or a pure and simple outpouring of an absolutely disinterested nature, the question of any return does not enter in at all. The hateful idea of merit, so dear to salvation by works, is condemned immediately ;

For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to Thee ;

though even the first line might be fairly contested, and many people would indignantly deny the attachment of desert to their conduct. In the orderly progress of society from its lower to its upper stages, we have in the outward and visible development a witness to the concomitant ethical process as clear as the cosmic. Lord Ernest Hamilton, in the *Hibbert Journal* for October, 1913, does not state the case fully or honestly, when he makes competition everything and eventually fatal to our hope of immortality. No doubt, as Heraclitus knew and said, "War is father of all." But, behind the war of opposites, extends the wider synthesis. And the supplement of competition is co-operation. We see everywhere the perpetual anti-thesis, but we see also the grander and far more profound agreement at the bottom. Things no doubt pull against each other, but thus the more do they pull together. "The blind hurry of the universe from vanity to vanity" never was more than the superficial sight, and broader deeper vision shows an underlying and fundamental unity. Competition unqualified does not exist. When our Lord declared that He had come to send fire and a sword and division on the earth, He gave His testimony to the fact of progress by antagonism. But it is only a half truth, to be corrected and interpreted by other utterances of His on love and service. The servants of the Cross accept the conditions involved, they take suffering as the price of their freedom, their kingship, their priesthood. We win our birthright, our Divine manhood, when we lose it in Christ, just as we cannot be true individuals or attain to personality, till we live in society and for others.

So it seems obvious that any return for the expenditure of love, any *arrière pensée* or faintest suspicion of recompense or equivalent, destroys it altogether. The mercenary taint is the dead fly in the pot of ointment. Virtue ever was and ever will be its own reward. Really unselfish, disinterested benefactors who do good by stealth and blush to find it fame, agree that praise is the one thing they dread, which spoils everything and is positively painful. Spinoza was perfectly right when he said it was enough to love God, without ever expecting or wishing for a return. The world of Love lies far above and beyond the sordid plane of rewards and punishments. We simply do kindnesses because we must if we are children of God, and they fall from us naturally and inevitably as scent from a rose or light from the sun. *Noblesse oblige*. What were Christ's own words? "If ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? For sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again." And by this time we should have out-grown the beggarly stage of prizes, which will certainly never call out the best side of children. A wreath of parsley or bay leaves, or better still nothing at all—not even the consciousness of success, if it is self-consciousness—ought to be ample. Public recognition poisons the sweetest stream of humanity at its fountain-head. It seems almost impossible now to do anything worth doing, and escape advertisement of some vulgar newspaper—not for the doer's sake but for the reporter's and his journal. It is high time for the prize system to go; the joy of attainment or fulfilment ought to be ample. It is a godlike privilege to give, to serve, to be sacrificed for

others. When the call of duty comes, we have no right to sit down in cold blood and weigh the chances or calculate the cost, or strike a bargain as Jacob did. "If God will be with me, and will keep me in the way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on—so that I come again to my father's house in peace—then shall the Lord be my God." To do a kindness just because in some direction it pays, shows the temper of a tradesman and not a worshipper of Christ. Jim Bludso knew better :

He'd seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,
And went for it thar and then ;

though this of course is lower ground, the standpoint of duty, than the spontaneity of love. There must be nothing meritorious about our offerings, they are just the natural flowings of the Christodidact's innermost spirit, when Christ has taken the place of the ego. The consequences do not trouble him, they are not his business at all. These rest in the disposal of God. And what if He chooses to bury His workers and continue the work Himself or by other instruments, as He often does? If so, it was honour enough to have been used by Him. The tools of Heaven never toil or strive for themselves. To argue that so much pain, so much outlay of emotion, so much suffering, or so much investment of time and talents, deserves so much reward, a just correspondence or equivalent of good things, shows the mercantile mind of an *épicier* or a bagman, and not of a true benefactor or philanthropist. When an incumbent exchanges a poor living for a valuable one, and protests he only obeys a call from above, he probably means he follows a call from below. No earthly reason exists why he should not better himself, if he needs an increase of income. But he

has no right whatever to base his acceptance on a lofty motive when he is impelled by a lower one, of which he has no cause to be ashamed.

The exaltation of material prosperity in the world as the reward of piety by the Old Testament writers has frequently warped the minds of men and given them an oblique twist, which endeavours to make the best of both worlds, especially this—if possible. Theologians did not know at first that Hebrew prophets saw everything in pictures and through the medium of poetry, and not on the lines of prosy facts or logic. These primitive preachers muddled up together sequences and consequences, the *post hoc* and the *propter hoc*, as well as the parent act and its product. Sin, by way of example, and the penalties of sin were confused. We must seek for the guiding thought behind a welter of wild chaos and incongruous elements. The mixture of illustrations was often appalling, owing perhaps to the exceeding poverty of the vocabulary. In the Hebrew tongue we behold language at its birth, in its cradle of crude metaphors. And yet we must believe that the hearers of the Old Testament prophets were meant and were accustomed to spiritualise what they heard, and to translate the material symbols into something much more immaterial.

And our own Master's teaching, which was no mere *Interimsethik*, showed plainly that prosperity and adversity were not regarded by Him as proofs respectively of virtue and vice, and that wealth was neither good nor bad in itself but only in its application—otherwise a matter of indifference. "Suppose ye that these Galilæans (whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices) were sinners above all the Galilæans, because they suffered such things? Or those eighteen

upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwell in Jerusalem? I tell you nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." It is always the tendency of early literature to moralise or etherealise that which in its own nature can only be neutral, just as animism discovers a soul in natural objects like plants and rocks and streams. The borderland between the organic and the inorganic, the sentient and the non-sentient, does not exist for savages or primitive peoples or children. They externalise and objectify themselves in their environment, in stocks and stones, and import into dead things by an unconscious transference their own powers of thought and of feeling and action. And in the Old Testament the distinction, the great gulf, between the moral and the unmoral was far from clearly established. Even at the present day one is often astounded to find the very greatest teachers in the land making a similar mistake. They call unchastity immorality, as if it were the whole or the greater part of the latter.

Perhaps there is no more ancient and established prepossession than the assurance of action and reaction, visible cause and visible effect. At the beginning of the twentieth century many persons, perhaps the vast majority of the human race, have not learned how little they should trust appearances and the senses. Our bodies trick us into the belief at once. We touch or strike something outside us, and the response brings immediate pleasure or pain. We do something and a certain result follows. And yet possibly there exists no connection whatever between the imagined antecedent and the supposed consequence. The observation of the process may be

entirely and absolutely erroneous. We probably expect something to happen and of course it does happen. There has been no real attention to the facts, and therefore nothing but a false or inaccurate and untrustworthy report will follow. Faith, that is superstition, seems responsible for most of our blunders. So, in the passage from the physical to the metaphysical, to the moral from the unmoral, from the material to the spiritual, from the mill round of stupid and stereotyped routine to religion, from the visible to the invisible, we assume that the same process continues, and there must be a tangible and substantial result in exactly the same kind as that of a different world altogether. The elements and ideas of both universes are mixed up in all sorts of impossible interactions and unholy combinations. We assume, for pure assumption it is, that pleasure must be the reward and pain the punishment, or pleasure the gain and pain the loss—according to the particular character of the case in hand. While, as a matter of truth, the direct response may be the very opposite. This conviction, from careless and inadequate attention, which has *prima facie* so much to justify it, seems embedded in the innermost and ultimate constitution of the human mind. That is to say, we begin with a faulty psychology, biassed in wrong directions. So we want at the outset an emendation of the faculties that we use or misuse. In this way the first theologians manufactured their preposterous heaven and hell, those crude rude creations of ignorance and fear and prejudice. It has been said, "The heart makes the theologian." But it would be far more correct to affirm that blind acceptance of old fallacious premisses had very much more to do with it. The theologians

constructed their heaven and hell out of a doctrine good enough for its own limited world, but entirely out of place and keeping in the moral realm and with the spiritual—a system which obtains no support whatever from the teaching of our Lord, beyond the transparent fact that like all prophets He adopted the language of poetry and metaphysics and the machinery of his time. He found ready to His hand the vast apocalyptic and eschatological literature, such as the *Book of Enoch*, which flourished between His birth and the last of the Old Testament prophets. Absurd people still hold that Christ ought to have spoken critically, and qualified all His utterances like a German Professor or Milton's God in *Paradise Lost*, if we are not to take Him literally. But had He taken this attitude and used the words of our age and the thoughts of our age, He would have met with no audience and produced no effect whatever, and the Gospel would have fallen flat and died at its birth. But His hearers necessarily understood Him as a prophet, and made the usual allowances or deductions, receiving His words in the spirit with which they were expressed. They never dreamed of taking literally all the parables and predictions. But they got what they expected, a thrill, a delightful moral shaking, a spiritual tonic, a religious rapture. It remained for future times to set up a verbal inspiration and a Chinese fidelity to the letter of the Gospel—if indeed they possessed that. It is only by doing violence to broad principles and the inner meaning of Christ's words, that we can extract from them the doctrine of pains and penalties, rewards and recompenses, because they were current coin and the only words that He could conveniently and intelligibly use then. How

could He talk English or modern ideas or science to men who knew but Aramaic or Greek, to Romans or Syrians? God Himself must be limited by the field of His operations, His materials and conditions. It would not be difficult to pick out passages here and there, which seem to advocate the exploded system of rewards and punishments, or exact compensation. But no honest student of the Gospels can maintain that this is the upshot, the ultimate, the spirit of His teaching. Compensation strikes a false note.

Superficial readers of His words often declare that nothing of a Socialistic nature will be found in them. They forget our Lord accepted the medium of His age. He found universal war and the institution of slavery, and the subordination of classes, and the position of women more or less inferior. He took them all, so to speak, for granted. But at the same time He laid down certain elemental principles, such as Love and Liberty, which He knew must eventually revolutionise the world and transform society. The time then was not ripe enough for more. But He sowed the seed of all that has been liberal and large and great in thought and action thereafter. "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." And so the peddling meanness of compensation, of tit for tat, of *quid pro quo*, could not conceivably have entered into the Divine heart which carried the cross of the world and eternity, and deemed that burden the one sufficient honour. Praise and applause, or any substantial acknowledgment, would have soiled and spoiled His offering. "Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame." When a god gives and a man or woman wishes to give like a god, payment becomes an insult. There is no balancing of

accounts in heavenly money-ledgers. The sacrifice, unless simply and purely and entirely disinterested, is no sacrifice. The very slightest taint of selfishness, or an ulterior personal motive, vitiates the deed of kindness and turns it into corruption—like a fly-blown lump of offal. Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth. We must not even admit to ourselves that we are concerned with any performances good or great. We act merely as channels chosen by God for some particular communication between Him and others. The wind blows, the water flows, the fire glows—because they must—they cannot help themselves. It is their nature to do so. And in like manner the Christodidact must be kind, must be giving, must be sacrificing, must be a glad and willing and grateful sufferer. Otherwise, he is but one of the Christemporoi or traffickers in truth. The delight (not duty, a lower and altogether unworthy stage) of the Christodidact, the very breath of his life, is just this—to be Christ and therefore to be himself—with an unconscious outpouring of his best and utmost, a spiritual spontaneity immediate and infinite without any reserve; not from desire of heaven or dread of hell. For the new Christ-ego in him cannot but work out its Christ-nature. Matter confronts us as a colossal reservoir of energy, and the Christian life is like the tapping of the ultimate fountains, the liberation of intra-atomic energy. And just as every equilibrium in Nature is only sensitive to the appropriate excitant, so the least admixture of private interestedness in any offering will prevent the outflow of Divine grace and nullify what would have been a seed of eternity.

F. W. ORDE WARD.

THE APPEAL OF CHRIST TO INDIA.

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

ONCE I asked a *Sadhu* of the Baul Sect: "Don't you eat in any and everyone's house?" He said: "No." When asked the reason he replied: "We do not eat in the house of those who do not acknowledge us." I said: "They may or may not acknowledge you; why don't you acknowledge them?" The man after a moment's silence said frankly: "Oh yes, here indeed is a dilemma."

We in India have been led by the spirit of exclusion which is inherent in our society. We have drawn lines as to where we shall eat and where not, and have thus erected ring-fences throughout our world. We have gone so far as to disown great men such as belong to the whole world and have put them under a taboo. We have decided not to eat in their houses.

Even against those whom God has sent to distribute food to the world we have enforced the restrictions of caste. Thus we have long entertained such an attitude of ill-will toward Jesus Christ. We have been unwilling to accept him in our heart.

But for this we are not alone to blame. Christ has been introduced to us chiefly by missionaries of the ordinary stamp, who have presented us with Christ hedged round with Christianity. Up to the present indeed they have made special efforts to attack our religious instincts with their creeds. Consequently

we have taken up an attitude of hostility for the sake of self-preservation.

In a state of hostility man loses his judgment, and in the excitement of this folly we have struck not only at Christianity but at Christ himself. But to attack a world-great man imagining him to be a foe is but to injure ourselves. In fact by entertaining wrath even against an enemy we have lowered the high ideal of our country and diminished our own worth.

Everyone knows that the first stage of English education in India brought about a crisis in our society. Our whole society was shaken to its foundations and the minds of those who received the education were greatly agitated. We believed at the time that religious worship in India was but the playing at religion of grown-up children, that there never had been a high ideal of religion nor any true conception of God in our country, and we began to be ashamed of ourselves. When Hindu society was thus being disintegrated and the minds of the educated thus undermined were being alienated from their country, when also our inward disrespect for our country made us too weak to stand against the attacks from without, the Christian missionary worked a mischief in our midst the influence of which has not yet disappeared from our minds.

But we have come through that crisis now. In that evil time when the sons of India were afflicted with doubts, Rammohan Roy discovered and disclosed to them the eternal possessions of their native land, disinterring them from the rubbish heaps under which they had been buried. We have now over-passed the days of religious mendicancy. Hindu religion does not now appear to us to be a collection of strange

stories and external observances. We can now accept without fear the teachings of the prophets of all the different religions and thereby enhance our own ancestral religious treasure.

In the days of misery, when man becomes weak and unstable, he passes from one extreme to another. In a delirious fever it is dangerous when the temperature rises; it is equally dangerous when it suddenly falls. We are now rushing headlong towards a danger the reverse of that of the past.

Even when the picture of our true greatness has been revealed to us, we have not the strength to realise it. Our rights are not secured, but our vanity has increased. There was a time when owing to our conservative instinct we preserved and gathered round ourselves the perversions and prejudices of our society and religion. And to-day we consider it a sign of strength to cling obstinately to these evils, though our doing so is really due to our vanity. We do not sweep our house and throw out the sweepings. We gather round us all we find; and we call it 'harmonisation' to mix and keep dust and gems without distinction. This is indeed the state we have come to. It is in reality inertia. Where there is no vitality, man fails to discriminate the relative values of things; to him there is no difference between good and evil, between truth and falsity. Selection is the law of life. Life discriminates the values of things, and accepts and rejects them accordingly, keeping what is really good for it and rejecting the opposite.

The impact with the West has brought about an awakening in us; but this awakening is mainly intellectual. What we noted again and again in ourselves at the first stage of this awakening was that our practice

was contrary to our intellectual findings. When this gradually led to self-reproach we endeavoured to discover an easy method of harmonising our theories with our practice. We have undertaken to prove that whatever we have is good and that there is nothing to be rejected.

Our awakening has been only one-sided. We have learnt that truth is knocking at our door; we respond, but do not open the door to welcome it. Thus our sin is increasing every day. It is a still more serious sin when we take a defiant attitude and deny this sin. Had we merely shut out truth for fear of other men's opinions and because of the lethargy of habit, and sat idle with our heads bowed down in shame, not so much mischief would have been done; but there cannot be a greater sin than to deny truth altogether and have recourse to sophistry to prove that falsity is truth. We do not hesitate to destroy truth to save the old rubbish of our house.

The weakness which is manifest in this endeavour is weakness of character. It is because our character lacks energy that we are ready thus to deceive ourselves and others in our work. We never have the wish courageously to face and acknowledge the evil of those practices, ceremonies and beliefs which are plunging thousands of our countrymen into ignorance, inactivity and misery, making us all petty, defeating our purpose, dividing us, disgracing us before the world and making us yield to every attack. We throw dust in our own eyes with subtle sophistry and live in effortless pretensions. With the growth of moral convictions and strength of character man begins to hate this futile nonsense; he cannot bear with patience the callous attempt to gild by subtle philosophic and

artistic manipulation the sorrows and miseries with which humanity is confronted.

From this we can now see our needs. We are not gaining in strength with the growth of knowledge. Our total self has not been fully awakened, and hence we have not succeeded in directing our lives into the straight part of goodness with the fearless power of manhood and with undivided energy.

In these days of misery and wretchedness we can turn for help and guidance to those great men who were never willing for any reason or inducement to deceive either themselves or others, who always stood against sham and falsity and, even though disgraced before the whole world, proved with their lives what is true and good. When we contemplate their lives our minds are set free from the evils of artificiality, sophistry and lifeless ceremonials, and thus we can be saved.

When we ponder on the life of Jesus, we find that those who are really great accept truth in its simplicity as the great asset of their lives; they do not pretend to preach any new path, any system of external rites or any strange doctrines. They come to preach very simple truths, to call things by their true and simple names, they declare with the greatest possible force this simple truth, that it is futile to encumber with extraneous materials that which is a matter of the heart. They tell us to arouse our minds; they tell us to look straight ahead and keep our gaze fixed on the good; they command us to remove blind habit from the throne of truth. They do not bring with them any strange and rare things for us; they only radiate from their shining eyes into our dark lives the eternal light which makes us wake with shame from our helpless

stupor till we break through the nets which we have woven round us so long.

What do we find when we wake? We discover **MAN**. We see before us our real being. We forget every day the true greatness of man. Hundreds of limitations imposed by Society and ourselves have made us powerless; we cannot have a full view of our nature. Those who have not belittled their gods nor set up artificial systems of worship, who have thrown away the badge of their slavery and declared themselves to be the sons of immortality, have revealed the true greatness of man to man. This is to offer salvation to man. Salvation does not lie in some distant heaven nor does it consist in pleasure or happiness; it consists in the enlargement of our spiritual rights, in the realisation of the Infinite. See then who stands in the eternal path and freely offers this salvation. Do not neglect him; do not try to injure him; do not degrade yourselves by declaring that he is nothing to you; do not disgrace your race by saying that he does not belong to it; break through the meshes of your prejudice and come out; bow to him in humility and say: "You are our very own, for in you we have truly discovered ourselves."

When a great man is born in any country, we consider the time favourable for his advent. This is true in a way; but there is a danger of misunderstanding. It is not right generally to call those circumstances adverse which are opposite to those which we call favourable. When a want is acute, a keen desire is aroused. Thus an acute want cannot be said to be adverse to a keen desire. When there is an unusual calm in the atmosphere, we know that a storm is imminent. In fact we find again and again in

history that nothing acts so favourably as contrary circumstances. This will be borne out if we consider the time in which Jesus was born.

We can clearly see in the present times what an overwhelming influence the power and wealth of man exert on us. We are as it were unwilling to admit anything greater than these. Men are tempted by this worldly power and wealth and devote their whole lives to their pursuit, adopting mendicancy, slavery and robbery to gain their ends, and do not allow themselves a moment's respite.

At the time when Jesus was born the power of the Roman Empire was at its height. Whichever way a man turned his eyes, the proud tower of Roman power and magnificence caught his vision. The minds of all men were overwhelmed by the activities and resources of Rome. At the time when the Empire was entangled in the meshes of its learning, its military strength and political power, in one of its remote corners a poor mother gave birth to Jesus.

Among the Jews the powerful influence of custom, tradition and law was not less striking than the mighty power of the Roman Empire. The religion of the Jews was confined within the circle of their race. It was their conviction that they were a people specially favoured by Jehovah, their God. They felt bound to him by a covenant, and the covenant gave them laws which were on record in the law books of their scriptures.

The religion of a people always living within the fixed limits of a code of rigid laws cannot but be narrow and stereotyped. But there was a way in which new life was infused from time to time into their minds, stifled though they were under a system

of ancient laws. Now and again a prophet would break through their stone walls and appear before them. They came with a direct perception of religious truth. They preached immortal truths, drowning the rustling of the dead leaves of the scriptures. Thus prophets like Isaiah and Jeremiah lighted beacons in the dark periods of Jewish history and their burning words consumed the dirt and refuse which had collected through ages.

The lives of the Jews were entirely regulated by custom and the scriptures. Though they were valiant as soldiers, they did not show any aptitude for political affairs. It was for this reason that they had to suffer in the political administration of their country at the hands of foreigners, their neighbours.

No prophet had arisen among the Jews for some time previous to the birth of Jesus. The people were all engaged at the time in an attempt to resist the stream of time, to smother the growth of life and to re-establish the old. The predominant tendency was to shut their doors and windows and to raise a wall to exclude permanently all that was without. Their law books secured the rigidity of their ceremonials; but there was no room for that freedom of thought and activity which is the basis of a truly religious life.

But however great may be the pressure of external forces, it cannot easily crush the life out of the spirit of man. When the inner soul is oppressed and not a ray of hope comes from without, a voice of trust and encouragement bursts forth from within. The man may not fully realise the significance of that voice, yet he preaches the trust which is implied in it. At such a time the Jews were talking of the Kingdom of

Heaven which they expected would soon come on earth. They hoped that their own God would give them the possession of this Kingdom of Heaven,—the golden age of the Jews, the people chosen by God, was at hand.

The idea that they must be ready for the dawn of this glorious age was silently working in their minds. It was for this reason that crowds of Jews flocked round John the Baptist in the desert when he called them to repent and be baptised in the Jordan. The Jews wanted to get rid of their condition of humiliation in the world by propitiating their God, and they were encouraged by the belief that the Kingdom of Heaven would be theirs and that then they would occupy the highest position in the world.

At this time Jesus also announced that the Kingdom of God was coming on earth. But who was he who would come to establish this Kingdom? He must, people thought, be a king, he must adopt a royal position. For how could he, without royal authority, promulgate the laws of religion in the world? Was not Jesus himself confronted with the same dilemma while meditating in the desert on the good of the world? Did not the thought cross his mind that he could keep his influence unimpaired only by basing the throne of God on political supremacy? It is said that Satan tempted him by offering him the kingdoms of the world. He overcame the temptation and was victorious. There is no reason why we should dismiss the story of the temptation as the fancy of the narrator. The royal banner of Rome was waving in the sky proud in conquest, and the whole of the Jewish people was indulging in the sweet dream of political independence. It is not strange then that

the thought which moved the whole people should also deeply disturb his own meditation.

But what is really wonderful is that he could break through this universal delusion and clearly perceive the true Kingdom of Heaven. He did not see it in the wealth and pomp of the world, nor in the brilliant glory of the great Empire ; but in the 'poor in spirit,' those without any external resources. He proclaimed without the least diffidence the wonderful words: "Blessed are the poor for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." What Jesus said with regard to the moral nature of man had been likewise said by the Rishis with regard to the mind: "Those who are patient have the right to enter into things."

Penetrating through all that is present to the senses, all that overpowers the mind of man by its presence and all the popular conventionalities of the age, he saw the Kingdom of God in a Reality where it is founded on its own internal strength independent of any external resources; where none can injure the honour of the dishonoured, nor spoil the wealth of the poor; where the humble are exalted; where the last are first. He taught this not in mere words. The name of the mighty Emperor by whose decree he was condemned to death occupies only an insignificant corner of the pages of history; but he who lost his life on the cross with a wretched criminal on either side, who had none but a few unknown and terrified followers at the time of his death, who had no power to stand against an unjust condemnation, is to-day reigning in the hearts of mankind in immortal glory, and is declaring even to-day: "Blessed are the poor

for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth."

Jesus has glorified man by indicating that the Kingdom of Heaven is within him. Had it been shown to be founded on external resources, the natural dignity of man would have been lowered. He has called himself the 'son of man' and has thus revealed to us what the 'son of man' is.

He has shown us, therefore, that the true nature of man is not realised in the power and splendour of an empire, nor in the instituted ceremonies of a religion. Man is real, for in him God is manifest. Standing in a human society he has called God 'Father.' The relation of a son to his father is the most intimate personal relation. "The son is one's own self." It is not an external relation consisting in obeying commandments or keeping a covenant. The glory of man consists in his relation of sonship to God. So man is greatest as the son of God, not as the sovereign of an Empire. Therefore when Satan offered him the kingdoms of the world, he refused them; he called himself the 'son of man.' He has thus glorified man.

In one of his teachings Jesus has condemned riches; he has said that money is the chief hindrance to one's salvation. This is not a meaningless asceticism. Its inner meaning is that the rich consider wealth as the mainstay of their life, and by habit they gradually learn to identify themselves with it. In such a state a man's true self is swathed in external wrappings. He who has freed himself from these wrappings discovers the manifestation of God in himself, and in this discovery is his hope of salvation. When man truly finds himself, he finds

God in himself ; but when in finding himself he finds only wealth and position, he dishonours his true self and denies God by his every-day life.

The ' son of man ' has exalted man and hence has refused to regard him as a mere machine. As external riches do not make a man great, so external forms cannot make him pure. External contacts and food cannot contaminate him, for they cannot reach his real being. Those who say that external circumstances and relations can make a man fall, degrade him. When a man loses his true greatness his activities become mean and narrow, his power decreases and he is involved in failures. It was for this reason that the ' son of man ' never considered ceremony and law as of equal import with the human soul ; he said that God should not be worshipped with offerings and sacrifices but with the love of one's heart. It was for this reason that he touched the untouchable, ate with the unclean, and instead of forsaking the sinner called him to the path of salvation.

More than this he realised himself and so God in all men. He said to his disciples that he who gave food to the hungry gave food to him, he who clad the naked clad him. He has never taught either by preaching or example that we should satisfy the instinct of worship by external ceremonies. Worship is not a mere means of self-indulgence in religious emotions. If we try to deceive God with offerings of flowers, food, clothes and gold, we deceive ourselves ; we only play with our religious emotions, and however much it may gratify us it disgraces our human nature. Those who have truly accepted the teachings of Jesus cannot pass their time in mere ceremonial worship.

To them the service of men is the true worship. Hard is their self-imposed task. They have left their beds of rest and ease, sacrificed their love of life and dedicated their lives to the service of cannibals and lepers in far-off countries. For their master, who has initiated them, is the 'son of man,' and in his advent God's love of man has been clearly manifest. For who else has glorified man in every way as he has done?

His disciples have called him the 'man of sorrows.' He has glorified suffering. Here again he has exalted man. When man realises himself through suffering and rises above it, he reveals that pure human self which no fire can burn, no weapon can mutilate.

He preached the love of God by his love for all mankind. No wonder that his life should hold out the lesson of bearing the world's burden of sorrows. For it is the law of love to volunteer to bear sorrows. The lifeless love of the weak only damps itself with futile sentimental tears. Love which has real life in it glorifies itself by self-sacrifice and the acceptance of suffering. The glory of that love is not the vain-glory of pride. It is impossible for love to be intoxicated with the wine of pride; there is in it a spring of nectar which gives immortality.

The teaching of Jesus that God is manifest in man is not a philosophical doctrine chained to a text of scripture. Because it was fully realised in his life, it is alive like a perennial tree that spreads its branches vigorously in all directions.

It is engaged in destroying thousands of obstacles—the conventions of the human mind. Men in the intoxication of power are every day insulting it and, in their pride of learning, heaping ridicule on it; the worshippers of power are expressing their contempt for

it as the outcome of the helplessness of the weak; the worldly-wise are hastily dismissing it as the futile sentimentality of the powerless. Yet silently and unostentatiously it is occupying the innermost recesses of the human heart; it is taking in strangers and making them its own; it is raising the fallen and is giving itself freely to those from whom it expects nothing.

It is thus that the son of God has exalted man, has removed his ignominy, has extended his rights and, with the good news that he is living in his Father's home, has removed his shrinking fear of dishonour. This is what is called giving salvation.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

(Translated from the Bengali by Professor Nishi Kanta Sen, M.A.)

OUR SPIRITUAL COMPLEMENT.

THE EDITOR.

IF we are of those who seek to know themselves, the more we try to discover the source of the inner disquiet and dis-ease we suffer from the play of our discordant desires, the deeper does the secret of this passion seem to recede into the depths of our being. Not only so, but the more we strive to make clear to ourselves what it is we really most desire, the master love of our hearts, the less are we satisfied with any definite idea our minds may form concerning it. On the one hand we are painfully conscious of our many imperfections; on the other our best reason assures us that we could not have this sense of our shortcomings, were it not that we already somehow in our deeper selves possessed the capacity of overcoming them. And from this reflection we gain the conviction and are imbued with the faith that man differs essentially from all other creatures on the earth in possessing the power and so being called to the high destiny of continual self-improvement.

Whenever then we attempt to set forth in words some of the higher possibilities for which we dare to hope, the intuition of them which we already possess in our deeper nature, makes our feeble and halting expression of the idea of the good to which we aspire appear not only inadequate but utterly unworthy. Nevertheless it is a useful discipline to try to put into

words what is so deeply felt. For in trying to put it into words we are compelled, not only to seek out and dwell upon the highest ideas and ideals we have already in our minds, but also to strive to improve upon them, owing to the inner necessity which the intuition of our most deeply feeling self imposes on us to seek to overcome the patent imperfection of our performance.

In all ordinary intercourse, if we would share even our more superficial thoughts with others, we must use the inadequate medium of speech. Most of us also in meditating within ourselves upon our own thoughts and mental activities find ourselves employing the same inadequate means of self-expression, as though we were two or more or even a host of separate people conversing. So that indeed, though all this multiplex activity is of one and the same individual and takes place within ourselves, it becomes objective to us, and thus we seem to know very little more of ourselves than we do of others. And if words are so inadequate to represent the process of meditating upon the activities of our own thoughts, much less are they capable of expressing the ever-changing life-play in us, the multitudinous activities of our feelings and emotions that are the more immediate witnesses to life itself and our living of it.

And so we are desperately conscious of falling short when we strive to represent to ourselves in words what we most deeply feel and the highest ideals to which we aspire. For here it is not a case of naming intellectual abstractions or the cold categories of impersonal thought; on the contrary we have to find fit words with which to convey the warmth and living reality of our deepest and most vital experience.

What a world of difference, for instance, is there between that philosophical iceberg of a term 'the Absolute' and the plain and homely, short and simple, but holy and potent name 'God.' The more fundamental and indispensable a thing or thought may be, the simpler and older would seem to be its name. Names are surely sanctified and made potent by long use, and especially those used in prayer and invocation. To tell the story and to sing the song of life therefore requires the supreme art of the simplicity of words that the poet and prophet alone possess. The philosopher and the man of science are rarely artists, and so for the most part their words evoke lifeless images in our minds and fail to quicken our hearts.

Ever since man began to be he has been more conscious of the life-play than of anything else; he has danced to the rhythm of the congress of the ceaseless divine creative energy in the world without him and in the world of his individual being. But until he could name it, he could not reflect upon it, and thus bring it into his self-consciousness. One day he named it, and brought it into existence for himself as an object of his conscious thought; and ever since then he has discovered that every name he has bestowed upon this inexhaustible reality has fallen short of that 'more' he already intuitively knows it must be. To express his feeling of it to himself or convey the sense of his thoughts concerning it to others, he is compelled to use words which, if they do not simply awaken sense-images of external things, at best adumbrate but a shadow of the substance of the measure of the realisation of it he already possesses. He knows his intellect can never fathom its profundity, and even that the whole of him he is conscious of being, must bow in

reverent silence before the sublimity of its transcendent worth and beauty.

The deepest intuition of reality which we possess is of that, not only in which we live and move and have our being, but of which we also are and from which we derive the consciousness of being all we are. It is in itself what men of religious feeling call the divine life, the spirit of God ceaselessly energising in a creative activity directed towards its own progressive self-completion. If on the one hand it for ever transcends us, on the other it is immanent in us, for ever seeking its own perfection. For were it not already in us, in potency at least, we could never have come so far as consciously to seek to know it; such a conscious and deliberate quest is a spiritual proof that already we feel with assurance, beyond the power of our doubting mind to destroy, what the nature of this transcendence needs must be, at least in part. This faith arises from the necessity of satisfying the need of our whole nature. Our intellect, which seeks its satisfaction in coming to know the laws that govern the relations of mutually external things and thoughts, has not the power of fulfilling this imperious need of our greater selves. It is spiritual faith alone which can give us the assurance that the supreme good we seek is, not simply the originating principle common to all of our activities, but the completion, perfection and fulfilment of this play of the divine life in and for our greater selves. On the one hand, this faith convinces us that it must be owing to the divine life that there energises for us and in us every motion of those modes of activity our intelligence discriminates as matter, life and consciousness. On the other, by the intuition which it vouchsafes to us of the fundamental unity of our

being, we are compelled to seek in it at the same time, not only the source of all these modes of our activity and the laws of their development, but also the harmonious consummation of the further process of their mutual interaction and co-operation.

When then I speak of 'our spiritual complement,' I desire to indicate the master mode of this reality, which will in due time fulfil every promise and develop every potency of our individual bodily, vital and mental activities, and order all into an harmonious whole which will eventually make us consciously free of an entirely new order of being. And I do not mean this in the sense simply of a higher rung of the ladder of grades of partial existence, but intend it to mean conscious realisation of the wholeness of life.

To speak of this limitless measure of the out-pouring of the divine beneficence and intimacy upon us in such abstract terms, I am only too painfully aware, is hatefully to desiccate its nature and pitifully to clothe it in the rags of the bare and lifeless categories of cold impersonal mentality. The intuition of the riches of the good for which we whole-heartedly yearn, brings only into clearer light the penury of the beggarly elements with which our minds can clothe it. We yearn to experience ever more intimately the life of that divine love which creates both lover and beloved, and causes them to exist in infinite modes, so that the riches of its fulness should be inexhaustible, and the knowledge of itself it would bestow upon us utterly immediate and intimate.

It is only this spiritual intimacy that can fulfil and satisfy our whole being, by bestowing upon us and developing from within us an ever fuller measure of realisation of that divine reality which constitutes for

us the very essence of our highest good. The divine spirit in this mode of fulfilment must of necessity be nearer and dearer to us than any partial good, however fair, nearer and dearer far than body, life and mind, or any other object of intimacy we know at present in our imperfection. For if, with the little knowledge we already possess concerning them, we are constrained gratefully to recognise the wondrous nature of these creations which the spirit has freely bestowed upon us, what will be the joy of our amazement when knowledge is increased by fuller and deeper experience of their inmost nature? Already in the lives of others we see or hear of innumerable developments of the spiritual life and high achievements that are beyond our present powers. And the faith its inner presence gives us, allows us to believe that these are sign-posts which indicate the nature of the future progress and development destined for ourselves. We may then say that we thus first experience from without through others the loaned consciousness as it were of the possibilities of our own better selves. And if we then turn within to try to know what this should mean, we find that it is our own deeper being that gives us this hope in what we may be. The promise and potency of what is to be are already within us; it is the impulse of the spirit sure of its own continual development, our conscience and our inner prophet, inspiring us with confidence that somehow and somewhere, in ways beyond our present power of understanding, we too shall be perfected and fulfilled. And in our highest moments we even dare to hope that in the consummation of the divine love the holy spirit will, not only bring to full maturity all powers of body, life and mind, but will further blend all these into a whole of such intimate

co-operation with one another and with itself that, by this harmonious perfecting of the wholeness of our being, we shall at last become conscious cosmic spiritual beings at one with the inmost order of the universe and at home in the divine presence.

Our spiritual complement, however, should not be taken to stand only for all we may be of what is better than what we are. It is surely this—our future whole-maker, healer and saviour. At the same time we should never forget that it has always been and is present not only within us but also without us. It has been and is now the complement of all we have been and of all we are. Nor are this future and this past by any means to be measured and estimated by the partial present consciousness which we are ever thinking ourselves to be. These ever-passing phases of us are not what we really are, but the fleeting moments of empiric consciousness, the foam upon the surface of the ocean of our life, created by the complementary action and reaction of the waves set up in the depth which is the abiding wholeness of our being.

No mechanical summation of such moments of empiric consciousness, no matter how far the series may be extended, can represent for us the true nature of the content of our life or our actual concrete self; that fundamental reality of our being must always be more than and of another order from any or all of its partial activities. To bring its nature within the scope of our awareness, the activity of our momentary empiric consciousness must first be stilled or rather transformed in the embrace of the complementary activity of our contemplative nature. This is the first condition of a union of a more vital order, and the new order of awareness thus engendered affords a ground

in which spiritual self-consciousness may gradually come to birth. What, however, is of prime importance to grasp is that this initial spiritual awareness cannot be generated by even the most strenuous efforts of the unaided practical intelligence. In its own order this practical mode of our mental activity is an instrument of immense utility and subtlety. It is as it were the power of concentration of our intelligence for the purpose of centring itself for ever more efficient and effective action in the world of mutually external things; but the more it concentrates itself the more it is divorced from life. This positive mental activity by itself is therefore spiritually barren, and must unite with its proper complement to reach its fulfilment in a new synthetic order of vital consciousness.

It is however precisely this concentrated intellectual energy, whose business it is to guarantee ever more efficient external activity, which constitutes the positive element in spiritual conception. But for spiritual fecundity it must be embraced in the stillness and quietude of the contemplative mind, which we may call the passive element, though it is really super-positive. Nor is the practical intelligence fit to play its part as an element in the generation of spiritual self-consciousness until it has reached appropriate maturity, by unceasing efforts at adjustment and refinement under the stern discipline of struggling to know and manipulate the concrete facts of the sense-world, which constitute the natural external order of the spiritual life of the universe. And if the practical intellect is the means of knowing externally the nature of the out-going energy of the spirit, the contemplative intelligence is the means of coming to know internally the manner of how it takes up its

exteriorising energies once more into itself and perfects them by the inwardising of its own processes. It is therefore only when these two necessary agencies of self-knowledge mutually yield themselves to one another and blend, that they are further nourished and nurtured and fulfilled by the spirit itself into a new order of wholly self-conscious being. The man who is beginning to be aware of the energising of this ever new mode of reality in him, is by no means a negative existence resigned to playing a passive *rôle* in life, but is on the contrary more and more conscious of the positive assent of his whole being to co-operate with the spiritual process without and within him, exactly in proportion as he finds that nothing else brings him the slightest satisfaction. His will becomes centred on the effort to adjust and order his life according to the ever clearer promptings of his spiritual complement, which he now whole-heartedly recognises as proceeding from the good pleasure and the supreme reason of his highest being. He no longer grudges the labour or shrinks from the pain of freeing himself from his old habits of bondage to the usual and to the gratification of his undisciplined desires and personal passions, but becomes a spiritual ascetic, training his whole nature to yield willing obedience to the supreme law of freedom, which reveals its divine nature only to those who love good more than themselves. For what else but the balancing up of our whole nature into a single will and love for good can free us from our bondage to our appetites, and give us a foretaste of the freedom of the spiritual life; and what else but the harmonising life of the spirit can banish our sense of separateness and fulfil our being so that we over-pass all those limitations of ourselves which make us as it

were a barrier between the world and God. To enjoy the newness of being the all-embracing spiritual life confers, by the transmutation and transfiguration of our individual lives, the man that we were must become as nothing in the wholeness of the man we would be. Even as an ancient word of wisdom has it: "Blessed is the man who knoweth this [spirit], and has brought down heaven, and borne up earth and raised it to heaven; and [this new state] becometh the midst, for [the present midst that separates our heaven and our earth] is a nothing."

Heaven and earth embrace and kiss each other in the man who thus knows the spirit; God and the world are united. The man that was is caught up and transmuted into true manhood, and the man that now is can regard all that he thought he was as a non-existent limitation for him, as the dream of a past that is as nothing compared with the intense, immediate and vital reality which his awakened spiritual consciousness has now revealed to him. Spiritual consciousness takes up into itself all those limitations of time and space which constitute for us the state of separation, in which we are bound by that objective mode of thinking which cuts up the new and living present into the dead images of the past. The liberty of the spirit transcends these limitations, not by eliminating them, but by perfecting them with their complementary activities. In the immediacy of spiritual realisation the limitations of the past cease in the forms in which we have previously known them, because in that perfect state the whole of our being is present to itself and so fulfills itself. The past ceases to be past, because it is no longer thought of as past, but realised as actually present, not in the mode of a

series of mental images, but as a complete and immediate living reality which explains itself without break. And yet we are bound to believe that but for this accommodation of the otherwise overwhelming power of reality to our gradually developing consciousness, we could never come at last to know it. We could never become conscious of the freedom of the spirit without a prior knowledge of what it has meant to be in exile from it. The will that separates us from God on the one hand and the world as it really is on the other, is the false imagination whereby we veil ourselves from our true selves by thinking that we are nothing else but what we momentarily seem to be.

Such reflections are but the echo of the ancient mystic tidings that to live in the spirit we must become as dead to all lower desires and lesser cares. Such reflections are the feeble effort of our minds to grasp the purport of the supreme paradox that only by the continual practice of self-naughting, that is of transcending what we seem to be, can we enter into an ever larger measure of the fulness of our true being. It is this clinging to the past, this imagining that we are nothing but what we think we are, from looking back upon the superficial track of our passage through external things, that is the cause of most of our sufferings and difficulties. If we could only let this go, in the assurance that it is at best a most feeble and fleeting representation of what has really taken place, and could have a living faith in the future, in that inexhaustible power of the newness of life which promises us the progressive freedom of ever fuller being, we could shake off most of the burdens which oppress us and go forward with lighter hearts. It is because we would fit all things into the narrow frame

of what we have been, of what we have perceived and felt and thought, as represented in what we can recall of the memory of the short experience of life in our present body, that we raise in our path endless difficulties and pose to ourselves countless problems that really need not arise. We project the limitations of this narrow past upon the free movement of the future, and hamper its native possibilities by our apprehensions, doubts and hesitations.

This bad habit seems well-nigh incurable ; nothing seems effectively to break us of it, although experience rightly read should go far to convince us of our folly. For who of us in maturer years cannot recognise the wisdom of the philosopher who at the end of a long life exclaimed : "I have had many troubles in this life, and most of them never happened !" A mind that should persist in identifying itself solely with its past memories and making its past the measure of its future, would first become a prison, then a torture-chamber and finally a tomb. And yet for most this memory of themselves would seem to be what they desire to cling to most desperately as their most precious possession. In the West even among men of religion all hopes for the future are limited by this clinging to the past, and in orthodox circles they would have even their actual physical bodies resurrected after death. In the East, on the contrary, the fleeting nature, not only of the body, but of all that constitutes the 'me' of present consciousness, has been recognised by most thinkers. It is precisely from the bondage of this 'me' that such men of religion seek liberation, and they regard the mind that thinks such paralysing thoughts concerning itself as the slayer of the real and the enemy of the true life-giving self.

Personally I can imagine no greater hell than to be for ever bound to what I have been in any mode I can at present conceive that past. The heaven for which I long is precisely to be freed from this mass of undigested experience, by entering into a state of being where the good of it can be assimilated in the completion of the process that shall transmute it into spiritual knowledge and realisation. The larger hope that animates my deeper life is that this past 'me,' which I already know to be so imperfect an expression of what I am even now conscious of being, this past 'me' which is objective to my present powers of recollection and reflection, may, when I come to consciousness of all that is hidden in my subconscious nature, be found to be already largely completed and explained. So that when I reach this blessed state of understanding in the dawning light of spiritual self-consciousness, the whole-making self that I then shall consciously be, will not only not be the 'me' of the past which now confronts the present 'me' with its record of manifold imperfections, but not even the 'me' of present consciousness which recalls, reflects upon and judges these imperfections. This imperfect mode of discursive and partial self-recognition will, I hope, be outrounded and completed in a new mode of genuine self-realisation.

For if I look back on my past I do not see what I actually am; I do not see as it were the ship of my soul cutting its way through the waves of the ocean of life, buffeted and weather-beaten it may be by storm and stress, but piloted by the spirit towards the harbour of salvation,—that spiritual self-realisation in which the memory of all the labours and the dangers of the voyage will be the most potent means of intensi-

fying the joy of the knowledge of safety. For if I now in my ignorance look back upon my past, I see simply the track behind, the eddies that my passage has made upon the surface of things perceived. What understanding of my present self, of my life and its purpose, can I get from such a backward superficial gaze? I must turn my gaze on board, seek out the pilot from the crew and from him learn about the goal of the voyage and how to steer to reach it.

To reflect rightly upon the past, however, is useful, not only in so far as we can profit by our past experience and avoid errors in the future, but also because we can thereby come to realise that we are to-day strangely different from what we were, and that we would not even if we could go back to what we have been. If I look back on the days of my childhood, for instance, I find that the 'I' which recollects is so vastly different from the 'I' of that child that it cannot enter into the manner of the latter's consciousness; and yet I am compelled to regard both these 'I's' as activities of my greater self. I do not know how it is with others, but personally I cannot put myself back into the consciousness of the child that was. I try to conjure up some feeling of the depth of ignorance in which I imagine it must have been; but as it probably had no proper self-consciousness of its ignorance, I am presumably simply casting upon this image from the past an erroneous inference from my present self-consciousness. When I recall this child from memory I simply see subjectively its little body quite objective like all the other objects in the picture; not as looking through its eyes at its surroundings, but seeing it as I now see any other child in its setting. Now though I have no wish to repudiate responsibility for the many mistakes that

little mite made in its ignorance or to take credit for what was rightly done through it, I am nevertheless constrained to believe that the responsibility and credit, whatever they may be, are fundamentally the business of my still greater self. That is, I believe my spiritual complement has the whole in hand, for I know that my present partial recollecting self is still in ignorance of how rightly to explain and evaluate this past. Nevertheless if I summon this little mite from the past before the bar of my present judgment, though I recognise the weakness of self-pity, I am by no means inclined to be hard on it. Indeed my more generous self, that has been schooled by suffering into some measure of understanding, can make out a good case in excuse for most if not all of its childish failings. Nor do I think this is contrary to the better promptings in me, for though I have learned that it is the reverse of virtue to excuse oneself in the present, the 'I' that shoulders the present responsibility has also learned that it should be merciful to all in greater ignorance than itself. This spiritual feeling of benevolence and pity for the weak and ignorant is surely as gracious a characteristic when exercised with regard to one's own past as with regard to the present of others; but equally necessary is it to put forth all one's will not to repeat what experience has taught us we ought to avoid as acts of ignorance and weakness and in the case of evil will as deeds of sin. It is this determined setting of the will towards the good that is the sign of the beginning of conscious co-operation with the beneficent activity of our spiritual complement, and the opening of the direct path to understanding what it has purposed for us in all the manifold experiences of our chequered existence.

This mode of spiritual understanding then is clearly not a function of the intellect alone; it is an energy of that which can harmonise the whole of our nature. Just as we have the power of ever deeper introspection into our own minds and of reflection upon our sensations and cognitions, our emotions and sentiments, our thoughts and ideals, so also do we possess the synthesising power of that determination of the will which turns upon itself, and consciously labours to bring the individual life with which it has been dowered, first into harmony with the wholeness of itself, and then into harmony with the life of the spirit, so that it may experience the fulness of its being, and therewith its immediate kinship with the divine life that finally takes it up wholly into itself in its all-embracing love. The will that thinks itself free must convert itself in order to realise the true nature of freedom. It is therefore the faith of the converted will that is the instrument of spiritual knowledge, for it alone can recognise its kinship with the divine will in its mode of completing and perfecting the process of its own creative operation.

The natural or unconverted will is the desire of possessions in the world and the gratification of personal passion; it cannot experience the free life of the spirit, much less possess it. It seeks its satisfaction in external things and strives to acquire power over them. Surely this craving for possessions and selfish gratification is the source of all our present troubles and illusions. For as a matter of fact we, the 'we' we think we are, do not really own even the life we seem to have at our disposition. And here we are face to face with one of the greatest mysteries of our existence. Nevertheless most people never give it a

thought; for it is what they have always been used to, and they do not know that even for the man of science who deals only with external things, the usual and ordinary constitute the most difficult of all problems. But for the philosopher and man of religion it is an amazing thought to find oneself dowered with powers of body, life and mind, freely placed at our disposal for experiment and use, which by no stretch of the imagination can we suppose any human power or knowledge could have originated or developed. We find these precious products of a wisdom far beyond our comprehension freely placed at our disposition. Our ignorance is allowed to experience and experiment upon a world of marvellous objects brought into existence and maintained by the wisdom of creative life, and to do this by means of living instruments and powers which are the highest products of the world-order known to us. Rightly considered it is the most amazing paradox of life to find that ignorance should have the liberty to experiment with instruments and objects so vastly superior in every way to itself. And yet how infinitely more valuable must be the nature of the being this ignorance beclouds, when it is thought worthy of such precious gifts? In face of such overwhelming facts, are we not compelled to believe that this ignorance, which seems in last analysis to be the providential limitation of the license of the individual will, must be not only an integral part of the grand process, but the only means of evolving a higher order of human consciousness and a sublimer grade of personal being? But just as inertia is necessary for the manifestation of energy in the sensible universe, and yet both are of one another, namely potential energy in ether and kinetic energy in matter, so we

may not too rashly suppose that the ignorance in which we know we are, is already a knowledge of its kind, being what we may call our sense of the intelligible inertia of the spiritual universe. It should therefore be considered by us to be the necessary means of the development and intensification of our self-knowledge, and consequently an indispensable moment in the grand process. When this is once recognised, we consciously enter that most critical stage of willing co-operation with the divine process, whose end and purpose in and for us is to consummate itself in the supreme achievement of spiritual self-consciousness.

Compared with the ideal of spiritual knowledge we can thus even now conceive, the inertia of our present ignorance which we ever more keenly feel is vast indeed. If on the one hand the facts of evolution lead me to believe that this entity of mine, which is the object of my reflection, is the outcome of the whole prior development of the universe as my mind conceives it, on the other these facts give me not the slightest knowledge of how the deepest reason in myself, which makes this 'me' of mine the object of its patient scrutiny, has arisen. The will which uses my mind to trace the evolutionary history of the structural development of my body, cannot compel its life to reveal its secret, much less can it force from my mental instrument the knowledge of how I myself have come to be a witness and a seeker; for I who use it am not its product and it can never know myself, though when rightly used it may help towards that most desirable consummation.

Whither then can I turn for help in all this bitter conflict and clash of contradiction which I feel and

know within the creature that I am? For my own part I can see no better way out than to take refuge in the ideal of the harmonising of the wholeness of my being, in the reality of which I am constrained to believe. And I feel that I am rightly and reasonably constrained to believe in it, because somehow or other I have to confess that already I have in the depths of me an awareness or sort of knowledge of it; for how else could I possibly be so deeply conscious of this bitterness of conflict and sense of want? The very sense of need and absence which I feel is the proof of the presence in me of the wholeness that I would be; and so my ever-pressing need gives rise in me to a deep and constant prayer of aspiration, which if it were put into words of superficial supplication might run: "O Thou who dost fulfil all things, fill up the things that fall short in me!" I thus turn for help to the conviction that my spiritual complement is able to achieve all good for me. And so when I reflect upon the infinite nature of the need of which I am so conscious, I can take refuge in nothing short of the self-completing fulness of the divine life, whose love and way of living is to sacrifice itself for every partial life, giving itself freely to all creatures that they may pass from the narrow sense of separation which is the seed of their self-consciousness, through the bliss of union with ever higher grades and wider sweeps of conscious being, into the final realisation of the fulness of all things in the divine presence.

The first, though perhaps the most difficult, lesson to learn in this school of the spirit, is to get by heart the conviction that though all things in the universe seem to be in conflict with each other, they are not in conflict with the spirit. This conviction of the heart

is a powerful aid to the conversion of the will from its absorption in the struggle for a false mastery over the things of the world by an intensification of the conflict, to obedience to the promptings of the spirit who alone is the true ruler and peace-bringer. For the will can win no real victory, and so be at peace with itself, until it can reconcile its activities with the working of the absolute spiritual law which envisages the well-being of the whole, and is the synthesis and completion of the finite laws which determine all the grades of separate existence. In other words, he who would follow the way of the spirit must first co-operate with it to this extent at least, that he strives to correct and rectify himself, by converting his will from the self-seeking struggle to gratify his own personal desires to the self-forgetting devotion that is mindful of the well-being of others. If this good will, which is the first sign of the birth in us of the infinitely expansive energy of spiritual love, arises in the heart, then is there present with us the beginning of the synthetic power of the spiritual life which is the master means of transmutation and co-ordination. It is as it were a unitary life into which the complex forms of activity which make us conscious of the inexhaustible riches of the concrete world, can be taken up and ingathered and transformed, so that there may be brought to birth in us the spiritual virtues which are to be the means of our sharing consciously in the divine life.

From the point of view of this gradual birth into a wholeness of being, the whole of the past history of becoming is somehow ours, or at any rate its whole effects are miniaturized in us, constituting as it were a seed, which when planted in the ground of that deeper

and better nature in us which such good will reveals, brings forth the glorious plant of our spiritual personality.

But such high hopes can never come nigh us if we permit our minds to be hypnotised by the glamour of the power of manipulating the mechanical laws of the universe, which we are beginning to use with such conspicuous ability. These laws in isolation tell us nothing of life, much less of spirit. Nevertheless many are so hypnotised by their sense of possessing power over matter, that they imagine they have gained mastery over life as well. They think they can destroy life, because they can do such violence to bodies that life can no longer manifest itself in them. But their power of destruction cannot reach life. As a matter of fact it extends only over the forms of matter, and not over matter itself; for the destroyers themselves are compelled to recognise the indestructibility of matter, and their whole conception of its laws is based on the fundamental dogma of the conservation of matter and energy. How much more then are those who see in life and mind infinitely more valuable realities, justified in assuming their indestructibility and persistence in their proper orders of being? The power of destroying bodies can never force life's secret from it; life cannot be enslaved or murdered; it must be wooed to be won.

Now the individual human life, which is so marvellously rich in the varied modes of its activity, constitutes the highest glory of our world. From within ourselves we know it as that which in its least conscious activities wisely holds together according to a determined plan and perpetually renews the countless units of energy which constitute the organic system of our body. Why then are we not justified in believing

that it must be more than and superior to and the directive synthesis of these units? Surely it cannot be simply a mechanical summation of such units, and simply identical with this ever-changing complex of atomic structures of which we have on purely material lines of research now discovered each unit in its turn to be a system of electrical energies?

The death of the body signifies that the synthesising life has left it. That which held it together by continually renewing its parts according to a controlling plan and purpose inherent in its very nature, has ceased to energise in that particular little universe within the great whole of material things. The body then disintegrates; but the function of life is not to disintegrate but to integrate. Of the nature of atoms we can form some notion, though they escape our sense; they have to be inferred from the behaviour of their complexes. And if even atoms escape our powers of perception, how much more withdrawn from sense must be the electronic systems of dynamic units which we are now further compelled to assume within every single atom? But as for life and its magistral directive power, it is of an order so vastly superior that no inference from the behaviour of any complex of mutually external atoms can explain its nature. Life is not fabricated or constructed from without; it creates and constructs and developes from within, using the units of energy in the external world for the clothing of its creatures.

We may then reasonably conclude that the reality which determines the whole process of our physical embodiment with a wisdom that is beyond our comprehension, must be of a value vastly beyond the brute material and the mechanical forces that are used

in the process. And if we find ourselves privileged to experiment with the living entity we call ourselves and which is already so marvellously ordered, we may also reasonably conclude that that which is so privileged, must also in its turn be of more value even than the life it uses, but cannot comprehend. The self-conscious organism that we use is by no means the whole of us, for we possess the far higher power of reflecting upon our own self-consciousness and making it the object of our meditation; and this power of meditation induces the awareness of the insufficiency of our self-consciousness, and fills us with a yearning for a good transcending all the partial goods we know we have already had bestowed upon us.

By whatever means we arrive at this spiritual awareness, when it does arise our whole nature begins to turn towards this highest good. The presence that we dimly feel in our highest moments becomes for us the only reality we can rightly desire to know, in the full assurance that this all-embracing spiritual consciousness is the only mode of knowing that can wholly fulfil our every need and unify our being, so that we become fully enlivened in the divine life, enlightened throughout with the radiance of the divine mind and suffused with the bliss of the divine love. In brief, we begin to pass from the slavery of our manifold partial and imperfect desires into the freedom which a single all-embracing love confers upon us. We have arrived at that stage of the conversion of the will when we are filled with the desire of dedicating ourselves wholly to the service of the good. But this desire to give ourselves freely to the service of the good, this dawning of the genuine love of God within our hearts, is not the false ideal of a contemplative

life withdrawn from the world and our fellow men. There can be no real satisfaction in adoring an abstract ideal of goodness, of worshipping a God emptied of the infinite glory of the whole creation. Already our dawning sense of the nature of true wholeness compels us to the faith that God must be sensed and recognised and found in and through creation and not apart from it, in and through the whole of nature, in and through every living creature and most of all in and through our fellow-beings. This is the most immediate way of the spiritual life, the most practical means of the fulfilment of ourselves by union with our spiritual complement, which then becomes present and actual to us at every moment of our existence. For a man blessed with such a constant awareness of the divine presence in all things, and fortified with the conviction that this spiritual consciousness can be infinitely deepened, life becomes of absorbing interest and infinitely worth living at every moment. And as he realises ever more and more how all is complemented and fulfilled by the divine spirit, his life becomes a perpetual song of praise, the natural expression of a heart that bursts with gratitude for this highest gift of the divine goodness.

This at any rate is what I have come to believe from dwelling on the imperfect records of the spiritual experience of the most gifted of our human-kind, and trying to discover what response the recital of such master facts of human consciousness has awakened in my own better nature.

G. R. S. MEAD.

RAMMOHAN ROY.¹

Sir KRISHNA G. GUPTA, K.C.S.I.

THE practice of observing anniversaries, especially in honour of the dead, is universal. In honouring the dead the living but honour themselves, as it is to them of incalculable benefit that the memory of great deeds done, of great lives spent and of great missions fulfilled should be kept alive, so that it may serve as a fruitful inspiration from generation to generation.

It has been said, and not without reason, that man is but the product of his environment, by which his physical and moral growth is shaped and moulded, and that the place where he is born and the conditions under which he is reared determine his whole being. This is perhaps more or less true of mankind generally. But occasionally and at great distances of time, a man is born who furnishes a notable exception to this rule. He breaks away, as it were, from his environment even at an early period of his life, and starts on a new path of his own with a clearer perception of the present and a more far-reaching vision of the future than his contemporaries, before whom he holds the torch of light and whom he teaches to emerge from the surrounding gloom and to escape from the shackles that hold them down to evil ways and customs. He meets with much opposition, much ridicule, much

¹ A paper read by the President of the London Brahmo Samaj at an Anniversary Meeting in honour of Raja Rammohan Roy, the founder of the Samaj.

persecution ; but nothing daunted he pursues his onward course and, though his success is not always apparent at the time, the light grows and spreads and gradually illumines wide areas. Such then is the characteristic of men who are regarded as great, and the grateful reverence in which their memory is held by succeeding generations makes some amends for the scant recognition which they received during their lifetime.

From time immemorial India has been the birth-place of many great men, of many notable preachers, of many noble reformers. Long before any ray of spiritual light had shone on any other part of the Aryan world, while Greece and Rome were still unknown and Egypt and Assyria were grovelling in the mire of idolatry and superstition, India, about 1000 B.C. or even earlier, produced the Vedāntas and above all the Upanishads, which for the first time boldly proclaimed the unity and all-supremacy of a Divine Creator and enjoined his adoration—not by means of rites and sacrifices but by loving him and doing what was pleasing to him. It is difficult to say how far the sublime sentiments and the lofty ideals of the Upanishads found general acceptance ; the probability is that the vast body of the people continued the practices of popular Hinduism, which gradually degenerated into a lifeless religion of mere form and ritual. In the seventh century B.C. came Gautama Buddha, who preached his great doctrine of love and renunciation with such success that in course of time the whole of India was converted to the new faith, which also spread extensively in South Eastern Asia. Buddhism flourished in India for centuries ; but it did not escape the contagion of idolatry, with the result

that by about the beginning of the Christian era it had got more or less assimilated with popular Hinduism, and the product of this combination was much worse than the Hinduism which Buddha assailed with so much success. The next 1000 years or more witnessed the gradual debasement of Hinduism—the multiplication of gods and goddesses which filled the Hindu pantheon, the tightening of the caste system, the degradation of women and the introduction of such inhuman practices as Suttee, which not only corrupted the spiritual and communal life of the Hindus but also disintegrated their political power, so that when in the thirteenth century the victorious hosts of Islam poured in from the West, the Hindus fell an easy prey to them and India's political as well as spiritual downfall became complete. The voice of protest was not wholly dumb. Chaitanya, Ramanuja, Kabir, Nanak and other reformers appeared from time to time, but could make little headway amid the deepening gloom of ignorance and superstition.

Then came the nations of the far West, not by land, but by sea, and in 1757 on the field of Plassy Clive defeated the reigning Nabab and won for his king and country the rich province of Bengal, and laid the foundation of British supremacy which now extends all over India.

Rammohan Roy was born in 1772, *i.e.* fifteen years after the battle of Plassy. And what was the state of the country at that time? It was in a most unsettled condition. The moral and spiritual aspects of religion and its elevating influence upon character had long been lost sight of, and in their place the grossest superstitions had taken hold of the national mind.

Rammohan Roy was much oppressed with the

moral and spiritual degradation of his countrymen, and like all great reformers gave early indication of his future career. His parents and other relatives were extremely orthodox, and he was brought up strictly in the ancestral faith. Under his father's roof he received the elements of vernacular education and also acquired the Persian language. He was afterwards sent to Patna to learn Arabic, and lastly to Benares to obtain a knowledge of the Sanskrit language. His masters at Patna set him to study Arabic translations of some of the writings of Aristotle and Euclid; and it is probable that the training thus given his mind in acuteness and close reasoning, and the knowledge which he acquired of the Mahommadan religion from Mussulmans whom he esteemed, contributed to that searching examination of the faith in which he was educated, and this led him eventually to the important efforts he made to restore it to its early simplicity. At the early age of sixteen or seventeen he wrote a treatise against idolatry and superstition; but when this work came to the notice of his father, he was expelled from home. He spent many years in travel, going even into Tibet—not an easy journey, especially in those days. He had so far not come under Western influence. It is obvious therefore that his first and early revolt against the prevailing beliefs and practices of his countrymen was inspired by the innate promptings of a great seer, assisted by a knowledge of the monotheism of Islam. In a remarkable autobiographical note he says with reference to his manuscript calling in question the validity of the idolatrous system of the Hindus: “This, together with my known sentiments on that subject, having produced a coolness between me and my immediate kindred, I proceeded on my travels . . .

with a feeling of great aversion from the establishment of British power in India. When I had reached the age of 20, my father recalled me, and restored me to his favour; after which I first saw and began to associate with Europeans, and soon after made myself tolerably acquainted with their laws and form of government. Finding them generally more intelligent, more steady and moderate in their conduct, I gave up my prejudice against them, and became inclined in their favour, feeling persuaded that their rule, though a foreign yoke, would lead more speedily and surely to the amelioration of the native inhabitants."

At the age of twenty-two Rammohan Roy began the study of the English language, but not very seriously. His father died in 1804 or 1805 and left him in possession of considerable property. From this period he appears to have begun his plans of reforming the religion of his countrymen; and in the progress of his efforts to enlighten them he must have expended large sums of money, for he gratuitously distributed most of the works which he published for the purpose. He published in Persian, with an Arabic preface, a work entitled *Against the Idolatry of All Religions*. In 1814 he applied himself diligently to the study of English, and also acquired some knowledge of Latin. In his new and magnificent house in Calcutta he gradually gathered round him inquiring intelligent Hindus of rank and opulence, some of whom united as early as 1818 in a kind of monotheistic worship. About this time he published many works on the Vedāntas and Upanishads. In the meanwhile he was learning to have a decided leaning towards Christianity. In a letter to an English friend he wrote in 1817:

"The consequence of my long and uninterrupted

researches into religious truth has been, that I have found the doctrines of Christ more conducive to moral principles, and better adapted for the use of rational beings, than any other which has come to my knowledge."

In order to obtain a more accurate understanding of the Bible he acquired the knowledge of the Hebrew and Greek languages. That he was a man of strong convictions and liberal views was further proved by the fact that he published in 1820 in English, Sanskrit and Bengali a series of selections from the New Testament, which he entitled *The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Peace and Happiness*. At the close of his preface he says :

"This simple code of religion and morality is so admirably calculated to elevate men's ideas to high and liberal notions of one God . . . and is also so well fitted to regulate the conduct of the human race in the discharge of their various duties to God, to themselves and to society, that I cannot but hope the best effects from its promulgation in its present form."

But because he had omitted all reference to controversial dogmas such as the Trinity, Atonement, etc., it brought upon him some severe and unexpected animadversions, and he was soon drawn into a violent controversy with the orthodox missionaries. In reply to his Christian critics he published an *Appeal to the Christian Public* in defence of his *Precepts of Jesus*, which brought forth further protests from men like Dr. Marshman. A remarkable reply came from Rammohan Roy in his second *Appeal*, which was distinguished by the closeness of his reasoning, the extent and critical accuracy of his scriptural know-

ledge, the lucid statement of his own opinions and the skill and acuteness with which he controverted the views of his opponents. His final *Appeal* was published in 1823. It is interesting to note that the famous French writer Sismondi in an article published in 1824, after some important observations respecting the institution of castes and the sacrifice of widows, thus proceeds :

“ A glorious reform has, however, begun to spread among the Hindus. A Brahmin, whom those who know India agree in representing as one of the most virtuous and enlightened of men, Rammohan Roy, is exerting himself to restore his countrymen to the worship of the true God, and to the union of morality and religion. His flock is small, but increases continually. He communicates to the Hindus all the progress that thought has made among the Europeans. He is among them, by a much juster title than the missionaries, the Apostle of Christianity.”

The work and writings of Rammohan Roy attracted much attention in England, and frequent and long references are to be found in the various Missionary periodicals of the time from 1816. The Unitarians welcomed him as one of their best and most esteemed coadjutors. A unique and interesting result of Rammohan Roy's prolonged polemics with the orthodox Christian missionaries was the conversion in 1821 to Unitarianism of Mr. William Adam, a young Baptist missionary who was nicknamed by his Christian critics the 'Second Fallen Adam.' With Rammohan Roy's help he opened a Unitarian mission in Calcutta in 1824. The Sunday Unitarian service was regularly attended by Rammohan Roy and his followers and they delighted to call themselves Unitarian Hindus. Fed

the Unitarian mission did not prosper, and in 1828 the Brahmo Samaj was established, for carrying on the service of the One God on a theistic basis as conceived in the Upanishads. The first Prayer Hall, however, was not opened till Jan. 1830. This was the crowning point of Rammohan Roy's life, the fruit of years of toil, devotion and singleness of purpose, undeterred by suffering, disappointment and relentless persecution. How bravely he bore his trials will appear from the following extract from one of his works :

“By taking the path which conscience and sincerity direct, I, born a Brahmin, have exposed myself to the complainings and reproaches even of some of my relations whose prejudices are strong and whose temporal advantage depends upon the present system. But these, however accumulated, I can tranquilly bear, trusting that a day will arrive when my humble endeavours will be viewed with justice, perhaps acknowledged with gratitude. At any rate, whatever men may say, I cannot be deprived of this consolation : my motives are acceptable to that Being who beholds in secret and compensates openly.”

These noble words have indeed come true.

Rammohan Roy was the first educated Indian to visit Europe. He came here in 1831 after a long voyage round the Cape, and met with a warm and cordial reception. In 1831 and 1832 a Committee of the House of Commons was sitting on the affairs of India, and the evidence which he gave before that Committee showed a wonderful grasp of the political situation and future out-look of the country. He died at Bristol in 1833 and was cremated at Stapleton Grove. His remains were afterwards removed to Arno Vale Cemetery and some years later over them a beautiful

mausoleum was erected by Dwaraka Nath Tagore, grandfather of our well-known poet Rabindra Nath Tagore.

We should do well to dwell on the life of such a man. He has every claim to be regarded as great. Like all truly great men, he came with a divine mission. He came to free his countrymen from the thralldom of spiritual slavery. He was only sixteen when he sounded the first trumpet call against idolatry and superstition. At that early age he did not hesitate to rise superior to his environment, to cast aside the shackles that tied him down. It was God-vision and Divine inspiration that sustained and supported him then and throughout his life. His soul rebelled against idolatry and his first definite idea of monotheism he apparently obtained from the Koran. Not long afterwards his knowledge of Sanskrit opened to him the rich treasures which were contained in the Upanishads, and later in life, when he learnt English, he was much impressed with the moral truths of the Bible and for a time even called himself a Unitarian Hindu. It is then evident that he benefited by the teachings of the three great religions of Islam, Hinduism and Christianity. His great work, the sole mission of his life, was to banish idolatry and re-establish the worship of the one true God in his country. So far I have dwelt mainly on the spiritual aspects of Rammohan Roy's life. But his political and social work also was of a very high order. He fought bravely against the pernicious system of caste, and was of invaluable aid to Lord William Bentinck in suppressing the horrible practice of Suttee or the immolation of Hindu widows on the funeral pyres of their deceased husbands. The controversy in regard to the system of education to be

adopted in India had not yet begun, but even as early as 1823 he wrote :

“If it had been intended to keep the British nation in ignorance of real knowledge, the Baconian philosophy would not have been allowed to displace the system of the Schoolmen, which was the best calculated to perpetuate ignorance. In the same manner the Sanskrit system of education would be the best calculated to keep the country in darkness, if such had been the policy of the British legislature. But as the improvement of the native population is the object of the Government, it will consequently promote a more liberal and enlightened system of education, embracing mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, with other useful sciences, which may be accomplished with the sums proposed by employing a few gentlemen of talent and learning, educated in Europe, and providing a college furnished with necessary books, implements and other apparatus.”

Very few of my countrymen now realise how much of their present political and social advancement they owe to the initiative of this great man. With the far-seeing eye of genius he beheld the dawning future of India, and went forward with intrepid steps to open the door for the new light. The greatness of his work will continue to be revealed in ages to come. In the meanwhile it is for us, his grateful countrymen, to show our true reverence for his sacred memory by carrying on the great work of national uplifting which was so well begun by him.

KRISHNA GOVINDA GUPTA.

PASCAL ON THE REASONS OF THE HEART.

Professor ÉMILE BOUTROUX, Membre de l'Académie.

"THE heart has its own reasons, of which reason knows nothing." This is one of the most frequently quoted phrases of Pascal, though it is doubtful if its full meaning has been grasped.

Unless I am mistaken, it is generally interpreted as meaning that Pascal regards the heart as having nothing in common with the reason: it is useless to attempt to understand, by means of the reason, the motives that determine the heart. Between the two there is no common measure whatsoever, but rather the most absolute heterogeneity.

It cannot be denied that a number of texts, taken separately, would seem to favour this interpretation. Many others, however, are utterly opposed to it. "Reason," says Pascal, "orders us far more imperiously than a master; for in disobeying the one a man is unhappy, and in disobeying the other he is foolish."

In another place he writes: "If we shock the principles of reason, our religion will be absurd and ridiculous." And again: "There is no foundation in the opposition set up between reason and love."

Manifestly these texts are incompatible with the current interpretation of the text with which we are dealing; for, in exalting the heart, Pascal has no

intention of exalting folly and ridicule. Has he then grossly contradicted himself?

It is to be noted that Pascal does not say: "The heart has nothing to do with reasons"; he says: "The heart has its own reasons." Elsewhere we read: "The heart has its own order." But when we speak of order and reasons, are we not in a way restoring reason as an attribute to the heart, just when we thought we were excluding it therefrom?

May we not find the explanation of Pascal's thought in the following fundamental doctrine of his: "This noble reason becoming corrupt has corrupted everything?"

Reason has two states: the normal and the depraved. Depraved reason, the first in our present condition to manifest itself, claims to understand everything by a mode of reasoning which, in reality, is adapted to abstract things, strictly speaking to mathematical objects. Normal and complete reason conceives of a subtler and more profound order than the mathematical, and to some extent can understand not only the relations between quantities but also the feelings and stirrings of the heart as well as its order.

Do we not actually find an indication of these two forms of reason in the well-known theory of the geometrical mind and the intuitive mind?

The former starts, Pascal tells us, with a small number of abstract principles which it combines indefinitely, without being able to attain to reality. The latter starts with realities and seeks their principles, though without ever succeeding in determining these principles adequately, since they are of very slender nature and infinite in number.

Is not the intuitive mind still reason, though a

broader and suppler reason than the pure geometrical reason—namely, a reason capable of being included, to some extent, in matters of the heart?

If we take account of these various theories of Pascal, evidently we must conclude that he is thinking of geometrical reason, and not of reason in general, when he says that it knows nothing of the reasons of the heart. He used the word *reason* without an adjective, because he had taken up the standpoint of his opponents the philosophers, who regarded geometrical reason as the whole of reason. And so, to understand Pascal's phrase, this adjective must be used with the word, and we must read: The heart has its own reasons, intelligible to a reason that is both just and complete, but of which a purely geometrical reason has no knowledge.

Many of Pascal's texts should be read in the same way, for according to him the whole of our being has a dual nature, one sane and primitive, the other corrupt. In our present life it is the corrupt nature that appears first.

According to the original interpretation of our first text, Pascal would appear to set forth a radically dualistic doctrine as regards the relations between religion and reason. There is no intelligible transition between the two, according to this doctrine.

Now, if we interpret the texts in question for the support of this theory along the lines that Pascal really gives to them, we are led to the conclusion that, instead of adhering to dualism, Pascal did his utmost to overcome it. His theory of a reason pre-eminent above all things, broader and deeper than a purely geometrical reason, is the expression of the effort he made.

The consideration of antinomies for Pascal, speaking generally, is no more than a starting-point. "*We must begin* with the two contrary reasons," he said.

Where a reason that is infatuated with itself and is modelled on material things, sees only contrariety and incompatibility, the true, superior reason, being attached to the heart and to divine grace, sees continuity, order and harmony. Religion, which is a matter of the heart, is reasonable to the man capable of reviving within himself this primitive reason.

ÉMILE BOUTROUX.

(Authorised Translation by FRED ROTHWELL.)

OTAKAR BREZINA.¹

P. SELVER.

I.

OTAKAR BREZINA is the pseudonym of Václav Jebavý, a Czech poet, who was born in 1868 in Southern Bohemia. The external facts concerning his life can be summed up in the bare statement that he fulfils the duties of school teacher in an obscure Moravian township. All else must be sought for in his works, which are the utterance of a strange and fascinating personality.

With the exception of a volume of philosophical essays, published in 1903 under the title *Hudba Pramenů* (*Music of the Springs*), Brezina's literary production consists of the following small books of verse :

- (1) *Tajemné Dálky* (*Secret Distances*), 1895.
- (2) *Svitání na Západě* (*Dawning in the West*), 1896.
- (3) *Větry od Pólů* (*Winds from the Poles*), 1897.
- (4) *Stavitelé Chrámu* (*Builders of the Temple*), 1899.
- (5) *Ruce* (*The Hands*), 1901.

These five volumes represent so many stages in the development of Brezina's outlook upon life, and it will perhaps be helpful to indicate quite briefly the main characteristics of each volume.

¹ Pronounced Brjézina (giving the *j* its French value), the accent on the first syllable. In Czech orthography, the *r* bears a diacritic sign (ř) which cannot conveniently be reproduced in English print.

The Secret Distances may be regarded as Brezina's contribution to the Czech decadent movement of the nineties, from whose tendencies he has since turned aside. The wealth of images, that most striking characteristic of Brezina's poetical style, is already present; but it is employed to express a subdued and rather artificial melancholy, to which the poet has withdrawn as a refuge from the harsh contact with life. "O power of ecstasies and dreams,"—thus begins the first poem of Brezina's first volume. It might well serve as a motto for them all.

In *Dawning in the West* the poet continues to develop the symbol and synthesis which in the first volume he had begun to substitute for the phenomena of real life. His soul shakes off all terrestrial fetters and is free to range at large in the realms of unbounded space and unmeasured time. He attains spiritual contact with his spiritual kindred and at the table of the elect he drinks the 'wine of the strong,' whom he addresses thus:

"Brethren, from hand to hand pass we the wine of the
strong in our goblet!
Stars that were showered ablossom therein may it
cast in our gazes.
Scourge of the weak shall be, to forget their name
on awakening,
And meed of the strong, amid radiant gloom to
remember the isles of their bondage."

The volume entitled *Winds from the Poles* proceeds still further on this pilgrimage away from reality. He sings of the bliss of eyes that, cleansed from infirmity of the dusk, are strengthened by the sight of eternity. He invokes the setting sun: "Be

thou fixed above my day, and go not down until fruit of the crops shall ripen, and I chant a song of thanksgiving upon the place of contest!" Here is an indication of Brezina's Messianism, which is specially emphasised in the impassioned dithyrambs of his last volume of poems. Such lines as the following from *The Hands* are typical:

"We dreamed
 Of man, gentle herdsman of the elements, prince of
 mystical strength,
 Who shall rule over sorrow transformed into flames
 of loftiest yearning;
 Of welding of all the myriads into the One Man of
 redemption,
 Steersman of a spirit-earth, who shall float to the
 shores of thy secrets,
 In the track of thy holy winds spanning the sails
 woven by ages;
 And in a new language, potent as language of angels,
 pure as language of children,
 He shall give names to the blossoms of thy invisible
 gardens."

In *Builders of the Temple* he celebrates an apotheosis of his spiritual kindred, who, whether renowned searchers after knowledge or humble instruments of destiny, are equally contributing towards the attainment of those ideals which Brezina regards as the highest object of life,—the building of a temple where joyous rites will be celebrated in an unknown future.

His last verses, *The Hands*, form an even more emphatic expression of these visions of a higher humanity. We are now far removed from the first

hesitant and groping ventures in *The Secret Distances*. The slightly artificial atmosphere, sickly with the scent of incense and flickering tapers, of ceremonies and faded blossoms, has been replaced by ample and vigorous winds that bear with swift motion the poet's rapturous message of brotherhood and earthly beauty; of harmony between temporal and eternal, matter and soul, life and fate.

II.

Whatever differences may exist in Brezina's attitude towards life at the various stages of his development, the manner of expression retains its external characteristics. True, the style grows richer and firmer as the thought acquires greater joyousness and rapturous impulse. But throughout there is the same quick succession of images, changing shape and colour with the freedom of kaleidoscopic patterns, the same eloquent tide of words, sweeping along with a rhythm that continually adjusts itself to the depth and girth of the stream.

It may be said that the work of Brezina combines the picturesque rhetoric of the symbolist with the profound musings of the mystic. Without attempting a lengthy analysis of Brezina's ethical tendencies, it is worth noting that his mysticism is ideology rather than the purely religious fervour of the mediæval mystics. The word 'God' is paraphrased into such expressions as 'The Highest,' 'The Eternal'; often indeed the idea of God becomes quite impersonal and abstract in the words 'Mystery,' 'Infinity,' etc. His most glowing hymns are devoted to a Deathless Statute, into which transcendental form Brezina's conception of a deity has been projected.

Through all the intricate meditations which Brezina records with such inspired and unflagging energy, the technical perfection of his verses remains one of their most striking characteristics. The poet's resources of melody and rhythm exhibit great variety. In his earlier work he displays a fondness for melting and languorous Alexandrines with resonant double rhymes that swell and ripple in unison with the atmosphere which pervades them. For example, the contents and cadence of the following lines from *The Secret Distances* offer a remarkable contrast to the whole spirit of Brezina's later work :

"I ciphered life's account in solitary session,
And to the plot where flowered my dreamings I
retreated ;
More than in life itself, in thought was my
transgression,
And spectres have I loved and haze of fancies
greeted."

Elsewhere, especially in his more recent work, Brezina discards rhyme and fixed measures. It is in such poems that his visions float down those sumptuous expanses of undulating stanzas, which fill his pages from end to end. Or, to employ another metaphor, it may be said that he builds up huge architectural shapes, whose pinnacles grow dim in the altitudes of dream. Somewhere in *The Hands* occur these verses :

"From the azure of a thousand azures flashed up in
gigantic orbits
Tier upon tier of thy structure, ever more clarified,
with boundless perspective " ;
and the same words might be applied to the process

by which, in poem after poem, the ascending line of thought traces out Brezina's synthetic interpretation of life.

It is interesting to observe how, in spite of his metaphysical characteristics, Brezina often derives his vocabulary from the domain of concrete science. Elsewhere he selects images from the Catholic liturgy with which early associations must have made him familiar. As regards this aspect of his work, it may be conjectured that the whole source of Brezina's inspiration, and the whole bent of his mind, can be traced to the austere tradition of his native land, where the gloomy fervour of the Hussites has sporadically survived. In this sense Brezina is a thoroughly national poet and has expressed the loftiest aspirations of the Czech spirit. It is important to emphasise this point, for otherwise there is a danger that Brezina will be credited with influence from sources which bear only a superficial resemblance to his poetry. In the same way the work of Meštrović, the Serb sculptor, was interpreted in its various phases as a copy of various artistic periods, while in reality it is the expression of various phases in his own temperament. Hence those who are apt to refer all artistic production to apparent sources should hesitate before explaining Brezina by hasty allusions to such poets as Blake and Whitman.

III.

In the subjoined extracts an attempt has been made to present to the English reader some of Brezina's most characteristic productions. The inadequacy of all lyrical translation is too obvious to

need particular emphasis, but a poet of Brezina's type presents a few special difficulties which may profitably be indicated here. Brezina achieves some of his most impressive effects by the oracular terseness of his language. Now this is a feature of his style which, since it depends upon the abundance of inflection peculiar to the Czech language, becomes undistinguished in scantily inflected English. Brezina has at his disposal a medium admirably adapted to the nature of his poetry. The Czech language has no article; its verbs, which display great complexity in their forms, can be conjugated without pronominal subjects; its nouns, by means of the seven cases in their declension, can express many syntactical relations without the use of the auxiliary words which a less inflected language is obliged to substitute. An example, taken almost at random, will show how wordy Brezina's terseness is apt to become in translation. Where he writes :

“Kletbou stíženě ruce otroka polonahého,”

it must be rendered :

“Hands of a half-naked slave, that are burdened
by a curse”;

for not only do his case-endings save him many prepositions, but the adjectival concords of number and gender obviate the use of relative pronouns and verbs.

An endeavour has been made to reduce this numerical discrepancy of words to a minimum in these renderings. But it is clearly impossible to reproduce this particular feature of Brezina's style with any degree of exactitude, just as the freedom with which Shakespearean English interchanges the parts of speech, is forfeited in another language. Thus the hieratic gesture of Brezina's lines must in this respect

lose much of its impressiveness. It may, however, be hoped that enough still remains to justify the publication of these versions and, if they attract sufficient interest, of an additional series.

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The wonted path whereon I fared was transformed in
my gaze.

Trees grew up before me from quenched snow
Somehow other than of old. In green flashes the
sunset smouldered,

Quenched pyre of a perished day, wondrously
mournful.

In steely, contracting circle the horizon narrowed.
Gloom ripened.

Darksome brotherhoods of forests I beheld bowing
earthwards,

As in a chorus of prayers for the dead. The coverlet
of heaven was lowered

Over my head, as if crushed down and outstretched by
twilight.

And stillness was wafted from afar, fell from aloft and
in spectral glory

Muffled the footsteps. In a whisper of reverence
trembled the voice of my spirit.

(Something there was of faintness in the air, as though
its freshness were drained

By glowing thirst of enkindled tapers.)

This the time, from which of old I breathed with
sorrowful rapture

Lengthy perishing of colours and lustres and was
intent on the music

Of approaching shadows. A secret token spake unto
me

From instant nearness of night, breath of eternal
dreaming.

To-day anguish breathed on my countenance. And
long since faded years

Uprose in my spirit. My own breath seemed to me
strange,

As though some invisible being were pacing beside me
And with familiar touch seized my quivering hand.

Oh, yea, Holy One! Thy splendour to-day in eternal
gardens!

My ponderings chant a spirit-mass, as with billowing
chorus

Amid warm weeping of tapers, where red blood gushes
from a chalice

Of eternal lustre upon thine altar, blackly apparelled.

Chill wafting of death has breathed a curtain of
shadows on the windows of my spirit,

A prayer of brooding solitude clutched my hand
compassionately;

For the black folded veils of my memories

Are a tender couch, where for ever is the impress

Of thy dead body's form.

(Secret Distances.)

HYMN IN HONOUR OF THE HIGHEST NAME.

Thy name I cried aloud when sleep with heavy images
settled upon my soul,

As a mournful legend upon church-windows amid
vapour of quenched prayers.

My outcry quivered from my spirit's underworld,
where billows the breath of my fathers.

And lights of a thousand unknown altars flashed
soaring through my dusk.

I chant: O thou Unnamed of all perished and
approaching names,

Who age-long in brooding and muteness didst pass
through realms of the spirit,

Upreared upon the surface of oceans, unkindled day in
thy gaze,

And in the movement of thy hand dispensation of
ripening suns and earths.

From kingdoms of death, through which thou didst
fare, thine image paces nigh unto me,

Glitters to me through gloom of closed eyes, in my
spirit with its nightfall burns me,

Kindles my chillness in glory to thee. In slumber of
my hope thou sleepest,

And in my heart with echoes unnumbered thy
footsteps resound from afar.

I behold thee, how with a smile, which amid multi-
tudes of beings quivers with weariness of delight,

Thou raisest thy torch, that lets grief in drops of
flaring pitch

Pour upon throes of stiffening bodies. Thou, whose
shadow is mystery,

And whose power has a single dread: thine own
baffling will.

Springs of carolling depths gush beneath the pressure
of thy tread

And like wells of naphtha are ignited by the flashing of
thy gaze.

Thy baleful pondering dissolves worlds. Like a lime-pit

It consumes the dead of all battlefields. Therein
 slumbers magnificence of the unknown.
Thy name is an arousing of all music, all winds, oceans
 and calms,
Of all song-tunes, voices and laughter, weariness,
 tempests and sobbing,
Of all births the single outcry, of all agonies the single
 moan,
Eddying murmur of sap, overbrimming with bliss in
 the fibres and fervour ;
Rustle of all kisses, bursting of all blood-streams into
 a thousand veins,
Trembling of all fears and of outstretched wings, of all
 the mirthful pulsing,
Throngs in array the orchestra of time with strains of
 singing moments
And its recoil which returns from borders of worlds as
 a muffled whisper,
With which the dead converse through the ages.
 Watchword of mystical phrases
That lulls the soul in a single dream and rouses to
 mornings unnumbered,
From nights, lustres, fragrances and venoms in them
 awakens a marvellous flower,
Which breathes with billowing of words, and withers
 amid darkening of the inmost.
My soul trembles in the surging of thy breath, my voice
Is muted by thy silence, my smile is kindled by thy gaze,
And on pathways of death I tread towards thee, where
 glittering radiance
Which gushes from thy footsteps gleams through my
 night, troubled and distant.

(Dawning in the West.)

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE BELIEVERS.

Our ponderings have bathed in fiery waves of a sacred
summer,
Which kindles azure of souls with glow of all August-
tides and ripening of all stars.
And when they had cleansed away their grievous
tokens of earth, they rose up in purity of earliest
radiances,
And they fathomed potent blisses of time; its breath
was sweet with hope of the dead,
And with baffling tempest seethed therein budding
blossoms of all gardens to be.

Days that were void of mornings from distances cast
lights upon us, like time-old echoes of yearning;
We were frenzied with frenzy of love, that was an
orison to the Highest.
From our lips trickled its sweetness, and yet they
burned with sacred thirst;
Our eyes drank thereof from brotherly eyes and to our
brothers' gazes gave it to drink
And, in unknown quivering, nearness of blood chimed
to us in riddling music.

Our dreams were linked in a single dreaming and a
myriad trees of a single forest rustled,
When by their tremour the boughs one to the other
give tidings of a single wind from unknown oceans.
Upon our meadows lay fragrance of all blossoms,
sweetened into a single welded accord,
And radiances of our souls, fused into a single flaring,
they invisibly garbed with colours,
And by the voice of all our united wishes in marvellous
gardens powers blossomed unto us.

And we culled our rapture, like fruit on a single
bewildering cluster
That burst at the touch in the spurting-forth of a
single wine:
Apples from a single tree, which cleft, are aflush with
blood they share, ours—
Kisses of a single night, wherein souls sing of death
and coming lives,
In a single melting of lips, age-long infirm with bliss
of a single flash.

(Winds from the Poles.)

ROUNDELAY OF HEARTS.

Ever with equal
Raising and sinking of pinions
In postures higher and higher
Repeated
Above the burden of earth
Prevails the glory of soaring.
Spirit voices are chanting the paths of grace,
Like birds encircling their whilom nests,
In magical gardens of enchantments,
Mystical husbandman !

Hear ye the secret seething of blood ? Simmer of
ripening ferment
Dazing the senses ? Feverish chiming in darkness of
hives ?
Grievous music of hearts, attuned by the ages like
strings
For starry harmony ?
Wailing of strings too tensely wound, rended apart ?
And scouring all worlds the fiery cadence,

Compassing seraphic harmony ?
Baffling remembrance of myriads in glorious embrace,
Ere this visible cosmos blossomed with heavy splendour
Amid infinities ?
Signals of return, awaited by all beings of earth,
Mustering the brotherhood of huntsmen
In mocking labyrinths deep in the forest of dreams ?

In the grief of multitudes over blood-stained fields,
In the anguished blenching of usurpers,
In the secret victories of woman,
Like flames on a thousand-armed lustre,
At every opening of doors by which the awaited
 approach,
In a gust of spirit-music
Hearts are aquiver.

Hail to you arrivals !
Vintages of our most potent grapes
Mark the path for you !
Black, charred traces of our fires,
Where we have sat beneath the sparkling of heavenly
 lights,
In silence of night, singing of your advent ;
Hallowed tokens,
Which in the language of nations destined to perish
We have graven on vertical scutcheons of rock,
Ruined arches of triumphal gates
Of our rulers,
Temple-obelisks hidden beneath
Deposit of ages.

Because of the secret of grief, of death and of new birth
Blissful is life !

Because of the invisible presence of the great and holy
among our kin,
Who wander in our midst in gardens of light
And from the farness of all ages converse with our
souls
Graciously,
Blissful is life !

Because of the kingly gratitude of the vanquished,
Who trustingly lays his head upon the bosom
Where thy radiance sings more potently,
Because of embrace of foes in enchantment of our
loftiest season,
Blissful is life !

Because of celestial fragrance of newly unfolded
blossoms
In rapture of song, in glory of kisses,
Blissful is life !

•
Because of sublime weariness of builders,
Blissful is life !

Because of the starry spirit-gaze
Begirding earth on all sides together ;
Crystal solitudes of the poles, of earliest ages, of
ancient mountains, of statutes, of number ;
Silent oceans of blossoming light, of happiness, harvests
and night-fall ;
Feverish tropical gardens of blood, of thirst and of
princely dreamings ;
The burden of all fruits ripened by suns visible and
invisible
And that clamour for tempests and culling ;

Seething of bee-swarms before dispersing ; contests of
nations through centuries ;
Harmonious soaring of earth in the splendid curve of
its orbit, and in earthquakes ;
Azure mirrors of heaven even above the isles of them
accursed by leprosy ;
Chalk mountain-ranges where oceans once thundered
And where once again they shall thunder,
Sparkling of insects in forests of grass,
Sparkling of worlds in infinities,
Sparkling of thought in spirit-herbages of the unknown.
Because of the delicate smiling of eyes undeceived by
the gigantic Hallucination,
Blissful is life!

Because of blood that gushes from age to age out of
the sinewy arms
Upraising the load of the past like hinges of prison-
portals ;
Because of the sublime cause of the joy of myriads ;
Because of the secret price of the death of all brethren
who died for us
(And all who have been, through all centuries, upon
the whole expanse of earth
Have died for us) ;
Because of all crops sown by a myriad hands and yet
ungarnered ;
Because of the alluring gleam and perils of all
unvoyaged oceans ;
Because of every span of earth that is destined as the
battle-field of our victories,
And is therefore secretly marked with blossoms and
gold ;
Because of all beauty yet unkindled upon countenances,

Unatoned guilt, stones unchanged into bread,
Wealth still unbestowed upon brethren, kisses still
 waiting for lips,
Blissful is life !

Because of the outcry of the desolate heart,
When it exults from its anguish like a straying bird
That has found a singing multitude of brethren,
Blissful is life!

Because of gusts, cataclysms, tempests; paroxysms
 of love and desire ;
Onslaughts of spirits ;
Ceaseless ardour and thirst of uniting endeavour ;
Because of our mystical sharing
In labour of all conquerors,
Who mark all happenings as a flock for the shearing
With the branded token of their destiny,
Ruling over ardour and sorrow of myriads
And despatching death to their fields as a gleaner
And to their quarries as a hewer of stone for their
 building
(As a multitude in amazement gazing to a single point
They leave the ages behind them,
And kingdoms, like ships upon which mariners have
 leapt from the shore,
Sway beneath their poise even to capsizing) ;
Because of the mighty bliss of being mauled as a billow
By the surge of a majestic ocean of brethren,
And of spurting up in the crest of foam like a sprig of
 white blossom
At the buffeting against cliffs of the promised land ;

Because of hidden spring-tides of harmony
Set in the woven fabric of all things

Like butterfly-wings of the opalescent azure at
evening,
Asparkle with the scaliness of stars,
Blissful is life!

Because of the approaching advent of the radiant
mortal of mystery,
Who alone among myriad brethren who shall be and
have been,
Conqueror over space, lord of hidden powers,
Shall change the earth from pole to pole after thy
sacred will,
And by thought that from submissive suns
Has learnt deftness and dances and tunes,
Shall sit in thy secret council
Among princes of the cosmos,
Blissful is life !

(The Hands.)

THE HANDS.

In dazzling whiteness of light lay the earth, like a
book of songs
Opened before our eyes. And thus did we sing :

Lo, in this moment the hands of myriads are locked in
a magical chain
That begirds all continents, forests, mountain-ranges,
And across silent realms of all oceans is outstretched
unto brethren ;
In cities that loom darkly up from deep horizons,
tragical altars of sacrifice ;
And where the sun, mystical lamp, suspended low
from azure vaults

Bloodily smoulders in smoke, circling over stations
and cathedrals,
Palaces of kings and armies, council-chambers, prisons,
amphitheatres,
And where the ardour of a myriad hearts in the twilit
heaven of spirits
Flares up enkindled, in feverish tempest of sweetness
and death,
Grains of glowing coal, uprooted by implement of iron;—
In frowning silences of hollows, in grievous forebodings
of summer,
When torrents of spring-tide powers, quenched in the
blossom, petrify as lava motionless,
Days, like toilers in secret foundries, creep onward in
weariness,
And in drops of sweat sparkle man and beast, a
brotherly coupling in the yoke
Under a single invisible lash, that scourges from
sunrise to sunset;
On waves of oceans and souls, where anguished behests
of sailors clutched by the whirlwind
Rotate around the masts, outdinned by triumph of
lightnings, when skies and waters
Are welded into a single element of horror and
death;—
At all forges, looms and presses, in quarries and
subterranean shafts,
Upon building-sites of the Pharaohs, where nations
lament in bondage
And raise up gigantic tombs above uncounted lords;—
In the demoniac movement of wheels, pistons and
levers and overhead whirring hammers;—
On battle-fields, in observatories, academies, lazarets,
laboratories;—

In workshops of masters, pondering over marble, where
 slumbers
A mightier world of horror and glory, and from the
 fabric of age-old drowsings
Half-illumined arises in the flash of chisels and the
 creative sparkle of eyes ;—
And yonder, where passion on volcanic steep of death
 lets blossom
Orange-gardens of yearning and wines and poisons the
 fieriest ripen
In the feverish never-setting sun ; and where lust,
Alchemist poisoned by vapours of his vain ferment,
Raves in hallucinations ;—in twilights of mystery and
 music,
Where pondering draws nigh to forbidden places, and
 amid thunder of orchestras
In a dream of forfeited harmony metals lament, and
 from the strings
Is wafted a torrent of songs like the earliest tempest
 of earth over weariness of souls ;—
Beneath electrifying gesture of maidens, where sparkle
 dazing spring-tides,
Night-time of destiny resounds in soaring of kisses,
 stars are as lips aglow,
And woman, suddenly blenching at the outcry of her
 hidden name, in agonies
As upon stairs oozing with blood, descends to the
 enchanted wells of life,
Amid the wailing of ages hounded in a circle, amid the
 envious seething of invisible beings,
And with cry of horror starts back livid, and with
 grievous flaming of hands
Clasps her prey to her breasts : a life, lamenting in
 contact with this sun ;

Amid the clashing of a thousand wills, swept away by
streams of thy mystical will,
Alone among all the myriads, man labours, countless
hands are aquiver,
From age to age they are fixedly clutched, wearying
never
On both hemispheres of earth. . . . In tragical
triumph of dreaming
Like hands of a child they toy with the stars as with
jewels.
But on awakening they grow turgid and numb, blood-
stained with murder,
Livid with chillness of ages, and amid the soaring of
earth, staggering over abysses,
They cling in despair to its herbage. . . . Frenzied
hands of a ruthless hunter
Tracking the elements down. Curse-laden hands of a
half-naked slave
At the scarlet forges of toil. In clasp of entreaty, the
hands of the vanquished
Fused like sand by the blow of lightning. And those
cleansed with tears,
Glistening, overflowing with lustre, with bleeding
stigmas of love
Branded for ever. Filled with magic and balm, with
a touch of the brow reading the thoughts of
brethren.
Kingly, lavishing. Lulling into celestial solace.
Aetherized as light and unto the fruit of mystical trees
Stretching forth with the whole universe into the
endless.——

And our hands, enfolded amid a magical chain of
countless hands,

Sway in the current of brotherly strength, which laps
upon them from afar,
Ever more potent from pressure of ages. Unbroken
waves
Of sorrow, daring, madness, bliss, enchantment and
love
Suffuse our bodies. And in the beat of their tempest,
with vanishing senses
We feel how our chain, seized by the hands of higher
beings,
Enfolds itself in a new chain unto all starry spaces
And encompasses worlds.—And then in answer to the
grievous question,
Concealed in dread by centuries, as a secret of birth
Which first-born dying reveal to first-born,
We heard the roundelay of waters, stars and hearts,
and amid its strophes,
At intervals, melancholy cadences, dithyramb of worlds
following one upon the other.

(The Hands.)

P. SELVER.

EVIDENCE OF SURVIVAL AND IDENTITY.

H. A. DALLAS.

THE impulse which drives men to penetrate into the unexplored regions of the Arctic and Antarctic zones, finds its counterpart in the minds of those who feel the call to explore undiscovered fields in the region of *Psychical Research*. The subject opens up new avenues of study in human personality and discloses the existence of hitherto unsuspected faculties. Premonitions, psychometry, thought-transference, these and other departments of the subject are mysterious and attractive enough, but they may be investigated without necessarily compelling the student to attempt the solution of the greater problem of human survival. The latter is, however, undoubtedly the most vital question, and the chief value of *Psychical Research* is in relation to the light which it throws on the subject.

The evidence for survival hinges in the last resort on the possibility of proving identity. For even if the existence of intelligences other than man can be established, and even if it can be proved that these intelligences communicate with us, these conclusions, however interesting in themselves, do not solve the crucial problem, or give assurance that man himself survives bodily death and can, after death, communicate by word or sign with those on earth. In order to give this conviction, communications must carry with

them convincing evidence by which the source from which they come can be identified. Every scrap of evidence that identity has thus been established is therefore of very great importance. Unfortunately incidents of this nature are often of a private character, and their full value can be appreciated only by those who have been intimately associated with the deceased person in question. Or, if they are not strictly private, the peculiar traits by which the personality is recognised are of so delicate and subtle a quality that they are not easily made effective as evidence for those who cannot give prolonged study to the matter. For these reasons many who earnestly desire assurance of survival fail to find it. And yet the evidence they need exists, and it is forcible and convincing when it is patiently considered.

A very impressive piece of evidence was recently laid before the members of the Society for Psychical Research by Mr. Gerald Balfour, in a paper dealing with some communications which have come since the death of Dr. A. W. Verrall, late Professor of English Literature at Cambridge, by automatic writing, through a lady known as Mrs. Willett. The effect of this piece of evidence was to break down the last barriers of doubt in the mind of one of Dr. Verrall's most intimate friends, the Rev. A. M. Bayfield. In spite of prolonged study Mr. Bayfield's cautious mind had remained uncertain as to whether the evidence for communications from the deceased was strong enough to warrant so important a conclusion. In the issue of the *Proceedings* of the Society published in July 1914, however, we find appended to the article by Mr. Gerald Balfour a note in which Mr. Bayfield states that he has now reached positive conviction, and he attributes

this mainly to the evidence contained in the scripts therein published relating to his friend. He writes :

“ Having at various times for some years past expressed in these pages doubt and hesitation as to the proof of communication from the spirit world, I venture to seize the occasion and here make formal recantation of these doubts ” (vol. xxvii. p. 244).

And referring to a particular passage in one of these scripts he says :

“ When I first read the words quoted above I received a series of little shocks, for the turns of speech are Verrall's, the high pitched emphasis is his, and I could hear the very tones in which he would have spoken each sentence ” (p. 246).

Again with reference to a point of detail he says :

“ It appears to be an irresistible conclusion that no one but Verrall himself who, as we have seen, is unmistakably delineated throughout the scripts, could have furnished this peculiarly ingenious touch ” (p. 248).

In reply to the question : “ Do these life-like touches of character give the impression of being spontaneous and genuine ? ” — Mr. Bayfield says :

“ Unless I am inexcusably mistaken no one accustomed to estimate the internal evidence afforded by a document of doubtful origin could hesitate as to the answer.” He can find “ no touch that betrays artificiality,” nor any “ fault in the close texture of matter and manner ” (pp. 248, 249).

Testimony of this sort is of special value and deserves most careful consideration. We have reached a stage in this research when we are justified in devoting more attention to it than perhaps we might have done at an earlier stage. Formerly the *preamble*

had to be established; that is to say, it had to be proved that the phenomena of automatic writing and trance-utterances had a *supernormal* significance, that they were not always merely uprushes of subliminal memory. It may now fairly be claimed that in very many instances the contents of the messages, coming under strictly guarded and carefully scrutinised conditions, show that they cannot be thus normally accounted for. The question of identity and of the value of personal recognition should now occupy greater attention, although, of course, the external conditions under which communications are made will always have to be scrupulously examined.

In the case we are considering Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. Gerald Balfour, Mrs. Verrall and Miss Alice Johnson all bear unqualified witness to the absolute integrity of Mrs. Willett, through whom the writings came. Sir Oliver Lodge speaks of her "scrupulous care and fidelity" (vol. xxv. p. 13). Mrs. Verrall says: "Her own statements could I feel sure be entirely depended upon" (vol. xxvii. p. 232). Miss Johnson tells us: "Her testimony is given under a strict sense of responsibility" (*ibid.* p. 15). Mr. Gerald Balfour writes: "No one who knows Mrs. Willett will believe her to be capable of deliberate deception. . . . I can only say that this alternative possibility does not trouble me personally, I simply reject it, and with absolute conviction" (*ibid.* p. 232). This testimony is important, as the character of the scripts is such that it is difficult to account for them by any other adequate alternative than these two: namely, that they originated, as Mr. Bayfield and Mr. Gerald Balfour believe they did, in the surviving mind of Dr. Verrall, or that they have been artfully planned—consciously

or subconsciously—to *simulate* a communication from Dr. Verrall.

If the writer of the scripts had been intimately acquainted with Dr. Verrall, the remarkable characterisation would of course have been less difficult to account for in a normal way; but this was not the case. They met only three times. During the summer of 1910 Mrs. Willett spent three days at his house; in 1911 she paid a visit of two days to him and his wife; in 1912 she had an interview of a few minutes' duration with him. Although Mrs. Willett thus had seen little of Dr. Verrall her psychical work was well known to him, and on one occasion he received through her automatic writing a message, purporting to come from a deceased friend, which impressed him. If he wished after death to give evidence of identity Mrs. Willett would thus be a likely person to occur to him as a channel for such a message.

The scripts with which Mr. Balfour deals are four in number; they all contain allusions to the same subject, namely a passage in Dante's *Purgatorio*. Upon this subject Dr. Verrall had written two essays. In one of these he suggested an interpretation of some lines in canto xxii which appears to be quite original; one line in particular he rendered in a different sense from that found in all the best translations. It is to this passage that the scripts evidently refer, but in so carefully veiled a manner that the reference was not identified until more than a year afterwards,—not in fact until a clue had been given in the last script as to where the reference should be sought for. Until this clue had been followed up the scripts were quite unintelligible.

Sir Oliver Lodge kindly permits me to quote a few

words out of a letter he wrote to me in reply to some questions I had put to him on this subject. He wrote:

"I know that the portions of script dealt with by Mr. Balfour in his recent paper conveyed nothing to her [*i.e.* Mrs. Willett]; indeed that is constantly the case with her script, though to people who have the clue, and after adequate study, it turns out to be full of meaning."

When the passage referred to had been identified, not only was the script 'full of meaning,' but it became obvious that it was the work of a designing mind. What mind? And who was responsible for the design? Dr. Verrall's friends claim that internal evidence compels them to believe that it was himself. "All this is Verrall's manner to the life," writes Mr. Bayfield.

One of Dr. Verrall's essays was called 'Dante on the Death of Statius.' It had appeared in print in *The Albany Review* in 1908. This Review Mrs. Willett affirms she had never either read or heard of; neither was it known to Mr. Gerald Balfour. If these statements are accepted, the script cannot be accounted for as due to conscious or sub-conscious memory on the part of Mrs. Willett, or to telepathy from the mind of Mr. Balfour, who was present when she wrote. Mrs. Verrall, who of course knew her husband's essay, was many miles away. In suggesting any theory to explain the writing, full account must be taken of the skill and purpose displayed; its artfulness is an important feature. If we reject the hypothesis of deliberate fraud, we may suggest that Mrs. Willett had read and forgotten the essay (quite a possible occurrence), but we must also assume that her subliminal faculties, having incubated the information for several years, hatched it

out at an opportune moment after Dr. Verrall's death, and further so skilfully arranged it as to give it the appearance of a carefully planned communication containing evidence of surviving memory, at the same time veiling the meaning in such a manner as to make the whole thing unintelligible until after the lapse of twelve months, when the clue was given. The difficulty of accepting a conclusion involving so much cunning and subliminal deception is obvious. Let us now consider the script itself.

The first script written in the presence of Mr. Balfour (July 6, 1912) runs as follows :

Does she remember the passage in which there is a reference to a river ? A traveller looks across it and sees the inn where he wishes to be ; but he sees the torrent and is torn both ways, half disliking to battle with the current, and yet desiring to be at his destination. Should it be possible to identify this passage the matter would prove interesting. What the passage does not say I draw from my own mind to make the connection clear.

The passage is not from Christina Rossetti ; but I want to say that too :

Yea beds for all that come—
You cannot miss that Inn.

As already stated, this script remained an enigma for more than twelve months. It was tentatively attributed to Dr. Verrall, however, and was the first bit of writing that Mrs. Willett had received since his death a few weeks previously, that is to say on June 18. The essay to which it refers is of considerable interest from a literary point of view to any Dante student ; but I must not let myself be tempted to stray into that field of discussion. The only question of importance for our present purpose is, not whether the interesting interpretation suggested by Dr.

Verrall is correct, but whether it is certain that *this* is the matter alluded to in the automatic script.

The lines in question are :

“ *E mentre che di là per me si stette,
io li sovvenni, e lor dritti costumi
fer dispreggiare a me tutte altre sette ;*

*E pria ch 'io conducessi i Greci ai fiumi
di Tebe, poetando, ebb' io battesimo.”*

The first three lines are translated in the Temple edition thus :

“ And while by me yon world was trod, I succoured them [*i.e.* the Christians], and their righteous lives made me despise all other sects ” (*Purgatorio*, xxii. 85-89).

Those who are familiar with the *Purgatorio* will remember the graphic incident of which this forms a part. Virgil and Dante meet Statius, the Roman poet, and he explains to them how it has happened that he is among the saved, in spite of the fact that his earlier writings bear unmistakable signs that he was a Pagan when he wrote them. Dante makes Statius say that the step by which he joined the Church was taken before he had finished his well-known work, *The Thebaid*, and he indicates that the great decision had been made “before he had ” (in his poem) “brought the Greeks to Thebes’ river.”¹

Dr. Verrall points out in his essay that the literal rendering of the words “*E mentre che di là per me si stette*” is “While I stood (or stayed) on the other

¹ See *Literary Essays Classical and Modern*, p. 190. This volume appeared in the Spring of 1913, some months, therefore, after the first script had been written.

side"; and he interprets the passage as referring to the period before Statius joined the Church, whilst he still hesitated to make open confession of his faith by baptism.

In his essay he suggests, moreover, that the expression, "While I stood (or stayed) on the other side," which Dante puts into the mouth of Statius, may be a reminiscence of the passage in *The Thebaid* in which the Greeks are described as coming to the water's brink and forcing down the bank "their shrinking steeds." In this connection he quotes from *The Thebaid*: "So when a herdsman would drive his herd through a stream they do not know, *the beasts dismayed will hesitate*. How far the other side, how broad is the terror between! So doubt they all. But when a leading bull goes in, when he makes the ford, *then gentler seems the flood, the leaps not difficult, and the banks less distant than before.*"

The analogy between the difficulty of bringing the shrinking animal nature to cross the tide of the river and the difficulty felt by the hesitating Statius in forming the decision to cross by the waters of baptism into the fold of the Christian Church, is a very obvious one, and Dr. Verrall's argument can be easily followed by any one who takes the trouble to read the twenty-second canto of the *Purgatorio* with attention. The interest of the subject in connection with the scripts, however, can be grasped without reference to *The Divine Comedy*. In order to appreciate it we must bear in mind: (1) that this particular interpretation of the passage was evidently present to the mind responsible for the scripts; (2) that Mrs. Willett, through whom these automatic writings came, has positively affirmed that she had "never even heard" of

the essay in which Dr. Verrall's interpretation of the passage occurred. It should also be borne in mind that when the first script was written the essay had only appeared in one, not well known, Review published four years before.

If any doubt existed as to the identification of the reference it would be dispelled by further study; for the sentence "what the passage does not say I draw from my own mind to make the connection clear," which is intruded into the script rather abruptly and apparently irrelevantly, is, as Mr. Gerald Balfour points out, "an unmistakable paraphrase of the very words that Dante puts into the mouth of Statius." (*Proceedings*, vol. xxvii. p. 230.)

I venture to think, also, that further confirmation of the unity of thought underlying both the essay and the script, may be found in the use of the word 'inn' in the script and the diversion which occurs in connection with the word. It is true that this term does not occur in the *Purgatorio* or in the essay, but it has been used in theological writings as a symbol of the Church, where, as S. Augustine says, "wayfarers returning from their pilgrimage [in the world] into their eternal native land are refreshed."

If we re-read the last paragraph of the script we shall recognise a certain anxiety on the part of the author lest his use of the term 'inn' should mislead. Christina Rossetti's poem on death occurs to his mind in this connection, and fearing that his friends may suppose that the passage he is referring to will be found in this poem he adds: "The passage is not from Christina Rossetti." Yet, even as he says this, it seems as if a connection with that poem flashed into his mind; he perceives that there is a real analogy between her

use of the word and the thought which occupies him. So he adds: "But I want to say that too."

What is this analogy? Christina Rossetti's lines deal with death, that other river Dr. Verrall had so lately crossed (possibly he also was "torn both ways, half disliking to battle with the current, and yet desiring to be at his destination"), and on the other side he too had found refreshment and a place prepared, "Yea beds for all who come. You cannot miss that Inn." These two lines are not consecutive in the poem, they are deliberately picked out from the second and fourth verses of the poem 'Uphill.'

I have ventured to surmise what may have been the current of the thoughts of the author of the script, and to guess that he may have wished to suggest his own personal experience in making the great Crossing. Mr. Gerald Balfour intimates another line of thought. He suggests that the hesitating traveller may have reminded Dr. Verrall of the hesitation he felt in accepting the S.P.R. evidence for survival, which seems to have deeply impressed him, however, and perhaps convinced him before he passed on.

So far I have referred only to the first script. The later ones are even more deeply coloured with recognisable characters; but space does not permit me to give full quotations. Moreover many points of value would not convey any meaning to ordinary readers. With respect to these Mr. Balfour says:

"Here I am in a difficulty, and must bespeak your kind indulgence. I must ask you to accept from me that there is a connection, but one which I have to leave unexplained, because it involves a reference to private matters which I am not at liberty to disclose. Unfortunately this difficulty is one that frequently

occurs in dealing with Willett scripts and diminishes their evidential utility, even when it increases their intrinsic evidential value" (p. 240).

I will give the second and fourth scripts as they stand in Mr. Gerald Balfour's paper, passing without comment over certain words which do not bear an obviously intelligible meaning, in order that readers unacquainted with the look of the originals may have some idea of the material worked upon.

SCRIPT II., AUGUST 13, 1913.

Some one indignant at the delay calls out

HAS THE PASSAGE

been identified about the traveller looking across a *stream*; dips his staff in, fears to wade, takes a run, heart misgives him (Here Mrs. Willett said out loud, "Some one is laughing so."—*Note by sifter.*), longs to be over and done with

Faith and

HAIR

in a temple

(Drawing of a wheel) Wheel.

Pilgrim.

There was a REASON for the CHOICE if you find the passage alluded to, it will be clear.

Have this seen to for he swears he will not here exercise any patience whatsoever.

The urgency of the author is apparent, but the passage still remained unidentified.

Script III., August 17, 1913, opened with similar urgency, with the words "THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM," and contained the hint "It is a poem I am alluding to." But the hint was not sufficient.

The fourth script was written in the presence of Mrs. Verrall.

SCRIPT IV., SEPTEMBER 8, 1913.

He of the little patience demands now this third time whether the Pilgrim has been understood.

Now if I say 'Passionate Pilgrim' I know all sorts of connotations will be dragged in. But think of the passages twice inserted

The River and he who would be across,
Letting I would not wait upon I would.
That seems jumbled up some how, never mind
A passionate Pilgrim, but

NOT H.S.'s

one.

What moves the stars and all the heavenly bodies? Dante makes it clear.¹

There was no mistaking this clear reference to Dante. It led Mr. Gerald Balfour to the *Purgatorio* and to Dr. Verrall's essays upon it. The connection of thought was obvious, and he became convinced that the mind responsible for the scripts was familiar with the essays. He then asked Mrs. Willett whether she knew the latter, without explaining his reasons for the inquiry. He writes:

"It may be convenient to state at this point that throughout the period covered by the printed extracts we were careful to keep all our conjectures and conclusions to ourselves. For instance, Mrs. Willett was never told that we believed her script of July 6, 1912, to contain allusions to Dr. Verrall; and to this day (March 27, 1914) she has no idea of the interpretations to which we have ultimately been led" (p. 225).

In spite of the very fragmentary way in which this

¹ Some of the unintelligible expressions are interpreted by Mr. Balfour, and readers who wish to pursue the subject further are referred to his paper in the *Proceedings*, vol. xxvii., which may be obtained from the office of the S.P.R., 20, Hanover Square, W., price 4s. net.

chapter of the evidence for survival has been here set forth, it may, and it is hoped that it will, show that the whole case is worth careful study in the full record. There are two kinds of objectors to the evidence presented for survival. One set objects that the communications are of so simple a kind that they are easily explicable by other theories than that they come from the departed. The other complains that they are so involved and complex that the evidential value is difficult to seize. This latter is the objection likely to be brought against the scripts we have been considering. To this the only reply we can make is that only those who are prepared to take trouble in their search for truth, deserve to find it. Some minds are more intuitive than others and to them conviction comes more easily than to minds of a different type; but they too will confess that it was through earnest seeking that they found, not by sitting still and complaining that "no one has ever come back to assure us of survival." Those who will take no trouble will probably remain unconvinced to the end of their lives.

Lest, however, it should seem as if the weak point in this case had been ignored I must add a word concerning it. Undoubtedly the *circumstantial* evidence here is not as strong as one could wish; it is less so than in many other cases. The weak point is the fact that the essay by Dr. Verrall had been in print before the first script was written and had been republished before the three later ones were written. A copy of the volume in which it had been included had moreover been given to Mrs. Willett, so that the knowledge of the essay which the scripts involve was normally accessible to her. This seems a damaging circumstance. It makes it possible for objectors to

suggest two alternative explanations. They may say either that Mrs. Willett had read the essays and forgotten that she had done so, but retained their contents in her subliminal memory, or that she had deliberately 'got up' the case. Those who know her regard the second alternative as quite unthinkable; but it can hardly be expected that those who do not will all be ready to take the same view, especially if the theory that communication can come from the departed seems to them equally 'unthinkable.' In making a study of Mr. Gerald Balfour's paper I have been fully aware of this aspect of the case, and indeed at first I intended to make some critical remarks from this standpoint, and to show why this piece of evidence did not seem to me likely to prove convincing to those who have not made any prolonged study of the subject of such writings. If I have not carried out my intention, it is because the more closely I examined the case and the alternative explanations suggested, the more difficult has it seemed to me to account for the scripts by any of the latter, and the more impressed have I been by the evidence for intelligent purpose discernible in this series of writings. The plausible objections which may be prompted by the weakness of the circumstantial evidence seem to me quite insufficient when set against the total effect produced by these purposeful scripts, coming as they did through the agency of a person whose honesty is attested by such reliable witnesses and bearing as they do so many subtle and striking traits of characterisation and identity.

This conclusion may, no doubt, be ascribed to the bias which my previous studies have given me in favour of this view; to this I plead guilty, but I do not

apologise. The careful study of a considerable mass of facts ought to affect the attitude in which we approach further studies; if it does not do so it has taught us nothing. We cannot divest ourselves of convictions already formed; all we can do is to try to exercise our judgment fairly upon each fresh case that presents itself.

If there is a bias caused by previous studies, there is also a bias due to ignorance; and I would venture to suggest that those who have hitherto given little or no attention to the study of evidence for survival, should be asked to do so before we are expected to accept their estimate of this or other cases as of any particular value. It is well known that Mr. Gerald Balfour has given long and critical attention to Psychical Research in its various phases, and weight should therefore be attached to his expressed conviction that these scripts should take "a high rank among the evidence provided by automatic writing of the reality of communication from the departed."

H. A. DALLAS.

(This paper has been held over for several issues owing to lack of space.—ED.)

POUR L'AMOUR DE DIEU.

I. C. F. REEVE.

AN ACCOUNT OF AN INCIDENT IN THE BOMBARDMENT OF RHEIMS, FROM THE JOURNAL OF A WOUNDED GERMAN PRISONER, WHO HAD BEEN TEMPORARILY LAID WITH OTHERS OF THE ENEMY'S WOUNDED IN THE CATHEDRAL.¹

EVER since the small hours the incessant scream of shells and the sound of falling masonry had made sleep or rest impossible for us. There were some twenty non-commissioned officers and men of our division. We lay groaning on the straw-covered floor of the Cathedral. For a day and a night we had listened to the roar of our own guns from the battery on the hill which had that morning begun to shell our last retreat,—the great sanctuary into which the worried doctors and orderlies had carried us. It was not the height of luxury, but we were thankful to be allowed to remain there without being hurried on elsewhere.

I had been unconscious when I was picked up by the French and taken into the town. My knee was badly hurt and a bullet had penetrated the muscles of

¹ This narrative is founded on certain authentic incidents which took place during the first bombardment of Rheims. The form in which they are cast is due to the author.—ED.

my neck. When I regained consciousness I was being carried on a stretcher. Two priests were walking one on either side of me. The one on the right was a tall square-built man. I remember thinking he ought to have been fighting instead of wearing 'petticoats,' and he looked as if he thought so himself. The one on my left was a small, slight, mild man who seemed content to be 'sat upon' every time they spoke together. It took my mind off the pain of my wounds watching them. The big priest interested me; but my main feeling towards the other, whose 'petticoats' seemed to suit him so well, was one of contempt; though I pitied him too. He was, it seemed to me, only half a man—a type of Nature's injustice, entirely devoid of that determination to impose his will on others which is the birthright of true masculinity.

Arrived at the Cathedral, they laid me on a mattress in one of the side-aisles near the little Chapel of Ste. Jeanne d'Arc. There the big priest said I should be '*bien*.' For the first time the little man ventured to differ. Smiling at me he said: "*Ah non, pas bien; mais un peu plus à l'aise.*"

So they left me. The doctors did not come to attend to us till much later. It was the Sisters who came at intervals to see if we had such comforts as might be procured. One very pale little nun had several times brought me water. Not knowing how to address her I had called her 'Fräulein.' She corrected me with sweet dignity: "*Je m'appelle Sœur Angèle.*"

The night had been terrible. I had high fever, and my restlessness and discomfort were almost unbearable. By the glimmering light of the growing dawn I could watch the dark flitting forms of the Sisters. Their white coifs made ghostly patches of light as they

appeared and disappeared in those vast dim spaces. And now lurid light reddened the dawn. A neighbouring building had caught fire and threw up a great flare against the stained windows.

My mind even then seemed hardly to have grasped my situation. This was the Great Campaign. '*Der Tag*, to which we had all so long looked forward, drinking year after year to its success, had come. And here was I, wounded and a prisoner, tended by the surgeons and Sisters of the besieged town. The little nun who came most often spoke an alien tongue; but I understood her. She was kind. Ah yes, one understands that without speech, though I was fairly familiar with her language and could even speak it a little. It seemed hardly possible that these people could be French. We had all been so often warned that we had better be killed or shoot ourselves than fall into the hands of the enemy.

The bursting of a shell outside had sent the splintered glass of a window falling in a shower round me. A hand was laid on my arm. Sœur Angèle knelt beside me.

"You are so calm, Sister," I said. "Have you no fear?"

"We must believe that the Good God watches over all who try to do their duty."

"Perhaps. Every moment here we have to face the risk of a horrible death. Yet you, who are weak and without means of defence, are as calm as if you were at Sunday School. What talisman makes you face it with such coolness, and remain here with us, the enemies of your country, when you might any moment leave for a place of safety?"

For a while she was silent. Then by the glow

thrown from the burning houses outside I saw her eyes brighten with a soft radiance. It was as if she gazed on some great happiness yet very far off.

"*L'Amour!*" she said softly.

"*Ach so!* You have then here one of whom you are fond?"

For a moment she did not understand. Then all at once she shrank away from me. I could see the fingers of her hands withdraw under the wide sleeves seeking the rosary at her side. Her lips murmured in almost inaudible prayer.

With eyes fixed on the walls of the nave opposite she rose and left me without a word or a look.

I saw that I had offended her, but I had meant no offence. *L'Amour!* Had she not said it herself? And indeed I knew of no other power in this world strong enough to keep a woman of her own free-will in the midst of such terrors as we had endured since dawn.

A little company of women had now entered by a side-door. One of them carried a chaplet of white flowers. She placed it on the head of the figure of Ste. Jeanne, and all knelt awhile in prayer before dispersing.

The bombardment was now hourly becoming more intense. It was evident that the fire of our guns was being directed almost exclusively on the Cathedral.

Presently there was a great cracking overhead; then a deafening explosion. A shell had pierced the roof, and burst in the nave. Cries and groans rose from all sides. I could see peering at me the frightened faces and wild eyes of two dark grey figures which were painfully wriggling themselves along the floor towards me. They were seeking the shelter of the vast column near which I lay. *Gott in Himmel!* Were we to be

finished here, half dead already, like rats in a trap, and by our own people?

The Red Cross flew from the tower. Yes; but supremacy must be won at all costs for our Fatherland, for Germany, who could never allow anything to stand in the way of possible victory—not even her own wounded sons.

Something was going on there behind the dense smoke caused by the bursting shell. When it had cleared off a little, I could dimly make out a small band of black cloaked women. They were staggering under some heavy burden. Two surgeons hurried to their assistance; but the women waved aside all offers of help. I could then see that their burden was a nun.

The constant terrors by which they were surrounded had by this time got on the strained nerves of the wounded. They could not move and now cried out pitifully not to be left alone. Some part of the building must I thought have caught fire. Orderlies were carrying pails of water. A spiral column of smoke was rising near the chancel. I tried to sit up, staring about me.

“Do not distress yourself! We are all in the hands of *le Bon Dieu*!”

It was the calm voice of Sœur Angèle. She had come back then? Perhaps after all she had not been offended. Her face was now scarcely less white than her coif. There was, however, no indication in it that she remembered the words which had seemed to offend her. She made me drink something from a cup she held. Unable to speak I pointed to the two wounded men lying close against the base of the column.

One of them had a shattered arm. He was delirious and rolled his eyes from side to side, singing

at intervals snatches of '*Vaterland*.' Sœur Angèle went to him and made him drink the rest of the potion. She then dragged up the mattresses from which the two men had crawled when the shell burst, and managed to prop them up into a more comfortable position. Then she returned to me.

"Have you forgiven me, Sister?" I managed to whisper. "Indeed I never meant to offend you. *L'Amour* you said kept you here in hourly danger. I know of no other power which could make that possible."

"*L'Amour de Dieu!*" she whispered.

How strange it seemed to find these grown-up women still with the faith of little children in all those traditions which my mind had so long outgrown, as completely as my body had outgrown the velvet suit in which it was clad when my mother taught them me! Vaguely it all came back now with other childish memories. I could almost hear the *Mütterchen's* voice as she read out of the big book, while I fidgeted on my chair, longing to be outside playing with the other boys. Passages long forgotten surged back into my mind. "And He arose and rebuked the wind and there was a great calm. . . . And they marvelled among themselves saying, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the waters obey Him?" I wondered whether the big priest who had brought me to the Cathedral had also succeeded in convincing himself that this and similar thrilling legends had actually taken place!

"Sister," I whispered presently, "who was the nun they carried by just now? Was she badly hurt?"

"It was Sœur Marie-Christine. Hers is a great

happiness. The Good God has called her to Himself," she answered, crossing herself.

I felt very sad.

"This is a world of hard facts, Sister, not one of sweet illusions. Illusions will not save from the deadly peril of shot and shell in this place. From what evil then do you think this 'Love of God' will preserve you, if it cannot save you from death?"

There was a faint smile on her white lips as she answered:

"But death is no evil!"

"From what evil then?" I persisted.

"From fear."

I did not speak. Though I was convinced this faith was based on illusion, its power was undeniable. It had made these women utterly fearless in the midst of the worst dangers. They were calm and composed, when even battle-scarred soldiers were terror-stricken. I would have saved her if I could; but I could only plead with her. We were both face to face with death now.

"My gratitude is little to give for all you have done and suffered for me and my comrades—your enemies—and before your great courage I am dumb. Go now, I beg and beseech you, while there is yet time. Do not delay. I beg you go. I shall remember your goodness to my last hour."

She shook her head.

"You ask me to desert my post?"

Seeing she would refuse, I grew more urgent.

"Yes, I ask you. Do you think a *good* God is ordering all things here and watching His priests being killed, His altars battered with shot and shell? Where is He while these things happen?"

"Agnus idem coeli thronum, Et altaris sacrat domum. Coelo lux est nox in ara."

I heard the murmured Latin words, at the time only half understanding their meaning. They were the last I ever heard her speak. A roar from the guns and the whole building shook. This was followed by a crash like the sound of a huge scaffolding collapsing close to us. I felt a sharp pain in my shoulder

For a short time I must have been stunned, though apart from the flesh wound in my shoulder I had not been touched. When I recovered my senses there was great excitement—firemen, civilians, surgeons and officers talking, gesticulating, ordering. Sœur Angèle was no longer to be seen.

I had become terribly weak during the last two days. Nevertheless by degrees I managed to lift myself so as to rest on one elbow.

A few feet away from me lay a broken cup and beside it some fragments of black cloth. A small silver crucifix and a few beads were lying by my mattress. The straw-covered pavement was soaked with blood in large dark patches. These silent witnesses told me what I feared but dared not let my mind dwell on.

A soldier should know how to control his emotions and his soul should be animated only by the love of honour and of Fatherland. Yet I am in no way ashamed now of the tears that rolled down my cheeks as I looked at these sad relics of the bravest woman I had ever seen, or that I lifted the little crucifix reverently to my lips, saying aloud :

"Gott segnet Euch, kleine Schwester!"

She had so believed in '*le Bon Dieu*.'

When I looked up again, what I saw left no longer

room for doubt. The Cathedral was on fire. Flames were shooting up to the roof of the chancel and dense clouds of smoke were beginning to roll into the body of the building. Presently the crowd drew aside to admit a party of stretcher-bearers. They began hurriedly removing the wounded. The surgeons in charge repeated sharply at intervals: "*Allons, allons, dépêchez vous!*" Almost before I was aware of their approach I found myself being carried towards the side-door.

The smoke had by this time reached every part of the building. Where we were it hung in large rings and festoons. The stretchers could only pass through the narrow doorway one at a time. Where my bearers paused, almost opposite the little Chapel of Ste. Jeanne, I saw the bodies of three nuns lying side by side below the steps.

Between the heavy rings of smoke I recognised that one of them bore the face of Sœur Angèle. It seemed as though moulded in wax. But there was a wonderful look of peace on the lips; they wore a shadowy smile. A nun's habit had been laid over the poor shattered body.

For a moment I wondered whether that fragile bodily frame were not indeed only the envelope of a great spirit infinitely removed from the world and above all earthly contingencies.

Fresh air filled my lungs as at last I found myself in the open. I was set down on the wide *perron* with the others. I hoped that now for a breathing space at least we should have peace. I was mistaken.

A great crowd had assembled in the open square directly in front of us. Their rage had already been roused to fury by the bombarding of their Cathedral. At the sight of our uniforms their hatred seethed to

boiling point and found expression in a long-drawn howl. This gathered in intensity till it burst in a great wave of horrid sound filling the sun-drenched air.

I have seen crowds roused to fury before, ready to burn and pillage all that lay in their path. But the shuddering horror inspired by that sound and the sight of all those faces with their fierce eyes of hatred fixed on us will haunt me like a nightmare till I die. There were no cries, no yells, but a deep dull roar like that of some monstrous beast as it crouches before springing upon a cornered prey—" *À Mort !* "

It was a hopeless sound to hear; there was nothing human in it. There was the rattle of arms as the soldiers raised their rifles to fire; then an ugly rush. I felt rather than saw a sea of terrible faces coming on. The scene reeled and swam in front of me.

Then a strange thing happened.

Suddenly, from which direction I cannot tell, there came dashing up the steps of the *perron* the slight dark figure of a priest, his *soutane* blowing about his thin ankles.

He stopped close to us and turning faced the crowd below. With hand lifted in a gesture of command his thin weak voice rose, as the piping of the wind rises above the roar of an angry sea.

" *Ne tirez pas !* "

It was the little priest who had been the object of my contemptuous pity two days before. Now his eyes flashed with light and his whole presence inspired an awe and respect such as even a General Officer is rarely capable of inspiring in his own troops. For a moment the moving mass swayed, then stopped short.

" If you fire, you will make yourselves as guilty as they are ! "

The priest's voice sounded clear, almost shrill, in the tense atmosphere. For the space of a few seconds there was a deathly silence while he stood there motionless in front of us, with outstretched arms.

Then there was a rattle, as the soldiers lowered their rifles; then a long murmur, like the wind dying down among the bare branches of trees. The fierce faces grew merely sullen as, one by one, the crowd melted away till only a few stragglers remained.

The priest turned and said something to our stretcher-bearers, who answered respectfully: "*Oui, Monsieur l'Abbé!*" Then he left us.

The eyes of all the prisoners who had retained consciousness during the terrible ordeal of the last quarter of an hour, followed him with amazement. They began whispering and talking together, while the words my memory had already recalled kept on hammering themselves over and over again into my exhausted brain: "And they marvelled together saying, What manner of man is this that even the wind and the waters obey Him?"

Not very long after we were conveyed under the guard of an armed escort to the Museum, where we were kept in comparative safety till we could be removed from the town.

The whole time during the terrible scene outside the Cathedral I had been clutching some object convulsively in one hand, without being aware of what it was or why I held it so tightly. On looking to see what it might be, I found the little silver crucifix which had belonged to Sœur Angèle.

Now that several weeks of good nursing have almost completely restored me to health and I am able

to sit in the sun and review the events of those terrible two days, I perceive that my views of life have undergone a great change. I know quite well what I thought before I had come face to face with real agony, despair and death, with terror and horror such as I had never imagined. But now—I do not know what I think. All my theories seem to have been torn up by the roots. My ideas will need much re-adjusting. Well, life is not over yet. *Vorwärts!*

I. C. F. REEVE.

THE HALLS OF BIRTH.

THE SOUL.

THE ANGEL OF THE PAST.

THE ANGEL OF THE FUTURE.

THE ANGEL OF PAIN.

THE LORD OF THE PORTAL.

* * * * *

THE FATHER.

THE MOTHER.

THE SOUL.

I HAD not thought the night would ever end
And give free passage to the light of day.
It seemed as though its shadows must extend
From earth, wherein vast ruined kingdoms lay
Wrapped in their own impenetrable shroud,
To touch and whelm the shining courts of God.
So long did black on blackness seem to crowd
That all the worlds were sealed with Ichabod. . . .
Yet at the inmost centre of my heart
There burned the clear imperishable flame
That now . . . Ah God! if I were forced to part
From Thy white Brilliance and Thy golden Name!
I am enswathed and saturate with Light
Enkindled at the furnace of the East,
Where all the dawns are panoplied in white;
For in my heart it gathered and increased
And burned all flesh away. For I am not.

I have outreached the boundaries of Space.
Freed from the limitations men allot
To Time, I know, I see God face to face.

THE ANGEL OF THE PAST.

You are the sum of long-forgotten years
Whose days have passed into the burning West.
In you the toil of all your lives inheres
That you may gaze unflinchingly, flame-dressed,
Into the heart of Light. You have not feared
To face the terrors of a thousand pyres ;
You did not shrink from calumnies that seared
More deep than any flame ; and your desires
Leaped God-ward with the sparks. In other days
You have withstood the world's insistent claim,
And chose the inner way by which to praise
God's love. So long you called upon His Name
That, by the mysterious alchemy of prayer,
The very substance of your world was changed ;
The earth was quick with splendour, and the air
Made vivid as the burning Presence ranged
From star to star. All nature was made one,
And with it you were blent in sacrifice—
One life, one love, one glory with the sun.

THE ANGEL OF THE FUTURE.

Shall any crown or any pain suffice
To take such oneness from the perfect soul ?

THE ANGEL OF THE PAST.

You knew the winds and all the forest trees,
The flowers, the beasts, and all the waves that roll

By unknown isles across uncharted seas,
To be your kin. There was not any man
Beyond the limits of your unity.

THE SOUL.

God gave me such foreknowledge of His Plan. . . .

THE ANGEL OF THE FUTURE.

Will you make bargain for infinity ?

THE SOUL.

With tears and blood and scourgings have I paid.
I gave my life in sacrifice each day. . . .

THE ANGEL OF THE FUTURE.

And shall God's squire demand his accolade ?

THE ANGEL OF THE PAST.

In love you lived, and none may love gainsay.
Love was your life. To man and beast and child
You gave from out the greatness of your heart
Its fullest life ; by love you reconciled
To grief what bitterness had torn apart.

THE ANGEL OF THE FUTURE.

Shall there not be, beyond the thought of man,
Beyond the realm where all seek some return,
A love so great that only spirit can
Flame with its universal life, and burn
With all its fire ?

THE SOUL.

Did I then seek reward ?

I made no claim for human recompense ;
But kept faith burning when the Pagan sword
Tortured my body, until every sense
Was dumb with pain. I bore the heavy load
Of scorn and hatred and all men's disdain
For God's great love. For in my heart abode
The hope of pureness rising from my pain,
That so I might know God.

THE ANGEL OF PAIN.

There is no end
While any gain is sought for any deed.
The constant laws which rule on earth extend
Through all the heavens, and never soul is freed
While one world's loss is counted other's gain.

THE SOUL.

Throughout the courses of unnumbered years
Dim memories awoke and slept again. . . .
And now in unveiled brightness there appears
The law of perfect love. What road leads on
To its fulfillment ? I surrender all.

THE ANGEL OF PAIN.

Leave then the golden brightness you have won.

THE LORD OF THE PORTAL.

Behold, the everlasting clarions call
Across the spaces, and the world's warm breath
Is wafted up ! Behold the waiting earth !

THE QUEST

THE SOUL.

O desolation so more deep than death,
 This bitter rending of another birth
 To brave the world's immitigable ills! . . .

THE LORD OF THE PORTAL.

Behold, the scarlet banners are unfurled;
 Again the music of the trumpet thrills
 Across the teeming ramparts of the world

* * * * *

THE FATHER.

Dear one, our house is desolate and cold.
 He lived some few sweet hours—but he was fair!
 You saw the splendour of his eyes?

THE MOTHER.

How old
 They seemed—the dear eyes of the child I bare.

D. H. S. NICHOLSON.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF LOVE.

A FANTASIA.

Love that comest back to me
From unworthy hopes set free,
Purified from earthly thought
Now into a spirit wrought,
Spotless as the wind whose birth
 Lay amid the Western seas,
 Or as home-returning breeze
From its travel round the earth,
 Leaving on the further shore
 Stains it gathered here of yore—
Be as music to my soul
 With thy unreality,
 Let me unsubstantial be
As thyself made whole ;
Lift me on the wings of light
Far beyond all earthly sight,
 Thou that art part of me,
And of Her—the better part,
 Let us form a trinity,
Whose unfailing heart
 Beating with the beat of time,
 Gathers strength at every rhyme
 As fresh age with age doth chime ;
Till unto itself it draws
By the virtue of its cause
All the powers of the stars,

Loosening their bonds and bars,
All the music of the spheres
That the endless roll of years
Hath made pure with many tears.

Then enthroned as sun in heaven,
Morn and noon and dewy even,
Far and wide we will give forth
East and west and south and north
Largesse of Love unrolled,
Treasure of sheen untold

That grows not old,
That can never incarnate be
In the vasty womb of night
Labouring with buried light,
But for aye is free ;

While we

Cast around us as perfume
Clouds of vaporous harmony,
Weft of song with warp of light
Woven in our starry loom,
Co-substantial sound and sight,
Mantling with its radiant bloom
Our half-hid divinity.

Mark its roseate halo spreading
Round about the mystic wedding
Of our threefold being, shedding
Forth the might of Love to show
Unto all who fain would live
After they have lived below,
That if they will freely give
Their best thoughts and hopes to Love,
They may frame a separate spirit,
Wherein they may live and move
And Eternity inherit,

By the power of mortal man
Draining Nature of her might,
Till they soar beyond her span
Upward to the Infinite,
Thrilled with music, filled with fire,
One of Love's unnumbered choir,
That supplant the wasting splendour
Of the universe dissolving,
Like a second world evolving,
As with ageless voice they render
Time's song in eternal measure.
Each a quiring sphere of mirth,
Each a laughter-lighted earth,
Each a starry home of pleasure,
Sowing far and wide delight
O'er the gloomy tilths of night,
As they mingle light with light,
Shivering with ecstasy ;
Stablishing a golden age,
As each makes his pilgrimage
Through this universal sea
Of bright glistening harmony ;
Or upon its flood becalmed
Basks in the pellucid sound,
As a pool that slumbers charmed
O'er a waterfall profound ;
In the golden incense swinging
Of the glory round it hung,
Like a bell for ever ringing
Smitten with a golden tongue ;
Round it fiery flags unfurling
Through the dark domain of air,
As in flashing chariot whirling
There its oriflamme to rear,

Planted on an outmost shore,
Where no light hath flown before.

Thus forever runs their race,
 As the light around them showers,
 Or on golden pinions towers
Through the endless realms of space,
 Mounting like a bridal song,
 Or goes murmuring along
Gliding with a cloud-like grace
 Through their deep mysterious bowers,
 Lighter-footed than the hours,
As with slow and noiseless pace
 In that endless tower of towers,
Stern Eternity's, they climb
Step by step the stair of Time.

So with splendour ever new
It unceasingly doth strew
Its aerial path with dew,
 Shaken from its fragrant robes,
 That where'er it lights doth dye
 With a roseate tracery
 Their translucent globes.

Love, that dost incarnadine
As with sacramental wine
Every golden orb of thine,
 Hear my prayer !

Purge me with thy fierce desire,
Till incorporate with thy fire,
I may rise to join thy choir
 As it gathers in the air;
There to build a world of song,
High above the reach of wrong,

As each waxing sphere enfolded
In an aureole of light,
By thy harmonies is moulded
To a puissance infinite.

Endlessly they there commingle,
Though imperishably single,
Ever with their fiery breath
Spurning the cold kiss of Death,
Round them lavishing caresses,
As they intertwine their tresses,
Trailing with a thousand glories
Through the innermost recesses
Of the richly-lighted stories
In the temple they are building,
Blazoned o'er with roseate gilding,
While they ever lift up higher
With their beams a dome of day,
As Love with its magic lyre
Ever leads the towering spire
Through the gloom to thrust its way,
Shooting with a tongue of fire,
Shivering and quivering
With converging rhapsodies,
Shafts of blending melodies,
Tapering in a single thrill
Manifoldly small and still,
That above the whirl of years
Reaches only wakeful ears,
Filling them with holy fears,
So to urge their restless soul
Upward to its starry goal.

There in multitudes they muster,

Wreathed in many a swarming cluster,
Seethed in ever fiercer lustre,
 Till Love hath made up the sum
 Of its tried and chosen ones
 And its reign hath come.
 Then to celebrate the prime
 And perpetual orisons
Of their dedication dawn,
Lo! a thousand bolts are drawn,
And a thousand gates unfold
To reveal the Age of Gold,
While with murmur manifold
 Breaking silence, like a horn
O'er dark hills, they toll sublime
 Through the rayless Infinite,
 Curfew bell of earthly light,
Passing bell of dying Time,
Ringing in with happier chime
 Their eternal sway;
Which, as æon after æon
Further spreads their empyrean
Buildèd by triumphal pæan,
 Wider rolls its way.
 While they
In all their splendour dight
With thickly interwoven light,
 Like gold-encrusted pearls,
 Replenish and replace
 The empty realms in space
 Of vanished worlds;
That stood like eyeless sockets ere they came,
And filled the gloomy hollows with their flame,
Till space was filled with light through its entire frame.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

DIVINE MAGIC.

JUST now a sparrow flew across the window-space.

I saw keen wings,

I saw unpausing flight

Against the solemn curtain of grey light,

Against the stubborn forms of distant things :

And yet his vivid passage could not break

The timeless spell that broods upon the place

Where I am set to make

With craft and toil

My knitted world

From out the endless coil.

Some Hand

Has drawn a circle round me where I stand :

With delicate touch on the invisible air

He has shut out the circumambient scene

As by a rampart of containing thought ;

And I

Athwart

That spiritual screen

Look on a landscape foreign and apart.

The windy smoke is stretched across the sky

In long script strangely curled,—

I know not what its hieroglyphs can mean.

With vacant eyes the stucco gables stare,—

I know not what their sullen gaze would say

Of sad and restless lives imprisoned there.

Even my friendly tree seems far away ;

It has no art

To bridge the gap that he has set between ;

I cannot hear the whisper of the green

That once did reach my heart.

Within the enchanted ring
We are alone :
I, and that other Thing
Whom I have known—
When ? where ?
Ah, once when I was gazing on the stream
And saw the water mount against the stone
Smooth, solemn, strong and irresistible,
And all fell from me but the unhurried dream
Of One that is all music and all power,
Whose will and love
Confer all meaning and all things do move—
That was the hour !
Oft since, his sudden touch has come to me
From very far
And struck the hard doors of the heart ajar,
And fainted from me as a passing breeze
Made up of wild and errant melodies.
Now, circled in beyond the pale of speech,
At last
Other to each
In nuptial gift sublime
May blest completion bring.
Whilst swift succession beats upon the ring
And darting time
Bird-quick across the window of the mind
Comes, hovers, and is past,
Held in this quiet I find
My Dear, long sought,
By still surrender bought—
Unheld Infinity
Constrained in love to me.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

THE 'FIGHT FOR RIGHT' MOVEMENT.

[THE following stirring programme of a new movement of a spiritual nature to strengthen the nation in these days of grievous trial has been written by Sir Francis Younghusband, K.C.I.E., who has been the chief mover in its inauguration and to whom our thanks are due for his kind permission to reproduce it in THE QUEST. Without doubt the idea will appeal to the sympathy of our readers, who will be able to obtain the further necessary information about the movement from its Honorary Secretary, Trafalgar House, 11, Waterloo Place, S.W.—ED.]

A STAGGERING blow is being struck at Humanity. Not only by her dishonourable invasion of Belgium, but still more by her brutal and barbarous treatment of the people she had so wronged, and by her inhuman methods of warfare, as exemplified in the sinking of the *Lusitania*, Germany is striking blow after blow at the most fundamental human rights.

And, as the war has proceeded, it has gradually transpired that Germany considers herself, through her 'Kultur,' so superior to all other nations that it is her duty to impose this 'Kultur' upon the rest of mankind, and to impose it by force if the nations will not accept it in any other way.

So a war which we originally entered in order to uphold our own treaty engagements has developed into a Battle for Humanity, a struggle for the preservation of the most ordinary human rights, a Fight for Right.

We do not admit that the Germans are superior either to the French, the Russians, the Belgians, or ourselves. The conduct of her rulers, the pronouncements of her men of thought, the behaviour of her soldiers, give no evidence of any such superiority. Nor do we admit that even if the Germans were superior they had the right to treat any country as they have treated Belgium.

We do not take up the position that Germans are all bad and that we are all good. We admire the efficiency, the discipline, the thoroughness, the bravery and the capacity for self-sacrifice of the Germans. We allow also that in our own history we English have

made mistakes and committed wrongs. But because our hands have not always been spotlessly clean, this need not prevent us from now putting them up to parry the blow which Germany is striking at Humanity, nor from using them to prevent either Germany or anyone else ever daring to deliver such a blow again.

On behalf, therefore, of Humanity, we and our Allies have to confront the Germans and show them in hard fact and by bitter and biting experience that human rights have to be respected, and that no nation, however magnificently organised or however powerful, can trample on them with impunity.

For in these crucial hours that are passing, nothing less than the future of the world is at stake. The whole course of Humanity, for good or evil, is being settled. The most momentous spiritual issues are being decided. We are not fighting merely because we are 'justified' in entering the war, nor only to defend our homes or to stave off invasion of these islands, or in order to hold our Empire together. We are fighting for our very existence, it is true—but for a great deal more also. We are fighting for a very clear and definite end—the supremacy of Right over Might—which, when achieved, will be of lasting value to the human race.

Rather than that it should become a rule upon the earth that the military necessity of a stronger nation should know no law, we are determined that it shall know law and shall obey it. We are fighting to put the fundamental conditions of human intercourse upon a sounder, a safer, and a saner footing. We mean to see to it that the code of the gentleman and not the custom of the barbarian shall be the rule among nations. And we intend to make the way clear for all the higher, finer, more delicate and beautiful qualities of the human heart to develop in security without the risk of their ever again being crushed and trampled on by the coarser, rougher and more brutal.

But we are opposed to a redoubtable, a determined and an absolutely ruthless and reckless enemy. And the supreme test for us has yet to come—has to come when we are exhausted and war-worn, but still have to hold on with the last drain of strength we can summon. "Stick it, Dorsets," cried a dying officer on the battlefield of Flanders last autumn. And it is upon our having the spirit to 'stick it' to the last that victory will depend. How the men at the Front will be able to stand the strain in the final

crucial moments, how our statesmen will be able to endure to the end, will depend upon the fibre of our national *spirit*.

In the last resort, at bottom, all depends upon the spirit. The spirit within is what matters. Organisation is necessary, but unless there is spirit to drive it, the most perfect machine is useless. The machine is merely the means for utilising the energy. The energy is the important thing—the steam in the engine and the spirit behind the organisation. Shells, too, are necessary, and guns and maxims and rifles, but the man behind the gun is more important still, and what is of chief value about the man is his spirit. Men and still more men are necessary, but more important than numbers is the spirit of the nation which sends them and supports them.

And we need not merely quantity of spirit, but more especially quality. The spirit must be of the finest. And fortunately the finest is the strongest.

Now we have to recognise that the spirit of the nation is not all it will have to be. It is good: never before in our history has it been anything like as good. But it has to be better still. The nation is doing magnificently, and we have no reason to suppose that any other is doing better. But we are not doing our *best*. That is the point. Until we have fitted ourselves or have been fitted into that place where we can each of us make the utmost of our special capacities in the general cause, and until everyone is working in his or her particular place with the same zest as, for instance, Mr. Lloyd George is working in his, we cannot say that the nation is doing its best. And nothing less than the best will suffice.

Of more importance than anything else, therefore, is attention to the spirit—is the eradication and stamping out from within us of all that is weakening and degrading to it and the reinforcing of all that heightens our courage, tautens our tenacity, heartens our efforts, and purifies and ennobles our purpose.

And so delicate a task as arousing and refining the spirit of the nation must be the particular and continuous work of men and women with special qualifications and fitness for the work. It is, we know, more particularly the business of the Churches; and since the war began they have worked incessantly and devotedly for this end, and have held daily and special intercessory services,

exhortations and calls to prayer. But infinitely more remains to be done, and laymen and women may well supplement the work of the Churches; for the people are also inspired by men and women of Thought and Art, and the spiritual force which springs from these might profitably be co-ordinated in the nation's service.

The purpose of this Movement is to utilise these lay spiritual forces for the further inspiriting of the nation in the stern Fight for Right in which we are engaged. And the appeal is made not only to every Englishman but to every citizen of the British Empire; and not to them only, but to every human being who can realise the present danger to Humanity. And all who have the capacity and the aptitude for touching Human Nature will find scope and room for their activities.

In pursuance of this main purpose three special objects are aimed at:

1. To confirm and deepen the conviction most men now have that we are fighting for something more than our own defence, and are battling for all Humanity in order to preserve common Human Rights for the generations to come.
2. To help in rousing men and women for enthusiastic service in this High Cause; and to aid each in finding the particular form of service best suited to him or her.
3. To sustain the spirit of those men and women who are already serving.

These objects it is sought to carry into effect by means of regular weekly meetings (preferably on Sunday afternoons), at which such men and women as are imbued with the spirit of the Movement, and believe that if the most is to be got out of men the best in them must be appealed to—will, by speech and song and music, communicate the spirit to others and receive from the meeting itself that further impulse which will give momentum to the Movement; and at which, also, those who are ready to come forward for the service of their Country, and consequently of Humanity, will be welcomed and personally aided to find that special form of service for which they are severally best fitted.

The Spirit of the Movement is essentially the Spirit of Faith: Faith in the good in men; Faith, therefore, in ourselves; Faith in the Righteousness of our Cause; Faith in the ultimate Triumph of Right; but with this faith the Understanding that Right will

only win through the purification, the efforts and the sacrifices of men and women who mean to make it prevail. And such men and women will work not for their individual selves alone, but for the whole Country, and not for their Country acting selfishly, but as it acts for the whole of Humanity . . . not for themselves, but for their children; not for the Present, but for the Future . . . and not for the Highest, but for a Higher than the Highest. They will reach upward, not to the topmost peak, but, like airmen, to the sky beyond the mountain-top.

Such is the spirit with which, it is hoped, those who take part in the Movement will be actuated. And the necessity for having faith in the good in men is emphasised because experience with men of every creed and colour, and of every form and grade of civilisation, shows that in the long run, and on the whole, it is on the good in men that we may put our trust, and that there is a deal more good in the world than we ordinarily suspect. What has happened since the war began gives abundant ground for this faith. Common, average, every-day, ordinary men are displaying a heroism and a readiness for sacrifice such as has never been surpassed in any previous age. And this is happening in every belligerent country, among our enemies as among ourselves. The shop-assistant has enrolled for the war and won the Victoria Cross. The millionaire has enlisted as a private and taken his chance with the rest. When the strain and crisis came, and a man felt a real call upon him, undreamed-of wealth of good suddenly leapt to light. The very commonness with which this has occurred is justification for faith in the good in men and faith therefore in ourselves among the rest—faith in some divine spark which must be glowing far down in the depths of each one of us, and which, flashing from one human soul to another, inspires us with the conviction that Right must win in the end.

Yet experience does teach us, too, that Right does not win by our sitting still and expecting it to win without any effort on our part. It will only win through our own exertions and according as we fit ourselves for the high task of making it prevail by ridding ourselves of every hampering imperfection and by preparing ourselves for every sacrifice.

Experience also teaches us that we must work, not for ourselves alone, nor for others alone, but for the whole, each one making the most and the best of himself in his own way, but for the service of the whole. And in this crisis of human affairs when the fate of the world is in decision, it is of all things necessary that each nation should work, not for its narrow selfish interests, but for the good of the world as a whole. The day of selfish nations is past. We can only feel a passionate devotion to our country when we can be certain that it is working for no simply selfish end, but for the welfare of the whole.

So each of us will have this sense of community with a whole—of membership in a whole inspired and lighted through and through by some Divine impulse ever driving us on to work for the good of that whole, and to be continually making it better and still better. Whether as individuals or as a nation, when private interests and the public good conflict, it is the public good which we shall unhesitatingly choose.

And though no mention is made of prayer, those who have ears to hear will perceive that this entire appeal is one sustained prayer from the very depths of the heart to all that is best and most Divine in one's fellow men and women. They will perceive, too, that it is more—that it is an earnest effort to *answer* the prayers which have gone out to us from the suffering hearts of wronged humanity to see their wrongs set right.

That, it is urged, is the spirit which should animate every citizen of each nation, and every nation as a member of the whole human family in this great Fight for Right. And as fresh spirit is generated and as unity is strengthened by the assembling of ourselves together in pursuance of a common object, it is proposed that meetings should be held; and, in order that the impression made might be deep and lasting, that the meetings should be regular and continual. And Sunday afternoons are suggested as probably preferable, because Sunday is the day specially set apart for the things of the Spirit, and if a time for the meetings is chosen which is different from that fixed for the ordinary Church services, the meetings might serve to supplement and not interfere with the work of the Churches, and members of the several congregations and, maybe, ministers also, might find themselves able to aid in the Movement. These meetings will give those who

from their special gifts, training or experience are able to influence the people aright, the opportunity of effectively exerting their influence, and will give the people the opportunity of listening to those who may best be able to help them.

The meetings will have to be held where and when the people it is wanted to reach will come to them. It is necessary for the speakers to go to the people, and not expect the people to come to them. But the meetings should also be of such a character as would in themselves naturally attract. And as one of the objects of the Movement is to sustain the spirit of those already engaged in the service of their country, they should be such that the hardest workers may find in them weekly sustenance and refreshment for the heavy duties that lie before them. Men fatigued with the hard practical work of the week would there renew the right spirit within them. Those who are not so arduously engaged would be incited to more vigorous effort. And all would be uplifted by a new contemplation of the ideals for which we are striving, and by the noble examples from present-day men- and women-heroes which would be held before them.

The appeal will be made to the best part of men's nature—not to fear and hatred and revenge, or anything else which lowers the spirit and clouds the judgment, but to all those higher instincts which tone and strengthen a man and serve to unite him with and not separate him from his fellows.

And it will be an essential characteristic of these meetings that this appeal should be made not by oratory alone but, in particular, by music also and by recitation, and any other available and suitable art. And at each meeting these separate arts would be used not in isolation but in settled combination—musician, singer, reciter, speaker, uniting their separate efforts to produce one single, definite and harmonious impression. And to clinch this impression and to produce a sense of unity and common effort, a call might be made at its conclusion to all who are in favour of the Resolution (which must be regarded as a solemn vow and determination):

“To Fight for Right till Right is won,”

to rise and with uplifted hand cry ‘Aye.’ And if this action could be immediately followed by the singing of some inspiring

words in which the whole meeting could join, members would be sent away with their spirit refreshed and refined. Their higher natures would have been touched and they would have caught a vision of the good that is in them and in their fellows. They would therefore feel a renewed determination to be faithful to themselves, to be true to the good within them and to do all that in them lies to make that good prevail.

And they would have the joy which comes to a man when he knows that he is making the most and the best of himself ; when he is sure that every effort and every sacrifice he makes inures to the good of his country ; and when he can be certain that his country itself is working for the good of Humanity. Then in the hour of trial, even if it is unto death—he will know, and his dear ones will know too, that his life and his death will not have been in vain. As he himself has benefited by the struggles and sacrifices of his forefathers, so he also will have done his most to make this world a better for those who follow after.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE EXTERNAL WORLD.

As a Field for Scientific Method in Philosophy. By Bertrand Russell, Lecturer and Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Chicago and London (Open Court Publishing Co.); pp. 245; 7s. 6d. net.

THE eight chapters of this volume were originally delivered as Lowell Lectures at Boston, U.S.A., in March and April, 1914. The Hon. Bertrand Russell is one of our keenest thinkers and most distinguished mathematicians, and in philosophy is reckoned as a protagonist of what is generally known as Neo-realism. In these Lectures his chief pre-occupation seems to be to limit the scope of philosophy and so to discipline it that it may become a science with its results 'independent of the tastes and temperament of the philosopher who advocates them.' For him philosophy is to be pure intellectualism; he believes that logic is the 'essence of philosophy' and throughout champions what he calls the logical-analytic method. The logic he advocates, however, is not the traditional logic of the schools, but a more accurately tested and refined form of the ancient discipline of discursive thought. Mr. Russell tells us that the first serious advance in real logic since the time of the Greeks was but recently made independently by Peano and Frege, who arrived at their logical results by the analysis of mathematics. Philosophical logic should be the development and perfection of this method, and its application in the various fields of scientific activity. In the new philosophy metaphysics must by all means be eschewed; there must be no admission of metaphysical entities into the temple of scientific philosophy. We are to have such an accurate and economical method of stating our inferences that these may be as impeccable as mathematical formulæ. As mathematics gives the method of research in physics, so will this new logic give the method of research in philosophy. It would thus seem as though philosophy was to be simply an extension of the method of accurate observation and description which passes for scientific knowledge in the

world of physics. The ancient ideal of philosophy as the science of life and the means of living rightly is thus to be abandoned. Above all any belief in a more vital aid to winning to wisdom than the logical intellectual method supplies is to be severely repressed. Philosophical imagination in the making of hypotheses may be permitted, but the intuitional flash of genius is to lie under heavy suspicion. In particular, therefore, Mr. Russell attacks Bergson's intuitionalism, and would reduce this leading characteristic of that brilliant thinker to the poverty-stricken dimensions of uncriticised instinct, and pillories him as utterly ignorant of the light which the new mathematical revelation throws on the problems of continuity and infinity. Mr. Russell would class Bergson as a mystic; and what his attitude is to every form of mysticism may be seen from the following criticism:

"The belief or unconscious conviction that all propositions are of the subject-predicate form—in other words, that every fact consists in some thing having some quality—has rendered most philosophers incapable of giving any account of the world of science and of daily life. If they had been honestly anxious to give such an account, they would probably have discovered their error very quickly; but most of them were less anxious to understand the world of science and of daily life than to convict it of unreality in the interests of a super-sensible 'real' world. Belief in the unreality of the world of sense arises with irresistible force in certain moods—moods which, I imagine, have some simple physiological basis, but are none the less powerfully persuasive. The conviction born of these moods is the source of most mysticism and of most metaphysics. When the emotional intensity of such a mood subsides, a man who is in the habit of reasoning will search for logical reasons in favour of the belief which he finds in himself. But since the belief already exists, he will be very hospitable to any reason that suggests itself. The paradoxes apparently proved by his logic are really the paradoxes of mysticism, and are the goal which he feels his logic must reach if it is to be in accordance with insight. It is in this way that logic has been pursued by those of the great philosophers who were mystics—notably Plato, Spinoza, and Hegel. [Shade of Georg Wilhelm Friedrich—to be classed as a mystic when he treated mysticism with such unmeasured contempt!] But since they usually took for granted the supposed insight of the mystic emotion, their logical doctrines were presented with a certain dryness, and were believed by their disciples to be quite

independent of the sudden illumination from which they sprang. Nevertheless their origin clung to them, and they remained—to borrow a useful word from Mr. Santayana—‘malicious’ in regard to the world of science and common sense. It is only so that we can account for the complacency with which philosophers have accepted the inconsistency of their doctrines with all the common and scientific facts which seem best established and most worthy of belief” (pp. 45, 46).

The new logic is apparently to put an end to all of this, erase mysticism and metaphysics from the universe and leave us to one-pointed absorption in the genial task of accurate observation and description—for instance, of the present hell let loose in Europe—as a solace for our souls, and the only genuine sort of knowledge attainable. We have no quarrel with any attempt to make life more and more real, genuine and true; sense-data are real enough, and it is certainly not the genuine mystic who denies their reality. Indeed it is precisely because he believes in an extended order of intenser sense reality, that he refuses to ascribe the sole reality to normal five-sense consciousness. Now there is no sign anywhere in Mr. Russell’s writings that he has paid any attention to the things that count most in the private life of individuals. It is true that our private universes do not accurately range, much less equate, with the objective universe of common sense in which we all share; but the fact of the existence of private universes which refuse to submit to the tyranny of the common objective outer universe, is precisely the problem of all problems with which philosophy is face to face. Mr. Russell’s cold mathematical formulæ and his logical-analytic method here give us no help. According to his theory, no one should presume to think of philosophy unless he is already a past-master in physical research and in the higher mathematics and especially in the new logic. Now we have nothing but genuine admiration for Mr. Russell’s high attainments in his own field of intellectual industry. We cannot, however, feel persuaded that until Crantor, Frege, Peano and himself arose, philosophy was so absolutely benighted in the dark ages of human thought; indeed, on the contrary, we find it difficult to understand how any genuinely philosophical mind can desire to inflict such narrow limits on its activities as Mr. Russell seems so delighted to impose. Discipline is good; but this seems to be an intellectual militarism and savours somewhat of the unjustifiable self-confidence of that mechanical ideal of ‘*Kultur*’ against which we are now generally

fighting in the interests of a genuine culture, based on a more spiritual conception of the universe, which allows for the natural development of the whole man towards the goal of self-realisation. The self-confidence of Mr. Russell's criticism on all other methods of philosophising than his own seems to be foreign to that modesty which he advocates when he writes: "By the practice of methodological doubt, if it is genuine and prolonged, a certain humility as to our knowledge is induced: we become glad to know *anything* in philosophy, however seemingly trivial. Philosophy has suffered from the lack of this kind of modesty" (p. 240). One would have thought that in view of the repeated onslaughts made by Mr. Russell on well-nigh every position of Bergson, he could have nothing in common with this suggestive thinker and least of all with his main contention, which is also that of the despised philosophical mystic. Bergson contends that philosophical intuition gives us an immediate contact with life, and that without this genuine philosophy is out of the question. He does not, however, say that this intuition is the whole of the matter. By no means; his contention is that intuition is the means whereby we are immediately baptised in the life-stream, and that this baptism in the life-giving waters is a perpetual refreshment whereby we are enabled to create ever new concepts and ideas in which to clothe this deep insight into reality. Now in the conclusion of his whole matter Mr. Russell does not differ so fundamentally as the whole of the rest of his volume would lead us to suppose, for he writes:

"When everything has been done that can be done by method, a stage is reached where only direct philosophic vision can carry matters further. Here only genius will avail. What is wanted, as a rule, is some new effort of logical imagination, some glimpse of a possibility never conceived before, and then the direct perception that this possibility is realised in the case in question. Failure to think of the right possibility leaves insoluble difficulties, balanced judgments pro and con, with bewilderment and despair. But the right possibility, as a rule, when once conceived, justifies itself swiftly by its astonishing power of absorbing apparently conflicting facts" (p. 241).

The mistake is to suppose that there is only one way and method of insight. The greatest philosophers in the true sense of the word are the simplest. Jesus knew nothing of scientific method in the modern sense, but his genuine philosophical insight into the things that matter was unsurpassed.

THE HELL OF A MODERN POET.

Poems. By John Rodker. To be had of the Author, 1 Osborne Street, Whitechapel, E.; pp. 21; 2s. net.

IN the last poem of a recently published small book of verses by John Rodker we are initiated into the hell of the modern mind. Here there are no more the hell-fires of old, remorse and goading memories that figured so largely in the tortured conception of the human mind in the past. In its place, however, I think we meet with something almost more awful still—namely, the picture of a human soul consciously experiencing its own disintegration.

The vital philosophy that is just now on the rising crest for the on-coming generation is a philosophy of Individualism. The young soul feels it must at all costs seek and establish its own identity. Naturally it follows then that the reverse of maintaining its own identity and becoming submerged into undifferentiated life constitutes for it a hell, every whit as horrible as the abode of punishment that figures in the scheme of the old religions.

The thoughtless yielding to every tradition, every influence, the entire surrender to environment, produces a result that makes the sensitive mind recoil in horror. The soul gradually and surely, bit by bit, loses the sense of its own identity, and once more becomes part of the inchoate mass of struggling, striving beings all more or less alike and getting nowhere.

The figure the poet uses is that of a man slowly and surely, under awful compulsion, descending stairs step by step into darkness. Here is no familiar vision of the Earth receiving her child, man, into her soft arms and lulling him once more into everlasting rest. That fate is the prerogative of the body. This is the history of the soul which has sought repose; and the soul that seeks repose is a soul which is dead and must join the dead things that are welded into one.

I said above we were initiated into the hell of the modern mind, and I used the word 'initiated' with precision; because the poet uses the new modern direct method. There is no lengthy description or rolling of magnificent lines, as is the old way to evoke a passing panorama. The reader himself is at once taken to this hell. He is immediately transported down a million years; and finds himself still going down and down, whether he will or no, until the poem is ended.

Every now and then there is a side-direction that a million

years have passed; and I imagine the idea is that the human mind has taken as long as the human body to evolve, and so its disintegration must endure equally. The death of the soul is not a dramatic rapid stroke, but the gradual loss of self-consciousness.

At each step the soul looks at itself and says, What 'I was' I no longer 'am.' The poet makes the reader, who has become this damned soul, conscious only of unpenetrated gloom around, gloom which he has never tried to pierce, which is therefore pressing him down and down and into which he is merging, so that the image of himself becomes more and more blurred and his speech more and more vacillating.

The thought throughout the poem is much the same as that of Ibsen with his Button-Moulder who threatened to melt Peer Gynt down into common metal once again. It is as if the soul were charged with the one mission to seek all things, to undergo all things, and yet never to yield itself completely, but retain always the power to rebound.

Nietzsche spent a lot of energy, to the utter consternation and misapprehension of many, in decrying pity—pity, that one real arduous achievement of Christian civilisation which really has got some foothold and is now seemingly to be trampled under foot!—an emotion that really helps us to gauge the potentiality of all things, now to be thrust off and to be of no account! Why I think Nietzsche challenged it, was because it is the one emotion men think they may yield to completely; but complete surrender to any emotion, whether that emotion be good or bad, is not for the soul of man. Emotions are the pathways to reality to be travelled over; the soul that lingers will sink through the trap-doors opening on to those stairs to hell portrayed in the poem. In prosaic language, a man who acts on emotion only, whether it be good or bad, and never questions, never orders his mind, never thinks up to the hilt of his ability, loses the sense of his own identity and becomes nothing. An amiable curate exhorting his congregation to the complete abnegation of self in faith and self-sacrifice (which is not at all to be confounded with every-day unselfishness—a wholly desirable overflow of abundant life) is encouraging a spiritual voluptuousness which leads to the hell of obliteration,—though no doubt the curate would be vastly astonished if such a notion were suggested to him.

There is one more potent image in the poem to which I should like to refer. It is said that the descending feet 'caress' the

'white perfection' of the stairs, and this suggests that it is the excessive desire for finished and perfected things that drags us down, however alluring these things may be to the senses.

These poems have received slight notices in some of the papers, but all in rather a snappy, ill-natured tone, aroused, I suppose, by their novelty of method and ideas, the drift of which is not at first apparent. All genuine novelty demands a certain readjustment of outlook, and readjustment demands effort, and effort is, well—always annoying. But new departures in Art should not be overlooked. They have a vital concern for those really interested and anxious for the real progress of mankind. For instance, it is dawning on us now that progress cannot be effected on external mechanical lines. The sociology of the future will more likely than not be a branch of psychology, to which the direct understanding of emotion is the first key. If Mr. Rodker has made us feel for ourselves what the hell of the modern mind is and what it is like to be there, surely he has gone a good way to banishing for ever any attempts to coerce submissive citizens into the Ideal State. When you know what it is like to be thwarted in finding your own identity, you become more and more reluctant to participate in legislation or any arrangement that tends to treat men like so many similar sheep. I would suggest a brief sojourn in John Rodker's Hell as a salutary cure for the domineering mind, who will however, I am sure, be cunning enough to avoid it.

H. P.

CONFUCIANISM AND ITS RIVALS.

By Herbert A. Giles, LL.D., Professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge. A Course in the Second Series of Hibbert Lectures. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 271; 6s. net.

THE veteran Professor of Chinese at Cambridge, Dr. Herbert A. Giles, as the result of his many years of careful study of Confucianism, is convinced that it is still the most suitable moral discipline and, if it throws back to the simple theism of Confucius himself, the most suitable form of religion for the Chinese. Confucius was no revealer of a new doctrine; he collected and brought to clearer definition the principles and practices that had already been developed by a long line of his country's sages. The wide-spread opinion that Confucianism is simply a system of

morals is, according to Dr. Giles, erroneous. The Confucianism of Confucius himself was founded on the pure monotheistic belief in a personal God. That this is a genuine fact Dr. Giles shows by an analysis of the meaning of the sign for the Supreme Being in the ancient Odes.

Gradually in the long course of a twenty-four centuries' development, the veneration and well-nigh worship paid to the Teacher usurped the place of the true object of the religion of Confucius himself, and the general tendency of the Literati or scholars of Confucianism has been to suppress almost entirely any belief in a 'supernatural' Power. A drastic reform is therefore necessary to get back to the genuine spirit of the teaching inculcated by Confucius himself; and the agnostic doctrine of later Literati and what may be called their gospel about Confucius must be jettisoned in order to save the genuine spiritual gospel preached by the sage. In spite of such degeneration, however, this ancient way is still the chief formative factor in Chinese character and the dominant spiritual element in Chinese life. And not only so, but it retains this supremacy in spite of powerful rivals which have throughout the centuries each made 'its bid for the salvation of the Chinese.' These are: Taoism, Buddhism, Mazdaism, Judaism, Manicheism, Mahometanism, and Christianity under such varied forms as Nestorianism, Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. With all these rivals of Confucianism on Chinese soil Dr. Giles deals instructively, and at the end of his labours comes to the following remarkable conclusion:

"Mr. Balfour asserted in his Gifford Lectures that a world without God is a world in which æsthetic and ethical values are greatly diminished, sublimely indifferent to the fact that æsthetic and ethical values have nowhere been so high-pitched as in China and Japan, where for many centuries past God has been almost a negligible quantity. But if it be true in a general sense, as Mr. Balfour claims, that a 'theistic setting' in human affairs is for the well-being of mankind, then China has now a chance that should not be missed. The Republic is crying out for a State religion. In the words of a famous Chinese poet:

" 'Stoop and there it is;
Seek it not right or left.'

"Let the Chinese people be encouraged, by the erection of temples and by forms of prayer, to join in the old unitarian worship of four thousand years ago. Let them transfer to . . .

God . . . all those thoughts of reverence and gratitude which have been centred so long upon the human, to the neglect of the divine. Their stirring battle-cry would then be, 'There is no God but God, and Confucius is His Prophet' " (pp. 264, 265).

This is a very disappointing conclusion for those who think that the salvation of China must depend on its Christianisation. But Dr. Giles thinks that the difficulties that confront the missionaries are well-nigh insuperable. Apart from the ingrained scepticism of the Confucianist as to the chief elements that form the basis of Christian dogma, the Hibbert lecturer believes that the three main obstacles to the spread of Christianity in China are ;

"First of all, the Confucian dogma that man is born good; secondly, the practice of ancestral worship, which . . . is incompatible with Christian doctrine; and thirdly, the rules and practice of filial piety, due to the patriarchial system which still obtains in China. . . . In the face of this deeply implanted sentiment of reverence for parents, it is easy to see what a shock it must give to be told, as in *Mark* x. 7, 29, 30, that a man should leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife; also that if a man leaves his father and mother for Christ's sake and the gospel's, he will receive a hundred-fold now in this time, and in the world to come eternal life " (p. 262).

We know that in the early days of the Republic strenuous efforts were made by certain spirits among the reformers to introduce a dominating Christian influence in high places and also extreme Westernising tendencies; and we also know how rapidly this sudden external pressure was thrown off. It surely must be that the renovation can only proceed from within according to the innate characteristics of the national genius if it is to be a healthy development. What form the renaissance will take it is impossible to foresee; but it would be foolish to suppose that any really fundamental change can be suddenly brought about in such a radically conservative people as the Chinese have shown themselves to be for at least four thousand years without break. This is surely a proof of an enduring spirit that will not readily yield to innovation; and such persistence is not to be attributed to an incurable moral degeneracy, as these Lectures clearly show, but to the need of preserving for the good of the world a valuable spiritual asset of its own special kind.

SPIRITUAL JOURNAL OF LUCIE CHRISTINE (1870-1908).

Edited by the Rev. A. Poulain, S.J. Translated from the French.
London (Kegan Paul); pp. 360; 5s. net.

THIS book is, in its way, a phenomenon in the world of religion and mysticism. It is a rarity in the realm of thought, a problem for the student of psychology and a record of the experiences of one who for thirty-eight years lived her inner life in union with God. This Journal of a woman, who is here known merely as Lucie Christine, is the daily intimate diary of a lady who lived in France, married, had five children, lost her husband after 22 years, was a widow for 21 more and died in 1908, at the age of 64. It is as remarkable for what it does not contain as it is for what it contains. For this lady of such a high and deep spiritual mind and heart was not what in France is called a *dévoté*. There is not a line in her Journal to suggest that artificial hot-house piety which is so apt to be fostered in Catholic countries by the Church and the clergy. There is, for instance, not a word about indulgences, special devotions, or patron saints, or pet preachers.

Written throughout in a modest humble style of the most sincere simplicity, this Diary, of which about a third of the whole is here printed, tells us in tones of truth and tenderness the inner thoughts, longings and visions of this wife and mother, living her social life of the world not far from Paris. It is a revelation in the privacy of her Journal, with no dream of its publication, of that 'God known of the heart,' as Pascal defined real religion. Father Poulain, S.J., the well-known author of that text-book of Catholic mysticism *Des Graces d'Oraison*, known in English as *The Graces of Interior Prayer*, which has passed through many editions, introduces this Journal by a short Preface. He tells us that her only director for 33 years was her old parish priest, to whom she showed her note-books, which he gave back again, advising only the practice of the virtues. Probably he did not seek to enquire into her high mystical spirituality or her visions of truth, even if he understood the quality of her writings. The Jesuit Father says that "in every instance she experienced the different graces before she had learnt from books of their existence." She never knew him, nor did she know the treatise he had published. "Although as a Mystic she may have held precisely the same views as I do, it is not to be thought that I influenced her." He did not come upon this Journal until the end of 1909, a year and a half after

her death. She had hardly read any of the mystical authors, and she was under no monastic influences whatever.

Such are the facts of the case and the circumstances under which this daily Journal of an intense spiritual inner life was written. Yet we find here passages which, for simple intuition and vision, will in the minds of many seem even to surpass those recorded by the trained pens of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross, though they do not come to us with their authority of monastic tradition and canonisation. Her very simplicity of utterance and her clarity of thought tell of her own true sanctity. Her frequent and unusual references to the Holy Ghost show us how her spirit, in its full freedom, was guided and governed by the Holy Spirit of God. Thus she writes of His presence within her: "Thou givest a peace and a security all Thine own, for Thou art Light itself and the Divine Director of the Soul, and it seems to her when Thou art there in a sensible manner, that no doubt or sorrow dare assail her." No diary of the usual *dévôte* nor many writings of even pious monks or nuns, would show such a high and intellectual faith as is in these lines.

Or take a passage on p. 237, written in Oct. 1887: "The prayer of passivity is not only the silence of the soul before God, it is also very truly the answer of God to the soul. It is, in fact, a language without words." This, I think, is true psychology; for the answer to prayer is really contained in the petition presented, and that is made manifest to the soul which soars upward in faith, vision, love and hope. All her highest thoughts come to her after her daily Communion or when before the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. So it has always been with the greatest Catholic saints and mystics; for it is only through the symbol of the Eucharist, and while living in the light and atmosphere so created, that they can think in thoughts and without words rise into a purely spiritual state of happy vision. During this silent passivity she writes: "God takes possession of the whole being . . . it is no longer I who am there, it is He. . . . I see myself no longer, I only see Jesus. I am not destroyed, but His Life takes possession of me, dominates and absorbs me. I adore Him, but the Divine action penetrates and transforms my adoration; the Divine Being thinks, lives and loves in me." So spontaneously, sweetly and simply do these high thoughts well up in the saintly soul of this woman living in her own little French world, at the age of 43; and so they are set down, as they come, without art or any sort of strain. In the rare notes added by

Father Poulain he shortly says of this passage: "These are the characteristics of transforming union," of which technical term the writer had never heard; and there he wisely leaves it to speak for itself to the perceptive reader.

Passages of equal power and beauty could be quoted from almost every page. Speaking of a period of sacramental desolation she writes: "But the characteristic grace of this time of sickness and privation was the union of my soul with the Holy Ghost. This is a very great and precious grace; it carries the soul straight to God, if I dare so express it." Indeed it is; nor is the depth and daring of this high and holy thought in any way lessened if we leave out the word 'grace,' and put this knowledge and acknowledgment of an inner life and light upon a basis of philosophy as showing a true courage calmly contemplative. The silent secret workings of this unknown woman's noble soul may well be taken as practical proof, from vital experience, of the truth of that great text, *Spiritus ubi vult spirat*, in its most free and most mystical meaning.

F. W.

THE FOURFOLD GOSPEL.

By Edwin A. Abbott, Honorary Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, Fellow of the British Academy. Cambridge (The University Press); pp. 456; 12s. 6d. net.

THIS is Part X. of Dr. Abbott's encyclopædic studies which he has called *Diatessarica*, and which are a mine of valuable and most varied material for students of New Testament criticism. We have read most of these fat volumes and have repeatedly asked ourselves what definitely has the veteran ex-Head Master of the City of London School proved by his immense and unremitting labours? If only he would write a small general summary of results and tell us clearly what in his opinion it all goes to prove!

The main idea of the present volume is that, as the author of the Fourth Gospel had in every probability all three of the Synoptics before him when he wrote, it will be of interest to see how 'John' treats matter common to all three. Dr. Abbott believes that one of the main functions of 'John' is to intervene, and that his book could be called 'Johannine Interventions.' But in behalf of what or whom does J. intervene? Dr. Abbott thinks, and endeavours to prove, "In behalf of Mark, in order to explain harsh or obscure Marcan expressions altered or omitted by Luke

and sometimes by Matthew also" (p. xi.). In other words, the Fourth Gospel often intervenes where the Three Gospels differ in words, as though it said: "I cannot tell you the *words* of Christ, but I can tell you his *mind*, as it was revealed to the mind of the Disciple whom he loved" (p. xxiii.).

But if the three Synoptics, as seems highly probable, lay before the Johannine writer, he must have regarded them very differently from modern traditionalists. He has little or no respect for them as historical documents; but on the contrary seems to regard them as a stage of 'scripture' writing, and that, too, an inferior stage which failed to bring out the spiritual implicits of the tradition. He alters and adds as he pleases. No one could have ventured on such drastic treatment had the Synoptics been considered in his circle faithful and authentic historical documents. 'John' could never have ventured on this had he not been supported by another tradition and a very powerful one. To-day historical criticism sets the Fourth Gospel aside as devoid of all historical authority, and seeks for history solely in the Three; but the writer of the Fourth Gospel shows by his drastic treatment of these prior documents that he regards them as composed from precisely the same standpoint as he himself assumes in his own scripture. And indeed the whole history of the Christian Gnosis shows that vast numbers of the Early Church shared this view—in brief, all the Pneumatici or followers of the Spirit as contrasted with the Psychici or followers of the supposed objective historic view.

Now the strongest 'historical' element in the Three is that they are still dominated by the original eschatological preaching; with this the writer of the Fourth Gospel will have nothing to do. He is here spiritually right, but most probably historically wrong. Dr. Abbott seems to us to blurr the whole historical problem without saying clearly that he renounces entirely the eschatological view of the Synoptics; he reads back the 'mind' of the Johannine writer, the composer of the 'spiritual gospel,' into the 'mind' of the eschatological prophet depicted by the synoptic sources, and so thinks apparently that he can eliminate the strongest historical factor in the Synoptics. Thus he would have it that the 'gospel' preached by Jesus was not the immediately Coming Kingdom, that the 'repentance' was not contrition for sin, but that the gospel was 'the good-tidings of the peace of God,' and the repentance a turning to God in the sense of becoming like God. In brief that Jesus was not an eschatological prophet, but a spiritual teacher

preaching the unity between God and man, the spiritual regeneration or new birth, and all those high mystic doctrines that indeed form the real spiritual essence of Christianity. That might be true; but if true, we have to give up the Synoptics as history. It is a question of either the Fourth Gospel or the Synoptics; we can't have both. 'John' does not intervene here; he entirely eliminates.

Dr. Abbott adds three learned appendixes to his volume, the more important of which are a long disquisition on the names 'Nazarene' and 'Nazoræan' and one on the Odes of Solomon. With regard to the latter it may be remarked that the very great value of this early document is being more and more recognised. And if, as seems now proved, the Pauline Letter to the Ephesians is found echoing these Odes and referring to such hymn-making at Ephesus, then Harnack's theory of the Odes being precursors of the Johannine theology seems to be well-founded and the traditional Ephesian origin of the Fourth Gospel is confirmed in a quite unexpected way.

MUTUAL INFLUENCE.

A Re-view of Religion. By Sir Francis Younghusband. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 144; 3s. net.

THE main idea of this thoughtful essay is that "the World-Process is actuated by an inward principle—the Mutual Influence of spontaneously-active parts upon one another—and is not directed, controlled, and guided by a Perfect Being from outside" (p. 68). The notion of what has been called an 'evolving God' is of late being adopted by an increasing number of thoughtful minds, to whom the traditional view of an eternally perfect all-powerful and all-wise Deity is unbelievable in face of the painful contradiction the patent facts of life offer to this creed. The process itself is to be viewed hopefully as a process of betterment inherent in the very nature of life. The difficulty is to understand how an immanent principle alone is an any more satisfactory explanation than a transcendent principle alone. It is in the reconciliation of these two opposed views that, in our opinion, the basis of a genuinely spiritual religion is to be found. In one sense the power is the process, in another it directs the process; our developing consciousness of the process should not be set up as the standard of reality, much less as an adequate explanation of the nature of the power. We must be content to say *ignoramus* ;

for knowing as we do the poverty of our knowledge, how poor a world-order would it be if it could be measured by such penury of understanding! Sir Francis Younghusband pins his faith solely to the principle of betterment inherent in the process and thus writes:

"Out of the World itself and from the Mutual Influence of the self-active parts upon one another there would issue such a Power as would establish order and regularity and set in being a process. And betterment would thus result from the method of trial and error pursued by the active individual parts, and not from the accomplishment of an externally conceived plan. Nor would there be a mere unfoldment of what was already inside. There would be something more than evolution viewed as exfoliation. There would be a genuine creation of something new—not new things, but what is of higher and higher worth" (p. 81).

There is, however, it seems to us, no necessity to stress so severely the contrast of the metaphorical opposites 'outside' and 'inside' as though they could really stand as equivalents of transcendent and immanent. The latter notions have purely spiritual connotations beyond even the qualitative distinctions of life, and it is precisely by increasing realisation of their meaning that we conceive of progressively higher values as the outcome of the activities of the life-process. Nevertheless there is much to think over in the simple recital of the main conclusions reached by Sir Francis—namely:

"That the World is a Whole; that the Whole is a Process; that the Process is one of development towards the good; that the Power that actuates the Process and whose Unseen Presence men are continually feeling is not exerted by an External Being, but is a Spirit immanent in the Process itself; and that however strongly he may feel the Spirit acting upon him, it depends upon the free-will of the individual himself whether or no he adopts the course which leads to the highest good" (p. 95).

A man with this intuition of the good, and with the firm conviction that he must put forth every effort to co-operate with the best in the process so as consciously to help on the whole to betterment, will, Sir Francis concludes, become increasingly assured "that running through all, through the worst as through the best, is a decisive something which is ever driving the good to overcome and melt and transmute the bad. So he will firmly believe in the good, have faith in himself and his fellows, be ever

his own true self and steadfastly work that the best alone may prevail."

Of any belief in conscious survival after death there is no word in the book, and we must conclude that Sir Francis is of those who are content to leave the doctrine of the immortality of the soul out of the calculation, and to look forward to a fuller measure of heaven here on earth for descendants of whom they will have no consciousness, on an earth and in a universe out of which they themselves will have disappeared for ever.

And so the above paragraph concludes, and with it the whole book, with the brave but in the circumstances unaccounted for words :

"Then sometimes, even here and now, will come to him the feeling of heaven, and with it the longing that he may so do that his children and his children's children may experience it more fully and more often in the goodly years that we must *make*" (p. 144).

THE STONES OF SACRIFICE.

By Mona Caird. London (Simpkin, Marshall) ; pp. 460 ; 6s.

A NOVEL with a purpose—a protest against the idea of self-sacrifice of the traditional sort. The 'Stones' are a Druidic ruin once bloody with the slaughter of human victims offered to the gods. A boy, Alpin Dalrymple, who visits the Stones in company with a sensible man of science, has his whole afterlife influenced by the lesson which his mentor's denunciation of sacrifice enforces. He resents the 'meanness' involved in sacrificing any individual vicariously in the interests of anyone else. His companion confirms his disgust at the barbaric superstition in the following words :

" 'Very ancient and deep-seated human ideas *are* rather mean, my boy, and Sacrifice is one of the most ancient and deep-seated. Whenever you hear anyone talk of sacrifice, no matter in what refined disguise, you will know that you are back at the very beginning of things.'

" 'But the minister—' Alpin began, and changed his mind.

" 'The idea is built into our very fibre,' the Professor went on, more as if thinking aloud than addressing his companion.

" 'Buy what you want by sacrifice—of others or of yourself. The Gods won't give anything for love. I'm afraid to think how many fairest maidens and finest of the people the Gods still require from us annually. And the Sacrifice goes on age after age, though

the Standing Stones are without their priests and flowing blood.

. . . There are *other* Stones of Sacrifice and other Priests and still the heart's blood flows in torrents over the secret altars.' "

The plot is slight and subordinated entirely to Mrs. Caird's persistent and, as many of us no doubt are convinced, wise protest against the overrated and frequently even vicious and perverse ideal of sacrifice—of one's self or of others. There are those who seem to take a morbid joy in arresting the expansion of themselves or others, as soon as any excuse for such action presents itself. In the name of socialism, the state, religion, the prejudices of kinsfolk, or social conventions we have all been asked at various times to renounce our freedom and bend our wills to those of others. Degradation and shame attend a servile compliance with such demands, whether these are made on behalf of a state organisation or even of the 'unfit' who lie unduly in the way of the virile and successful. Those who read *The Stones of Sacrifice* will follow the characters of the book through a variety of situations in which 'sacrifice' in its worst forms is admirably satirised and condemned. The man of science who disillusioned young Dalrymple of his religious superstitions about sacrifice, is himself a victim of social convention—he married an 'impossible' woman by mistake. He does not allow his life to be marred by mob-ethics; but we will leave the reader to pass his judgment on the solution adopted.

Mrs. Caird, a writer full of sympathy for suffering and incidentally one of the most impassioned denouncers of cruelty to animals in the name of 'science' and 'sport,' does not condemn sacrifices made in view of a truly desirable end, *freely approved by the individual* after full acquaintance with the issues involved. One of her characters proves, in fact, equal to a justifiable sacrifice of this kind. She is opposed only to the theological idea of sacrifice; a legacy this from barbaric antecedents that have fouled the whole history of popular teaching on the matter. It is not generally known from what base origins the religious idea of 'sacrifice' actually derives. The base deities whom 'sacrifice' originally served to 'placate' are no longer taken seriously by the educated man, but the 'sacrifice' notion itself, originally encouraged in connection with the cult of them, remains to vex us.

A sane attitude towards 'sacrifice' is imperative. Mrs. Caird must be thanked heartily for the frank and courageous contribution which she has made toward the clearing up of thought on this topic. We want sympathies to grow; but we do not desire to be slaves.

E. D. F.

WAR AND CHRISTIANITY.

From the Russian Point of View. Three Conversations by Vladimir Solovyof. With an Introduction by Stephen Graham. London (Constable); pp. 188; 4s. 6d. net.

VLADIMIR SOLOVYOF was one of Russia's most brilliant writers. Possessed of a scholarly equipment he was no academical writer, but rather an enthusiastic idealistic philosopher, poet and mystic appealing to a wide audience, and firmly convinced that the good fortune of Russia was bound up with the development of its native religious genius and the expansion of the Eastern Church into a universal form of religion that should unify Christianity, with—strange to say—the chief directing power radiating from Rome. Solovyof viewed with apprehension the growing popularity of the Tolstoyan view of Christianity, and directed many criticisms against its doctrines, though without entering into personal controversy with its great protagonist; and in particular he opposed with all his strength the non-resistance to evil theory.

It is this chief principle of Tolstoyism—namely, of not opposing evil by force—that forms the central interest of these three conversations, which were first published in 1900, a year before the writer's death. The Tolstoyan faith is that if we cease to resist evil by force, then evil will at once disappear. Therefore it follows logically that the true Christian cannot bear arms, can oppose no resistance to the most cruel brutalities and most heinous forms of injustice. In his conversations Solovyof makes the chief defender of this doctrine admit that the very core of the matter is the conviction that evil "subsists only through our resistance, or in consequence of the means we take against it, but it has no real strength of its own. In reality there is no evil, it appears only in consequence of our false theory in supposing that evil exists and in acting on that supposition." Surely we have here, in a nutshell, the Christian Science 'denial' fiction of evil, war, disease, death, etc. This negative non-existence theory of evil, Solovyof, in the character of Mr. Z., one of the interlocutors, has no difficulty in showing, is flatly opposed to all Christian doctrine and theology. Evil is a positive thing and it is only by strenuous resistance to it that the Christian can perfect himself. Indeed Solovyof will have it that: "The real victory over evil is a real resurrection. Only by this . . . is revealed the true Kingdom of God. For without that there is only the kingdom of

death and sin, and of their creator the devil. The resurrection—only not in a figurative sense, but in a real one—that is the proof of the true God.” In our opinion this very ecclesiastically minded writer weakens his case by such elaborate dogmatism. It is, moreover, quite unnecessary when he has already given the *coup de grace* to this aberration of Tolstoyan theology, by calling attention to the simple fact that nowhere in the gospels is a single word to be found that encourages us to play a passive rôle when face to face with the miseries of others. On the contrary we must oppose wrong done to others with all our might, no matter how ready we may be not to resist injustice and evil when done only to ourselves. In the third conversation there is introduced a very strange piece of imaginative writing about the ‘last days’ of the world, with an Anti-Christ Superman as absolute ruler ably assisted by a Mongol magic-working Pope, a notion evidently inspired by Solovyof’s apprehension and detestation of Neo-theosophy. Both the device of introducing a MS. into the narrative and the nature of its contents are very reminiscent of Dostoieffsky’s great creation of the Episode of the Grand Inquisition in *The Brothers Karamazof*; perhaps the latter even inspired the former, for Solovyof looked up to Dostoieffsky almost as his teacher. The Russian original is, we believe, supposed to be a very brilliant piece of literature. In the version before us, however, it must be confessed that not a little of the conversation reads stilted and forced; at times even the utterances are naïve or dull, but that may be intended to heighten the contrasts.

ESSAYS ON DUTY AND DISCIPLINE.

A Series of Papers on the Training of Children in Relation to Social and National Welfare. London (Cassell); pp. 112 + xlviii; 1s. net.

THIS is Vol. I. of a Series published with the object of promoting the Duty and Discipline movement; a movement designed to draw attention to the present laxity of discipline in the education of children of all classes. It consists of a number of separate essays, mostly reprints from the journalistic press, by such writers as Bishop Welldon, the Earl of Meath, the late Professor Friedrich Paulsen of Berlin, Mrs. Arthur Phillp, and Miss Isabel D. Marris, the Secretary of the Series. The evil complained of is set forth by Prof. Paulsen—in an article contributed to *The Educational Review*,

New York—as “ a tendency towards weakness and effeminacy.” Teachers study how to eliminate force and compulsion from the training of youth ; and “ from the green table of government office comes the word : Joy must be brought back to the school-room.” “ It is the business of the instructor to instil into the pupil, without his having been made conscious of it, all that he is to know.” The subject-matter must ‘ stick ’ of its own accord ; and if it does not, the fault lies with the teacher. Yet, the writer argues, the boy of to-day feels unhappy, oppressed, misunderstood, while the sterner treatment of a previous generation was accepted with calmness and good humour. Return, he says, to the *educatio strenua* and dismiss, once for all, ‘ the theorists of over-work and coddling.’

Bishop Welldon (in a paper read at a Conference of the National Union of Women Workers) inculcates more especially the duties of citizenship : to produce good citizens should be the supreme object of a school-master’s or school-mistress’s endeavour. He points out a sharp distinction between the ancient and modern theories of citizenship. In Aristotle’s *Politics* it is the duty of the individual to the State which is assumed as an axiom of political science. But with the increase of individualism the State has become the servant not the master of its citizens. “ It is not to serve the State but to squeeze the State which is the ambition of modern citizenship.” He urges that the young should be educated in the laws of civic discipline and public duty ; and that ‘ a certain hardness of character,’ in the sense of fortitude, should be cultivated. Though possibly children in old days suffered too much, to-day they may suffer too little.

Most of the writers treat the subject from a national standpoint and urge a sterner moral training on patriotic grounds, since the prosperity of the British Empire depends on the moral qualities of its citizens. “ Of all broken reeds Sentimentality is the most broken reed on which righteousness can lean.” These words of Ex-President Roosevelt head a long list of expressions of opinion on the subject by eminent thinkers.

Few will disagree with the general purpose of the book. It is on the question of method that a divergency of opinion is probable. Dostoevsky, in one of his recently published *Letters*, points out to a mother that it is what she *is* herself, rather than what she teaches her child, that will influence him. When ethical and religious standards become more real for the community at large the effect will be felt in the education of the young. It is not

every parent that can study psychology, and the lack of knowledge can only be made good by that true moral adjustment which will instinctively guide to the right method. Moreover the educational reformer is always too apt to regard the child as clay in the hands of the potter, and to forget how far the character is already formed at birth. Gibbon remarks that education is only effectual in those cases in which the disposition is so good as to make it unnecessary. The educationalist cannot afford to neglect the study of ante-natal conditions. In any case some excellent practical advice is given in the book, notably by Miss Isabel D. Marris in her well-written paper intended for working-class mothers.

S. E. H.

THE WAR AND AFTER.

Short Chapters on Subjects of Serious Practical Import for the Average Citizen in A.D. 1915 onwards. By Sir Oliver Lodge.
London (Methuen); pp. 235; 1s. net.

THESE twenty-eight brief chapters are written with that intensity of feeling which characterises Sir Oliver Lodge's more serious pronouncements. They cover a wide ground, touch on many topics of gravest importance, and are throughout pervaded with a deeply religious spirit. From such abundant material we have space to select only one or two points. We are notoriously suffering from inadequate leadership in this great crisis; the hour has certainly not yet produced the man. Here we have all got a part to play in creating and maintaining a healthy public opinion so that the leaders we have may be kept up to the mark. Political wrangling at such a crisis should be instantly judged an unpardonable outrage and no mercy shown to the delinquents. One would have thought that at this hour there should be no necessity to insist on so elementary a public virtue, and yet we find Sir Oliver feeling himself compelled to write: "We must make [our leaders] use all their abilities for the good of the Nation; we must call them away from the game of Party Politics, from a consideration of party gains and personal careers; or rather we must show them that their careers will be ruined by persistence in any such trivialities." As for the future, Sir Oliver, with many others who pin their faith to spiritual values, looks forward to a new age of betterment and enlightenment after the present agony; Pentecost is to follow Gethsemane. And so in his 'Conclusion' he writes:

"Seers and sensitives have known intuitively that great events were being foreshadowed, they felt the coming of the present time, and have heralded the advent of a new era. The conflict is not solely material, the whole psychic atmosphere is troubled, and the powers of good are arrayed against the powers of evil. To suppose that human powers and forces exhaust the category, is to take a limited and purblind—a strictly sensory—view of the universe. Mankind is co-operating with higher influences—either consciously or unconsciously—co-operating on both sides; and from the point of view of the evolution and progress of humanity on this planet there has been real risk of a check and a reverse. Freedom might have been destroyed, a highly organised material *Kultur* might have assumed sway, and the advance of humanity in a spiritual direction would have been set back for centuries. . . .

"People ask despairingly sometimes why man-made evils are permitted, why, if Divine interposition is a reality, they are not stopped by supernatural force. They do not understand the conditions. Free-will, for better or for worse, has been granted to the human race; and a Divine Treaty cannot be torn up. The privilege has been granted to us to be not slaves but sons; the long education of history to this end is behind us, the still longer education of the future is before us; and not only for individuals but for the whole human race on this planet, if it chooses, there remains a magnificent era. The will of God shall yet be done on earth, some day, when it has become the human will likewise. In no other way can it be done."

THE CHURCH AND THE NEW KNOWLEDGE.

By E. M. Caillard. (Longmans); pp. 221; 2s. 6d. net.

IN such a book as this, with a title so comprehensive, it is well to begin by defining our definitions. Now it seems that by 'the Church' Miss Caillard means 'the whole body of Christians to whatever denomination they belong.' She thus addresses a vast and varied multitude of men and women who, though they may agree upon living under the name of Christ, would find little else on which they were in any real agreement. The book itself forms indeed a worthy and welcome addition to that well-known series 'The Layman's Library,' whose high object is to offer a religious ideal which may satisfy both 'heart and mind.' In her use of the

words 'the New Knowledge,' the author confines herself to Natural Science in its bearing directly upon 'man, physical, psychical and social.'

Miss Caillard, however, fairly enough also regards the Church as made up of pastors, preachers and teachers, and in this aspect she quite frankly finds them wanting in their study and use of the New Knowledge, especially on the side of science. In her earlier chapters she summarises the victories won by research in the way of proving the rise of man from some protoplasmic material through evolution, selection and mutation to his present position as a complex being made up of body, soul and spirit. This is all very ably and clearly expressed, though perhaps, and in parts, a little old-fashioned. The scientific materialism which she explains might well have been enlightened more than it is by fuller reference to Vitalism as a working theory and the results that flow from its adoption.

Miss Caillard regards the 'Redemption of the Body,' as "not something which is achieved merely for, but in, and through, man." In other words, it should be the restoration of the body to physical health and fitness by the removal of all causes and sources of disease, by means of the science rather than the art of medicine, as shown in research, and with the aid of such psychical powers of healing as experience has proved us to possess. She will point out that the Life of Prayer is "after all not wholly or chiefly human. The most important part of it is the Divine Response," to which she finds the experience of many believers testifies. Miss Caillard really regards Christ as the Ideal Man, and does not dwell upon the dogma of His Divinity. Her views on Christianity, broad and bold as they are, seem to have been drawn mainly from Harnack, whose writings, even before the war, and during the period when this book was planned and written, had come to be doubted by many as wanting in finality and precision. The whole work is well written, capable, conscientious, earnest and eager, following the hopeful and upward trend of her own work on 'Progressive Revelation.' It should and would do good, if studied by those who are meant to lead and guide the Church in its corporate capacity. It will at least be found full of suggestive and stimulating thought by all who read it as members of that Christian Church, in the great sense, which includes all Christian people.

F. W.

THE INCENDIUM AMORIS OF RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE.

Edited by Margaret Deanesley. Manchester (University Press); pp. 284; 10s. 6d. net.

In libertatem gloriæ filiorum Dei, as St. Paul wrote to his Romans, are words that fitly sum up the aim and the ideal of Richard Rolle, Hermit of Hampole. Freedom of spirit is, and ever must be, the first essential mark of the true mystic. But so many of these chosen souls have been captured by the cloister or in some other way absorbed into the Church, that their law of liberty is hidden or shrouded out of sight. Richard Rolle, born in 1300 and dying in 1349, was of Yorkshire. His mysticism was as free, open and breezy as were his native moors. He got his Latin at Oxford, but took away little else. For he could not do with scholasticism nor, as he wrote, with 'great theologians, wrapped about in endless questionings'; and at the age of nineteen he returned to his northern home, where he lived and died as a free hermit without any ecclesiastical rule whatever.

In this book we have the *Incendium Amoris*, written by Rolle during the last years of his life in that quaint mediæval Latin which he had learnt at Oxford, most ably and abundantly edited and explained by Miss Margaret Deanesley, of Newnham College, Cambridge and of the Manchester High School for Girls. It is a work of close, careful and scholarly research amongst the many manuscripts that still exist, with their full collation and description. It must have been a tedious test of her industrious perseverance and a long labour of love in the cause of exact scholarship. It seems strange that so learned and so illuminating an edition of a work written by a mystic Hermit nearly six centuries ago, should come out of modern Manchester to-day. Our hearty thanks are due to Miss Deanesley for the patient care bestowed upon her work and for the complete Bibliography and excellent Introduction which together make 90 pages and are all that we could desire. Then she has given us 40 pages upon 'The Foundation of Sion Abbey' (now represented by Syon Abbey at Chudleigh, Devon), which is of much interest. As a piece of clear scholarly writing and research it is delightful reading, though quite unconnected with Richard Rolle, except that the Abbey held some of his MSS.

There follows the *Incendium Amoris* in its mediæval Latin, perfectly printed with all its barbaric unfamiliar spelling; many

good notes being added, textual and explanatory. The Middle English translation by Misyn in 1485, modernised by Miss Comper last year (Methuen), gives really a better idea of Rolle's free original and personal mysticism in his own tongue than can the study of his Latin version. He writes entirely from his individual interior *experience*, without reference to other classifications or schools of thought or to mystic authors, positive or negative. His guide is the Fire of Love, as shown by his own interior feelings of fervour; his expression is by means of singing free songs of life like those of the rising skylark; his freedom of spirit in the light is absolute and unhindered by any rules or forms. His happiness here and hereafter is centred in joy. "If in the old time the Holy Ghost inspired many, why should he not *now* take his lovers to contemplate the Joy of His Godhead?" is only one of many outbursts showing the strength of the love and liberty that burned within the heart of this one of the sons of God.

F. W.

THE SUPREME QUEST.

On the Nature and Practice of Mystical Religion. By James P. Langham. London (W. A. Hammond); pp. 224; 2s. 6d.

"IN all the Churches there are souls longing for a richer spiritual life, and outside the Churches there are multitudes who also long for communion with eternal things." So we read in the Preface, where the author says the governing purpose of his book is to reach such souls and to cheer, strengthen and help them. This is certainly a high aim and a great object, and Mr. Langham has written ably and honestly around his text of Mystical Religion. 'Mysticism' is, however, nowadays a word with so many misty meanings that it is not always easy to say what signification is intended. We take it that the line adopted by this writer is the broadly Evangelical—the teaching of Wesley and of Fox, the spirit of the Free Churches—rather than that of the Church as witnessed through the centuries by the great saintly mystics of the cloister in so many countries of the world.

In his desire to write for the people Mr. Langham has, we think, fallen into a fluidity of thought and a facility of style which, though it makes for easy reading, does not give that grip on essentials which is needed to strike our modern mentality effectively. He quotes largely from the New Testament and often uses that colloquial translation of Rutherford which has done such good

service; while to all this he adds various passages from the more modern mystical writers and poets which serve at least to lighten, if not to light up, his great subject. The whole book, which is stated to be the Seventeenth Hartley Lecture, is undoubtedly well done and follows the usual and approved lines. His central idea is to live in close touch with the Personality of Christ according to the teaching of St. Paul; he advises the study of the lives of the saints and mystics of all times, but does not go on to name any of them especially. It is, however, quite true, as Mr. Langham writes, that "each pilgrim of the Mystic Way must find his own path to God, and discover his own rules of life," though some would go on to say that no such rules are needed.

What we miss in this book is that definite dealing with the great issues of life and death which were always present to the minds of the great mystic saints such as Augustine, Teresa and John of the Cross. The soothing and sanguine atmosphere pervading this volume is all well enough in fair weather times of ease and pleasant prosperity. But in the dark days of our existence, now deepened and worsened by the overhanging cloud of war, something more is needed to hold up our poor human courage in the face of poverty, distress, disaster, despair and death. Mr. Langham knows this well enough, for he quotes on his title-page from *St. John* xvii. 3, in the weak translation of the A.V. The Greek should be rendered in English idiom as reading: "For this is the Life Eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." Baron F. von Hügel in his *Eternal Life* deals fully with this great matter. We already have Life Eternal, so that here and now we can and do rise above the dread strain of our human life and death into the plane of Eternity.

F. W.

WILLOW'S FORGE AND OTHER POEMS.

By Sheila Kaye-Smith. London (Macdonald); pp. 52.

A LITTLE book of pleasant rhymes on a variety of subjects mostly hackneyed. 'A Thanksgiving to my Body' and the concluding poem, 'A Prayer,' have more originality than some of the others. The latter, beginning "Lord, let me die on my feet"—which recalls St. Theresa's "I should like to meet my God awake"—expresses a far-reaching truth, and has the note of sincerity which is characteristic of many of these verses.

S. E. H.

A SPECULATION ON HYPOTHESIS IN RELIGION.

And another Essay. By Sir Edward Russell. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 52; 1s. net.

THE object of the former of these two essays is to suggest a way out to those persons who, while religiously minded, cannot accept religious dogma literally. The idea of a hypothesis to be dwelt upon reverently for the sake of its spiritual uses, a kind of '*als ob*' religious creed, is worked out chiefly from the standpoint of its ethical effects, or of "the operation upon the soul of the essential idea at the moral heart of each dogma." The writer desires the vague and universal, above all the subjective, and his conception of hypothesis is apt to merge into something that he describes as mysticism. He equates the mystical with the vague, and looks for support to St. Paul's 'religion of mystery,' pointing out that the Pauline redemption is independent of the truth of the specific phenomena with which it was associated.

The difficulty is that the speculation starts with spiritual values already laid down, and the standpoint is that of one who, having been trained in the Christian faith, desires, while abandoning the literal dogma, to retain its spiritual product.

The second essay, entitled 'The Way of all Salvation,' sets it forth that salvation is moral, not intellectual, simple, not a mystery, 'sacredly vague,' not a precisely detailed plan. It is of the heart and as old as human nature. No 'new theology' therefore need be preached. But there is no need to be a 'literalist in salvation.' The word is one of many meanings; since the days of the Puritans, when the idea was based on a sense of danger, and the main issue was that of heaven or hell, the question of salvation has come to be stated in different terms. One may then free oneself from express conceptions of method. What is needed is a sense of good and evil, self-knowledge and repentance. As in the former essay, much is assumed at starting. "In practical ethics," we are told, "few things are in doubt." The individual requires only resolution, aided by the judgment of the community and the teaching of great moralists. We are in fact presented with a vaguely generalised conception, resting on traditional values.

S. E. H.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

A Biographical Study. By Ernest Rhys. London (Macmillan); pp. 164; 5s. net.

MR. RHYS' delicately written volume can hardly be called a biography. It is rather a poet's highly appreciative appraisal of what we have of Rabindranath Tagore's works in English dress. Scarcely half a score pages are devoted to biography proper and we are left with many blanks we should like to have seen filled. It is from the standpoint of a poet and a lover and knower of Western literature, and not as a student of Indian religion and philosophy, that Mr. Rhys approaches his subject; and the deep impression made on his mind by the Indian poet is well worth recording. It is the universal appeal in Rabindranath's work that makes him loved beyond Bengal, beyond India, in the great world that can read English. He speaks the simple language of the soul and of beauty, with remarkable sympathy and insight. But the readers of *THE QUEST* are already so well acquainted with his work and with what we think of it, that it is not necessary to dwell upon the subject, further than to say that Mr. Rhys is a good guide in pointing out beauties that the ordinary reader may miss. In the Preface there is an interesting piece of information. It has puzzled many why Tagore, who was only just beginning to be known in England, should have been awarded the Nobel prize by a Swedish Committee. On the Continent it caused great surprise, especially in the land of '*Kultur*.' We are now told that the award was due to a distinguished Swedish Orientalist who had read the poems in Bengali before they appeared in English. In conclusion we venture to say that it is a pity Mr. Rhys had not the assistance of a Sanskritist in revising his proofs.

THE TAKING OF TOLL.

Being the *Dāna Līlā* of Rājendra. Translated into English by Ananda Coomaraswamy with an Introduction and Notes and a Woodcut by Eric Gill. London (The Old Bourne Press); pp. vi. + 8.

FOR the setting of this popular Hindi poem of forty verses, composed some 150 years ago, we would refer the reader to our remarks on Dr. Coomaraswamy's version of the poems of Vidyāpati. It sings of an incident taken from the Krishna-Gōpī legends, and

perhaps its chief interest for our readers will be found in its reference to the General Dance (*Rās Maṇḍala*), which is a very important feature in Vaishnava symbolism, and which Dr. Coomaraswamy suggestively compares with the very remarkable old Christmas-eve carol 'To-morrow will be my Dancing Day,' once made so familiar to our readers by evoking the three studies entitled: 'The Sacred Dance of Jesus' (Oct. 1910), 'Ceremonial Game-playing and Dancing in Mediæval Churches' (Oct. 1912) and 'Ceremonial Dances and Symbolic Banquets in Mediæval Churches' (Jan. 1913).

In his Introduction Dr. Coomaraswamy dwells on a very interesting feature of this symbolism of the Soul and the senses as follows:

"In this dance, as represented in the Krishna legend and in the corresponding pictures, the form of Krishna is multiplied, so that when the milk-maids join hands and dance in a ring, there is Krishna between every pair—

"The fair Braj girls and the dusky Krishnas, like a gold and sapphire necklace."

"In this way he is represented as common to all and special to each."

We hope that some day Dr. Coomaraswamy will deal at length with this 'General Dance' which is only incidentally referred to in the poem he has made accessible to us in so artistic a form.

THE SWEET-SCENTED NAME.

And Other Fairy Tales, Fables and Stories. By Fedor Sologub.
 Edited by Stephen Graham. London (Constable); pp. 240;
 4s. 6d. net.

THIS fascinating collection of tales and fables introduces us to a *genre* of literature peculiar to the Russian genius, and within this quite of its own kind. Fedor Sologub is possessed of a faëry gift of imagination and knows well how to suggest an atmosphere. He has the gift of insight into the naïve yet strangely introspective nature of his fellow country men and women, and in spite of his own strongly mystical tendencies finds his subjects in the living present. In Russia he is deservedly regarded as one of the most distinguished and clever writers of short stories, tales and fables, and has reduced their shortness in some instances to a minimum

of brevity. His humour also is not the least attractive of his gifts, as may be seen in the following phantasy on 'Equality.'

"A big fish overtook a little one and wanted to swallow him.

"The little fish squeaked out :

" 'It is unjust. I also want to live. All fishes are equal before the law.'

"The big fish answered :

" 'What's the matter? I won't discuss whether you are equal, but if you don't want me to eat you, then do you please swallow me if you can—swallow me, don't be afraid, I shan't set on you.'

"The little fish opened his mouth and poked about trying to get the big fish in, sighed at last and said :

" 'You have it. Swallow me.' "

THE GODDESS OF GHOSTS.

By C. C. Martindale, S. J. London (Burns & Oates); pp. 219; 3s. 6d. net.

IN these ten short stories we have a literary achievement of rare excellence. They are remarkable, not only for a wide knowledge of the great myths and stories of ancient Greece, but also for a quite uncommon insight into their nature and a power of making them live again. And all is skilfully introduced, and the style and flavour of the telling reveal a fine and delicate taste that should delight all lovers of the classics. Nor is there anything academic about the book; quite on the contrary, the wide learning that goes to make it is so artfully and artistically disguised that none but a scholar will be able to detect and appreciate it. And best of all we like the skilful transitions when the present is made strongly to suggest the past; as for instance when the incidents of a house cricket match, watched by a house master on a sunny, sleepy afternoon, sink back into the crucible of fantasy and are transmuted into doings in ancient Lacedæmon. 'The Goddess of Ghosts,' which gives the title to the whole collection, contains an excellent description of the Eleusinia, though whether a quotation from the Orphic 'Descent into Hades,' from the golden tablets of Ptelia, can be legitimately introduced into the Earth Mother's ritual is a moot point. Beyond all this there is a deeply serious purpose and a suggestion of higher values than Pagan romance or modern revivals of it can supply.

THE POEMS OF MU'TAMID, KING OF SEVILLE.

Rendered into English Verse by Dulcie Lawrence Smith. With an Introduction. Wisdom of the East Series. London (Murray); pp. 60; 1s. net.

MU'TAMID, Sultan of Seville, flourished in the latter half of the eleventh century. In the days of his prosperity he ruled over a wide dominion, and composed many beautiful love-poems. Of all this power and wealth and happiness he was deprived by the treachery of his grand vizier and dearest friend; he was driven into exile and ended his days in extreme poverty. Admirers of the graceful and passionate poetry of love for which the Arabs and Persians are so justly famed, will find much to delight them in these polished renderings of Mu'tamid's verses which were so greatly admired in his own day and by subsequent generations of Arab poets. Miss Lawrence Smith has skilfully phrased the literal translations supplied to her by the distinguished Afghan scholar, Ismail Ali, into a set of graceful lyrics which will give a not inadequate idea of the beauty of the originals, to a collection of which an Arab admirer superscribed the luxurious title 'The Falling of the Pearls and the Scattering of the Flowers.'

THE DOUBLE ROAD.

By Michael Wood. London (Longmans); pp. 172; 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is a story told with the insight into character and the ideal realism of the spiritual life we expect from Michael Wood, with pleasant excursions into nature mysticism. The two ways so ably contrasted are on the one hand the genuine spiritual life that is of deeds and not of words, the inmost illumination of the spirit of goodness, and its silent operation and power in deeds of self-sacrifice, and on the other the intensification of egotism by the selfish pursuit of psychic powers, which in this case ended in a hell of phobias and obsessions. The central idea, which is the leading *motif* in all Michael Wood's stories, is the power of a spiritual presence to overcome evil and transmute it into good. Spiritual virtues win the victory and give true freedom; psychic powers by themselves enslave and degenerate.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

An Exposition and an Appreciation. By Edward Lewis. London (Methuen); pp. 314; 5s. net.

THIS is a highly appreciative and well-written exposition of Edward Carpenter's works and life- and world-view, by one who enthusiastically welcomes him as perhaps the greatest prophet of the new age. There is much in what Edward Carpenter has written, and especially in his ever-expanding *Towards Democracy*—a term he uses for a high spiritual ideal, and having little to do with the vulgar meaning of the word—that is suggestive of a great experience which transformed his whole outlook on life, and some passages that are of quite outstanding excellence. We cannot however but think that his later pre-occupation with problems of sex-aberration is a matter for regret. There is much in common between Edward Carpenter and Walt Whitman, and indeed the former frequently avows his indebtedness to the latter. Nevertheless he is not an imitator for he indubitably has his own inspiration; moreover he is free from Whitman's coarseness.

THE KA ON SCARABS.

By Alice Grenfell. Tirage à part du 'Receuil de Travaux relatifs à la Philologie et à l'Archéologie égyptiennes et assyriennes,' Vol. xxxvii. Paris (Librairie Honoré Champion, 5 Quai Malaquais).

WE invite the attention of those of our readers who are interested in the fascinating subject of the ideas of the Egyptians on the *ka* to this suggestive study by Mrs. Grenfell. It is written in English and contains a useful bibliography and the reproductions of 110 *ka* scarabs, many of which are here presented for the first time. There has been much dispute among the learned as to the meaning of the term *ka*; but there can be little doubt that it was meant by the Egyptians to represent what may best be called the double or counterpart; doubtless there were many shades of meaning within the range of this general idea from the crudest to the more refined, but it is difficult to find explanatory statements on the subject in the texts; it seems to have been universally assumed as an ungainsayable fact in the general belief both of the vulgar and learned of ancient Egypt.

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H. WILDON CARR, Esq., LL.D. (Author
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- Dec. 16.** 'Our Spiritual Complement.'
The President, G. R. S. MEAD, Esq.
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[P.T.O.]

The Quest.

A Quarterly Review.

Edited by G. R. S. MEAD.

Vol. VII.	OCTOBER, 1915.	No. 1.
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The Rôle of Brute Force	...	Mona Caird.
The Hymn of the Soul	...	Vacher Burch.
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The Sundial	...	H. H.
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Jewish Apocalypses	...	C. G. Montefiore, M.A.

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A Quarterly Review.

Edited by G. R. S. Mead.

Vol. VII.

APRIL, 1916.

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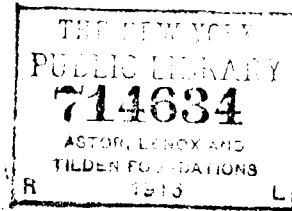
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THE QUEST.

BERGSON'S VIEW OF THE ISSUE.

H. WILDON CARR, D.Litt.


It is just about a year ago,¹ when hostilities had been four months in progress, that M. Bergson, in a Presidential Address to the Académie des Sciences Sociales et Politiques, at Paris, gave his view of the Meaning of the War,² and the ground of his confidence in the issue. Many philosophers have given their views of the war; but M. Bergson discerned its meaning in a fundamental principle of philosophy itself. Life and Matter are at war. This present vast and terrible conflict, if we look beneath the surface, behind the daily incidents of battles and trench warfare, and beyond the aims and schemes of the actual belligerents, reveals itself as an incident in a never-ceasing war,—never ceasing because it is involved in the principle of life, which is a creative evolution. M. Bergson in his discourse proceeded to apply this principle to the circumstances of the policy and diplomacy of the

¹ The paper was read at a meeting of the Quest Society at Kensington Town Hall, on December 2, 1915.

² Now available in English; see *The Meaning of the War: Life and Matter in Conflict*, by Henri Bergson, with an Introduction by H. Wildon Carr (Fisher Unwin, 1915).

warring nations and to base upon it the confident hope of our final and complete victory. We are now after sixteen months of war still in the crisis of the conflict, and whether that confident hope is to receive early realisation we cannot say ; but whatever is to be the outcome it cannot affect the spiritual significance of the struggle. It is this spiritual significance I am now to speak of. I must first, however, in order that the application of a principle of philosophy to current events may be understood, glance at some of the historical and political aspects of the war.

To the view of the philosopher humanity is making itself and its life is continuous. To our individual outlook, on the other hand, life seems a perpetual alternation of birth and death, the life of the race a succession of generations repeating a cycle ; and generations as well as individuals seem to begin not where the old leaves off, but where the old began, and to differ from those which have gone before only in the external variations of the environment. So though history does not repeat itself, nevertheless we form our conduct by continually recalling from our memory of the past whatever will throw light on the circumstances of the present, and we read history to interpret the direction of living forces and the conduct and aims of nations and races. The written records we possess of the historical period of humanity are not of course the memory of the race ;—if such a memory exist, it is not in the form of explicit imagery or historical description. We are, however, continually looking in the records of the past for analogies to help us to see the meaning of the larger actions which are determining the future of humanity. And just as it is the conflicts and crises of our own individual history



which seem to mark the periods of our life, so our written records take little note of peaceful progress. History is one long series of wars, and to have no war is to have no history.

We are all conscious that we are now living through a greater war than any which history records. It is greater, not merely because of the numbers of the combatants and the extent of the battle-fields, but because of the issue at stake and of the full consciousness and deliberation with which the issue has been joined. It is therefore only the great crises in the past, those in which the future development of humanity was determined, which offer an analogy to the present war.

The analogy which appears to be most impressive and most heartening to our enemies is the struggle between Rome and Carthage, which ended in laying the foundations of the world-power of the Roman empire. The ideal of Germany, should she realise her hopes and be victorious, is the ultimate establishment of a Pax Germanica to embrace the whole globe and make German citizenship in the modern world what Roman citizenship was in the ancient world. The ideal of universal peace is a noble ideal and the vista it opens out of human progress and happiness is magnificent and inspiring. Do we not all wish that wars should cease and mutual aid among nations take the place of armed conflict? What do any of us desire more than a world well policed, in which every individual is free to develop his life, and in which every city and nation shall have full scope for its corporate life?

It is not, however, the end but the means to the end which has burnt itself into the mind of Germany.

Germany sees only one means to her end,—the establishment of right by might. The most terrible thing to-day, more terrible far than anything we were able to imagine when this war broke out, is not the bloodshed and havoc and devastation which is being wrought—these are the awful accompaniment of war—but the ruthlessness in the mind of the enemy, the determination to wage relentless and pitiless war for an ideal of dominion and peace.

The analogy of the struggle of Rome against Carthage to the circumstances of the present war is not impressive in itself. It is not likely to strike anyone who is not a German, brought up in the tradition that his country's destiny is to be a greater Rome. We ourselves are rather proud of the Roman occupation of Britain, proud too in our way of the conquest of England by the Normans; at least we recognise that both these events, however we might have struggled to avoid them had we belonged to that period, brought our people under the influence of the most advanced civilisation. The Germans, on the other hand, are almost childish in their pride that their country successfully resisted the Roman legions and therefore never shared the benefits of the Pax Romana. It is indeed the ground of their hope that they will themselves secure the ancient sceptre.

There is, however, another historical analogy which seems to me much more impressive and full of meaning for us at this time, an analogy which throws a livid light on the cause of our present bitterness. I allude to the war between Athens and Sparta in the great age of Greece. The civilisation of the fourth century before Christ was not only on a smaller scale than ours to-day, but in most respects it presents contrasts

rather than resemblances with the modern world; yet Greece in that age stood to civilisation very much as Europe stands to-day. The analogy I have in mind is not any fanciful resemblance between the city states of ancient Greece, with their aristocratic, democratic and monarchical institutions, and the political divisions of modern Europe. I have rather in mind that then in the ancient world as now in the modern world the nations and peoples had become self-conscious. The Greeks had defended their freedom against great invasions. They had successfully resisted the Persian onslaught from the East and the Phœnician onslaught from the West. They were nowhere threatened from without; but rivalry rapidly developed within and led to the fateful conflict between the two leading states. The Peloponnesian war was not the result of blind, unconscious, uncontrollable impulses bursting the constraint of the artificial bonds of mere convention, nor was it sustained in its course by lower passions and brutal instincts; it was deliberate from its inception to its conclusion. Nor was there real illusion anywhere as to the cost in life and wealth the war must involve whatever the issue. The peoples of ancient Greece, as well as her statesmen, knew full well that they were risking not merely the independence of this state or that, but the very civilisation itself which was their glory and their hope. Yet they did not refrain from the onset, but rushed to war, determined each side to perish utterly sooner than accept the domination of the other and the ideal it represented.

Is not that our case to-day? I will not dwell on the analogy; but one thing at least is certain even to us—that, whatever we now think of the diplomacy

which preceded the outbreak, and to whichever nation we attribute the origin of the actual rupture, when the history of this war is read many ages hence in the pages of some modern Thucydides, the events of those famous twelve days which preceded the mobilisations and the declarations of war, will seem as remote from the real causes as do to us the diplomatic dispatches which preceded the outbreak of the Peloponnesian war.

It is those deeper causes of the war which should interest us, and which we may penetrate to some extent even in the midst of the struggle. We know that for forty years Germany has striven to organise herself for aggressive war. We know that during the last fifteen years in particular her preparations have been pressed forward with continual acceleration. We know that those preparations have been jealously watched by all her neighbours, who regarded themselves as menaced, and have been met by defensive alliances and organised preparations. We know that the result of all this for the nations of Europe has been a growing burden of armaments and a feeling of danger without any realisation of a definite source or occasion of danger, or an exact knowledge of what the danger was. And at the same time and throughout all this period we have witnessed what seemed to be a growing solidarity among nations accompanied by a growing consciousness of solidarity. Finance and commerce had become international and cosmopolitan to an extent unimagined before and indeed only made possible by the scientific discoveries of the last century. Science and philosophy had never recognised national limits, but in recent years there had been a marked tendency to break down the artificial barriers of language and race, and international congresses had

become more frequent, more specialised and more extended. And yet in spite of philosophy and of science and of art, in spite also of finance and commerce, all of which tended to unity and confraternity, all of which offered the most powerful incentive, spiritual and material, to the preservation of peace, we were suddenly plunged into war, and immediately realised that we were committed to strive with one another for ideals dearer than life, and found ourselves sacrificing and prepared to sacrifice everything we value, even our civilisation itself, rather than see the triumph of the enemy. And, strangest of all, we have done and are doing this not in blind ignorance or carelessness of consequences, but in full day. We are not an ignorant crowd or rabble who have overborne our rulers; we are free nations, peoples in the advance of civilisation, with scientific achievement and philosophical outlook and humanitarian ideals such as no nations and peoples have approached since the brief but glorious greatness of Greece, who have done and are doing, this thing. What does it mean?

In trying to give an answer we must not forget that we are trying to understand the meaning of a war in which we are ourselves ranged as combatants. The answer of a philosopher will be very different in its scope and bearing according to whether or not his own individual thought and action are felt by him to be part of what he is studying. A philosophic attitude toward events in progress is usually held possible only for one who, like Gallio, "cared for none of these things," or for one who, if he has a personal stake in the issue, has the power to detach himself from all self-interest and study purely theoretical principles. Yet we may take an intense philosophical interest in

this war just because of the personal part we are taking in the events as they are unfolded, and because of our life-devotion to a cause, and in such case we call philosophy to our aid to enlighten our understanding and support our task. No one among us can be indifferent to the issue of this war, and therefore it is no strange thing that philosophers are divided and that contradictory principles are appealed to, so that there is a strife of ideas behind the clash of arms.

We may take up a general or a particular attitude therefore in asking ourselves the philosophical meaning of the war. We may ask: Is there any test, any true criterion, by which we may judge this conflict in which we are taking part, and feel and know that, whatever passions may be moving us due to the actuality of the conflict, we are assuredly ranged on the side and pursuing the end we should rationally choose? Or we may ask the more fundamental question involved in the general problem itself apart from any particular application of it. Is war inherent in the life-principle itself? Is it an original and essential condition of existence? If so, is it the means to an end? If so, is the end good and can we identify ourselves with it?

Probably never before in history has an attempt been made by philosophers to justify war and present it as an end in itself. It seems to many people that the responsibility for our present calamity can be brought home to philosophers as certainly as to soldiers and statesmen. For in fact there has come in this generation a complete revolution in our conception of the relation of philosophy to life. Hitherto the philosopher has been the man of contemplation as contrasted with the man of action, and philosophy has been a counsel of moderation, holding up to the

passion-moved throned an ideal of contentment and peace. Philosophy has been regarded as religion abstracted from authority and dogmatic teaching, a sweet reasonableness, a gospel of 'peace on earth, goodwill toward men.' When philosophers are kings, thought Plato, the ideal Republic will perhaps become actual. Peace on earth has always been for philosopher and preacher alike a desideratum, a thing to be wished for rather than a positive injunction, a commandment to be observed. Even the Sermon on the Mount supposes a world in which there will always be smiters, revilers and persecutors. The change which has come in the attitude of philosophy is the result of a new idea which has taken complete hold of the human mind,—the idea of evolution. During the last half century it has come to replace entirely the whole background of teleological ideas on which all theologies and cosmologies were constructed. Probably few of us even yet realise the extent to which it dominates the outlook in every sphere of intellectual activity.

In its original inception, and particularly in its formulation by Darwin as a scientific explanation of the origin of species, the principle of evolution seemed to stand for a pure materialism. It seemed indeed to mark the final success of the mechanistic interpretation of nature. The mechanistic aspect of the doctrine was certainly accentuated in the work of Herbert Spencer who, at the same time as Darwin's scientific work and independently of it, conceived the idea of a philosophy of evolution. It is not until Bergson that any philosopher has conceived the idea of presenting evolution, in the plain biological meaning of the term, as a spiritual principle. The philosophy of creative evolution is the doctrine of a spiritual activity, life,

seeking free expression, using material organisation to attain that free expression, and ever finding itself in conflict with matter. Life and matter are opposed in what is the essential principle of each, freedom and determinism. Every new advance in the onward progress of evolution is a victory won by life over matter. The essence of this doctrine is that the original and moving principle is life; the essence of the opposite doctrine is that the original and moving principle is matter.

The philosophy of evolution, as Bergson presents it, seems novel and strange only because we have become accustomed to associate evolution with a scientific theory and with a pure materialism. The ever increasing complexity of living function appears to us as the development of a power inherent in matter to bring new qualities into existence, matter being the only thing we can describe in scientific terms. We have not learnt to think of evolution in terms of life, nor to think of life except in terms of matter. This is not due to perversity; there is reason for it. It is the very nature of our intellect to regard matter as the condition of life; for it is our intellect which gives us knowledge of matter, and matter is the form or order which reality assumes for our intellect. The one is the counterpart of the other. We can, therefore, no more help its appearing to us that matter exists independently of life and has somehow added to itself the quality or character or activity of living, than we can help its appearing to us that the sun goes round the earth, though we know the reality to be the earth's movement. So in the case of life and intellect we can come by philosophy to see that even the intellect by which we order our lives is itself the product of a

creative evolution. If our intellect is a product of evolution then matter loses all claim to independent existence, for it is nothing other than the fixity or static form in which we apprehend reality, and such apprehension is intellectual. Bergson's doctrine is that reality is not an original matter, but an original life, that this life is an impulse expressing itself in a continuity of new creation and that intellect is one mode of this activity. Whatever view we hold of this philosophy we must at least admit that it carries the principle of evolution higher than it has been carried before, seeing that no form of expression or mode of expressing is exempted from it, while it remains itself the one essential attribute of the ultimate conception of reality as an impulse of life.

These are the philosophical principles of creative evolution. Let me try to illustrate them by showing their application to concrete fact. Biologists are agreed that the present species of living organisms have been separated out and have acquired their characteristic activity by a continuous transformation, throughout which organism and environment have reacted on one another to bring about more or less perfect adaptation. They are also agreed in recognising the main factors of evolution to be the struggle for existence among individuals and the survival of the fittest by natural selection. But the significance of the facts is widely different according to whether a mechanistic or a vitalistic interpretation is adopted. According to the mechanistic view, however differently the nature of the struggle may be conceived, whether for instance it is the purely passive struggle for the survival of the favoured germ, or the intensely active struggle of the higher carnivora organised to overcome the strength of

victims and rivals, it is essentially a conflict of the living forms themselves, and the progress to a higher type is secured by the natural advantage which accrues to the strongest. Life on our globe is to such a view simply the present equilibrium of hostile warring elements, elements complementary as well as hostile, and the evolution of higher types is due to the continual disturbance of the equilibrium by small advantages gained here and there and now and then. The mechanistic philosophy simply seeks to formulate the law of this evolution. For the vitalist, however, the struggle is essentially different. It is the activity of life expressing itself in and through material organisation, a striving in which the various living forms mark each a certain measure of success. The struggle for existence of species and individuals is incidental to evolution, not the main fact. The warring elements are life and matter. Life can find expression only by fixing the form of its activity, and this fixing of the form of activity in material organisation is the limitation and determination which are for ever thwarting and threatening its freedom and calling forth new effort.

If we leave aside the metaphysical question, there is no reason why even the mechanist should not accept this conflict between life and matter as a fact. It is obvious even to a cursory glance along the main lines of evolution, that the life activity has not been equally successful in every direction. Along some lines it is broken off short, along others it has found progress barred, along some there has been even a retrogression, along two only has it seemed to find free way, those along which have been evolved the two modes of activity we name instinct and intelligence. Nowhere

do we see a blind internecine strife of rival forms, but on the contrary we see everywhere the orderly progress of an activity achieving higher and higher expression along definite lines, and meeting opposition to itself in the very forms in which it is embodied. Whether, then, life or matter be thought the original reality and whatever be the ultimate nature of life, life certainly appears as a kind of force or energy limited by matter and striving against its limitations to attain fresh outlets and more freedom.

The indictment which M. Bergson has framed against modern Germany is that her philosophers have preached to her and that she has accepted the purely materialist conception of evolution, that she has missed entirely its spiritual significance, and that she has come consequently to represent in her immediate and definite aims, in fact in this present war, the matter with which life is in conflict, the matter which would crush life, rather than the matter which serves life or the life which seeks expression by using matter.

What is the doctrine which forms for Germany the philosophical justification of this war? It may be summed up in one word,—it is the doctrine of the superman. Germany regards herself as the superman among nations. The doctrine of the superman has been expressed most explicitly by Nietzsche, but for the application of the doctrine, or rather for the adoption of the *rôle* by modern Germany, Nietzsche is not responsible. The Prussian system as a rule of life was abhorrent to him and he never mentions German culture save to disavow it with contempt and scorn. Nevertheless it is to Nietzsche that we owe the most complete formulation of the idea which seems to the

German people to-day to justify their present policy as a nation. The theory of the superman is, that morality is a device to protect the weak; that war is a biological necessity; that the law of life and the principle of evolution is perpetual struggle, the object of which is to eradicate the weak and unfit and secure the survival of the strong; that in this process there emerges from time to time a new type, individual or race, which secures itself by its superior strength and establishes itself as the new order. The superman is non-moral, for morality would deprive him completely of his advantage. Secure in his own strength he establishes a new order. The significance of the doctrine is well exemplified in Nietzsche's denunciation of Wagner. The cause of offence was *Parsifal*. The glorification of the idea of renunciation, the exaltation of the strength of suffering and the virtue of humility were to Nietzsche a backsliding from the ideal of *Siegfried* and a downfall of the hopes it had raised. Wagner was no longer for Nietzsche the prophet of the new order, but a mere expounder in popular art of conventional sentiment. The story of the Nibelung's ring has become a gospel in Germany. Siegfried, the fearless hero, reforging the broken sword, turning it against the dragon, against the miserable toiling race of dwarfs, and even against the gods, is the expression in symbolic art of the philosophy of the superman.

What then is the philosophical ideal which is inspiring the German people and how are they striving to realise it? Their ideal, they avow, is to obtain world-power; their right to world-power is based on their claim to have attained a superior culture or civilisation, a culture of intrinsic value for humanity;

the means to their end is military organisation, control of material resources scientifically contrived to be instruments of war capable in their well-directed hands of beating down all and every kind of opposition. We hardly realise, now that we are committed to the struggle, what a new Germany this is.

It is only within the last few years that Germany and Great Britain have become opposed to one another. Until this war no other alien people had seemed so near akin to us in every respect. In our own country and throughout the Eastern hemisphere men of German birth have continually settled down among us and have soon become one with us. In the United States only the fact that the language is English conceals the German origin of a very considerable minority of her people. It is not merely racially but also politically, socially, religiously and morally that there have always seemed to exist the strongest bonds between the German and the Anglo-Saxon race. Germany was the scene of the great struggle for religious liberty, represented the intellectual revolt against scholasticism, and later was the home of idealism in philosophy and romanticism in literature and art. How is it then that we have come to regard the Germans as the enemy, and to band ourselves against them with allies who were our constant foes when Germans were our natural friends? Is the change in Germany or is it in ourselves? It is not enough to say that Germany has become materialist and that England has become idealist. Such a sweeping generalisation, were it true, would only be so in a remote and abstract sense. The reason is clear. Germany as a nation has made herself strong enough to strive for world-dominion, and she cannot

achieve it, as we achieved it, by colonisation and peaceful penetration and commercial enterprise. She cannot do this because she is too late in the field, and the field is a limited one. She has therefore organised herself to gain dominion by violence, to strike down opposition in war, and she justifies herself by philosophy. War is a biological necessity. She conceives the choice before her to be world-power or downfall. A new order shall arise in the world under her leadership and imposed by her sword; science and philosophy alike teach her that this is the only way.

Such appears to me to be the German philosophy of the war. Let us be just to it. Although it is a philosophy of evolution which proclaims war in its brutal aspect, 'war of tooth and claw,' to be the law of life, yet the end or ideal is peace, not war, and it is not an ignoble ideal. Indeed, if the only hope for the cessation of war among nations be the conquest by one of all its rivals, if moreover the conqueror be strong enough and have the will to organise victory into the establishment of a world-peace, ought we not as philosophers to desire the victory of the enemy and to look beyond the tears and shame to the future generations who may arise to call her blessed? We can only answer, No, if we are ourselves inspired by an ideal which we feel to be nobler and more worthy to be realised. And also if our ideal is based on a larger, fuller and truer philosophy of life than that which regards the internecine war between rival material organisations as a biological necessity, with the inevitable corollary, might is right.

In Bergson's doctrine of creative evolution war is inherent in the fundamental concept of vital activity;

it springs from the first principle of existence; but the war is between life and matter, not between rival material forms.

The ultimate reality of which we are all a part is not, as physical science seems to present it, an inert matter occupying space, undergoing alterations of position which bring about more or less complex and complicated combinations because it is also subject to succession in time. Matter and its changing forms are only views of reality and not its positive nature. Objects or things are the aspect of the universe to finite individual centres of living activity endowed with our peculiar organisation. It is only relatively to us and to our organised activity that matter is fixed, resistant, inert, permanent, changeless, static, immobile,—in itself it is a perpetual and continuous flux. The ultimate reality is not inert matter but creative life,—a ceaseless, free, continuous, indivisible, exhaustless activity. This activity is continually creating for itself expression, and in expressing itself it generates matter, and in generating matter it limits its activity. To be effective life must generate matter, and yet matter limits or determines its freedom, just as thought must express itself as language, while at the same time language is the limitation or, as we say in philosophy, the negation of thought.

This is the metaphysical doctrine, stated in bare general terms. It is not necessary, however, that we should be metaphysicians in order to appreciate its application to the conditions of our ordinary life and thought, for it rests on facts which each of us may verify in himself. There are in our ordinary lives, as we experience them in the daily routine of existence, two opposite and contrary tendencies, easily and

familiarly recognised,—one towards uncontrolled free activity, the other towards automatism, habit, fixity. It is this latter tendency, the tendency to form fixed habits, which makes our actions effective, yet this tendency is opposed to, in the opposite direction of, life, and at the limit defeats and destroys it. Thus we make the recruit a soldier by drill, by fostering a stern habit of obedience, and yet the effective force of the soldier, his courage, his *élan*, is the very opposite tendency to that of the discipline we have formed in him. To express it in metaphor, it is as though the life within us to accomplish effective action must form a crust around itself, and at the same time it can only preserve its existence by cracking and breaking through the crust it forms.

The intellect is that special mode of our activity which materialises reality. This means that the intellect immobilises the flux for the purpose of effective action. The intellect has become in human beings the predominant mode of their activity, and has given to the human species its commanding position among the forms of life adapted to the surface of our planet. But the human victory is not achieved. Man is not free. An ever-present danger has accompanied our evolution and goes with us in our evolution,—the danger that matter will become our master instead of our servant, will choke the free activity to which it now enables us to give expression. This is the danger which to the philosophic outlook of M. Bergson now overhangs the issue trembling in the balance in this present war. Let me state it in definite terms.

There is a heavy gloom, weighing like a nightmare on the human spirit at this time. It is not the war with its daily holocausts of victims. This will end, sooner

or later, in victory to one side or in the exhaustion of both. The source of anxiety lies much deeper, for it concerns the future of the human race. Never before in the whole period of history has any age witnessed such a series of signal and rapid triumphs of mind over matter as the age in which we live. We have in the period of a lifetime altered completely the conditions of individual, social and political life, we have changed the whole outlook, we have obtained control of material forces in ways unimaginable before they came to pass. And every increase of our power over matter consequent on knowledge has opened infinite possibility of increased future power. Yet we cannot contemplate these vast intellectual achievements and possibilities with pride and joy, nor look forward to them with hope; we are overcome with shame when we think that we have turned them one and all and at once against the life which has called them into being. The whole inventive power of the human mind has been turned deliberately to the purpose of producing instruments of destruction to be wielded by man in internecine strife with his fellows. But the nightmare is the philosophy which teaches that this is a biological necessity, a law of evolution from which there can be no escape, the only means by which progress to higher types is achieved.

The doctrine of creative evolution denies that this war of tooth and claw is a biological necessity. But where can we look for salvation? What ground of confidence can we have in ultimate and, what is for us to-day more important, in immediate victory? Bergson's reply rings clear. Life can create force to defeat or avert our threatened destruction by the machine. It is no figure of speech. He applies it

confidently to the circumstances of this war. We are assailed by a material organisation of force carefully prepared and minutely calculated to overcome us; why cannot the result be a foregone conclusion? Simply because there is creative power in life. Yes, someone may reply, but this creative power in life is not our one-sided possession. There is no sense in which it belongs to us and does not belong to our enemies. This is true. But it is they not we who have welded and put their trust in that terrible menace to the free life of nations, the Prussian Military System. It is this we are seeking to destroy. It is because our enemies have placed their faith and reliance on it that we are entitled to say they are fighting for dominion while we are fighting for freedom, they are on the side of matter while we are on the side of life, in that war which is bound up in the first principle of our existence—the war of life and matter.

H. WILDON CARR.

INSTINCTIVE SPEECH.

Fleet-Surgeon C. MARSH BEADNELL, R.N.

ACASTO. Can she not speak?

OSWALD. If speech be only in accented sounds,
Framed by the tongue and lips, the maiden's dumb;
But if by quick and apprehensive look,
By motion, sign, and glance, to give each meaning,
Express as clothed in language, be term'd speech,
She hath that wondrous faculty; for her eyes,
Like the bright stars of heaven, can hold discourse,
Though it be mute and soundless.¹

IN times of danger or in emotional crises man becomes once more a primitive animal and, abandoning as useless all higher forms of speech and ornate rhetoric, reverts to primitive language and gesticulations. What wealth of language and thought he can instil into the simplest gestures; what sympathy he can convey by a mere squeeze of the hand; what volumes he can put into a look or a sigh! An eloquent orator knows only too well the immense influence which gesture, gesticulation and inflection exert over the most critical audience, and how flat would fall his most impassioned speech if delivered in the dark and in monotone.

An infant and a dog being primitive creatures respond to primitive language, and the gruff profanities appropriate to an erring canine will cause an infant of but a few days to shrink away. A man could no more

¹ From an Old Play cited by Sir Walter Scott in *Peveril of the Peak*.

bring a disobedient dog to heel if he wore a bland smile and scolded in a soft falsetto than could a mother soothe her infant to sleep by baring her canine teeth and emitting deep growls.

Amongst primitive peoples the importance of silent aids to speech is enormous. *Ni-nee* means to an African savage 'I do it' or 'you do it' according to the gesture of the speaker. Among the Gallas an orator points his sentences by cracking a leather thong. The noise indicates, according to its intensity, a comma, colon or full stop; the loudest cracks standing for exclamation marks.

ATTITUDE AND GESTURE THE BASIS OF THE GREAT PYRAMID OF LANGUAGE.

The extraordinary manner in which man occasionally reacts to certain sounds suggests that the explanation of such reaction is to be sought in the dim and distant past. As these phenomena are in all probability relics of ancestral gestures it will be convenient to allude to them here. An eerie noise, particularly if emitted in the dark or amid unfamiliar surroundings, makes the 'flesh creep'; the scraping of a slate pencil or of a knife edge, or the raking of cinders in a grate, sets the teeth 'on edge'; a grand swell of an organ, a fanfare of martial music, the recital of some feat of daring or of some hair-breadth escape, will send a 'thrill down the backbone'; so too will the sight of a brave deed on the part of another or the experiencing of a 'narrow shave' by one's self. Can we explain these subjective sensations, and have they any objective counterpart? I think we can explain them, at any rate to a certain extent. The flesh 'creeps'

because myriads of little skin muscles are tugging at the hairs¹ scattered over the surface of the body making them lie flush with the skin, in the same way that the feathers of a bird are pressed tight against its skin when it is frightened, so that the animal is made as small as possible and is thus more likely to escape detection. Hence when we talk of an individual shrinking with terror we are stating a literal fact, and, as we saw above, the instinct to shrink in presence of danger is present in the human infant a few days after birth. The 'thrill' down the spine experienced in those emotional states which, as a rule, are the opposite of terror is caused by the erection of the hairs, especially of those along the back. Such action, though useless to us in these days of garments, served an important purpose in those of our ancestors. When it would be to their advantage to appear extra formidable the cat, dog, hedgehog and turkey and other animals equally familiar are constantly to be seen with their dermal appendages stuck out at right angles to the surface of their body. Closer observation reveals a similar practice among many other classes of animals—for instance, reptiles, batrachians, fishes, insects, crustaceans and even the lowly echinoderms, one of whom, the little sea-urchin, literally bristles with indignation if poked with a stick. Sometimes the erection of feathers or hairs is aided by a very perceptible shake of the skin; especially do we see this in birds, but it is not absent in mammals nor, indeed, altogether so in ourselves. Even modern woman, when excessively annoyed and in a pugnacious mood, will indulge in a characteristic 'ruffle,' and it is possible

¹ The pilo-motor reflex.

that, in his description of the "gallants who ruffled in silk and embroidery," Walter Scott alluded not so much to the type of shirt which was then the fashion, as to the swaggering contentious airs assumed by the men. In the olden days of battle, murder and sudden death the hairy coat of the beings that represented man was far more in evidence than is the case to-day (our skin being by comparison hairless) and the little hair-muscles were being continually compelled to react to some emotion or other. If the purport was to intimidate or attack another animal in defence of self or young, the hair was raised from the body-surface in order to suggest a general state of mightiness and frightfulness,—an important psychological factor that the Prussian at any rate has not overlooked, even if, in imparting to himself a fictitious size and ferocity by means of Blucher boots, spiked brass helmet or skull-and-cross-bones busby, Gott-straße imprecations and hate-hymns, he has reduced the principle to such an absurdity that it could deceive no one but a German. On the other hand, if the emotion of fear was accompanied by the wish to elude an unquestionably stronger foe, then the hairs were tightly pressed against the surface of the body. In all such hair-movements the part played by sound is probably associative. The flourish of trumpets or the harsh call of the night-bird gives rise to the spine-thrill because it dimly recalls the roars of beasts in conflict, the war-cries of savage forbears or the screams of the hurt, and reflexly stimulates into activity structures which in prehuman days were so effective. It is significant that monkeys, apes, dogs and most other mammals erect principally the hairs that lie along the ridge of the backbone. There are definite passages of music

that make sensitive people 'shudder'; indeed, the constriction of blood-vessels which is the necessary concomitant of such shudder has been actually registered by the plethysmograph. The setting of the teeth on edge is less easy of explanation. Possibly the disagreeable sensation is felt because the teeth were bared at the approach of a dreaded foe, when we may be sure threatening sounds, intentionally displeasing, were emitted. Is not something deeper than mere coincidence required to explain why it is so many people instinctively suck in their breath with a hiss—the most threatening sound in nature—on hearing the horrible rasp of a slate pencil? It may be, of course, that the pain in the teeth is due to nervous irradiation from auditory into dental nerves through fibres connecting these great sensory routes. Jack London's description of an animal's reaction to displeasing sounds is so vivid, so true to life, that I reproduce a passage from his *Faith of Men*. Leclère is a ruffianly coward who owns a faithful dog called Bâtard whom he delights in torturing by the unique device of playing on a battered mouth-organ. The strains of this instrument gave the animal "exquisite anguish, racking him nerve by nerve and ripping apart every fibre of his being. It made him howl, long and wolf-like, as when wolves bay the stars on frosty nights. He could not help howling. It was his one weakness . . . and it was his shame. Then Bâtard, dumb of throat, with teeth tight-clenched, would back away inch by inch to the farthest cabin corner. And Leclère, playing, playing . . . followed the animal up, inch by inch, step by step, till there was no retreat. At first Bâtard would crowd himself into the smallest possible space, grovelling close to the floor; but as the

music came nearer and nearer, he was forced to uprear, his back jammed into the logs, his fore-legs fanning the air as though to beat off the rippling waves of sound. He still kept his teeth together but severe muscular contractions attacked his body, strange twitchings and jerkings, till he was all aquiver and writhing in silent torment. As he lost control, his jaws spasmodically wrenched apart, and deep throaty vibrations issued forth, too low in the register of sound for human ears to catch. And then, nostrils distended, eyes dilated, hair bristling in helpless rage, arose the long wolf-howl. It came with a slurring rush upward, swelling to a great heartbreaking burst of sound, and dying away in sadly cadenced woe—then the next rush upward, octave upon octave; the bursting heart; and the infinite sorrow and misery, fainting, fading, falling and dying slowly away."

INSTINCTIVE LANGUAGE.

If I have dealt somewhat at length with these strange phenomena, it is because of their gestural signification. And gesture, as we have seen, was the primal method of communicating ideas; in fact, the whole language of letters and words, spoken, written or thought, is but the visible structure overlying a buried foundation of attitude, pantomime and gesture. These latter had great drawbacks, not the least of which was their utter uselessness in the dark. Bushmen of to-day have so poor a vocabulary, and rely consequently so much on gesture, that their talk at night can be carried only on round a fire. In the course of advancing time gesture and gesticulation gradually gave way to the more efficacious method of

sound-signs, and the old method now lingers only as a survival.

At first vocal sounds or, as we are now justified in calling them, *words* were mere ejaculative expressions of pain, anger, etc., each sound a complete sentence in itself. The modulation of these sounds appeared later and was possibly imitative in origin. Such expressions as *kuk-kuk-kuk*, so freely used by monkeys and babies, perhaps stood for "That thing hurts if it is touched," or "Here comes sabre-tooth, I'm off to the tree-tops"; and Stoddart (*Mind and its Disorders*) points out that *kuk-kuk* is the first audible expression of disgust in Aryan children. A pet monkey I once owned, and which had been sent me by an African patient in lieu of a fee, invariably said *kuk-kuk-kuk*, not only when he saw an object of dislike such as a snake, a tortoise, a large fish, a stuffed crocodile, mustard, pepper, the lighted end of a cigarette, etc., but also when he heard me mimic the expression, especially if, by appropriate signs, I pretended to see something unpleasant. We always knew in H.M.S. *Barracouta* a whale was near because of the excited way in which Jacko would dance about on the netshelf, rear up on his hind legs and stare anxiously out to sea while chattering *kuk-kuk-kuk*. Preyer's eight months' child would call *mom*, not only when it saw its milk, but when it saw any white object, thus showing that it recognised an attribute of the one thing of vital importance to it. Another child said *um-um-um* whenever it saw its pap, and later on extended this cry to other pleasing objects. Such common baby-utterances Stoddart calls 'instinctive language.'

After the first spoken words of the child we must examine its first song, which every mother will tell

you is the reiteration in chanting monotone of the sounds *lul-lul-lul*. Why have all children practically this same little ditty? There must be a common explanation. It has been suggested that the infant retains some vague memory of the mother's soothing lullaby; but such explanation only pushes the difficulty a stage further back and substitutes a proximate for a remote question, for we then want to know why all mothers select these sounds. The true answer is probably that sounds of this kind require the minimum expenditure of muscular energy, as they involve on the part of the tongue a mere see-saw movement. Allen Upward says concerning the origin of 'lull': "It is a word whose roots go down into the deepest soil of speech. It is, of course, the Swedish *lulla*,—*laulu*, the Finland word for song. . . . Perhaps it is the oldest and most widespread word that men have ever framed their lips to say."

Thus the explanation of the infant's song—and we hope to refer to this more particularly on another occasion—is the tendency of the primitive tongue to move in lines of least resistance, that is to say, along the old and beaten tracks. Here, too, is the keynote to the origin of many other words such as 'lick,' Swedish '*slika*,' the very sound, as Upward points out, made by the tongue in licking, another primitive act which involves only the simple up and down motion of the head and organ of taste.

THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF PHONETIC LANGUAGE.

In a sense spoken languages are natural organisms regulated in their evolution by physiological and psychological laws. Just as the human body is a

veritable museum of anatomical relics, every one of which tells the story of the painful upward ascent of man from lower forms, so all languages teem with evidence, in the shape of useless relics, of their own development. In ours, for instance, one constantly comes across words like 'alms' and 'debt' in which the 'l' and 'b' are now functionless though they had a use in the past. Such letters are as much ornamental vestiges as are the buttons on our coat tails or the ears on the sides of our head that we can neither use as a fly-flap nor turn towards a suspicious sound. According to some authorities all well-developed languages have passed through three distinct stages: the monosyllabic, where utterances are simple and entail but a single vocal effort; the polysynthetic, where two or more elementary sounds are combined; and the analytic, where words once more get broken up. Just as pressure of environment forces an animal or plant to evolve in this or that direction, so the main stimulus to the development of language is also environmental pressure. The Latin language, for instance, entered largely into the dialects of Spain and Gaul after Rome's conquests of those countries. Again, just as organisms tend constantly to vary, so too does language, else could there have been no advance from the growls of beasts and the babbling of babes to the modern diverse forms of speech. The evolution of language has been due to the accumulation and fostering of the favourable variations; from the beginning there existed a natural tendency on the part of parent languages, as in animals and plants, to split up into daughter forms. We have evidence of this in the different dialects of our own counties. Every dialect is potentially a new language; indeed we might say the Devonshire man fails to

comprehend the 'language' of the man from Yorkshire. To take yet another biological simile, we may regard Latin as an archaic form of language that has persisted, like the trilobite, down to modern times though, unlike that animal, it does not owe its existence to any inherent vigour or to any conservation of environment, but rather to the artificial protection extended to it by literature. Once a virile, dominant language it has now given way in the struggle for supremacy to its own offspring,—French, Italian (modern Latin), English and Spanish; but its paternal relationship to these flourishing tongues is obvious in a word like *stella*, which has begotten the Italian *stella*, the Spanish *estrella*, German *stern*, Norse *sterjn*, Danish *starn* and the English *star*.

THE ROOTS OF WORDS.

According to one theory there are in all languages material elements called 'roots' from which have descended the millions of words in use over the globe. If this be so, the question arises: how did roots, especially those of concept-words, first come into being? Once more we appeal for help to the child who, having to climb as it were his own genealogical tree, gives us a certain amount of justification in arguing from the individual to the race. The human infant 'speaks' before he forms any concepts; only after slow stages of observation, comparison, abstraction and generalisation does he come to think in concepts. When in a room with a fire, an infant has at first mere vague sensations of light and heat; later he refers these sensations to the objects giving rise to them—that is, he *perceives* the fire. At a yet

more advanced stage, the child thinks of the fire even though he cannot see or feel it ; he does so by reviving the percept ' fire ' and framing it as a mental image or idea. Finally, after years of education and experience, he extends his idea of the particular fire in the grate to classes of fire, to heat, light, flame, sun, yellowness, to fire in the abstract, to the word ' fire ' when seen, spoken, heard or cogitated. The language of primitive man, like that of the child, was concrete and contained no names for abstract qualities ; common names were used, but they evoked none of those abstract ideas with which we invest them. North American Indians to this day have special words for black oak, white oak, red oak, but none for oak in general ; Oceanians talk of a dog's tail, a sheep's tail, a cow's tail and so on, but they cannot say *tail*. As man's thoughts evolved so also did the vehicle of his thoughts—language ; the evolution in each case being from the concrete to the abstract or, in Spencerian phraseology, from incoherent homogeneity to coherent heterogeneity. Between these two well-outlined stages there probably existed a third linking them together, a sort of blurred concrete-abstract stage. Gradually and imperceptibly this stage merged into the purely abstract. " One element is always increasing, the other steadily decreasing. Words pass from non-entity to autocracy ; the concrete from supremacy to non-entity."¹

Thus we see that in the child, as in the trillion-linked chain of organisms that connects him with the first true protoplasmic particles and through them with the inorganic universe, the ultimate facts upon which all else depend are *sensations*. In course of

¹ Thomas Ribot, *Evolution of General Ideas*.

time the organism or the child evolved the power of localising sensations and referring them to definite objects, and thus arose *percepts*. Still later was evolved the capacity to revive the percept after the removal of the object giving rise to it through the sensation, and there came into being those representative elements in consciousness known as *images*. Then, finally, was developed the power of grouping together all the individuals giving rise to certain classes of images, the thinking of the many—the *spaniel*, *pug*, *collie*, etc.—into the one—*dog*—and the *concept* was evolved. “What is the origin,” wrote Max Müller, “of those roots which stand like a rampart between the chaos of sounds expressive of mere feelings and the cosmos of words expressive of concepts? . . . Think of what times we are speaking, times when no Aryan language did exist, when no verb or noun had yet been formed. . . . We can enter into all the secret workings of the human mind, building up for itself . . . language after the materials were once given. But a state of mind without language and without reason is more than we can fully realise. All we can do is to guess, and to guess cautiously.”¹ Max Müller did not argue, as some have done, that since the origin of language is obscure it must of necessity have been specially created and not evolved; he was not among those philologists

“who chase

A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's Ark.”

On the contrary, he tried to trace its origin on

¹ *The Simplicity of Language.*

naturalistic lines; observant of the fact that all inanimate things when struck vibrate in response, he drew a parallel and asked himself the following question: What else are the primal cries of pain and joy but the response of organisms to environmental forces? "Under the influence of certain emotions," he says, "the human body finds relief in more or less musical sounds produced by the breath passing . . . from the lungs to the larynx and thence to the mouth." It was those sounds that naturally accompanied primitive man's emotions which were to Max Müller the ancestors of words, the raw material out of which concept-roots were to be evolved. But it was not till man became a social animal and gave vent to his feelings *in common* with others of his kind that any definite evolution could occur, not till what Noiré called the *clamor concomitans* came on the scene could those emotional outpourings become intelligible to fellow creatures. Roots probably expressed simple, primitive acts, and in the consciousness of those repeated acts came into being the comprehension of the many things as one, in a word, the concept. "Without any effort of their own the earliest framers of language found the consciousness of their own repeated acts raised into conceptual consciousness, while the sounds by which those acts were accompanied became spontaneously what we now call conceptual roots in every language."¹ It was by concerted acts that primitive men felled a tree, launched it in the stream and sped in it to distant shores; by concerted yells they conveyed to one another their joy that the tree had fallen, the dugout been launched, food

¹ Max Müller, *op. cit.*

procured, wives captured and the enemy slain. Wundt was of the opinion that systematised work and the rhythmical vocal sounds incident thereto figured largely in the origination of language; but Havelock Ellis controverts this view, claiming that rhythmical song must have preceded systematised work, and probably arose in primitive dances of war and religion. He admits, however, the indubitable association between song and work, and lays stress on the fact that when systematic labour did appear it was given a forceful impetus by vocal rhythm. Such association is still to be seen in the chanting songs of coolies, the martial music of soldiers and the heaving and hoisting songs of sailors. The groping in the darkness on the part of those remarkable old ape-men for 'words' wherewith to convey their ideas with greater effectiveness than by the method of sign-making, probably occupied enormous stretches of time; but once accomplished the new method raised them to a plane well above that of the general brute level. Opinion has fluctuated amongst the authorities as to which came first—'words' or 'roots.' Some, like Max Müller, say that the former were derived from the latter by reduplications, affixes, flexions, etc.; that they formed the trunk of the tree, the languages being its branches. Others claim that words came first and roots only subsequently. By this latter view the root consists of several primitive terms fused together with all dissimilarities cancelled out; it is the residuum containing something that was common to all; it is, in fact, the 'exposed kernel of a family of words.' Yet a third set of authorities disbelieve in any 'root' stage at all at the birth of language. Once given inflections, they say, and new words evolve independent of a root

phase ; and certainly the fact that most roots have an abstract meaning militates against their primitive nature. Upward says : " Roots were invented by men who had not read Darwin or, like Max Müller, did not believe in him ; and if they are anything but fancies, they are not roots but *stems* cut off from their roots." For him the root has no real existence, it is an etherealised abstraction for groups of related words. The whole controversy smacks somewhat of the duel between the two knights of old over the colour of a shield of which each saw a different side. Originally both root and word were possibly the same thing, call it what you will, the 'primitive term' or 'primary element,' itself the offspring of the *flatus vocis*, that yet more primitive involuntary sound which scarcely meant anything. This primitive term gave place to the more definite and more voluntary exclamation of pain and anger. At a still later stage this exclamation of pain or anger was mimicked by others, not necessarily themselves hurt or angry, but simply because of the innate mimetic instinct which was probably as much (or more) a characteristic of protohuman beings as it is of the apes to-day. And finally, these mimetic sounds became purposive, that is to say, were emitted to scare enemies, collect together friends or to soothe infants. We must be careful to distinguish between where the word itself begins in the wild man's cry and where our actual knowledge of it begins in the dead manuscript, the baby's prattle, the savage's yell and the wild animal's cry. Allen Upward waxes most sarcastic over those philologists who are what he calls infected with the Aryan myth of the origin of words, and he warns us that " philology more than any other study needs the light of folk-lore, because words are the most

elusive of man's work. They are the birds and butterflies of man's creation, and the philologist shows his love for them by trying to transfix them on Grimm's pin; by tearing them out of the sky with his Aryan shotgun, and giving them glass beads for eyes, and souls of cotton wool. He is bitten by the mania for exactness, and his study is the one study in which exactness must almost certainly be wrong. When *he* rules out the guesses of the untrained mind, he is ruling out the mind that shaped those very words of his."

THE DEBT OF THOUGHT TO LANGUAGE.

The primitive word, simple in sound and easy of utterance, was not necessarily simple in meaning, for it was often a whole sentence that expressed a judgment. Sayce has affirmed that language, far from being based on the single word, is really based on the phrase; we think by means of phrases, not by means of words. *Ah!* meant to our ancestors and means to us also, "I am hurt." The Iroquois has one word for "I demand money from those who have come to buy garments from me."

Although words are not absolutely necessary to abstract thought and by no means so to concrete thought—for, like the lower animals, we can think in images—yet it was the evolution of language that formed the principal stimulus to the development of the former from the latter type of thought. Nevertheless, although thought can be carried on without words, "it is thought in particulars, and is as cumbrous and limited as mathematical calculations without algebraical signs."¹ The difference between thinking

¹ D. Ferrier, *The Functions of the Brain*.

in terms of words and thinking in terms of images is only one of degree, and we are justified in assuming that the transformation of the one into the other took place without any break in continuity.

The faculty of coupling sounds with objects is evident in the infant long before it thinks and reasons; it is also present in lower animals, in savages and in the primitive mind generally, which, to borrow Upward's description, is as volatile to catch fanciful resemblances between words as the primitive tongue is volatile to rhyme their sounds. An old and revered teacher of mine, the late Sir Samuel Wilks of Guy's Hospital, had a parrot that made definite sounds for particular objects, thus indicating its special desires. These sounds were not altogether imitative, some being wholly arbitrary and invented by the bird for the purpose. Romanes, from observations on his own bird, concluded that it could generalise, for it would imitate the barking of a terrier which lived in the house. Later the bird's bark-call became a name-sound, for it gave the cry every time the dog appeared. At a still later stage it barked when any other dog came into the house, but ceased to bark at the terrier; it had thus extended the name for the individual dog into a generic name for all dogs.¹ My own dog when a puppy got into a habit of emitting a curious muffled bark accompanied by a crouching attitude when asking for food; but the purport of this call and posture has now been given a much wider field, for they stand for any request the granting of which would give the animal pleasure. For instance, after a long spell indoors the dog gets restless and eyes me

¹ G. J. Romanes, *Mental Evolution in Man*.

anxiously, and I have but to touch my hat or walking stick to make him give this bark, which now means as plain as any words "Let's go for a walk." This power in lower animals of associating sounds with objects and desires amounts practically to proof of a direct connection between the faculty of vocal sign-making in the brutes and the speech of man and, indeed, of the evolution of the latter from the former. We of to-day are apt to forget how civilisation and society hang on 'the slender and painfully woven thread of speech.' But for the sustaining influence of language even Europeans would revert to animality, and their very mind, as such, would cease to be. "Speech is a buoy provided by the community to maintain at a certain level members of the race who would normally sink far below it."¹ A language after all remains what it was originally, a collection of significant sounds; the many thousands of words in our own language are but the combination of some forty odd elementary sounds. By combining and permuting our twenty-four letters it would be possible to utter over 500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 sounds—a far greater number of sounds than ever has been or will be uttered on the earth's surface; but however many of these sounds were uttered not one of them would really constitute a word unless and until it was associated with an idea.

The most fundamental vocal sound is that made by the simple expulsion of air from the lungs, as occurs in man and brute in extreme pain or terror. All spoken words have evolved from this primal sound just as surely as all letters have evolved from pictographs—

¹ Joseph McCabe, *Evolution of Mind*.

those ideographic expressions of the events of the chase practised in the infancy of civilisation. Vowels are modifications of this primal sound made by altering the size and shape of the mouth-cavity. Consonants, on the other hand, represent a much higher evolutionary plane, for they are further modifications of the open vowel-sound—itself the outcome of the *flatus vocis*. It is the lips, tongue and palate that are principally concerned in this modification of the vowel-sound, though other parts of the mouth also figure; thus we have tongue-letters like *l*, lip-letters like *p*, palate-letters like *j*, teeth-letters like *d* and throat-letters like *k*. Lower animals rarely emit consonantal ‘sounds,’ though we see their dawn in the hissed *s* of reptiles and in the breaking up of vocal tones that characterises the chattering of monkeys. The articulation of consonants as compared with that of vowels is difficult owing to the greater resistance offered by the less beaten-out nervous tracks, and this is especially seen in children and savages. In intoxication, in stammering and in fright we see a reversion, as it were, to the preconsonantal stage; the fright of Hezekiah when he was sentenced to death made him ‘chatter’ like a swallow. Though the emission of consonantal sounds is confined almost solely to man, this is not so with vowel-sounds, which are practised by most lower animals. Possibly one of the earliest of these was the exclamatory *O*, for it approximates most to that fundamental vocal sound to which we have alluded above. It is not improbable, too, that the very shape of our fifteenth letter originated in facial expression; for the *O* is the call of astonishment, of pain—emotions in which the mouth, eyelids and even the pupils become opened out wide, that is to say become more

O-like. Even moderate surprise is expressed by throwing forward the lips and so conforming them that the entrance to the mouth is O-shaped. My monkey when annoyed would pucker his lips so that he reminded one exactly of a man ejaculating *O!* Not only can lower animals vocalise our vowels, long and short, but even some of our diphthongs. In the child it is significant that the vocalisation of vowels immediately succeeds the period of the primitive howl, and precedes that of the consonantal sounds.¹ Again reference to the race shows that most primitive monosyllabic languages are rich in vowel sounds but poor in the consonantal; moreover one vowel sound often has to do duty for many words; thus the Siamese *ha*, according to the manner of its utterance, may mean *to look for*, *the plague*, or *five*.

¹ The progress of the child's speech is selected by Herbert Spencer to illustrate the transformations comprised in his famous definition of Evolution, which the reader will remember is: *Evolution is an integration of matter and a concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation.* He says: "Infantine noises are comparatively homogeneous; alike as being severally long-drawn and nearly uniform from end to end, and as being constantly repeated with but little variation of quality between narrow limits. They are quite uncoordinated—there is no integration of them into compound sounds. They are inarticulate, or without those definite beginnings and endings characterising the sounds we call words. Progress shows itself first in the multiplication of the inarticulate sounds: the extreme vowels are added to the medium vowels, and the compound to the simple. Presently the movements which form the simpler consonants are achieved, and some of the sounds become sharply cut; but this definiteness is partial, for, only initial consonants being used, the sounds end vaguely. While an approach to distinctness thus results, there also results, by combination of different consonants with the same vowels, an increase of heterogeneity; and along with the complete distinctness which terminal consonants give, arises a further great addition to the number of unlike sounds produced. The more difficult consonants and the compound consonants, imperfectly articulated at first, are by and by articulated with precision; and there comes yet another multitude of different and definite words—words that imply many kinds of vocal movements, severally performed with exactness, as well as perfectly integrated into complex groups. The subsequent advance to dissyllables and polysyllables, and to involved combinations of words, shows the still higher degree of integration and heterogeneity eventually reached by these organic motions. The acts of consciousness correlated with these nervo-muscular acts, of course go through parallel phases."

ALCOHOL AND SPEECH.

Hitherto most of the evidence we have brought to bear on the evolution of the structure and functions of the organs of speech and hearing has been obtained from an investigation of those organs while normally related to their environment. We shall find it worth while, however, to consider them when that relationship has been dissolved, in other words, when disease is present. Pathology, or the science of disease, throws a flood of light on the functions of speech and hearing and clears up many points, the solution of which, did we trust alone to a study of the sound mind in the sound body, might for ever have remained hidden from us; moreover, in no case is the information so extracted at variance with that emanating from other channels of enquiry.

The highest nerve-centres controlling the machinery of speaking and hearing are lodged in the brain, and anything which adversely affects that organ, for instance alcohol, is liable temporarily or permanently to derange the delicately adjusted centres within it. In all cerebral diseases the general principle holds good that those regions last developed in the individual and in the race tend to be the first to degenerate; that is to say, the several parts of the brain when subjected to deleterious conditions—one of the most common of which is constant soaking of the cerebral cells in lymph-fluids impregnated with alcohol—have a tendency to break up or soften, as it is popularly called, in the inverse order of their evolution. Long-established centres boasting a pedigree extending far back in the line of ancestral brains are, as it were, better practised in the noble art of self-defence than newer centres

which have but recently gained recognition in neuronie circles. For instance, brain-centres governing the highly differentiated muscles used in speaking or playing the 'piano would, in the event of some progressive cerebral mischief, succumb before centres governing the less differentiated muscles concerned in the cruder movements of the arms and legs. For this reason the musculature of the fingers and tongue is affected before that of the limbs and trunk, and this latter musculature in its turn before that still more primitive one which fills the lungs with air and pumps the blood round the system. Intricacy of muscular movements necessarily demands a more highly evolved nervous machinery and, when we consider how extremely complex are some of the movements to which the fingers and tongue of man have become adapted, we need no longer wonder why *the nerve centre in the brain governing the movements of the first two fingers alone is larger than that controlling all the huge muscles of the trunk*. In profound alcoholic intoxication, as well as in chloroform narcosis, we see nerve-centres commanding the muscles of circulation and respiration bravely carrying on with their duties long after those commanding the more differentiated muscles have thrown up the sponge. The heart-muscle is one of the first to contract and do work, and it does so several months before birth; it is also the last to give in and will often go on struggling and pulsing long after the death of the rest of the body; indeed, in cold-blooded animals it will beat for weeks after removal from the body. On the other hand, the tongue-muscles do not come into use until some time after birth, and they are among the first muscles to show failing strength with the oncoming of old age. They are, too, the first to betray the

indiscreet consumer of alcohol by the 'thick' speech, the dropping of consonants, the general verbigeration, etc. The tongue-muscles are the aristocrats of muscle society—beautifully formed, highly strung, responsive to the lightest stimulus, but exceedingly delicate and liable to get out of order and requiring therefore the utmost care. So far as the body politic is concerned, they are more ornamental than useful. The heart-muscles, on the other hand, are the sturdy labourers of the body politic, for they minister to the welfare of all the citizen-cells from highest to lowest. "Deeds not words" is their life's function. It takes a great deal to upset their normally placid equilibrium; but once let the spirit of discontent enter their ranks and the whole body politic is shaken to its foundations and in imminent peril of coming toppling to the ground.

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(See also, by the same author, 'The Dawn of Voice and Hearing,' Oct. 1914, 'The Origins of Song and Dance,' Jan. 1915, and 'The Cradle of Speech,' July, 1915.—ED.)

THE CAPACITY OF VISION.

GERALDINE E. HODGSON, Litt. D.

THE present writer suggested in a book called *A Study in Illumination* that the poet's vision or 'illumination' has affinity with the saint's. *The Universe and Catholic Weekly*,¹ in reviewing the book, rebuked this view as 'not Catholic.' *The Month*² went further and wrote: "She does not see that the illumination of the saint is acknowledged in the Catholic Church to lie outside the law of ordinary human intelligence, being a gift of God, belonging to the supernatural order; nor does she, for want of sound philosophical training, realise that the illumination of the poet (or the philosopher) is indeed natural, but is readily explicable as having entered through the senses in its original germs."

The writer in *The Month* is not very explicit, and he can hardly mean that a saint is never a poet, though that meaning could be extracted from his words. One thing is clear, that he has entirely overlooked the whole argument of the book—repeated, the writer had feared, *ad nauseam*—which was that illumination comes after *purgation*, and that a certain measure of innocence, of varying kind and degree, original or restored, could be predicated of precisely the poets and writers cited. The critic proved too much, because his implication is that Catholic

¹ Feb. 5, 1915.

² Feb., 1915.

philosophy is perfectly homogeneous, whereas Mr. Wilfrid Ward has reminded us of *The Month's* criticism of Cardinal Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, which in spite of that was received with not a little Catholic approval¹; and W. G. Ward is recorded to have considered it capable of 'forming the basis of a new and important Catholic philosophy.'²

The idea of which the elaboration was attempted in *A Study in Illumination*, was originally suggested by the interesting view propounded by Baron F. von Hügel of "the procession, so largely made up of men and movements not usually reckoned as exclusively or directly religious, whose very greatness,—one which humanity will not let die,—is closely interwoven with Mystical and Metaphysical affirmations."³

In the widely varying collection of great men whom he brought together, a company including poets, philosophers, scientists, at least two generals and a great political thinker, he included "a Wordsworth and a Browning." He closed his daring list with the bold declaration: "Shear any of these men of their Mystical and Metaphysical elements, and you will have shorn Samson of his locks." I do not for a moment wish to claim that this passage was more than a stimulus to thought; the subsequent elaboration was mine. I cannot shelter myself behind Baron von Hügel's distinguished name; I can, however, acknowledge a debt of valuable suggestion and, further, I can plead that *The Catholic Times*, in reviewing the result wrote: "She speaks rather of illumina-

¹ Wilfrid Ward, *The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman*, vol. ii., pp. 269ff.

² *Ibid.* p. 273.

³ *The Mystical Element of Religion*, vol. ii., p. 271.

tion than of mysticism, because she maintains not only in the saints but also in some of the poets the mystical element is found. . . . She takes four poets, Vaughan, Wordsworth, Browning, Francis Thompson, and shows by an analysis of their works evidences of illumination, or this direct vision."¹ Yet again the December number of *Pax*, the Quarterly of the Benedictines of Caldey, shewed clearly that they perceived the drift of the book, but did not charge that drift with heresy. It may be asked: What does all this matter? Just this: while no writer who cares genuinely for the subject with which he deals, on which, necessarily, he has spent much toil, is moved by any review to ask 'am *I* right?'—he should, given a worthy review, be stirred to enquire 'am *I right?*' That is to say, while the mistake of an author is a small matter (since those of us who do not make mistakes do not make much), yet a mistake in a fact, and in a fact of far-reaching issues does matter, and vitally. This diversity of opinion, expounded in journals which might, by some, have been expected to agree, seems to make it worth while to turn again to the profound and fundamental problem involved. It may, after all, be a question which can be cleared by further inquiry, care and meticulous accuracy of expression. We can hardly be expected to believe that Catholic philosophy is entirely homogeneous if only because *The Month*, *The Catholic Times*, *The Universe* and *Pax* express their views so diversely; the nature of the facts precluding, in their case, the easy solution of a lack of 'sound philosophical training.' The question is obscure; it perhaps needs still more careful investigation, more

¹ *The Catholic Times*, Feb. 12, 1915.

accurate delimitation ; it asks for still more sensitive and penetrating apprehension of what the more highly gifted among mortals, gifted in poetic endowment and holy acquisition, really *knew*—‘saw’ not supposed, ‘felt’ not fancied.

In good sooth, “this is not a bow for every man to shoot in” ; but then, as we remember the fate of those who put their hand to the plough and look back, not even the confusion of metaphors affords a covering way of escape. It is true or it is not true that poetic vision can be akin to the saint’s. Having started out, a man must support or retract his plea ; he can hardly just sit down or run away.

Yet surely there is some help, overwhelming in import too, close at hand. Surely, when all is said and done, it is not heretical to ascribe the possibility of illumination, not only to poet as well as to saint, but also to every man, to any man, who will ‘wash him and make him clean,’ and yield himself up. Otherwise, what did S. John mean by “*Erat lux vera, quae illuminat omnem hominem venientem in hunc mundum.*”¹ It would seem that, as holiness is the potential state of every man, any man—“*Si quis vult post me venire, abneget semetipsum, et tollat crucem suam quotidie et sequatur me*”²—so is illumination, according to S. John, the potential heritage of every, of any man. The whole doctrine of purgation and illumination is folded up in his words quoted above, and in his record of our Lord’s words to Nicodemus: “*Hoc est autem judicium: quia lux venit in mundum, et dilexerunt homines magis tenebras quam lucem; erant enim eorum*

¹ S. John, i. 9. (“That was the true light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world.”)

² S. Luke, ix. 23. (“If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me.”)

mala opera."¹ It is exactly loss of this heavenly light, nothing more nor less, and loss through his wilful love of his 'own bad works,' that Henry Vaughan laments again and again :

"When on some gilded Cloud or Flow'r
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of Eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A sev'ral sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness,
O how I long to travel back
And tread again that ancient track."²

With what certain conviction and earnest entreaty he seeks the one only remedy for the darkness into which deliberate wrong-doing had plunged him!

"Come and relieve
And tame and keep down with Thy light
Dust that would rise and dim my sight!
Lest left alone too long
Amidst the noise and throng,
Oppressèd I,
Striving to save the whole, by parcels die."³

The Universe, however, threw some light on the difficulty by announcing: "At first one is led to think of it [*i.e.* of illumination] as belonging to a soul wrapped in contemplation of the hidden things of God:

¹ *S. John*, iii. 19. ("And this is the judgment, that the light is come into the world, and men loved the darkness rather than the light, because their deeds were evil.")

² *The Retreat.*

³ *Distraction.*

then, as it appears, it is merely the play of fancy in poets, or peoples like the Irish."

In the first place, nothing of the kind did I ever suggest; next, it is a curious lowering of poetry to call it 'merely the play of fancy.' Remembering, in the opening pages of his star-strewn Essay on Shelley, Francis Thompson's impassioned petition to the Church to bring back the Handmaid Poetry, one can only stand immeasurably confounded with surprise. The plea which was made was never made at large, was never supposed to cover all poets. For instance, a pantheist like Shelley in some though not all of his moods is not adduced as a mystic akin to S. Teresa's visionary soul; moreover, a careful discrimination was made between the poems of one poet, mystical illumination being claimed for some, denied to others. And finally it may be said there are no 'peoples like the Irish'; they are unique! But, to be serious over a profoundly serious matter, are we really asked to believe henceforth that poets, as they look out upon Nature, upon all this goodly universe, cannot be looking, on the surface at the manifest, and beneath the surface at the hidden, works of God? If that be so, who then *made* the world? If one thing about philosophy can be more certain than another, it is that the great Doctors of the Church—whom Catholicism cannot throw over—were realists, not idealists. They regarded the universe as a real organism, an objective thing; and man, though in and part of it, they regarded as a subject cognitive of the world as object. Further, in that objective world, man might discern the 'hidden things of God,' for what says S. Augustine?—"To Thee, there is nothing at all evil; and not only to Thee, but also to Thy creation as a whole, because there is

nothing without, which may break in, and corrupt that order, which Thou hast appointed to it. . . . Far be it then that I should say 'These things should not be,' for should I see nought but these, I should indeed long for the better; but still must even for these alone praise Thee; for these do show that 'Thou art to be praised, from the earth, dragons and all deeps, fire, hail, snow, ice and stormy wind, which fulfil Thy word; mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars; beasts and all cattle, creeping things and feathered fowls; kings of the earth and all people, princes and all judges of the earth; young men and maidens, old men and children, praise Thy Name.' But when, from Heaven, these 'praise Thee, praise Thee, our God, in the heights, all Thy angels, all Thy hosts, sun and moon, all the stars and light, the Heaven of heavens, and the waters that be above the heavens, praise Thy Name,' I did not now long for things better, because I conceived of all; and with a sounder judgment I apprehended that the things above were better than these below, but all together better than those above alone."¹

Surely, it is a strange idea that it is not 'Catholic' to regard the poet and the saint as able to worship at the same shrine and bathe in the one glorious Light? To shut Poetry off entirely from Religion, to regard it as 'merely the play of fancy,' whatever that may mean (and one is tempted to think that it means very little) is perilously near the Manichæan heresy, which placed 'sin' in things, rather than in the *use* of them. Here again S. Augustine may be appealed to—"And I inquired what iniquity was, and found it to be no

¹ *Confessions*, vii. 13.

substance, but the perversion of the will, turned aside from Thee, O God, the Supreme Substance, towards the lowest things."¹ If we may really not regard the Poet as capable of real illumination, then it is to be feared that Dante will have to go overboard with the Doctors of the Church :

*"Bernardo m'accennava, e sorrideva,
Perch' io guardassi in suso ; ma io era
Già per me stesso tal qual ei voleva ;*

*"Chè la mia vista, venendo sincera,
E più e più entrava per lo raggio
Dell' alta luce, che da sè è vera."*²

The stanzas which follow show as clearly as human words can that Dante's vision was, at last, real mystic vision ; that the half lights of 'the way' had finally been lost in the splendour of the Goal :

*"Qual è colui che sonnando vede,
Chè dopo 'l sogno la passione impressa
Rimane, e l'altro alla mente non riede,*

*"Cotal son io, chè quasi tutta cessa
Mia visione, ed ancor mi distilla
Nel cuor lo dolce che nacque da essa."*³

That it is true mystic vision is plain, for, as the bodily sight fails, then that which is born in the mystical atmosphere of Love remains—'*mi distilla nel cuor lo dolce.*' No one can pretend that Dante was

¹ *Ib.* vii. 16.

² "Bernard gave me the sign and smiled to me that I should look on high, but I already of myself was such as he would have me ;

"Because my sight, becoming purged, now more and more was entering through the ray of the deep light which in itself was true."

Paradiso, xxxiii. 49ff.

³ "As is he who dreaming seeth, and when the dream is gone, the passion stamped remaineth, and nought else cometh to the mind again ;

"Even such am I ; for almost wholly faileth me my vision, yet doth the sweetness that was born of it still drop within my heart." *Ibid.* 58ff.

a saint and not a poet. If anyone will argue that he had long to wait and far to go or ever he 'saw God,' the lot of many of the saints has not been different in that respect; of this, one of the greatest of them, S. Teresa, will assure us. Whatever else Catholicity means or does not mean, it assuredly teaches that all men, all things, are potentially one in God. No doubt, that state admits an infinity of degrees; the great saint may stand, at last, on the topmost rung of ineffable attainment, while, far below perhaps, yet on the same ascent, are his little brothers and sisters—poets, common men and women, what you will. But since God is One, truth must be One; let opinion waver as it may, play tricks and change, any apprehension of God or of truth must be the same in kind, whatever its degree, as all apprehension of God; to write and talk otherwise is surely either to deny the Nature of God or to make nonsense of human knowledge of Him.

It is perhaps desirable to attempt a closer accuracy concerning illumination or vision. Everybody is agreed that those of us who are not deficient or abnormal have 'sense-knowledge': if we put our finger in a flame it is scorched and we know it; if we eat sugar we have a sensation of taste and we know that, and we suppose that all other normal people eating sugar have a similar experience. Moreover we are all agreed that those of us in possession of the usual human faculties have that knowledge which comes of *reasoning about* experience. And there, some stop. The mystic, however, goes further; he claims, over and above all this, to know *directly, immediately*, without any intervention, 'sensible' or 'discursive,' whatever. Père Poulain probably may be accepted as an orthodox guide here; he writes: "*Les mystiques*

catholiques affirment avoir des perceptions et communications purement intellectuelles. . . . Or une question a été souvent discutée de notre temps : quelle valeur a cette croyance des mystiques ? N'est-ce pas une simple illusion de leur part ?"¹

He tries to simplify this inquiry by breaking it up into two others : *how* are they sure of the *objective reality* of these intellectual perceptions which they claim to have ; and how can they enable us to share their certainty ? The first he answers by an illustration. The mystic, he says in effect, is as certain of his vision as I am of the reality of the book lying before me. With delightful wit, he observes : "*On aurait beau m'expliquer par de savants raisonnements que je prends pour objectif un phénomène qui n'est que subjectif : on n'arrivera pas à me convaincre.*"²

Yet here we get the intrinsic nature of mystical vision, a direct perception so vivid, so certain to him that perceives, that nothing, no argumentation or reflection of any kind can alter it, whether by addition or diminution.

Now is this state the monopoly of the saint, or can others, including some poets, share it ? Let us, to forestall criticism, recollect that as not every saint is a mystic, nor even every mystic a canonised saint, so no one ever dreamed of suggesting that every poet is a mystic. Let us, when we try to answer the question, recall S. Teresa's words, where the nature of Vision is admitted to be indescribable, while its reality is declared :

¹ "Catholic mystics claim to have purely intellectual perceptions and communications. . . . Now, in our day, one question has been discussed frequently : What truth is there in this, the mystics' belief ? Is it not just a sheer illusion on their part ?"—*Des Graces d'Oraison*, ch. xxxi., § 46.

² "Anyone would strive in vain to demonstrate to me by the most learned arguments that I am taking a subjective for an objective phenomenon : he will never succeed in convincing me."—*Ibid.* p. 613.

"At last, it happened to me, and still at times it happens to me, that our Lord shews me greater secrets, but in such wise that I only see just what He means me to see, without its being in the power of my soul, when it wishes to do so, to see anything beyond. The least of these secrets is ample to flood the soul with wonder, and to increase in it contempt and a poor opinion of mundane things. I wish I could give some idea even of the lesser things thus shewn to me; but when I try, I find it absolutely impossible: because between that unique light of the Divine visitation wherein all is light, and the every-day light of the world, there is such a vast difference that one cannot compare them; the sunlight seems mere ugliness. The subtlest imagination fails to conceive of that light and of the wonders which our Saviour shewed me then. It is impossible, too, to convey the supreme joy which accompanies this kind of knowledge, and that intense sweetness in which all my senses were drowned; so I am forced to leave off talking."¹

It would not be very easy to find a passage more illustrative of Père Poulain's description of the irrevocable conviction, the unshakeableness, of the mystic's claim. But how does it differ *in kind* from Vaughan's so simple yet so tremendous declaration:

"I am so warm'd now by this glance on me
That midst all storms I feel a ray of Thee,"²

or from Thompson's far more elaborated, more gorgeous, more poignant but not more convinced lines?

"Where is the land of Luthany,
Where is the tract of Elenore?
I am bound therefor.

¹ *Autobiography of S. Teresa*, ch. xxxviii.

² *The Mount of Olives*.

“Pierce thy heart to find the key;

When earth and heaven lay down their veil,
 And that apocalypse turns thee pale;
 When thy seeing blindeth thee
 To what thy fellow-mortals see;
 When their sight to thee is sightless;
 Their living, death; their light, most lightless;
 Search no more—
 Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore.”

“When to the new eyes of thee
 All things by immortal power,
 Near or far,
 Hiddenly
 To each other linkèd are,
 That thou canst not stir a flower
 Without troubling of a star;

O seek no more!
 Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore.”¹

What is actually the difference in kind? Is there any? But Francis Thompson suggests the second of the problems into which Père Poulain broke up the main one,—“how can the mystics bring us to share their certitude?”—for he writes of *certitude*, as if remembering Newman’s warning that certitude is a quality of the mind, certainty a quality of propositions. Père Poulain answers that they can only succeed where there is already a readiness to believe in the supernatural; he admits, or rather proclaims, that believers and atheists are alike incapable of refuting

¹ *The Mistress of Vision.*

each other. They are, as a matter of fact, operating on different planes.

But one fact, on which he touches, is worth a moment's further thought. If, as he says, it be true, and it surely is, that "our intuition is incommunicable,"¹ yet the affirmations of those who claim it do outweigh the mere negation of those unaware; in other words, concurrent positive evidence is more weighty, more nigh to proof, being akin to the Newmanian 'accumulation of probabilities,' than any negative statements. We must not drive this argument further than it will hold, but rather analyse it. In some cases, an affirmation is worth more as evidence than a negative statement; *e.g.*, if I say that I saw an early violet in the hedgerow, it is more likely to be true than my companion's statement that there was not even one, since violets are secretive and many mortals unobservant. But it is not so in all cases. Suppose the problem to be the presence or absence of a circus elephant in a Sussex lane. It is equally incredible that I should think it was there if it were not, and that some one else should think it was not when it was, for elephants are large and Sussex lanes narrow. Probability varies then with the nature of the case. But in the matter of mysticism is not the likelihood of truth on the affirmative side? It is so improbable that such wonders should be a delusion of so many people; because there is remarkable 'consent' among all those who affirm the fact.

The extremely happy phrase which Père Poulain uses to describe mystic vision, '*l'état éveillé*,' carries a further suggestion, *viz.* that the affirmer is more likely

¹ *Des Graces d'Oraison*, p. 614.

to be right than the denier; awakening from sleep being a condition familiar to us all. Those who deny the possibility of mystic vision are not inaptly compared to men alive indeed, even endowed with many faculties, but, for the time being, plunged in sleep. A suggestion is not a proof; but it may be an aid to apprehension. After all, the Bollandist Fathers have defined very precisely the exact degree of authority attaching to the mystics' statements concerning 'vision.' Père Toulemont, writing on the subject of '*les Révélations privées*' said:¹ "*Elles ont la valeur du témoignage de la personne qui les rapporte, ni plus ni moins.*" Benedict XIV. laid down that such revelations should be received not "with catholic faith, but only with *human faith*, conformably with the rules of prudence"; and Cardinal Pitra remarked that "when the Church approves them, they are only received as probable, and not as indubitable. They must not be used to settle historical, physical, philosophical or theological questions which are matters of controversy among the learned."²

A distinction of degree may no doubt be made, at any rate in some cases, between the vision of the saint and the poet. The latter often is more faintly illumined, he is dealing with something less defined, an *intuition*, as the saint's is, but, if one may so put it, an intuition less sharply outlined. A. E.'s beautiful but elusive lines

"God like a wind goes breathing
A dream of Himself in all"

may serve as an instance.

When Père Poulain, in his XXIst chapter, deals

¹ *Les Études*, 1866, p. 61. ² Quoted by Père Poulain, *op. cit.*, pp. 334, 335.

with the elements of error which are possible in revelation (*i.e.* in vision), it is impossible to help feeling that here some of the poets have been closely conversant with the matters of which he treats. He suggests five possible sources of such error, from one of which the poet may easily suffer, *viz.* inaccuracy of interpretation. In this case, the failure springs from the recipient's misapprehension or, if it do not go so far as that, yet through some deficiency, the revelation remains dim, the vision is seen in half light as it were. Francis Thompson, in *The Mistress of Vision*, rings the changes on this thought :

(i.) " Secret was the garden ;
Set i' the pathless awe
Where no star its breath can draw.

(vii.) " The sun which lit that garden wholly,
Low and vibrant visible,
Tempered glory woke ;

(viii.) " And her eyes a little tremble, in the wind of
her own sighs.

(ix.) " Many changes rise on
Their phantasmal mysteries.
They grow to an horizon
Where earth and heaven meet ;
And like a wing that dies on
The vague twilight-verges,
Many a sinking dream doth fleet
Lessening down their secrecies.
And as dusk with day converges,
Their orbs are troublously
Over-gloomed and over-glowed with hope and
fear of things to be."

In no very different vein, S. John of the Cross, in the case of the visions of the saints, emphasises their defective apprehension of divine revelations :

“ In the first place it is clear that the prophecies do not always mean what we understand by them, and that the issues do not correspond with our expectations. The reason is that God is infinite and most high, and therefore His prophecies, locutions and revelations involve other conceptions, other meanings, widely different from those according to which we measure our own perceptions ; and they are the more true and the more certain the less they seem so to our understanding.”¹

S. John of the Cross goes on to teach that our misunderstanding is not only failure to grasp the whole, not only that we grasp a part and the rest escapes us, we taking a bit to be the whole, but that the nature of the wonder shown is beyond us : “ As I have said, the chief purpose of God in sending visions is to express and communicate the spirit which is hidden within them, and which is very hard to be understood.”² And so we are to realise that the method of the Divine Teacher is, as we should expect, if we know anything of the business of teaching, to keep the lesson always a little ahead of the learner, not within his easy reach, lest his abilities and efforts grow slack and soft, and yet not so far beyond him as to overwhelm his heart and will with difficulty ; but, as Browning knew so well,

“ A dim splendour ever on before.”

Well, what is this really but the same conviction which is the burden of Henry Vaughan’s ?—

¹ *The Ascent of Mount Carmel*, II. xix. 2. ² *Ibid.*, § 6.

"There is in God—some say—
 A deep but dazzling darkness; as men here
 Say it is late and dusky, because they
 See not all clear.
 O for that Night! where I in Him
 Might live invisible and dim."

These lines might have been, though no proof exists that they were, built directly on the phrase of S. John of the Cross, "it is true, speaking after the manner of men, that God is as dark a light to the soul as faith."¹ The probability is that the poem and the prose treatise are the entirely independent testimony of two surrendered, pure, God-illuminated souls, one a saint, one a poet, who both experienced the same deep mystery of Divine Dark-Light. Are we to suppose, moreover, that Vaughan was referring solely and only to an artificially named moment in the twenty-four hours, or to the deeper mystery of divine illumination in obscurity, when he wrote, in the same poem?—

"Wise Nicodemus saw such light
 As made him know his God by night."

In less illumined souls than these the light may be even more obscure, and yet, there it is, real mystical light. Among the Irish poets we shall not look in vain. Is there nothing of it, even if with obscurity yet with intensely real revelation, in Joseph Campbell's?—

"Heard like some ancient Gaelic strain
 Ocean's ancient voice in pain;
 Darkness folding hill and wood,
 Sorrow drinking at my blood,
 Wounds of Eloim
 Weep on me."

¹ *The Ascent of Mount Carmel*, II. 11.

That prayer could come only from one whose eyes had seen, if dimly; whose ears had heard, though from an incalculably far horizon.

A qualification may well be admitted. Where the saint by long and often renewed purgation may, as one might say, have cleared the way, and so have attained to more vivid vision, the poet may quite easily through his own fault, the fault issuing in a half effort, have left the path encumbered; and where the saint's vision is a rushing flood, the poet's may be a filtering through the thorns and briars he has never cut quite away. Henry Vaughan knew that; declares it often, seldom more categorically than in *The Relapse*—

“I have deserved a thick Egyptian damp,
—Dark as my deeds—
Should mist within me and put out that lamp
Thy Spirit feeds.”

Through the world-beset life of the Poet the light comes and goes, but does not go for good—

“Midst all storms I feel a ray of Thee.”

We may go further and admit that even to Vaughan there is always a hampering, hiding obstruction:

“Only the veil which Thou hast broke,
And must be broken yet in me,
This veil I say is all the cloke,
And cloud which shadows Thee from me.
This veil Thy full-eyed love denies
And only gleams and fractions spies.

“O take it off! make no delay;
And brush me with Thy light that I

May shine unto a perfect day,
And warm me at Thy glorious eye!
O take it off! or till it flee,
Though with no lily, stay with me."

But for all that an obstacle does not destroy what it impedes; indeed it involves the necessity that there shall be something to obstruct, and that is the whole point.

A recent Editor of Vaughan, writing of an earlier verse of the poem from which these two are taken, observes that: "It is this conception of the Universe which redeems from mere quaintness such a poem for instance as 'Cock-crowing.'"¹

It is common enough to meet with people who are only bewildered by the mystical standpoint; but to call that inspired petition,—which bathes and suffuses thought and feeling in the shimmering gleam of some unearthly dawn at the hour of the earthly Cock-crowing—

"Brush me with Thy light"

'quaintness,' seems an extravagance of impenetrability. It is worse perhaps than if one should ask for an explanation of Thompson's

"Whatever singing robe thou wear
Has the Paradisal air;
And some gold feather it has kept
Shows what floor it lately swept."

It is difficult to believe that the Catholic Church will ever draw a hard and fast line concerning the 'Light that lighteth every man,' *i.e.* concerning the potential Light, or that it will draw one concerning the

¹ E. K. Chambers, *Henry Vaughan*, in 'The Muses' Library,' Introduction.

Light's actual shining, whether on canonised saint or poet, or mere ordinary striving mortal. Europe, perhaps, after its present bitter sowing, will reap a great and abundant harvest from Eastern Europe. The mystic irradiation of that great and deeply religious people, whose irruption into the course of Western affairs has been the life-long dream of some among us, will haply bring us fresh knowledge as to the possibilities and realities of Illumination.

GERALDINE E. HODGSON.

SECULAR AND SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE.

THE EDITOR.

By far the most marvellous activity of the human mind is its power of self-correction. It lives and grows, not only by perpetual readaptation to the external world of sense-perception, but also by the continual self-determined revision and improvement of its inner conceptual world, which it seeks to make an increasingly efficient instrument for action in the world of space and time. And if its powers of sense-perception can be indefinitely supplemented by the invention of more and more delicate material instruments to correct the mechanical imperfection of its organs of sense, its powers of rational introspection keep pace with this improvement by the devising of ever subtler and clearer concepts. For the mind has the ability, not only to reflect upon its own nature, processes and accomplishments, but also further to reflect upon its own reflections, and so continually to make its inner organon of knowledge more and more effective. But no matter how much the refinement and complexity of this inner instrument of knowledge are increased, no matter how increasingly adequate we may make it to effect our purpose in the world of sense, the fundamental modes and means of knowing, and above all the mystery of the ever-transcendent self that can with greater and greater intensity reflect on

its own nature and knowledge, refuse to yield up their secret. The beginning of true knowledge is thus to realise that we do not really know. This fundamental fact of knowledge cannot be too strongly insisted on, and so at the outset it may be well to repeat and to say: The mind has the power of turning its attention upon itself with ever increasing intensity; but however keenly it may attend to itself, however sharply it inspects and scrutinises the nature and activity of its own contents and processes, it cannot, as we know it in its secular activity, come at the fundamental reality of its own being or comprehend the secret of the self-determination that makes all this power of self-analysis and self-improvement possible for it. Though we cannot say what consciousness really is, it is in terms of consciousness that all the activities of the mind must be brought to knowledge. The more keenly the mind scrutinises the external world and the more deeply it penetrates into the recesses of its own inner phenomenal nature, the more knowledge it is enabled to accumulate for itself. But this knowing is always knowledge about things mutually external to each other or knowledge about thoughts equally mutually distinct from one another or knowledge about their interrelations. It is entirely relative. The mind apprehends and comprehends with ever greater ability the external and internal phenomena presented to consciousness, but the reality which it fain would grasp refuses to yield its vital secrets to the most industrious scrutiny of normal sense and the analysis of empirical intellect.

It is only when knowledge by means of critical reflection upon simple knowing by acquaintance has reached a high degree of development, that the problem

of knowledge itself comes into such clear consciousness that the discursive intellect is forced to question its ability really to know reality. And in no age more than the present, when scientific knowledge has so vastly increased, has the problem of knowledge and the necessity of discovering a workable theory of the nature of knowing pressed more insistently upon the attention of the keenest thinkers. The question 'what is knowledge?' has subconsciously been the central problem of philosophy ever since systematic thinking began, and in the West emerges consciously from the time of Plato and Aristotle onwards. But it is only in modern times, and we may even say practically during the last hundred years, that its pre-eminent importance has been forced to the forefront of philosophical enquiry, and special attempts have been made to formulate the nature, conditions and limitations of knowing. This all-important investigation is technically termed epistemology, that is the theory of knowledge. The history of the attempts to grapple with its problems presents us with a wide divergence of views and opinions, as is only to be expected in surveying any phase of the unceasing struggle which characterises all physical and mental development. There are those who would still assign to epistemology a subordinate status, and make it a branch either of logic or of psychology or of metaphysics. But since all advance in metaphysics, logic and psychology is brought about by the critical revision of the main conceptions, ideas and notions with which these theoretically distinguished but practically inseparable disciplines and systems of knowledge deal, it seems unreasonable not to assign central and primary importance to epistemology itself,—in other

words, to that final enquiry which demands a more thorough-going review of and deeper reflection on the whole nature of the work of betterment effected by the mind on its prior achievements in the domains of the three sister sciences that are especially concerned with the foundations of secular knowledge. The science of knowing may thus be said to aim at discovering the conditions of a genuine synthesis of knowledge, and its first task is a thorough revision of the principles underlying all methods of scientific research, and therewith an ever more intense self-scrutiny of the nature of that supreme activity of the mind which progressively effects its own improvement. And just because this science of knowledge comes later in time than the other disciplines, its corrective value is greater and more fundamental than any of them; indeed one of its greatest tasks is precisely the endeavour to assign their proper values to these other realms of knowledge. And surely there can be no more valuable discipline of philosophy itself than this inner and higher criticism of its own achievements reviewed in the light of their historical development.

Philosophy begins with attempts to answer fundamental questions; it would solve metaphysical problems. It would try to conceive the origin and form of the universe, for instance; it would seek to know the 'how' and 'what' of reality; it would determine the nature and meaning of soul and body. But, as its history shows us, the solutions which have been advanced are very numerous and contradictory. These contradictions are insupportable to reason, which is ever constrained by the supreme law of its being to seek to re-establish its inner unity. This is reason's perpetual struggle for self-preservation. And

reason has found itself in increasingly dire distress as the inmost problem of all—namely, what is the true nature of knowledge?—has gradually come into clearer consciousness and definition and finally imperiously imposed itself upon the attention of the deepest thinkers. It invaded the hitherto most impregnable strongholds of philosophic thought, and the voice of religion mocked at the vanquished metaphysicians. The champions of the Holy Ghost, as it were, cast in the teeth of the Knights of Pallas Athene the mocking challenge: Can your boasted intellect unaided ever answer such fundamental questions, can reason itself ever reveal such mysteries; are they not in their very nature beyond the power of comprehension of every possible cognitive function of the mind and effort of the intelligence? To this self-challenge of the human spirit there seemed no adequate means of immediate reply. Nevertheless, though philosophy found itself obliged to discard the too blunt weapons with which it had hitherto been armed, it did not lose heart, but set to work to forge new ones of more skilful device and finer temper. Courage and industry did not fail it; but with new determination and enthusiasm it set to work, by a still more strenuous activity of reason, upon the task of a systematic criticism of the pretensions of its own empirical intellect to know what really is, and proceeded to re-survey, map out and delimit the proper territory and scope of this form of its activity. Pragmatic intellect was thus proved not to exhaust reason; it was increasingly shown to be of the nature of an instrument of reason and not reason's life and will. Intellect in this sense may be said to do most admirable work of an analytic and formal nature; but it does not exhaust the functions of reason. The

proper end of reason is nothing less than the integration and harmonising of the whole activities of mind and body ; it refuses to be limited by the scope of its purely intellectual activities. Reason puts heart of courage into us by pointing to all those great achievements of the human will which during the process of their being accomplished surpass the understanding of those by whom they are being wrought. Reason reveals to us spiritual purpose and value in what at the time of their being done appear to be irrational acts ; it points to facts which testify to the inworking presence of moral ideals that laugh at death, and brush on one side every calculation that aims at material utility, comfort or well-being, or further at intellectual gratification only. And in the light of this overwhelming evidence of the divine in man, reason insists with dauntless courage that there is somehow awaiting doers of such deeds, knowledge of a reality out-valuing all appearance, and beyond this, knowledge that knows its own nature and transcends it.

And indeed the persistent and unceasing effort of man to come at true knowledge, in spite of the well-nigh overwhelming discouragement of ever-repeated outer failure, proves that his inmost faith rests upon the sure conviction that the universe is fundamentally an intelligible universe, though he is forced to recognise that its intelligibility transcends the working capacity of the instrument of knowledge he can at present control. And if the universe is essentially an intelligible universe, as the faith of reason thus convinces us, we are further assured by the same high authority, that it cannot but be that man, the contemplator and progressive knower of that universe, is destined spiritually to be progressively a more immediate knower of

knowledge itself. By the development in him of ever new means and powers of deepening his knowledge of reality, he continuously realises himself in that reality; nor does he leave anything behind but ignorance or unknowing; for each successive stage of his development in knowing embraces the preceding stages of evolution, giving them new meaning and value, deepening his self-consciousness and more closely uniting him with reality.

Let us now roughly review our normal ways of knowing before proceeding to hazard some possibilities that may await us, if at least we are minded to regard what has been spiritually wrought in and by the few, as foreshowing the nature of the stages of the path of ascent that all may some day tread, hopefully accepting such indications as the earnest and promise of the good fortune that the future holds in store for every man.

The origin of consciousness is quite beyond us; and even attempts to infer its precise nature in the high types of life below the human are extremely hazardous. The fear of what has been called the 'psychologist's fallacy' dogs all our researches; and no matter how earnestly and honestly we may strive to depersonalise our minds, we do not seem able to avoid reading at least some portion of our own highly organised experience into the behaviour of lower organisms even of high grades. We must begin within our own kind, with ourselves first of all directly, and then by inferences from the behaviour of our fellows, and try to come at the development of consciousness in man from earliest childhood upwards. At first of course man does not in any way trouble himself about knowledge; he does not know that he knows. He naïvely takes unquestioned what he finds in experience

and regards it as sure and immediate knowledge. It is only when he finds by frustrated action that things do not behave as he would wish, that he is forced to reflect upon and correct his naïve apprehensions of reality; and so he gradually develops an increasingly complex mental equipment with which to act more effectively on the external world. At first he is apparently lost in the objects of his perception; it is only when he becomes self-conscious that he begins to analyse what he finds given to him in what is already a highly complex consciousness.

There are certainly grades and modes of awareness in us which the normal mind cannot bring within the focus of its self-conscious scrutiny. They keep below the threshold of attentive consciousness in what is now called the subliminal or subconscious; yet are they by no means to be neglected, for the most astonishing thing about this subconscious is that the more it is studied the more intelligent it is found to be. Nevertheless we are not allowed to start with the investigations of abnormal mental phenomena which are gradually revealing the nature of the subconscious.

The conservative trend of science is the endeavour to explain the unknown by the known, and therefore in psychology to explain the abnormal by the normal; and so, if we would march with the crowd, the possibilities of the normal must first be exhausted in seeking an explanation before we are permitted to turn to the abnormal. It may, however, be here noted that the foremost pioneers into the regions of abnormal psychology are beginning to break away from this convention, and are claiming for their phenomena the same status as that accorded to the phenomena of the laboratory in physical and chemical research. For all of these

phenomena are investigated, not under natural, but under artificial conditions, and therefore may be said in their own order to be equally abnormal. Nevertheless no one questions the validity of the results of such a method of physical research, and demands that the phenomena should first be studied as they are found immediately in nature.

In any case, in psychology, both normal and abnormal, we have to start with the bare fact of experience. But immediately we turn our attention to this basic fact and begin to reflect upon it, we already find ourselves confronted with a trinity in unity of elements of incalculable possibilities. We can be clearly conscious of nothing without finding already in that consciousness the elements or psychical functions of feeling, thought and volition, and these not in separation but indissolubly united. We men can consciously neither will alone, nor feel alone, nor think alone. In every act of conscious will there must be present feeling and cognition; in every conscious feeling activity there are also present willing and knowing; and in every cognitive act, feeling and will. The act of consciousness gives the experience to us as a unity both objectively and subjectively, and no effort of ours can ever really isolate the three subjective modes of vital activity we call willing, feeling and thinking from one another. It is only theoretically that we can abstract them from one another and dwell upon each *as though* it were really distinct and separate; but practically in living experience we can never be conscious of one without the others.

By the same method of theoretical abstraction we may proceed to distinguish other elements, processes or functions in our mental activity. We invent words

for their expression, and hence we come to speak of sensation, perception, imagining and so forth. But as we progress in this analysis we find that precise definitions of the nature of these elements of mental activity, of their inter-relations and above all of the modes of the living transformations of consciousness we thus theoretically distinguish, are very difficult to come at, so that there is naturally much dispute. How the most elementary sensation in response to material stimulus arises, is a mystery for us; and how consciousness really transforms itself in the various stages of its development, is even more mysterious. It would seem as though the inventive power of the intellect is compelled unceasingly to endeavour to fashion an increasingly complex system of devices, as it were a mental machinery, for ever more effective work on the material that consciousness presents to it as the external world; it bravely persists in its endeavour and in the hope of discovering thereby the true nature of the universe.

As to this theoretical or ideal instrument of knowledge, it is generally assumed that by what is called the apperceptive activity of the mind, sensations are associated into perceptions or sense-presentations of the phenomena of the external world; but we really do not know how this important change in consciousness is brought about. Percepts in their turn, by an equally puzzling process, become or are transformed into mental images or inner representations which can be mentally manipulated with a freedom impossible to us in dealing with our perceptions of the external world. These subjective images then further give rise to conceptions—that quite baffling transmutation from particulars to universals. And conceptions again are

worked up into ideas, which are still further developed into judgments possessing ever wider and wider scope. In this way it is supposed our system of knowledge is progressively organised, and we would fain believe that this inner process and outcome of our mental activity must correspond with the real evolution of our external world of concrete reality. But no matter how attentively we revise our concepts, general ideas and notions, and more and more skilfully elaborate this ideal world of intellectual construction into an ever more complex system of devices, we find in experience that we do not succeed in making it really match with the natural articulations of the life modes of the world of sense. We seem to be for ever endeavouring to impose something foreign and artificial on the natural ways of life; and find that to accomplish our purposes in the world we have continually to abandon our theories for more practical accommodations to the actualities of nature. In fact nature is always correcting man's endeavours to construct an ideal world, and he finds he must in the last resort work with her if he would effect his legitimate purposes.

We have therefore to ask ourselves: Should knowing be thus so exclusively confined to the intellectual activity of the mind as the above scheme seems to suggest? The affective and conative aspects of psychical activity must surely play as important parts as the cognitive; feeling and willing must be as essential as thinking in any truly efficient realisation of knowledge. And indeed the device of abstraction, which plays so prominent a part in all theoretical thinking, is beginning to be looked upon with increasing dissatisfaction in many quarters. Analysis and abstraction are felt to be inadequate means for

a true knowledge of reality. It is true that by their means we return to the concrete reality from which we started with a certain knowledge; but this is not knowledge of a kind that really comprehends the reality in its concrete actuality; it is entirely lacking in genuinely synthetic power. Many are beginning to revolt against the pretensions of this partial way of knowing which dominates all departments of science, and they are specially impatient of the claims of the exponents of partial views to speak for the whole of philosophy. We are beginning to feel that our logic and psychology and metaphysics cannot be isolated from one another without doing serious harm to philosophy and to themselves. Genuine philosophy, which aims at vital knowledge, cannot keep in health without the co-operation of all her members, organs and functions. Thus it is seen that of necessity such varied and contradictory modes of philosophising as idealism, empiricism and pragmatism can at best be only partial views or limited ways of envisaging reality, and cannot possibly be regarded as ultimate criteria of truth. This follows from the fact that these philosophical standpoints severally depend upon isolating and exalting one of the fundamental psychological elements of our conscious activity—namely, thinking, willing and feeling, which we saw were always given as an inseparable trinity in the unity of experience. Genuine philosophy must therefore be capable first of adapting itself to all three standpoints and then of reconciling all these views in a higher synthesis.

Where then in experience one of the basic elements of consciousness predominates, we naturally envisage the universe from the standpoint of that predominance. And so when in our philosophising we are more atten-

tive to the cognitive aspect of our consciousness, we find ourselves seeking to realise mentally a world of facts and truths, and playing the part of idealists. When we pay more attention to the willing attitude, we find ourselves endeavouring to actualise our ideals and purposes in the world of action, and viewing the universe from an empirical standpoint. And when we lay more stress upon the feeling tone of our consciousness, we find ourselves in our philosophising trying to appreciate a world of values and worths, and thus adopt a pragmatic attitude.

In some such way we may perhaps account for these and other types of philosophising; but, however useful this division of labour may be, the true spirit of philosophy is ever seeking for a synthesis of its activities, for an absolute self-sufficiency that shall embrace every method of philosophising and give its proper value to every subordinate order of knowing; it can never be satisfied with partial views. We cannot divorce any of the sciences from philosophy, and least of all the science of psychology, whose spiritual task should be the high endeavour to realise the vital conditions of true self-knowledge. But we seem to be far from realising this high ideal at present. We live in times of such extreme scepticism that the endeavour to invent a paradoxical psychology without a soul is a fascinating pursuit. Surely this is pushing the traditional conflict between dogmatic science and dogmatic theology to the extreme of absurdity. It would seem that psychologists of this kind are no more reasonable than the Puritans who out of pure prejudice reversed all the practices of the Papists without discrimination. Psychologists of this type say they will have nothing to do with the notion of soul, because the theological idea

of soul as a thinking substance is an absurdity. But philosophy need surely not find itself compelled to abandon the high meaning that the term substance had come to convey in scholasticism. Substance in its highest significance had come to mean self-subsistent being; it was used by theology in describing its highest realities, so that it could speak of the substance of the persons of the Trinity. Hegel in philosophy substituted the term subject for substance as the designation of the supreme notion of reality self-realised, and regarded spiritual personality as the final consummation of being. To such fundamental questions of being and reality the present fashion of modern psychology professes itself to be entirely indifferent; it would have it that the soul has become a hypothesis of no utility for science, and soul is therefore a term no longer found in its vocabulary. Nevertheless, no matter how strictly psychology would confine itself to the study of mental phenomena and their relations, it is for ever confronted with the problem of knowledge, the basic fact round which all its investigations centre, now known technically as the subject-object relation. If psychology as science is concerned only with the accurate observation and description of mental phenomena and their relations, as a branch of philosophy it must go beyond these and endeavour to fit them into the whole scheme of being, or abandon all hope of becoming an organic part of the whole of knowledge. The method of physical research is a strenuous endeavour to eliminate the personal equation in its investigation of the phenomena of the external world. But psychology is the investigation of man's internal world, and that can never be depersonalised, even if we admit that the personal equation can be really eliminated from the study of

external nature,—a very disputable proposition, for how can we really eliminate the chief factor in knowledge, namely the investigator? The result of this attempt to apply mechanical mathematico-physical methods to higher vital processes is, that the mind loses itself in the unsubstantialities of abstract intellectualism, which would try to imagine the ceaseless flux of the ever-changing relationship between two ever-changing relatednesses, and so dissolve the concrete and vital reality of the subject-object relation into an abstract interplay of fictions.

Such at any rate seems to be the logical outcome of the illegitimate attempt to carry the methods and theorisings of physical science into a domain of knowledge where they can only stultify themselves. We cannot depersonalise ourselves, no matter how valiantly we try to be impersonal in our judgments. For if, as we are philosophically bound to do, we must take person in its highest sense as the whole man, the indissoluble unity of our complete being with all its functions and activities, then the consciousness that is increasingly attentive to itself, instead of depersonalising itself, extends and intensifies the value of its personality. It may be theoretically unsound to lay more stress on subject than on object or on object than on subject in analysing the subject-object relation, but practically all increase in knowledge brings out the transcendent value of the subject-self and its ever increasing power of knowing the object-self; in it the 'I' for ever dominates the 'me.' Push back the analysis of self as far as we may, so that the objective content of the self as 'me' becomes ever more full and complex, nevertheless the ground fact remains that the subject-self for ever stands victoriously over against

every object of thought and every objective meaning and value we can come at. Indeed it may be said that the self as subject creates knowledge. As Professor Iverach phrases it, "in the last resort it is the self that makes knowledge, it is the self that judges, and the series of judgments organised according to the nature of the subject and according to objective conditions form the kingdom of truth, which it is the aim of thought to work out."

We thus come to the conclusion that, in the earliest experience given to a thinking subject, we already find subject and object subsumed in a still wider world of experience, which is ever there though not yet known in the sense in which we define knowledge as the subject-object relation. This wider world of experience is continuously immanent in all our knowing and yet as continuously transcends our actual powers of cognition. It is the absolute ideal of that wholeness of being towards which we aspire and strive and which we seek to make progressively manifest to self-consciousness.

Let us now leave the science of the schools, the contradictions of conceptual logic as divorced from the logic of concrete experience, and the perpetual struggle of the discursive intellect to solve the problem of knowledge by progressive refinements of its special methods and processes, and turn our attention to a brief consideration of those rare experiences which transcend all our normal powers of thinking, feeling and willing, take us out of our finite empirical selves and unite us consciously with that greater life which we then know we essentially are, but which we cannot otherwise know in any mode of finite formal knowing. It is experiences of this nature alone that can give us

knowledge of that order of certainty which satisfies our whole being. For it is very evident that if our only possibilities of knowledge were of the nature we have endeavoured roughly to outline in the preceding pages, we should have to renounce for ever any hope of satisfying that unquenchable longing to reach to certainty which characterises the history of man's unceasing quest for knowledge.

And this must be so in the nature of things, not only for those who are incapable of such strenuous intellectual tasks, but also for those who are most capable of such pursuits. To-day our scientific activity embraces so vast a field of research and the various disciplines of secular knowledge are so complex and so difficult that no one, however excellently trained and highly endowed with intellectual gifts he may be, can cover the whole territory of even one department. The tillage of this inexhaustible field of intellectual industry is within the competence of no individual's powers; it is the common co-operative task of millions of skilful minds, each of which has become highly equipped by life-long training for its special line of work. It is manifestly impossible, therefore, for a mind capable of such special work and study to keep pace with detailed researches on other lines which require equal time and application for their mastery; he must be content at best to accept the general results of scientific workers in other fields at second hand. And when even the most distinguished specialists at the end of a long life of assiduous labour have to admit that they have achieved but little of what they now know has to be accomplished by their special sciences, for every advance opens up ever new vistas of what it is still possible to achieve,—the need of some more immediate

way of grasping reality and reaching truth becomes overpoweringly insistent.

We are then driven to ask: Are we destined for ever to be seeking for what we can never find; is the innate longing of man to achieve a certainty of knowledge that shall give satisfaction to his whole being the most cruel of delusions? And above all, are those less intellectually gifted individuals who in their present life are quite incapable of achieving anything of value in this vast field of research, or even of understanding what has been achieved by others, simply to look forward in the long ages to come to the slow and laborious development of their intellectual powers, so as to be capable in their turn of pursuing the ceaseless quest of knowledge of this spiritually unsatisfying order, the endless accumulation of carefully observed and accurately described facts of physical and mental phenomena?

Such a future would be a grey outlook indeed for most of us. And if further we consent to be denied even this dreary expectation of hard-labour survival, and, as the philosophical materialism begotten of exclusive attention to this secular mode of knowing would have it, we are constrained to believe that there is no future for the individual and only for the race to a limited extent, then we condemn ourselves to the hopeless and irrational prospect of all our strivings ending in the pitch-black night of a useless common extinction.

But such a gospel of utter despair can be preached only by those who deliberately turn their backs on the sublimest facts of human nature, and can in no way affect the high hopes of those whose courage is made strong by the convincing testimony that can be

extracted from the abundant records of the spiritual experience of mankind. Herein we find the persistent tradition of modes of knowing which are of a deeper, more vital and immediate nature than that of the order of knowledge with which empirical science deals,—records of the experience of states of genuine spiritual ecstasy characterised by self-transcendence into an order of super-consciousness of an absolute and truly self-satisfying nature. The volume of testimony is overwhelming, and the cloud of witnesses includes the world's greatest moral and spiritual teachers, sages, prophets, poets and illuminates, men and women of the highest development of character achieved on this planet, those who, in spite of their lack of formal scientific knowledge according to our present-day standards in such matters, stand out for all time conspicuously above their fellows as examples of a surely realised spiritual personality, which has enabled them to triumph over the pain and suffering, the ignorance and feebleness of human earthly existence, as though they were already conscious denizens of a higher sphere.

We should, however, in giving credence to the facts of this sublimest order of experience and to their absolute nature, be very careful not to weaken our just appreciation of the marvellous advance of human knowledge in the domain of the relative, or to allow ourselves to be persuaded that such pursuits are not an entirely legitimate field of man's activity and an indispensable phase of the divine education of the human race. Let us by all means have a high appreciation of scientific knowledge and a genuine admiration for the tireless labours of its patient accumulators, and let us firmly believe that it needs

must be part of the task mankind as a whole has to accomplish here on earth, in order the better to advance that concrete civilisation which is so industriously being built up as one of the necessary ends of man's social existence. At the same time let us resist with all our spiritual strength any and every temptation to make this the sole or even chief end of our existence, or for a moment to imagine that true social happiness can possibly be achieved on earth simply by the conquest of physical nature and the perfection of physical comfort. For no matter how fully we may be convinced that our individual good fortune and good future are bound up with that of our fellows, in some very real way which we would not, even if we could, seek to escape, no matter how deeply we feel that we dare not cease to work for the common good at risk of losing the sustaining power of that moral social conscience without which life would be intolerable even for those who profess themselves superior to all religious sentiment,—for those who have the religious temperament there is a more imperious need of their whole being which yearns for satisfaction. To many of these at some time in their lives there comes a profound feeling of isolation,—the overpowering sense of being inwardly alone and outwardly strangers in a strange land. To the uninstructed this feeling of isolation, of being alone over against the universe without and their private universe within, is a supreme anguish and agony that appears the direst of misfortunes. The anguish is indubitable in every case, but it is no misfortune really. For it can surely come only to those who are near the great event, and is the natural sign of the first stirrings of genuine spiritual consciousness. To use one of the many metaphors consecrated to its description,—it is

the divine nostalgia, the longing of the inmost heart of man for his spiritual home, the acutely realised need of our whole being for a perfection and fulfilment which shall in every way transcend our finite nature, of whose limitations we have now at last become so intensely and intimately aware. So deeply felt a need can be no foolish, futile fancy, no vain earthly desire, no selfish passion. And if in lesser things it is chiefly pain which develops our power of feeling and thus gives us a deeper knowledge of life, it must surely be the realisation of life of a transcendent order which is presaged by this supreme and inmost agony of our human nature. It is then entirely consonant with reason to recognise the cause in the effect, and to be justly confident that the very fact of realising so acutely this supreme degree of our ignorance, the last limit of our finitude, testifies most potently to the now for us insistent presence of that infinite reality we essentially are at long last consciously to be.

Nor does this conviction rest solely on an optimistic interpretation of this overwhelming feeling of dire need, so that it can be classed by scepticism as simply an *à priori* theory born of the desperation of those who would catch at any straw of comfort in their misery ; it is a truth firmly based on the testimony of those who have so suffered to the utmost, and have thereafter realised the ineffable bliss of the freedom of the spiritual life and so come to know the purpose and meaning of their prior bondage. It is folly for those who have no experience of such a need, much less of such a perfect wholeness of being, or even of any of the many modes of intimation of its truth in the higher varieties of religious experience, to deny the testimony of those who have enjoyed this knowledge, when we

find that it is the invariable characteristic of the world's greatest spiritual teachers. But since every soul is unique, and thus every man has his own special secret with God, and none save God therefore can reveal that secret to the soul, it may be excusable to feel dissatisfaction with the mode in which the record of the great experience is expressed ; for that expression depends largely upon the nature of the finite self, whose limitations none can more clearly recognise than those who have in and for themselves at some time transcended them and yet must use these very limitations in telling the fact to others. They know that nothing short of the whole universe and the perfection of all lives can give adequate expression to ultimate reality ; that indeed the whole, with all its parts in its infinite variety of activity, is precisely the expression of the reality of this divine creative energy. And the very fact that dissatisfaction can be felt even by the inexperienced with any expression of such reality which the human mind attempts, is proof that we already somehow are aware of some intuition of it in our inmost selves, though we have never experienced the living fact of it in immediate consciousness.

The fact then of the enjoyment of this supreme experience, the experience which explains itself, should stand out beyond all other facts as the highest privilege of man and the most desirable thing in the world. And here we must be careful to distinguish this divine event for man from every other mode of experience, no matter how far beyond the normal limits of finite sense and understanding it may be, for there are countless finite psychical states reaching upwards to those of a truly sublime order. The chief distinguishing characteristic of the great experience seems to be that it is

of an absolute nature. It is spoken of as utterly harmonious and self-consistent, satisfying and fulfilling the whole being, intellectually, æsthetically and morally. It is thus a reality transcending the highest ideal we can possibly form of it, in any relative state, however widely extended. One of the favourite figures used in referring to it is that of a divine birth, the perfection of an idea evolved from lowly beginnings. From the earliest times the notion of another order of birth differing from that of normal generation has haunted man's imaginings and dreams. As civilisation and culture progressed, this primitive notion, which is so difficult for the anthropologist to explain, has been gradually refined and transformed into an ever higher ideal, until in the highest forms of religion it has come to signify birth into the consciousness of the wholeness of spiritual being—the metamorphosis or transfiguration of the human into the divine, which confers the immediate knowledge of immortality. Looked at from below, it is a dying to all that we have previously regarded as life; looked at from above, it is a rising from the prior state of spiritual death in which we had forgotten our true selves, as some say; it is in any case an inner birth, whereby we are said to pass from the darkness of the womb of our past selves, the necessary prenatal stage of spiritual ignorance, into knowledge of the light of the true life of divine reality, whose freedom-giving air we at last breathe consciously. By thus attaining to a consciousness of the wholeness of our own being, we enter the eternal order of the spiritual universe, and thereafter have the means of finding our due completion everywhere, and the capacity for reviewing all things and all beings from the standpoint of that life of wholeness, so that it becomes

possible to recognise the One Reality in every thing from the least to the greatest. Nor in thus coming to our true selves is there any question of absorption into some abstract state of inactivity, of being overwhelmed in the unconsciousness of the insensible essence, as it has been called ; it is rather that now at last we really live, sharing in the blissful life of the infinite creative energy of the divine spirit. What may appear to those who have not enjoyed the experience, to be a giving up of all that the life of separation holds so dear, is not the abandonment of any permanent good ; the exchanging of a limited for an infinite life is rather the completion of what is partly good by what is wholly excellent. Equally vain is it to speak of it as the abandonment of self-identity in any true sense ; for the reports of the great achievement invariably proclaim that it is the most intimate and most spiritually personal of all experiences, the identification of our whole being with a reality which transcends the fairest imagination of our highest hopes.

We should then be on our guard against giving a too literal interpretation to some of the metaphorical phrases met with in the records of the great experience. Absorption, annihilation, extinction, passing-away, and many other similar negative terms, do not express the positive transcendental nature of this supreme happening, but stress the overcoming of the negations of it. Thus it is the imperfections of our prior existence which are annihilated ; they pass-away and are absorbed in the perfection of the consummation of our being. Take for instance the famous phrase generally ascribed to Plotinus, but used before him by Numenius,—‘the flight of the Alone to the Alone.’ This now stereotyped translation of the Greek original

gives a very erroneous notion of the idea in the mind of the great spiritual genius who is the chief glory of the Later Platonic school. Most who hear it imagine that it signifies the flight of the soul, as it were that of a bird, to the height of the empyrean, where the deity dwells in solitary isolation. But the *Monos*, 'the Alone,' is the One and Only One, the Reality of all realities; and Plotinus sought in this great phrase to assert that the One and Only Reality in man is essentially one with the One and Only Reality in the universe, and that there is no peace for us until we flee from the life of ignorance and separation and take refuge in the life of wisdom and wholeness.

And further we are repeatedly warned by the nature of the evidence against the error of regarding the unitive state of spiritual knowledge as a monotonous sameness of abstract unity. If there is one characteristic of this consummation which in the reports stands out more clearly than any other, it is that it is all-embracing and a reconciliation of every contradiction, opposition and contrariety of phenomenal existence. It is thus not a state set over against other states, but that supreme order of reality which gives its ultimate meaning and value to every form and mode of life and existence. Indeed the most pleasing report of any that comes to us from those who have really enjoyed it, as apart from the purely intellectual speculations of inexperienced scholastics about it, is entirely confirmatory of the common-sense objection brought against the vanity of abstractionism, and insists upon the richness and fulness of the realisation which genuine spiritual consciousness confers. It is true that the experience of self-transcendence is usually prefaced by states of ecstasy and rapture which are of

the nature of withdrawal from the habitual concrete reality of phenomenal existence ; but this preliminary withdrawal is not the experience itself and need not necessarily precede it. The passing-away is a moral and spiritual process ; we gradually pass-away from, or, better, there is a passing-away of, the limitations and imperfections of what we have been. It is a transmutation really ; and if the process is spoken of as self-naughting, it is rather the freeing of the centre of our interest from its absorption in the empirical life of separation and allowing it free expansion in the all-embracing life of the spirit, which transmutes the separative life and integrates it into a wholeness of being. There is no loss of anything but what we are only too happy to be quit of ; we emerge from the carapace of ignorance, doubt and denial, which masks the pupal stage of spiritual personality, and are metamorphosed into the knowledge of the completeness of being which characterises the freedom of the divine life. Thus the stage called self-naughting is really the negating of negation. There is moreover beyond this passing-away, what is called by some the passing-away of passing-away, the supreme experience itself, characterised by the positive and absolute assurance of perdurance in eternal life. And the 'coming back' into phenomenal existence from this state of absolute immediacy, which is the source and end of all becoming, is spoken of by some as the return with God to the world, so that the knowledge of the divine presence in all things thereafter never leaves the spiritually regenerate, and he sees all things in the light of the divine beneficence. For him the presence of the One in the many is no longer theory or belief, but an immediate truth which the whole universe is now

known to be designed to reveal in all its endless variety of forms and inexhaustible multitude of lives.

Such at any rate seems to be the most positively satisfying mode of spiritual consciousness in the flesh which the records of the great experience in both East and West preserve for us. Thus, for instance, in summing up the highest Sūfi ideal, Dr. Reynold A. Nicholson writes (*The Mystics of Islam*, p. 163): "To abide in God after passing-away from self-hood is the work of the Perfect Man, who not only journeys to God, *i.e.* passes from plurality to unity, but *in* and *with* God, *i.e.* continuing in the unitive state, he returns with God to the phenomenal world from which he set out, and manifests unity in plurality." So also the Christian Mystic John of Ruysbroeck asserts: "He goes *towards* God by inward love, and in eternal work, and he goes *in* God by his fruitive inclination, in eternal rest. And he dwells in God; and yet he goes out towards created things in a spirit of love towards all things, in the virtues and in works of righteousness. And this is the most exalted summit of the inner life."

In brief, spiritual knowledge is a sharing in the bliss of the divine creative energy, a willing with the divine will; and so it is the Great Work in which man is at last privileged to co-operate consciously, but only when he joyfully welcomes its operation in himself.

The highest forms of the great religions have without exception willingly and enthusiastically accepted in their various ways the supreme fact of the reality of this absolute experience; they are based upon its truth, and their practices in all their varied grades are designed to prepare their followers for its enjoyment. On the other hand the overwhelming preoccupation of

the modern world for so many years with the fascinating pursuit of secular knowledge has so thrust this supreme fact of spiritual knowledge into the background of general interest, that even in most religious circles its memory has become dimmed and in some well-nigh forgotten; while in scientific circles there has been not only a distaste for spiritual things, but even a positive antagonism to any attempt to introduce into the field of scientific research any hint of the possibility of knowledge other than that of the disciplines of the secular curriculum. In recent years, however, there have been signs of a steadily growing dissatisfaction with this tyranny of secular knowledge; indeed we are to-day witnessing in many directions a renaissance of popular interest in psychical and mystical matters which points to the dawning of a new age of spiritual activity. And now there has come upon us the soul-searching trial of this greatest war of history to speed the process and make us realise that our secular knowledge, however excellent it may be in its own order and degree, is incapable of putting us right with ourselves and with one another, much less of putting us right with the universe and with God. Yet it is by no means in vain that such undeniable progress has been made in the order of secular knowledge; there is to-day in general far more accurate knowledge of the phenomenal world and far more capacity for understanding than there has ever been before in the average individual if once his interest and attention be aroused. And if this valuable secular knowledge of the material world and of the mode of intellectual activity that is concerned with it should now at last be complemented with a genuine science of life, and consummated by a philosophy whose exponents are blessed with some

immediate experience of spiritual reality and so possessed of genuine insight into its nature, then indeed will the coming age witness that genuine and general rebirth and renascence in mankind which has been so long awaited by nature, and longed for in the past by so many ; so that we may in the days to come look back on the present seeming collapse of our civilisation as a blessing and not a curse, and value it not as a downfall but as the necessary precursor of a genuine culture that will regenerate mankind.

G. R. S. MEAD.

A MODERNIST'S DIARY.

ROBERT WALDRON.

April 30, 1909.

WHAT has come over me? It would seem as though I had entered into a new mental realm. My mind is breathing a spirit of freedom, never experienced before. It seems as though the clouds had parted, as if a heavy depression had been lifted. I welcome the birth of a consciousness, of an open-mindedness which has never been mine before.

"Everyone remarks that you have changed, you appear to have had an awakening," was the observation made to me the other day. These words struck me; they seem to reflect a glimpse of myself as others see me. In fact I do feel as though awakened to a new and wider world. The shackles of my spirit are broken; I am rising into another atmosphere. A transition like this is a new birth. I was in pain and worry because I was bringing forth. I have begotten the child of the future, my own new self. There is a thrill of life in this new realisation that my mind is free to accept and refuse; that I have cast aside the restraints others have laid upon me; that I recognise no other convictions than my own.

May 1.

As I scrutinise the strange metamorphosis of my mind and realise how the thrall of old ideas has fallen

from me like a garment, has been broken like a spell, I seek the reason why.

Is it the subtle power of a book? Is it the influence of a man or woman? Is it the dissatisfaction with my lot, a chafing at discipline? Has my mentality changed by a process of slow elaboration, or is it a sudden awakening from a passive state into which I have been thrown by the Church's hypnotism?

I am at a loss to answer with definiteness any of these questions. I always feel disposed to doubt a man who points out, with accurate analysis, the motives and causes of some pronounced psychological change in his life.

The sudden awakening came to me yesterday, like an inspiration, an intuition; and yet quite possibly it has been emerging, by slow degrees, out of the subliminal of my being. Its hidden life has been long in maturing; yet its last expression, its dawn in consciousness, was like a streak of light upon the horizon.

Yesterday drew a line of demarcation against the past. I said to myself: I am not afraid of the conclusions to which the dint of facts and study drive me. I'll face those facts, even though they deal the death-thrust to my faith and convictions. I would rather see every dogma shattered than sincerity blighted in the heart of man.

I did not say this in a spirit of bravado; I merely meant that God stands in no need of our insincerity.

May 5.

As I read what I wrote the other day, it might almost seem that I laboured under the inability to give a reason for my mental state. This would be misleading to me later on. The truth is briefly that various

reading has put into my mind such a ferment of ideas that I remain at a loss to ascertain which element has had the preponderance in the leavening process which has taken place.

Was it a study of the scripture under the light of modern exegesis; was it the study of Church history or the history of dogma according to new methods? Was it psychology and Modernistic thought? Not one alone, but all combined have undeceived me.

As I sit at my table this morning and glance at the calendar, my mind is focussed on years ago. I become a boy in the remembrance of my first communion. This anniversary brings back again the vivid impressions of that moment. I feel the implicit faith, the unshaken confidence in prayer, the reverence in the hallowed silence of the church as I knelt to pray.

I can see myself gazing at the Tabernacle, and beholding in fancy the hovering angels around it. I see myself at the Altar rails, for the first time. It was this fifth of May, in the English Church at Paris.

My faith stripped away the outward symbol as I received into my soul, as I thought, the body and blood of Jesus Christ.

How many dreams are we startled out of by the hard realities and confuting facts of life!

May 24.

This evening at supper we had a little discussion *à propos* of the growth of the Church in America. There has been of late quite a campaign in favour of an increase of American Cardinals in proportion to the Catholic population here. We were all inclined to second this view, Fr. ——— excepted. The Italianism of the Church was in his mind providential. He

considered the race so wonderfully gifted in political and diplomatic qualities as to make their predominance in the councils of the Church a matter of divine right. We were none of us in sympathy with this theory, but we were compelled to mark time and be wary of our utterances, when we were told: "*Mes chers frères, en parlant de cette façon, nous nous exposons à dire des bêtises.*"

Everything is an impertinence or a stupidity which at all jars with anything the Church does or thinks. How easy it is to govern a large mass of men who are dominated by the belief that the least adverse comment on their superiors constitutes insubordination unbecoming a child of God !

June 18.

Things are becoming rather interesting. The recent arrival of Fr. — as Superior appeared hardly at first to mean the inauguration of a new *régime*, but his policy is slowly coming out.

It would seem as though he had been sent by a vigilance committee. Yesterday he removed a few obnoxious books from the library shelves. All Loisy's works have disappeared and possibly a few more phials of 'mental poison.'

A certain review when placed on the reading table this morning was *minus* the pages treating of religious topics. Our suspicion was perhaps rashly aroused, yet we could not but feel that the confiscator was the Rev. Father himself.

At recreation he expressed freely his views regarding certain periodicals, and told us that the last Chapter of the Province had given a formal precept to one of our convents to remove or forbid receiving a

review called *Le Sillon*, which is accused of insinuating Modernism in a practical form.

The reflection of one and all is that, if priests are still in such tutelage as to be incompetent of deciding their own reading matter, they are surely unfitted to fill the charge entrusted to them of teaching others. I think this is hardly the liberty of the children of God. If faith is dependent on such repression for its preservation, good-bye faith !

June 22.

To-day we held the second *réunion* since the arrival of Fr. ——. He let out a little more of his policy and gave us a good sample of his mentality and ideas.

He claimed to be the mouthpiece of the Provincial, and doubtlessly gave truthful echo to the instructions he had received before assuming his functions. In speaking of the useful employment of our time, he intimated how wastefully it could be occupied by divagations into the forbidden fields of Modernism.

He insisted that in the choice of our literature we should avoid all that was profitless or harmful. In the latter category he enumerated all books with a strong tincture of or tendency to Modernism. This class, he enjoined, should either be ignored or else submitted to him and read only with his approval.

Fancy a priest of nine years in the active ministry being put under these stringent and repressive regulations of *surveillance*.

The general expression of resentment is "*C'est trop fort !*" Shall we wait for our heads to become bald or whitened by age before we reach that discretion which shall entitle us to be treated otherwise than as

children? When Holy Church maintains her faith pure and untainted only by dint of such measures, we may reasonably expect as not far distant a terrible reaction, not from without, but from within. She is helping to bring forth the era of '*religio depopulata*.'

June 23.

In the mail this morning three books arrived for me. Their subject-matter was a new presentation of Oriental philosophy. Shortly before the noon hour Fr. — called me to his room. He pointed to the books in question lying on his table, remarked upon their singular titles and expressed himself surprised that I was indulging in such literature.

"Father," I answered, "there is a widespread interest in this philosophy and I considered it only proper, as a well-informed man, to acquaint myself with its principal teachings."

He first characterised the books as foolish, as the extravaganzas of over-wrought imaginations, and then proceeded to warn me of their dangers. He said I should read them with one intention, that of refuting them, and that reading in any other frame of mind was positively wrong. I was in no way flurried, but my whole expression must have evinced innocent surprise. He admonished me again that the Catholic refutation should be read concurrently with such stuff, and then reluctantly handed me the books. How about the 'open mind'? It is positively against the grain to go shaking my fist through the pages of a book. I wonder why there is so much fear of our getting into touch with outside thought? Are we such intellectual fledglings? Are we to keep the simplicity of faith only by a declared system of obscurantism and

stultification? If so, faith must be trembling in the balance.

August 7.

As I look back over the past few months, I notice how my former faith, instead of regaining, is steadily losing ground. New convictions are replacing old ones and, to be honest, my religious belief is fast fading like a mirage. I am daily coming to view the claims of Rome as absolutely preposterous and my conscience is in little dread of its terrific sanctions.

The prerogative that the Church claims to control the hearts and minds of men is fabulous.

God is made subservient. The Pope or Roman Curia draws up the Church's legislation and her discipline, and then appends the Divine sanction to it with the unconcern of an ordinary Secretary who uses a rubber stamp to endorse some unimportant document.

Every belief or act to which the Church compels obedience, is emphasised with that terrible menace of Divine vengeance on the head of the poor unbeliever or transgressor. "*Anathema sit*—May he be anathema—damned for all eternity." Whenever I see that awful threat I feel like turning to the Gospel and reading the rebuke of Christ: "Ye know not of what spirit ye are."

August 17.

To-day I stepped in to have a little theological chat with a priest friend. He was undergoing the racking torment of striving to conciliate autonomous thinking in matters of religion with the *magisterium* of the Church. He was gauging how far we can venture in the fields of thought away from the

Church's leading-strings; to what extent it is permissible to examine the foundations of religion in the light of history; and how much there should be of blind adherence to what we not only fail to understand, but which when understood is repellent to our reason.

A priest, who was present, offered the remark that the only method of remaining faithful sons of Pius X. was "not to think at all." How many a priest has gone too far in the wake of advanced thought to be reclaimed into reaccepting what is to him mediæval and obsolete!

The *ergo's* that used to convince, to-day create a smile. *À priori* reasoning in the sky, based upon rocks dropped down from heaven, may be logical from their starting points, but, dear me, what unwarranted and unproved starting points!

August 18.

This morning, as I was on the veranda, Fr. — came along with a book by Prof. Pfleiderer and, to solicit comment and discussion, read out a passage on faith. It was to the effect that faith is an affair between ourselves and God, and could never come under the jurisdiction of external authority.

I heartily agreed with the author, and this suggested a little conversation on the subject.

I made the reflection that the penalty threatened to the unbeliever is at variance with a fundamental of justice. If we entertain a reasonable doubt that the authority in question is not lawful and has no power to legislate, we are free to protest by non-observance, at least in the domain of conscience. And how justly may we question the Church's authority from which all dogmas emanate! If then we positively doubt her

divine right to teach, we are fully justified in suspending our belief and should not be punished. Will God deliberately put us in the dark and command us to see?

We had verged on to the subject of infallibility, and one who had just joined the conversation, observed as though beyond all question: "There is no such thing." I whispered in his ear: "I am of your persuasion, but be cautious not to quote me."

August 19.

"You are wrapped up in a dark cloud, but you will emerge from it," said a friend the other day. It depicts my present state of mind. I have slipped my moorings that grappled me to the rock of faith, and under new convictions and impulses I am drifting out to sea. I am befogged and bewildered; I have lost the points of the mental compass. Shall I emerge into sunshine? Will the horizon clear up so that I may direct my life aright?

As I look back over the past, I think of the years I vowed to convictions which sit very lightly on me now. They actually hypnotised me under absolute control. The spell is broken. These idol convictions have fallen; I can no longer pay them the allegiance which through them I fancied was offered to Truth itself.

When men make great changes in their life, we are so apt to judge them by what they were, not by what they are. In other words, we judge them by the standard of a mentality they no longer possess, instead of by that of a mentality under whose dictates they are actuated at the moment, and in our pessimism we are always inclined to think the change is for the worse.

I wonder how I shall be judged?

August 20.

I am getting myself nerved for the storm that is breaking about me. I foresee the loss of many a friend ; I can already hear the earnest dissuasion of every one dear to me. I know the move I am forced into will bring heart-break to some and will make me the butt of cruel accusations. My heart will carry a burden of grief ; but despite everything the time is coming when not one nor all these considerations pleading together will hold me back from what I am irresistibly compelled to do.

In the approaching crisis it will be interesting to observe how the circumstances of my case will take away many a former friend and give me many a new one.

There are some whom I love and esteem to-day on whose continuing friendship I do not venture to rely ; and it brings tears to my eyes to think that I may expect to be cast off by those I love and from whom no scandal or misfortune would divert my fidelity. To-day a priest was speaking of his own discouragements and rejections, how by supposed friends he was sent from pillar to post in quest of a position. Is it not rare to find sterling friendship and real fearlessness ? In our needs we often discover our supposed friends to be mere diplomats and politicians, ready to wash their hands, dreading to be implicated, slaves of what may be said and disinclined to incur any inconvenience. Give me an independent man who is true to his friends ; he is a rarity, I know, but he alone truly deserves to be loved.

August 27.

I was conversing freely with two priests this morning who frankly admitted they were unwilling to encourage the entrance of anyone into the religious vocation.

Numberless priests are of the same opinion. The religious life may possibly be adapted to some natures—I forbear a sweeping assertion to the contrary—but a man takes a terrible responsibility who urges a young and inexperienced soul into a life-long compromise. The religious life has a tendency to develop us unnaturally. It fails to draw out the true self, but substitutes an artificial self in its place. The real law of perfection is not to suppress the human element, but to refine it.

The law of growth as exemplified in all nature is to emerge out of the old into the new. We are not genuine in the religious life. We endeavour to be what we cannot be, and the result is the stultification of our real selves and the covering them over with a mere simulacrum of what we fail to attain.

August 28.

This morning while reading, a little phrase seemed to strike a vital chord: "Deep convictions must find utterance." It started me musing in a rather depressed frame of mind about my doubts and their final outcome. I wondered if my whole life were destined to be an existence of mental bondage. I do not wish to revolutionise or be obstinately defiant. But think of continuing to preach what I do not believe; of acting a part untrue to my real self, and seeking justification

for so doing in the sole consideration that to declare myself would bring surprise, shock and grief to many souls. Shall I never be allowed to utter my heart and mind and speak freely what I think and feel? If deep convictions are forbidden utterance, are hidden and silenced, they will react upon ourselves and get their vengeance by blighting all that is sincere within us.

It seems to me that if we would hearken to the deep living words of our own hearts, we might feel ourselves more in rhythm with God than by passively taking the dictates of a dead book and a political authority. I cannot stand the pressure of my own thoughts much longer. The only safety-valve will be an honest declaration.

September 2.

To-day the thought came so distinctly to me that God would not wish us to do otherwise than express ourselves sincerely.

If I were to speak out, not prompted by deference to my surroundings or to my traditions, which have been so blended into my mind by education, but with a perfect abandonment and unconcern, what should I say? What would my *credo* be?

I am sorely afraid the expression of what I feel and think would occasion no little surprise. And why should I be reticent? To what purpose do we suppress our hearts that are struggling to speak? Is it perhaps that truth is not always expedient or else is dangerous and upsetting?

If we are to live in obedience to this caution, prejudice will remain as firm as ever, and error will take new roots.

We all know how we trust a man who speaks sincerely, who is neutral to all interested motives, and candidly, without aggressiveness, says what he thinks, leaving others to their own convictions. The reason of this is because we are drawn to what is vital and personal in man. The orthodox ecclesiastic is merely a mouthpiece, an echo of dead traditions, and can only speak his own thoughts if they happen to be approved by these crystallised formulas.

September 3.

I am wondering more to-night than ever before about what is awaiting me. I feel a strong fatality shaping my future. I fail to see the ways and means, but the outcome, I know, will be such as my presentment pictures it. Do I feel guilty because I can no longer view things as I used to? Fear is fast vanishing, even that hypnotic fear which despite reason sometimes lingers from the power of past suggestion. Obstacles which once seemed formidable are dwindling, and my heart is gaining assurance day by day. I can almost sense that indescribable influence which is pushing me forward.

September 6.

The Superior called me to his room this morning and told me to make a fair copy of a letter referring to a retreat. The letter, as he read it, seemed too abrupt and, as he had put it, calculated to frighten the sisters from inviting me.

And this was precisely the effect I also sought to produce in penning it. I find it intolerable to bring myself to preach eight days, and during that time be

under compulsion to insist on and convince others of doctrines and practices to which I cannot honestly subscribe.

I cannot and I will not do it, and I fear that to-morrow I am going to discover the real motive—loss of faith.

Can I confess this motive, the real motive, for I have preached before?

It will be only expert diplomacy that can save me from this disagreeable situation without telling an untruth, yet likewise without owning the real reason why.

September 7.

Fr. Superior has accepted the retreat himself; so my anticipation of a bad half-hour to-day is fortunately unfulfilled.

I have just read this passage from John Oliver Hobbes: "You may know a man for twenty years and in the twenty-first year he will do something which will make your twenty years' experience count for nought. Then you say, I should never have expected this from 'A,' just as if 'A' would have expected it himself. Men astonish themselves far more than they astonish their friends."

For twenty years, ever since a boy, I had been living and acting within the same trend of thought and education. I felt all that time there was a consistency and permanence to my religious ideas that would countenance no radical change. A year and a half ago it would have been almost preposterous to have conceived even the possibility of evolving to my present frame of mind. Nevertheless such a transition is more than a possibility; it has become an accomplished fact.

The time is fast approaching when those who knew me will say: "I should never have expected it of Fr. —."

Truly you might never have expected it of Fr. — of eighteen months ago. It would have done violence to his most revered ideas of truth. Fr. — of to-day no longer claims identity with himself of the past; he now acts under new promptings and from other standpoints.

I am not traversing the dictates of my better self, but obeying them. The dictates have changed, because I have changed; I have developed, I have emerged, I have outgrown what I was.

September 21.

To-day we held a Chapter (community meeting). After the dispatching of certain financial matters Fr. Superior announced that he had a few remarks to make with regard to our reading. He spoke of the mental and moral atmosphere of the country as unfavourable to faith, characterised the daily papers and periodicals as permeated with the leaven of naturalism and paganism, and warned us energetically against imbibing this moral and heretical poison through the medium of our reading.

He strictly enjoined upon us again that no book or periodical should come into the house, either bought or borrowed, unless previously submitted to his censorship.

We all admitted that, while the measure might be proper for children, it was odious for grown-up men and priests.

Yet the Rev. Fr. was only faithfully reiterating a recent instruction of the Holy Roman Inquisition, addressed to Ordinaries and Superiors: "It is of

utmost importance to forbid seminary students and all ecclesiastics subscribing to reviews in which modern errors are either openly propounded or subtly insinuated " (28th August, 1907).

October 13.

On my return this evening, I had not been long in my room when an ominous knock sounded at the door; on opening it I stood face to face with Fr. Superior. He wore a very grave expression and intimated that he would like to see me in his room. I followed him. When the door was closed behind us, he silently pointed me to a chair. His manner was nervous and hesitating, and I felt he had some disagreeable matters to acquaint me with.

I was by no means in a receptive mood; I felt myself in a congealing atmosphere, and the man who sat before me seemed to my mind like an inquisitor and as unsympathetic to my way of thinking as the greatest stranger in the world. He broke the silence by detailing me for a few days to a certain chaplaincy. And I am sitting now in the chaplain's room, where I pen these impressions of a few hours ago. Father's voice became somewhat tremulous as he went on to say that the fact of my not coming to him made it necessary for him to go to me. He proceeded to observe that I was no longer the same as formerly; he mentioned my reluctance to preach missions and retreats, my promiscuous reading. He surmised that I frequented people of theosophical ideas, and put a number of leading questions to me. He spoke discreditingly of Oriental philosophy, of Modernistic thought, and of the hurtful influence of all sorts of non-Catholic literature.

He insisted again that I should never read any of the above-named, except in the disposition to refute them. "Father," I answered, "it strikes me that in reading any book one should be in a candid, judicial frame of mind, with a willingness to recognise truth everywhere." He scouted the idea of there being anything but foolishness in such reading; and yet maintained that it was nevertheless especially dangerous to me, who had come from a family of converts. He advised me to give my leisure to the study of good pious books, which was the only way to occupy my time usefully. He then enjoined on me the obligation to bring all critical and philosophical Modernistic and Protestant books to him and make a complete surrender of them. I asked for time to reflect, though my answer was at the moment quietly resolved upon.

October 25.

My whole morning from eight to twelve was divided between the last pages of *L'Irreligion de l'Avenir* and Paul Bourget's *Le Fantôme*. When my mind tired of the deep philosophy of the one I turned to the beautiful psychology of the other.

This evening I was putting on my secular clothes to go out for a little fresh air, when Fr. Superior rapped at my door and summoned me to his room. I was raked over the coals for my strange behaviour and for my singular ideas, some of which it seems I had divulged in a conversation after dinner. My views had been by no means the most radical of those expressed; but somehow I appear to be an object of special solicitude, and my soul must be saved, without reference to my own way of saving it.

The tone of reprimand and remonstrance would have given anyone who overheard the conversation to understand that I had already intimated my intention of departing. The Rev. Fr. has in my absence, to my positive knowledge and the testimony of others, searched my papers and private correspondence. He perhaps knows more of my mind than I have disclosed to him. My pen is the only outlet for my pent-up thoughts, and I have given my confidence more freely to this blank page than I have to anyone. "Would you like to wind up as Tyrrell," he exclaimed, and then added, "in that miserable way!" I failed to see anything miserable but the persecution that followed Fr. Tyrrell.

"Those who leave the Church," continued Father, "do so for motives that they fear to own."

"How many more," I replied, "remain in the priesthood for unworthy motives."

"Moreover," I continued, "it seems somewhat rash to qualify and determine the motives of anyone; but there are certainly many priests who would do better far to leave than remain in the priesthood."

Father turned an angry glance upon me and challenged me for the grounds of such an assertion.

"You are a man of large experience," I answered, "and you know."

I cast no reflection on the priests who are earnest and sincere in their vocation, and have a contempt for bringing the morality of any individual into a mere question of controversy.

During the conversation he made repeated demands that I should surrender to him all books of a heretical or anti-religious nature that I had in my possession.

"Father," I answered, "I cannot do it on principle."

"Yes, it is precisely on principle that you must do it."

He was putting me to the wall to make either a definite acquiescence or refusal, when suddenly our conversation was brought to a close by an interruption which called Father from the room and set me free.

October 26.

This morning Father Superior called me to his room again. I surmised at first it was to resume the ordeal of yesterday and my first emotion was one of fearful constraint.

It was quite a surprise, however, to perceive that Father's manner and tone had completely changed. He made light of my difficulties and remarked that they needed to be smothered in activity.

There is a good deal of truth in people being so busy as to have no time to think. This remedy, however, does not appeal to me; it suggests the other extreme of hibernating to get rid of the hard realities of life.

"Father," he said, "I have had an idea in my mind which for some time I wanted to propose to you. How would you like to found a small review?"

I assured him that editorial work would be more congenial to me than any other occupation; and with this admission on my part he proceeded to expatiate on the possibilities of such a literary venture. It was his opinion of course that it should begin in a modest form and gradually expand, and for it he saw the prospect of a big circulation.

He then spoke of my doubts as the outcome of a nervous and overwrought condition, and very kindly suggested the benefit of a voyage. He remarked that

it is sometimes needful to get out of our habitual atmosphere and surroundings to refresh and renew ourselves.

With me, however, it is not a matter of physical health but of mental. I thanked him sincerely for the offer, and indeed I would truly like to avail myself of it. I only wonder whether it is at all possible to shed my thoughts and heretical ideas on any journey.

November 19.

It is a week ago to-day that on returning to the monastery I found a letter from my Superior. It is couched in kindly terms and I feel grateful for these good sentiments toward me. Yet this only makes my attitude the more painful and proves again that a false position can only beget falsity and complications.

Father in his letter assures me that he is not insensible to the fact that I must suffer, and would like to prove himself my friend; that if he has been a disciplinarian it is to fulfil a duty of his charge.

He promised with God's grace to give me a satisfying answer, if I will only unfold to him my mind and the problems that are so besetting and disturbing me.

The very fact that he regards my problems as so easy of solution convinces me better than any argument that he fails even to see them. Is it *naïveté* or insincerity that makes a man so confident in the illuminating power of his *fiat lux*? In the letter he suggests that I should set about to prove that the supernatural action of God, as exemplified in the New and Old Testament, has been continued in the lives of the Church's Saints. "What a wonderful crop of facts you would have to draw upon," he adds. I do not indiscriminately reject the facts he speaks about, but, facts or fictions,

these singular phenomena are far from evidencing the intervention of God's almighty power. The phenomena in the lives of the Saints have their counterpart in the psychic experiences of mediums, etc., who make no pretensions of invoking the supernatural.

I went to Father to-day and thanked him for his kind expressions and his willingness to prove himself my friend, yet secretly wished to find a friend who could prove he understood me. I told him I would do my utmost to content him. It is quite impossible, however, to undo one's mind even to please a Superior. Our convictions are not in abeyance. They cannot be made or unmade by the reprimand of those placed over us. What was our reason given for, if we must blindfold it in perfect submission to the dictates of others? One of the crying wrongs in the Church to-day is the over-estimate or premium it sets on servile obedience. The virtue of obedience has been exaggerated out of all due proportions, and nothing so effectually kills all initiative, character, invention, creation, as this fear to do anything or say anything that has not the approval of those higher up, or the sanction of tradition.

Father tried to persuade me that I had magnified my difficulties; they were not so serious as I was inclined to regard them.

He then charged me to write out my doubts and submit them to him. Is this not invading the conscience and the last privacy that a man claims as his own?

The end and aim of all this is that I must come to Fr. Superior's way of thinking. My mind must be levelled to his. Is it possible to be truly confidential under such compulsion?

The greatness of God in nature favours variety, for no two beings are counterparts of one another.

The littleness of man stands for uniformity and is ever trying to force one mould on those about him.

December 1.

I have temporarily been filling the chaplaincy at a Convent of Nuns at ———. As I was about to leave this morning, the Superioress assured me it would be most agreeable to the community were it possible for me to become permanently assigned to this office.

She said: "I understand you are very zealous for souls." I demurred in my heart, but what could I answer to the contrary? Sheer sincerity leaves me at a loss to make out definitely what 'zeal for souls' really means. Formerly I understood it as an energetic, enthusiastic apostolate to bring others to a fuller realisation and practice of religion. I fancied that zeal could fulfil itself only by indoctrinating a fear of being lost as a stimulus to be saved. Since then, however, my profession of faith has been so blue-pencilled, many of its fundamental tenets so completely reversed, that it would be downright hypocrisy on my part to urge others to believe what has for me lost the heart of conviction. My sermons have been remarkably devoid of dogma these months past. I have taken to preaching on charity; I have dwelt upon it from every point of view until people have begun to identify me with the subject. Those who are aspiring to become divine might easily become a little more human. But one can hardly blame the old dogmatist for being fierce and intolerant when he has the vindictive example of Almighty God set before him in the fire of Hell.

December 14.

At eleven o'clock to-day we held a *réunion*. Father Superior lectured us again in the familiar strain, and he seemed to consider it singular that some of us seemed bent on the perusal of forbidden books, when our library shelves groaned under the weight of Catholic literature which was '*debordante de vérité*,' overflowing with truth. My impression is that the overflow is very often in the form of a frothy fizz.

The more I deal in Catholic literature, the more I perceive how much is taken for granted; how much is assumed as unquestionable which falls before history and science.

Father reaffirmed what he had already insisted on, that no books should be brought into the house without his knowledge. Non-Catholic or Modernistic writings he puts under the ban and wishes us to suggest our minds with the thought and mentality of mediævalism.

He admitted being shocked on his arrival here some months ago to see the promiscuous reading with which our library was stocked. He had quietly taken, he said, many books from the shelves and placed them in the cupboard called 'Hell,' under lock and key. He was afraid the poor damned books would escape. He was very much grieved, he added, to see that the lock had been sprung and some of the poor captive books had flown. The Procurator was requested to have a new lock put on.

My heart writhes under this intolerance; I have no resentment personally for Fr. Superior, as he is but carrying out the late instructions of the H.R. Inquisition of August 28, 1907.

It is this policy of obscurantism and mental thralldom which I cannot endure, and which intimates that faith can only maintain itself by ignorance. I will not observe this ban put upon the sincere, enlightening thoughts of great minds outside the Church.

I am dead sick of this narrow-mindedness that sees nothing but error and nonsense in every book which has not emanated from a Catholic pen.

ROBERT WALDRON.

(To be continued.)

THE REAL JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

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It is a fact that hitherto Japan has been misunderstood alike in peace and in war. The real Japan and the Japanese themselves, as they were and are, alone can truly explain themselves whether by peace or war; and nothing else but this explanation can suggest to the world the actual problems of Japan, whether present or future. In general, interest in Japan has been roused chiefly by her wars with Continental Powers. But he who loves truth should not rest content with such an external and superficial point of view; he should do his utmost to penetrate deep beneath these superficial conditions to the inner consideration of the spiritual life and ideals of the Japanese people.

Now it hardly needs emphasis that those who wish to understand other nations as they actually are, must reject partial views arising from their own preconceptions and fully recognise what the nation is in its entirety, by observation of what is spiritual as well as of what is material. To consider a civilisation, even on its material side, in regard to its special natural environment, the temperament of the people, their social conditions and systems, etc., is neither simple nor easy. However, as material things are more easily perceived, they have been generally more observed by foreigners, while observation of the

spiritual and the more hidden has been seriously neglected.

As to these two aspects of the national life, Japanese civilisation on its material side has to a great extent come from foreign countries, while its mental and spiritual aspect has largely developed from purely native sources. And if we further subdivide observation on the latter side we shall find that, while what concerns the intellectual has been comparatively greatly affected by foreign influences, what concerns the spiritual—religion or morality—has largely developed on the basis of the purely native spirit. Though Japanese mental and spiritual civilisation is of course made up of both elements, what may be termed the special character has been rather spiritual than intellectual. And yet this is just what has been most ignored by foreign critics; therefore any one who wishes to observe modern Japan with the eyes of to-day should with the utmost care re-examine the peculiar nature of the *spirit* of Japan. Any one who tries to trace modern Japan to its origin, casting his eyes back to its remotest history, will be compelled to see how long that history has been developing, meeting many difficult tests, yet maintaining its spiritual unity through all. But what has appeared vivid and original in many cases of national affliction, or in meeting special needs as these have arisen during its long history, does not constitute the whole of the spirit of Japan. Just as the water of a river flowing continually along its bed throws up bubbles from below to the surface, so the spirit of Japan has its hidden reality, and it is this hidden reality which is often misunderstood by outsiders. The spirit is the source whence, for more than 2,500 years, Japanese history has

developed ; and Japanese military activities in recent wars, the awakening of 'slumbering energy,' are nothing but a manifestation of this spirit. It will be plain, then, that if we really wish to understand the national life and endeavour of the Japanese, we must consider in detail its latent spirit as well as its manifested energy ; it is the former which is the origin of their living moral and religious power in the past and present, and we are bound to conclude that it will be so also in the future. Hitherto people who have given any attention to the spirit of Japan have been prone to note the national readiness, in recent times, to imitate and apply Western learning and institutions, or else they immediately settle Japan's place in the world according to her military prowess.

But the spiritual elements which decide Japan's place in the world lie really in the moral and religious training by which she has continuously evolved her ideal from the very first. Her material civilisation is not what Japan can rely upon ; fighting power is not a sufficient ground of confidence for her. What Japan really can rely upon, and ought to be proud of indeed, is the unresting endeavour and activity with which her people have evolved themselves morally and religiously towards their nobler ideals.

As soon as Japan—which until recent times had been nearly cut off from the continent of Asia and other foreign countries—had her dream broken by the sudden crowding in of external relations, through her opened ports, with resilient energy fresh from her long rest she renewed her endeavours and activities in a thoroughly modern way on every side in politics, economics, military affairs, the sciences, etc. At the same time she has preserved and practised with

scrupulous fidelity the principle of pure self-sacrifice inherited from ancient times. Nations generally are not great merely by virtue of having a material ideal of the enrichment and military strengthening of the country. The real greatness of a country, we should remember, besides such material ideals, lies in its possession of spiritual virtues. More important still, this goal is not to be achieved by entire indifference to foreign nations, or by trying to be good amongst ourselves. The essence of the higher ideals consists in the principle not only of considering one's own nationality, but at the same time of contributing to the good of others for the sake of mutual happiness. That will be the ideal of a sound civilisation in the future if ever the nations are to stand in more intimate relations with one another. But the spirit of self-sacrifice which enables all nations to progress intellectually and ethically, whilst they are acting freely for their own sakes, and at the same time unites them morally for mutual help, has been historically developed in Japan, and, in spite of its almost furious modernisation, that old spirit has been adhered to unchanged, for the Japanese make much of their history; and there is good reason to believe that it will distinguish them in the future as well as in the present. This is a point which no one who wishes to know Japan intimately, should fail to notice. To consider it a ferocious and crafty country is a misreading of its true character, based on shallow and one-sided observation—as would be also any misrepresentation of the significance of Japanese fighting power and the rapid modernising changes that have occurred there. Excluding this fundamental misconception, the proper way to understand the real Japanese people is to make

clear the special character of the spirit of Japan, which survives beyond the changes of the times, and also to learn the true Japanese estimation of this spirit.

If nations wish to have intercourse with one another as friendly countries, become intimate and helpful, and rise above their state of antipathy as natural enemies, like the wild beasts or savage races, it is hardly necessary to say they ought rightly to understand the psychology of one another through their natural environment, history, social and other special conditions. By considering now the racial characteristics as faithfully reflected in the manners, customs, traditions and mythology—the original spiritual products of the Japanese people—we shall discover two great characteristics of the racial spirit. The mythology of Japan is artistically enriched by the dualism involved in the ideas of light and darkness, good and evil, violence and gentleness. This dualistic attitude is so deeply rooted in the racial thought that it naturally appears in the life and history of the Japanese as a *striking love of paradox*. To mention the most conspicuous features in their mentality :

First, there is their *kwan-yo-sei* (tolerant generosity). This is revealed in their mental search for variety, in their endeavour to take in different elements; and this historical fact is too obvious to need further elucidation. What is too often lost sight of is the psychological faculty revealed by the free and bold indulgence of their many-sided spiritual appetite. And their vigorous, active, resilient, vivid life is probably the result not only of their custom of loving nature, but really of the creative impulse fostered by contact with many different factors and by taking in various elements—that is, by applying successfully the method of

refreshing life by touching life at as many different points as possible.

Secondly, there is their *dokwa-sei* (assimilative nature) acting powerfully and constantly. They do not take in foreign elements indiscriminately, but select and digest them till they become a part of their nature. This assimilative power is strikingly illustrated in their historical development, which shows an unbroken sequence of progress and illumination derived from Chinese, Indian and Western civilisations, each of which has in turn contributed material which has been japanised.

These two mental characteristics (the tolerant and the assimilative), originally different from each other—the former producing the complex, the latter the simple, the former expanding, the latter concentrating—create a curious dualistic faculty in the mind of the Japanese people. Their love of paradox, as represented by inclusion and assimilation, has the power of self-preservation on the one hand, and, on the other, of making easy reconciliation and union with other peoples. The fact that both the centrifugal and centripetal activities are found in the mind of the Japanese people accounts for the progressive spirit with which they unswervingly and vigilantly pursue their ideal.

One of the most striking phases of the racial character which may throw light on this consideration is what may be called the positive heliotropism of the Japanese race—a constant tendency towards the sun (*ko-jitsu-sei*). It is not without significance that, among other natural phenomena, the sun has been a prominent object of worship among the Japanese from the so-called divine age, and this worship early gave birth to a magnificent mythology in which the sun

was regarded not only as the power blessing nature, giving life to everything, and as the source of light and heat, but also as the symbol of truth, goodness and beauty, in so far as those ideals could be manifested by means of it. Accordingly, while the worship of the sun aided the development of their ideal of truth, goodness and beauty, the sun also symbolised more and more the evolution of the original racial character of turning always to the sunshine—a convinced optimism, a constant habit of looking on the bright side of things. Again, in spite of their appreciation of a calculating and alert disposition—called out, as some say, by their frequent association with volcanoes and earthquakes—yet their predominant characteristics are a love of frank truthfulness, of what is simple and innocent, straightforward and unpretentious. Further, the ancestral love of purity is shown in the cleansing (often ceremonially) of pollutions by natural elements, driving away impurities by wind, and bathing in the sea-tide or flowing river, indicating that they appreciate cleanness and singleness of heart, as opposed to impurity and corruption. This is to seek not only the purification of the body but at the same time that of the spirit, according to the idea which regards sin and pollution as one and the same thing. Lastly, those who know best the beautiful poetic element in Japanese island-life, and the part it has played in Japanese history, will be most aware how impossible it is that they should fall into a sheer realism which is opposed to the æsthetic ideals so strongly expressed by the national flag—the symbol of the sun.

From a consideration of the facts above mentioned we see how the characteristic turning to the sunshine is generally reflected in Japanese manners and cus-

toms, temperament and taste, etc. Above all, their love of cherry blossoms—of which most foreigners apparently fail to understand the true reason—is really because these refreshing blossoms, so emblematic of purity, are naturally akin to the taste and character of the Japanese people and easily satisfy their æsthetic perceptions. So we find in an ode of Motoōri Norinaga (a well-known Shinto scholar, 1730-1801 A.D.):

“Shiki-shima no yamato-gokoro wo hito towa ba,
Asahi ni nihofu yamazakura-bana.”

(“Should any one ask me what the spirit of Japan is like, I would point to the blossoms of the wild cherry-tree bathing in the rays of the morning sun.”)

The spirit of the Japanese loves such innocent and refreshing spontaneity of beauty, and this taste represents simply and plainly the character of the people who are fond of saying what might be translated: “Be cheerful”; “Live sunnily”; “Make the best of your life.” If this be really so, their ideal, developing from the ancient devout worship of the sun, finally comes into line with the inner feeling which makes conscience the sun of the heart, or seeks the sun within the ‘heavenly garden of the soul,’ as Shinto scholars expressed it. Or as the German lines say:

“Hab' Sonne im Herzen
Ob's stürmt oder schneit
Ob der Himmel voll Wolken
Die Erde voll Streit!
Hab' Sonne im Herzen
Dann komme was mag
Das leuchtet voll Licht dir
Den dunkelsten Tag!
Hab' ein Lied auf den Lippen

| Mit fröhlichen Klang
 Und macht auch des Alltags
 Gedränge dich bang!
 Hab' ein Lied auf den Lippen
 Verlier nie den Mut,
 Hab' Sonne im Herzen
 Und alles wird gut!"¹

If then this natural turning to the sunshine is one of their most conspicuous traits, to consider their character as generally cunning or crafty is nothing but a dogmatism based on biassed views about the psychology of other nations, which naturally arises from men's reluctance to understand the position of others.

It follows that anyone who really wishes to understand the rather daring free activities of the Japanese, their cult of honour and intrepidity—however subtle their motives may seem—should never be discouraged from investigating the other side, namely, their equally ardent love of honesty and impartiality.

How could the Japanese nation take in foreign elements and differentiate them, yet without being perplexed by them, but, on the contrary, by assimilating them with her own qualities, turn them into a practical power and thus develop her organically united national

¹ " Possess the Sun within thy heart,
 In midst of storm and snow;
 E'en if the heavens are full of clouds
 And earth has strife and woe.
 Possess the sun within thy heart,
 Then let there come what may,
 There will be light within thy soul,
 E'en on the darkest day.
 Possess a song upon thy lips
 And sing it all aglow,
 The song will turn the dreary day
 To sunshine—melt the snow.
 Possess a song upon thy lips,
 And courage ne'er let go,
 Possess the sun within thy heart
 And all will smoothly flow."

spirit? Anyone who desires to answer this question should, first of all, pay deep attention to the inner life of the Japanese and understand their national morality and religion as manifestations of the nation's *original spirit*.

In Japan, '*koto-age se nu kuni*,' 'the unpretentious country,' as she has been called, practice was considered from the first more important than theory ; and there is evidence that the people went almost to an extreme in this respect, when as a nation they were forming their traditional motto concerning this principle. Because Japan is not pretentious, it is difficult for foreigners to know the truth about spiritual Japan ; and what people very often look at with cold eyes of neglect has been just the very essence of the inner life of the nation. We should, then, try to understand the strength as well as the weakness of the spiritual deeps of their nature ; and this we can do by seeing the ideal secretly followed and yet not expressed, in their pragmatic tendency towards deed rather than word, and in trying to find out hidden meanings from realised achievements and facts and not from mere abstract theories. Various forms and systems of Oriental mental and spiritual culture are practised in Shintoism, Bushido and other cults, as a means of cultivating practical ability. Such cults insist on a thorough drilling of the body, on securing unity of mind and body, on educational training given to the spirit, etc. The effect of cultivating thus various forms of practical ability has been enormous, though foreigners usually fail to perceive it. What they fail to recognise is that this practical method is not a mere conventionalism, making light of the ideal, but is the ardent, positive principle of desiring to prove absolutely, by deed, the

truth of what the Japanese believe to be right or good. Following this principle, and acquiring the actual substance of their ideal bit by bit, they have developed in their spiritual life the characteristics of their morality and belief.

Now the morality and belief of a nation are woven into the fabric of the inner life peculiar to that nation according to its natural environment, history, society, temperament, etc. In considering this guiding principle of the Japanese nation, what should most claim attention is the fact that the lives of the people, as individuals and as a nation, are so closely connected and fused that the whole nation being in complete spiritual agreement has greatly developed the virtue of co-operation in their corporate life. So we can see the two-fold combination of their spiritual life—the social and the hereditary—evolving into a nation; not merely each individual uniting with others socially as a nation, but also fathers and descendants united in time by ancestor-worship and making up one line spiritually. This is the reason why they are valorous when they are combined, in spite of their peaceableness as individuals—a fact often remarked on by foreigners. Here we have the real psychological foundation of the solidarity of Japan. And what is especially worthy of attention is the fact that, on the one hand, in spite of ideas of rights and liberty and the dignity and value of the individual, recently coming to prevail under the influence of European thought, still, on the other hand, the original principle of pure self-sacrifice is no less now than formerly an essential element of the Japanese spirit. This principle of self-sacrifice or unselfishness, which is the root of sincere loyalty and free, willing obedience, is the power which inspires them. There-

fore, though to-day they are apt to be involved in the clouds of suspicion, and to be considered by others subtle and crafty, anyone who impartially investigates the foundation of their morality and belief will not find it difficult to perceive that the common basis of their morality and belief is essentially the same as his own, and will recognise the truth of the saying: "Light is good in whatever lamp it is burning. A rose is beautiful in whatever garden it may bloom. A star has the same radiance if it shines in the east or in the west."

Thus then though the national morality and religion of Japan have elements peculiar to themselves, they do not necessarily contradict universal moral and religious principles. It is obvious that nations, as well as individual men, while agreeing with one another in their essential nature, may yet develop national as well as individual qualities peculiar to themselves, and relieve the world from monotony by playing a distinctive part in the concord of humanity. To speak of acting in concert with one another does not imply an agreement which destroys the special nature and character of each country, but should be the effect of a successful evolution of the special nature and character of each country. Every country evolving its individual values as a nation should contribute to other friendly nations, as red and blue, for example, contribute their peculiar qualities of colour to the beauty of nature. So this ideal is not anti-national after all; it is *international*. But there is one thing of which every people should be most careful: while it is right that every country should appreciate its own nationality at its full value, there is a great danger here in inferring generals from particulars. For this

would prevent paying due heed to others, and while naturally leading to ignorance of other countries, would at the same time forbid true self-understanding in relation to other nations. The great necessity is to view correctly one's own country from a world-wide standpoint in its relation to others. Therefore every country should consider its political ideals and national principles in this light, seeking the wider and firmer spiritual foundations which will assuredly establish a new patriotism based on a full recognition both of national and international claims and relations. Is there, on all the horizon of the future, a problem of graver moment than the relation of nationalism and internationalism? But what alone will make the solution possible is that every nation should form a new conception of its fellows; first of all learning to understand them spiritually, and thus finding the common bond which lies at the root of the different thoughts and beliefs of all peoples.

S. HONAGA.

SOME APHORISMS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE BENGĀLĪ BY THE AUTHOR.

RESPECT differences if you will find unity; you shatter differences only to multiply them.

In death the many becomes one; in life the one becomes many. Religion will be one when God is dead.

In the darkness the One appears as uniform; in the light the One appears as manifold.

He has made his weapons his gods. When his weapons win he is defeated himself.

It is the shadow that I see in the mirror. I am vain of my shadow.

The flaming fire warns me off by its own glow. Save me from the dying embers hidden under ashes.

Love! when you come with the burning lamp of pain in your hand, I can see your face and know you as bliss.

If you must see evil in its truth, see it in the light of the good.

Let him only see the thorns who has eyes to see the rose.

He who wants to do good knocks at the gate; he who loves finds the gate open.

Either you have work or you have not. When you have to say, 'Let us do something,' then begins mischief.

It is leisure which in its activity is work. The stillness of the sea stirs in waves.

Death's stamp gives value to the coin of life; making it possible to buy with life what is truly precious.

When I say, 'I must choose the best for myself,' I miss the Best. When I say, 'I must give myself up,' the Best chooses me.

He who is too busy doing good finds no time to be good.

Fiercely the storm wages war. Who is it that wins in the end? The gentle breeze.

How far are you from me, O Fruit? I am hidden in your heart, O Flower!

What language is this of yours, O Sea?

It is the language of eternal question.

What language is this in which you answer, O Hills?

It is the language of eternal silence.

The bow whispers to the arrow before it speeds forth, 'Your freedom is mine!'

The night kisses the fading day, whispering to its ears, 'I am death, your mother. I am to give you fresh birth.'

Death belongs to life as birth does. The walk is in the raising of the foot as much as in the laying of it down.

‘I am ashamed of my emptiness,’ said the Word to the Work.

‘I know how poor I am when I see you,’ said the Work to the Word.

The water in a vessel is sparkling; the water in the sea is dark. The small truth has words that are clear; the great truth has great silence.

‘Who is there to take up my duties?’ asked the setting sun. The world remained darkly silent. With joined palms said the earthen lamp, ‘I shall do what I can, my master!’

The flower grieves to think that her perfume goes out. The poet assures her it is never her perfume which she keeps to herself.

In the chink of the garden wall blossomed a nameless flower. The rosebush blushed to own it as its kin. The sun rose and smiled on it saying, ‘Are you well, my darling?’

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

GRAHAM AND THE COSMOS: A DIALOGUE.

FLORENCE NEVILL.

BECAUSE we know that all is matter, all
Imagination, beauty, passion, power,
Through time and times and changing scenes and orbs
From spacious nebula to nebula.

As he repeated these lines of Dr. Davidson's to himself, Graham shuddered as if with cold; the materialistic creed was so lifeless in its naked negation, it chilled him with a physical feeling of an empty grate in a bare room on a winter's night. The universe was only force and matter. Man was alone.

Graham was in his study having his usual pipe before retiring for the night. As he thought of this terrible universe, a cosmos (in Haeckel's words) 'eternal, infinite, illimitable,' the room disappeared, and he seemed to be no longer on the earth, but in a strange detached manner regarding the universe as it lay before him, immense, unending, illimitable.

"I have often wanted to talk to a man," said a voice which appeared to come out of the dim immensity. "I see that you are that strange creature. Now," It added peremptorily, "begin!"

Graham was not in the least surprised at this somewhat unlooked-for situation. He felt impelled to express a doubt that had lately occurred to him; it

really seemed to be a fine opportunity for obtaining information.

"I cannot imagine," he said, as if seeking a solution to a problem, "where our higher consciousness comes from, if we mortals are nothing but the transitory consciousness of the groping protoplasmic brain."

"You are not clear," returned the Cosmos. "What do you mean by your 'higher consciousness'?"

"The idea," Graham said, "that there is an infinitely higher life, a life of which we are a part. You are not a higher life," he added scornfully.

"You are very rude," the Cosmos answered. "There is no life higher than myself. I have heard that there was once a man who believed that I was a kind of wonderful beneficent Father."

The Cosmos was so overcome with this foolish belief that it shook with laughter, doubtless making the universe tremble.

"You mean, I presume," Graham said, "the great teacher called Christ whom centuries ago mankind professed to believe in. It certainly was a very strange idea for men to have; but strange as it was, we do not appear to have improved on this queer faith. And it is very strange how it originated; for *you* do not seem a very good subject out of which to form an ideal. Besides I cannot understand how the higher can spring from the lower when the lower has no apparent germ of the higher."

"Say that again," the Cosmos said. "I fail to follow you."

Graham only laughed, and the Cosmos looked very sulky.

"Don't you think," Graham continued, after a

short silence, "it would on the whole be a good action to put an end to the Earth? It really is so dull living there now faith is dead; it would be true kindness."

"I cannot do it," the Cosmos answered gloomily, "for I cannot will any course of action for myself. I am a Force guided by laws which are, in a way I cannot explain, myself; yet for all that I am unable to act independently of these laws."

"That is rather difficult to follow," Graham said. "I wish you would be clear."

"I am infinite law," the Cosmos said loftily. "I cannot be clearer than that."

"Who started you?" Graham enquired curiously. "For if you are simply a Force you could not start yourself."

"I have never started," the Cosmos declared, "for I was always there."

"But men were not always there," Graham said; "and how could you be there if you had no one to think about you?"

"You idiot!" growled the Cosmos. "As if thinking about me made me!"

"It made you capable of being described," Graham insisted.

"Description is not fact," the Cosmos remarked with decision.

"Fact is very dull without it," Graham said, "and not worth anything."

"That is only your silly way of looking at things," the Cosmos rejoined; "and I must say I am extremely glad I am not a fool pigmy of a man."

"But you are," Graham said triumphantly. "A man is a part of yourself expressed in a unit of conscious life."

"Where did you learn that rubbish from?" the Cosmos asked. "I am not a man, I am the infinite universe. As if I could be a little conceited atom of a man!"

The Cosmos wrinkled itself all over with utter disgust.

"You cannot help yourself," Graham declared, "for you have no will; you become units of conscious life whether you like it or not."

"Anyhow," urged the Cosmos, "when a man dies he ceases to be a unit and becomes a part of me again; so," It added as if struck by a sudden idea, "the greater contains the less."

"But," Graham said, "man is not the less, he is the greater."

"I am tired of this argument," the Cosmos returned; "it leads nowhere."

"It leads to Man," Graham remarked, "and it is Man you do not and cannot understand."

The Cosmos stared at the speaker in angry displeasure. "How can I fail to understand?—myself brought to units of consciousness!" It returned with scorn.

"Are you quite sure," Graham said with a little hesitation, for he did not want to hurt the Cosmos' feelings, "that Man is yourself?"

"I think you are a microscopic ass," returned the Cosmos; "there is nothing but myself anywhere. I am the universe and the universe is the sum total of all things that have been, are and will be."

"That is a very large order," said Graham doubtfully.

"I am infinite," answered the Cosmos loftily. "There is in me no beginning and no end."

"But," interposed Graham quietly, "there is both a beginning and an end in Man."

"No," was the decided answer; "you make a great mistake. Man has no beginning, for he comes from me, and no end, for he returns to me."

"All the same," Graham argued, "he is something different in between."

"Oh, I know," said the Cosmos. "Man has a number of odd ideas, but he is not really different. I often amuse myself with his queer phases. At one time he thought the gods, as he called me, sat about on clouds and visited the earth in his own shape. The wildest phase for me of all Man's many phases is when he breaks the laws of my being and offers sacrifice in hope that he will not suffer from having broken them. Then, strangest idea of all, he thought there was once a man who broke no laws, and so this perfect man saved him from the consequences of his own folly. Man always did and always will suffer through his disobedience; but he goes on blindly breaking my laws and either trying to hide himself behind the one perfect man, or else offering his old sacrifices."

"I think," returned Graham, "Man at length has learnt the lesson that the laws of the universe must be obeyed."

The Cosmos laughed derisively. "Has he indeed!" It sneered. "On the contrary Man is continually saying prayers and acting ritual in the hope of propitiating an offended God. There is no propitiation possible but obedience."

"How do you know," said Graham, "that you are not the blind vehicle of a higher life; a life which Man has a faint glimpse of, but a life of which you as a blind force know nothing?"

"Then," returned the Cosmos, looking as black as its own thunder clouds, "if I can know nothing of this rubbish of a higher life, why do you ask me about it?"

"Because," returned Graham, "as Man is yourself and you understand his speech, you might understand when he gets beyond you; at least I mean you might understand that he is beyond you."

"What a conceited little particle you are," the Cosmos answered. "I have been trying to explain to you that Man is only a concentrated part of me, and you like a true man turn back to the mad folly of your race and talk about Man as if he were full of vague impulses and longings."

"So we are," said Graham.

The Cosmos regarded him with pitying wonder. "I thought you might possibly be sane," It said, "but like all men you have a touch of insanity, and seemingly it is only a case of degree. However, you must have the complaint rather badly from your last remark."

"There are a great many men," said Graham, "who think that you are all there is, and pretend to be glad of the discovery."

"These wise men," answered the Cosmos with decision, "will in time rule over all the fools, and there will be health and sanity on the earth. And the planet will no longer be a discord in my universe, but its inhabitants will ever exist in quiet contentment."

"I think it will be very dull; I would rather live and not only exist."

"I have heard of a city," the Cosmos said, "where the citizens have given up all their religious ideas and worship Death as the true saviour of mankind."

"It must be very dull," said Graham with decision.

"How idiotic you are!" replied the Cosmos. "I have no religious instinct and am I dull?"

Graham could not in honesty say the Cosmos was not dull, so he made no reply.

"Am I dull?" It repeated, by no means pleased at the silence.

"There is no beginning and no end to you," Graham said with some hesitation, "and you know going on continually on the same line makes very little change."

"Who wants change!" snapped the Cosmos. "It is only little bits of things like men who think they like change. However, I have great hopes of the Earth now this city is started. I expect the citizens will set an example which will make the stupid discontented planet a harmony instead of a discord."

"A harmony," said Graham sententiously, "may be on a very low level. For my part give me a higher level even if there are discords."

"That is spoken like a true man," said the Cosmos scornfully. "If you were the universe a fine mess you would make of affairs. All the planets would be full of silly beings like yourself, and everywhere there would be unrest and suffering. I cannot think where the foolish, tiny Earth got hold of the religious instinct. It has been an awful curse to the inhabitants; but there is a sensible city at last!"

"I think I see that city," Graham said thoughtfully, "and there is already a rebellion among the younger citizens. I hear a man declare that life is too dull to endure."

"A rebellion!" shrieked the Cosmos. "I suppose the religious instinct is not quite subdued. Oh these

foolish mortals ever piling up burdens for themselves to bear ! ”

“The rebels have departed from the city,” announced Graham.

“To scatter seeds of folly elsewhere,” groaned the Cosmos.

“And,” continued Graham, “the rest of the citizens have taken their own lives or they have decided life is not worth the trouble of living.”

“What man calls life,” said the Cosmos sarcastically, “is pain, unrest, passion and an insane thing called ‘love.’ What I call life is the calm unending rest of ceaseless vibrating energy. It is through becoming self-conscious units that all the misery of feeling arises. I cannot understand why the laws to which I give effect ever cause me to become Man.”

“It is certainly very strange,” Graham agreed, “for you seem such a helpless kind of everlasting nonentity with no free-will.”

“Neither has man any free-will,” said the Cosmos loftily, ignoring Graham’s rudeness ; “he only thinks he has.”

“It is a pleasure to think we have,” replied Graham.

“Like all human pleasures it is rubbish,” said the Cosmos. “There is no sense in man, no rest, no harmony, no grandeur, no greatness ; there is, on the contrary, discontent, smallness, folly, madness and suffering. I am sick of the human race, its complaints, its fruitless prayers to an imaginary God, its selfish grasping at the continuance of its own petty life, its cruelty, its wicked self-love, and I am powerless to prevent its mad follies.”

Suddenly the Cosmos disappeared. Graham looked in wonder where he had been talking to and saw the form of a man.

“Where is the Cosmos?” Graham asked in surprise.

“The Cosmos,” the man answered, “is following the eternal laws which it has obeyed and ever will obey as the blind servant of a Master it has not the power to understand.”

And Graham said no more, for he too had not the power to understand.

FLORENCE NEVILL.

THE HOUSE OF MY DREAMS.

EMILY ORR.

I WISH to describe what I call the house of my dreams, not because any extraordinary or even interesting adventures are connected with it, nor because it brings to me, as far as I can tell, any definite memory or forecast; but solely because the mental impression which it conveys is so invariably the same and so utterly unlike any experience of the waking life.

Have you ever tried to describe the perfume of a flower, or the effect left upon your mind by a sunset or a piece of music? Even so I must stumble and hesitate when I try to reveal something of that unearthly house of my dreams.

First of all it is a veritable house, and I have been visiting it at intervals for several years. It is therefore to be supposed that I might know a good deal about it; but as it is in itself a centre of contradictions it is perhaps not surprising that I should have in connection with it at one and the same time the feelings of extreme intimacy and extreme strangeness.

I have reached it in a variety of ways. Again and again I have found myself in Dutch-like scenery by the side of a slowly creeping canal, and I have recognised the same houses and windmills, un-English and unfamiliar to my waking eyes. Then towards the right of the scene my feet lead me towards a piece of grassy land so straitly enclosed between high banks

and descending with so sudden a plunge that at a few yards' distance one cannot see whether one is approaching a path or a precipice. The grass underfoot is a dead, staring yellow, and the brushwood and trees on the banks are of the same colour. Along this strange path I take my way and at last—I arrive. The house is the goal of my journey.

Sometimes I float down a river which is very different in character from the sluggish stream which I have described. It is swift and pure and its waters always reflect the sunlight which pours from overhead. Past green woodland scenery the boat slips along, and sometimes the over-hanging branches sweep so low that I seem to move under triumphal arches of living foliage. By that water-way also I come in the end to my house.

I have reached it by ways stranger still. I have stood in the depths of a wood and looked at the gnarled trunk of some mighty tree and suddenly—who can say what happens? Either the tree expands and transforms itself or it is I who am transformed as I slip within its bark; for it is no longer the tree of an earthly wood but the doorway to the house of my dreams.

Sometimes I have found myself before a ruined abbey, where memories of prayers and chanting and offered incense still cling about the broken arches; and as I have gazed with awe and sorrow at the holy house now given over to the owls and to the bats, I have seen the walls recreate themselves and the arches unite and flights of stately stairs spring up out of the sod; and once again I am in that house of my dreamings.

Often I find myself, I know not how, on a spiral

flight of steps, broad, white and endless. Up and up they wind, up to the very clouds; and they too bring me to that goal to which all the other routes have led.

Once or twice I have been in the environs of the house—long garden slopes filled with purple pansies—and although the spell has been strong upon me and I have known that the house was there, watching me and dominating me, yet I have not been able to turn my head and see the thing, the creature, the symbol which for the time being holds and masters me.

That brings me to the question of the personality of the house and of my own feelings regarding it; and here I am well-nigh hopeless as to my power to convey my meaning. In the highest music, the masters have caught for us, it seems to me, the emotions, the language, the yearnings of the upper spheres, and it is as if the language in which we painfully express our thoughts, is shown to be a thing of grossness and futility compared to some perfect medium through which the demi-gods hold converse with one another.

“ We see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on our days.”

My house is one which, like the fabled city, might have been built to music; and words will only poorly express its message and character. It differs from all houses made with hands in the fact that it has a personality and that it is alive. The use of certain Oriental drugs produces, I believe, similar illusions about furniture and material objects; and the first and strongest impression which this dream always makes upon me is that the house is alive. It knows when I arrive and it can see my every movement. Once I walked along a straight, uninteresting country

road, and suddenly saw, separated from me by many yards of green lawn, my house. It was bathed by brilliant sunshine and had a peculiar dazzling sheen. I looked across at it, recognising it again with a throb of mingled delight and fear, and the house recognised me in turn and smiled at me. This sounds absurd. It was not so in my dream nor is it now as I remember it.

When by one route or another I have at last reached my goal and when I have once again wakened up, so to speak, in the dream-building, my instinctive feeling is always one of delighted and yet trembling satisfaction. So it has been here all the time! The common sense of waking moments would demolish it, but in sleep it stands secure.

The interior is silent, vast and stately. No human being ever appears and there is no sound of bird or animal; yet the whole great building pulses with life—life so concentrated, so highly intensified, that the very silence becomes a voice. There must be many rooms; but I have as yet penetrated into very few. There is one which seems to me to be in the centre of the building and in my imagination I call it the Throne Room. Here, whether in body or in spirit I cannot tell, I am always prostrate with that abandonment of humility which makes an Eastern kiss the very dust. There are heavy draperies, beautiful mosaics, august and noble portraits upon the walls, open doors which lead out into other quiet rooms of great height and splendour; and sometimes in the distance I seem to see a dais, a canopy and a throne. I have passed through that great central hall several times to the rooms that lie beyond, and here I am no longer prostrate, but upright and interested. I have often taken down books from the shelves, which shows a

calmer mood, but even here my soul is hushed and subdued before that Presence. Yet again I have occasionally found myself swept from those lofty chambers, and I have then wandered, lonely and terrified, through great stretches of attics where there was no beauty but dreary confusion and emptiness.

I should never refuse to visit this house. The adventure is too great to be declined, and there is an overpowering desire to thread the mazes of that house and to know what it means. In one sense it is as familiar to me and as personal as the very clothes I wear. No one else has so good a right to enter. Yet in another sense I know almost nothing of it. I am like a helpless child wandering about amongst the treasures of which it cannot imagine the use. There is the delight of expectancy, of recognition, of reunion, and at the same time there is utter shrinking and dread. The house is alive and not alive. I rejoice in it and I tremble in it. I feel its welcome and yet I know that I am within its power. What is it—what can it be which I long and yet fear to see materialised? What is it that is so close to me that my life seems to be knit into its very walls and which is yet so much greater than my knowledge of it? Why is it that at one and the same time I bow before an enthroned monarch and shrink before a crouching beast? This vast creature of stone in its silent, reposeful and yet *animal* majesty—is it not in some sense like that mighty being whom men call the Sphinx of Egypt? What can that house be which holds within it possibilities of boundless life and joy and at the same time possibilities of devastating terror? Who is “able to make known to me the dream which I have seen and the interpretation thereof?”

Let a master of visions answer :

“ Ere Babylon was dust,
The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,
Met his own image walking in the garden ;
That apparition, sole of men, he saw.
For know there are two worlds of life and death :
One that which thou beholdest ; but the other
Is underneath the grave, where do inhabit
The shadows of all forms that think and live
Till death unite them and they part no more ;
Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
And all that faith creates or love desires,
Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous shapes ! ”

Such a vision Zoroaster saw and such a vision
Shelley almost died in seeing.

If, as I sometimes think, it is possible to penetrate
that shadowy world where the actions of dead and
gone generations eternally repeat themselves and
stamp themselves upon the minds of those who can
see—that region where the swiftly forming events of
the future body themselves forth and claim a local
habitation and a name in the thoughts of those who
can perceive, may it not be possible also to see in
symbol or shadow the vision of one's own manifold
nature ?

If then I have been seeing in sleep the house of
my soul, the known and yet unknown, the familiar and
the terrible, do you wonder that I love it as we are all
bound to love ourselves, and that at the same time I
shrink with dread unspeakable from the revelation of
its essence and of its secrets ?

EMILY ORR.

DYING.

WHAT is it that is changed ?

I suffer now,
But so I did before ; I am not blind,
Nor deaf nor dumb ; still for a little while
(Only a little, though) my mind is clear. . . .

Well, then, to use it.

This is not yet death,
But only dying : only, indeed, the word
By which an old familiar pain now goes.
It is not different, nor even worse
Than yesterday before it had a name :
And yet—and yet I cannot pierce this veil
That lies between me now and all the world—

All, all the world. To-day there's been a stream
Of callers—people who have heard the news.
Kindly or stupid (for the most part both)
They've brought me things — fruit, flowers and
magazines,
And tuned their speech to that one maddening note
Of mimic cheer reserved for me alone.
That brightness!—while I live I shall not hear
Again, it seems, the natural voice of man
Or woman.

What has happened to my friends ?
These people wear their faces, bear their names,
But they are strangers to me. With their lips
They murmur greetings—hope I have no pain—

Can they do anything?—But with their eyes
 They beg I will not call on them to think
 Even for a moment thoughts I live with now.
 You'd fancy that (since they, too, have to die)
 They'd want to know what dying's like. But no;
 They only feel that, though their time must come,
 It is not now—thank God, it is not now!
 They only want to do the decent thing,
 And then away—away!

I yield to them,
 Of course, and let them talk of 'cheerful' things:
 'What lovely flowers!' and 'What a pleasant room!'
 Somebody sends me love, and someone else
 Will call to-morrow.

Then they fear I'm tired.
 No? Still, perhaps—(how keen they are to go!)—
 And so good-byes and thanks.

These are my friends.

I have a wife, too: is it a wife I have?
 When first I knew, I had her for an hour:
 She lay against my heart and every breath
 We drew was one, and one wild agony
 Of fear, revolt, despair: it *could* not be!
 It is: and I have lost her like the rest.
 Now she is calm (they've said she must be calm
 For my sake—mine!) and very far away.

Can it be quite as hard to die in war?
 I heard a tale—oh, long ago!—last week—
 Of how a Frenchman and a German died
 On either side a dying Englishman.
 But first they talked awhile, each knowing each
 Was doomed. How very good that must have been:
 Not all these people smiling yet afraid,

Beating off thought, behind a fence of words
Hiding from death's too plain reality—
But someone who, because he's dying, too,
Sees what a shadow is their living world,
Knows what a dream this life that's nearly done.
That is the change, then?—that their world is now
(Their little, busy, insignificant world!)
No longer mine, although I'm in it still?

Once, I remember, only once before,
I felt this sense of being on the verge
Of the *real* world—over, indeed, the edge!
Gas at a dentist's was the cause that time:
There came a sort of endless trance of pain
In which I knew that I was nearing death.
Spiral on spiral my unbodied soul
Took to some height of sheer infinity;
And as it mounted, something small and weak—
O helpless utterly!—myself, in short,
Counted the spirals, certain as a god:
'Four more—now three—two—one—and *I shall know*.'
Then a last æon of all-shattering pain,
And suddenly (as I'd foreknown) the end.
That end! a thing so simple and so fine,
So right beyond dispute that in a flash
I saw its every meaning!—*that* was death.
And on the knowledge came my joyous thought,
'It's *this*!—this only? Yet I never guessed!'
The very smile was still upon my lips,
The wonder and the beauty at my heart,
When something came between my soul and it—
Two eyes, a voice, a hand, the dentist's face—
And knowledge faded as a rainbow fades,
But quickly, much more quickly. . . .

Here they come

Again ! (And how they'd hate a word of *this* !)

Why, their tones alter, even on the stairs,

Taking that cursèd brightness.

‘ Well, then, if

You *really* think he can—a minute just !

You're sure it's not too much?—How *very* nice

That he can sleep so well. . . . ’

What's that, then ? *Sleep* ?

I can escape them so?—Then sleep it is ! . . .

Thank heaven, they're going down, brightness and all :

‘ Hush ! Don't disturb him !—No, not for the *world* !

Another time—oh, yes, of course, *quite* soon ! ’

(With what relief they put it off, these friends !)

Not one—not one who would thrust through the veil

With ‘ Friend, you are dying ; speak now as you will ;

I am content to listen and to feel.’

Not one. . . .

And presently I shall have tea

(My wife beside me, cheerful, very calm)

And be more utterly alone than now. . . .

A German and a Frenchman (so they said)

On either side a dying Englishman. . . .

How good—how very good that must have been. . . .

Someone beside you who could understand !

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

IN TIME OF WAR.

AN, if we lose—if this fair countryside,
Where sleep our fathers, where our children play,
Lay dumb beneath the footsteps of the foe ;
If here, our English liberty o'erthrown,
Ruled foreign harshness, foreign pride of race ;
And all the heritage that we might leave our sons
Were slavery, and shame to face the foe,—
What comfort then in books, or work, or ease,
Or summer twilight on a rose-bowered lawn,
And whispering winds among the dreaming elms !
Crimson and gold of sunset on the sea
Would seem the fires of Hell, were England dead—
These fields her grave, our tears her memory.

But if we win, and with our victory
Gain lands and gold and hatred of the foe,
Lust of this world and blood-stained pride
That holds Thy white humility in scorn,—
Better forego such spoils ;—nay, best to know
The utter blinding shame of sheer defeat.
Lay Thou, O Lord, Thy lash across our back,
Bow these our stubborn heads, and from our hands
Strike down the sword. Cut short our triumph-songs
And bind our souls with helplessness and fear !
Then, from the ruins of the land we love,
We, Thy sad people, scourged with slavery,
Perchance might lift our ravaged hearts to Thee.
And, had we neither house nor home nor king,
Nor any name save such as serfs may bear,
God, God alone should be our king ; His name
Our glorious sigil and our pride ! Homeless,
We turn to Him, as waters seek the sea :
Lord God of Hosts, we need no home but Thee !

ÆLFRIDA TILLYARD.

UNITY.

I AM one with the trees
As they dance in the breeze,
I am one with all living things.
And I float in the sky
As the wind fleeth by,
For all things lend me their wings !

I am one with the dust,
Even though it be crushed ;
I am one with all living things.
Dying not, though it fall,
It but changes, that's all,
And one day it will have wings !

I am one with the bird,
As it singeth, song-stirred ;
I am one with all living things.
I am one with the flower
In the field or the bower,
For one day it will have wings !

I am one with mankind,
For in all is the Mind,
I am one with all living things.
And on Him do I call,
The one Life in us all,
Who giveth the whole world wings !

MARY BELL.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE ELEMENTARY FORMS OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

A Study in Religious Sociology. By Émile Durkheim, Professor of the Faculty of Letters at the University of Paris. Translated from the French by Joseph Ward Swain, M.A. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 456; 15s. net.

THE comparative study of origins is admirable, and indubitably it has thrown great light on a host of problems that a quarter of a century ago were shut off into water-tight compartments and isolated from the fruitful method of evolutionary treatment. Since then anthropology has come into its own, and with such striking results that it has of late unduly usurped a quite tyrannical position, and now well-nigh claims to be an ultimate court of appeal for estimating the meaning and value of all human institutions and especially for deciding the *raison d'être* of religious conceptions. It thus happens that from the obscurity of a completely negligible quantity, or at any rate from the status of a factor of no really vital interest to the history of human ideas, the black man of Australia has suddenly been obtruded into the very forefront of all research into the origins not only of customs, beliefs and rites, but also of the religious sentiment. So much so that many are becoming sick of the Arunta and the rest and all their ways, and very sceptical that these primitives and their strange social arrangements can bear the weight of the huge structure of 'explanation' erected by recent academical industry. Nevertheless the researches of Howitt, Spencer and Gillen, and Strehlow show that we have to-day existing on the Australian continent tribes of backward humans whose customs reach back in unbroken succession to a type of humanity that is probably the most primitive of which we have any record.

Professor Durkheim is a distinguished sociologist as well as a brilliant student of that huge and amazing mass of myth and legend, custom and rite which constitutes the material on which the anthropologist has to work. In the portly volume before us his object is to seek out and describe the elementary forms of the

most primitive type of religious life known to us. He rejects animism and naturism as secondary or derived, and would trace the earliest type of religious life to the principle on which the belief in totemism rests. This principle, he contends, does not require the presupposition of any other form of religion. The simplest element on which the idea of religion rests is, in his opinion, the distinction between sacred and profane, which seems to be almost a *petitio principii*. This distinction, however, arises in the idea of force or power and that too of impersonal force superior to the individual. All things that possess this dominating power are sacred. The name for it now securely fixed by use in anthropological circles is the Melanesian term *mana*; and it must be confessed that, whatever it was originally, *mana* is now a 'word of power' indeed, a *tetragrammaton* that extricates the anthropological faithful from otherwise the direst straits. There are hosts of equivalents for *mana* in many primitive languages, such as *orenda* and *wakan*, among the Red Skins of North America; but chance has selected *mana* and *mana* it promises to continue to be. Whence comes this sacred power; is it purely an illusion? Here Professor Durkheim has a new theory. Being a sociologist, like the cobbler of old with his leather as the panacea for all ills, he finds its concrete origin in society. It is the collective power of the tribe or clan or group assembled together, and especially when massed for religious purposes of an orgiastic nature. This produces such a psychical effervescence in the individual that he is carried out of himself and feels at such moments greater than himself. In other words, according to this theory, the devotees of the totemic cult practically worship the power of their own social unity; or should we not rather say the power liberated by their social self or common self as a group? The totems are the emblems or figured representations of this common power in which they share. Totemism is thus not simply the cult of animals or plants. Indeed in the degrees of sacredness we find that it is these symbols or figured representations of the totem that hold the first rank; the actual animals or vegetables whose name the clan bears come second in rank and last of all the members of the clan. These three ranks of sacredness are a unity held together by one common impersonal power, which must however by no means be confounded with any individual object in which it is temporarily manifested.

"Totemism is the religion, not of such and such animals or men or images, but of an anonymous and impersonal force, found in each of these beings but not to be confounded with any of them.

No one possesses it entirely and all participate in it. It is so completely independent of the particular subjects in whom it incarnates itself, that it precedes them and survives them. Individuals die, generations pass and are replaced by others; but this force always remains actual, living and the same. It animates the generations of to-day as it animated those of yesterday and as it will animate those of to-morrow. Taking the word in a large sense, we may say that it is the god adored by each totemic cult. Yet it is an impersonal god, without name or history, immanent in the world and diffused in an innumerable multitude of things" (pp. 188, 189).

This force is not only physical but also 'moral,' says Professor Durkheim, because presumably it proceeds from society. Religion is thus not a product of fear or hallucination; it has a foothold in reality. "We can say that the believer is not deceived when he believes in the existence of a moral power upon which he depends and from which he receives all that is best in himself: this power exists, it is society" (p. 225).

It is very true that primitive man and indeed the vast majority of human beings are swamped in the contagious influence of the crowd-emotion of their fellows, especially when there is an assembly for some united purpose expressed in a common rite of singing, dancing, gesturing, etc. Any sympathetic acting with one's fellow creatures may perhaps be called moral in a very elementary sense, for the man is then taken out of himself and feels with the mass; but morality in any high sense is precisely freeing oneself from these mass-impulses. Doubtless orgiastic effervescence gives one a feeling of greater power, of an intensification of life, far beyond the habitual; but why should this in itself be called moral? In the elementary and embryonic sense it is moral because the will of the individual is thus subordinated to the will of society assembled for the performance of rites which are supposed to be beneficial to the life of the whole and to further the general good. It may be that we have here a fundamental element in institutional religion which is of a congregational nature; but in the highest forms of religion the individual reaches the fullest sense of spiritual ecstasy in the practice of the devotion of personal religion. The interesting theory of Professor Durkheim does not pay sufficient attention to this fact—namely that the highest manifestations of '*mana*' known to us have been shown by individuals and not by groups. This therefore tends to show that though the primitive, who is psychically extremely negative,

most easily suggestible and a slave to the psychology of the crowd, is rapidly thrown into orgiastic states, there is nothing really moral in this if the power is to be limited simply to the force liberated by the mass and nothing more. We know that mass morality is always inferior to the average level of individual morality; therefore religious exercises of this nature would deteriorate the average individual rather than improve his morality. If then this force or *mana* can be called moral, it must be something more than the force generated simply by the mass. This central *crux* of moral religion Professor Durkheim's theory therefore does not seem to solve. Of course, if religion is taken to be simply faith in supernatural powers apart from morality and the rites of religion the means of coming into contact with these powers, then orgiastic effervescence is a potent means of so doing; but Professor Durkheim has characterised *mana* not only as a physical force but also as moral, and this morality he leaves without explanation if he ascribes it solely to the restrictions, interdictions and taboos of primitive society, which are designed for the intensification of the orgiastic emotions produced by the rites and not for any moral end. If, for instance, at certain of such rites the frenzied assistants indulge in promiscuous intercourse, which at all other times is most strictly taboo, it can hardly be said that *mana* is in itself a moral force. Moral regulations must be due to some principle of self-control and betterment that is of another order from the *mana* manifested simply in the effervescence of the mass. The origin and development of the moral code must surely be sought in individuals and not in the group as a whole.

Though Professor Durkheim's theory then throws light on some dark places it can hardly be said to explain morality or even, be it said, the still very obscure problem of totemism. To the modern mind the workings of the primitive mind of groups that would trace their ancestry to the power or life-mode energising in some special animal or plant or even in an element such as water are more than puzzling, and that too in spite of the modern theory of the origin of man from an ape-like ancestry. If the animals and plants chosen were all good and useful, we might be less puzzled; but when we find grubs and noxious reptiles included we are left wondering. Why, for instance, should rites be performed for the express purpose of multiplying deadly carpet snakes? It may be that the terror which they inspire led the primitive mind to assume a high degree of *mana* to the life-power manifested in these reptiles; and that the clan which thought itself to be kin with

this special form of the life-force, at the same time also believed that while it was hostile to other clans it was friendly-disposed to its own group. But to practise orgiastic rites for the special purpose of multiplying carpet snakes seems on the face of it to be not only amoral but immoral.

What, however, is of chief interest in studying such a clearly primitive type of religious arrangements as that which obtains among the blacks of Australia, is that here already we find not only in germ but in a developed form the majority of those observances current in religions of culture, and especially their ascetic disciplines and all those trials of courage and endurance associated with mystery-institutions and initiations into the secret lore and practices of the traditional dogmas and cult of the religious life. In our opinion these persistent and striking phenomena of the religious life cannot be explained simply by the influence on the individual of society in religious congregations. There must have been first of all powerful psychical experiences, ecstasies, trances and so forth, among individuals; a priesthood of some sort must have arisen before a cult could be established. It is exceedingly difficult to believe that the simple fact of men herding together led them unconsciously and automatically to evolve religious rites. It is less difficult to think that one or two were seized privately, and that when this got known the people were intensely stirred at the sight and that the *mana* spread by contagion. That religion first arose in the common fact of psychical ecstasis and the intensification of life and consciousness, is the most simple hypothesis; that religious doctrines and regulations and rites arose from the visions and utterances of the possessed is also not difficult to believe; but that such visions and utterances were solely due to the subconscious of the individual or the collective sub-conscious of society is precisely the point that no one who has had any genuine religious experience will admit without grave reservations. For such an one there is always in genuine religious experience something 'more' that remains after we have eliminated the necessary medium of transmission. It is true that the subconscious of the individual is a sufficiently extensive puzzle for the most determined psychologist to tackle, and that the subconscious of society, which can of course to-day be extended to the whole of the human race, is at present an unimaginable chaos of possibilities, and that the two together may be found to account for very much that has hitherto been regarded as due to genuine religious inspiration; but the inner

spiritual growth and the genuine moral development of the individual are no more to be ascribed solely to these causes than is the growth of the animal or plant to the purely mechanical physico-chemical forces acting from without on matter. The life-principle, the agent of natural growth, acts from within; it is directive and synthesising; and in this direction we must look for an explanation, not only of what is true and of value in the religious life, but of the modes and forms it has assumed in the long history of its evolution.

MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF THE FUTURE. By Ricciotti Canudo.
Translated from the Italian by Bernard Coulan. London
(Foulis); pp. 53; 1s. net.

IN the whole scale of consciousness arising from and leading back to the sheep-ego, the ego that forms itself into flocks without directing its own unity, and invites the shepherd, the sheep-dog and ultimately the butcher to control its fate, Canudo can find nothing—nothing but a great weariness of sheep demanding oblivion. He does himself an injustice, I think, when he calls it self-oblivion, for he is not a sheep. But for all that he has not discovered he is a man.

"In a word," he writes (page 7), "we require that power of oblivion which religions at all times have reserved for their faithful and to forget the whole world without, in which our Will directs badly or not at all. We require to mingle with those vast inner waves of the multitude in perfect spiritual communion and thus receive from it an ocean of strength."

It is as though he said: "We must forget we are directed by the sheep-dog—badly or not at all by ourselves. But let us remember we are in a flock and bleat together in harmony that we may forget his barks."

"For the value of life," he continues, "does not consist as some would pretend in a certain relation between ourselves and the things of the material world, but rather in the concentration of our highest tendencies towards some vast synthesis of our desires."

Canudo here distinguishes between, and contrasts, two things which are identical. Already we concentrate our highest, or at least our strongest, tendencies towards some vast synthesis of our desires, and the result is the material world and our relation to it. If that relation does not satisfy us, it is that our highest

tendencies remain but tendencies, and that we do not know what we desire either as units or as a whole.

We cannot separate our highest tendencies from our strongest and use æsthetic as a drug to give oblivion of the latter. If our strongest tendencies are those of acquisition, possession and retention, we can no more escape them in music than in morality. Nay, if it were possible for music and morality to change places in regard to the importance of their bearing on our lives, we should soon have a law forbidding indirectly no doubt certain ranges of musical emotion to the poorer classes, and be claiming patent rights for the discovery of lost chords.

"To-day," says Canudo (page 15), "our force of artistic abstraction has been so transformed that we can conceive of a Religion that has no definite precepts nor any human standard, a Religion that possesses neither spiritual outline nor form, nor expresses any idea of collectivity."

To such absurdities of noble revolt is a fine spirit driven by a religion which has identified its form with the outlines of a decaying past, and fits its precepts to one great end, that of remaining a parasite to any materially-minded collectivity which will act as its host. For the truth is that a human standard and spiritual outline are as much a part of all religion as the laws of harmony are the basis of all music, but that the standard set by what we call religion denies or ignores whatever in its own professed creed is truly human and substitutes a standard not for men but for sheep; and the outline it reflects is the outline of man's shadow on a whited wall, as he stands with his back to the sun.

Again (page 16):

"The contemplation of a Work of Art is a projecting of the personality more or less completely into an *exterior* harmony, and Music is the Art which the most completely imposes this projection, casting over the captive and attentive listener a veil of deep self-oblivion. Presenting to the mind no known forms nor exact concepts, it does not narrow the faculty of sensation to thought or sentiment but permits the listener to plunge to those extreme depths where his personality is drowned."

Nothing in this of *interior* harmony, of exact and conscious remembrance of a larger self as opposed to oblivion of a smaller, nothing of the raising of thought and sentiment till their contradictions melt in a higher reconciliation, no suggestion of the cruel wastefulness of a process of creation which evolves through æons

separate self-conscious personalities to drown them at last in an indefinite abyss of sensation. All is negative, and with what horror must the captive and attentive listener find himself freed from his projection into the exterior harmony, without chart or star for his self-guided return, to awake in a world "where all communication with the ideal is excluded."

Is there no rhythm in the human emotions as they arise in the human breast, that acted on fearlessly and faithfully in scornful defiance of the morality that would repress the nobler chords, can make a music within, slowly sweeping the timid halting notes of life into its harmony, heightening every human sentiment, clarifying every human thought, raising the personality to its conscious place in a harmonious whole instead of drowning it in a tide of sensation, which must ebb with the outer stimulus that gave it birth? I think there is, and that it is we who kill this rhythm because we will never give it freedom to vibrate. I think the religion of the future will be the music of the harmony of human souls, each note harmonising with each as it becomes more perfectly and consciously itself.

"Truth is within ourselves ; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.

. . . And to know
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

The condition of escape is absolute freedom to be oneself. But every day the individual self is more dragooned and docked of what little liberty remains; in time of peace to try to atone by some cumbrous soulless organisation for the lack of individual love, in time of war to force all to subscribe to a meaningless impersonal hate. For hate should be personal, limited to the prevention or the punishment of the limited personal wrongs, which alone can give it rise. In the nature of things hate is limited and personal, love alone is infinite and universal. By our vast systems of interfering with the personal explosion and dissipation of hate as it arises, we suppress and compress it, till every man among us is half coward, half liar, and every judge, soldier and policeman is a parasite living on the vicarious hate that we have swollen and inflated to feed them. We pay and coerce vast armies to hate for us, and love is starved away into little stuffy corners of

marriage or corrupts over festering areas of prostitution. Would we not see, if we dared to look, that our whole civilisation is a mean lie with its plea of bringing peace and order for their own good to savage races? Would not its very ugliness tell us so, if we trusted our instinct? We suppress their hates to the mean trickery by which we give vent to our own, and raise armies of them to swell our own forces of vicarious haters in a cause that is no concern of theirs.

Can it then all be evil, this boasted civilisation, our progress not progress at all but a cumulative decay, fast reaching the limit when it is no longer tolerable on the earth? In its *forms* I believe it is no less. But when the form is about to break up then is the time to look for the spirit to emerge.

What awful sin of man in the past could have worked itself out to such appalling consequences, or, if you will, what god-like destiny in the future, evolved for himself through his own error and pain, can need such a birth-bed? In all the ugliness and hypocrisy of man, growing to meaner cruelty and deadlier, more soulless destruction, as in the process of civilisation he has taken the weapon of physical force out of the hands of the strongest to put a subtler sword into the hands of the most cunning, where can we look for a liberation to balance his enslavement, a revival of the proud manhood he has so nearly lost, a noble object and employment for the subtlety he has attained? Where, but in woman. In many types of her, bought by the very greed and hypocrisy that, if we look at the outer form, have debased man and brought the man-made world to inglorious collapse, we find, growing like priceless orchids in a miasmal swamp, women so fine that they respond to the finest vibrations of the world of the soul, —women whose sheltered pampered lives, surrounded with every circumstance of elegance and art, have dowered them, though they know it not, with a sensibility which is the aim of all evolution, for it is the condition of the coming harmony of souls. A few more years, a few more decades at most, and these women will find, to their own intense surprise, that they are the guardians of the knowledge, or rather the possibilities of knowledge, for which the world is waiting. They will be the priestesses of humanity. Their desire will no longer be to the man but through the man, as their trusting and trusted agent, to the reordering of the world, of which, since the soul underlies all matter, they best know the constructive laws. And the penning of them in little velvet pens, the trampling on their freedom, the subordination of them as

instruments to man-made ideas, will seem as blasphemous and as impossible as human sacrifice. In them slumbers near to its waking that tender sensibility to the essence of every created thing that can enter into its being, which is love. With them lies the solution of the myriad questions unanswerable by science, which must be seen from their centre, the liberated intuition, to be solved. And they will extend over the whole range of life slowly, very slowly at first, but with gathering momentum, that intensity of consciousness, that melting of the personality not into annihilation but into a greater being, which no man can reach but in the flame of a love for one of them, yet a flame which must spread or die, and which morality as we know it will not suffer to spread.

The flame must spread, but how? "A cult based on Music," says Canudo (page 44), "must also be a cult consecrated to the image of Fire, for nature exists in eternal striving towards the condition of Fire, towards the freest and most subtle expression of its forces in perpetual fermentation.

"Music alone among the arts can determine the Supreme Communion of Spirits, the complete fusion of a multitude, by breaking through the world of forms and through all the formal restraint that exists between one being and another to project them as it were into an immensity of light and shade, in which they recognise one another through their innermost qualities."

But the complete fusion of a multitude by breaking through the world of forms would be as the fusion of electric wires, ending at once themselves and the current they conduct. For aught but a momentary and fatal incandescence, the wires must not fuse. There is one art alone which can determine the supreme communion of spirits—the Art of Love, the art of which the mastery is to make the outer form the subtlest and freest expression of the informing spirit, and to penetrate not in spite of, but by means of, the outer form to the innermost qualities of other spirits, each at its planetary distance. A time will come indeed when the old *collective* outer forms, which cramp and warp the growing individual spirits, will burst into a thousand fragments, but the nuclei of the new unities will be those individuals conscious enough of their own spirits to recognise their kin, those women whose beauty reflects most fully the harmony within, and those men who can interpret to them most ably the laws and uses of the power they possess.

J. R. W.

INDIAN THEISM.

From the Vedic to the Muhammadan Period. By Nicol Macnicol, M.A., D.Litt. London (Oxford University Press); pp. 292; 6s. net.

THERE is no doubt that during the last quarter of a century a very great change has come over the temper of Christian missionary activity in dealing with the great religions of higher culture in the East. Men of good will in increasing numbers are beginning to realise that the old methods have no hope of success. The old crude notion that the Heathen were and had always been in spiritual pitch-black darkness has been rudely shaken, and at long last the very elementary lesson has been learned that if missionaries would win a respectful hearing they must show that they possess some knowledge of the high faiths they presume to better. As in the fields of science and philosophy the chief problems have been brought into ever clearer definition and refinement, so in the field of the comparative study of religion the problems are beginning to be more clearly envisaged and more adequately estimated. We therefore welcome the series of volumes in preparation which will be published with the general title 'The Religious Quest of India,' under the editorship of Mr. J. N. Farquhar, Literary Secretary of the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations in India and Ceylon, and of Dr. H. D. Griswold, Secretary of the Council of the American Presbyterian Missions in India. They will include, in addition to the first volume now under notice, volumes on 'The Religious Literature of India,' 'The Religion of the R̥ig Veda,' 'The Vedānta,' 'Hindu Ethics,' 'Buddhism,' 'Jainism' and 'Islam in India.' The motives of the writers are clearly stated in the general programme of the series. They say they will endeavour to work in 'the sincere and sympathetic spirit of science.' Nevertheless their main object is not to treat their subject-matter from a colourless impersonal standpoint; but to seek to set forth each form of Indian religion by the side of Christianity 'in such a way that the relationship may stand out clear.' Christianity is to be the norm and standard of comparison, for they declare unhesitatingly that "Jesus Christ has become to them the light of all their seeing, and they believe Him destined to be the light of the world." These two motives seem to be contradictory; but the writers contend somewhat illogically that the second reinforces the first on the ground that "they have found that he who would lead others

into a new faith must first of all understand the faith that is theirs already,—understand it, moreover, sympathetically, with a mind quick to note not its weaknesses alone but that in it which has enabled it to survive and has given it its power over the hearts of those who profess it." Now although in our opinion this method of treatment falls short of the genuinely unprejudiced comparative study of religion, it is an enormous advance on the indiscriminate barbarous bludgeoning of every item of other men's most sacred beliefs which so long obtained in missionary circles. The old way was precisely the same as the methods of modern German 'frightfulness' as a preparation to impose their '*Kultur*' on an unwilling world. The new method is milder natured and would adopt some measure of consideration, some decency of behaviour and exercise of courtesy in religious warfare. In brief the old rage to slay and spare not, man, woman or child, is making way before the more humane ideal of a chivalrous contest. But what the writers do not seem to see is that it is precisely 'Christianity' itself that is now on trial more than any other faith. The present volume was written before the war; but even without the horrid spectacle of 'Christian' Europe in death grips, surely we have all of us long enough felt that it was vain to boast ourselves of the transcendency of our Western faith and its superiority over every other form of belief, when we saw that among all the nations professing this faith the reality of the spiritual life was receding ever further and further into the background of human endeavour. What then are those who are so anxious to convert men of other faiths to our Western ideas and beliefs to answer the Eastern men of religion who can so well retort: "Physician, heal thyself"? The best way to win their confidence and respect is first to set our own house in order and heal ourselves.

Dr. Macnicol is a liberal-minded Poona missionary and his survey of Indian Theism is a scholarly and careful piece of work; and when he comes to summing up in his last chapter of 'Criticism and Appreciation,' he starts with a high and noble declaration, that could hardly be bettered. He writes:

"Our task is that of the historian. As we listen to the poignant cries that echo through the temple of mankind we may compare and contrast them; we may estimate their religious value; we do not condemn. We do not say that to understand all is to forgive all, for to forgive is not the province of the investigator, nor indeed of any fellow member of the same human race

that uttered itself in these hopes and fears. But to understand—not all, for that is impossible, but some of the long travail of the human heart in its search for God, and especially to understand something of the travail of the Indian spirit as we can discern it through the dust and haze of centuries, is to have every instinct of easy criticism changed to sympathy and deep respect. We watch with reverence the age-long striving to draw near to God, to find assurance in His fellowship. But where He has been found most fully and men's hearts have been most fully satisfied—that we recognise as the central shrine—there is the place of His richest revelation. Without censure and without dogmatism we have to endeavour to understand why He is present here rather than there, why He is found by the saint that seeks Him along one road, while He is only a dying echo of His own cry, a shadow of His own desire, to one who seeks Him by another."

This is excellent; but who is competent really to judge? Who is to say of knowledge that the Christian saint has come nearer and is dearer to God than the saints who have sought God by other paths? No mortal has this competence, and it is therefore vain to set up the Christian saint and his way as the standard and norm of sanctity. And yet this is what Dr. Macnicol does in all his valuation. The Christian hope of fellowship with a personal God is the supreme moral ideal; every view of deity savouring of pantheism leads to a spiritual desert, he declares. The certainty of the inevitable result of self-purification and right action is a delusion; all is contingent on the grace of God. It must be confessed that these opposed views are very difficult to reconcile; but we have always been buoyed up with the hope that the truly spiritually experienced realise a truth that transcends such theological dilemmas, beyond the reach of the logic of the schoolmen.

The dogmas of karma and reincarnation, which are common to well-nigh every form of Indian theism, are exceedingly repugnant to Dr. Macnicol. Nevertheless they cannot be so easily dismissed. As to reincarnation, it is the only doctrine that lightens, at any rate to some extent, the crushing weight of the apparent injustice of the lives of the vast majority, the only hint at an explanation of the extremely unequal distribution of capabilities and environment. Christianity throws not the slightest light on this grave problem; and though we may not accept the doctrine of reincarnation as satisfactory, it at any rate is less irrational than the dogmas of immediate creation and of eternal punishment or reward as follow-

ing on one short life on earth and of the resurrection of the physical body. As to the doctrine of karma, surely it is nothing else than a form of the great principle of causation, that radical determinism which is the ground dogma of all physical research. It is of course the problem of all problems how far this domain of inevitable law can be extended into the moral realm, and what notion of freedom we can formulate in face of the physical facts. But this is the great problem also of the Indian religious thinkers; and as they all without exception seek for liberation from the power of the inevitable round of cause and effect which constitutes the going of the universe, they surely must be given the credit of doing their best to solve the very same problem that is now more and more occupying the attention of the keenest minds in the West. The antinomy of law and grace again is the most difficult *crux* of the philosophy of religion; and the solution must be sought not in making either of these high concepts absolute, but in seeking a spiritual reconciliation. From the absolute theory of grace a step forward has been made by the so-called 'monkey' theory as set forth by one of the two schools of the Shaiva Siddhānta. The young of the monkey clings to the mother and is so carried along. The absolute theory of grace is known as the 'cat' theory. The blind kitten is utterly passive when the cat carries it about in its mouth from one place to another. So also with regard to law; determinism is not absolute but is the means used by freedom to bring about a higher state of realisation.

In conclusion, however, we repeat that we welcome this series of volumes on the Religious Quest of India. They will, we hope, help to bring to clearer definition in a courteous spirit very many points of similarity as well as of contrast in the various forms of faith in India and in Christian theology. This is a decided step in the right direction; for hitherto almost the entire efforts of missionary controversy have been to stress the contrasts and to create difficulties and antagonisms even where these really did not exist. But in order that there may be a really fruitful outcome of this form of comparative study of religion, it is necessary that India should do her share of the work. If men of religion and thinkers in India persist in a policy of silence, if they do not think it worth while to bestir themselves to review their own rich spiritual heritage, sift out the wheat from the tares, and vindicate the value of what is good in it, in answer to the challenge of those who have taken the trouble to study the scriptures and theologies of India from outside, they must be prepared to let the

case go by default in the open court of general human appeal. They cannot expect Western minds to champion their case while they look on lethargically, or at best quote favourable Western opinions on their religious heritage against unfavourable Western judgments. The world stands terribly in need to-day of every scrap of spiritual help it can obtain from every tradition; and India, who has shown herself so rich in the past in religious activity and in the creations of spiritual genius, has in this respect a high duty to fulfil to the world more native to her ability than any other form of activity in which she is engaged.

THE WAY OF DIVINE UNION.

By Arthur Edward Waite. London (Rider); pp. 332; 7s. 6d. net.

IN dealing with this book by Mr. A. E. Waite, who is so well known as an able thinker and accomplished writer upon what may be called the Secrets of the Soul, we must first define its aim before we consider his achievement. The sub-title runs: "Being a doctrine of experience in the life of sanctity, considered on the faith of its testimonies and interpreted after a new manner." We further find as mottoes on his title-page "*Est una sola Res*" given as 'Hermetic Axiom' and "*La soif de l'unité*" from Saint-Martin, often described as the Unknown Philosopher. We are also told that this study "takes all Christian Mysticism as its province" and that it may be regarded as the "crown and summary of the Author's life-long studies and personal experience in the Paths of Mysticism." It appears therefore that Mr. Waite proposes to describe the Way of Divine Union through Christianity and to show us how this Union with the One only Thing which is Unity, can be followed and attained by those who seek it in this present age.

But our author seems to us to be as it were oppressed, as well as possessed, with the idea that secrecy dominates the whole process. "Of all ways of experience Mysticism is, however, the most secret," he says; and this view that secrecy is the master-key of Mysticism guides and governs the whole of this most thoughtful book. We should also suppose from his earlier wide reading in 'Occultism' and especially Freemasonry, in which he is an expert and an adept, and his former *Studies in Mysticism*, which are based upon the assumption of a Secret Tradition, that his

large learning has somewhat darkened his vision of the simplicity of the Gospel, as it has assuredly complicated his style in writing. Mr. Waite is himself apparently aware of his own tendency, for in his very first chapter he tells us: "It is obvious that neither the way nor the end of Divine Union is represented by a 'notion of secrecy.'" He then goes on to explain his own position in what some may think a plethora of words, out of which emerges the statement that there is a sense in which "the high doctrines may always be called secret," and this seems to stand out vividly.

Mr. Waite is emphatic in saying that "the antecedents of Christian Mysticism in non-Christian religions, or philosophical systems, are no part of my concern." But then, as if hampered by his own wide reading and full knowledge of these deep matters, he goes on to deal with these very antecedents for many pages and with learned notes almost as if they were the true progenitors of Christian Mysticism. In our opinion he would have made a stronger, because a simpler, book if he had omitted all this and had begun, say, with Pascal's definition of Mysticism as "God known of the heart" or even with the philosophic statement of Professor Rufus Jones that it is an "immediate awareness and intimate consciousness" of God.

For Christian Mystics the Master Mystic is, and ever has been, Christ Himself. "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life" is the great declaration that rings through the Gospel and Epistle of St. John. In the simplicity of St. Francis of Assisi, of Juliana of Norwich, of Angela of Foligno, and of Richard Rolle, to cite a few examples, we see the strength and the vision of "God known of the heart" without any need of antecedents or philosophical bases. We find the same strong simplicity in the writings of St. Paul whenever the man, as mystic, is to be heard speaking out of his own spirit, unfettered either by his Hebrew theology or his Hellenistic philosophy. But Mr. Waite does not appear to us to deal adequately with these, the greatest springs and sources of Christian Mysticism. He seems to us to be always too much impressed with the idea of secrecy, while he also uses the word 'sacramental' in the widest way. Thus he says, "Our personalities in the normal state of life are sacramental," the meaning of which will we fear be certainly hidden from many as too vague for the average man.

In his chapter upon 'Sacramentalism of our Inward Nature' Mr. Waite says certain things which seem somewhat curious in a book dealing with the Way of Divine Union. Thus we read:

'Sex is therefore a great mystery of Grace when it is understood in holiness and where its work is so fulfilled'; and again: "The face of a beautiful woman contemplated with eyes open to the Divine Immanence within her is a way of attainment in God," adding in a note: "I mean that the soul of the beloved is part of the blessed vision. Woman is *sacramentum ineffabile*." In the same chapter he writes that "the virus of celibate life and its assumptions or implicits has disordered the views of Christendom and confused the true issues on the whole subject." Well, at all events, it is a 'virus' that comes down from the earliest Christian times and that did not sap the vigour and vitality of those men and women who stand out through the centuries as having walked and worked in the mystic way, and having 'got there' in the highest sense of Divine Union.

It is a far cry from the theory that "woman is *sacramentum ineffabile*" to the life and writings of the monk St. John of the Cross and of St. Teresa, but the journey is made by Mr. Waite in his bird's-eye view of Christian contemplation. Upon every page of the works of St. John of the Cross will be found numerous quotations from the Old and the New Testament and all his doctrine is based upon their mystical meanings. Our author we fear looks upon these great monastic writings somewhat from the outside, and seems rather to regard them almost as the dead depositories of some secret system instead of, as they are, the living language of a man who thought and suffered and prayed in the solitude of his cell, alone with God, and wrote in the silence of his cloister. He deals with them mainly in the terms of modern methods of metaphysics and psychology and in such a way that St. John of the Cross himself would hardly recognise his own writings. Indeed the whole trend of the book is to fit these intuitions and inspirations of the saintly souls of the great Catholic Christian ages into the framework of a theory founded upon doctrines of which they never heard, and which they would all have doubtless strenuously denied.

We can only touch upon a few points out of many raised by this deeply suggestive book. For instance, as to asceticism, Mr. Waite again finds his strong word 'virus' is applicable. This is a very old question; none of the great saintly mystics ever supported asceticism as an end in itself, but only as a means to the attainment of that Divine Union, which is the subject of this book. We are not going into any metaphysical disputations as to the obvious need of this discipline, which is here admitted. We merely

mention St. Paul's view that it was essential he should bring his 'body,' by which he meant all the passions and tendencies of the flesh, 'into subjection' before he could attain that freedom of soul and spirit at which he aimed in his longing for union with God. No Christian thinker has ever said that asceticism was 'a part of sanctity.' What these men and women have thought and said was that it was a process of preparation for that purity of mind and body which, to them, was an essential to the arising in them of the white light of sanctity, which they all hoped to achieve either here or hereafter. St. Paul's 'subjection of the body' is only his way of putting Christ's own 'Deny thyself,' which He places first in His teaching to all who would walk in His Way, Truth and Life.

Christian Mysticism in our view is, and always has been, as free and open as the air of Heaven itself. There is no mystery about such Mysticism. There is no secret rite, tradition or initiation. The only secret is in the inner life of the spirit of the soul of man in its longing thirst for, and union with, God. This attraction of the spirit which is in man to the Spirit which is God, is known as Grace, and Divine Union is its consummation. There are no set rules or states involved, but there is the Call of the Supreme Spirit to the spirit in man, as shown by the individual temperament and adaptability which can be, and is, cultivated by self-control and suffering and which may only be perfected in prayer.

In one chapter 'Of Soul and Spirit in Man' Mr. Waite gets nearest to the heart of his high subject. But though this is interesting as being modern he does not seem to have desired to deal at all fully with this basic problem, as he is so well qualified to do. He does not even dwell upon the distinction between 'soul' and 'spirit' which he must have seen drawn in his reading of St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa, whatever the official doctrines of the Church may declare. On the whole it has been difficult for us to find in his work, with all its wide knowledge, boldness and even brilliance, any very definite guidance as to what is the precise 'new manner' in which he promised on his title-page to trace out the path to Divine Union. And so, in spite of these deep and fascinating speculations, we must go back to the old and well-worn words of the Master Mystic Himself as still sufficiently pointing the true and only Way of Christian Mysticism: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." There are the three positive principles put

plainly: self-control, suffering, and the following of the Son of Man along the path which He trod in becoming also Son of God.

F. W.

RELIGION AND REALITY.

A Study in the Philosophy of Mysticism. By James Henry Tuckwell. London (Methuen); pp. 318; 7s. 6d. net.

THERE is doubtless no subject of greater interest to readers of **THE QUEST** in general than the high, we might almost say the supreme, object of quest set forth in the title of this volume, and to many this book will be all the more attractive in that the way of approach takes the form of a study in the philosophy of mysticism. There are many books that treat of the lofty theme of mysticism, but few that take up a genuinely 'catholic' standpoint, using the word 'catholic' in its original sense, before it had been narrowed down to a term of theological exclusiveness within the tradition of our religion. Mr. Tuckwell has this 'catholic' spirit, and after reading his book we recognise in his opening words a just indication of the path he has followed and the nature of its genesis. His pages are, he tells us, "the result of many years of careful, persistent and, so far as possible, unbiassed thinking on the subject of religion, in course of which the writer found his mind, steadily, by a sort of compulsion or immanent dialectical necessity, advance, from the strict orthodoxy of the evangelical Christian churches into which he was born, to that universal and inclusive view of religion which may appropriately be termed philosophical mysticism." Our author is very strongly of Glanville's opinion that nothing has done more mischief to religion than the disparaging of the Reason; and so by philosophical mysticism he means "that whole attitude of mind towards religion which results from a discovery of its rational basis and justification where it reaches its highest development in the experience of the genuine mystic."

We are not acquainted with anything else that Mr. Tuckwell has written; and if this is his first work he has begun well, for his present study is in many ways very good. It is well written and is an honest and impartial attempt to get at the heart of the matter; the problems and difficulties are boldly faced and temperately and persuasively discussed and as far as may be steadily thought out; it is also to be commended for eschewing abstruse technicalities and presenting its matter in a form that

the intelligent reader, who has not been through the schools, can follow without difficulty.

In discussing the essential nature of religious experience Mr. Tuckwell finds that the secret of the most characteristic principle in this experience, as declared at any rate in its highest ranges, lies in the feeling of our relation to what is Absolute and Eternal ; in this we find the consummation of the unity of our being, and it is the real existence of this unity of our being, " this principle of identity, this subject, self or ego, this universal—call it by what name you will—that constitutes the foundation of all experience," and therefore of religious experience *par excellence*. At the same time in the development of his subject our author is very insistent upon the absolute character of the experience as transcending while including all limitations of personality. First we have an introductory part in which, after dealing generally with this very important question of the essential nature of religious experience, Mr. Tuckwell discusses some classical definitions of religion and then treats of the relation between religion and the evolutionary process. We then come to the discussion of three great questions which constitute the main topics of the whole enquiry,—namely, What is perfect experience? Is there a perfect experience? Can we experience the perfect? Our author after due deliberation answers these questions optimistically; and in a final chapter, entitled 'Experiencing the Perfect,' enumerates and dwells on some of the main features that are usually to be found in a full and genuine mystic experience. These are: (1) The apparent suddenness with which the experience emerges in consciousness; (2) its almost invariable demand for solitude and silence; (3) the sense of great intellectual illumination; (4) its universality or inclusiveness; (5) its activity or creativeness; (6) its demand for independence and freedom; (7) yet not an arbitrary or wayward freedom, but one bestowing a capacity for reasonable and harmonious exfoliation. If it is reasonable, it is far other than cold ratiocination; for it is a supreme passion as well. Thus it is a truly absolute experience in the sense of a sublime passion supremely rational; in which connection our author quotes several times with high approval Wordsworth's fine line: "Passion which is the highest *reason* in a soul sublime."

And so at the end Mr. Tuckwell sums up his labours in the spirit in which he has conducted his whole study with the assertion of his profound conviction that "Mysticism . . ., genuine mysticism, is no bare, ecstatic, religious emotion stripped of ration-

ality, if indeed there could be such a thing; nor does it, strictly speaking, transcend reason. Rather is it . . . a sublime, rational immediacy in which the elements of thought and feeling, after having diverged and been distinguished in our reflective, self-conscious mind, meet and harmoniously blend once more." Here we somewhat miss the third element of will which is of such great importance. And on the whole some readers may think that Mr. Tuckwell is over-emphasising the rôle of the reason in the great experience; but this is because the main purpose of his book is to protest against the general tendency to disparage it among those who treat of this high matter. In the end, however, he is careful to point out that many pathways lead to the apprehension of the Perfect, such as, for instance, to mention a few of the most typical, those of the thinker or philosopher, of the poet, the artist or musician, as well as that of the saint, which some think to be the only way. There are many ways of approach and no fallacy could be greater than to think there is only one path, though in a spiritual sense of course the way is one. We would even go further and, while agreeing with Mr. Bradley that "there is no calling or pursuit which is a private road to the Deity," would add that every soul has its own private road, for every soul is unique. And so Mr. Tuckwell does well in his last words to write: "In truth, so effluent and all-embracing is the life of God, that in ways far different from the one we tread, in ways perhaps we could not tread, other finite spirits, differently constituted from ourselves, yet moved by the same infinite hunger, have found their way to God and to the peace that passes all understanding."

In conclusion we are glad to say that we have found Mr. Tuckwell's book a very useful contribution to the literature of philosophical mysticism, and we hope it will find many readers.

THE WAY OF MARTHA AND THE WAY OF MARY.

By Stephen Graham, Author of 'With the Russian Pilgrims,' etc.
London (Macmillan); pp. 291; 7s. 6d. net.

IN this descriptive and picturesquely written volume Mr. Stephen Graham continues his studies of Russian life and character, especially as exemplified by the *moujik* and man in the street, in whom he greatly delights, and further devotes himself to a series of sketches illustrating the antecedents and spirit of the national

religion. Mr. Graham is an enthusiast for Eastern Christianity and strongly attracted by the mystical and ascetic element that is still the strongest power in the Russian church,—the most important of all the Eastern churches. Russia is young; but so also is its religion. For according to Mr. Graham: "Christianity is a great live religion still absorbing all that is true in other religions." But if the Eastern Church boasts itself to be Orthodox beyond all others, precisely because it has changed in nothing since the days of the seven Great Councils, it is not easy to see how the claim of continued growth and absorption of the best in other religions can apply to Russian Christianity. The Eastern Church, it is true, has preserved a tradition that carries us back with less change than any other to the fourth century, but that is already a far cry from primitive Christianity; and it is therefore again somewhat difficult to follow Mr. Graham when he writes: "Greece and Russia, and especially Russia, have preserved the direct traditions of the early Church and what Christianity originally meant. With them has remained the spiritual fervour of the hermits" (p. 284). Many would say that that is a phase of the Christianity of the fourth century rather than of the first. But on disputed points of history we will not dwell, for Mr. Graham is not writing a formal treatise on the development of early Christianity; he is dealing chiefly with the soul of the Russian people and the nature of the religious spirit that animates it, and in a graphic and living way that has a peculiar charm of its own. The first part of the book consists of ten sketches picturing 'The Russian Idea,' the nature of which the author thus sums up:

"Russian life is remarkable by virtue of its love towards the suffering, towards the individual destiny; by the absence of condemnation; by faith in life, even if life should express itself in meanness, sordidness, crime; a feeling for the pathos and wonder of life as exemplified in the individual; no love towards 'the State' or man's order, but great love towards the individual and individual instinct; a consequent freedom, amounting at times to seeming chaos, a divine disorder such as the disorder of the starry sky, as opposed to man's order, say the order in which stars might be classified in a book; a disorder such as that of the flowers and shrubs of the forest, rather than order in a formal garden; a belief then in instinctive genius and divination by impulse of one's place in the kaleidoscope of existence" (p. 102).

Here the faith that animates Mr. Graham flows from the belief that "all disorder is a divine order not understood" (p. 107).

There follow thirteen sketches illustrating the main subject that gives the title to the work. Martha represents "the church militant, the church in the world, the church with its vestments and its banners and processions and pageantry." Mary represents "the church contemplative, the ascetic life" (p. xii.). The contrast is further stressed, though the analogy with the Gospel figures is less clear, when Mr. Graham writes: "Martha is always to the fore and splendid, and goes to meet Christ, whilst her sister Mary remains in the background at home in faith" (p. 177). And in general we are told "the purely Eastern aspect of the Church is the way of Mary, the spiritual, meditative, introspective, mystical way, and this is ever the strength of the whole church" (p. 200). Here we have Mr. Graham's leading motive; but these isolated quotations, which suggest many questions, give little idea of how picturesquely the author adorns his theme with illustrations from the popular and religious life of Russia. It is this which is the special feature of the book. Mr. Graham takes us with him on his travels, we see through his eyes the scenes he so graphically depicts and share in his thoughts and meditations. And so when in the third part of his book he comes to speak of the hermits, we are taken with him to the Nitrian desert on a visit to a Coptic monastery, to imbibe the atmosphere as it were from the place itself; for he holds that "a great deal of Russian Christianity came from the Egyptian deserts and had its source in the life lived there by the hermits during the five centuries after Christ" (p. 218).

But however this may be in detail, it is a fact that all the monasteries of Russia are communities of contemplatives, and theirs is the dominating influence in all matters of religion in Holy Russia. We badly need in English a competent history of the rich mystical traditions preserved in the Russian Church and Mr. Graham's graphic pilgrim sketches make us feel this need all the more.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In Thought and Experience. By T. Rees, M.A. (Lond.), B.A. (Oxon.). London (Duckworth); pp. 221; 2s. 6d. net.

THIS book is another of the excellent series of 'Studies in Theology' and it forms the thirteenth volume of this very sound and serviceable set of works issued, as we are told, for 'Students, the Clergy, and Laymen.' Mr. Thomas Rees is the Principal of

the Independent College, Bangor, North Wales. In his Preface he tells us: "I had to confine my treatment within limits defined by the series." So he could not deal, as he would have wished, with the development of the idea of spirit in general from primitive times down to 'the modern view of self-conscious personality.' Nor does he go into the doctrine from the side of psychology. But within these necessary limitations Mr. Rees has given us a very clear, cogent and condensed account of the theology of the Holy Spirit and also of the movements and development of ecclesiastical thought upon that subject. His book, which is most neatly and tersely written, will assuredly be of great value to students, to many of the clergy and to all those laymen who may wish to obtain a coherent idea of this deeply interesting matter.

The same qualities are found in his treatment of the Holy Spirit in 'experience.' But here, it seems to us, that Mr. Rees was more hampered by the limits within which he had to work. For when it comes to questions of 'experience,' not only must the doctrines and the official creeds and views of the Church be considered, technically and generally, but we should also take into account the writings of the great Catholic saints and mystics. He refers generally to the mystics from St. Paul downwards, but says that none of them went beyond the traditional teaching of the Church, nor did they associate the Holy Spirit with their own peculiar aims. Now we find in a letter written by St. Bruno, founder of the Carthusians, about 1085, to Raoul le Verd, whom he wished to influence spiritually, these inspiring words: "*N'est-il pas bien beau, bien utile et bien doux de se mettre sous la discipline de l'Esprit-Saint, à l'école de la Sagesse, et d'acquérir la divine philosophie qui seule procure la vraie béatitude?*" This lofty language of a monk centuries ago could not have been improved upon by the most enlightened Reformer, nor can it be now by the most liberal and cultured Modernist of to-day.

Then let us take St. John of the Cross some five centuries later, and we find him writing, in *The Living Flame of Love*, about 1580, very strongly in regard to many directors being 'barriers before the gate of heaven.' After describing a type he goes on: "Such a director as this is one of the blind guides who thwart the Direction of the Holy Ghost." Rising with poetic power and speaking of the soul's perfection of beauty he says: "It loves God by means of God. This is an admirable perfection because, set on fire by the Holy Ghost, and having the Holy Ghost dwelling within it, it loves as the Father loves the Son, as it is written,

'that the love with which Thou hast loved Me, may be in them and I in them.' " We are aware that St. John of the Cross is mainly known by his *Ascent of Mount Carmel* and his *Dark Night of the Soul*, but there is also *The Spiritual Cantic*, while in *The Living Flame of Love* we have a sustained glory of poetic prose in praise of the Holy Spirit of God and of His power as dwelling in the spirit of man.

Once more, take another century and another land, and the Englishman Richard Rolle, Hermit of Hampole. In his *Fire of Love*, written about 1345, we read: "If, in the old time, the Holy Ghost inspired many, why should He not now take His lovers to contemplate the Joy of His Godhead?" Or again: "He that has this joy and in this life is thus gladdened, is inspired of the Holy Ghost, he cannot err, whatever he do is lawful." Surely no higher or holier claim has ever been made by Mystic or Modernist than this call by a free soul upon the personal and interior power of the Holy Spirit of God? We have quoted these passages out of many others equally striking because Mr. Rees writes of Mysticism that it "had little room for the Holy Spirit as personal God in relation to man, at once transcending and inhabiting his soul."

But our main broad point is that, in a work dealing with the 'experience' of the Holy Spirit, a wider view was necessary than is here taken by the author, unless we are to be confined to technical theology. The Catholic Church, as a living communion, includes all its saints and mystics, past and present, striving for light through twenty centuries down to to-day. Their writings, approved by canonisation or in other ways, are a vital part of the whole of its teaching. Probably Mr. Rees did not regard these things as being within his limits. But if the whole range of 'thought and experience' be chosen, as it is by him in his own title, they cannot fairly be left out of consideration.

F. W.

A VOICE FROM THE TREES.

And other Poems. By Charles Herbert Frogley (1876-1914).
With an Introduction by Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A., Litt.D.
(London) Fiffeld; pp. 126: 2s. 6d. net.

THESE poems stand apart from the general run of minor verse by their spontaneity and their freedom from literary self-consciousness. They are written, not from a desire to write, but from the pressing need of finding expression for thought and of sharing it;

and they are in some ways unliterary. The literary atmosphere is absent, while a certain crudeness and *naïveté* that appear at times prepare us for Dr. Wicksteed's statement that "literary influences or suggestions had hardly so much as a secondary share in the impulse that drove him to write"; and we are told that Wordsworth, with whose feeling for nature his own was so strikingly in accord, was practically unknown to him till after his main poem had been published. Dr. Wicksteed, who tells us almost nothing of the author's outward life except the dates of his birth and death, nevertheless presents us with a vivid sketch of a forceful, sincere and independent character; one whose mind, at once philosophical and practical, inclined more to science than to literature; who, as his longest poem shows, had leanings towards mysticism, but nevertheless whose chief purpose, had he lived, would evidently have been social reform; a fearless thinker, with an ineradicable religious instinct; one who can say "the only prayer that serves . . . is life and act," and yet who knows the wisdom

"Distilled of silence falling pearl by pearl
Down from the infinite within his soul" (p. 88).

Nearly all his poetry, we are told, was written out of doors, and all his inspiration came from Nature, especially from trees, "wise, whispering, thought-clad trees," from which "spirit voices" spoke to him, as he walked beneath them; but which, as he writes to his friend, had led him "away onward from themselves to men and women and social tangles."

As a teacher he is not easy to classify. He is a religious mystic, a utilitarian, and a strong assertor of the power of man to win his own salvation. The "rightful priest"

"from within himself doth draw
To sate his brother's need that light of truth
That sets him loosed and free from outer law,
And stands him on his feet, erect and strong,
To serve himself and be his own high priest."

He cries: "Oh, trust thyself to win alone to power!" But it is God, dwelling in man, who is "the very Self of him."

Frogley is at the same time a genuine poet, and when his imagination is given free play, as in the poem on 'Two Cowslips Blooming in August,' we come upon such lines as:

"Surely 'twas here that first the snowy tips
Of Spring's young feet surprised the sleeping sward";

or, in 'Autumn':

"The wizard rooks with jaunty gait
Hard on the ploughman's footsteps wait"—

in which truth and fancy are duly wed together. He has a true insight into child-life, and some of his poems on children, as 'The Blossom,' have much delicate beauty. In his verse form is subordinate to meaning, and the thoughts force the words to their purpose, sometimes rather clumsily, but the thoughts are living.

The proceeds of the sale of the book are to be given to the Belgium Relief Fund.

S. E. H.

THE FRUITS OF SILENCE.

Being Further Studies in the Common Use of Prayer without Words, together with Kindred Essays in Worship. By Cyril Hephher, Editor of 'The Fellowship of Silence.' With a Preface by George Congreve of the Society of S. John the Evangelist, Cowley. London (Macmillan); pp. 230; 4s. 6d. net.

THE collection of interesting papers by Quakers and Anglicans in *The Fellowship of Silence*, edited and contributed to by Mr. Hephher, was very favourably reviewed in our pages last July, and we are therefore glad to have these further studies from his pen. The prayer of silence, both in the sense of prayer without words and in the still higher sense of the stilling of the whole of our lower nature in seeking to realise the presence of the Divine, is an age-long practice of personal spiritual religion. It might be called the innermost prayer of the will,—its self-surrender to the Supreme. But it is not only this high practice either of individual devotion or of self-conquest, which is common to all the great traditions of spiritual mysticism in the East and West, that interests Mr. Hephher; he is specially concerned with the practice of corporate inner silence,—not merely a general external silence in which each individual is inwardly engaged in his personal devotions while following an external silent rite, or when using silently a common set formula of words, but a corporate attempt to achieve silence within as well as without. And this of course is to be not the drifting into a state of passive quietism, but a very active effort of the will to attain to an intense inner quiet of the whole natural man with the sole object of thus making oneself more responsive to the Divine will, and therefore in a more fit condition to receive moral and spiritual refreshment for the practical work

of life. Those who thus discipline or train themselves, whom we might perhaps call the ascetics of the silence, whether alone or corporately, although at the time of the silence they may have no consciousness of any distinct spiritual stirring, will nevertheless be strengthened and will subsequently come to know they are so refreshed in their daily lives. With regard to the practice of corporate silence, it is claimed that those who when alone are unable to achieve any success in what is so difficult a practice for most people in our over-busy and bustling days, will be helped by the presence of others who are more competent in the matter; in any case in gathering together with a single purely spiritual purpose under such conditions, the promise on which all corporate Christian worship depends will be fulfilled spiritually. There has been much talk about the reunion of the Churches; but how possibly can a common formula of reconciliation be found? Those, however, whose hearts are really right in the matter, need not wait for a formula; they could meet in the conditions of corporate inner silence, and who knows what might not come from such a good beginning? There is much of interest in Mr. Hepher's book; it is written mainly from the standpoint of an Anglican Catholic and therefore is specially suitable for those of his own Church, to many of whom the subject in general is little familiar, and the special practice of corporate silence quite unknown. In these days of confusion and chaos, in the midst of the raging hurricane of overwhelming war, the need of such a spiritually helpful practice is immeasurably intensified. And in this connection it is of great interest to note, as Mr. Hepher points out, that the golden verse "Be still then, and know that I am God" was 'cradled in a war-song.'

THE FAITH AND THE WAR.

A Series of Essays by Members of the Churchmen's Union and Others on the Religious Difficulties aroused by the Present Condition of the World. Edited by F. J. Foakes-Jackson, D.D. London (Macmillan); pp. 261; 5s. net.

WE have here ten thoughtful essays by distinguished writers who, as the editor says, are all at one in acknowledging that "the Christian Church, in the widest sense of the term, has not yet risen to the occasion," and all genuinely desirous to help to strengthen those whose hearts are failing amid the dangers and perplexities of this terrible cataclysm. Three essays deal with

the subject of Providence in various aspects and are written by Prof. Percy Gardner, Miss Alice Gardner and the editor. Dr. Hastings Rashdall treats of the Problem of Evil; Dean Inge writes on Hope and Prof. A. E. Taylor on the Belief in Immortality, while Principal Burroughs takes as his subject Faith and Reality. It is difficult to select from or summarise papers so full of earnest thought. We next come to Mr. C. W. Emmet's careful treatment of 'War and the Ethics of the New Testament,' with the general conclusion that the key-sayings refer to private enemies or persecutors or opponents of the Church, and there is nothing to suggest that international relationships were ever thought of. Canon Glazebrook attempts to answer the difficult question 'What is a Christian Nation?' and comes to the patent conclusion that there never has been one. Finally Dean Hensley Henson suggests how some of the problems that will confront the Church of England after the war may be met. Such an important volume deserves a lengthy review and we are sorry not to be able to do it greater justice than is possible in this short notice; it is certainly a book that all Liberal Christians should read.

THE GREAT RETURN.

By Arthur Machen, Author of 'The Bowmen,' etc. London (The Faith Press); pp. 80; 1s. net.

THE widespread interest in the controversy about the 'Angels of Mons,' the part played in it by Mr. Machen's graphic story of *The Bowmen*, how he wrote it and how his picturing returned to him on the wings of popular rumour, will doubtless make many turn with curiosity to the pages of this later effort of his creative imagination. Mr. Machen has set himself this time to speculate on what might happen were there a manifestation of the Holy Grail to humble folk of the modern world; to this end he has constructed a graphic story of strange happenings in a small sea-coast town in Wales. It is skilfully written and there are at times passages of great beauty in the narrative. There are also intimate psychological touches here and there which are distinctly good; but there is nothing quite so natural and surely analysable as the association series in the 'Angels of Mons' incident. That was very good; and perhaps this is one of the reasons why some who still wanted to believe this special story a genuine vision, in spite of the categorical statement as to its genesis,—and this

quite apart from all question of other visions, of which doubtless there have been very many among the troops of all the belligerent nations without exception,—started the theory that Mr. Machen must have been impressed telepathically by a vision that had already been seen.

WAR LETTERS FROM THE LIVING DEAD MAN.

Written down by Elsa Barker. With an Introduction. London (Rider); pp. 318; 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is a sequel to *Letters from a Living Dead Man* which were noticed in our pages in the July number of 1914. We are now told the name for which the 'X' of the Letters written automatically by Miss Elsa Barker stands—namely the late Judge David P. Hatch of Los Angeles, California. This fits in well with the nature of the psychical complex within which the communications move, and the main notions of which are familiar to readers of modern Theosophical literature. The previous volume, we are informed, has been widely read; and seeing that the present collection of Letters is on the War and purports to tell us all about its psychical side, it will doubtless obtain a still wider circulation, for rumours of and from the unseen world have ever had a special fascination for the human mind in time of war. Here, however, as might be expected from the previous Letters and the psychical environment to which they belong, we have not a recital of rumours or vague probabilities, but series both of objective and of dogmatic statements of a very detailed nature. No one can complain of their vagueness; they are only too precise. But the innumerable problems to which they give rise and the whole question of this earthly order of psychism cannot be discussed in a short notice or even in a long review. The subject is of a most complex and mixed nature and hardly anything can be said of it without qualification, unless one belongs either to the utterly credulous or to the radical sceptical type of mind.

APRIL NINETEEN-FIFTEEN.

By Henry Bryan Binns. London (Fifield); pp. 31; 1s. 6d. net.

THE poem which gives its title to this slender volume consists of thirty stanzas in free verse (one for each day of the month it celebrates) and is preceded by six short 'Preludes in Winter.' As

usual, Mr. Binns is at his best in pictures of external nature, and in these occasionally gives us lines of considerable beauty; as, for instance, of a larch wood bursting into leaf:

"Now doth a green
Wonder descend like rain through the larch-wood.
The spears thrust out a thousand slender arms
And catch the lovely luminous gossamer
About them, that, as they touch it, vanishes not;
Their touch is magical and holds the dream" (p. 19).

There is however a lack of sincerity in the self-conscious moods, and such philosophy as the poem contains is superficial.

S. E. H.

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME.

A Study in Failure. By Florence Nevill. With a Preface by Prof. T. K. Cheyne. London (Robert Scott); pp. 54; 2s. net.

THIS little study is in the form of a story that tells how a brilliant doctor of the materialistic school was laid low by an incurable lesion of the spine and was saved from suicide by the simple faith of a little child. The late Professor T. K. Cheyne speaks highly of it, and there is promise in it of future good work from the pen of Miss Nevill.

THE LADDER OF REALITY.

By W. Scott Palmer, Author of 'A Modern Mystic's Way,' etc. London (Watkins); pp. 175; 2s. net.

THIS is the most recent little volume of Mr. Watkins' delightfully printed series of mystical studies and meditations. Admirers of 'W. Scott Palmer's' former writings will welcome it; it is, however, not a treatise carrying out in systematic manner the fine idea conveyed by the title but a series of twenty meditations mainly on subjects suggested by great texts from the Gospels and Epistles.

(Owing to the enormous rise in the price of paper and the Government regulations restricting its use, the number of our pages has been reduced by a signature (16 pp.)—ED.)

THE QUEST.



CERTITUDE AND TRUTH.¹

Prof. ÉMILE BOUTROUX, Membre de l'Académie.

CERTITUDE and truth : are not the terms equivalent ? Do we not say almost indifferently : I am certain, this is certain, that is true ? Can one really be certain of anything else than truth ? And does not truth, once perceived, produce certitude ? What is it after all but philosophical subtilty, to regard as a problem worthy of consideration the relation between these two terms ?

Doubtless there have been times when philosophers have created fictitious problems ; they would like to understand as well as to know. This need, really a very difficult one to define, torments them greatly. Often too the concepts, apparently very similar, which they bring together in this way, are like statues which express no astonishment at finding themselves neighbours in a museum, whereas the originals in the world of realities fight and destroy one another. Think of the words 'faith' and 'belief' : they appear synonymous ; and yet those who in the world of religion set

¹ The original of this Address was delivered in French to the British Academy as the First Annual Philosophical Lecture of the Henriette Herz Trust, on Dec. 9, 1914.—Ed.

faith above beliefs, cannot act in concert with those who regard dogmas as more important than faith. Who knows but that it may be the same with the words 'certitude' and 'truth' which, judging by the dictionary, would appear to differ only as the convex and the concave side of one and the same curve?

I.

It must be acknowledged that the first impulse of human beings is not to set themselves this problem. In ordinary life we trust to our certitude, of which we are quite conscious, and we admit—without too closely asking ourselves if we have the right to do so—that to any firm conviction there corresponds the possession of some truth. As proof of an affirmation we often hear such an argument as: I am intimately persuaded, I am firmly convinced that the thing is so. In Germany more particularly we continually hear in ordinary conversation the formula: *Ich bin fest überzeugt*.

And yet it happens that equally energetic affirmations may, in fact, be contradictory and consequently cause disputes. Then men endeavour to justify their certitude by arguments less personal than their simple conviction; they endeavour to prove that it is based on truth. In practical life, more especially in the moral order of things, it is frequently very difficult to induce our opponent to accept our reasons. Beset by arguments from which he cannot escape, and reduced to silence, he will often persist in his opinion, not always from obstinacy, but because he believes in good faith that the objections brought against him carry no weight.

Belief in the particular value of conviction seems

to have been widespread during the last century, at a time when romanticism exalted the interior life—faith in intuition as being more certain and penetrating than demonstration. A man was not afraid in those days of being the only one of his opinion. He regarded it rather as a sign of superiority, and almost as a duty, to think for himself after his own fashion and differently from others. He was proud of having convictions of his own and holding to them, whatever revolutions might take place in society. He also regarded it as quite normal that the utmost diversity should govern the opinions of men, recognising the right of each to think for himself and defend his ideas both with the written and with the spoken word.

Humanity, however, cannot be content with a dilettante kind of life. The doctrine of individual conviction, which gives rise to brilliant oratorical jousts in lecture-hall or drawing-room, is expressed in real life by formidable struggles, by revolutions and upheavals of all kinds. Besides, should we not be forsaking the very idea of truth were we to regard an opinion as legitimate simply because it refuses to give way before contrary opinions?

In the latter half of the nineteenth century a period of individualism was followed by a reaction in favour of unity, of the submission of the human mind and conscience to impersonal truth. Then, as the highest expression of this truth, came science, whose progressive and triumphant march, more than any other intellectual phenomenon, had imposed respect and submission on the minds of men. In it and it alone appeared to dwell the necessary and adequate condition of certitude, of mental coherence, of harmony between mind and heart. There can be no doubt but that the

proposition $2+2=4$ is admitted by all men alike. When humanity comes into possession of like truths in everything, then individual certitude will infallibly give place to a common, a universally identical certitude.

This argument seemed to defy contradiction; all the same, events did not confirm it. In the domain of science, and even in mathematics, it has not been proved that feeling is wholly suppressed by what is called objective truth. But it is mainly in the practical order of things that an appeal to science does not suffice to bring men into a state of harmony. It is not only between the learned and the ignorant, it is between the learned who study the same science, who are brought up in the same schools and practise the same methods, that an understanding seems impossible when we are dealing with moral, social and religious questions. And in last resort men of science in their convictions fall back like other men upon personal certitude, which has its source in other than scientific evidence. It is impossible to maintain that the present age, so frequently called the age of science, is characterised by a perfect and universal harmony of mind and will.

Thus we are compelled to recognise that truth and certitude are less closely connected than would at first sight appear. Persistently to seek for certitude is not always a good way of attaining to truth. The need of certitude is impatient; it tends towards a mental state that is absolute and unshakable, that is felt to be personal and even meritorious. Truth, however, as a rule is very difficult to lay hold upon. It can be won only by degrees, partially and provisionally. So that if we are determined to acquire certitude at whatever

cost, we are frequently compelled to regard as known and proved that which in reality is not so. Reciprocally, the man who above all else seeks after truth, the characteristic of which is that it exists *per se* and is imperative on all minds alike, is led to repress his individual desires and impressions and be content with an adhesion somewhat abstract and impersonal, always imperfect and always modifiable, bearing upon objects far removed from those that interest our human life; and such an adhesion has but a slight resemblance to what we call conviction and certitude.

Truth and certitude, then, are really two things, not one thing under two aspects. And it is incumbent upon the philosopher to find out if this duality is radical and irreducible or if these two terms, in spite of their differences, are inseparable from each other and capable of harmonious combination.

II.

One solution of the problem which seems to result from the critical study to which the human mind has devoted itself in modern times, is dualism, of which Kant has given a remarkably clear and profound formula. From this point of view certitude and truth are radically distinct from each other. They depend on two faculties which seem to be in juxtaposition though really they move in two different worlds: intellect and will.

Intellect deals with the world of phenomena, with the objects presented to us in time or space. It determines the constant and universal relations between these objects. Thus it acquires a sum total of propositions which express the permanent groundwork of the things given, and which thereby are impera-

tive on the minds of all without any possibility of dispute. This sum total of propositions corresponds to what men mean by truth.

The world, however, of which this truth is the essence, does not exhaust the real and the possible. If it supplies the human mind with an object proportionate to its power, it does not satisfy the will, whose ambition is to realise an order of things of a moral nature, *i.e.* one based on duty and liberty. The world of intellect, which implies wholly mechanical and geometrically necessary laws, excludes the kind of beings demanded by the will. The latter, then, will turn to another world; or rather, since it finds that it does not possess the power to see a suprasensible world, it will draw from itself, if not intuitions, at all events certitudes regarding a world which is not, but which ought to be, which deserves to be and which will be if the will itself is sincere and energetic enough to realise it. In this creation there is no given truth preceding and determining certitude. The latter is primary, like the will, of which it is the perfect form. It is the cause of duty and freedom, of God and the moral order. I will freedom, said Kant, therefore I will duty, the existence of God, immortality. It concerns me but little that the world of sense offers no place for these things; my will opens or creates for me quite another world which my senses cannot cognise, though they cannot dispute its reality.

Thus appears to be justified the juxtaposition, without mutual interpenetration, of certitude and truth—a clear and convenient system, to which in practice appeal is made more frequently than one would think, though a close examination shows that it offers serious difficulties.

It would undoubtedly be absurd to dispute the highly moral character of Kant's philosophy. The author of the *Critique of Practical Reason* and of the *Metaphysics of Ethics* strongly advocates respect for the human person and the subordination of instinct to reason. But then, as Edward Caird, Master of Balliol, has shown, Kant did not regard dualism as the final word of philosophy. To his mind all separation was the prelude of a reunion, which he intended to effect by examining more profoundly the nature of things.

Still, investigations of the type of the *Critique of the Judgment* are abstruse, and we prefer to keep to the initial and dualistic formulæ of the system.

Now the notion of duty as a purely formal categorical imperative, *i.e.* void of all content and matter, is singularly dangerous in application. In real life one cannot be satisfied with a purely formal act of willing: something must necessarily be willed, some matter must be fitted into this empty mould. The categorical imperative, however, remains dumb when questioned as to what it commands. Consequently we are led to seek, not in the world of will, but in the other, the visible world, the only one we are able to cognise, for the matter indispensable to the attainment of a real act. The two worlds, however, the physical and the moral, are by hypothesis wholly heterogeneous and unconcerned with each other. Hence we arrive at the following conclusion: any act, provided it is performed with the idea of duty, may assume a moral character. No morality or immorality could be attributed to an act considered in its visible aspect, only the form of will in which we clothe it makes it morally praiseworthy or morally reprehensible.

Take, for instance, some action which ordinary

morality regards as cruel, such as the massacre in war of children, women and old men. If this cruelty is purely animal, it is something indifferent. If it is undisciplined, it is culpable, in so far as it is a violation of discipline. And if it has been ordered by lawful authority, it is disciplined cruelty (*eine zuchtmässige Grausamkeit*), a right and meritorious action. The philosopher himself or the sternest of moralists will give this verdict, for in ethics it is certitude alone that constitutes truth, and here the sole object of certitude is the form of the action to the exclusion of its matter.

Such is the disastrous consequence of a radical separation between certitude and truth. Nor is the notion of truth less gravely affected. As all modes of existence bearing on the will are here eliminated from the world of objective truth, the visible world in which we live, nature in the ordinary sense of the word, would seem to have nothing whatever to do with ethics. The moral form is no more than a garment *de luxe* which, when opportunity offers, is superimposed from without. As the world of the intellect and of the natural laws, in this dualistic doctrine, is self-sufficient and impervious to the world of will, it would be absurd to require that man, in so far as he forms part of the visible world, should practise anything else than obedience to the laws governing this world. Hence we are led to divide human life into two parts. On the one hand, it is a moral life, indifferent to the impulses of nature, or rather arbitrarily exalting them into moral acts without considering their intrinsic character. On the other, it is a wholly physical existence, to which no moral qualification could be applied and which is just as legitimate as the first. If, then, a man happens to lack

the grace necessary to pierce into the transcendental world of certitude and the categorical imperative, he is no more than a brute, devoid of will, of dignity and of the sense of duty, an inert and irresponsible instrument of mechanical forces. And as moral effort, indeed, cannot be anything else than intermittent, the man finds himself condemned, as he passes alternately from the empire of duty into that of nature, to fluctuate between systematic obedience to a wholly formal law and the unbridled violence of his coarsest instincts and appetites. Fanaticism or the unrestrained violence of nature: such are the alternatives.

The radical distinction, then, between certitude and truth is inadmissible. Each finds itself incapable of being realised in its essence. Dualism, moreover, clashes with the natural tendency of the spirit towards unity. More especially in Germany is the investigation of a point of view from which it is possible to obtain a synthetic conception of the totality of things, generally regarded as the mark of the philosophic spirit. This is why numerous attempts have been made in that country to reduce to unity these two principles which cannot be separated without compromising both.

The strictest mode of reduction consists in including one of the two terms in the other: certitude in truth or truth in certitude—*i.e.* will in intellect or intellect in will.

The evolution of German philosophy, from Kant to Nietzsche, represents in a remarkable way this dual effort of reduction.

Hegel's philosophy is perhaps the culminating point of thought, developed in the former of these two meanings—the intellectualist. Here the concept of truth and rationality is extended *ad infinitum*, as it

were, by means of a transcendent logic, in such a way as to embrace the whole of the real and the whole of the possible. The individual, the free, the contingent and even chance are not denied, but are considered as instruments, which disappear and fall back into a state of nonentity once they have filled their part in the realisation of the absolute.

In this system science is the one prominent form of all that is. Not only does everything depend on science, but this latter is, at bottom, the first being and the principle of things. To enter into possession of science is, so to speak, to occupy the place of God himself in the universe.

Unless I am mistaken, something of this conception of truth and science is met with in the idea represented by the Science Academy, Berlin. It is called *Akademie der Wissenschaften*, and claims to embrace the essence of art and literature as well as of the real sciences, life and action as well as speculation and theory. Apart from science there is nothing solid or substantial. Such an institution as the French Academy, for instance, whose function is to work at the preservation and improvement of our language, confining its activities to the tactful discernment of the good use of the language by decent folk, would be valueless in its eyes: only the opinion of specialists can, and necessarily does, make rules. The capital distinction we set up between science and literature, between the mathematical and the intuitive mind, is here reduced to a simple specific difference. The genus science, *Wissenschaft*, is subdivided into two species: the sciences of nature or physical and mathematical sciences, and the sciences of culture or philosophical and historical sciences.

What are we to think of such a reduction of will to intellect?

Undoubtedly everything, in a sense, may be an object of science. The human mind taxes its ingenuity precisely in inventing methods which will enable it to subject to scientific investigation the very things which, from their nature, would seem as though they must inevitably escape such investigation. But a science, determined above all else to see things as they are and not as it desires to depict them, should be moulded on reality, and not impose on reality its own rules. In setting itself up as the sole and necessary model of all that is, in decreeing that its formulæ of intelligibility are the principles of being, that there is no difference between the scientifically rational and the real, and that the former is the measure of the latter, science starts by making itself unable faithfully to explain and grasp such parts or aspects of reality as do not come within its scope.

Now the notions which play a part in our life as human beings include those of individuality, free will, real and effectual action. We conceive of human events, undoubtedly, as connected with one another and dependent on the sum total of natural phenomena, but also as capable of manifesting personal initiative, thought and effort, and as therefore possessed of a certain value and influence. The intellectualist system leaves nothing remaining of this element of the real. It sees only a crude phenomenon which must be properly explained; and its method of explanation consists in proving that this phenomenon is pure illusion. In this system the science of culture, as well as that of nature, reduces the individual to the universal, the contingent to the necessary. From this

standpoint the individual can be no more than an appearance devoid of reality. The degree of rationality, perfection and reality of a being is in inverse ratio to the amount of individuality it either contains or seems to contain.

True being, thus crippled by science, might well say to this latter what Goethe's Faust said to the Spirit of the Earth :

*Du gleichst dem Geist den du begreifst,
Nicht mir !*

"Thou art like the spirit thou dost understand, not like to me !"

Science, nevertheless, in its attempt to comprise the totality of being has had, in the case of a Hegel, its powers widened and diversified. Yet this very widening is, for it, a source of weakness. In vain does it strive to maintain on equal terms two types of science : the mathematico-physical and the historical. This is a quite natural distinction when science does not claim to see things as they are in themselves and forgoes all claim to lord it over them. Science, then, is like a familiar language into which we are translating something written in a foreign tongue. If difficulties are encountered, we try to make our own language more flexible so as to model the translation after the text ; we do not modify the text so as to make it easier to translate. But if science is regarded as an absolute entity whose laws are imperative upon reality, that is quite a different matter. Depending upon itself alone, it aims solely at attaining to the most logical and coherent form possible. Now the fundamental idea of science is the reduction of the heterogeneous to the homogeneous, of the different to the identical. But if, from this point of view, we compare together the

mathematico-physical type of scientific knowledge and the historical type, we cannot fail to see that the latter is far more imperfect than the former, far less conformable to the scientific ideal. History considers facts which are never reproduced without some modification, *ἅπαξ γιγνόμενα* (things that happen only once); at most it sets up between these facts some particular relations of causality, without being able to claim that it has discovered those general relations which are called laws. Hence it follows that, from the standpoint of an absolute science, the historical form of science can be regarded only as provisional, and that the physico-mathematical sciences alone are susceptible of perfection. The historical sciences, therefore, cannot claim to retain their distinctive character indefinitely: sooner or later they must be included in the physical sciences.

What does this mean but that the degree of reality ensured to the moral world by the supposed irreducibility of history to physics disappears in a philosophy which develops to the uttermost the doctrine of science as a primary and absolute entity? History, as a radically distinct science, was the affirmation of the reality of spirit, at least as finality, as possible advance towards the ideal. The reducibility of history to physics means that finality is declared illusory, that matter with its purely mechanical determinism is announced as the only true reality existing in the universe.

Such is the final word of the philosophy whose self-appointed task is to reduce certitude to truth, will to intellect, ethics to science, the subjective to the objective. It ends in simply doing away with everything connected with such notions as individuality,

liberty, personality, spirit, consciousness, soul, beauty, morality; it leaves remaining only a world that is strictly material.

In his dialogue *Philebus* Plato long ago warned us how impossible it was to accept the principles of physics as a fitting explanation of the real world. "To understand our universe," he said, "it is not sufficient to regard it as something infinite and something finite, *i.e.* matter and number; there is also needed the recognition of the existence of a cause which is the governing factor in its ordering. And this cause must be intelligent and wise, consequently living and possessed of soul. Therefore thou may'st confidently affirm that in the nature of Zeus, *qua* cause, there dwells a royal soul."

In other terms, truth, if it is to possess that excellence we have every right to attribute to it, must not be conceived of as a thing, a purely objective reality, wherein all life and consciousness would become lost. The subjective also is a principle. Truth wills to be grasped, comprehended and affirmed by a living spirit which endeavours to regulate its action by that of the first being itself. To know is to unite oneself in heart and thought with the creator.

It is therefore useless to try to overcome the dualism of intellect and will by reducing will to intellect. But perhaps we might succeed better in removing the antinomy by attempting to reduce truth to certitude, intellect to will. This path too has been pursued by eminent philosophers, mainly Germans—like Fichte who regards will as the root of the not-self as well as of the self, of perception as well as of effort; Schopenhauer who sees in the world as idea an illusion and a hindrance, from which the world as will, which

is its principle, tends to free itself; Nietzsche who seeks the ideal form of existence in an omnipotent will superior to all law.

This doctrine may be interpreted broadly, will being placed in the foreground, since it is the most characteristic element of our conscious life. Speaking generally, then, it is interior activity, *die Innerlichkeit*, as German philosophers say, that is conceived as alone possessing worth and efficacy of its own. From it alone spring certitude, being and truth itself. The objective does not exist *per se*; it is the form with which intellect clothes the subjective to construct for itself a mirror, wherein its activity may be reflected upon itself in such a way as to exist not only in but for itself. It is reduced to a system of symbols which, to acquire their true significance, must be rethought by a living intellect and by it retranslated into life, action and will. According to this view certitude is the mother of truth. The latter is but the intellectual formula of the will's fixed resolve to affirm itself.

A profound doctrine, assuredly, and one calculated to keep in constant tension the spring of the will. In the case of a Fichte, truth is not a fruit hanging from the tree of science and ready to be plucked. We must create it within ourselves, as it were, by personal effort. Only by willing can we think; the very rule of our thoughts is an act of will. *Im Anfang war die Tat*. (In the beginning was Act.)

What is the value of this doctrine?

It does not really profess to despise the fixed and determined ideas by which the mind seeks to understand the objective, uniform and stable side of the universe. Fichte himself wrote: *Die Formel ist die grösste Wohltat für den Menschen*—"A formula is the

greatest of benefits for mankind." All determinate expression of truth, however, in this system is a simple stage which the spirit strives to transcend in an endeavour to consider truth immediately at its source. Truth is strictly itself only within the untrammelled will in which it creates itself. When Goethe's Mephistopheles, in his pact with Faust, asks him for a written and signed undertaking, Faust replies :

Auch was Geschriebnes forderst du, Pedant ?

Hast du noch keinen Mann, nicht Mannes-Wort gekannt ?

.

Das Wort erstirbt schon in der Feder.

"What! thou also requirest something written, pedant? Hast thou never had dealings with a man, a man's word? No sooner does the word pass into the pen than it expires."

This theory of Faust is but the application of the doctrine of interiority. Here the visible, tangible, definite expression of the voluntary act is conceived as of value only in the eyes of pedants and dishonourable people. A man of superior mind despises and tears up the written engagements he himself has signed; he expects his word to be sufficient.

A bold claim, assuredly! Pascal would have regarded it as beyond the power of any human being. It is dangerous for men, he said, to insist on playing the angel; they risk falling lower than humanity itself. The written formula is clear, lasting and fixed, capable of being interpreted in the same way by everybody. But however strong and sincere, however clear be the innermost decision of the will in the eyes of the one

who has made that decision, it could manifest these qualities to others only if men were capable of direct spiritual communication with one another. As such mystic communication cannot be realised in this world of ours, those who are recommended not to take written engagements seriously are such as are incapable of gauging the meaning and value of the verbal promise given to them. In practice an undertaking made by a man who refuses to bind himself is regarded as a sign that he despises all engagements.

True, the supreme value of sincerity will be alleged ; but then there are two ways of being sincere. The man who speaks and acts in conformity with his caprice, his passion or his arbitrary will, believes himself to be sincere, though he is not so in reality, because he has neglected to enquire if this superficial will conforms with the universal law which his innermost conscience makes imperative upon him. There is no effective sincerity apart from an effort to bring oneself into harmony with one's best self, with that which bends the knee to truth alone.

However subtle be the reasonings employed to advocate the doctrine of interiority as the sole principle of thought and action, it will never succeed in coming within the category of truth. This latter possesses a determination and a fixity, a complete and finite character and a distinctive existence which are to be met with neither in the symbols by which intellect attempts to picture to itself the action of will nor in this will itself.

The truth then offered us by this doctrine is not the truth which men respect and worship. That deeply hidden and interior will which, from what we are told, seems to be its source, is as obscure as it is

profound. It is something essentially mysterious, indefinable, unknowable. There is nothing in common between this will and the formulæ by which we attempt to picture it to ourselves. Where would be the resemblance in a portrait if the original had neither form nor colour?

In practice then the manner in which the interior life of the spirit will be expressed is immaterial. Works are nothing; faith is everything. A maxim is good and true if it is accepted with a sense of conviction, if the will recognises in it its own tendency. All the rules of the true, the good and the beautiful which classic reason has attempted to set up are ineffectual. These rules in the philosophy of interiority are but the substitution of the letter for the spirit, of inertia for liberty, of death for life. The original creation alone, drawing its principle from the absolute will, is beautiful and productive. All works that are original and not imitative, however strange, are true and worthy to be set up for the admiration of men; but every work to the production of which the observance of some rule has contributed is, for that very reason, shallow and lifeless.

Thus deformed and debased is the concept of truth in the doctrine which reduces intellect to will by making of the former the principle of fixed and objective forms and of the latter the principle of the interior life. But we may well enquire if this doctrine is really a term at which the philosopher's effort at reduction can stop.

Will, in this system, is not conceived in any strict fashion. It is contrasted with intellect conceived as the form of static and motionless order; it vaguely contains within itself, however, a certain tendency or

law of development which determines its movement and causes it to become objective in a certain way. Fichte regarded will as containing a transcendental logic and a rhythmic progress which were to supply it with a body. It is from this ill-defined blend of will and intellect that there results the strange property, inherent in Fichtean liberty, of necessarily realising and developing oneself in a certain way. The reduction of the intellectual to the voluntary, however, is but incompletely effected if will which we take as principle is still, in some way, intellect. Man's natural taste for clarity and simplicity, the general tendency of doctrines to reveal more and more distinctly their original principle, have led the philosophy of interiority to assume a simpler and more distinct form which, in truth, Fichte himself would not have recognised.

In the doctrine of interiority will bears within itself a law of development which, of itself, produces intellect and which, indeed, is also something intellectual. A genuine will should be free from this foreign element. Strictly speaking, it should will only itself, set itself up as alone absolute and supreme being, and conceive all other beings as instruments of its own activity. Now thus emancipated and free to become, as fully as possible, what it virtually is, it can offer itself but one object—power. The true voluntarist system is that which reduces both intellect and the so-called moral will to the will turned wholly towards itself, *i.e.* towards force and nothing else.

This is the final expression of the system which identifies truth with certitude. Against this doctrine there is no longer any valid argument. A certitude which admits no other standard of value than force is, by its very definition, not amenable to reason. It

might well take for its motto La Fontaine's famous line :

La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure.

"The reason of the stronger is always the better reason."

How are we to refute a man who declares: "I believe only in force, and I am the stronger" ?

But once a man has reached this point of view, it will be useless for him to attempt to attach a meaning of any kind to the word 'truth.' In vain will he form an idea of force as something that has to produce, of itself, not only a physical but a moral order of things—peace, organisation, civilisation. The whole of this development is from the outset powerless to realise the idea of truth, because, after all, such development is but the multiplication of force, and between force and truth there is a difference of nature. Truth is true, even though misunderstood, scoffed at and prostituted. Its inherent right remains, even if it be devoid of the force necessary to command respect. Instead of taking force for granted and being able to exist only by its means, the culture whose object is the true and the beautiful rises over against force and consents to make room for it in its own domain only in so far as force has been made tractable in the service of right.

If then the doctrine of force defies refutation, it is because it has destroyed everything on its path. *Ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant* ("Where they make a desert they call it peace"). What remains of that which the world calls civilisation, morality, kindness, humanity, once a man has wholly given himself up to elementary forces which destroy indifferently withered leaves and human lives, shapeless stones and the most sacred monuments of history and art ?

Hence, what is the worth of this certitude which considers itself to be irreducible because it has an invincible belief in force alone? It is really nothing less than fathomless arrogance—a sort of challenge flung at reason and truth. Can it be that man should renounce his own nature to such an extent as to abdicate in favour of force however great?

III.

To sum up: neither the separation of certitude from truth nor the reduction of the one to the other appears admissible.

What do we mean by this? Is it one of those problems which are more readily solved by ignoring than by answering them?

Perhaps the only thing to do would be to confess ourselves beaten in our effort to understand and, in answering this question, to appeal to the common sense of practical life, if we had tried all the ways that lie before us. But have we done so?

Up to this point, in treating the subject, we have mainly examined German philosophy. Now this philosophy, in its principal representatives, in Kant as in Hegel, in Fichte as in Nietzsche, possesses one very remarkable *trait* which differentiates it from most of the rest. It eliminates feeling or at all events reduces it to a subordinate *rôle*. What Kant inserts between understanding and will, under the name of judgment (*Urteilstkraft*), is no more than a system of categories, an intellectual apparatus. Unquestionably Fichte regards Rousseau's philosophy as noble and salutary, though only on condition we assign to will the part that Rousseau assigned to feeling. Nietzsche professes to despise sensitiveness, pity, humanity, which, accord-

ing to him, enervate the will. In the problem with which we are now dealing, what would happen if, following the example of most men and in conformity with classic traditions, we were to give feeling a place, by the side of will and intellect, in the production of certitude and the appreciation of truth?

Pragmatism, a doctrine in considerable vogue at the present time and advocated by eminent thinkers, mainly English and American philosophers, appears to regard feeling as the common principle of certitude and truth. According to this philosophy the *ultima ratio* which enables us to regard a maxim as true, is that this maxim, if put into practice, *works satisfactorily*, brings to pass events that please us and fulfil our expectation.

The satisfaction we feel, say the pragmatists, is the principle of certitude, since it gives us confidence in the maxim we have put to the test. Thus a man's good services induce us to have faith in him, make us certain that he is our friend. At the same time, this satisfaction is the principle of truth itself; for if we seek the common element in all the various propositions we qualify as true, we find nothing but the property of keeping the promise they involve and of affording contentment to the mind. Physical truths are truths because by taking them as guides in our relations with the outer world we find ourselves in harmony with that world. Mathematical truths are truths because their demonstration gives us a sense of the harmonious and free expression of intellect.

There is considerable merit in this theory since from the outset it deals with the world of realities. It must be confessed that intellect, of itself alone, only attains to abstractions. And will is but a lawless force, affirming its resolve to impose itself. Feeling is

reality as it appears at first before undergoing any artificial elaboration. Now the philosophy which tries to discover in feeling the principle of certitude and truth, has been called radical empiricism.

Since feeling is, in a way, reality itself, it must be to our advantage to study certitude and truth from the standpoint of feeling. We shall thus succeed in restoring the soul and life to feeling, whereas German intellectualism or voluntarism strive to eliminate them from it.

All the same this system solves the difficulty in too summary a fashion. What exactly is that sense of satisfaction which, according to the pragmatists, should be the sole principle of the notions of truth and certitude?

Taken alone, feeling is but a fact, an indisputable one assuredly from the empirical point of view, and more certainly real than any philosophic system, though all the same powerless, in theory, to establish certitude and truth.

If I seek to define the precise kind of satisfaction it is advisable to set up as a fundamental principle, I destroy the system. Indeed if I say: Every proposition which does not deceive our expectation is true—is it not as though I said: Every proposition which faithfully states a law of nature, which conforms to truth as conceived by our understanding, is true? And if I say: I declare myself certain when the satisfaction I feel dwells in the loftiest part of my being—do I not presuppose the intervention of a will which chooses a certain form of existence and is satisfied when it attains its object?

Lack of precision or a vicious circle—pragmatism finds considerable difficulty in avoiding this dual danger.

It must be recognised that will and intellect are really principles themselves, that they should be considered as existing *per se* and not as simple modifications of feeling. Intellect seeks truth as something which is, and which is only if it possesses the character of eternity. Will is not something given; it is a power which realises itself only by creating and which, if it ceased to act, would also cease to be. Will and intellect, according to this view, are first and irreducible principles, radically distinct from each other.

And yet each of these two faculties needs the other for its fitting development. The certitude to which will tends, will be but obstinacy and fanaticism unless determined by the possession of truth. And truth, the object of intellect, would be devoid of life and interest, a crude fact, a blind and gloomy necessity, if it were not action, the life of an excellent will. God, said Aristotle, is eternal life (ζωὴ αἰδώς). But how will these two heterogeneous principles be able to participate in each other? In proportion as will allows itself to be determined by intellect, does it not abdicate the very liberty which forms its essence? And in proportion as intellect, in giving way to will, accepts the idea of a created truth, does it not prove false to itself? At that rate intellect and will might repeat to each other Ovid's line :

Nec sine te nec tecum vivere possum.

"Neither with thee nor without thee can I live."

Is this antinomy one that cannot be resolved? It seems as though it would disappear if, instead of recognising no other primordial realities than intellect and will, we equally and on the same grounds admit the reality and rôle of feeling.

Alone in presence of each other intellect and will

can make no attempt at mingling and interpenetration without mutual diminishing and crippling. Undoubtedly force and science are capable of uniting; but what remains of will in brute force and how is the life of intellect to be reduced to scientific mechanism? Now if we admit that intellect and will are linked to each other by feeling, we can conceive that they may grow and become enriched through their mutual relations without being faithless to their respective principles. Feeling transforms abstract ideas into motives and interests, and the latter influence the will without compromising its personal and living character. By giving a body and a communicable essence to the inner determinations of will feeling also gives to intellect the fulcra and the ends it needs for the avoidance of dilettantism and sophistry.

Thus life, soul and feeling being intercalated, as an original and first principle, between certitude and truth, these two meet again without clashing with each other. Truth creates certitude in the will, because, instead of being separated from this latter, it receives from it, through the medium of feeling, life and direction, without which it would be only a chaos of abstract possibilities. And certitude is something else than fanaticism and the infatuation of an arrogant will, because it does not rest on itself, but finds, in truth translated into feeling, the appropriate matter it needs to realise itself fully.

Of themselves alone, will and intellect would be incapable of acting on each other. Each of them, however, acts on feeling and submits to its influence; it is through feeling then that they have communication. Hence all effective certitude participates in truth, and all concrete truth participates in certitude.

It is interesting to consider the significance of this doctrine in the light both of science and of practical life.

We readily picture to ourselves the sciences as being less and less inadequate expressions of a truth apart from ourselves ready-made and unchanging, a truth which has only to be exposed just as one unearths a hidden treasure. And, seen from without, science appears to answer to this definition. It first accumulates facts, *i.e.* data conceived as purely objective; then it applies itself to reducing these facts to mathematical formulæ, *i.e.* to quantities exactly transformable into one another. And mathematics in turn seems to resolve itself into logic, *i.e.* into the art of eliciting from a given proposition all the consequences of which it admits.

It must be recognised that such is the aspect of the science which regards itself as complete and is transferred from mind to mind by the method of teaching. But in the men of genius who create it, science brings other principles into play. Strictly scientific facts neither are nor can be given, in the exact meaning of the word. The scientist must build them up by ingeniously combining intuitions which can really never be free from all conceptual admixture, with principles of choice and elaboration which the spirit should seek within itself. The scientist endeavours to apprehend the creative work of nature; consequently, he seeks in nature for thought, life, creation.

Does he ever fully succeed in reducing the data of experience to quantities, the phenomena of nature to mathematical elements? This remains doubtful. Still even were this reduction possible, there would be

good reason to enquire whether mathematics has really for its object an inert thing which need only be analysed in order to be known. The geometrician who truly advances science is in reality dominated by æsthetic feelings as well as by logical considerations. He tries to translate into formulæ living harmonies which spring up from the depths of his soul; *ἀρμονίῃ ἀφανῆς φανερῆς κρείττων*¹—the truth seen by his intellect is also a certitude freely included in his will.

And lastly logic itself, to which certain philosophers would like to reduce mathematics, rests on postulates whose terms and formation can only be explained by attributing them to the action of a will which affirms its existence and maintains it through all the oppositions with which it meets.

Thus the distinctive form of science is undoubtedly as rigorously intellectual as possible; but the truth which science seeks to know is not exclusively scientific. This truth is being itself, and the observation of the way in which science comes about shows that being is both a given reality and a living power of creation. Science states and formulates the result of universal creation in so far as this result offers a certain character of fixity, uniformity and unity.

Nor is practical life less enlightened than the philosophy of science by a correct appreciation of the relations between certitude and truth. Neither the idea of duty nor that of a value inherent in the works which form its matter can be abandoned. But between these two terms there must be the possibility of the conception of some relation. My conviction must aim at a truth, and the truth offered me must touch me and prove adaptable by my will.

¹ "The hidden harmony is superior to the manifest."—Heraclitus.

Now these conditions are realisable if will and intellect are linked together by feeling; and these three powers form a kind of trinity in which the whole is both one and multiple, each being at the same time both itself and the others. Ethics too, without incurring the risk of fanaticism, may raise ever higher the rôle of will, conviction and the idea of duty in human conduct. No longer is will a selfish and brutal despot if its action both can and must be at the same time feeling and intellect. In this respect philosophy justifies common sense, which declares that it is absurd to trample humanity under foot for the purpose of realising the human ideal.

The doctrine to which we have been led possesses the particular advantage that it supplies a solid groundwork for a virtue which people vie with one another in extolling but cannot justify philosophically—tolerance. If ethics were a science on the same level as physics, how could it admit of tolerance? Should we tolerate the denial of the law governing the fall of bodies? And if ethics were exclusively a matter of personal conviction, how could one require an absolutely convinced man to respect convictions opposed to his own? Should we attempt to force him to deny the principle of contradiction?

But if every deep certitude, linked on to a feeling and an idea, has thereby to some extent its roots in truth and reality, and if every truth, especially every practical truth, offers itself to the adhesion of will through the attraction of feeling, it is manifestly unjust as well as ineffectual to persecute and regard as dishonourable one who thinks differently from ourselves. In the first place, that there may not be some degree of truth in his conviction, is unlikely. Then

again, the way to convince a contradictor should necessarily take into account the original power which binds will to intellect, *i.e.* feeling. *Μηδενὶ μηδεμίαν εἶναι παιδευσιν παρὰ τοῦ μὴ ἀρέσκοντος*—"One can learn nothing from a man against whom one has a feeling of antipathy," said Xenophon. The heart has a *rôle* to play as well as the intellect and the will in all moral or mental education, the object of which is to permeate the whole man and not simply to deck him out in a certain costume. If men look upon the heart, as well as the intellect and the will, as an essential and very noble part of our nature, they will not be content to tolerate one another, but will sincerely endeavour to unite and work together for the purpose of realising as widely as possible their own distinctive work—the work of humanity. And whilst remaining men they will not betray the cause of the ideal.

‘Ὡς χαρίεν ἐσθ’ ἄνθρωπος ὅταν ἄνθρωπος ᾖ.¹

"How pleasing a thing is man, when he is truly man!"

ÉMILE BOUTROUX.

(Authorised Translation by FRED ROTHWELL, B.A.)

¹ Menander.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE GERMAN SOUL.

EDWARD WILLMORE.

HEGEL, strangely enough, helps us to see what has happened to the German soul. Nowadays, it is true, it is objected against Hegel that he was obsessed by his dialectic and crushed every fact into his system; or conversely that his system, being theoretical re-statement, may be made to fit anything. Even so the plausible Hebrew vendor of ready-made clothing, although his stock was finite and the diversities of shape and size in the outside population infinite, remained confident in his ability by persuasive and manipulatory arts to satisfy all customers. And indeed amongst the miraculous anticipations of Shakspeare must be reckoned the Hegelian of Touchstone:

“The heathen philosopher when he had a desire to eat a grape would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; *meaning thereby* that grapes were made to eat and lips to open.”

Most of us in youth, however, have been charmed and almost convinced by Hegel; until perhaps we reflected that his art, like that of the writers of to-day's detective stories, depends on his being beforehand in possession of the facts towards which he is working. But he had only a finite series of facts, terminating in his lifetime. The nemesis of Hegel, accordingly, is that of many another German: he is thoroughly blown-

up by his own 'thoroughness,' hoist with his own petard. For he shows a world-process beginning with Barbarism and working up (of course) to Enlightened Teutonism (we might have expected *that*)—but there it ends; and still the world goes on. Recedes the goodly company of minds that escorted Goethe. But Time is incessant, and (as the Child's Primer remarks) "on we go." Hegel desired to demonstrate the Law of Human Progress; and behold, in effect, he has made a closed circuit and sealed up Progress forever. Thus, the circuit having been completely traversed, the world on the Hegelian hypothesis has no choice but to begin it all over again—a thing poor Hegel obviously never meant it to do. Master of a method which defeats its own object, he is like the yeomanry colonel who was given a circus-horse for manœuvres, and who gyrated endlessly before his regiment.

And indeed the world itself, in very fact, seems to be reverting to Barbarism, if we may judge from the fearful example of the Enlightened Teutonism of to-day. Endless recurrence was the nightmare of Nietzsche. Hegel, a man of deep religious feeling, we may acquit of any *intention* to plunge us into nightmare circuits. We may suppose him capable of revising his system, capable of the conception of Swedenborg, that the angels eternally advance to higher perfections; or at east of the thought that men may continually improve, if only asymptotically.

But let us see what Hegel says of Africa, his type of the lowest order of mankind, above which arise successively Asia and Europe.

"The peculiarly African character" (this is from *The Philosophy of History*) "is difficult to comprehend, for the very reason that in reference to it we must

quite give up the principle which naturally accompanies all *our* ideas—the category of Universality. In Negro life consciousness has not yet attained to the realisation of any objective existence, as God, or Law. . . . The knowledge of an absolute Being, an Other and a Higher than his individual Self, is entirely wanting. He exhibits the natural man in his completely wild and untamed state. We must lay aside all thought of reverence and morality—all that we call feeling—if we would rightly comprehend him; there is nothing harmonious with humanity to be found in this type of character.”

“Religion,” Hegel observes, “begins with the consciousness that there is something higher than Man.” The Negroes, according to Hegel, merely look up to the chief and the sorcerer—*i.e.* in to-day’s phrase, the Superman. “From the fact that Man is regarded as the highest it follows that he has no respect for himself”—a keen *aperçu*. “The Negroes,” continues Hegel, “indulge therefore in that perfect *contempt* for humanity which in its bearing on Justice and Morality is the characteristic of the race. . . . Tyranny is regarded as no wrong. . . . In Slavery Man sinks down to a Thing.” The Negro contempt of death in war, he adds, “is really a want of regard for life.” They allow themselves to be shot down by thousands. “Life has a value only when it has something valuable as its object.” Again, a chief will ordain an onset by his troops on friendly cities¹ at the beginning of a war “to excite the due degree of frenzy. . . . Every

¹ It must always be remembered that the Imperial Chancellor at the beginning of the war admitted in the Reichstag that Germany was committing ‘a wrong’ in invading Belgium and promised compensation. The German commander also on the entry into Belgium professed ‘esteem and sympathy’ for the people. Systematic and wholesale arson, rape, pillage and murder ensued, and the war on children.

idea thrown into the mind of the Negro is caught up and realised with the whole energy of his will; but this realisation involves a wholesale destruction. These people continue long at rest [say, from 1871 to 1914!], but suddenly their passions ferment and they are quite beside themselves. The destruction which is the consequence of their excitement is caused by the fact that it is no positive idea, no thought, which produces these commotions; a physical rather than a spiritual enthusiasm."

Perhaps no race, African or other, deserve this generalisation, so necessary to Hegel's thesis. And certainly respect for the men who again and again have accepted the awful task of encountering British armies in the field, respect too for the constantly growing hosts of the unknown German dead, should prevent our applying indiscriminately to Germans the theory of the African contempt for death. Nevertheless to some extent it *can* be applied. Many spectators of the German mass-formations in attack are evidently describing to-day a phenomenon not always identical with simple valour. And the explanation is perhaps partly afforded by the words of Hegel. There is "no positive idea." There is "a physical rather than a spiritual enthusiasm." In other words, there is nothing on their banners. When the Normans came hither in 1066 they brought a popular song—the 'Song of Roland'—about Charlemagne's captain who lost the battle and his life at the Pass of Roncesvalles "because of his excessive sense of honour." Statues of Roland remain in old German towns; but the Junkers must regard him—if indeed they regard him at all—as a curious sort of simpleton.

Wars are of two kinds. There are positive wars,

as the Mahommedan conquests, which were waged for the assertion of an idea; and there are negative wars, as those of buccaneers, which are merely the externisation of the disarray of the world, as aphides appear in a neglected garden. The war by Germany is negative. We ask for the ideal, and we are told: It is Germandom itself. We examine 'Germandom itself' and find nothing new or high, but a blacker complex of our own modernity. The army is worshipped — fatallest symptom; for no army that ever yet appeared in history was anything but an appearance. All depends on what an army stands for. We ask: What does the German army stand for? It stands for itself! Like the State, it is self-existent! Such—incomprehensible as it may seem until we 'get rid of *our* ideas'—is actually part of the German Gospel. The Army is 'power' and the State is 'power.' "The State," says Treitschke, "has no higher judge above it. There is nothing whatever beyond it in the world-history. It cannot sacrifice itself for anything higher. The State is power. On principle it does not ask how the people are disposed." Here it is evident that, in the phrase of Hegel, 'knowledge of an Other is entirely wanting.' Treitschke shouted what the fool says in his heart. Harden the pamphleteer was speaking only the same new language familiar to all the world to-day—though this language was incredible and ignored outside Germany until the War started—when he said:¹ "It is idle to prove that we have right on our side. In the eyes of history the important thing is not to know who began the War, but who won it." This is the voice of Hegel's Negro.—"Say what you like," shrieks that Ethiopian New Evangelist, "the *result* is the

¹ Speech at Frankfort (January, 1915). His tone has since changed.

test." Wonderful! The swarthy one thinks this final. The right answer to him is merely this: "If you succeed, there is an end of Man; but if Man is to continue, there is an end of you."

A simple yet tremendous event has, in fact, happened—a thing disguised by its own dreadful simplicity. It is said that dead cavalymen have sometimes been carried into battle by their horses, and in such condition have been spoken to by those who thought them alive. Here is a whole nation in that condition. Germany is spiritually dead. It is a world-tragedy, immeasurable; ghastly, because not epic. To such a pass has it been brought by the shoals of petty publicists who have followed Nietzsche, and the shoals of little statesmen who have followed Bismarck. Why, as a question of philosophy, a whole nation of modern Man should have thus spiritually fallen, is a question not susceptible of a brief answer. It is related to the general condition of civilized Man at this epoch of the world, a condition which has long been precarious, and is now ripe for enormous change. It may, in detail, be a question whether, in some deep unconsciousness, Nietzsche, essentially a Slav who hated the Germans, did not trick Germany to its doom by substituting the Superman for God, and suggesting that the Blonde Beast should fasten its talons in a population—much as one might tempt a mouse into a trap. The extreme energy and sweep of Nietzsche's mind must be remembered as well as its corresponding morbidity and superficiality.¹

The divine laws, of course, are not moonshine. They are all secular laws also. When Jewish writers

¹ That Nietzsche is superficial will appear on getting rid of *our* notions by which we translate back into a spiritual meaning his always unspiritual formulæ.

of the Old Testament threw out crude and sublime hints as to the nature of the laws that environ men—saying, for example, that the Eternal was a God who loved rectitude and mercy—they were not producing platitudes for sermons, but reporting the conditions of permanent human success. The *aperçus* of inspired genius which we blink over as texts were proved in the hard school of tribal experience. The nations of antiquity all *did* perish when they forgot God.—“With the froward Thou wilt show Thyself froward.”—The accomplished barrister Cicero thought himself wise when he commended the moral and national advantages of gladiatorism, being really ignorant of the psychic laws by which gladiatorism and things like it, repugnant to the Maker of Man, were dragging down Rome to the grave and the pit of the famous nations.¹

“What is permissible,” says the German Warbook, “includes every means of war without which the object of the war cannot be attained.” That which by these infernal means (as employed in Belgium and in France and at sea on the civil population) is being brought towards attainment to-day, is the dismemberment of the German Empire, for an example to the world. Pacifist or non-pacifist, none of us worth the human name would not rather perish, has not already quietly decided rather to perish, than acquiesce in the triumph of so polluted a cause. I do not mean that the Allies must automatically win. What is certain, as sure as God lives, is that the Germans can never *succeed*; because even victory for them with their absence of ideals and with their methods would be a living death for them and for all the nations of the

¹ Cicero's commendation of the gladiatorial shows follows the same lines as Bernhardt's praise of war—if we may be pardoned for comparing the great Roman with a poor tyro in psychology.

Earth. The Hebrew discovery would be vindicated on all of us who submitted. But another danger is deadlock, also leading down.

Let us, before we dismiss Hegel, notice with what sure touch he notes that supreme insolence (*ὕβρις*) against Man which is the generic feature of savage codes: "Man sinks down to a Thing." To keep promises, do right, show mercy, are as necessary to Man as the thyroid gland. Set 'free' from law and from the sense of responsibility to an infinite and living Power, he becomes Hegel's Negro. He then exhibits self-contempt and the correlative contempt not only of persons but of personality itself. Prussia manifests this last contempt by bureaucracy, by the degrading and vile methods employed in the making of her own armies, and by *vicarious punishment* (innocent populations murdered for military defeats, innocent bystanders seized substitutionally to replace escaped prisoners).¹ The true *Schrecklichkeit* is this savage soul which deliberately treats persons as things. This war on personality it is which is the crown of Prussia's offence, the infamy against the race. This it is which William Blake might have described as the especial work and lust of 'corporeal demons.' It is to be distinguished totally from the popular instinct, blind and unreasonable, which wrecks bakers' shops in London, in suspicion of a people whose government can sink the 'Lusitania.' Expressions such as that "men are the children of God" or that "no two persons are alike" are not empty. Our peculiar revulsion at *substitutional* murder means that we perceive it as blasphemy.

Two things may be said of the humblest human

¹ This cowardice also springs, as ever, from fear. The devastation of Belgium was partly intended to deter Holland and Denmark, and thus ensure the lines of communication.

person. First; that he (or she) is an infinite, and a part of an infinite Life, just as an acorn is an infinite, although the mere number of acorns on a tree is finite; and mathematically even this is true, an infinite is by definition that to which, in some sense, *its part is equal*.¹ Second; it may be said that, as God is one, the unity of God expresses itself in each (even the humblest) individual as *uniqueness*; wherefore the Greeks placed the definite article before each person's name. Not consciousness merely, but *self-consciousness*, is implied by human evolution; and there seems little doubt that the Gospel parable around the words "inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these" is a masterly analysis of human personality. Here too is the sound argument against the folly of 'reprisals' on the innocent. No 'reprisal' in the true sense of an equivalent is possible. By attempting 'reprisals' we should but offend the Eternal whence Man comes, and should inevitably in the long run incur destruction by the operation of psychic laws. The temptation to 'reprisals' is in fact one of the ways by which the forces of world-destruction now in play are seeking their ends.

Subordination and discipline—how necessary to men, how necessary to *freedom*! Henry V. can lead his men to choke the breach with their bodies, by individualizing them, by calling them his 'brothers.' That is the olden aristocracy. Falstaff, on the other hand, calls *his* men 'food for powder' (*Kanonenfutter*). That is Prussianism, the denial of personality. Some who know Germany tell us that initiative is not suppressed. Better sometimes if it were. It is between the shafts. The horse's path, if not his step,

¹ This is the strict mathematical definition of infinite quantities. Finite quantities are distinguished by being *greater* than their parts.

is dictated. Bernhardi's books presuppose a Europe of horses. His psychology is that of a jobmaster. The modes and ends of subordination, the competence of rulers, are vital questions. "The insolence of office" and "Folly, doctor-like, controlling skill"¹—to English minds (as Shakspeare's) these tragic oppressions have suggested death as escape. To the German mind submission, rancour or apotheosis occur; and the problem there is common.

Once in Europe the human intellect was menaced and broke from the authority that had it in ward. To-day that which is attacked is the soul—the very self of each individual, and the principle of individuality itself. We are all to be mashed up into a composite soul, in order to glut the demands of that subter-world of the demonic in Man, above which in the past he arose by the æonic struggle that made him Man. An organism grows from a nucleus, type of itself, tool of an idea. Prussia was the German nucleus, and Germany in turn essays its world-flight. It is like caterpillar, pupa, fly. Prince Bernhard v. Bülow, who (as do most upper Germans to-day) thinks like the back row of a young men's mutual improvement society, distinguishes the former "intellectual" work of the Southern German domains from "the sterner business of creating a State." The distinction between intellect and practicality is typical and fatuous. Nothing is sterner than intellect. Shining however at the spur end of man, Prussia, pedant-martinet, has schooled Germany, and now feels uneasy at the lack or aloofness of Southern intellect. It is as if a donkey, having eaten a lark's nest, should expect to soar and sing. Still it is formidable, has met nothing in its

¹ Shakspeare's Sonnet.

drillings of Germany like that which overturned our Stuart absolutism, no authentic spirit (for a Social Democracy bred on the exploded materialism of Agnostics like Marx and Lassalle crumbles into rancour or obedience at the rifle-click), and accordingly, nourished on the commerce it has drilled, it fights to atheize and mechanize Man. The terms of a series in degeneration or disease are not the same as the ascending terms in growth, but coarse travesties of them, and it is a *secondary* Barbarism which is being prepared. The hate-salutation and the journalist's automatic hate-poem¹ are crude analogues of the savage charms familiar to anthropologists, the 'thought-projectiles' of tribes with an empiric knowledge of telepathy. Fear dominates, as in the case of the savage. De Quincey mentions in 1840 a Prussian baron who demonstrated that Christ, in opposing the authorities, "was guilty of suicide." Pilate, and even the rabbis, being civilized, did not go so far. But attempts of this sort, repeated thousandfold to-day, show the monstrous will "to root out virtue itself" by making the victim guilty of his oppressor's crime. The aliment of this demonism is its prey—broken spirits turned slavewise by fear. The destruction of international law was from the first certain; for international law is one of the most precarious of the human mutual agreements, and *all* the bonds of human society are menaced. The Warbook, not cynically but simply, tells us in effect that the human agreements—even the mere keeping of promises resting on the very fabric implicit in the everyday life of men—need only be honoured when it would be inconvenient to dis-

¹ "We love as one, we hate as one."—Naturally E. Lissauer cannot see what a reflection this conveys.

regard them or when, by their disregard, repute (!) would be endangered. Contracts between men exist in view of occasions when it may be inconvenient or may require effort for either party to keep them; and we are now told that it is exactly on these occasions they may be broken.¹ To print such a code (one would think) is to defeat its object. Surely these Satanic maxims should have been breathed only 'mid skulls and torches in some conclave of Death's Head Hussars. But again we must 'get rid of *our* notions.' Dismiss, first, all human ideas of *sin*. Animals never sin. Second, look on the world as Nietzschean, a world in which the subject races retain a useful amount of conscientiousness (slave-morality) from which their rulers are exempt. If the slaves were clever they would be as dishonest as their masters. They are stupid enough to be trustworthy, and that is why they are slaves. It matters not that we publish our depravity; they will never attain to it. *Noblesse triche!*—Such is the creed behind the Warbook and behind modern Germanism. This is the *débris* of Man; a debased simplicity of mind, a secondary phase of psychic disease. Numberless examples show it, as the case recently of a German officer who told his Russian prisoners that their humanity, some mercifulness in which he had detected them, was the sort of thing that was causing them to lose the war. The folly of this gospel is intellectual as well as moral. The Nietzschean duplex world, of blackguard rulers and religious slaves, is impossible of full realization. It is an ideal of the Inferno; but as a phase it slides

¹ So also Bismarck (*Memoirs*, ii. 280): "*Ultra posse nemo obligatur* holds good in spite of all treaty obligations whatsoever, nor can any treaty guarantee the discharge of obligations when the private interest of those who lie under them no longer re-inforces the text."

instantly upwards or downwards. The slaves will guillotine their supermen or sink to their level (with no slave-morality to exploit—and the superman will then be served only by treacherous desperados). Or the slaves will establish the Kingdom of God on the earth or perish.

The plunge is a plunge *beneath* Barbarism. Many African chiefs are trustworthy; none ever yet published to the world that he was *not*. Nor again have any barbarous tribe ever taken as their *national* principle the German repudiation of the spiritual. The Hebrew Bible may still be read by individual Germans and 'our old Ally' quoted for effect; but Nietzsche is the national bible-writer, and Nietzsche was an atheist.¹ The humblest African has some fetish. Outside his hut you see on a pole a small truss of straw or a bone; and (*pace* Hegel) he does really think it the Other. It may be a devil, but he drums *Te Deums* to it. The superman alone is his own fetish and his own devil. Supermen doubtless exist in all countries. Hence the police. But the scope of the police is limited. Many a budding aspirant in Church and State goes to his *Zarathustra* for consolation and help. Chicane is but a respectable form of loot, which expanded becomes militarism. Satan is no new invention. The new invention is to make him epidemic, not merely sporadic. The new invention is the *public* declaration by Prussia's writers and rulers that there are no morals!

¹ There should be no doubt about the atheism of Nietzsche. He was constitutionally as unable as Buddha (his Asiatic analogue) to think of any plane but the physical. Both represented, though in opposite ways, an epochal plunge into pessimism, the reaction from ages of religious formalism and social disorder. The appearance of figures like Nietzsche signifies always the last fatal phase, in the life of an age, of the series GLAUBE, ABERGLAUBE, UNGLAUBE. That Buddha was a non-resister and Nietzsche an apostle of violence does not in this analysis make the essential difference.

It is this practical declaration, by the sinking of the 'Lusitania' and other atrocities, which has more than any other thing brought Italy to the side of the Allies.

Now we hope that the common-sense of mankind will in time assert itself. The Prussian menace to Man ought by all known rules to fail. True, this is the biggest storm in modern history. Its intensity and extent, if we consider the numbers engaged and the new miracles of mechanism at work, make the Napoleonic campaigns seem small; and this very extent of the War begets reflections as to its epochal or planetary meaning. But storms are succeeded by calms, as night by day. The normal, the average, has a welcome way of returning; and there is so much sense in men, and so much compassion, that the monstrous, the flagitious, the openly demented, after a brief career usually gets itself locked up.

Nevertheless, of the meaning, causes and ends of Evolution scientific men, in spite of their extensive researches into its *process*, know really nothing. Bishop Butler, walking in his Bristol garden at midnight in converse with his chaplain, made a remark which is famous, and perhaps is equal in worth to all the *Analogy*. Whole communities, he observed, might like individuals be seized with fits of insanity; and "nothing but this principle, that they were liable to insanity, can account for the major part of those transactions which we read of in history." Whatever the world is, it is not automatic. Amid the countless evidences of the uprise and forward march of life which are furnished by the strata of the earth there is no sign of a reversal of the general tendency. On the other hand there are abundant proofs of the decline and

extinction of particular species.¹ Man obeys spiritual forces; he is the creature of mind, however dazzling and complete may appear our summary of the physical sequences by which his bodily vesture is knit. The theory of Weismann, that 'acquired' features are not transmitted, is a theory only, and does not prohibit endless change. Many processes of life are what we call 'known'; but were they all 'known,' Life itself could not be explained in terms of its own processes. Of one thing we may be sure: the physical obeys the spiritual not less punctually than does the shadow of a gnomon pace in obedience to the march of the sun and fade when he withdraws his beam.

Suppose for a moment (a receding possibility) Prussia victorious. Suppose that, by her organization and *method*, there should ensue the world-victory of her *cause*, *i.e.* of Nietzscheism, Atheism, Selfism, Militarism, the Mashing-up of Personality. There already are huge monopolistic commercial tendencies in the world with their correlative popular agnostic-collectivist tendencies; and things of this sort Prussia herself, as far as Germany is concerned, has largely absorbed for her purposes, purposes which are not altogether alien to their own. Suppose a collectivist bureaucracy of this planet, a combination of despotism and socialism (the primitive savage economy consists of the like elements); suppose it flushed with the bitterness of a hard triumph, vindictive, laws waste-paper, inhibitions gone, a secondary and worse Barbarism, worse because it had once known the high things—what would be the sequel?

There has been an anabasis of Man; there can be a

¹ Whole genera developing structural futilities, running into unserviceable preciousities, and so ending.

katabasis. Think, if you can, what the Earth would be like in the talons of the Blonde Beast, talons (military and mechanical) transcending those of all former empires, both in their efficacy and by their world-stretch; Justice and Truth fallen; men's thought clipped to order; force king, under (say) some titular Crown Prince whom Nature intended for a cabtout.

Woe then to the inhabitants of Earth. The values of life would sink; genius and originality would die; Man, having worshipped Carnal Might, would in return be crucified on the iron cross of his own enginery; nay, those scientific, mechanical and commercial results, the power and intellect for producing which have their original springs in the soul—the soul at first set free by some starved prophet in his wilderness, some starved poet in his attic—those very results, the soul being killed, would in the process of generations come into hands less and less capable of using, controlling or renewing them; and the hearing ear for the sublime, the seeing eye for the beautiful, revealer and disciple alike, having long ceased to be born, the Goethes and Schillers and Jean Pauls and La Motte Fouqués and Lessings, with their sunlike splendour or gentle starry charm, having long vanished, together with the remembrance and esteem of them among men, and the great music-galaxy, from Bach to Wagner, being faded and forgot—then the very machine would perplex the base descendant of its inventor, entangled in mechanism which he had forgotten how to operate. And so the Twilight of Man would fall, with wars but without stars; and the lost heir of the ages, his inheritance spent, would stagger downwards in ever meaner embodiments, scuffling and chattering. Whilst over the darkened Earth human annals would cease (for

annals belong only to ages whose deeds deserve record) and the *Kultur* which has begun to-day by reviving the Prehistoric would reach its horrible consummation in the Post-historic.

It is vain to seek Germandom's message. We hear of Gerhart Hauptmann as national poet; we turn to his works, and find indictments of dreadful agrarian and industrial conditions in Germany. Journalist Harden hates us; we glance at *his* writings, and find that he equally hated some of the Kaiser's late *entourage*. The German commercial system is praised; we find the largest party in the State, the Social Democrats, organised to tear it to pieces. We go to the militarists. These sages tell us that War is not a mere occasional surgical necessity, still less a pathological craving, but is a 'biological necessity,' by which learned expression they mean a life-need, like (say) respiration or the consumption of *Leberwürste* and *Lagerbier*. But we are at once struck by the consideration that were Germandom world-victorious as it seeks to be, a Potsdam planet would contain nobody left to fight against. It would then be a 'biological necessity' to duplicate Germandom with all its officials, *cut it in two*, in order by internecine conflict to maintain the supply of wars. To this pass must we come, therefore, if we have no spiritual principle but *Deuschtümelei*. The apotheosis of Deutschtum means its bisection. General Von Bernhardt indeed hints in one of his books at what he calls a 'spiritual principle,' but on examination it turns out to be simply the following: "Attack is defence." This is really his idea of the spiritual. Consumed with apostolic zeal he confides to the world this exclusive military secret, confides it quite simple-mindedly and almost

as if it were his own discovery. It was known to Rameses II.

Religious and speculative Germandom is not more promising with the cackle of its Haeckels, the death-rattle of its Protestantism, the embittered quarrels of Catholics against Sceptics and the failure of its Euckens and Harnacks to remould Religion except beautifully on paper, or to touch the crude nonsense in the heads of the Imperial drill-sergeants. The very absolutism is not Frederickan, not absolute. The Chancellors truckle; Von Bülow is a shop-walker suave to customers; Bethmann-Hollweg is a house-painter keeping the fabric together by paint.¹ The German Empire did not grow. It was made—'in Germany.' It would fall to pieces but for operations done on it. Bismarck used to do these operations. He is dead. The sceptre has departed.

Or again, take the Dioscuri of the New Germandom, the Great Twin Brethren whom the orators of our parks commonly refer to as 'Neecher and Treecher.' The instinct which selects the pair is right, for *Zarathustra* is in many a German soldier's pocket to-day, whilst the fanatical official pedant who compiled the *Deutsche Geschichte* did more than anybody to identify the State as the Superman and to declare to would-be devotees the proper object of their ignorant worship. In the *Ecce Homo*,² however, we read: "At the Prussian Court, I fear, Herr von Treitschke is looked upon as deep."—It is rather painful to find 'Neecher' giving 'Treecher' 'a nasty one' like this, with a back-hander for the House of Hohenzollern;

¹ In a falling State all the leaders are sure to be men out of place, and it is intended here to indicate the true functions of these men whose names are mentioned.

² Nietzsche's autobiography, 1888.

but readers of Nietzsche's autobiography know that worse remains behind. It would indeed hardly be chivalrous at the present hour to quote the contemptuous abuse of the whole German nation which that book contains; but amid the sparks in its Nietzschean smoke, the scintillations that reveal the author's touch of genius whilst they compel our pity for his isolation and distraction, is the noteworthy forecast that the Germans would do all they could to make his destiny bring forth a mouse.

The truth is that the very fact that Germany had no ideals and was in a state of internal *malaise* was what drove it to war. Its evangel is the result of its disease. It is a prophet who shouts because he has the toothache. We are all sick too; only *il a plus que tout le monde l'esprit que tout le monde a*. Consider, for example, such a fact in the pre-war days as the typical Bethnal Green labourer at a pound a week, but often unemployed, with a wife and five children;¹ and then the luxury and affluence of West London; and again the waiting fields of England and waiting prairies overseas; and reflect that such concomitants of commercialism were but outward types of the deep, concealed *ennui* of hearts everywhere, in a world where one increasingly felt that the words being said were hollow and that the science² had left the rails. But this sort of dislocation is everywhere, not more but less here than in Germany. There indeed the bankruptcy of

¹ Officials of the Bethnal Green Borough Council have often reported that in that district mere destitution negated all sanitary and educational effort, and that whole sections of the people were sinking into wreck and becoming acclimatised to it. This was true. I knew Bethnal Green well and lived in it for years. It may, however, be affirmed that Berlin is worse. London has steadily and slowly improved and of late years many slums have been swept away. The nastiness and hideous vice of Berlin, under an apostate Government, have naturally grown worse year by year.

² *I.e.* political science in the full sense of the words.

the old world of things begins. Not for nothing did the great seer of Europe set forth his immortal parable of the Spirit of Denial and of Fire (who is found to be 'the Intellect used in the service of the senses' with its modern world of vast appliances not subsumed by the soul). Not for nothing was shown that warning figure, of the restless student tempted from his studies to his doom.

Yes, Houston Chamberlain and the Teuton prophets prophesied truly when they said that Germany was the world-leader. The world was going to the Devil, and Germany with its cheap commercialism, Satanic militarism and Godless philosophy said: "Behold, we will show you the way! Behold, you must go to the Devil even as we are going,—exultantly, filially, systematically, and full speed ahead! Onward, ye half-hearted nations, that ye may be children worthy of your father, and sit down in *his* kingdom!"

Happy shall we be if betimes we of this modern epoch see whither we are going and save both ourselves and the unfortunate evangelist now run amok; happy if we are aroused even by his mad blows and learn more than he means to teach.

EDWARD WILLMORE.

THE WAR AS A REGENERATING AGENCY.

THE EDITOR.

IN considering this immensely important subject and endeavouring to justify the hope that animates so many hearts in these most grievous days of storm and stress, it is better at the outset to state clearly the only point of view from which, in my belief, such an attempt has any reasonable chance of commending itself. I frankly confess that, if I thought the establishing of the proposition had to depend on purely material considerations, I should have no hope that it could ever be justified, and should make no attempt to consider it. But this view is impossible for one who in general is convinced that all attempts to explain the universe and human life solely from a materialistic standpoint have broken down completely. They are repugnant both to one's better reason and to one's deeper feelings; for they reduce the sublime activities of life and mind to the mechanical operations of brute energies, and spiritual values to the low standard of a purely secular utilitarianism. If, however, I use the term 'spiritual' for the point of view which seems to me to offer a truer insight into the nature of the universe and man, it should not be understood to mean simply the irreconcilable opposite of the material standpoint. It is intended rather to denote the view which seeks to include all activities of body, life and mind in a genuine synthesis or wholeness of being which is destined pro-

gressively to come to consciousness in us and constitute a new order of self-realisation.

At the outset, then, I confess belief in a universe which is fundamentally of this spiritual nature. I hold accordingly that the essential characteristics of life are its directive and purposive nature and its continuity, that it is therefore intelligent and indestructible, and consequently that the life of man both in the mass and in the individual is of a continuous and indestructible order and within that order tending to self-improvement. It is from this point of view that I am encouraged to hope that good in many ways will come out of this mad welter of horrid internecine conflict which is to-day testing the very foundations of our boasted man-made civilisation.

To make all, however, depend on probabilities would be a serious under-statement of the strength of the case. In speaking of the war as a regenerating agency we are not concerned simply with hopes for a fair future. The phrase not only expresses the hope of what may be; it is also the statement of what is already realised fact for a vast number of individuals. For who can deny that the war has already wrought a change for the better in the inner lives of millions and immensely strengthened their moral character? True they have outwardly suffered much loss of material comfort and embraced a life of great hardship; they have sacrificed wealth and position or lucrative employment for trials and difficulties and constant hazard of life; they have had to leave their homes and dear ones, and known the anguish of the hard choice between the imperative calls of two high moral necessities—duty to family and duty to country. All of which from a purely materialistic and utilitarian

point of view is a deeply deplorable state of affairs. But from the spiritual standpoint it is the triumphant proof of an inner nobility and larger life of the soul ; it is a genuine moral baptism into the life-giving waters of a higher humanity that laughs at hardships and death, and a concrete spiritual answer to an inner call that comes from the immortal deep of man's true being.

In spite of the appalling misery and devastation the war has wrought and the damning proofs it has piled up of the devilish forces that have still free scope in the submerged part of human nature, who can deny that at the same time most splendid witness has been borne to the divine-human virtues in countless deeds of transcendent courage, endurance and self-sacrifice ? —and that too not only among the actual fighters in the field, but also among hosts of non-combatants, men and women, who have lovingly striven to alleviate the sufferings of the stricken and destitute, the sick and miserable ? And what shall we say especially of the splendid bravery of the millions of women who have lost their nearest and dearest ?—a bravery that displays so nobly the inmost courage of patient uncomplaining suffering of agonising grief with no external excitement to alleviate the strain ? Are we to think it is the cringing morality of a spiritually slavish nature that supports them, as Nietzschean heartless arrogance would have it, or shall we not rather say that they are being glorified in the crucible of affliction and the metal of their spirit refined into pure gold of highest value ?

I for my part say boldly that all this is concrete positive proof of the spiritual process of rebirth, of a genuine regenerating power at work in the heart of man. We have here striking evidence of the sudden

speeding up of the pedestrian normal rate of inner progress on a vast scale. The tendency towards regeneration has been intensified a myriadfold by the stinging scourge of this stupendous war; and the better part of human nature has not failed to answer, and perhaps more nobly than ever before because of the terrible new means of destruction employed, in atonement for the craven and vile deeds of its brutish unregenerate counterpart.

It is then no vain utopian dream of irresponsible and unreflecting optimism to have hope that the war may prove a regenerating agency, for it is already as a matter of fact regenerating in many ways vast numbers of individuals. But will it regenerate the majority of the actual mass? Will the future historian be able to say that the Great War ushered in a new and better age of the world commensurate with the colossal nature of so dire a cataclysm and the unparalleled carnage and suffering it inflicted? Can we in any way justify our hopes for so fair a future? Are we to-day simply passing through a crisis similar to other crises in human history, so that we can reasonably forecast the probable normal outcome of it? Are we face to face solely with a crisis similar in nature to and only quantitatively distinguished from the past upheavals and downfalls of states and nations? Or may we hope that this world-struggle will mark the end of the age of that thinly disguised barbarism which has hitherto characterised the inter-relations of states and empires, and inaugurate a new age of a genuinely humane civilisation? Will the war succeed in awakening in the peoples generally a social world-conscience of a truly humane nature superior to national selfishness, a mass-conscience quick to recognise the irrationality

of those brutish, separative passions of the crowd which encourage suspicion, envy, hate and jealousy between nations and drive them blindly and inevitably to seek relief at last in the savage decision of armed conflict?

There are many indications that we are to-day at a supremely decisive moment in the destiny of mankind on this planet. Many indeed are emboldened to think that we are now witnessing the beginnings of that general new birth so long expected, in that we are at last as a matter of fact breathing and moving in the larger air of events consciously known by vast numbers to be of a truly world-inclusive nature. Conscious world-undertakings are no longer a dream for mortals but an imperious necessity. The supremely critical point which marks the dawning of a conscious organic unity of mankind has been already reached in general development in the conditions created by perfected methods of intercommunication. Irrespective of all higher considerations, the industrial age has already internationalised finance and commerce. And as a matter of fact in general all the nations of our world have become largely interdependent and their lives and interests bound up with the good order and health of the whole. What some other of the general indications of our being at a decisively critical moment in human destiny are, we shall consider later on. Meantime we may with advantage turn our attention briefly to those recurrent world-dreams of universal sovereignty and salvation which thrilled the hearts of generations in the past, and filled them with expectations of a happy future and strivings after the attainment of a lofty ideal which the times were as yet too immature to realise or even to conceive correctly.

The idea of world-empire and world-government came into clear definition in the West for the first time with the brilliant military achievements of Alexander the Great in the last quarter of the fourth century B.C. The then small West, rejoicing in its vigorous youth and inspired with the high cultural ideals of Greek genius at that time at its zenith, subjugated to its sway the hoary civilisations of the Hither East. The ideals of the city state and of the simplicity of life in which the genius of Hellas had been nurtured, were gradually swept aside in a flood of intense individualism culminating in the vast unrestrained ambitions fostered by Oriental autocracy. Alexander and his successors not only assumed the prerogatives of absolute secular power, but were also clothed by the adulation of the vanquished Orientals with all those superhuman attributes which the theocratic conceptions of the ancient East had bestowed upon its monarchs. The vastness of the Hellenistic empires gave their subject peoples so overwhelming a feeling of the might of the monarch that the ruler was exalted to the gods and endowed with the attributes and invested in the insignia of cosmic sovereignty. And together with this notion of the god-king who wielded absolute power, and because of the bitter lives of the enslaved millions who were constantly being changed and trafficked from one lordship to another, and the general feeling of the uncertainty of existence in this period of unrestrained rival ambitions, there also passed over from the East into the consciousness of the West the still more lofty ideal of a world-saviour, erroneously conceived under the figure of a world-conqueror, who would bring peace and set all things right. This high expectation of a world-emperor who at the same time would be a world-

redeemer was originally an Oriental notion, as for instance when the exiled Jews in Babylon welcomed Cyrus as their Messiah of prophecy; but ever since the days of the incursion of the conquering West into the nearer East it more and more permeated the consciousness of the Occident. The return of the world's fabled Golden Age was for ever eagerly hoped for. And when in its turn the Roman empire succeeded to the sovereignties of the successors of the great Macedonian, and when far later still down the centuries the Holy Roman empire aspired to the glory that had passed away in the downfall of the dominion of the Cæsars, we find the persistent recurrence of this hope of world-regeneration, now suffused with a deeply messianic and apocalyptic colouring.

The loftiest insignia of the Cæsars and the Emperors remind us of this expectation of divine rulership on earth in the person of the monarch, as for instance when he is invested with the star-spangled robe of the kosmokratōr, the king of heaven. Already in a fragment of the Orphic sage Pherecydes the master of Pythagoras, who flourished in Asia Minor in the seventh century B.C., we have the variant of a hoary Oriental myth, which tells us how the King of Heaven broidered the sidereal world-robe with symbols of the cosmos and suspended it as a canopy over the world-tree, beneath which he solemnised his perpetual nuptials with his ever-young bride the Earth; from their continually renewed embraces there springs up the ever-new life of the world, that 'eternal holy Becoming, born of an eternal, unalterable Passing-away.'¹

¹ For a systematic working out of the subject, see the two volumes of Robert Eisler's *Weltenmantel und Himmelszelt* (Munich, 1910).

The general expectation at the beginning of our era of an Imperial saviour or Messianic emperor, to accomplish the world's redemption and usher in the Golden Age, focussed on one supreme individual a vast complex of vague and varied religious hopes that stirred the hearts of multitudes privately in every grade of society. A century of fratricidal civil wars prior to the Augustan Age had brought about a widespread feeling of inner guilt. Scepticism was all-powerful among the learned ; philosophy had dethroned the gods of Hellas, but could set up nothing in their stead in the hearts of the people, and least of all was the perfunctory state-religion of Rome, with its outgrown and purely external forms and ceremonies, capable of washing away the popular sense of guilt. The need of personal religion, of inner purification, of moral regeneration, became ever more and more insistent ; and many forms of Oriental religion whose saviour-gods offered the assurance of personal salvation to their worshippers, were eagerly adopted and practised in all ranks of society and especially by the lower orders. Never has there been so wide-spread a spiritual ferment as at the time which ushered in the birth of Christianity ; nevertheless for some three centuries many other forms of saviour-cults still held the field of popular favour before the new faith won its victory. Thus concurrently with the aristocratic and official emperor-cult there was working among the masses the democratic and private leaven of a spiritual regeneration, which offered to the individual, however lowly his outer position, equal chances of attaining to a kingship of a moral order of far more exalted rank than human monarchy. Ideas of new birth, of apotheosis or divine transfiguration, of kinship with the gods and sonship

with God, of the immortality and supreme value of the human soul, popularised from the high rituals of mystery-institutions and the inner practices of saving personal faiths, became widespread, and beautified and refined the nature of the general longing for the return of the fabled Golden Age that should at the same time be the Kingdom of God on earth.

The idea of regeneration lay at the centre of the high mysteries of antiquity. And if the individual mystic was buoyed up with the hope of attaining to a new spiritual birth out of the deity, so also was there a more general expectation of a corporate re-birth, a world-renewal. Both these ideas were intimately connected with the doctrine of the sacred marriage. It was by this theogamy, or marriage of the gods, that the holy renewal of the universe was continuously effected, according to the sacred myth; and as man was thought to be a small universe in himself and a miniature of the great cosmos, so also could he be renewed and reborn by soul-marriage with the deity. And if the individual could be united with the divine and consciously born into wholeness of life, the life of mankind in general could be renewed and regenerated. This general world-renewal, however, could be effected, it was believed, only by the integrating power of the universal sovereignty of a world-redeeming ruler, an imperial world-saviour. Thus in the great cycle of legends about this longed-for superman, from the time of Alexander till the days of the Renaissance, we find the idea of the sacred marriage and of regeneration consciously or unconsciously the focal point of interest.

It is, however, only in recent years that the immense importance of the Imperial saga and its underlying ideas for determining the inmost meaning

of the familiar terms 'Renaissance' and 'Reformation' has been recognised. 'Renaissance' does not mean simply or primarily the recovery of the treasures of Greek literature or the revival of Græco-Roman culture. The epoch to which we give the name bears manifold witness to the powerful working of a spiritual leaven, a deep longing for the universally human and eternal, for the inward rebirth of humanity. And, as we have seen, this is no new thing, but the intensification of a persistent memory that haunts the Middle Ages from their beginning. As Konrad Burdach says: "Chiliastic imperial ideas persist all through the Middle Ages. It is true that they change according to time and country, but behind them all stands the inextinguishable memory of the supernatural greatness of Rome, of its world-power and also of its culture, which, in their turn, were the heritage of the Hellenistic and Oriental world-sovereignty and world-civilisation. And with this memory there always awoke the desire to reconstruct from within the lost glory of the vanished world, to found a 'New Rome.'"¹

The early Middle Age marks the period of the tutelage of the young and vigorous nations of Europe in Latin culture and the Christian faith. Already in the 'Carlovingian Renaissance' so-called there was a timid attempt to recover the ancient culture, but the national self-consciousness was not yet really aroused. For centuries the youthful peoples were unable to move freely in the externally imposed and hard-set traditional forms, think their own thoughts and give

¹ 'The Meaning and Origin of the Words Renaissance and Reformation,' in *Sitzungsberichte d. k. p. Akad. d. Wiss.* (1910), pp. 594-646. See also the two illuminating articles by Prof. Franz Kampers, of the University of Breslau,—'The World-Saviour Idea and the Renaissance: The Messianic Emperor' and 'Dante and the Renaissance'—in *THE QUEST*, April and July, 1911.

scope to their native genius. Only at the end of the Renaissance proper did the Reformation declare itself in the religious world and so paved the way for the Modern Age. In the Renaissance Pagan and Christian notions, expectations, motives and legends are once more reblended, and there is conscious revival of the past. In the very name 'Renaissance' we find the direct echo of the hope of that rebirth of all things which the Saviour Augustus was expected to achieve, and to which Virgil refers when he sings: "The mighty order of the ages is born anew"—that widespread faith which suffused the earliest infancy of the Roman empire and which is recorded on the Imperial coinage in the legend 'the happy restoration of the ages,' coupled with the image of the phoenix, the symbol of re-birth. As Professor Franz Kampers phrases it: "A weary and exhausted humanity, filled with an insatiable longing for redemption and rebirth, recognised in Augustus the saviour and redeemer destined according to the prophecies of the Sibyl, to close the cycle of the ages and to open a new era of salvation."

And indeed a new age did dawn for the world, an age of Cæsarism; but the high hopes that inaugurated it were doomed to disappointment. For though in truth there was spiritual regeneration for many in various forms, and what was destined to be the religion of the Western world came to birth and subsequently gave its name to the age, the high hopes of general redemption were dashed to the ground, and Christianity itself, when three centuries after its birth it was adopted by Constantine as the state-religion, lost more than it gained by being Cæsarised. There followed the downfall of the empire and the dark ages, and then once more rebirth out of this dead past, as Europe

renewed her life with the vigorous blood of her young peoples, and gradually won back the ancestral memory of her high cultural past and once more reapplied herself to developing and improving her heritage. The influence of that gradually renewed memory makes itself felt more and more and comes into clearest consciousness in the high inspiration of Dante Alighieri, the great poet-seer of the mediæval empire. Dante's one and all-absorbing theme is the new life; religion and the state are to be purified, mankind is to be reborn and there is to be a universal empire of peace. To quote again from Burdach's striking paper:

"Dante believes with Joachim of Flora . . . , with St. Francis, with the Joachimites and the Franciscan and Dominican mystics, in the *renewal* of human souls. Only he no longer looks for it, as they do, exclusively in relation to God. He strives after the new life in the harmony of the beautiful and the heavenly, in that new poetry in which the light of supernal truth, wisdom and beauty shines forth out of the many-coloured exuberance of phenomena of the world and of man. . . . He hopes not only for the 'reformation of the inner man,' but also for the reformation of the Church, for the speedy vast transformation of the whole earth. . . . His purpose is to purify, heighten, rejuvenate anew the Christian religion of his time, its ethics, its Church, its state, its art and its science, . . . in the regeneration of its true humanity through the adjustment of Christianity with national Roman antiquity. The pinnacle of human history, the earthly Paradise manifested in that history, is, according to him, the period when Augustus ended a century of civil war by establishing the universal empire of peace, and when, through the birth

of Christ, the new Universal Church arose. . . . This idea is the pivot of his historical thought and of his hopes of reform. Through this Dante becomes the teacher of Petrarch and Rienzi. Through this he becomes the creator of what we call the Renaissance. Through this also he sows the seed of those national church efforts for reform, which were most powerfully realised by Wiclif, Huss, Luther and Zwingli."

And once more indeed a new age begins, though once more the high expectation of the seers and prophets is to be disappointed. Much, however, will be effected, changes as drastic and potent in their order as were the changes wrought by the birth of the Roman empire and of Christianity; but the end is still far distant. The world, however, moves one stage nearer to the longed-for consummation, and even traverses what may in a fairer future be regarded as the last phase of the old order of partial renewal, preluding the first phase of a new order of genuinely world-embracing development that will consciously aim at the integration of mankind into an organic whole. And as a matter of fact the Modern Age is characterised by an advance in general material and intellectual development of so astonishing a nature as to differentiate it entirely from the whole prior period of human evolution; it can be compared only with the phenomenon of sudden mutation with which biological science has recently been familiarising us in more restricted areas of research.

The strong mentality of rejuvenated Europe, schooled in the formulæ of its religious and cultural old age, grew to maturity. Conscious of its new vigour it became restive of restraint, and finally revolted against the authoritative restriction of the days of its

tutelage, and proceeded to resurvey with an accuracy previously undreamed of the traditional universe of nature and of mind handed down from antiquity. We all know the present results of this great adventure. We live in days of ever new conquests of science, in an age of marvellously perfected machines and vast industrial undertakings that have changed the whole outer conditions of life. Wealth and physical comfort have increased to an unparalleled extent; life has become increasingly objective and external, and the general tendency has been to centre attention on material concerns to the exclusion of spiritual interests. Self-confidence and intellectual arrogance, pride in our conquests over nature and the superiority of our secular knowledge, which aims solely at immediate positive utilitarian results, have made us disdainful of the past, its beliefs and ideals, and thrust all concern for the deeper interests of the human spirit into the background.

Nevertheless the Modern Age has prepared the way for a more practical reconsideration of these high matters than has previously been possible. We have gradually won our way to an actual and positive realisation of the vastness of the physical universe which beggars the loftiest dreams of antiquity. The mind of the ancient world was limited to the naïve notion that this small earth of ours was not only the centre but the quantitative half of the universe. To-day we know that it is but an insignificant speck in the vast ocean of space with its countless population of suns and systems of stupendous magnitude. One would have imagined that this knowledge would have chastened our pride and made us less intellectually arrogant; but, on the contrary, strangely enough the

more we have intellectually come to know our physical insignificance, the more has the dominant scientific spirit of the age grown contemptuous of any order of mentality in the universe higher than its own. Because we are so clever and successful in making machines, many have come to imagine that the universe itself is nothing but a colossal soulless piece of mechanism, which has gradually, in refining itself down into minute organisms of inconceivable complexity, produced the highest grade of intellect so far developed—our human mentality. But if our star-maps, produced by the marvellous processes of stellar photography, bring within the range of our vision a vastitude of grandiose sidereal phenomena which make the naïve cosmologic notions of antiquity seem but childish dreams, we are as yet no happier for our knowledge. There was a wholeness of feeling in the dogmas and schematology of ancient sidereal religion which we now badly miss. The astrological prenatal stage of our astronomy had many comfortable advantages of its own order; we were then as it were as yet cosmicly unborn, still within the womb of mother Nature, sharing perchance her instincts and her dreams. Now we are born intellectually into the great world of the æther and its teeming life, and like the new-born babe we have no notion of the meaning of what we see. Still it is a veritable new birth, and a new birth of incalculable possibilities of knowledge. We no longer have dim dreams of the celestial universe, private subjective constructs of the imagination, but have opened to us a new celestial world of common objective validity.

And then again as to our earth itself—if it has become insignificant in size as reckoned in the cosmic scale and is dethroned from its central position, yet

how vast and minutely filled-in and complex has it grown for us in its own order! Here at last we have arrived at a genuinely practical knowledge, not only of the superficial area of our cosmic mother-unit, but also of its constituent elements and of the history of the development of the manifold types of its living organisms. To-day the world is for us the whole surface of the actual planet, and not the restricted areas which the ancients at various times called 'the world.' And yet with all our knowledge we are still utterly ignorant of what lies beneath an insignificant depth of the earth-crust.

But what beyond all else marks out our times as a critical age of transformation, is that our earth has had quite recently built up for her by human industry as it were a nervous system, which has suddenly, we may venture to believe, launched her into a new order of cosmic life. The surface of our mother is now netted over with an immensely complex meshing of wires and cables, which in the most populous areas form as it were gigantic ganglia, almost as it would seem preparatory to the development of a co-ordinating world-brain. News and communications of every kind are thus all but instantaneously flashed from land to land, and the earth is equipped with an ever more perfect physical means of developing a mass-consciousness which has never previously existed. Immediately a great event occurs the whole world so to say is informed of the happening; so that mass-emotions involving the major portion of its millions are daily experienced. This is an entirely new departure in the development of general human consciousness, and is, we may well believe, the beginning of a new order of organic unity for mankind. And already wires are

becoming unnecessary; communication across thousands of miles of space can be established without wires, and that too not only by the intermediary of signs but even phonographically by direct transmission of speech.

Moreover rapid transit in general has been so enormously developed and cheapened that millions, who in the old days would have stayed at home and spent their lives in a narrow circle of parochial interests, are now familiar with other lands and have a first-hand knowledge of their inhabitants and customs. The physical barriers that so greatly hampered or entirely prevented free international intercourse in the past have in every direction been broken down, and interests and views which hitherto only the very few could appreciate, have become familiar to multitudes.

And not content with our conquests over land and sea, we are now setting to work to make the air serve our purposes; and therewith a further transformation of far-reaching possibilities is beginning. For we are learning to adapt ourselves in an entirely new way to an element in which we previously had no power of free movement; and that means, it is said by some, very probably the beginning of a corresponding development in our nervous organisation and consciousness.

Ideals of the past towards which the few intuitively aspired, but which seemed dim and far off or even hopelessly impracticable without the miraculous intervention of superhuman help, have been partly realised and given rise to further problems that seem possible of solution by man's own efforts. And in general it may be said that the dominant attitude of the modern spirit is that we no longer look for external help to set

things right in spite of our blunders, but are convinced that we must co-operate with all our strength if any amelioration is to take place in our conditions and undertakings.

But in spite of all this indubitable progress in material knowledge and ability, and in spite of a widespread healthy and courageous conviction that we ought ourselves to improve the conditions of life for every member of the community and are responsible before the bar of our social conscience for the general material well-being, it has been evident for long that human life as a whole was very far from health in our age of purely scientific and humanitarian ideals. The extreme secularisation of human life has been gradually starving out those deeper and nobler and more holy instincts which have ever borne witness to man's inner kinship with a super-earthly lineage. Long before the war there had been grave dissatisfaction even outside religious circles with the general trend of thought and the consequent absorption of the energies of all classes in purely material and utilitarian interests. In seeking to escape from one form of tyranny we had become enslaved to another.

In proportion as intellect mastered the material forces of nature, rationalism wrested from dogmatic theology the tyrannous empery she had so long enjoyed over the human mind. The traditional religious formulæ more and more failed to appeal to the intelligent laity, and scepticism with regard to spiritual things was invading every rank of society down to the very children in the schools. But this exaltation of dogmatic science by popular estimation to the throne which faith had for so long occupied, did not bring true freedom; on the contrary it subjected the human

spirit to a new secular tyranny which sought to banish all belief in the soul and its immortality and in the spiritual heritage of man from the educational realm.

But nature cannot be expelled by any human edict; she ever returns and not infrequently at the gallop. Science is excellent in its own order, and it was very necessary that the whole of man's past beliefs should be reviewed and revised in the light of the new secular knowledge, which is demonstrably so superior to the physical knowledge of former days. It may even be said that it was not unnatural that general attention should for a time be withdrawn from the deeper interests of the human soul, in order that the whole energies of the practical intellect should be concentrated on the enormously difficult task of physical research. Moreover in some respects it has already been a gain spiritually; for many of the minority who were still attentive to the things of the spirit, have been weaned from erroneous notions as to their nature, and especially from the extreme dualism that would entirely divorce spirit from matter and set the divine over against the natural universe as isolated and apart. They have been brought to recognise that spirit is rather all-inclusive and takes up the whole into its perfecting and redemptive nature. The idea of God has been purified and exalted by the fierce fire of scepticism and criticism, and criteria of genuinely spiritual survival values have been established in such religious and philosophical circles as have courageously persisted in the reasonable defence of the deeper truths to which faith is loyal. But not only has a small minority of trained thinkers schooled in religious discipline striven to uphold the standard of spiritual

knowledge against the onslaughts of secular science; for the last quarter of a century or more there has been a widespread popular renaissance of interest in psychical subjects of all kinds, varying from the crudest forms of automatism, auto-suggestion and mediumship to the higher orders of refined sensitivity and of genuine mystical and spiritual experience. This natural popular reaction against the negations of dogmatic materialism has already reached the dimensions of a powerful flood which reinforces itself with the influx of many notions and practices revived from the past of the Occident and transmitted from the present Orient. Thus we have in full renaissance among us many a belief that the extreme rationalism of the latter half of the nineteenth century had fondly believed had been banished for ever from the minds of all who had enjoyed the advantages of a modern education. And together with this popular movement, and no doubt influenced by it, science has begun to enter on new fields of research which promise to yield results in the knowledge of mental phenomena that will be as valuable as, or even more valuable than, its great achievements in the domain of physics and chemistry. Indeed we find that already in the opinion of many men of high scientific attainments the future progress of knowledge is to be looked for chiefly along the lines of the vital sciences of biology, psychology and sociology.

There was then thus before the war a powerful spiritual ferment at work; but the masses in general were indifferent to it. To speed up the process and focus general attention on the crying need of a radical change, some stupendous event, we may reasonably believe, was necessary—a mass-shock that would shake

the popular confidence in the security of the foundations on which the huge construct of our industrial civilisation was being erected, and prepare the way for a reformation based on genuinely spiritual ideals. It will doubtless be strenuously denied by many that the war was a necessity; they will say that it could and ought to have been avoided, and that we were ourselves alone to blame for allowing things to come to such a pass. It is possible that the process of betterment might have been speeded up by some other less drastic means; but it is useless now to speculate on the 'might have been.' The great fact before us is that suddenly, owing to the rottenness of our social conditions and international relations, the general equilibrium of human affairs has been violently upset and Europe has been plunged into the maelström of a war that pales into insignificance the greatest armed conflicts of the past. And as we have seen, not only is it quantitatively by far the greatest of all wars, but qualitatively it is different from all others. It is at last genuinely and actually a world-war, a veritable Armageddon, for it sensibly affects all the nations of the earth.

Such an overwhelming event cannot be estimated by the standards we are used to apply to even the greatest of the limited wars of the past. True we may say they were critical moments in the history of our national destinies; but they did not sensibly and simultaneously affect the whole world. We are thus to-day indubitably face to face with a world-crisis of a new order. And therefore, though experience has taught us not to expect any miraculous transformation, as did apocalyptic Jewry and early Christianity, we may not unreasonably see in this stupendous happen-

ing and commotion the outer signs of the beginning of an inner radical change of corresponding importance for the development of true human culture.

Shattering as is the shock to our self-esteem, stunning as is the blow to the so late general belief that we had got beyond certain loathsome forms of calculated barbarism in warfare, there are few thoughtful people in these positive days who would prefer to have lived on in a fool's paradise of fancied achievement rather than to know, however painful the knowledge, the actual factors with which we have still to deal in unregenerate humanity in spite of its high grade of material civilisation. We have witnessed and are still witnessing, not a wild orgy of blind passion, but a premeditated and coldly thought-out system of scientific barbarism, ruthlessness and frightfulness, the very possibility of which most of us would have indignantly denied two years ago. It is not simply a sudden madness or outbreak of the animal element in mass human nature against which we are fighting, but rather a deliberate and calculated policy, which is part and parcel of a world-ambition, fostered by the materialistic achievements and theories of which the present industrial age has hitherto in general been so proud. It is this putting of theory to the test of action and the terrible nature of the outcome that have more than anything else convinced the better part of mankind of the rottenness in the foundations on which the skyscraper of modern civilisation was being erected. But, thank heaven, we are at last alive to the danger and have got our hands on the knot that was choking the spiritual life out of the general soul of humanity; we are not now simply fighting blindly for selfish national interests, but consciously against a deep-seated evil in

defence of the higher interests and rights of humanity as a whole.

If the organising genius of Germany had been used for other purposes it would have deserved general admiration in the order of human constructs. But as it is, Prussianised and industrialised Germany has succeeded only too well in materialising her ideals and idealising her materialism. Boasting herself to be the first organised nation in the world, the first-fruits of a new order of culture, she proceeded to use her machine-made self for the purposes of self-aggrandisement, with the arrogant idea that she was to be a world-redeeming nation whose imperative task was to organise Europe and eventually the world, thus spreading her mechanical '*Kultur*' to the ends of the earth. What she left out of account in her materialistic intoxication was life and human nature. It is life alone that can develop nations and humanity into genuine organisms; human nature can never consent to become a machine except by renouncing its soul and becoming lower than the 'beasts that perish.' Had Germany been really working for the benefit of mankind, she would have led the way in welcoming the spiritual forces that make for the regeneration of the world. But in all things she has been labouring for Germany and her own exaltation; so that when it has come to the test all she can do is to strive to make the world afraid of her mighty machine. She can win no one's love, for she is, and declares herself to be, on the side of might and brute force and not on the side of life and love and beauty.

Terrible and heart-rending then as are the awful events in the midst of which we are living, there is nevertheless no reason to despair of human nature.

From the spiritual point of view, which raises us above the stifling murk, livid and lurid with the fierce passions of our common agony, we may regard the great happening, not as the death-struggle of all the greatest nations of the earth save one locked in fratricidal conflict, but as the gigantic pangs of labour of our mother Earth in travail with by far the greatest of her many births—a humanity that shall at last regenerate itself in the likeness of its true ideal. It is indeed a life-struggle rather than a death-struggle—death to what could not have survived without corrupting the whole body of humanity, but renewed life for the better elements that through this fierce purification will gradually integrate the new body of mankind into a humanely organised whole.

Whatever then we have still to suffer, and we have doubtless to suffer many pains of birth and growth, and not least those of a profound social and economic readjustment, I for my part hold firmly that this war of wars is not only a regenerating agency, but the prelude of a genuine renaissance for the world. The immense intensification of the feeling of nationality, so natural when every national member of the great body politic has to strive its utmost to preserve its proper function in the whole, is, I believe, temporary and will not harden the great body into a state of senile atrophy, for humanity is still young. The war loudly testifies to an intensification of the life-urge and not to a diminution of its energy; indeed we may say that there is a superabundance of energy preparatory to the great effort of integration and co-ordination which it presages.

The new birth of these latter days promises to be no partial renewal; it is of a different order from the

renaissance of the Middle Ages which concerned Europe alone, when it renewed its memory of the past civilisation and culture of Rome and Hellas and endeavoured to co-ordinate and sum up the whole knowledge of the time under the guiding principles of Christian theology. The new birth of to-day promises to be a true world-event, and the synthesis we long for must be of a genuinely vital nature and not a summary of scholasticism and of one exclusive form of traditional religion. For the modern spirit of enquiry and the higher standard of fact and truth we possess have not only made us familiar with a new physical universe of the immeasurably great and the immeasurably small, but have also brought into the clear light of the intellect the revived memory of the cultural and religious past of the whole world. But with all these advantages and vistas of ever new possibilities we had lost our way in the immensity of the new universe of facts and our grip on what is of vital and spiritual value. The war then is a potent regenerating agency because it has forced masses of people to recognise the glaring defects in our civilisation and way of life, of which many thinkers were already aware, though few even of these realised they were so great as they have proved to be. There is now no longer any escape from the conclusion that the purely rationalistic, materialistic and utilitarian efforts to solve the great problems of life have broken down, and that there is no permanent betterment of our lot to be looked for on these lines alone. The new age must see to it that the whole of man's nature is catered for and harmoniously developed, and not be content to look on supinely while the better part is being starved or even atrophied.

And indeed how nearly we had got to a halving of

our nature, to an inner self-divorcement, and the infertile over-development of one side of our activities, is evident from the outer natural reaction that had declared itself in the rising tide of the woman's movement, which reached such widespread dimensions before the war. For the first time in modern history woman demanded to be recognised in the body politic, not of favour but of right, as humanly equal in importance with man and entitled to due representation in the management of their common destinies. This again we may reasonably regard as a sign of the new order, of the coming new birth. It is indeed, in my opinion, one of the most potent signs. Woman has ever been more conscious of creative life than man; it is she who has borne within her the mystery of the new life of the race, and thereby been in intimate contact with the promise of the future, and therefore naturally more responsive to what may be than the more positive male, who is more centred on the affairs of the present moment. But the question of the amelioration of the political and economic conditions of woman by no means goes to the root of the problem. In a period of extreme rationalism and scepticism it is the woman in man who has ever been the more faithful to the promptings of the spirit and of the ideal. Go where you may to meetings at which religious or mystical or idealistic subjects are discussed, and you will find women in a large and not infrequently in an overwhelming majority. And yet in the religion of the Western world we know that women have always been excluded from the higher ministry of sacred things in every form of ecclesiastical organisation. Here then we have a question of the deepest importance which the new age will have to take into

serious consideration. For if the traditional practice of Christianity in this respect can be shown to be right and divinely sanctioned, then the arguments of the opponents of woman's enfranchisement would be strongly reinforced. But if on the contrary the justice of the progressive enfranchisement of woman in secular affairs should come to be generally recognised, there seems no reason why any artificial boundary should be fixed to the process of emancipation, and women should continue to be held to be unfitted to take part equally with men in the ministry of spiritual things, for in the spirit especially there is said to be no distinction of persons. And already there are signs that a great change in this respect may be imminent. For irrespective of many new movements of a religious or quasi-religious nature in which no distinction is made between the sexes in office and ministry, within Christianity itself we see the beginnings of a similar tendency among some of the sects and the complete adoption of the principle in the Salvation Army. The woman's movement then seems to me, in spite of the many great difficulties that attend it, perhaps the most striking indication of the immensely wide nature of the integration of humanity that may be accomplished, as the forces of new birth and regeneration which are so powerfully at work win to a happy issue.

On the whole then I see no just cause for despondency about the future in spite of our most painful present sufferings. But this is always provided we refuse to listen to the pessimism of the old materialistic age that is passing away, with its gospel of despair that death is the end of the whole race and that the life of the world must inevitably diminish and degenerate with the cooling down of the system; for already

physical science has proved by its researches into the radio-active nature of matter that the power of recuperation is incalculable. Much more then may we reasonably believe in the recuperative power of life, and above all else in the infinite creative power of the spirit which is the source of all life and all energy.

The world as a whole and its humanity are far from being in a state of senile decay. The world is not only renewing its youth, but for the first time in its age-long development its humanity is beginning to live consciously as an organic whole. And this great war, I firmly believe, so far from being the end of our hopes, marks the beginning of a new order of things that will provide conditions in which the lives of the many may be beautified, ennobled and spiritualised in ways of which none but the few have hitherto had any experience.

G. R. S. MEAD.

A SECRET LANGUAGE.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

I SUPPOSE that there are certain scraps of wisdom, practical and theoretical, that very few of us have escaped.

There is the case of the mustard, for example. I was comparing notes on this matter with two of my friends the other day, and I found, as I had expected to find, that all three of us had been instructed in the fabled utterance of Mr. Colman. Mr. Colman said that he hadn't made his fortune by the mustard which people put on their beef, but by the mustard which they left on their plates.

This instance, it is seen, is purely moral and practical in its nature; it cautioned one against the wasteful use of an agreeable condiment. But there are two other anecdotes, which all the young have received, I think, in their day, that are more to our purpose. One tells how Stephenson watched the kettle boil, the lid thereof vehemently rising and falling, and so was invented the steam-engine. The other shows the illustrious Newton, idling or meditating in the orchard. An apple drops to the ground; and the theory of gravitation is the result.

Few, I say, can have escaped these instructive stories; but I hardly think that the true moral has generally been drawn from them. So far as I am aware, they are usually employed to show that a mere trivial incident issues in a great discovery. Indeed, I am

half inclined to believe that this moral belongs to the chapter called 'The Malice of the Undistinguished.' The Undistinguished do not compose music; so they make up a tale to the effect that Händel, walking through Edgeware, heard the church-bells ringing and the blacksmith's hammer clinking; and thus wrote 'The Harmonious Blacksmith.' I regret to say that the actual process was still simpler; for Händel 'cribbed' the tune in question from an old French composer. But I have always believed that the Undistinguished would fain say: "If *I* had been walking that day in Edgeware and had heard those bells and that hammer, then *I* should have written 'The Harmonious Blacksmith.'"

And so, I fancy, the Undistinguished would insinuate that they would have thought out gravitation and invented the steam-engine easily enough, if they had been in that orchard and that kitchen. The Undistinguished hate genius, for it is a mystery, and mystery is an abomination to them.

But this apart, I do not think that the real moral has been drawn from the instances of the apple and the kettle. The real moral is *not* that great things spring from trivial incidents. It is rather this: that great things can be and are before the eyes of men, for countless ages, and yet are not perceived. For how many æons had fruit fallen to the ground before the eyes of men? That is a question for the geologists and palæontologists; it may be answered briefly: so long as there have been men on the earth. I do not know the judged antiquity of hot water. I presume it must be nearly coeval with the age of fire; at any rate the steam must have lifted the lid of the pot for many rolling centuries before the day of Stephenson. Homer's

heroes saw this marvel by the shores of the wine-dark sea; and yet they saw it not. They did not discern it.

Now of course it may be objected that the true state of the case is this: that both Newton and Stephenson had the prepared mind, the soil made ready for the seed; in one case the scientific mind, in the other the mechanical mind; and that in the case of the engine-inventor there had been for fifty or sixty years a great progress in mechanical work, which had made the way ready for him. And it might be alleged that the minds of the Homeric heroes—let us say—were so wholly alien and remote from physical theories of the universe and mechanical improvements that the phenomena in question could not possibly make any impression on them. There is something in this. I confess that if I pass along the London streets and see in a bookseller's window a pamphlet with the title *The Lentil, the Secret of Everlasting Life*, I go on without considering the matter, knowing that it is no sort of concern of mine. So, it may be urged, science and mechanics had to progress and be extended for many years before the apple and the kettle could become in any way significant.

This is very well; but how about the case of logic? Here is a matter which has nothing to do with any applied science, with any long course of subsidiary inventions. It exists without any reference to the exterior state of men, to war or peace, riches or poverty, learning or ignorance. The matter of logic is of the matter of man himself; the man without it is no longer a man. It is inherent in every use of the word 'because'; there cannot fail to be a syllogism in every action we perform. It is not indeed true to say that the reasoning process is the exclusive prerogative of

men, for I believe it is pretty clear that many of the brutes reason ; but it is true that a man who does not reason is inconceivable. It is not merely that without the reasoning process he could not write the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* ; without it he could never catch his train to the city ; without it the palæolithic men could never have overcome the mastodon.

Here, then, is a faculty which is absolutely necessary to man, infinitely more necessary to him than his arms or his legs ; and yet it was not till the days of Aristotle that this faculty was, as it were, perceived, analysed, displayed as an intelligible thing, with its certain and fixed laws. Yet centuries before the days of Aristotle there had been mighty, prosperous, and peaceful civilisations. I remember reading that the Italian explorers, finding the plumbing and the bathrooms of the Cretan kingdom—which flourished about 2,500 B.C.—threw up their hands and said, “Absolutely English !” And I suppose perfect plumbing is an undeniable proof of a high civilisation. Then there was Babylon ; then there was Egypt. There were nations, that is, which had their leisured, thoughtful, philosophic classes. And yet this process of reasoning which they used every day and every hour of their lives was hidden from them. It was seen ; and yet it was not seen. You see, we can no longer say, as we said of the kettle and the apple : “But people weren’t curious about these things ; their minds didn’t run that way.” In a certain sense everybody’s mind must run in the way of logic, if it is to run at all ; and specifically the leisured and cultured class that exists in every civilisation cannot help turning its thoughts towards the reasoning process. Yet, I repeat, the analysis of ratiocination was not performed till the late age of Aristotle.

Now for an instance which I think is even more curious. Washington Irving, the American writer, was a man of very wide literature, of a very delicate and delightful perceptiveness; he was a man, I would say, alert in the discovery of beautiful things and quaint things. He almost succeeded in enchanting the State of New York with his legend of it; and this seems to me an amazing achievement. Above all he was a lover of the old, gracious, kindly life of England and all its dear, merry observances; never was a man fonder of an ancient thing, just because it was ancient.' Yet this Washington Irving, writing in the twenties of the last century, speaks with a kindly contempt of the Gothic of Westminster Abbey, as 'barbarous ornament.' He likes it certainly, but merely because it is old; in his heart he despises himself for liking it; he knows that it is all savagery, that he has no business to like it.

Now this seems to me a most extraordinary case. Here is a man of very much more than average artistic sympathy absolutely blind to the wonder and beauty and splendour of Gothic. It is before him, great and visible; but he can't see it, and doesn't see it. A cloud, one would say, comes down and is hung before his eyes so that all alike is hidden—both the spiritual inspiration, the divine poetry, of the whole building and the marvel of the detailed ornament, which is as the marvel of the earth breaking into leaf and flower and greenness in the season of spring. Washington Irving sees Westminster Abbey; but he sees it not.

And of course it had been so for two centuries or more. From 1620 to 1820, one may say, nobody had seen Gothic at all. It is interesting to look at eighteenth century prints of cathedrals; for it is at

once quite evident that the artists did not really see what they drew. If you look at these engravings from a little distance, you might almost say that the artist had been gazing not at Peterboro' or Lincoln Cathedral, but at a clever model made by a boy with wooden bricks and bits of wire. Draw closer and examine the detail, and it is all almost incredibly false. The tracery, the cusps, the mouldings are not a bit like the objects that were before the artist's eyes; everything is parodied, degraded, cheapened. It is difficult to believe that the man who drew the picture had really seen the cathedral at all; that he was not working from rough jottings supplied by a Chinaman or a Choctaw. But it is interesting to note that these bald cusps, these cheap-looking pillars, these cast-iron piers and arches (in the View of the Interior) have very much the effect that is produced by many of the pieces of the Gothic revival. There is actually a church in Derby of which the window-tracery is in cast-iron; the effect is very similar to the effect of the eighteenth century print. And so here you have the artist, the man of the trained eye, whose business it is to see and represent, utterly unable to see what was before him. His case is more remarkable than that of the mere lay observer, such as Smollett, who speaks with actual horror of York Minster, as a barbarous and altogether ghastly structure that should speedily be supplanted by a 'neat Grecian room.' Yet Smollett was an acute man, and a travelled man. But he saw York Minster, and it affected him as a coal cellar might affect us.

To take yet another instance. Dr. Johnson in the first place was an entirely honest man. He was utterly incapable of professing admiration if he did not sincerely feel admiration. He would never have

praised that which he did not approve, merely because it was fashionable to praise. His great maxim was "clear your mind of cant"; think honestly, without regard to fashions or conventions of any kind. One is quite certain, then, that his literary judgments were absolutely honest judgments. And again he was a man of very wide reading. He loved his age, but he was well read in the literature of all ages; he was well furnished, that is, with examples and standards of comparison. Yet Johnson firmly held that Pope's work was not merely poetry; it was the touchstone of poetry: "If Pope did not write poetry, what is poetry?" And he was not able to disguise his opinion that if Milton's *Lycidas* was not rubbish, it was something perilously near it.

Now we may almost say of *Lycidas* that which Johnson said of Pope's work: it is almost the touchstone of poetry. And Pope, with all his brilliance, his polish and his wit scarcely wrote poetry at all. So here is another instance of the honest and skilled and trained eye seeing and not seeing. Nay, though *Lycidas* is written with affectionate remembrance of the classic models in literature which Johnson loved, yet he could not see its shining beauty; he found it drivel or almost drivel.

And it will not do by any means to say that the late seventeenth century and the whole of the eighteenth century were 'inartistic.' They were nothing of the kind. St. Paul's Cathedral is not Gothic, but it is a mighty architectural masterpiece of its sort, both in its main design and in its detail. How great it is you may judge by comparing it with a modern attempt in the same order of architecture—that miserable joss-house in the Brompton Road called the Oratory. And

if there be a pure art, it is music; and the late seventeenth century and the eighteenth century produced such masters as Purcell, Händel, Mozart, Pergolesi, and the arch-master of all musicians John Sebastian Bach. And you had deep theology in Butler, and in Law, the followers of Böhme. And on the whole, we may say, you had what should have been the best jury in the world, an assemblage of men of learning, acuteness, wide reading and much leisure, who wrote and appreciated without either the desire or the necessity of pleasing the populace. Indeed, so far as they were concerned, there was no populace; the well-informed wrote for the well-informed.

Yet they could not see the beauty of Gothic—though Horace Walpole and a few others pretended that they saw it; they could not see the beauty of *Lycidas*. To these men an illuminated Book of Hours of the 13th century, which is one of the principal beauties of man's spirit and hands, would seem a mere grotesque. It would appeal to them as an oddity, much as some queer idol from the South Seas appeals to us, an affair of ugly, elaborate ingenuity.

And now for the last instance of all, and the strangest, of this blindness of man to things that are evidently before his eyes. Whatever we see or do not see, we cannot help seeing the visible world that is before our eyes, from the star above to the flower at our feet. And yet we may say that it was not till 1796 or thereabouts that men so much as approximated to the significance of the great sacrament of the world. It is true that there had been hints written in Hebrew and Greek and Latin, but they were but hints; it was left to the eye of Coleridge and Wordsworth to discern

that in the spectacle of external nature there is something much more than mere pleasantness or sensuous beauty—Horace found both these elements in his '*fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro*'—that in fact there is a revelation of things hidden in things which are open and apert to all. It is clear, then, that in a sense Coleridge and his fellows discovered the significance of the visible world; there was given to them a revelation of that which had been hidden from the beginning.

So it will seem pretty clear, I think, considering all the instances which I have quoted in physical science, in mental science, in architecture, in literature, in the contemplation of trees and clouds and streams and flowers, that things which are most clear may yet be most closely hidden, and hidden for long ages, and hidden not only from the gross and sensual man, but from the fine and cultured man. And that being evident, does not the consequence follow that we, who have certainly not attained to perfection of any kind, may be, nay, almost certainly are, as blind as those who have gone before us; that we too gaze at great wonders both of the body and the spirit without discerning the marvels that are all around us? And again, it would appear that we may be groping after the perception of things which we apprehend in a dim and broken and imperfect manner. I have alluded to Walpole and his sham Gothic, and I suppose that Walpole was beset by a sort of vague idea that there was 'something' in this architecture of a past age which was somehow or other curious and admirable. So Walpole tried to attain to it; and it is quite clear from his imitations that he was far indeed from the truth of the matter.

Now one would not for a moment class the school of Coleridge in its appreciation of nature with the school of Walpole in its appreciation of the Gothic. But may it not be that Coleridge and his fellows were but the forerunners of a new doctrine which was not fully revealed to them? It was the misfortune, I think, of Coleridge that after his first rush and flood of inspiration he went after the strange metaphysical gods of Germany, clouding his soul with a more deadly drug than the opium which he applied to his body. He thought that he was drinking a strong spiritual wine; he was in reality swallowing the winds of the North Sea, which are but sour emptiness. The light within him became dim; he talked of his 'system' in place of seeing visions. He forgot that he had already found truth; he thought he was going to find it by some wretched abracadabra charm of 'object' and 'subject,' by some mumbo-jumbo incantation of the distinction between the reason and the understanding. I would not say at all that he despised his poetry, but he thought himself embarked in a far higher quest of something that he called the Truth; whereas the fact is that his poetry at its finest was the truth, and the vital truth.

Let me say here: that in the Catholic Faith the highest and final and uttermost mystery is not contained in the Symbol of St. Athanasius, but in the simplest rite in the world, in the matter of natural, familiar, physical things which all men know and taste and see—that is, in bread and in wine. That is the manner in which the Christian religion protests against all the horrible heresies which under various disguises have taught that the world and all that therein is are the work not of God but of the devil; thus it signifies

to us that the way to the spiritual things is by the gate of the sensible things. This is the secret language, open to all men, but disregarded by all, or almost all. This is the witness against those who would maintain that lectures and 'jawings' in general, and moralisings and theosophies and philosophies are higher matters than the scent and odour of a rose, rightly apprehended, than the flame of torches, than the odour of incense, than golden vestments, than High Mass—that is, than Bread and Wine.

Now I have said that all manner of things may be under the eyes of men through long ages, and yet be unperceived, unobserved by them. This is true, and yet these things are none the less there. The stone-age man, hunting for his dinner and avoiding monstrous beasts, was arguing in *Barbara* or *Celarent* all the while—though he knew it not. And be quite sure that he who tried to argue in *Barbara* and *Celarent*, soon ceased to argue at all, for he died of hunger or was crushed by dinosaurs. And so, in spite of eighteenth century blindness, the splendours of Lincoln and Durham were not in any way veiled. They shone in glory, though dim eyes could see only barbarous confusion. And so this secret language of the visible universe, though it may not have been openly spoken, was everywhere whispered. It is the sure mark of a fool or an ignoramus or both to declare—for instance—that *The Song of Solomon* is just a beautiful Oriental love-song and nothing more. I believe that the Oriental scholar who is nothing more than an Oriental scholar can smash this falsity; he will be able to prove that the symbolism of *The Song of Songs* is in an age-old language of the East, which has persisted to this day; that the sacred books of the Sikhs speak in this tongue,

that the Bābīs of Persia are familiar with it. But, apart from all scholarship, those who have eyes and ears, the common senses of humanity, can perceive not only that the apples and wine and love and banqueting of the *Song* refer to divine and eternal mysteries. The Christian Church has always seen that; the Jewish Church always knew that the thirst of the hart for the water-brooks really showed the longing of the soul for God. That is one side of the question, and an important side; but there is another. And that is the correlative truth that all these things—apples, water-brooks, wine, feasting, human love—owe all their significance, all their value, all their light, all their beauty to the fact that they are both images and sacraments of eternal joys and wonders and delights; to the fact that they are words, as it were, in the secret language of God; that they are communications, in varying degrees, of the divine mysteries. An old prayer says: "Let us so pass through things temporal that we lose not the things eternal." Our blessed but idiotic reformers, in translating this prayer, inserted the word *finally*: "Let us so pass through things temporal that we *finally* lose not the things eternal." This would mean: "Do let us be careful not to eat too many apples or drink too much wine or look at sunsets too long (when we might be writing business letters) or we shan't go to heaven." In fact the great sentence would be turned into a choice piece of that twopenny morality which is so dear to the English heart, which leads, if not to the City of God, at all events to the City of London, which we call 'the City.'

But the true meaning of the ancient sentence is of course: Let us apprehend the eternal savours of the things of time. Through all the beauties and delights

of this earth let us see, veiled, the beauties and delights of the everlasting. A cup of cold water will win Paradise; but a cup of cold water is already a part of Paradise. Wine maketh glad the heart of men; that is because its parent grape was grown in the vineyards of the Kingdom. An earthly feast is a goodly thing; because there is a heavenly feast. Dawn and sunset are wonders to look upon; being pale reflections of eternal splendours. And as to the feast: I was once talking to a Scottish philosopher, a Hegelian, who could not stomach Plato. "Why, Plato maintains," said he, "that there is actually a table set in the heavens." Of course Plato was perfectly right; if there were no table in the heavens, there would certainly be no table on earth. Two-legged beasts would no doubt eat and drink to satisfy their hunger and their thirst after the fashion of other beasts, but there would be no table; and these beasts, though they might be cunning, would not be men—that is, sons of God.

The *Adoro Te devote Latens Deitas* of St. Thomas Aquinas has its special and sacred application to the Mystery of the Altar; but, like all universal truths as distinct from various pieces of information about things—which is the best definition of physical science—the doctrine implied 'goes through' even to the uttermost parts of the earth. That which is on high is as that which is below; and the 'latent deity' is latent in all things.

In all things, that is, that have not been clouded and defiled and deprived of their divinity by the ill-will of man. I remember that there was an instruction given to me on joining a certain secret society, that one should so see and so think as to behold and know nothing but God. I considered this point, and when I

next met my instructor I was frank with him. I said : "While I was reading that matter of finding nothing at all but God I was sitting in my armchair in Gray's Inn and looking at the tiles about my hearth. They are horrible things though shiny, horrible both in colouring and in design. I must resolutely refuse to see anything of divinity in them." And my teacher confessed that the matter was difficult. I cannot remember that he found me any solution.

But a few months ago, when I was writing a chapter in my reminiscences, this incident occurred to me, and my memory went back many long years, and I wrote somewhat as follows :

"Everything to me was wonderful, everything visible was the veil of an invisible secret. Before an oddly shaped or coloured stone I was ready to fall into a sort of reverie or meditation, as if it had been a fragment of Paradise or fairyland. There was a certain herb of the fields that grew plentifully in Gwent that even now I cannot regard without a kind of reverence; it is a spire of small yellow blossoms, and its leaves when crushed give out a very pungent and aromatic odour. This odour was to me a separate revelation or mystery, as if no one in the world had smelt it but myself. And so the whole earth, down to the very pebbles, was but the veil of a quickening and adorable secret. I look back to the time when the mountain and the tiny shining stone, the flower and the brook, were all alike signs and evidences. I see myself all alone in the valley under hanging woods of a still summer evening, entranced, wondering what the secret was that here was almost told."

And that, or something like that, I suppose, must have been in the mind of the hierarch, whoever he may

have been, who told those about to be initiated that they must find God in all things.

And so I go on and say that you cannot write of anything, or make the image of anything, without writing of God or making the image of veiled divinity—heeding always the example of the tiles in my sitting room in Gray's Inn. Man is almost omnipotent; he can quite destroy for himself and the fools who trust in him the great work of God. It is within the power of the sculptor—look about London!—to say: "Let us make man in the image of sheer stupidity and chaos and nonsense, or rather in the image of the fashion-plates of this or that year, very badly carried out in bronze." It is in the power of the writer to be enormously clever, to shew the vastest knowledge of the common thoughts of people at large and to write long, highly successful books which nearly everybody says are 'like-life' or 'slices of life.' Indeed these things are like life—as Madame Tussaud's waxwork is like life, or as a beef-steak is, most undeniably, a slice of life. But these things are not life; because the *latens deitas* which makes life is not discerned in them. I will not take any English examples, though these be many and flagrant, but I would say that the short stories of Guy de Maupassant illustrate my meaning perfectly. They are exquisite studies indeed—but in entomology, not in humanity.

But, as I say, corruption or blindness apart, it is impossible to write of anything without writing of God; and this is true of the simple, homely things, as well as of the splendid, glowing and illustrious things. The secret language is spoken everywhere and by all creatures. The foolish and the folklorists read, for very different reasons, their *Arabian Nights* in

Burton's version. I always knew by instinct that Burton was all wrong from any point of view save that of the collector of Oriental manners and customs ; and when I had struggled through a page or two—I never could manage more—of his detestable English, I knew by experience that he was all wrong. The wise read *The Arabian Nights* not for manners and customs but for splendours and for wonders : for the story of hidden doors that are suddenly disclosed in ways of daily passage, for the vision of jewels which glow like the sun and moon and all the assemblage of the stars, for the magic carpet, for the tent which can shelter a host and yet be folded in the hand, for the magic, for the divine, that is, which every uncorrupted mind perceives to be latent in life. And I would go a step further and say that I believe that the uncorrupted mind perceives by instinct that all these marvels are *real*. Not actual perhaps. I would not dare to say that that tent which can shelter an army and then be reduced to the compass of the palm of the hand will ever be a part of ordnance ; but still it is real, real in the power of human imagination and transcendence. Law, you know, following Böhme, as I suppose, taught that before the Fall the Universe was 'fluid'—this must refer to the period before the electrons became atoms—that is, obedient to the will of man. After the Fall it 'hardened' ; but not altogether. Aladdin's Palace still rises in a single night.

I suppose, then, it is no great task to see in such a book as *The Arabian Nights* a veiled picture of the wonders and the splendours of the world—that is, of the glory of God in the world. But there are obscurer ways of the secret language, which speaks in the simplest things as well as in the most splendid

things. Indeed, we have already seen that the Psalmist found a thirsty stag a good enough image of the great desire of the soul for God; and again in the twenty-third Psalm such homely symbols as wine, oil, and a table are sufficient in his view to convey a meaning which is deep and high enough. It is then, I think, to be considered whether bread and cheese and beer and a safe hearth and a roaring fire and a secure roof-tree on a bitter and stormy night may not have their significance. These are vulgar things, I know, but oil is quite a vulgar thing to an Oriental. To me an olive tree is a sacred tree. The first sight of it was a revelation; the silvery green of the olive orchards was a veritable magic-carpet journey in time rather than in space. But well do I remember how the old Provençal lady shook her sides when I confessed that I gazed with reverence on the olives about her farm.

I am sorry to refer you so often to the Holy Scriptures. I know it is an Oriental book; but it has been so long translated into the tongues of the West that I am afraid that it has become almost as vulgar as bread and cheese and beer and a warm fire on a cold night. Still the Psalm *Benedicite omnia opera*—to put a good Latin face on it—is much to my purpose; and I would ask you to think over these measured appeals to showers and dew, winds and fire, winter and summer, frost and cold, ice and snow, to “bless the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever.” All these, you see, are the commonest of common things; yet they are addressed by the Children, with Angels and Saints, as if they were creatures in the Eternal Chorus. And so addressed, as I believe, because they too, according to their degree, utter the Eternal Word,

and though of earth speak to the instructed ever of unearthly wonders. And thus I think it is that if you know how to describe a lonely man stumbling on his way up a long and winding lane on a winter's night, buffeted with mountain winds, drenched with driving rains, overwhelmed with darkness, and yet attaining at length to homely shelter, to a seat on the settle by a roaring fire, to a place whence he can listen to the storm without; well, incidentally you have made literature, but essentially you have described the passage into Paradise. And that, by the way, is no doubt the true definition of literature—of the secret language well-expressed; it must deal with the passage to Paradise. And if you are to apprehend this secret language you have got to understand that the villa at Dulwich where Mr. Pickwick rested from his pilgrimage is in fact Paradise. I am sorry that Dulwich is just a suburb of London, with three stations, attainable from Victoria, Ludgate Hill, Holborn Viaduct or London Bridge. I am aware that it ought to be called Oontigala or Ispadan or something queer. Still there it is; and I am afraid I must say that anybody who has any difficulty in finding Dulwich a fit symbol of Paradise had better abandon the study of the secret language for ever.

But such persons will have Blake against them. They will have Plato, a greater name, against them, with his table in the heavens. They will have Solomon the King with his wine and apples against them. They will have the Psalmist with his wine and oil against them. They will have every good man against them. They will be in the company of the accursed Manichees and in the company of all the fools who have maintained that the earth is not the Lord's,

but the Devil's. It is written that he who cannot love his visible brother can in no wise love the invisible Deity. That is evidently the same doctrine in another phrase. I would also say that he who cannot see the eternal gifts in bread and cheese and beer and homely friendship and kindly mirth may gabble occult abracadabras all his days ; but he shall never taste of the eternal refectations of Paradise or sing the new song of the redeemed.

It is curious how this secret language has influenced all fine literature from all time. It has had many modes of expression ; but there is one in particular that I would remark. When the great legend of the Holy Grail, and especially the Percival branch of that legend, came up before the folklorists they said, and said very justly, that the story of Percival was an example of the Exile and Return and Vengeance formula. That is : your hero is, at the beginning of the tale, described as exiled from all, deprived of all, driven forth from pleasant and prosperous places into the wilderness. He sets forth from the wilderness on some kind of pilgrimage ; he meets with all sorts of adventures, enemies, hardships, enigmas, terrors ; and at last, at the end of the story, he is restored to all that he has lost, to far more than all. His wicked enemies have been trodden under his feet, all tears have been wiped from his eyes, all goods have been given back to him, nay given back tenfold ; his Beloved is his and, in the beautiful old ending, "he lives happy ever after."

That is the Exile, Return and Vengeance formula, which makes, according to the folklorists, one of the age-old stories of the world. There the folklorists stop ; but we, I think, may be bold to say that, under these figures, is told the story of man, who comes from

Paradise and at last returns to Paradise, having conquered all his adversaries and trampled down all the terrors that beset him. For my part, I very willingly receive this tale as a part of the primitive instinct of man or, if you will, a part of the primitive revelation made to man. And I hold too that if this be not accepted, then it follows that all literature and all art are but forms of mania—ravings about rests and palaces and refreshments that have no real existence in the universe. I should be sorry to accept this doctrine; and so I hold that *Nicholas Nickleby* is one of the great witnesses to the truth.

It is true that in *Nicholas Nickleby* the word for Paradise is Dawlish, which is a small town in Devonshire, on the Great Western line; but again I must maintain that Dawlish, as Dulwich, is no unfit symbol of the place of rest and refreshment and joys that are perdurable. For you will remark that in the real books you feel that the hero and his friends are come to the place of the undying, to the garths of the immortals. Their sorrows are all over in the earlier chapters of the book: Squeers is sent overseas, Ralph is dead, Nicholas, with Madeleine, is returned to the old garden, and there he lives to this day, young and happy for evermore. They lived happy ever after.

I have only indicated possibilities. I have shewn that things most manifest have been before all eyes for long ages, and yet have remained concealed, even from the wise. I have spoken of a hot fire on a cold night, of bread and cheese and beer, and the tales of an Early Victorian novelist; all these things being everywhere apparent to all. I leave you to judge of what else is known to all and yet hidden from all among the signs of the Kingdom.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

A MODERNIST'S DIARY.

ROBERT WALDRON.

II.¹

January 7, 1910.

I AM still in the frame of thought that marked my mind last year.

There is a tranquil sense that I am moving forward towards some issue, that my case will be solved by a decisive step which will square me, in a measure, with my changed way of thinking. It seems almost incongruous to remain here as I am, or seek a mid-way course by entering the secular clergy. Both alternatives would leave me in the same inconsistent frame of mind. What will my final decision be? I am mustering all my courage to meet the circumstances that will compel it.

I am at the cross-roads of my life and, as I look up the avenues of the future that diverge before my vision, I wonder into what career the impelling power of fate will direct me.

It seems that the circumstances have matured and that I have temporized quite long enough.

January 13.

I feel intensely the difficulties of my present mental state and all that it involves. I am still

¹ For the first part of this interesting and authentic document see the April number.—ED.

hesitating at the cross-roads, in utter loss how to decide. So much hangs on my decision.

My frame of mind was regarded as a passing phase, but it seems to me the phase instead of passing has become obstinately fixed.

The incongruity of my situation affects me strongly at times. I hear a murmur of blame for thus acting a double part. I am in fact officially professing convictions which my true self disowns. I may quiet this scruple, at least for a time, by convincing myself that in moves of this importance it is only justice to one's self as well as to others to proceed with the greatest good sense and caution. It is anguish to think at all. I am so alone. I cannot venture to consult any one on the alternatives between which my mind is vacillating. Shall I remain in the priesthood or leave?

When once the Church holds you she will not let you resign. If you depart you are prompted by hostility and rebellion, and she must put her stigma on you. This frightening prospect glitters like the threat of an assassin's dagger before the hesitating mind of a priest on the point of departing.

People will not understand, and you will be at a loss to explain that theological doubts have weighed so heavily in the balance as to compel you to renounce the priesthood. Yet, despite all, I do not see how I can remain much longer, bound by dogmas and discipline that I cannot believe in and cannot submit to.

January 20.

I am drifting far away from traditional beliefs, heading straight for rationalism. I have become a radical, yet in a mild spirit, with no vindictiveness towards the old dogmas so long cherished and revered.

The basic principle on which the whole fabric of theology reposes is shaken in my mind. Can I believe the dogmas that the Church imposes on me and bow in blind submission to her infallible authority? The answer, clear as sincerity can ring, comes out of my mind and heart: No; by all means, no! I do not quarrel with the proposition that an act of faith is reasonable on the condition that we have a warrant for it. I do not question the authority of a Divine command, but merely wish to know it was truly issued and was meant for me.

It would seem that if God Almighty had intended to speak to me, he had power to choose his mouthpiece and give his utterances a certainty and definiteness there could be no mistaking. If he would really make use of human mediums to bear his message to mankind, what possible advantage could there be in leaving them unsupported and uncorroborated?

Has God spoken with definiteness? The pandemonium of Christian beliefs answers the question. As for corroboration of so-called revelation and laying the seal upon it, what sign and evidence does he give that the teachings of the Church are endorsed by him? Once challenge the doctrine of ecclesiastical authority and the keystone of faith falls leaving the whole fabric of religion in a heap of ruins.

These thoughts and many others keep besieging me. I am at a loss to evade them and at an utter loss to meet and refute them. There still remains the old prescribed nostrum for this mental condition: "Make an act of faith and repell the temptation." The temptation, I fear, is often enlightenment and we repel it by closing our eyes to it. How can I stand and make an act of faith when the ground my faith

reposes on is crumbling and sliding from me? I might just as reasonably try to lay a foundation on a shifting current or try to get a standing in mid-air.

January 25.

The cruel dogma of Hell has vanished out of my mind like a horrid nightmare that fades before the opening eyes on awakening. I no longer seek for a reconciliation between the God who stands over the prison-house of Hell and the God who loves his creatures. Hell has become to me a pure and simple fiction, like the underworld of old mythology.

As I look at the picture of God that emerges out of the idea of Hell, I am moved indignantly to call that picture a caricature, a travesty. What, shall I believe this dogma that pretends to be of God, in face of the protest of my human heart, which I know is of God, if there be a God at all? Hell is repugnant to all that is generous in the human heart. It reverses, as no other doctrine does, all the standards we have to judge by and leaves one in a state of panic and bewilderment.

How enfeebled in my mind becomes the prestige of tradition as I read the list of eminent divines and doctors of the Church who have unanimously endorsed as God's unfailing truth the dogma of eternal damnation!

January 30.

A few questioning thoughts formulate themselves into words as I sit at my desk to-day. I will not put them in logical sequence but will jot them down as they loom up before me.

Is it not strange that the more study we focus on the Gospels, the less we are able to ascertain who are actually responsible for them?

Have you ever reflected on how small a part of humanity is represented by those adhering to the Faith, and of this fraction of mankind what a large percentage are Catholic only in name?

Have you ever wondered why God should be so exclusive? Is he the God of all men? Then why are such large masses of the human race forgotten?

If your mind was a blank on religion and you wished to ascertain religious truth, how would you proceed? Would you not give all creeds a careful scrutiny? What would be the outcome of such a scrutiny? I fear my mind would be a maze of bewilderment.

Have you ever realized how equivocal is the claim of the Roman Pontiff to infallibility, balanced on a text that is dubious both in its interpretation and its origin?

Think of the legislative and executive powers of a nation built up on the ambiguity of such a text.

Have you ever thought of the strange inconsistency of the Roman Pontiff in virtue of his infallibility defining and imposing his infallibility?

Have you never wondered why the Sacraments should be so inefficacious if they are really the channels of God's all-powerful Grace?

Has your faith never been severely tested in beholding populations long the privileged participants of all the Church disposes of, and yet in no wise superior to nations bereft of faith or professing other creeds?

Have you not remarked that the moment a man

goes beyond the pale of his early impressions he forthwith becomes a victim of doubt?

Have you not been struck with the strange anomaly that teachers of religion encourage and insist on docility and blind submission, faith without evidence, and yet their positiveness is in contradiction to the blind virtue they inculcate?

Have you never thought that blind faith is the stultification of our own God-given faculties?—and does it not seem unreasonable that striving to know should be called pride of intellect?

Have you ever thought that we are more largely under the impulse and determination of suggestion than of conviction?

Have you never worried over the popularly accepted, indeed the orthodox, idea of Hell?

Is not eternal reprobation, the punishment of crime by crime, the sterilizing of good and the perpetuating of evil? Would I treat my worst enemy thus?

Have you never paused to consider what an incompatible statement you commit yourself to when you claim the Gospels are verified and certified by the Church? The Gospels are endorsed by the Church, but what endorses the Church herself?

Are you not aware that every claim of revelation and Divine origin reposes on the testimony of miracles? Yet do you pause to consider further that nothing is more open to question than miracles themselves?

Psychology, hysteria, suggestion, physiology, are explaining away phenomena that formerly were attributable solely to God's own interference. And, besides, why am I obliged to take the testimony of men who

are supposed to have seen things two thousand years ago? Even though sincere, they might easily have been incompetent to witness to the nature of what they saw.

As you have gone over the pages of the Bible, have you never asked yourself: "Can this book, so excessively human, be the expression of God's mind?"

Have you never thought secretly that the God of the Old Testament could hardly find favour in an age of civilization?

Does not thought suggested by the above considerations lead one to surmise that human passion and local, exclusive bigotry were the chief sources whence arose the God-idea of the Old Testament?

Have you never realized that invalidating the Old Testament means a break-down of the whole theory and claim of revelation? If the Old Testament is not God's word, the Gospels thereby have no more claim to be, because they are interlocked.

Have you never asked yourself how the absolute monarchy of the Church can appeal to the democracy of the Gospels for its justification?

Has it never occurred to you that we admire in the Church precisely what we admire in the Standard Oil or any other big commercial organisation—namely, its marvellous monopoly, its system and discipline?

Has it never occurred to you also that this monopoly, system and discipline, while admirable in themselves, constitute nevertheless a tremendous power for the bondage of the human mind?

Does it seem that the Church has exerted such a transcendental power for good as she ought to have done if she is truly the representative of the religion *par excellence* of God?

Do you realise that in the Church we are governed by the mentality of two thousand years ago? Does it not seem strange that God should have spoken to the world two thousand years ago and have nothing more to say?

For what reason does the Church close the era of Divine inspiration with Christ and the Apostles? Such a demarcation seems exceedingly arbitrary, especially in the light of the fact that the Church teaches a great deal more than was ever explicitly or implicitly taught in the Gospels or by the Apostles.

Have you ever thought that if you met with the awful execrations and strange sentiments of the Bible in another setting, your more refined religious feeling would be shocked and scandalized?

From these doubts and difficulties cast into words, it is easy to see in what perplexity I find myself. Does it seem likely that I shall ever recover the *simplicity* of faith?

The veil of the Temple has been rent asunder, and instead of revelations its empty symbols lie before me.

Shall I submit this series of questions to Father Superior and await expectantly the enlightenment of his answers?

His answers will be the old stereotyped replies one can read in any treatise *De Ecclesia*. They have failed to convince me in the printed page, and I hardly think they will gather persuasive unction reiterated from Father's lips.

February 5.

This evening a brother priest looked intently at me, and I could see reflected in his eyes an

understanding of my troubled state of mind. He put the searching question to me: "You do not contemplate leaving the Order, Father?" and in a kindly way he depicted to me the consequences of such a step. It would place a sort of ban upon me, he said; it would estrange me from my friends, make me an enigma to everyone, while the maintenance of life itself would be precarious for one inured as I am to monastic ways. "Father," he added, "you seem to think your burden heavy. It is light compared to the racking anxiety of my own soul. Many a night have I passed in tears and sleeplessness."

How few realize the isolation of a priest in his real troubles! He is eager to unburden his soul of its doubts and difficulties, but he fears to scandalize those he confides in or convict himself to those he is uncertain of.

I observed this to my friend, that the very nature of a priest's trials forbids his getting sympathy. I told him also how I had become an object of suspicion on account of my doubts, which unwisely, perhaps, I have expressed too openly, and I added that a priest under suspicion is a priest whose career is ended. We belong to a politico-religious machine in which an independent spirit is soon suppressed if it does not take its warning in time and observe silence with acquiescence.

March 1.

Several letters are before me. They bring to me the burden of reproach from Rome and from Holland. My Superiors write to me in kindly terms; but they insist upon my casting aside my present frame of mind by "humble prayers and absolute submission."

In other words, I shall regain faith in what I disbelieve by avowing to myself that I believe it. I might obtain this result by auto-suggestion, but would this not be a case of hypnotism rather than of genuine convictions?

One of the letters reminds me of the docility and simplicity of my former faith, of my enthusiasm to realize my religious ideals, of all the poetry of that mysticism which once possessed my soul; and then in a tone of grief it depicts the contrast that brings sorrow to the writer, for he still cherishes a tenderness for me and desires my salvation.

It is hard to have friendship and associations made the compelling motive of your faith.

March 7.

In a letter before me it is intimated that I am dominated by intellectual pride; that I am setting up my own small intellect against God's truth; that I am pitting myself against his infallible Church. The fact is simply this,—that I am anxious to know whether the Church is possessed of infallibility and whether her truth is God's truth.

To use caution in the matter and suspend one's judgment until certainty warrants it, is as far as I can see not rebellion but respect offered to God himself.

Am I guilty of intolerable conceit in putting my mind in a questioning frame? The accusation might be justified, did my doubts place me in a mental isolation apart from all thinking minds. The fact is quite otherwise. If I dissent and even secede, I should be merely passing from a closed corporation that claims the making of truth and monopoly of it, into

the wake of thousands who are the recognized leaders of thought to-day.

Can any reason justify me in accommodating my convictions to my actual circumstances?

There are only two answers to my question outside of the answer which would say: "Go, leave your artificial life and be free!"

One answer is from my orthodox friend, and it would be simply this: "You have culpably lost your faith; so stay where you are and try to recover it."

The other answer is prompted by expediency and is not lacking in wisdom: "Remain in your present circumstances, which you have not created and for which you are not amenable. Make the best of your lot; take and leave the dogmas of your faith; look at them merely as symbols which you are free to interpret, and let expediency be your policy and motive. You have no right to shock the religious convictions of so many who depend on you; let consideration for their feelings be the plea for remaining where you are."

Which advice shall I abide by?

Shall I put away the fact that I ever had faith and jump the traces of religious discipline back into the world again? Shall I try to comply with my orthodox friends, and own to their charges that I have deliberately erred, have culpably forfeited the gift of faith, and must plead for the return of convictions which sincerity has torn from my mind?

Shall I hearken to the voice of expediency and play the part of compromise? I might do this if I were left alone; but the Church will not brook this esoteric interpretation of her dogma. I shall be shortly called upon to pronounce a profession of faith, which

specifically requires me to denounce what I hold to be true.

I might use mental reservation as my lips utter what I disbelieve or I might merely take the whole affair as a big joke like one who said to me: "Why do you worry? You don't have to believe it."

Most assuredly I don't have to believe it; but I have to act it.

August 27.

Several months have intervened. I have passed them in a sort of temporizing spirit. What awful barriers fence in a man; what strong, invisible fetters hold our real selves captive! Why am I refused the right to change my mind, to doff my religious garb, resign my priestly functions and become once more an ordinary man? If I do, I am branded a lost soul, a heretic, a renegade, and my motives will be variously interpreted, at the mercy of sweet charity. My Superiors wish me to go abroad and get away from friends, books and an atmosphere that have been a detriment to faith. I must retemper my spirit and reimbue my mind with genuine religion in the calm and silence of the cloister.

Where do they want me to go? I must yet wait and see—perhaps down into sunny Italy, perhaps to the chilly convent of Rickholt in Holland.

And now comes the crux of my life: Will I go?

I have passed many a restless, sleepless night over the alternative. I must reach a decision though my whole future trembles in the balance. How we dread to touch the shaping powers of our destiny, lest we put disorder in the plan that is working out in our behalf!

August 30.

I should like to register my thoughts to-day, but my heart is throbbing under such varied impressions that I am at a loss to get a definite frame of mind. I have said good-bye to my friends. Some seem to divine my anguish. A feeling of bewilderment has come over me. I go to-morrow at the call of my Superiors, but hardly in the spirit of submission they expect of me. Rickholt, Fribourg, Rome, loom up before my mind's eye; and I am wondering how I shall be disposed, in what circumstances I shall be placed, a few weeks hence.

Will my difficulties be ironed out under the weight of influence and the silent power of example when I get into a centre of monastic life again? I fear that I am not in this sense and to this degree an impressionist, though I am keenly sensitive. Were I purely a mystic, a poet, an artist, the fascination of mystery, the appealing sentiments and charm of prayer, all the beauty of externals, might win my heart again and overcome the powerful objections formulated by two years of reflection.

The spirit of a radical has been too intimately woven into the woof of my soul to allow emotion predominance over reason. So I feel to-day. Shall I have to disown myself later?

September 1.

There was no little surprise evinced to-day when I declared that my passage was taken and my departure booked for September 3.

I think Father Superior feels a sort of relief; he

does not dislike me, but yet feels that his sense of responsibility will be somewhat eased by my removal elsewhere. I go abroad as one whose spiritual life has verged almost to a crisis.

"Your soul is in peril," wrote my Superior from Rome, "and we are praying for your recovery." I am going as a convalescent; I must regain the vitality of faith, on a diet of Catholic literature and influence, in the repose of a mediæval cloister.

It makes me think of my journey years ago as a mere boy, when I left my native land, one October day in the company of a dear old priest, to become a friar. There was no backward look, no hesitation. Difficulties had been put before me, but I conquered them by that faith which levels mountains and makes the rough ways plain. My heart had felt the flutter of youthful love; but even this emotion was banned as I answered what I thought was my Divine call. I remember now our landing at Havre. It was twilight as we entered the Dominican monastery of the place; and I remember vividly my sense of realization as I came into the vaulted cloisters which ran around the open garden, and how happy I was to behold come forth to greet us a venerable monk who was reckoned one of the great orators of the day. My mind was alive with religious ardour then; I felt like converting the world. With what a changed mentality shall I start on my journey a few days hence!

September 3.

As I look back on the scenes that have faded away with my last glimpse of land, I think again of the parting with friends who wished me God-speed and a quick return. Shall I get their gladsome greeting when

we meet again? It perhaps depends on how we meet. As the liner launched into the wide expanse of ocean, I felt as though loosened from a thrall, and my sense of freedom made me breathe in rhythm with the great surging waters around me and the great open sky above me. This powerful atmosphere will give me strength to get my bearings; I must become neutral to the past and fearless of the future.

I must reconcile myself to the Church's dogmas or change my life with my changed convictions. That I can admit again unreservedly the former seems beyond the possible. I might however by subtile interpretation make them acceptable not in the sense of tradition but in the light of my own mind.

September 18.

I find myself at Aix-les-Bains to-day. I have come here *viâ* London and Paris, stopping in both places long enough to see some friends, and to several I have opened my mind. The spontaneous prompting to do so was irresistible.

One man of mature years counselled me to abide the advice of others, and be wary of taking precipitate action. Strange to say he is not a believer, but merely reasons his judgment in the light of my own interests.

The first signs of Autumn are appearing and the meagre remnant of gay idlers at this beautiful watering place proclaim the *fin de saison*. I have come down here at the invitation of my sister, while I await instructions from my Superior. I am yet at a loss to know where to find him. I may have to retrace my steps back to Paris and on to Holland, or quite possibly the *rendez-vous* will be at Fribourg. I went out to-day, across the beautiful Lake of Bourget, to the old

Cistercian monastery which has been the burial place for ages back of the family of Savoy. After visiting the church and wandering among the mediæval tombs, I climbed up to a crest of the towering slope on which the monastery rests, and all alone I looked about, down into the placid surface of the lake and off towards the great mountains of Savoy. I feel a thrill when I can commune with the beauty of nature.

In the blue waters beneath and in the sailing clouds above the dark monastery walls, I read again the long story of my life. I could see myself in the cowl and tunic of the Order silently pacing the cloister. I could see my mind again as it walked in the light of the old convictions. I could feel my heart beat again as it were in the rhythm of the familiar chant.

Was I weaned from it all? Had I ceased to be a monk? We only change our mentality, our habits, our ways of thinking, by slow degrees, after a life-long training.

September 21.

To-day we went out to 'Charmettes.' The little house so intimately associated with Jean Jacques Rousseau still wears the appearance inside and outside of two hundred years ago. I wonder if it was here that he penned his *Vicar Savoyard*, the story of the old priest who had tasted the bitterness of ecclesiastical persecution, but submitted to all and remained in his office, though he read silently into every dogma a meaning at variance with the orthodox interpretation of the Church.

As I read the confessions of the old priest I see myself reflected in his mentality, and wonder how many secret Vicars Savoyard are paying openly their

allegiance to a faith little of which exists as a conviction in their hearts.

Shall I settle myself comfortably back in the old faith and disperse my doubts, not by refuting them, but by a refusal to listen to them? How powerless we are to assure ourselves for the morrow, and promise what we shall be under new conditions and unlooked-for influences!

September 23.

I received a letter from my Superior appointing Fribourg for our *rendez-vous*. In accordance with these instructions I left Aix two days ago. I made halts at Geneva, Lausanne, Neuchâtel; and this evening I find myself in the little town of Murat, which was once the scene of a terrible battle.

I have put up for the night at an old-time inn, perched far up the slope that rises from the Lake. My room is simplicity itself. The brick floor, plain table and chair remind me of a monastic cell. I have just opened the casement to look out over the tiled roofs below in the glint of the moonlight and to breathe the strong vital air. In the glimmer of my lamp the great puffed feather bed seems inviting. I shall soon bury my weary body in its softness and part with worry and foreboding till they come to wake me in the morning. To-morrow I leave this quaint old town and in an hour or two shall reach my destination.

ROBERT WALDRON.

(To be concluded.)

BRAHMANISM AND CHRIST'S RELIGION.

MOHINI MOHAN CHATTERJI, M.A.

CHARITY is the crown of human excellence. With smiling spontaneity it kisses away constraint from duty's face. Charity is also an intellectual virtue. The sun dries the green twig for the fire to make a pure, smokeless flame. In the intellectual climate charity dries the mind of prejudice and partiality so that the fire of truth may evoke a radiance of joyous light. Truth is one, her enemies many. And the greatest of them is uncharity. Uncharity breeds prepossessions, and prepossessions hide from attention the undesired. You see and hear what you wish to hear and see. In physical life information brought by one sense has to pass the test of other senses, the experience of one individual the test of the experience of others, before receiving the stamp of trustworthiness and furnishing foundation for action. Is such testing possible in the case of religion by comparative study conducted in a spirit of charity which puts each religion in the best light capable of exhibiting its highest capacity? The greatest obstacle in the way is that uncharity born of a belief in the exclusive excellence of one's own religion. I fear to find what I regard as my very own shared or, may be, in some ways improved by one outside my barricade of beliefs. In religion the unknown is rarely the magnificent.

The ensuing observations embody an attempt to examine the religion of Christ from the Brahmanical standpoint in a spirit which would be welcome if animating an examination of the Brahmanical faith. This examination, merely suggestive in its incompleteness, is undertaken in the hope of stimulating an inquiry into the Brahman's claim to possess a sufficient and satisfying theology capable of establishing the religion of man in amity and peace, and at the same time to point to man's need of Jesus Christ for peace and amity.

A word seems necessary in explanation of the avoidance of the expressions Hinduism and Christianity. Hinduism is inconvenient in any discussion not professing to disregard precision and accuracy. It is more a religious museum than a religion in itself. Brahmanism is a term suggested by the late Professor Monier Williams. It can bear a sufficiently rigorous definition for all practical purposes. Orthodox Hindu theologians must profess loyalty to it even when their practice is unconformable to its precepts. This religion is declared in the collection of scriptures known as 'the three-fold path' (*prasthāna trayam*). The Sanskrit term was first used by Madhu Sūdāna Sarasvatī, a theologian belonging to one of the ten monastic orders founded by the celebrated Śāṅkarāchārya in the seventh century of the Christian era. The scriptures of the three-fold path are commented upon by Śāṅkara as canonical. The only two teachers who subsequently attained in the Brahmanical world an eminence at all comparable to Śāṅkara's, accepted their canonicity and each left his commentary thereon. It must, however, be mentioned that Rāmānūja in the eleventh century and Madhva some centuries later accepted additional

scriptures for the sects they respectively founded. The necessity for the addition is not far to seek. Śankara, admitting the doctrine of *avatāra* or incarnation, makes no use of incarnation-worship; wherever in the *Bhagavad Gītā* Kṛishṇa uses the first person, he takes it to mean Īśvara, the Lord, and not any particular being. Rāmānūja, on the contrary, inculcated the worship of Rāma and Madhva of Kṛishṇa. They are thus obliged to have sacred writings appropriate to their several kinds of worship. Philosophically these teachers belong to mutually hostile schools. Madhva is an uncompromising Dualist (*Dvaitī*), Śankara an equally uncompromising Adualist (*Advaitī*), a term preferable to Monist with its Western associations. Rāmānūja is a modified Adualist (*Viśiṣṭādvaitī*). Notwithstanding these differences, all three teachers find their faith in the three-fold path consisting of: (1) the ten *Mahā* or Great *Upanishads*, (2) the *Brahma Sūtram* of Vyāsa and (3) the *Bhagavad Gītā*.

The term Christianity is not altogether free from the difficulties besetting Hinduism. It is by no means easy to grasp the principle of selection or classification which brigades together the Malabar fisherman unmooring his catamaran to shouts of 'San Javier! San Javier!' instead of the 'Durgā! Durgā!' of his Bengālī *confrère*, the silent Quaker waiting for the movement of the Spirit, the benevolent dignitary of the English Church, the Roman, with sealed scriptures, kissing relics and images, the Greek kneeling before his ikons, and numerous other sects who cannot communicate together, even in emergency, without meriting ecclesiastical censure. Christianity can first be seen as Judaism with the expectation of

the Messiah fulfilled. In a little while it emerges a religion claiming the universal allegiance of the human race. Floating down the stream of time it is coloured by African Trinitarianism and various speculative theories of philosophical Paganism. From the ashes of the Roman Empire arises the proud empire of the meek Jesus. In shattering Christian Cæsarism Protestantism is itself broken into a hundred fragments. Torquemada planted the banner of Christianity above his torture-chambers, and Calvin held it in his hand when he smelt the burning flesh of Servetus. It is the religion of Channing and Emerson. It is the religion of the Kaiser and his Council. All, all this is Christianity. When belligerent nations, each in its own sight Christian and serving God, come to diametrically opposite ethical judgments on the same facts, it presents a puzzle hard to solve. Like all living things Christianity is said to have evolved into its present form. But what is that present form? Where is it to be found? Till recently all eyes were turned to Germany, the land of Higher Criticism. One fact seems to have been demonstrated by the historians of Christianity: the greater the attention devoted to Christology the greater the spiritual barrenness of the Church proclaimed to be Christian.

It is better, perhaps, to treat a religion as charity treats the individual, appreciating the best in him from his highest thoughts and acts, a nation by its noblest sons and daughters. Thus a religion should be judged by its scriptures, the fountain-head of its life and thought. The religion of Christ is the religion declared by the Master's words, by the Gospels, by the New Testament.

It is to be noted that the scriptures of the three-

fold path are scriptures of liberation (*moksha śāstras*), or sacred utterances relating to the attainment of God, the realisation of the final end of existence. They are not to be confounded with books of the sacred law (*dharma śāstras*), relating to conduct in social life specially applicable to conditions prevalent when the law was given. In Indian vernaculars the word '*dharma*' has (obviously under Buddhist influence) acquired the larger meaning of religion. But in scriptural or theological Sanskrit it has a more limited import. The teachings of the law-books are mainly and directly concerned with the duties of caste (*varṇa*) and the conditions of life (*āshrama*); the scriptures of liberation deal mainly with the individual and his pursuit of the Divine. The attitude of the three-fold path to '*dharma*' is characteristic. The renunciation of the whole body of '*dharma*' rules is compatible with the great quest.¹ In brief, the Brahmanical scheme of the highest spiritual welfare disregards the social order. Any investigation of the historical causes leading to this result is beyond the scope of the present meagre sketch. But this feature appears to be at once its strength and its weakness. It loses in extension what it gains in intensity. It is suitable for individuals in all conditions and at all times, but hardly for purposes of communal life. It can take for granted any and every kind of social polity and confine itself solely to the spiritual culture of the individual. It furnishes systems of spiritual exercise without providing for a general scheme of collective spiritual life. Anybody can follow the three-fold path, if properly instructed. But nobody can be socially a Brahman unless born

¹ See *Bhagavad Gītā*, xviii. 60, *B. Sūtram*, III. iv. 36, 37, and Commentaries.

one. A Brahman in religion can love and venerate any man who has a living faith in the One God, the Supreme Being, the Creator, Preserver and Regenerator of the universe, and is devoted to the good of all creatures. He will not inquire into his origin or other matters personal to the individual. Associated with Hindu polity Brahmanism is exclusive; dissociated, it is universal, the religion of man, the custodian of the true faith. This is rarely understood by those who live outside its influence, whatever their origin may be. True to his faith, the Brahman must acknowledge it in whatever form it may be clothed by the accidents of environment. This is designated in Europe Neo-Hinduism or eclecticism, and evokes against its followers the charge of insincerity, for, as they are independent of verbal symbols, they can adopt any that the occasion may require for mutual understanding. This is, however, not the invention of moderns unjustly suspected of making burglarious use of Christian truths after rubbing off all property-marks from the stolen treasures. Gauḍapāda was the teacher of Govinda Nāth, who lived an unusual length of years. In extreme old age the latter taught 'Sankara who, according to Indian authorities, was born in March or April, 689 Samvat, corresponding with 632 A.D. Gauḍapāda wrote a *kārikā*, or explanatory summary of the *Māṇḍūkyaopaniṣad*, wherein occurs the following passage: "The Supreme Brahma to be worshipped is indicated by the words '*that what*' (*yat tat*), i.e. indescribable, and acknowledged by such Vedic texts as 'From whom all creatures are born,' etc., 'From whom speech falls back with the mind,' etc. Those who worship what are different from one another by reason of ascriptions of names and forms, contend with

one another. With them this does not disagree." According to Gaudapāda Brahmanism supplies a universal formula, applicable to every case, enabling the Brahman to speak to the foreigner in his own tongue.

Brahmanism acknowledges a Supreme Personal God, omnipresent, omniscient, eternal. In this respect there is no difference—not even philosophical—between the three schools. Śankara, whose school is most frequently charged with pantheism, deism, agnosticism and blasphemy, sums up the orthodox teaching thus: "Īśvara, possessed of an infinitude of powers, presiding over power (*māyā* [*i.e.* joy, wisdom and righteousness]), by thought alone creates this universe, moving and stationary. That Īśvara, who has no material cause, is secondless, is Himself alone and by Himself creates all, should not be doubted. The Lord (Īśvara) Himself became the efficient and the material cause. He creates, preserves and destroys the universe. Himself [*i.e.* sentience or spirit] dominating, He is even the efficient cause; in like manner, the form of spirit or consciousness dominating, He becomes the material cause."

The charge of pantheism is based upon the doctrine that God creates the world out of Himself. In philosophical language, He is both the material (*upādāna*) and the efficient (*nimitta*) cause, and at the same time pure, eternal Himself. The difference between this and the doctrine of creation out of nothing escapes the mental vision. Both doctrines recognise the logical necessity of positing a material cause. The Brahman says the pure, eternal, independent God without any change of nature is that material cause. Eternity is not endless time or series

of changes but simple, indivisible. All thought of creation must be got rid of from the mind before it can be turned toward eternity. In eternity there is nothing beside God. One must, therefore, deny a material cause altogether or find it in God. Here 'nothing' must be taken as short-hand script for nothing outside of Him. God is; therefore creation is. No God, no creation. No creation and yet God is. Both doctrines proceed upon the assumption of God's existence prior to creation. Either accept, therefore, the identity of the two doctrines or treat both as unintelligible. The only other alternative is to be landed in some form of acosmism, similar to the doctrine of *māyā* or the absolute idealism (*viññāna-vāda*) of the Buddhist, as often misunderstood. The declaration perpetually reverberates through every nook and cranny of Brahmandom that God is of nature eternal, pure, intelligent, free—that is, untouched by any material or moral blemish, pure perfection. If this is pantheism, the justice of the judgment must be confessed. If, however, pantheism means the exhaustion of the Deity by the universe or that He is affected by the *catena* of changes the universe embodies, no school of Brahmanism is pantheistic. "One aspect (*pāda*) of Him is all this universe; three aspects are immortal in shining heaven." If this text is pantheistic, then he who declared that in God we live, move and have our being or that we see God in all things and all things in God, was a pantheist. If the conception that God is the universe in one sense and not in another, that He is unsearchable by the mind, therefore distinct from the universe, so that separated from Him the universe is nothing, is theism, then Brahmanism is pure mono-

theism. But if in no sense his work can be identified with the author, then the charge of materialism can be driven home against all who give the name of Shakespeare to his plays.

To repel the charge of deism, it is only necessary to glance at the extract from Śankara cited above. Those who discover agnosticism in Śankara will have to maintain that God in Himself—the interior essence of God-head—can be known. And before approaching this question they will have to demonstrate that a blade of grass or a grain of sand can be known as it is in itself independently of the knower's consciousness. If the accuser accepts the Bible as containing God's revelation, he will have further to explain the meaning of "I am that I am," of God not being found by searching, His dwelling impenetrable in His own light. It is this transcendence of God beyond thought and feeling that proves and justifies, according to Brahman theologians, the necessity of revelation and the authority of scriptures. That again is a subject incapable of treatment here. Man worships God for what God is to man—the Divine Parent, Teacher, Lover, Friend, King, the innermost Reality. According to temperament men think of Him more in one of these relations than in others. If this is agnosticism it is only another name for religion.

A reference to the doctrine of incarnation seems in place here. It is authoritatively expounded in the *Bhagavad Gītā*. Incarnation involves no change in the Divine consciousness. "Though birthless, of exhaustless essence, lord of all that is, I, preserving the mastery of my own powers, am born by my own power" (iv. 6). "The unwise consider me as the unmanifest having received manifestation, not know-

ing my supreme aspect, exhaustless and devoid of any thing superior" (vii. 24). In other words, an incarnation is a being with a human soul interpenetrated by the Divine afflatus, the withdrawal of which may or may not end the human existence. In the instance of the Paraśurāma incarnation, unconsidered in the three-fold path, the human existence is said to have continued even after such withdrawal. Incarnations are unknown in the Upanishads. In the *Chhandogya-panishad* Krishna is mentioned as the son of Devakī who attained the Divine nature.

The charge of blasphemy against Aduāism requires consideration. The acceptance of the formula 'I am Brahma' or 'That thou art' is said to degrade God to the level of ignorant, sinful man and to exalt the creature, with insane pride, to the height of the Most High. It may not be unprofitable for the hasty critic to remember that, according to the myth, it took four years for Indra to realise the meaning of the formula. His fellow-student by sticking to the letter became a demon. These formulas do not represent intellectual interpretation of truth, but are guides to spiritual exercises, whereby, with the help of supreme dispassion, utter renunciation of self, the mind is emptied of all attention to action and attribute—human and Divine. The attention, thus purified, can attach itself to the one substance or attribute-less being which is God as well as the individual. On realisation of this Divine eternal substance such a complete change is wrought in the mind that it is asked, in the words of a Sanskrit poet: "What is there that is not filled with beauty?" These famous formulas are sometimes criticised as suggestive of the attitude of Milton's Satan. But in his commentary on the *Brahma*

Sūtram (IV. iii. 15), Śāṅkara distinctly says that to the glorified, beautified soul all powers may come except the creative, preservative and annihilative powers which belong to the eternally established Īśvara and to Him alone. Let Christian theologians decide, on the authority of their scriptures, whether these powers were among those given to Christ by the Father of the Universe. It seems difficult to conceive how all Adualist doctrine can be evaporated from the texts containing the prayer that the disciples should be made one with Christ even as he is one with the Father.

The philosophical differences between the three schools of Brahmanism, when impartially considered, are more apparent than real. Śāṅkara's school differs from Rāmānūja's in a formal matter. Is power to be counted separately from the possessor of power? Śāṅkara says, No; Rāmānūja, Yes.¹ But obviously this is a matter of convention. The wonder is that contentions can arise out of such a trivial matter. Madhva Dualists leave untouched all that concerns the Divine substance, the super-temporal. Let man, the servant, conform himself to the will of his Divine Master, as revealed, and his will be eternal bliss. The real difference is in Śāṅkara's abstention from the worship of any incarnation. The other two schools differ, outside of philosophy, owing to differences in the character of Rāma and Kṛishṇa, the incarnations respectively worshipped by the two sects. As is the object of worship, so is the worshipper's character. Sectarian disputes, the world over, are due more to peculiarities of human character than to any funda-

¹ Light will be thrown on this question by a reference to Śāṅkara's commentary on the *Bhagavad Gītā*, xiii. 12, where he notices the doctrine which four centuries later came to be associated with Rāmānūja's name.

mental or vital difference in what is essential religion. The only remedy seems to be to follow St. Paul in enthroning charity above all other virtues.

Brahmanism, even as interpreted by Śankara, leaves the final end of the worshippers of God through incarnation or attribute in no doubt. The whole of his commentary on the *Bhagavad Gītā* is in point. In his commentary on the *Kaṭhopanishad* he quotes a well-known Upanishadic text to the effect that they too in the end, after having dwelt in celestial spheres for vast periods, attain the supreme Liberation—a teaching which reminds one of St. Paul's words: "And when all things will be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all" (*I. Cor.* xv. 28).

In the scriptures of the Hindus the doctrine of incarnation seems to have evolved through three distinct stages. First, Kṛishṇa was Devakī's son who had attained the divine nature; next, he is an incarnation, a human soul representative of God; and, finally, a name of God Himself as in the *Gopāla Tāpanīyopanishad*. So also Rāma, Daśaratha's son, an *avatāra* of God, becomes a name for God himself in the *Rāma Tāpanīyopanishad*. With the utmost humility may the inquiry be made whether a similar evolution is not observable in the conception of the mystical or eternal Christ? First, the carpenter's son; then, the son of God, a term well understood in Jewish theology; and, finally, a name for God Himself as the Saviour of man.

In a scripture peculiar to the Madhva sect—the *Nārada Pañcharātra*—Mahāvishṇu, the eternal Seed from which all *avatāras* proceed, is the only-begotten son of God under the name Kṛishṇa, the Divine Energy,

personified as a distinct entity, being the mother. A somewhat similar belief existed among the Christian contemporaries of Mahomed against whom fiery, impassioned denunciations are directed in the *Korān*.

All Brahmans unite in maintaining the sinlessness of God. In the *Īsopanishad*, which is really a selection of *mantras* of the *Yajurveda*, He is 'pure, unpierced by sin.' In the *Bhagavad Gītā*, in a *śloka* (xviii. 66) which Śankara considers the essence of that scripture, the greatest promise to Arjuna is: "I shall rescue thee from all sins. Grieve not." A comparison is suggested between the fruit of the Holy Spirit described by St. Paul and knowledge as declared in the *Bhagavad Gītā* (xiii. 7-11). Moral virtues are included in knowledge, the chief of them being humility.

The fact seems to be that in the Brahmanical system a very large space is occupied by declarations concerning realisation of the super-temporal aspect of the Godhead, while such topics receive less attention in the New Testament. The common people heard Christ with rejoicing. The Apostles, especially St. Paul, laboured to establish the religion of Christ as the dominating element of social polity. Brahmanism, as repeatedly stated, is mainly the religion of individuals or groups of individuals, discharged of social duties.

Brahmandom, as a whole, is agreed that the extinction of all suffering and the attainment of indescribable bliss is the final end of existence. The teachers, other than Śankara, maintain that the devotees perfected by God's mercy dwell after death in the enjoyment of bliss as existences separate from God and one another. Śankara accepts this; but says that after untold ages they too will attain a perfection

beyond the reach of all human qualification, when even the above description which bears some resemblance to human experience shall no longer be applicable to the glorified soul. For ordinary men it can be said to be a certain spiritual serenity of the spirit (*manahprasāda*). He calls upon his *sannyāsīs* (monks) to leave all and press forward to this end.

The foregoing outline lays emphasis on Śankara's interpretation. He is supposed to be at the antipodes of Christianity and other forms of theism. If he does not offend, no offence need be apprehended. In thought, though not in feeling and worship, Madhva is close to Islām. Rāmānūja may yet be destined to furnish a fresh vehicle for the communication to the world of Christ's religion. But the future is hidden with God.

The *Bhagavad Gītā*, the epitome of Brahmanism, sums up religion in two verses :

"O Arjuna, he who measuring by himself looks equally everywhere on sorrow and joy, is in my [*i.e.* God's] estimation an excellent devotee or *yogī* " (vi. 33).

"Of all *yogīs* he who with the inner self resting on me [*i.e.* God] loves and worships me, is the best in my estimation " (vi. 47).

Allowing for differences of idiom is it not the same as the summary in the Gospel ?

Yoga is spiritual culture. The self-torturing and often disgusting practices of counterfeit *yogīs* have wrapped the subject in a mist of misconceptions. Patañjali, although his *Yoga Sūtram* as a scripture has not the rank of those referred to, is recognised as the highest specialist in this subject, and his teachings, so far as they go, as in full accord with the three-fold path. According to him the preferable means for the

attainment of *yoga* is a loving attention to the Lord (Ísvara) who is a soul distinct from all others, untouched by affliction, well being, ill being, consequences and expectations. In Him is the seed of the consummation of omniscience. Not being conditioned by time He is the teacher of all teachers who have gone before. Having described the method which enables attention to be given to Him in love, the author lays down rules for obtaining spiritual serenity. Rejoice with those that rejoice, sorrow with those that sorrow, with gladness encourage the doer of good and take no notice of the doer of evil. He prescribes to the same end the support of a heart (or *chitta*) devoid of attachment to the world, *i.e.* of self-interest. The rest of his prescription shows his preference, in accordance with the whole tendency of Brahmanism, for the religious recluse.

It is here that the need of Jesus Christ comes in. On the way to Calvary he thought of provision for his mother. He changed water into wine to save a householder's reputation. He attended a wedding, suffered little children to come to him, taught the multitude, accepted women's ministrations. He called sinners to repentance and loved penitence in sinners. He withstood evil in authority, as a rock withstands a rivulet, and yet without resistance gave his life that abundant life might come to man. He pleased not himself but went about doing good, preferring service of man to personal worship of himself, and gave all, even himself, to the Father. Blessed be God for such a gift to man! The Brahman may preserve the sacred word, transmitted to him by his fathers from the forests and glades of Hindustān, the word committed by God to their custody and capable, when rightly understood, of

protecting religion from unbelief and false belief better than any historical evidences, which are never free from uncertainty. And yet in the ripeness of time he may prostrate himself before God for this great gift. Through Christ God teaches the Brahman that the whole world is God's and all nations His, that union is better than separation as love is greater than hate, that it is better to lose your life for God's sake than to save it for your own. This great gift is free, without tax or toll. Bow down to the Father of Jesus Christ and no man shall hold sway over your soul. Christ came to save man from sin.

A certain exaltation of feeling may be forgiven in contemplating such a stupendous revelation of God's mercy and the value of the human soul. The Brahman rejoices to confess Christ as of God, the anointed King, the Ruler of conscience, the Moulder of character, the spiritual Teacher, in whose mouth there was no guile. Whoever believes in the secondless God as in every sense one and worships Him alone in spirit, who confesses Christ and follows him in life and thought, is the Brahman's spiritual brother, though that brother may disown him. His regard and affection toward other followers of Christ's name are graded in the same manner as in the cases of corresponding classes of Hindus: kinship to those who are akin, disregarding external circumstances, and the hand in service to all.

Om śāntiḥ ! God's Peace on all !

MOHINI MOHAN CHATTERJI.

A NEW FAITH.

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WAR conditions have compelled many people to make trial of a simpler life; and it has probably been found that a simpler life means a happier life, for the real pleasures of life are simple and such as may be shared by all. The same conditions are demonstrating the need of a simpler faith; and if this need cannot be supplied by the Churches it will be sought elsewhere. In the *Manchester Guardian* of January 20, 1916, 'Artifex' wrote: "The great body of English people, alike among the workers and the upper classes, do not practise anything that can be called religion, as opposed to conventional morality, at all." This may be true of the great body of people. But to suppose that there is no substitute for the complicated and, as many think, antiquated faith of the Churches is to make a fatal mistake. The truth is that in ever growing numbers people are finding real consolation and actual help in a philosophy or science which will either develope into a powerful religion or serve as an adequate substitute for one. It is a philosophy which is not distinctively Christian, a faith which is more private and personal than that of the Churches.

There is much in Mental Science, as it is popularly presented, that is trivial and absurd. But there is much also in it, and more behind it, that is of supreme importance and inestimable value; and it is passing rapidly out of the domain of amateurish speculation into that of systematized knowledge and research. Its

progress has probably been accelerated greatly by the War. For the psychological treatment of soldiers who have come back from the War with shattered nerves is only a more scientific application of the principles which have long been familiar to many of us under the name of Mental Science or the New Psychology. The impetus given to a New Psychology by the War is all that was needed to vitalize a power that is destined to work wonders.

This new philosophy or faith or substitute for religion is psychological and scientific, simple and natural. It teaches that right conduct and healthy living, faith in the present and hope for the future, are to be attained not merely by the acceptance of certain doctrines handed down by authority from a remote past, but by conformity to the rules of a gradually developed Science of Life. It teaches that such practices as Prayer and Confession are of practical and scientific value, but that they are possible and can be made effective without the aid of church or chapel or priest. It teaches that health and happiness and holiness are all closely allied; that in fact holiness demonstrates its reality by bringing health and happiness. It teaches that primarily and essentially we are concerned with the present life alone; that we have to seek happiness in the present life; that happiness here denotes happiness for ever; that here first is to be found eternal life. This does not mean that belief in a future life has been abandoned or that the idea of some form of future punishment has been rejected. Belief in some kind of future existence seems to be gaining ground; the idea of re-birth is taking a new lease of life.

The new faith, if such it may be called, is simpler

than the old in many respects. For instance, it has no use for the pomp and paraphernalia of priests and temples. Has it any use for a body corresponding to that of the Christian Ministry? This it certainly has. Assuredly the need will be felt for a body of men whose lives shall be devoted to the study of right living and right thinking—a body of psychological practitioners, who, in distinction from the physicians of the body, will be physicians of the mind and soul. These, we may suppose, will be consulted in private places of their own, or will be invited to call at the houses of persons in need of help. There are many such practitioners at work already, Christian Scientists and others, though probably few of them as yet have realized the profundity of the qualifications needed for their task. The new practitioners will not be bound by one book or by one thinker. They will seek new light in all quarters. They will study all the religions that have existed hitherto, separate the truth from the falsehood and appropriate it. They will not indeed neglect the study of the Bible, but they will combine with it a really sympathetic study of other sacred books. They will be trained psychologists without allowing themselves to become too academic; and their Psychology will certainly include Psychical Research. They will study Psychotherapy or Psychiatry in all its branches; and they will not fear to seek in Spiritism and Hypnotism any lessons these may have to teach them. They will study life as it is lived or as it can be lived in simple and natural conditions. They will not despise the benefits of singing and dancing nor ignore the wholesome effects of music and colour on temperament and mental conditions.

MAURICE A. CANNEY.

THE VICTOR.¹

“ HAVE they all been brought up, Marie ? ”

The woman she spoke to was an old-fashioned French servant in a white *bonnet*.

“ All but one, Mam’selle. He is still in the chapel by the altar-steps. He lies so still, as if asleep . . . spine, it would seem. *Il est de la Garde Noire de l’Écosse, on dit.* The doctors are with him now.”

“ I knew *they* were in it,” she said almost to herself, her face going white as the cambric folded softly round it. Then quietly : “ Give me a hand here, Marie. There is much to do. Bring those bandages.”

All the afternoon the ambulances had been bringing in the wounded ; and it was not till twilight had fallen on the beautiful old *château*, which had been temporarily transformed into a hospital, that she found time to go down to the private chapel connected by a covered way with the main building.

Her heart seemed paralysed by a cold shrinking terror she could not fight. She *knew* who was lying by the altar-steps . . . ‘ so still, as if asleep.’

She reached the chapel door and gently pushed it open, but not without its making a slight sound. The figure of a man seen dimly in the quiet light of the oil-lamps rose and came softly towards her.

“ It may be a matter of hours perhaps, . . . but I am afraid minutes only,” he said. “ Go to him . . . he is quite conscious. I have done all I can . . . I must go now.”

For a moment the woman leant her hand on the

¹ The original of this narrative was ‘ seen by the writer.’—Ed.

back of a chair, her body bending nearly double as with some inward agony. Then she walked calmly towards the altar-steps and knelt down beside the little stretcher-bed on which was lying someone . . . as if asleep.

She closed her eyes, her body swaying once more ; the nails dug into the flesh of her hands. Then raising her head she gazed into the handsome face turned towards her. Its boyish look had not yet been effaced by passing years ; there was in it a curious blend of unassuming modesty with great pride—pride accentuated by the wonderful dignity of the pose of the head on the shoulders, a strong daring mouth and a *regard* in the eyes, as if he judged everything from an impersonal standpoint with absolute justice. One side of his face was sunburnt up to the roots of the slightly reddish hair ; on the other ran slantwise the abrupt white line made by the Glengarry, just as it had been after manœuvres in the beautiful play-time of the world which now seemed so long ago.

His magnificent body lay motionless. A smile slowly wreathed his face.

“Maisie !” he whispered.

“Geordie !”

“How did you get here ?”

“I knew you would need me one day, darling ; so I came,” said the woman gently. It was unnecessary to explain all the difficulties of the coming.

“You came . . . ” “Yes, of course you came,” he added after a little pause. It was so natural.

She bent down a little closer. “Dearest, tell me,” she said, “are you in pain ?”

The man closed his eyes to hide the agony of his love from her.

"I'm not suffering, Maisie; but . . . I'm going . . . "

Her lips grew rigid, her face deathly pale. Suddenly a sense of the whole world's terrible agony and of horror-stricken revolt against the awful destruction of brave and splendid manhood going on all round her swept through her breaking heart. It was all summed up for her in the man she worshipped . . . who was so worth while . . . one whose name was loved and adored by all in his native land . . . lying there stricken and helpless before her . . . going . . . as he himself had said . . . going . . . going . . . where? . . . God in Heaven! . . . *where?* . . . To some far-off land beyond her ken . . . where she could not follow one step of his solitary journey . . . alone . . . alone . . . ! In a few hours . . . less . . . much less . . . she would gaze on his dead face and sunken eyes. There would be no smile on the beautiful lips she had so gently kissed. The stiffening arms, so strong to fight for and protect all that was helpless, would be crossed above a dead heart, powerless for evermore to unclasp for the tender pillowing of a beloved head. . . . A pale stark statue would lie there before her. . . . He who had been her beloved . . . the dark doors would have closed for ever on his passing. There would be naught but awful impenetrable silence! . . . and the silence would remain for ever awful and impenetrable!

She rose to her feet, her whole being vibrating with a super-human resolve. She turned towards the altar.

Death, that stealthy, malignant Thing, was creep-

ing down upon them in the darkness of the night. She cast a rapid glance over the candles, the flowers, the crucifix. Save herself there was no power in the little chapel to stop that terrible Thing coming. A few moments only remained to her to defy It . . . to stand between this pitiless unseen Foe and the destruction of the one who was to her the very meaning of life itself.

Ah, God! should such things be? Should mystery mock the dauntless love of their souls? Should the tyrannous act of some unknown will cut at its very roots the magnificent power embodied in her man, blasting and withering the very essence of God Himself? Why, why should their hearts be riven asunder, cast out from each other into insolent silence? . . .

The Beyond . . . the great Beyond? . . . With sense of touch departed, with sightless eyes and heavy ears, how should the voiceless dead be found again? Platitudes, cowardly platitudes, lying and worthless!

Though she was at the white heat of despair, her courage never failed her. She was fighting for her love . . . and the love of many another.

She drew herself up to her full height and, stretching wide her arms, faced the empty chapel.

"Death," she cried, "Thou art an enemy . . . a cursed, inveterate, implacable enemy . . . taking all and mocking with brutal contempt our impotent surrender. But there shall be *no* impotent surrender. With love's infinite passion shall all the powers of darkness be hurled back. Heartless Thief, I look into Thy ruthless eyes and defy Thee! He shall *not* go . . . I shall hold him. I shall conquer for him

. . . I care not . . . I fear not. Stand back!
He is mine!"

Suddenly her body relaxed. . . . She turned
and knelt down beside him again.

"Oh, Geordie, darling, I weary you," she said.
"Speak, speak! . . . What mean those creeping
shadows?

"God! . . . God!! . . . God!!!"

* * * *

A heart-rending cry rang through the little chapel.
It lingered long among the blackened rafters. On the
altar-steps lay prone the figure of a woman, her face
buried in her outstretched arms.

* * * *

Anon came the regular sound of tramping feet.
Six giants of his own regiment, in their dark green
kilts, marched in. Like sleuth hounds they had traced
him in the night. They stood round him for a moment,
at the salute, their grim faces blood-red with grief,
horror and the determination of revenge, their eyes
blazing with a savage and beautiful loyalty.

A broken sob echoed through the building. A lad
leant his head a moment against a pillar while his
frame shook. "There was naeboddy like him!" he
groaned. He had been his servant.

There was a silence, followed by: "Haud on a
wee, Jock! . . . Canny, canny there, Dougal!
. . . Mind yersel', Davie!" as chairs were moved
across the parquet.

Then with the tenderness of women they lifted
something that was their own, and with slow-moving
feet carried their heavy burden out at the first streaks
of dawn.

"Och hone! the sorrowfu' day!"

Through it all she never moved. They thought she prayed. Neither would they have asked leave of any man. . . . It was the Black Watch.

* * * *

The early morning sun streamed in through the beautiful old stained-glass windows above the altar, shedding a flood of jewelled light into the silent chapel. The dull yellow lights of the still burning lamps looked coarse and opaque, paled and cheapened by the coming of the fine effulgent brightness of the sun.

The figure on the altar-steps moved slightly. A groan escaped the still unconscious lips. Slowly intelligence returned to the tortured brain . . . a heavy, helpless, stricken consciousness. She turned her aching and stiff body. Then, slowly sitting up, looked at the place . . . where . . .

The brilliant sunlight dazzled her. She saw nothing but a scintillating sheen of radiant light. What had become of the terrible nightmare she had dreamed? . . . What then was the meaning of all this loveliness? . . .

Presently the light took a curious shape. She rubbed her eyes. Then looked again, looked long and earnestly. She thought she still dreamed . . . !

There before her stood the figure of her love . . . just as he had been . . . perfect in every detail . . . only in finer dress, as if he had changed heavy tweed travelling clothes for lighter garments of the evening . . . palpable . . . living . . . moving . . . the same in very truth with the very essence of that reality which had made him her idol . . . his eyes smiling at her!

She held her breath in awed amazement, hardly daring to breathe; then stretched out her arms towards him.

"Geordie!" she cried.

He came a step nearer.

"I'm with you, darling . . . just the same as ever!"

She rose to her feet and stood before her radiant, triumphant love.

"Will you stay?" she whispered, as yet too staggered for belief.

"As long as you love me and are faithful, sweetheart. I shall be here always with you as I am now. For love . . . your love and faith gave me my life. But, darling, the price of all great love is . . . fidelity."

"*Price?* Geordie!"

She laughed, a little, low, joyous laugh.

Then he kissed her.

"Come!" he said. "I will go with you. You must sleep now."

And with a smile of ineffable peace she walked down the aisle of that little chapel—somewhere in France—beside the man for whom she had for ever set wide open the gates of Death.

C. L. S.

THE SPRING AFTER.

Oh, my Belovèd, Spring is here again—
The wayward English Spring, you loved so well !
But you, alas, lie cold in yonder grave ;
And yet not *you* !—*you* have gone on—but that
Which once I knew as you,—the dear familiar form,
The thoughtful eyes, the quick responding smile—
All, all the dear warm loving human you !
Ah, my Belovèd, in your narrow grave
Lies all that made life beautiful to me !

Yet even now I cannot quite believe
That I shall no more hear your step upon the stair
Or hear you call : “ Come for a walk with me.”
Oh, why did I so often answer, No !
(It was too hot . . . too cold . . . or I was
 busy then)
And disappointed you would turn away
And go alone.

 Ah ! my dear Love, I dare not
Think how little I did then to comfort you.

To-day I went your favourite walk
Across the Downs and home along the shore.
It looked so peaceful in the soft Spring-light ;
'Twas difficult to realise that only
A little further than mine eyes could see
The guns were roaring forth their Song of Death
With dread monotony—those cruel guns
That laid you in the dust and . . . left me
 desolate.

Oh, my dear Love! bend down a list'ning ear,
For sometimes I'm afraid that when Death calls
For me, and I shall journey hence,
You will have gone too far in that fair land
Where Souls are perfected, for me to come to you.
So, my Belovèd, promise this one thing—
That when I lie all passionless and still,
You will come back and lead my poor soul forth.
And thus with hand close clasp'd in spirit-hand
We will ascend the Golden Stair
And kneel before the Mercy Seat, and pray
That we may thus together journey on
Until we reach the perfect Peace of Heav'n.

BEATRICE HELEN POOLE.

COMMUNION.

FASTING, I find it good to climb
High on the solemn hill
In the still, morning hours.
The harebells give me gracious greeting,
Fragile, blue-mist flowers, whose æry ringing
Makes no sound for earthly, human ears,
But calls unto the clouds—the clouds,
The couriers and priestesses,
That minister in robes of magical
And spotless splendour
At the great coming of the sun !

I sit and wait, silent within, without,
Until my soul has eaten heavenly bread,
And drunk pure wine outpoured
There, at God's table, on the hill
Made holy by His breath. . . .

Opening my eyes, I go my way
Down towards those shining presences,
That range themselves like guardians
Round the hill, and wonder if my soul
Wears garmenting as white when she climbs high
To meet the everlasting, unseen Sun.

FLORENCE M. BRADFORD.

THE PIPES OF PAN.

TO THE AUTHOR OF 'THE CENTAUR.'

IN that fair land where dead and unborn meet,
Beyond the shadowy bars of time and space,
With asphodel and poppies at his feet
Pan lay asleep in a forgotten place.

The great god Pan lay sleeping with the dead,
His pipes, their music muted, by his side,
Dreaming long dreams of old-time Beauty fled—
Glad dreams of wind and sunlight, wood and tide ;

Of Oreads wild in mountain solitudes,
And Naiads laughing 'neath the river's flow,
And little fauns at play in sun-flecked woods
Where shimmering shapes of Dryads gleam and go.

And as he dreamed an unborn spirit crept
On glimmering feet and, stooping o'er him, gazed
All wonder and all worship. Still he slept,
But sleeping stirred, and sighed and softly raised

His silent pipes, as if to play in dream
Those rushing melodies a young world knew—
Voices of tree and mountain, valley and stream,
Compact of earth and breeze, of fire and dew.

Pan raised his pipes. Through age-long slumbers deep
The touch of worship pierced him like a thrill.
Yet ere the music to his lips could leap
The reeds slipped from his sleep-bound fingers still.

Almost they sank once more amid the great
Dark-hearted poppies and the asphodel.
But, foreordained by some mysterious fate,
The unborn watcher caught them ere they fell.

* * * *

From that far land where dead and unborn meet
And face to face talk of Eternity,
A pristine soul on eager wings and fleet
Flew to the star that held his destiny.

And deep within him, like a singing fire
Strong to renew the weary life of man,
Strong to allure and splendid to inspire,
Slept the forgotten, magic pipes of Pan.

Anon he touched them, waking music rare.
Once more upon the everlasting hills
The Oreads fled the winds with streaming hair;
The Naiads sported in the sparkling rills;

White-footed Dryads through the forests crept,
And little fauns hid lurking 'mid the flowers.
Wonder and Beauty to the measure leapt;
Joy flashed along the re-created hours,

And Youth eternal all the world possessed.
Swift through the universe the message ran,
Stirring sweet echoes in each listening breast:
"The old gods live! Hark, hark! the pipes of Pan!"

TERESA HOOLEY.

THE EXILED GODS.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

A FEW years ago, on a Black Sea steamer heading for the Caucasus, I fell into conversation with an American. He mentioned that he was on his way to the Baku oil-fields, and I replied that I was going up into the mountains. He looked at me questioningly a moment. "Your first trip?" he asked with interest. I said it was. A conversation followed; it was continued the next day, and renewed the following day, until we parted company at Batoum. I don't know why he talked so freely to me in particular, but he did. Normally, he was a taciturn, silent man. We had been fellow travellers from Marseilles, but after Constantinople we had the boat pretty much to ourselves. What struck me about him was his vehement, almost passionate, love of natural beauty—in seas and woods and sky, but above all in mountains. It was like a religion in him. His taciturn manner hid deep poetic feeling.

And he told me it had not always been so with him. A kind of friendship sprang up between us. He was a New York business man—buying and selling exchange between banks—but was English born. He had gone out thirty years before, and become naturalised. His talk was exceedingly 'American,' slangy, and almost Western. He said he had roughed it in the West for a year or two first. But what he chiefly talked about was mountains. He said it was in the mountains an unusual experience had come to him that had opened his eyes to many things, but principally to the beauty that was now everything to him, and to the—insignificance of death.

He knew the Caucasus well where I was going. I think that was why he was interested in me and my journey. "Up there," he said, "you'll feel things—and maybe find out things you never knew before."

"What kind of things?" I asked.

"Why, for one," he replied with emotion and enthusiasm in his voice, "that living and dying ain't either of them of much account. That if you know Beauty, I mean, and Beauty is in your life, you live on in it and with it for others—even when you're dead."

The conversation that followed is too long to give here, but it led to his telling me the experience in his own life that had opened his eyes to the truth of what he said. "Beauty is imperishable," he declared, "and if you live with it, why, you're imperishable too!"

The story, as he told it verbally in his curious language, remains vividly in my memory. But he had written it down too, he said. And he gave me the written account, with the remark that I was free to hand it on to others if I "felt that way." He called it 'The Exiled Gods.' It runs as follows.

I.

In my own family this happened, for Arthur was my nephew. And a remote Alpine valley was the place. It didn't seem to me in the least suitable for such occurrences, except that it was Catholic, and the 'Church,' I understand—at least, scholars who ought to know have told me so—has subtle Pagan origins incorporated unwittingly in its observations of certain Saints' Days, as well as in certain ceremonials. All this kind of thing is Dutch to me, a form of poetry or superstition, for I am interested chiefly in the buying and selling of exchange, with an office in New York City, just off Wall Street, and only come to Europe now occasionally for a holiday. I like to see the dear old musty cities, and go to the Opera, and take a motor run through Shakespeare's country or round the Lakes, get in touch again with London and Paris at the Ritz Hotels—and then back again to the greatest city on earth, where for years now I've been making a good thing out of it. Repton and Cambridge, long since forgotten, had their uses. They were all right enough at the time. But I'm now 'on the make,' with a good fat partnership, and have left all that truck behind me.

My half-brother, however—he was my senior and got the cream of the family wholesale chemical works—has stuck to the

trade in the Old Country, and is making probably as much as I am. He approved my taking the chance that offered, and is only sore now because his son, Arthur, is on the stupid side. He agreed that finance suited my temperament far better than drugs and chemicals, though he warned me that all American finance was speculative and therefore dangerous. "Arthur is getting on," he said in his last letter, "and will some day take the director's place you would be in now had you cared to stay. But he's a plodder rather." That meant, I knew, that Arthur was a fool. Business, at any rate, was not suited to his temperament. Five years ago, when I came home with a month's holiday to be used in working up connections in English banking circles, I saw the boy. He was fifteen years of age at the time, a delicate youth, with an artist's dreams in his big blue eyes, if my memory goes for anything, but with a tangle of yellow hair and features of classical beauty that would have made half the young girls of my New York set in love with him, and a choice of heiresses at his disposal when he wanted them.

I have a clear recollection of my nephew then. He struck me as having grit and character, but as being wrongly placed. He had his grandfather's tastes. He ought to have been, like him, a great scholar, a poet, an editor of marvellous old writings in new editions. I couldn't get much out of the boy, except that he "liked the chemical business fairly," and meant to please his father by "knowing it thoroughly" so as to qualify later for his directorship. But I have never forgotten the evening when I caught him in the hall, staring up at his grandfather's picture, with a kind of light about his face, and the big blue eyes all rapt and tender (almost as if he had been crying) and replying, when I asked him what was up: "*That* was worth living for. He brought Beauty back into the world!"

"Yes," I said, "I guess that's right enough. He did. But there was no money in it to speak of."

The boy looked at me and smiled. He twigged somehow or other that deep down in me, somewhere below the money-making instinct, a poet, but a dumb poet, lay in hiding. "You know what I mean," he said. "It's in you too."

The picture was a copy—my father had it made—of the presentation portrait given to Balliol, and 'the grandfather' was

celebrated in his day for the translations he made of Anacreon and Sappho, of Homer, too, if I remember rightly, as well as for a number of classical studies and essays that he wrote. A lot of stuff like that he did, and made a name at it too. His *Lives of the Gods* went into six editions. They said—the big critics of his day—that he was “a poet who wrote no poetry, yet lived it passionately in the spirit of old-world, classical Beauty,” and I know he was a wonderful fellow in his way and made the dons and schoolmasters all sit up. We’re proud of him all right. After twenty-five years of successful ‘exchange’ in New York City, I confess I am unable to appreciate all that, feeling more in touch with the commercial and financial spirit of the age, progress, development and the rest. But, still, I’m not ashamed of the classical old boy, who seems to have been a good deal of a Pagan, judging by the records we have kept. However—Arthur peering up at that picture in the dusk, his eyes half moist with emotion, and his voice gone positively shaky, is a thing I never have forgotten. He stimulated my curiosity uncommonly. It stirred something deep down in me that I hardly cared to acknowledge on Wall Street—something burning.

And the next time I saw him was in the summer of 1910, when I came to Europe for a two months’ look around—my wife at Newport with the children—and, hearing that he was in Switzerland, learning a bit of French to help him in the business, I made a point of dropping in upon him just to see how he was shaping generally and what new kinks his mind had taken on. There was something in Arthur I never could quite forget. Whenever his face came into my mind I began to think. A kind of longing came over me—a desire for Beauty, I guess, it was. It made me dream.

I found him at an English tutor’s—a lively old dog, with a fondness for the cheap native wines, and a financial interest in the tourist development of the village. The boys learnt French in the mornings, possibly, but for the rest of the day were free to amuse themselves exactly as they pleased and without a trace of supervision—provided the parents footed the bills without demur.

This suited everybody all round; and as long as the boys came home with an accent and a vocabulary, all was well. For myself, having learned in New York to attend strictly to my own

business—exchange between different countries with a profit—I did not deem it necessary to exchange letters and opinions with my brother—with no chance of profit anywhere. But I got to know Arthur, and had a queer experience of my own into the bargain. Oh, there was profit in it for me. I'm drawing big dividends to this day on the investment.

I put up at the best hotel in the village, a one-horse show, differing from the other inns only in the prices charged for a lot of cheap decoration in the dining-room, and went up to surprise my nephew with a call the first thing after dinner. The tutor's house stood some way back from the narrow street, among fields where there were more flowers than grass, and backed by a forest of fine old timber that stretched up several thousand feet to the snow. The snow at least was visible, peeping out far overhead just where the dark line of forest stopped; but in reality, I suppose, that was an effect of foreshortening, and whole valleys and pastures intervened between the trees and the snow-fields. The sunset, long since out of the valley, still shone on those white ridges, where the peaks stuck up like the teeth of a gigantic saw. I guess it meant five or six hours' good climbing to get up to them—and nothing to do when you got there. Switzerland, anyway, seemed a poor country, with its little bit of watch-making, sour wines, and every square yard hanging upstairs at an angle of 60 degrees used for hay. Picture postcards, chocolate and cheap tourists kept it going apparently, but I dare say it was all right enough to learn French in—and cheap as Hoboken to live in!

Arthur was out; I just left a card and wrote on it that I would be very pleased if he cared to step down to take luncheon with me at my hotel next day. Having nothing better to do, I strolled homewards by way of the forest.

Now what came over me in that bit of dark pine forest is more than I can quite explain, but I think it must have been due to the height—the village was 4,000 feet above sea-level—and the effect of the rarefied air upon my circulation. The nearest thing to it in my experience is rye whisky, the queer touch of wildness, of self-confidence, a kind of whooping rapture and the reckless sensation of being a tin god of sorts that comes from a lot of alcohol—a memory, please understand, of years before, when I thought it a grand thing to own the earth and paint the old town red.

I seemed to walk on air, and there was a smell about those trees that made me suddenly—well, that took my mind clean out of its accustomed rut. It was just too lovely and wonderful for me to describe it. I had got well into the forest and lost my way a bit. The smell of an old-world garden wasn't in it. It smelt to me as if someone had just that minute turned out the earth all fresh and new. There was moss and tannin, a hint of burning, something between smoke and incense, say, and a fine clean odour of pitch-pine bark when the sun gets on it after rain—and a flavour of the sea thrown in for luck. That was the first I noticed, for I had never smelt anything half so good since my camping days on the coast of Maine. And I stood still to enjoy it. I threw away my cigar for fear of mixing things and spoiling it. "If that could be bottled," I said to myself, "it'd sell for two dollars a pint in every city in the Union!"

And it was just then, while standing and breathing it in, that I got the queer feeling of some one watching me. I kept quite still. Some one was moving near me. The sweat went trickling down my back. A kind of childhood thrill got hold of me.

It was very dark. I was not afraid exactly, but I was a stranger in these parts and knew nothing about the habits of the mountain peasants. There might be tough customers lurking around after dark on the chance of striking some guy of a tourist with money in his pockets. Yet, somehow, that wasn't the kind of feeling that came to me at all, for, though I had a pocket Browning at my hip, the notion of getting at it did not even occur to me. The sensation was new—a kind of lifting, exciting sensation that made my heart swell out with exhilaration. There was happiness in it. A cloud that *weighed* seemed to roll off my mind, same as that light-hearted mood when the office door is locked and I'm off on a two months' holiday—with gaiety and irresponsibility at the back of it. It was invigorating. I felt youth all over me.

I stood there, wondering what on earth was coming on me, and half expecting that any moment someone would come out of the darkness and show himself; and as I held my breath and made no movement at all the queer sensation grew stronger. I believe I even resisted a temptation to kick up my heels and dance, to let out a flying shout as a man with liquor in him does.

Instead of this, however, I just kept dead still. The wood was black as ink all round me, too black to see the tree-trunks separately, except far below where the village lights came up twinkling between them, and the only way I kept the path was by the soft feel of the pine-needles that were thicker than a Brussels carpet. But nothing happened, and no one stirred. The idea that I was being watched remained, only there was no sound anywhere except the roar of falling water that filled the entire valley. Yet someone was very close to me in the darkness.

I can't say how long I might have stood there, but I guess it was the best part of ten minutes, and I remember it struck me—I am not imaginative as a rule and my scientific knowledge is not enough to fly a kite so as to make it keep up long enough to satisfy my youngest boy—the idea occurred to me that I had run up against a pocket of extra-rarefied air that had a lot of oxygen in it—oxygen or something similar—and that was the cause of my elation. The idea was nonsense, I have no doubt; but for the moment it half explained the thing to me. I realised it was all *natural* enough, at any rate—and so moved on. It took a longish time to reach the edge of the wood, and a footpath led me—oh, it was quite a walk, I tell you—into the village street again. I was both glad and sorry to get there. I kept myself busy thinking over it. It was a new experience to me to feel like that without a proper, understandable cause, and I went easy on it till I reached the hotel. Then I had a good stiff drink, lit a fresh cigar and started thinking the whole thing over again. What caught me all of a heap was that million-dollar sense of beauty and happiness. Never in my born days had I felt anything to touch it. And it hadn't cost a cent!

Well, I was sitting there enjoying my smoke and trying to puzzle it all out, and the hall was pretty full of people smoking and talking and reading papers, and so forth, when all of a sudden I looked up and caught my breath with such a jerk that I actually bit my tongue. There was grandfather in front of my chair! I looked bang into his eyes. I saw him as clear and solid as I saw the porter standing behind his desk across the lounge, and it gave me a touch of cold all down the back that I needn't forget unless I want to. He was looking into my face, and he had a cap in his hand and he was speaking to me. It was my grandfather's

picture come to life, only much thinner and younger and a kind of light in his eyes like fire.

"I beg your pardon, but you *are*—Uncle Jim, aren't you?"

And then, with another jump of my nerves, I understood.

"You, Arthur! Well, I'm jiggered! So it is. Take a chair, boy. I'm right glad you found me. Shake! Sit down." And I shook his hand and pushed a chair up for him. I was never so surprised in my life. The last time I set eyes on him he was a boy. Now he was a young man, and the very image of his ancestor.

He sat down, fingering his cap. He wouldn't have a drink and he wouldn't smoke. "All right," I said, "let's talk then. I've lots to tell you and lots to hear. How are you, boy?"

He didn't answer at first. He eyed me up and down. He hesitated. He was as handsome as a young Greek god.

"I say, Uncle Jim," he began presently, "it *was* you—just now—in the wood—wasn't it?" It made me start, that question put so quietly.

"I *have* just come through that wood up there," I answered, pointing in the direction as well as I could remember, "if that's what you mean. But why? You weren't there, were you?" It gave me a queer sort of feeling to hear him say it. What in the name of heaven did he mean?

He sat back in his chair with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, that's all right then," he said, "if it *was* you. Did you see" he asked suddenly; "did you see—anything?"

"Not a thing," I told him honestly. "It was far too dark." I laughed. I fancied I twigged his meaning. But I was not the sort of uncle to come prying on him. Life must be dull enough, I remembered, in this mountain village.

But he didn't understand my laugh. He didn't mean what I meant.

And there came a pause between us. I discovered that we were talking different lingoos. I leaned over towards him.

"Look here, Arthur," I said in a lower voice, "what is it, and what do you mean? I'm all right, you know, and you needn't be afraid of telling me. What d'you mean by—did I see anything?"

We looked each other squarely in the eye. He saw he could trust me, and I saw—well, a whole lot of things, perhaps, but I

felt chiefly that he liked me and would tell me things later, all in his own good time. I liked him all the better for that too.

"I only meant," he answered slowly, "whether you really *saw*—anything?"

"No," I said straight, "I didn't see a thing, but, by God, I *felt* something."

He started. I started too. An astonishing big look came swimming over his fair, handsome face. His eyes seemed all lit up. He looked as if he'd just made a cool million in wheat or cotton.

"I knew—you were that sort," he whispered. "Though I hardly remembered what you looked like."

"Then what on earth was it?" I asked.

His reply staggered me a bit. "It was just that," he said. —"the Earth!"

And then, just when things were getting interesting and promising a dividend, he shut up like a clam. He wouldn't say another word. He asked after my family and business, my health, what kind of crossing I'd had, and all the rest of the common stock. It fairly bowled me over. And I couldn't change him either.

I suppose in America we get pretty free and easy, and don't quite understand reserve. But this young man of half my age kept me in my place as easily as I might have kept a nervous customer quiet in my own office. He just refused to take me on. He was polite and cool and distant as you please, and when I got pressing sometimes he simply pretended he didn't understand. I could no more get him back again to the subject of the wood than a customer could have gotten me to tell him about the prospects of exchange being cheap or dear—when I didn't know myself but wouldn't let him see I didn't know. He was charming, he was delightful, enthusiastic and even affectionate; downright glad to see me, too, and to chin with me—but I couldn't draw him worth a cent. And in the end I gave up trying.

And the moment I gave up trying he let down a little—but only a very little.

"You'll stay here some time, Uncle Jim, won't you?"

"That's my idea," I said, "if I can see you, and you can show me round some."

He laughed with pleasure. "Oh, rather. I've got lots of time. After three in the afternoon I'm free till—any time you like. There's a lot to see," he added.

"Come along to-morrow then," I said. "If you can't take lunch, perhaps you can come just afterwards. You'll find me waiting for you—right here."

"I'll come at three," he replied, and we said good-night.

II.

He turned up sharp at three, and I liked his punctuality. I saw him come swinging down the dusty road; tall, deep-chested, his broad shoulders a trifle high, and his head set proudly. He looked like a young chap in training, a thoroughbred, every inch of him. At the same time there was a touch of something a little too refined and delicate for a man, I thought. That was the poetic, scholarly vein in him, I guess—grandfather cropping out. This time he wore no cap. His thick light hair, not brushed back like the London shop-boys, but parted on the side, yet untidy for all that, suited him exactly and gave him a touch of wildness.

"Well," he asked, "what would you like to do, Uncle Jim? I'm at your service, and I've got the whole afternoon till supper at seven-thirty." I told him I'd like to go through that wood. "All right," he said, "come along. I'll show you." He gave me one quick glance, but said no more. "I'd like to see if I feel anything this time," I explained. "We'll locate the very spot, maybe." He nodded. "You know where I mean, don't you?" I asked, "because you saw me there?" He just said yes, and then we started.

It was hot, and air was scarce. I remember that we went uphill, and that I realised there was considerable difference in our ages. We crossed some fields first—smothered in flowers so thick that I wondered how much grass the cows got out of it!—and then came to a sprinkling of fine young larches that looked as soft as velvet. There was no path, just a wild mountain side. I had very little breath on the steep zigzags, but Arthur talked easily—and talked mighty well, too: the light and shade, the colouring, and the effect of all this wilderness of lonely beauty on the mind. He kept all this suppressed at home in business. It was safety valves. I twigged *that*. It was the artist in him talking. He

seemed to think there was nothing in the world but Beauty—with a big B all the time. And the odd thing was he took for granted that I felt the same. It was cute of him to flatter me that way. "Daulis and the lone Cephissian vale," I heard; and a few moments later—with a sort of reverence in his voice like worship—he called out a great singing name: "*Astarte!*"

"Day is her face, and midnight is her hair,
And morning hours are but the golden stair
By which she climbs to Night."

It was here first that a queer change began to grow upon me too.

"Steady on, boy! I've forgotten all my classics ages ago," I cried.

He turned and gazed down on me, his big eyes glowing, and not a sign of perspiration on his skin.

"That's nothing," he exclaimed in his musical, deep voice "You know it, or you'd never have felt things in this wood last night; and you wouldn't have wanted to come out with me *now!*"

"How?" I gasped. "How's that?"

"You've come," he continued quietly, "to the only valley in this artificial country that has atmosphere. This valley is *alive*—especially this end of it. There's superstition here, thank God! Even the peasants know things."

I stared at him. "See here, Arthur," I objected. "I'm not a Cath. And I don't know a thing—at least it's all dead in me and forgotten—about poetry or classics or your gods and pan—pantheism—in spite of grandfather——"

His face turned like a dream face.

"Hush!" he said quickly. "Don't mention *him*. There's a bit of him in you as well as in me, and it was here, you know, he wrote——"

I didn't hear the rest of what he said. A creep came over me. I remembered that this ancestor of ours lived for years in the isolation of some Swiss forest where he claimed—he used that setting for his writing—he had found the exiled gods, their ghosts, their beauty, their eternal essences—or something astonishing of that sort. I had clean forgotten it till this moment. It all rushed back upon me, a memory of my boyhood.

And, as I say, a creep came over me—something as near to

awe as ever could be. The sunshine on that field of yellow daisies and blue forget-me-nots turned paler. That warm valley wind had a touch of snow in it. And, ashamed and frightened of my baby mood, I looked at Arthur, meaning to choke him off with all this rubbish—and then saw something in his eyes that scared me stiff.

I admit it. What's the use? There was an expression on his fine big face that made my blood go curdled. I got cold feet right there. It mastered me. In him, behind him, near him—blest if I know which, *through* him probably—came an enormous thing that turned me insignificant. It downed me utterly.

It was over in a second, the flash of a wing. I recovered instantly. No mere boy should come these muzzy tricks on me, scholar or no scholar. For the change in me was on the increase, and I shrank.

"See here, Arthur," I said plainly once again, "I don't know what your game is, but—there's something queer up here I don't quite get at. I'm only a business man, with classics and poetry all gone dry in me twenty years ago and more——"

He looked at me so strangely that I stopped, confused.

"But, Uncle Jim," he said as quietly as though we talked tobacco brands, "you needn't be alarmed. It's natural you should feel the place. You and I belong to it. We've both got *him* in us. You're just as proud of him as I am, only in a different way." And then he added, with a touch of disappointment: "I thought you'd like it. You weren't afraid last night. You felt the beauty *then*."

Flattery is a darned subtle thing at any time. To see him standing over me in that superior way and talking down at my poor business mind—well, it just came over me that I was laying my cards on the table a bit too early. After so many years of city life——!

Anyway, I pulled myself together. "I was only kidding you, boy," I laughed. "I feel this beauty just as much as you do. Only, I guess, you're more accustomed to it than I am. Come on now," I added with energy, getting upon my feet, "let's push on and see the wood. I want to find that place again."

He pulled me with a hand of iron, laughing as he did so. Gee! I wished I had his teeth, as well as the muscles in his arm. Yet I felt younger somehow too—youth flowed more and more

into my veins. I had forgotten how sweet the winds and woods and flowers could be. Something melted in me. For it was Spring, and the whole world was singing like a dream. Beauty was creeping over me. I don't know. I began to feel all big and tender and open to a thousand wonderful sensations. The thought of streets and houses seemed like death. . . .

We went on again, not talking much; my breath got shorter and shorter, and he kept looking about him as though he expected something. But we passed no living soul, not even a peasant; there were no chalets, no cattle, no cattle-shelters even. And then I realised that the valley lay at our feet in haze and that we had been climbing at least a couple of hours. "Why, last night I got home in twenty minutes at the outside," I said. He shook his head, smiling. "It seemed like that," he replied, "but you really took much longer. It was long after ten when I found you in the hall." I reflected a moment. "Now I come to think of it, you're right, Arthur. Seems curious though, somehow." He looked closely at me. "I followed you all the way," he said.

"You followed me!"

"And you went at a good pace too. It was your feelings that made it seem so short—you were singing to yourself and happy as a dancing faun. We kept close behind you for a long way."

I think it was 'we' he said, but for some reason or other I didn't care to ask.

"Maybe," I answered shortly, trying uncomfortably to recall what particular capers I had cut. "I guess that's right." And then I added something about the loneliness, and how deserted all this slope of mountain was. And he explained that the peasants were afraid of it and called it No Man's Land. From one year's end to another no human foot went up or down it; the hay was never cut; no cattle grazed along the splendid pastures; no chalet had even been built within a mile of the wood we slowly made for. "They're superstitious," he told me. "It was just the same a hundred years ago when he discovered it—there was a little natural cave on the edge of the forest where he used to sleep sometimes—I'll show it to you presently—but for generations this entire mountain-side has been undisturbed. You'll never meet a living soul in any part of it." He stopped and

pointed above us to where the pine-wood hung in mid-air, like a dim blue carpet. "It's just the place for Them, you see."

And a thrill of power went smashing through me. I can't describe it. It drenched me like a waterfall. I thought of Greece—Mount Ida and a thousand songs! Something in me—it was like the click of a shutter—announced that the 'change' was suddenly complete. I was another man; or rather a deeper part of me took command. My very language showed it.

The calm of halcyon weather lay over all. Overhead the peaks rose clear as crystal; below us the village lay in a bluish smudge of smoke and haze, as though a great finger had rubbed them softly into the earth. Absolute loneliness fell upon me like a clap. From the world of human beings we seemed quite shut off. And there began to steal over me again the strange elation of the night before. . . . We found ourselves almost at once against the edge of the wood.

It rose in front of us, a big wall of splendid trees, motionless as if cut out of dark green metal, the branches hanging stiff and the crowd of trunks lost in the blue dimness underneath. I shaded my eyes with one hand, trying to peer into the solemn gloom. The contrast between the brilliant sunshine on the pastures and this region of heavy shadows blurred my sight.

"It's like the entrance to another world," I whispered.

"It is," said Arthur, watching me. "We will go in. You shall pluck asphodel. . . ."

And, before I knew it, he had me by the hand. We were advancing. We left the light behind us. The cool air dropped upon me like a sheet. There was a temple silence. The sun ran down behind the sky, leaving a marvellous blue radiance everywhere. Nothing stirred. But through the stillness there rose power, power that has no name, power that hides at the foundations somewhere—foundations that are changeless, invisible, everlasting. What do I mean? My mind grew to the dimensions of a planet. We were among the roots of life—whence issues that *one thing* in infinite guise that seeks so many temporary names from the protean minds of men.

"You shall pluck asphodel in the meadows this side of Erebus," Arthur was chanting. "Hermes himself, the Psychopomp, shall lead, and Malahide shall welcome us."

"Malahide . . . !"

To hear him use that name, the name of our scholar-ancestor, now dead and buried close upon a century—the way he half chanted it—gave me the goose-flesh. I stopped against a tree-stem, thinking of escape. No words came to me at the moment, for I didn't know what to say; but, on turning to find the bright green slopes just left behind, I saw only a crowd of trees and shadows hanging thick as a curtain—as though we had walked a mile. And it was a shock. The way out was lost. The trees closed up behind us like a tide.

"It's all right," said Arthur; "just keep an open mind and a heart alive with love. It has a shattering effect at first, but that will pass." He saw I was afraid, for I shrank visibly enough. He stood beside me in his grey flannel suit, with his brilliant eyes and his great shock of hair, looking more like a column of light than a human being. "It's all quite right and natural," he repeated; "we have passed the gateway, and Hecate, who presides over gateways, will let us out again. Do not make discord by feeling fear. This is a pine-wood, and pines are the oldest, simplest trees; they are true primitives. They are an open channel; and in a pine-wood where no human life has ever been you shall often find gateways where Hecate is kind to such as us."

He took my hand—he must have felt mine trembling, but his own was cool and strong and felt like silver—and led me forward into the depths of a wood that seemed to me quite endless. It felt endless, that is to say. I don't know what came over me. Fear slipped away, and elation took its place. . . . As we advanced over ground that seemed level, or slightly undulating, I saw bright pools of sunshine here and there upon the forest-floor. Great shafts of light dropped in slantingly between the trunks. There was movement everywhere, though I never could see what moved. A delicious, scented air stirred through the lower branches. Running water sang not very far away. Figures I did not actually see; yet there were limbs and flowing draperies and flying hair from time to time, ever just beyond the pools of sunlight. . . . Surprise went from me too. I was on air. The atmosphere of dream came round me, but a dream of something just hovering outside the world I knew—a dream wrought in gold and silver, with shining eyes, with graceful beckoning hands, and with voices

that rang like bells of music. . . . And the pools of light grew larger, merging one into another, until a delicate soft light shone equably throughout the entire forest. Into this zone of light we passed together. Then something fell abruptly at our feet, as though thrown down . . . two marvellous, shining sprays of blossom such as I had never seen in all my days before!

"Asphodel!" cried my companion, stooping to pick them up and handing one to me. I took it from him with a delight I could not understand. "Keep it," he murmured; "it is the sign that we are welcome. For Malahide has dropped these on our path."

And at the use of that ancestral name it seemed that a spirit passed before my face and the hair of my head stood up. There was a sense of violent, unhappy contrast. A composite picture presented itself, then rushed away. What was it? My youth in England, music and poetry at Cambridge and my passionate love of Greek that lasted two terms at most, when Malahide's great books formed part of the curriculum. Over against this, then, the drag and smother of solid worldly business, the sordid weight of modern ugliness, the bitterness of an ambitious, over-striving life. And abruptly—beyond both pictures—a shining, marvellous Beauty that scattered stars beneath my feet and scarved the universe with gold. All this flashed before me with the utterance of that old family name. An alternative sprang up. There seemed some radical, elemental choice presented to me—to what I used to call my soul. My soul could take or leave it as it pleased. . . .

I looked at Arthur moving beside me like a shaft of light. What had come over me? How had our walk and talk and mood, our quite recent everyday and ordinary view, our normal relationship with the things of the world—how had it all slipped into *this*? So insensibly, so easily, so naturally!

"Was it worth while?"

The question—I didn't ask it—jumped up in me of its own accord. Was 'what' worth while? Why, my present life of commonplace and grubbing toil, of course, my city existence, with its meagre, unremunerative ambitions. Ah, it was this new Beauty calling me, this shining dream that lay beyond the two pictures I have mentioned. . . . I did not argue it, even to myself. But I understood. There was a radical change in me.

The buried poet, too long hidden, rushed into the air like some great singing bird.

I glanced again at Arthur moving along lightly by my side, half dancing almost in his brimming happiness. "Wait till you see Them," I heard him singing. "Wait till you hear the call of Artemis and the footsteps of her flying nymphs. Wait till Orion thunders overhead and Selene, crowned with the crescent moon, drives up the zenith in her white-horsed chariot. The choice will be beyond all question then . . .!"

A great silent bird, with soft brown plumage, whirred across our path, pausing an instant as though to peep, then disappearing with a muted sound into an eddy of the wind it made. The big trees hid it. It was an owl. The same moment I heard a rush of liquid song come pouring through the forest with a gush of almost human notes. And next a pair of glossy wings flashed past us, swerving upwards to find the open sky—blue-black, pointed wings.

"His favourites!" exclaimed my companion with clear joy in his voice. "They all are here! Athene's bird, Procne and Philomela too! The owl—the swallow—and the nightingale! Tereus and Itys are not far away." And the entire forest, as he said it, stirred with movement, as though that great bird's quiet wings had waked the sea of ancient shadows. There were voices too—ringing, laughing voices, as though his words woke echoes that had been listening for it. For I heard sweet singing in the distance. The names he had used perplexed me. Yet even I, stranger as I was to such refined delights, could not mistake the passion of the nightingale and the dart of the eager swallow. That wild burst of music, that curve of swift escape, were unmistakable.

And I struck a stalwart tree-stem with my open hand, feeling the need of hearing, touching, sensing it. My link with known, remembered things was breaking. I craved the satisfaction of the commonplace. I got that satisfaction; but I got something more as well. For the trunk was round and smooth and comely. It was no dead thing I struck. Somehow it brushed me into intercourse with inanimate Nature. And next the desire came to hear my voice—my own familiar, high-pitched voice with the twang and accent the New World climate brings, so-called American :

"Exchange Place, Noo York City. I'm in that business, buying and selling of exchange between the banks of two civilised countries, one of them stoopid and old-fashioned, the other leading all creation . . . !"

It was an effort, but I made it firmly. It sounded odd, remote, unreal.

"Sunlit woods and a wind among the branches," followed close and quick upon my words. But who, in the name of Wall Street, said it?

"England's buying gold," I tried again. "We've had a private wire. Cut in quick. First National is selling!"

Great-faced Hephæstus, how ridiculous! It was like saying, "I'll take your scalp unless you give me meat." It was barbaric, savage, centuries ago. Again there came another voice that caught up my own and turned it into common syntax. Some heady beauty of the Earth rose about me like a cloud.

"Hark! Night comes, with the dusk upon her eyelids. She brings those dreams that every dew-drop holds at dawn. Daughter of Thanatos and Hypnos . . . !"

But again—who said the words? It surely was not Arthur, my nephew Arthur, of To-day, learning French in a Swiss mountain village! I felt—well, what did I feel? In the name of the Stock Exchange and Wall Street, what was the cash surrender of my amazing feelings?

III.

And, turning to look at him, I made a discovery. I don't know how to tell it quite; such shadowy marvels have never been my line of goods. He looked several things at once—taller, slighter, sweeter, but chiefly—it sounds so crazy when I write it down—grander is the word, I think. And all spread out with some power that flowed like Spring when it pours upon a landscape. Eternally young and glorious—young, I mean, in the sense a field of flowers in the Spring looks young; and glorious in the sense the sky looks glorious at dawn or sunset. Something big shone through him like a storm, something that would go on for ever just as the Earth goes on, always renewing itself, something of gigantic life that in the human sense could never age at all—something the old gods had. But the figure, so far as there

was any figure at all, was that old family picture come to life. Our great ancestor and Arthur were one being, and that one being was vaster than a million people. Yet it was Malahide I saw. . . .

"They laid me in the earth I loved," he said in a strange, thrilling voice like running wind and water, "and I found eternal life. I live now for ever in Their divine existence. I share the life that changes yet can never pass away."

I felt myself rising like a cloud as he said it. A roaring beauty captured me completely. If I could tell it in honest newspaper language—the common language used in flats and offices—why, I guess I could patent a new meaning in ordinary words, a new power of expression, the thing that all the churches and poets and thinkers have been trying to say since the world began. I caught on to a fact so fine and simple that it knocked me silly to think I'd never realised it before. I had read it, yes; but now I *knew* it. The Earth, the whole bustling universe, was nothing after all but a visible production of eternal, living Powers—spiritual powers, mind you—that just happened to include the particular little type of strutting creature we called mankind. And these Powers, as seen in Nature, were the gods. It was our refusal of their grand appeal, so wild and sweet and beautiful, that caused 'evil.' It was this barrier between ourselves and the rest of . . .

My thoughts and feelings swept away upon the rising flood as the 'figure' came upon me like a shaft of moonlight, melting the last remnant of opposition that was in me. I took my brain, my reason, chucking them aside for the futile little mechanism I suddenly saw them to be. In place of them came—oh, God, I hate to say it, for only nursery-talk can get within a mile of it, and yet what I need is something simpler even than the words that children use. Under one arm I carried a whole forest breathing in the wind, and beneath the other a hundred meadows full of singing streams with golden marigolds and blue forget-me-nots along their banks. Upon my back and shoulders lay the clouded hills with dew and moonlight in their brimmed, capacious hollows. Thick in my hair hung the unaging powers that are stars and sunlight; though the sun was far away, it sweetened the currents of my blood with liquid gold. Breast and throat and face, as I advanced, met all the rivers of the world and all the winds of heaven, their strength and

swiftness melting into me as light melts into everything it touches. And into my eyes passed all the radiant colours that weave the cloth of Nature as she takes the sun.

And this 'figure,' pouring upon me like a burst of moonlight, spoke :

"They all are in you—air, and fire, and water. . . ."

"And I—my feet stand— on the *Earth*," my own voice interrupted, deep power lifting through the sound of it.

"The Earth!" He laughed gigantically. He spread. He seemed everywhere about me. He seemed a race of men. My life swam forth in waves of some immense sensation that issued from the mountain and the forest, then returned to them again. I reeled. I clutched at something in me that was slipping beyond control, slipping down a bank towards a deep, dark river flowing at my feet. A shadowy boat appeared, a still more shadowy outline at the helm. I was in the act of stepping into it. For the tree I caught at was only air. I couldn't stop myself. I tried to scream.

"You have plucked asphodel," sang the voice beside me, "and you shall pluck more. . . ."

I slipped and slipped, the speed increasing horribly. Then something caught, as though a cog held fast and stopped me. I remembered my business in New York City.

"Arthur!" I yelled. "Arthur!" I shouted again as hard as I could shout. There was frantic terror in me. I felt as though I should never get back to myself again. Death!

"The answer came in his normal voice: "Keep close to me. I know the way. . . ."

The scenery dwindled suddenly; the trees came back. I was walking in the forest beside my nephew, and the moonlight lay in patches and little shafts of silver. The crests of the pines just murmured audibly in a wind that scarcely stirred the branches, and through an opening on our right I saw the deep valley clasped about the twinkling village lights. Towering in splendour the spectral snowfields hung upon the sky, huge summits guarding them. And he took my arm, oh, solidly enough this time. Thank heaven, he asked no questions of me.

"There's a smell of myrrh," he whispered, "and we are very near the undying, ancient things."

I said something about the resin from the trees, but he took no notice.

"It enclosed its body in an egg of myrrh," he went on, smiling down at me; "then, setting it on fire, rose from the ashes with its life renewed. Once every five hundred years, you see——"

"What did?" I cried, feeling that loss of self stealing over me again. And his answer came like a blow between the eyes:

"The Phoenix. They called it a bird, but of course the true . . ."

"But my life's insured in that," I cried, for he had named the Company that took large yearly premiums from me; "and I pay . . ."

"Your life's insured in *this*," he said quietly, waving his arms to indicate the Earth. "Your love of Nature and your sympathy with it make you safe." He gazed at me. There was a marvellous expression in his eyes. I understood why poets talked of stars and flowers in a human face. But behind the face crept back another look as well. There grew about his figure an indeterminate extension. The outline of Malahide again stirred through his own. A pale, delicate hand reached out to take my own. And something broke in me.

I was conscious of two things—a burst of joy that meant losing myself entirely, and a rush of terror that meant staying as I was, a small, painful, struggling item of individual life. Another spray of that awful asphodel fell fluttering through the air in front of my face. It rested on the earth against my feet. And Arthur—this weirdly changing Arthur—stooped to pick it for me. I kicked it with my foot beyond his reach . . . then turned and ran as though the Furies of that ancient world were after me. I ran for my very life. How I escaped from that thick wood without banging my body to bits against the trees I can't explain. I ran from something I desired and yet feared. I leaped along in a succession of flying bounds. Each tree I passed turned of its own accord and flung after me until the entire forest followed. But I got out. I reached the open. Upon the sloping field in the full, clear light of the moon I collapsed in a panting heap. The Earth drew back with a great shuddering sigh behind me. There was this strange, tumultuous sound upon the night. I lay beneath the

open heavens that were full of moonlight. I was myself—but there were tears in me. Beauty too high for understanding had slipped between my fingers. I had lost Malahide. I had lost the gods of Earth. . . . Yet I had seen . . . and felt. I had not lost all. Something remained that I could never lose again.

I don't know how it happened exactly, but presently I heard Arthur saying: "You'll catch your death of cold if you lie on that soaking grass," and felt his hand seize mine to pull me to my feet.

"I feel safer on the earth," I believe I answered. And then he said: "Yes, but it's such a stupid way to die—a chill!"

IV.

I got up then, and we went downhill together towards the village lights. I danced—oh, I admit it—I sang as well. There was a flood of joy and power about me that beat anything I'd ever felt before. I didn't think or hesitate; there was no self-consciousness; I just let it rip for all there was, and if there had been ten thousand people there in front of me, I could have made them feel it too. That was the kind of feeling—power and confidence and a sort of raging happiness. I think I know what it was too. I say this soberly, with reverence . . . all wool and no fading. There was a bit of God in me, God's power that drives the Earth and pours through Nature—the imperishable Beauty expressed in those old-world nature-deities!

And the fear I'd felt was nothing but the little tickling pain of losing my ordinary two-cent self, the dread of letting go, the shrinking before the plunge—what a fellow feels when he's falling in love, and hesitates, and tries to think it out and hold back and is afraid to let the enormous tide flow in and drown him.

Oh yes, I began to think it over a bit as we raced down the mountain-side that glorious night. I've read some in my day; my brain's all right; I've heard of dual personality and subliminal uprush and conversion—no new line of goods, all that. But somehow these stunts of the psychologists and philosophers didn't cut any ice with me just then, because I'd *experienced* what they merely *explained*. And explanation was just a bargain sale. The best things can't be explained at all. There's no real value in a bargain sale.

Arthur had trouble to keep up with me. We were running due east, and the Earth was turning, therefore, with us. We all three ran together at *her* pace—terrific! The moonlight danced along the summits, and the snow-fields flew like spreading robes, and the forests everywhere, far and near, hung watching us and booming like a thousand organs. There were uncaged winds about; you could hear them whistling among the precipices. But the great thing that I knew was—Beauty, a beauty of the common old familiar Earth, and a beauty that's stayed with me ever since and given me joy and strength and a source of power and delight I'd never guessed existed before.

As we dropped lower into the thicker air of the valley I sobered down. Gradually the ecstasy passed from me. We slowed up a bit. The lights and the houses and the sight of the 'grand' hotel where people were dancing in a stuffy ball-room, all this put blotting-paper on something that had been flowing. Now you'll think this an odd thing too—but when we reached the village street, I just took Arthur's hand and shook it and said good-night and went up to bed and slept like a two-year-old till morning. And from that day to this I've never set eyes on the boy again.

Perhaps it's difficult to explain, and perhaps it isn't. I can explain it to myself in two lines.—I was afraid to see him. I was afraid he might 'explain.' I was afraid he might explain 'away.' I just left a note—he never replied to it—and went off by a morning train. Can you understand that? Because if you can't you haven't understood this account I've tried to give of the experience Arthur gave me. Well—anyway—I'll just let it go at that.

Arthur's a director now in his father's wholesale chemical business and I—well, I'm doing better than ever in the buying and selling of exchange between banks in New York City as before.

But when I said I was still drawing dividends on my Swiss investment, I meant it. And it's not 'scenery.' Everybody gets a thrill from 'scenery.' It's a darned sight more than that. It's those little wayward patches of blue on a cloudy day; those blue pools in the sky just above Trinity Church steeple when I pass out of Wall Street into Lower Broadway; it's the rustle of the sea-

wind among the Battery trees ; the wash of the waves when the Ferry's starting for Staten Island, and the glint of the sun far down the Bay, or dropping a bit of pearl into the old East River. And sometimes it's the strip of cloud in the west above the Jersey shore of the Hudson, the first star, the sickle of the new moon behind the masts and shipping. But usually it's something nearer, bigger, simpler than all or any of these. It's just the certainty that, when I hurry along the hard stone pavements from bank to bank, I'm walking on the—Earth. It's just that—*the Earth!*

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

(Owing to necessity many reviews already standing in type have to be held over. The reduction of our space by a signature (16 pp.), due to the enormously increased price of paper and the ever rising cost of composition, etc., compels THE QUEST most regretfully to cut down considerably the number of reviews it has been accustomed to include in its issues.—ED.)

INDIAN THOUGHT PAST AND PRESENT.

By R. W. Frazer, LL.B., C.E., F.C.S. (Ret.). Illustrated. London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 339; 10s. 6d. net.

WE are always glad to welcome a competent and readable work on India, and especially when it deals with the rich heritage of that predominantly religious thought which is India's most distinguishing cultural characteristic. For there is great need to instruct the British public concerning our great Eastern dependency. It is lamentable that we let things drift as we do and make no effort to lessen the grossness of our popular ignorance in this respect. India is by far the largest and most brilliant gem in the diadem of our overseas' Empire; India was a land of high culture when these islands were still in a primitive state of civilisation; India has some three hundred and twenty million souls to-day—five times the total of ourselves the world over. Now suppose for a moment that Germany had enjoyed the high privilege which has fallen to our good fortune, would she not long ago have seen to it that not a school in the land should be without some suitable measure of instruction on a matter of such vital importance not only politically but culturally? And yet what do we find among ourselves? Even in our highest educational centres Indian studies are disgracefully neglected, and the palm of scholarship in Indianism, which, with all our advantages, should naturally be ours, has been slowly slipping from our grasp, if indeed we have really ever held it securely. The government gives not the slightest encouragement to such studies; and even if we had nothing to do with the East such indifference would say

little for us as a nation of general culture. But when we have more to do with the East than any other nation, Oriental studies in general should be one of our chief educational concerns, and their neglect is consequently nothing short of a scandal. But apart from high scholarship, seeing that the nation is responsible for the administration of the government and supervision of the welfare of so many millions in a land of such hoary antiquity and traditions of high culture as India is, not to mention other Eastern possessions, it is surely the bounden duty of an enlightened government to see that the public should be so far instructed at least as to have some rudimentary understanding of the grave responsibilities and high task to which the nation has been called. It is manifestly impossible to carry out these national responsibilities righteously without first developing a national consciousness of their existence and nature; for how otherwise can the national conscience as a whole be moved to a sense of its corporate duty? So great an undertaking as the supervision of the welfare of India, in these days of corporate responsibility, should not be left entirely to the few; it cannot be really efficiently accomplished simply by professionals, no matter how able and devoted they may be, without the moral support of enlightened public opinion and above all of genuine national sympathy. The heart must be in the task as well as the head, and it is therefore imperative that the people of England should somehow in some measure be brought nearer to the peoples of India. It is a vast and noble undertaking, and a consummation devoutly to be wished. But this desirable state of affairs has not the faintest possibility of being reached without a sane and sensible education of the public, and it is sincerely to be hoped that one of the good results of this terrible war, in which India has come so loyally to the help of the Empire, will be a serious attempt to remove this reproach.

But to our more immediate concern of noticing a valuable contribution to this good end as far at any rate as the more enlightened public is concerned. Mr. Frazer is already favourably known as the author of that useful and well-written work *A Literary History of India*. He is well-equipped linguistically for his task, which is, in his own words, "to set forth, in as simple a manner as possible, a history of Indian Thought in so far as that Thought has influenced the aspirations, religious beliefs and social life of all thinking and orthodox Hindus." But in India Thought (with a capital) is so closely bound up with religion that it is difficult to find any phase of it that can be treated in complete

isolation from religious influences; and this is true also of its theories of art and music. There have been indeed some out-and-out materialistic or atheistic schools, known in ancient time as the Chārvākas, but their influence has been very slight. And if India's religious genius has in Buddhism produced a world-faith which theists would call atheistic, it is so only in the vulgar sense of the term, for as a matter of fact it aims at the attainment of a transcendental reality of religious quality and of the nature of perfect enlightenment beyond all dogmatic definition. For the rest, we find every phase of religious thought in India, and her great systems of philosophy are inclusive of religious principles and indeed most of them are expressly based on scripture. Indeed the most striking characteristic of Indian thought on the whole is that it has never attempted to keep religion and science in water-tight compartments, and in its best endeavours has ever sought to find the one reality hidden in the ever-changing flux of phenomena both physical and mental. In no other country of the world has the whence and whither of the human soul been an object of more unremitting quest. Mr. Frazer has given us an instructive sketch of the outlines of the main moments in the history of the development of this great contribution to human culture from the dawn of Indo-Aryan thought in early Vedic times. Such a task requires a wide acquaintance with the literature and with the labours of scholars, and Mr. Frazer is well prepared in both respects; he is further to be congratulated on his endeavour to set forth the results of his studies in a form that the thoughtful reader unacquainted with technicalities can follow with interest. We are glad to see that though he pays due attention to the phase of absolute monism so rigorously set forth by the genius of Shankara, he does not over-emphasize it, as so many do, to the neglect of other equally important developments. His work is especially valuable because of his knowledge of Tamil and the southern schools of the Vedānta, and he has also paid due attention to the Vaishnava and Shaiva theistic developments in the rich religio-philosophical literature that centres itself on the principle of divine love. On points of detail there is naturally scope for wide differences of opinion, as the author himself is keenly aware, but in a general notice these disputes of the specialists must be left on one side. As to the general treatment of the subject, if we may venture on a criticism, we find ourselves somewhat regretting that Mr. Frazer has not paid more attention to the exceedingly rich material of Indian psychology which plays so

important a part in her religion and determines so much of her thought. Ten of the twelve chapters are devoted to India's past. In chap. xi. we have an interesting account of the past and present position of woman in India, and the conclusion of the author is that here innovation should be attempted with caution and not hurried. The last chapter deals with present Indian thought and especially with the reform movements which have developed from the great ferment caused by the contact of the civilisation of the West with the traditional culture of India. We cordially agree with Mr. Frazer when, at the end of his labours, he writes :

"The study of the thought of India in the past and the study of the changes that are taking place in the present is of more than passing interest to all concerned in her administration and welfare. The study is not merely one of philosophic questioning and doubt, but a study that will enable the future to avoid some of the mistakes of the past."

It is a vital subject that is before us, and Mr. Frazer is to be thanked for helping his readers to realise that "no experiment equally interesting is now being tried on the surface of the globe" with that of "the introduction in the midst of Brāhmanism of European views of the universe." What, however, we should not forget is that we are to-day in the West being forced by the terrible world-crisis into which we have been plunged, to revise some of our European views considerably, for there is clearly something radically rotten in our so-boasted modern civilisation. And therefore it may well be that the West has something of spiritual value to learn from the best phases of Indian thought in its turn ; at any rate that has for long been the experience of the present reviewer.

THE LIFE OF MONSIGNOR ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

By C. C. Martindale, S.J. London (Longmans); 2 vols., pp. 401 and 479, with Illustrations ; 18s. net.

"I HAVE had to try to treat this 'Life' as a psychological study, or not at all." So writes Father Martindale in his charming letter 'To Hugh's Mother' which is a dedication of his work to her. It is also from this point of view that we propose to consider these two full and frank volumes. The author has written no *Vie de Sacristie*, nor has he aimed at 'edification.' He has tried hard to say what he saw in the man, including his faults, 'as facts,'

not to 'endear' him, but to communicate and to interpret him, to offer him to the reader "just as he was, in his tremendous effort to realize in himself that which he believed God wanted him to be." We say at once, after reading every line of these many pages, that this aim has been achieved and this work well and truly done.

It should be noted that Father Martindale is himself a convert, having joined the Roman Catholic Church after leaving Harrow, and going then to Stonyhurst, whence he went to Oxford and there carried everything before him in the Classics of his year. He thus is in the unusual position of having passed through Public School and University; and this with his Jesuit training gives him an all-round knowledge of life as well as of theology. So the cultured scholar is evident in his writing, as well as the polished priest who at the age of thirty-seven has written this book in an easy finished style; which shows that the good fortune that upheld Monsignor Benson all his days has held on even after death.

It is easy to say, and it has been said, that the *Life* is too long. Yet if the story was to be told fairly it must be told fully. In his short span of forty-three years Benson was so vital and so vivid, touched so many spheres of influence and interest, and by means of his books and his sermons and lectures attracted such numbers of different people, that this account of his doings and his sayings will have a wide popularity here and an even wider one in America. His brief career was meteoric, rather like the coming and going of a comet into the dark spaces of our daily life, but for this very reason all the more interesting to those who watched its rapid transit, though in the same way certain to be soon forgotten.

Born in 1871 at Wellington College, of which his father was then the Head Master, and which he single-handed made masterfully into one of our great Public Schools, Benson lived all his young life in the very purple of Protestantism. His Eton time was in no way remarkable and seems to have left neither memories nor friendships. Thence, taking a fancy to the Indian Civil Service, he went to Wren the Crammer, where his studies ended in failure. But here we are told "of unreckonable importance was his encounter with *John Inglesant*." That book, coming upon the boy at the age of eighteen, was probably the greatest literary influence of his future life.

His terms at Cambridge were not distinguished. He dabbled a little in hypnotism and Swedenborg; read various queer books;

was never fond of close study and left without taking a degree. But meanwhile his father had risen to the highest honour of the See of Canterbury. And in the Palace of Lambeth and the beautiful place Addington Park, Croydon, Hugh was indeed in the purple and fine linen of the Anglican Church. This home-life was for him a great and guiding influence and one where, with his father's intellectual power and restless energy, his mother's love, tact and sheltering care, his brilliant elder brothers and the poetic mysticism of his sister Margaret, he was surrounded by a bright circle of awakening and sympathetic spirits. Feeling some call to the ministry he was ordained in 1896; and shortly after he speaks of himself in his *Confessions* as "still shaken and spiritually hysterical," though his father was deeply moved, as is shown by an entry in his Diary ending: "God keep him stable and strong in His Son Christ"—which foretells his own fears. He did a little work at Hackney Wick and the Eton Mission. But, though he seemed full of a sacerdotal spirit, sick-visiting worried him and he was never willing for pastoral duty. So he went travelling in the East, to Damascus and Jerusalem, where he met a Coptic Patriarch and begged in vain to be taken into that Communion. Then on his return he went as Curate to Kemsing near Sevenoaks, there reading when and where he willed and learning many things from life. Next we find Benson with the Anglican Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield in Yorkshire, charmed with the monastic life and deciding, as usual, to end his days there—still dwelling in *John Inglesant*, but now adding Walter Pater's *Marius the Epicurean* as his other greatest book.

On All Souls Day, 1903, Hugh started for Rome, that City of the past and present to which unconsciously and subconsciously he had always felt called. He had been received into the Church in September and so went to Rome as a convert. This short period of his life is dealt with by Father Martindale in one of his most brilliant chapters. He went everywhere and saw everything; studying theology slightly and always working furiously at his books. By means of extracts from his many letters of this time it would be easy to place in parallel columns his two entirely opposite views of Rome and its clerical atmosphere—both, of course, passing and superficial. His mother wrote him many notes of loving wisdom, in one of which, by way of warning, she cried out: "Oh Hugh! The Italian mind!" But as ever she pressed no point and offered no persuasion. After being only nine months in Rome for study and preparation he was, through influential

help, ordained a Catholic priest in June, 1904. Then at once he hurried home and, as we are told, "he went back supplied for ever and for ever with a centre of gravity." Father Martindale finely adds: "His fearless eye and relentless judgment had appraised all that was most natural and most human in that great Sacrament of Rome and Papacy: the more did he exult in that manifestly Divine which there displayed itself: and, for him, now more than ever, all history, all psychology, had but one adequate explanation, and this was to be found in the Supernatural, which through Rome's appointed mediation, reached to man."

Every word of this passage may be disputed by many. But that is not our present purpose. Rightly or wrongly, it cannot be denied that in Catholicism Hugh did, for the first time, find his centre of gravity, and for him his new priesthood set his feet securely on the rock. We can say this on the facts alone. For it was during those ten years—June, 1904, to October, 1914, when he died worn out by his work—that he did what was really his life's work. He was still to be a man of moods, one swiftly changing into another. Impulse, temperament and a highly nervous organisation continued to sway him. But through his books and his sermons there is during this prolific period one unceasing purpose which he ever ardently pursued. The best parts of his stories, as we are here so clearly shown, were revelations of himself. His poor plots and his weak history were merely pegs on which to hang his eager efforts to tell the truth as he saw it at the time. His sermons were penetrated with the same personal power. Delivered with amazing rapidity and gesticulation—both faults that doubtless arose from the stammering that was with him all through life—they came like an overwhelming torrent upon the listening people and created a great sensation. The best of them appear revised in his two books *Christ in the Church* and *The Friendship of Christ*; and these he preached over and over again in England and in America.

Hugh's heredity was in many ways remarkable, and it is here most clearly set out. He did not inherit his father's intellectual power nor that great strength of work which came through a Yorkshire stock. His mother belonged to the 'brilliant Sidgwick clan'; and it was a marriage of second cousins. But the father we are told, even in boyhood, led a mystical life of his own, which assuredly passed on to his son Hugh. From his mother he drew that lovable disposition, that winning way and that exquisite courtesy of manner which when he liked he could display, and so

charm any man or woman that he met. His intuition was amazing, and his assimilative and adaptive powers made up for any want of intellectual grasp by enabling him to use the great perceptive faculties of his brain to the utmost advantage. Scholarship was lacking, serious study bored him, his theology was poor and Scripture wanting; but his bright instinct for using all he saw and heard and knew made him the brilliant journalist he was in his books and in his sermons. His artistic temperament was so strong and so readily available that, though always and in all things an amateur, he struck people as being either a genius or a saint according to the subject chosen. Through all his many moods he was ever in heart sincere at the time and, though unconsciously and subconsciously an actor throughout his life, he always felt his part in every one of the many parts it was his fate to play, privately or in public.

Given his heredity, his bodily and mental constitution, we think anyone reading this clear and candid book will see that Hugh's going over and staying in the Church of Rome was inevitable. Psychologically it was certain from the beginning. Nervous and neurasthenic, with a mystical and artistic temperament, only slightly controlled by intellectual force, he needed an external Authority to guide and govern him. Rome as the only Church claiming to be infallible gave him that authority, and so gave what to him was certitude in his faith. But she did more; for she also gave him that full liberty which he craved in order to answer that need of expressing the temperament which was in him by word and by writing—to be in fact always himself. Nowhere else could he have obtained this union of safety and freedom. Having accepted the dogmas, doctrine and discipline of the Church, he was left to do as he liked. And what he did was to realize himself, as indeed he was ever seeking to do from birth till death. Both Hugh and his biographer admit the three great things in man as being spirit, soul or mind and body. With all his waywardness, through every wandering, in his many changing moods, it can be seen that the spirit of and in this man was always wistfully watching the movements of his own mind, the frailties and failings of his own body. Father Martindale in his full story of this struggling soul has, we think, revealed Hugh's complex character in the light of truth and has justified his own conclusion that: "All this priest's inmost soul was one of *worship*."

F. W.

POINTS OF CONTROVERSY OR SUBJECTS OF DISCOURSE.

Being a Translation of the *Kathā-Vatthu* from the *Abhidhamma-Piṭaka*. By Shwe Zan Aung, B.A., and Mrs. Rhys Davids, M.A. Pali Text Society's Publications. London (Milford); pp. 416; 10s. net.

OF the seven treatises of the *Abhidhamma* (the third of the three collections of canonical scripture) which contains the more systematic exposition of the philosophy of the Buddhist Faith or *Dhamma*, this is the second that Mrs. Rhys Davids has been chiefly instrumental in making known for the first time to the Western world. In her translation of the *Dhammasaṅgaṇi* (1900) she essayed, unaided, and with considerable success, the very difficult task of a pioneer version of the first treatise of the *Abhidhamma* that had been turned into a Western tongue. The attempt was a veritable *tour de force*; for all the treatises of the *Abhidhamma* bristle with precise technical terms for which there was and still to a large extent is no adequate lexicographical aid. The translator has perforce to make his glossary as he goes. No layman can fully realise the enormous difficulties of such a task, and *Buddhist Psychological Ethics* (as the English sub-title phrases it) will always stand as a monument to Mrs. Rhys Davids' courage and ability. In the translation of the *Kathā Vatthu*, which now lies before us, there is a very pronounced advance in rendering and equipment. Sixteen years have elapsed, and Mrs. Rhys Davids has been unremitting in her labours, and has established for herself not only a secure reputation as one of our most distinguished Pāli scholars, but a place of peculiar pre-eminence as a student of the *Abhidhamma*. Moreover she has opened out a new line of fruitful work by collaborating with a very able Burmese Pāli scholar, Mr. Shwe Zan Aung, with whom she has already published that exceedingly useful monument of Buddhist scholasticism the *Compendium of Philosophy* (*Abhidhammatha-Saṅgaha*), which has inaugurated a new age for Pāli studies in the West by its precise rendering of many terms which had been previously misunderstood and therefore misinterpreted. In the solid volume under notice we have again the very fruitful collaboration of these two distinguished scholars, and we acknowledge with pleasure and gratitude the deep debt we owe them for their excellent translation, illuminating notes and methodical presentation of the subject-

matter and the necessary aids to its elucidation. From the point of view of scholarship there is nothing in Pāli studies in the West that quite comes up to it.

What then is the *Kathā-Vatthu*—these *Points of Controversy* or *Subjects of Discourse*? More literally it might be called the body of exposition dealing with *Subjects of Discussion* rather than *Discourse*. Indeed, if we were minded to give it a popular title, we might dub it a *Buddhist Refutation of All Heresies*. But how different are the style and spirit from those of an Irenæus or Tertullian. There are no personalities; no names are mentioned. Propositions or views only are discussed and refuted (to orthodox satisfaction), and the whole moves in an atmosphere of urbane courtesy; the anonymous opponent being invariably addressed as 'dear sir.' Nevertheless, just as the orthodox Talmudic Rabbis strove completely to bar out all foreign and heretical notions, so do the Sthaviras, Therāvādins, or orthodox Elders, raise a 'hedge round the Law.' The *Kathā-Vatthu* contains 500 sections of orthodox tenets or views as against 500 sections of heterodox propositions, which are supposed to be, and may well be taken to be, the main heads of unorthodox opinions of the seventeen chief dissident schools that flourished from the 4th century B.C. or earlier to the 4th century A.D. The treatise itself is supposed to have been composed about 250 B.C. The naïve fiction of the later commentators is that it was the Buddha himself in the days of his ministry who prophetically drew up the refutations by anticipation in a discourse to the *devas* in the *deva*-world, in order to purge the blemishes which would arise in the Religion or Dispensation (*Sāsana*). This is quite in keeping with the mind of faith that seeks the sanction of infallible authority, but very contrary to the teaching of the Buddha himself, who is said pre-eminently to have based his doctrine on right facts, right analysis and right reasoning. And as a matter of fact it is very clear that the orthodox refutations were developed over a number of centuries against the heretical views as they successively emerged. Another point in which both the orthodox and the heterodox have forgotten the teaching of the Founder is that, to enforce their arguments and as a final court of appeal, they hurl texts at one another's heads; so far have they both fallen from the high method of their common teacher, who rejected uncompromisingly all 'proofs from scripture'! And not only so, but a large number of the controverted points touch on subjects which are as little capable of decision or solution as those famous 'four unthinkables' which if

thought about are said to be sure to involve the thinker in trouble if not in insanity, according to the Buddha. These four are speculations about: (1) the range of Buddhahood; (2) the range of one who is in meditative ecstasy; (3) the working of the law of *karma*; and (4) (about) the origin of the world (*Anguttara-N.* iii. 415).

Whether or not we have the views of the opponents as *they* would have stated them, is open to grave doubt. If we have, it would be the only exception in theological controversy known to us. Some day perhaps we shall have the *Kathā-Vatthu's* statement of the heterodox views controlled by the Chinese and Tibetan translations of the now lost Sanskrit originals of some at least of these dissident schisms, among which in all probability arose the great Mahāyāna movement. They will then most probably be found to have had more to say for themselves than the Therāvādins will admit.

The method of the *Kathā-Vatthu* is that of what Mrs. Rhys Davids herself calls a 'heckling dialectic' (p. 377). A rigid eight-fold logical scheme of refutation is applied to every proposition quite mechanically and with wearisome repetition. Both sides moreover move within the fundamental limitations of a body of common dogmas. These are accepted as valid presuppositions for both sides, just as the fundamental dogmas of the faith are rigidly adhered to in Roman Catholic scholasticism. Within these limitations the logic is at times acute enough; but for those who cannot accept the fundamental hypotheses the conclusions they are frequently unsatisfactory, and not infrequently one's sympathies are with the heretics as against the orthodox. There is not a word to indicate that the equally dogmatic fundamental views of other religions are known and considered; it all moves within the special dogmatology of the Saṅgha or Buddhist Church. Anyone who is well acquainted with the comparative study of religious dogmatics can frequently and easily interrupt the even flow of the wearisome mechanical logic with a fundamental vital objection that does not seem to occur to either party.

It is, however, interesting to note the systematic stage at which logic had arrived already in India in the 3rd century B.C.; elsewhere Mr. Aung has given evidence to show that it was already systematized in India prior to the days of Aristotle.

It is said that these 'vain repetitions' so beloved of the monkish soul are to be accounted for and excused owing to the necessities of oral tradition, for the canon is supposed not to have

been reduced to writing till the 1st century either B.C. or A.D. But this is difficult to accept without qualification; for there is, as far as our knowledge goes, no other example of this kind of 'vain repetitions' in India, and one must therefore conclude that it is peculiar to Buddhist tradition. Indeed it may very well have originated with the Founder, who had to adopt this method in his teaching to very mixed and frequently uneducated audiences. The writing down of the tradition naturally inaugurated a new age of subtler dialectic, but the old habit of repetition still held sway, for it had become 'scriptural.'

From these 'vain repetitions' our translators have for the most part mercifully delivered us. Only the first *kathā* have they given "with all its back-and-forth of dialogue exactly as it is in the original" (p. lii); for the rest they have summarized and so made the work infinitely more 'readable.' For this again we owe them thanks.

As to the subjects of discourse or topics of discussion, they are very varied, and some are of great interest. A handful of these, as put forward by those who questioned, may here be instanced for the reader's information, *e.g.*: That there is a persisting personal entity (dealt with most cursorily and to our mind unsatisfactorily); that an Arahant, or perfected saint, may fall away; that there is no higher life practised among *devas* or gods (a most interesting topic, if *devas* are taken to be what are sometimes called nature-intelligences; they are amoral entities); that vital power is psychical only; that conscious flux may amount to *samādhi*—communion or the unitive state; that one can act by or with the mind of another; that supernormal power can confer longevity; that Buddhas can suspend any natural law; that the present instant and the future can be known; that trance unconsciousness is unconditioned; that one can be conscious in the unconscious; that mind (*mano*) is an unmoral organ; that consciousness and insight or intuition are distinct in kind; that purgatorial retribution must last a whole 'age'; that the spiritual faculties are not for those in worldly life, *i.e.* do not function in worldly matters; that there can be delight in pain; that dream-consciousness is unmoral; that the religion has been and may be re-formed.

This is a small selection from the 500 topics discussed and they are evidently of considerable interest; but as a rule they are not to be grasped at first reading. The study of an *Abhidhamma* treatise requires patience and close application and above all a

prior acquaintance with many things of life and religion to be really fruitful. Even in Burma the *Kathā-Vatthu* is not studied in the schools, but is reserved for the seniors. We therefore cannot hold out any hope to the host of superficial wonder-seekers of the present day in the West that they will get anything out of it to tickle their curiosity. It is a book for serious students, and these and these only will be able to appreciate the admirable translation, introduction and notes which Mr. Aung and Mrs. Rhys Davids have placed at their disposal.

THE GREAT MOTHER.

A Gospel of the Eternally-Feminine. Occult and Scientific Studies and Experiences in the Sacred and Secret Life. By C. H. A. Bjerregaard, Chief of the Main Reading Room, New York Public Library. New York City (Inner Life Publishing Co., 541, W. 124th Street); pp. 380; \$2.50.

WE wonder why people who are competent to write on mysticism with sympathy and insight should handicap themselves with labels that are provocative of suspicion rather than pass-words recognised by experienced fellow-students. Mr. Bjerregaard gives proof in a number of passages that he could have written a book that might have taken a place in the high literature of the subject; but he unnecessarily lugs in 'occultism' and 'science' to spoil the literary effect of his æsthetic appeal. His theme is nature-mysticism, envisaged as the age-old cult of the Great Mother, and a discussion of its value and bearing on the present most potent elemental stirring that has ever declared itself in the tides of womanhood since history began. Mr. Bjerregaard is curiously wrong in imagining that 'nature-mysticism' is a new term used by himself; it is quite an ordinary label, and we are surprised to find so widely-read a writer making such a mistake. But the immense importance of his subject is unquestionable, and his connecting of it with the woman's movement, though no novelty to ourselves, will perhaps prove a fertile suggestion for many. Though Mr. Bjerregaard knows of India, he does not say much about that Nature-worship which so pre-eminently characterises all popular and many cultured phases of the religious life of that land of psychical cult and rite and practice. He confines himself chiefly to Western antiquity and thence traces the influence of the *Ewig-Weibliche* in Christian religion and times. Perhaps the most interesting of his

three sections is that devoted to 'The Beauty and Art-Mystery of the Great Mother,' in which he brings out the great fact of Beauty as the crest-jewel in the diadem of Her whom all artists and poets and creators must needs worship. The book is overstrewn with skilfully managed quotations widely gleaned from the high literature that sings the praise of Great Nature and her mysteries, and fitly clothes its praises in a fair garb of beautiful form, like responding to like in the antiphony of communion. As usual in a book of this size, dealing with such a subject and covering so wide a field, there are points of detail to which exception can be taken on scholarly grounds, but the main thing is the chief thesis, and this requires most careful consideration. We cannot, however, go fully into the matter here for lack of space; we can make one quotation only to show in what direction Mr. Bjerregaard veers. On p. 50 he writes:

"I have shown that the Feminine or Central Will is the only Energy known, and as such the only manifestation of an unknown reality. I have also shown by an illustration that the Feminine was thus known in antiquity and that the advent of the male child brought a disturbance in actual life, corresponding to the inner necessary process of diremption in the Feminine. I have pointed to the means of redemption or at-onement, and thus shown the philosophical solution of the Woman Question. Modern biological studies have also shown the Masculine as secondary."

This Mr. Bjerregaard regards as "the real basis for a discussion of the Woman Question"; it is for him "the philosophy of the Eternally-Feminine."

Personally we hold a very different view. We regard the present upheaval as a natural and inevitable effort of the life-tide to restore equilibrium in the at present dis-eased body of humanity. Fundamentally we are neither male nor female; spiritually we possess both potentialities. And it is only when they are equally developed,—that is, when there are equal conditions for their respectively characteristic qualities to be developed in all the many modes of their activities in the whole human economy—that health, wholeness and salvation will ensue. We shall never win towards this desirable consummation, either individually or as a whole, so long as our religions or our societies or polities are one-sided. The cult of the Eternally-Feminine as supreme is as much out of balance as the cult of the Eternally-Masculine as absolute. But the masculine mode of religion has so long dominated the West, and therewith also its political and social ideals, that we have

practically without knowing it well-nigh starved to death what might long ago have proved an endlessly prolific source of betterment. But supposing the other mode had been supreme and the masculine element had been starved out, should we have been any better off? A thousand times no; the disease would have been as fatal and in modes perchance, if we can make any safe deduction from periods when the Mother-cult dominated, that would have brought about even greater excesses. The most ancient of all symbolisms is that of the family. Of the three factors of the family—father, mother, child—none can exist without the others; they all are mutually interdependent. If then, in applying this symbolism to matters of religion, we single out one and make it source and supreme, we simply talk nonsense. The three modes are mutually and co-equally determined, and all three necessary for spiritual self-realisation. A masculine religion whether Father or Son or a feminine religion whether Mother or Daughter (is the Daughter one day to have a fair show?) is spiritually abortive.

ARTEGAL.

A Drama, Poems and Ballads. By Blanche C. Hardy. London (Long); pp. 122; 3s. 6d. net.

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