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THE QUEST

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THE QUEST.

BERGSON'S IDEA OF GOD.

S. RADHAKRISHNAN, M.A., Assistant Professor of
Philosophy, The Presidency College, Madras.

DEMOCRACY is the spirit of the age; France is the home of democracy; and Bergson is the greatest philosopher of France. No wonder that his philosophy appeals to the *demos*, the laymen and the amateurs, while the trained and the expert look askance at it. In the street and in the market-place it wins applause, while in the study and the classroom it is severely criticized. Bergson's diction and style, his poetry and imagination, make his solution of the riddle of the universe quite an enchanting one to the popular gaze. The different tendencies which fascinate the modern mind—mysticism and romanticism, psychologism and pragmatism, vitalism and evolutionism—find their echo in his writings. The long-standing feud between science and religion suddenly disappears. His constant appeals to concrete science in the interests of ethical idealism and religion create the impression that science has become the ally of religion for the first time since the dawn of reflection. The sphinx is laid to rest. But the few, the specialists who judge

systems not by their aims and intentions but by their actual results, are wondering if the faëry tale of speculation so charmingly described by Bergson does justice to the claims of religion and the demands of intellect. They admit that Bergson has rendered a great service to the cause of philosophy in having emancipated it from the trammels of an abstract and vicious intellectualism, but are not certain that his philosophic theories are self-consistent and satisfactory.

If we take up his idea of God, like the author of 'Snakes in Ireland,' who did his work in one short sentence, "Snakes in Ireland.—There are none," we may summarily dispose of our discussion by declaring that Bergson's philosophy admits of no God. His reality is the ceaseless upspringing of something new, incessant creative work. It cannot be considered to be 'God.' God cannot be a 'continuity of shooting out.' But Bergson is not prepared to own that his system is atheistic. He feels that his system establishes a free and creative God.

"The considerations put forward in my essay on the *Immediate Data* result in an illustration of the fact of liberty; those of *Matter and Memory* lead us, I hope, to put our finger on mental reality; those of *Creative Evolution* present creation as a fact; from all this we derive a clear idea of a free and creating God, producing matter and life at once, whose creative effort is continued, in a vital direction, by the evolution of species and the construction of human personalities."¹

There is no doubt that Bergson's writings are instinct with religious interest, but from this it does not follow that he gives us a coherent view of God.

The point to be decided at the outset is whether

¹ Quoted in Le Roy's *A New Philosophy: Henri Bergson*.

the God of Bergson is the supraconscious, spiritual, trans-human ground of reality from which have proceeded both the *élan* and the matter that opposes it or is the *élan* itself opposed by matter, the evil principle.

What is the exact relation of life to matter? The distinction between life and matter is the foundation of his argument in *Time and Free-will*. Life is freedom and matter is necessity. Life is duration and matter is inert. Considerations which hold in the case of brute things—determinism, mechanism, etc.—do not apply in the case of soul-life. It is because intellect, adapted to 'think matter' and accustomed to its ways, mechanises life and spatialises soul, that the problem of freedom arises. If we get rid of the intellectual picture of the soul and grasp by intuition life as it is, we shall find that its essence is freedom.

In *Matter and Memory* an advance is made, in that even matter is looked upon as a kind of movement akin to that of consciousness. But intellect cuts across both mental and material movements and converts them into separate states and solid things respectively. The dualism between matter and life still remains, as the arguments of *Creative Evolution* require it. Life has for its mission the grafting of indetermination on matter. Life is regarded as an effort to overcome the necessity of physical forces. For this purpose it requires energy which it cannot create. It therefore utilizes the energy already existing in matter. Without the presence of resisting matter, life cannot set out on its task. Life breaks into individuals and species on account of the resistance it meets from inert matter.¹ Without

¹ *Creative Evolution*, p. 103.

matter the *élan* will be like Spinoza's substance, incapable of moving out. Matter then is something over against life, an obstacle to its free flow and a necessary condition of its progress. Matter appears to be a *deus ex machina*, quite as original and fundamental as the *élan* itself, for the world-evolution. But this conclusion Bergson fights shy of.

In *Creative Evolution* he makes the two the inverse directions of one and the same spiritual movement. Materiality is only the interruption of spirituality. It is not a positive somewhat but only the arrest or interruption of life. But it is difficult to understand why the ascending spiritual movement should ever have become interrupted. When once it has been interrupted, how does it get itself condensed into matter? Even if matter is an interruption of life, it is not a pseudo-idea; for Bergson's view of negation precludes such a possibility. Nor can we say that matter is phenomenal in the sense that intellect creates matter; for intellect only distorts matter but does not create it. Matter overflows intellect. All that intellect does is to misrepresent matter, make it appear that it is a coexistence of separate solids with fixed outlines, while it is really in a fluid condition. Again, were matter really a product due to intellect, it should have been non-existent prior to the rise of intellect, in the prehuman, *i.e.* plant and animal, stages of evolution. But evolution could not have started without matter. How then can matter be at the same time a product of evolution at the intellectual stage and a prime condition of evolution?

Bergson's theory of matter is riddled with contradictions and inconsistencies. If, to save his monism, Bergson makes matter phenomenal and unreal, he

cannot account for the evolution of the world. If, on the other hand, to account for the drama of the universe, he makes matter an independent existence, then his monism is affected.

Corresponding to the two views of matter, we have two different conceptions of God. If the dualism between life and matter is the last word of Bergson's philosophy, then the *élan* itself may be regarded as a kind of God opposed by matter, the evil principle. We are reminded of the familiar opposition between light and darkness, God and Satan, Ahura Mazda and Ahriman. Only the interplay of two such opposing forces can account for the imperfect world. Bergson's God becomes a suffering deity. It is as limited as any of us mortals; for it has to struggle through opposing conditions to win its freedom. It is not the source of all being; for matter is independent of it, nay, opposes its upward course. But Bergson, in the passage quoted in the first paragraph, thinks that his free and creative God is the author of both life and matter. So his God is the whole reality, the supraconscious spirit from which have proceeded both the *élan* and the matter. Bergson's God is the God of pantheism, as it is identical with the whole process of evolution. Is this a satisfactory view of God?

The supraconscious spirit works without plan and purpose. The vital impetus drives forward the life growth, but with no definite end or aim. "It takes directions without aiming at ends."¹ We are reminded of the story Huxley somewhere tells us about the Irish Jarvey who, when asked where he was going, said: "Sure and I don't know, but I'm going at the devil of a pace." This, according to Bergson, is a point of merit.

¹ C. E., p. 108.

For, on any finalist theory, the problem of evil is a stumbling-block. In Bergson's theory the problem is evaded and not solved by the substitution of animal instinct for intelligent purpose at the centre of things. If there is evil or disorder, it is in the nature of things. "Evolution is not only a movement forward; in many cases we observe a marking time, and still more often a deviation or turning back. It must be so."¹ That life should be full of surprises is what is to be expected from the way in which the creative principle evolves. The question is, whether such a principle, which invents, adapts, makes mistakes, but still in the main progresses, if we believe Bergson, can be called 'God.' The God of Bergson is not only immanent in nature but completely identical with it. It is the ocean in which we are bathed and immersed, in which we literally live, move and have our being. God is the universal flux and is the only reality. What Bergson does is to exalt the flux of the world, with all its defects and discords, to the high position of divinity. He gives the whole the name of God and then tells us that in God we are. An appearance of a close and intimate relationship between God and man, the ultimate source of spirit and the human individual, is produced. Here Bergson is mutilating the meanings of words. To make the life impulse God is to commit spiritual suicide. It is to defeat the aim of all religion. Nettleship remarks: "Whatever else 'God' means, it means the highest we can think of—something in which all that we love and adore in human beings and nature exists without any alloy."² But Bergson's God is an a-moral principle, from which all things good, bad and indifferent flow. It is not the God with whom

¹ *C. E.*, p. 109.

² *Remains*, p. 105.

we can come into relations, for which the religious soul hungers. It can in no case be an object of worship.

If Bergson's God would satisfy the theologian's demand, then intelligence should be an attribute of God. But in Bergson's philosophy intelligence is the product of the movement which has created matter and so has nothing to do with pure life or duration. Intelligence is not a quality of God. We may, in a sense, call it a divine attribute, for the original unity which contained in embryo the different lines of development, culminating in the automatism of plants, the instinct of hymenoptera and the intelligence of man, had in it the intellectual tendency also. But if God should be a being in whom intelligence is displaced by intuition, then we shall have to wait for some future day when a being with divine intuition may spring up. "The gates of the future stand wide open."

Is Bergson's God 'free'? In spite of his vehement protests against both mechanism and finalism, on account of their common assumption that 'all is given,' it is a matter of grave doubt whether in Bergson's system all is not given. The different tendencies which later come into existence are fused together in the original unity. Creative evolution is only the differentiation or dissociation of these tendencies. "The unity is derived from a *vis a tergo*; it is given at the start as an impulsion."¹ Can we not say that all sides of future evolution are pre-figured in the original unity? Nothing not contained in the original impulse can come out at any stage. True, the future is incalculable, but surely there is no element of chance.

Is Bergson's God 'creative'? Does God create

¹ C. E., p. 109.

the world? We shall be twisting words if we make Bergson's original principle the creator of the world. Growth is not creation in the technical sense in which it is generally understood. According to Bergson, it is not only God that creates; we also do so. "Creation . . . is not a mystery; we experience it in ourselves when we act freely."¹ We have freedom, duration and creative life and so has God. If we have obstacles in the way of our full freedom in that our souls are entangled in matter, God is no better off; for only with effort and trouble can he press into and penetrate the resisting wall of matter.

We see that Bergson does not give us a 'free and creating' God. His God, when stripped of all poetry, will be found to be inadequate to the needs of the religious soul. His idea of God is likely to repel rather than attract religious people.

S. RADHAKRISHNAN.

¹ *C. E.*, p. 262.

A MODERNIST'S DIARY.

ROBERT WALDRON.

III.¹

September 24, 1910.

It was certainly not without some misgiving that I started from Murat to Fribourg this morning. I was in suspense as to what attitude my Superior might assume towards me. Would he receive me with the cold manner of a disciplinarian or give me the welcome of a father?

As the train drew into the station I caught sight of my former Novice Master, who had one time regarded me as a favoured Child of God. He was looking searchingly about trying to distinguish me from the other passengers. Our eyes met and I rushed forward to greet him.

He embraced me as an affectionate friend and expressed his happiness at seeing me. We talked indifferently about the weather, the incidents of my journey, a letter of his that had miscarried. He pointed to the various sights of the town as we passed on our way to the Villa Thérèse.

It was just 12 o'clock when we reached the door and the bell was ringing the dinner-hour. I had hardly stepped inside when I met the whole community on their way to the refectory, and found myself face to face with the dear old Provincial with whom I had

¹ For Parts I. and II. see the April and July numbers.—ED.

travelled to the novitiate fifteen years before. I was a boy of seventeen then. I am a man now; and the changes that have transpired in my physical being are but symbols of the difference between the immature mind of youth and the ripened mentality of one who has seen, read and suffered.

"You did well to come, my son," said the Provincial.

I was not disposed to doubt his words. I have a firm belief in the little incidents that are working out my destiny; but possibly, yes probably, the outcome of my journey will not be exactly what is anticipated for me.

This journey, as I feel now, is the determining straw in the scale that tells for the freedom of my mind and heart against training, tradition and associations.

There was a gentle smile of *bienveillance* on the face of the old gentleman as he gave me the kiss of fraternity after raising me from the ground when I knelt to receive his blessing. I was seemingly a prodigal; yet if the humble posture made the resemblance striking, my heart was not in my attitude. I went on my knee to perform a sheer formality, not to confess that I had erred. I do not mean that my heart is steeled by pride or obdurate insubordination; I simply felt that my mentality was mine and that no human bidding can make it bow in submission to other convictions than its own. I am not held back by pride when conscious that an unkindness or a slight on my part has wounded someone. In such instances apology springs from my heart in real sincerity; but I cannot beg pardon for thinking in matters of religion otherwise than my Superiors.

I cannot believe just to drift; I cannot believe just to please; I cannot believe lest I disturb others in their faith, or for any other motive than outright conviction. I must get my honest bearings, and to get them I must be free.

I saw the Father Provincial this afternoon. His tone and manner were kind and fraternal. He began the interview by inquiring after those I had left behind, and then gently entered upon the subject of my doubts. He was not incisive or inquisitive in his conversation, but in a general way minimized the grievousness of the frame of mind that had come upon me. "Your experience is not unusual. We have all of us passed through moments of doubt. The important point in it is *de ne pas y fixer*."

He pointed to the example of St. Francis de Sales and others whose faith had been temporarily overcast but who had triumphantly come forth from the cloud of doubt.

He intimated that promiscuous, indiscreet reading was largely accountable for my actual state of mind and that my difficulties had been suggested by books beyond my capacity to refute.

"I have arranged for you to go to Rome," he said. "The Procurator General has kindly suggested your staying there for a while. When you reach Rome you will place yourself under his paternal direction and make a retreat under his care."

He enjoined me to give my complete confidence to the Rev. Father and answer his questions with absolute abandonment. He felt assured that the wise counsels of my directors, co-operating with God's grace and my own humble submission, would secure for me the return of my former faith.

I thought it wise to refrain from all words of defence; so I accepted both Father's remonstrance and advice in an amiable and forbearing spirit. I know only too well how hopeless a task it is to justify to an orthodox mind the mentality of a heretic or of an agnostic. I said to myself: Better be mute than offer a half explanation or an apology that could be only misunderstood.

September 25.

This morning I had a long talk with my former Novice Master. He doubtless considers my mental state critical; but I fancy he does not surmise for a moment that I entertain a serious thought of leaving my vocation. He is much engaged in the preparations of a retreat, and therefore has little time to bestow on me and the elucidation of my theological perplexities. I feel thankful that he is occupied; for if he had leisure he would use it to try to undeceive me of my erroneous frame of mind, and there is nothing that so puts me on edge as an indoctrinating monologue. It is my ideal bliss to be left alone in the silence of my own thoughts.

Father assured me that after the Provincial Chapter his time would be at my disposal, and that we could work together in the peaceful cloister of Ryckholt to refute and disperse the doubts and objections that had gathered in my mind.

Father is a good, dear friend, but too grounded in faith to allow of his dogmatism being eliminated from his friendship.

What a lovable man he would be if only he could shed some of his concrete ideas and expand his sympathy beyond the walls of theology!

September 30.

I have just said Mass, made my thanksgiving and come back to my room. It will perhaps seem strange to me some day that I could have performed the priestly functions at the altar and consummated the 'solemn sacrifice' while lacking belief in its significance. Was it a mere feint? No! This ceremony is indeed void of its old-time meaning. I no longer recognize the sacerdotal powers as I breathe over the Host the words of consecration. Yet it was not a mockery or a mummerly this morning.

As I murmured the formulary of the Mass, I looked up to the God of Nature and put my soul in rhythm with the mysterious powers that be. In the lighted candles I beheld the symbols of intelligence and love; in the outstretched form on the cross above me I read the expression of true sacrifice, one who was transfixed for the sincerity of his belief by the insincerity of those who hated him.

In partaking of the consecrated wine and bread, I ate and drank in communion with my fellow man, and into every prayer I ran a new meaning that my human heart and mind could utter. Such a desecrating mentality in the Holy of Holies would have made the pious believer shudder. Yet free from the thrall of orthodoxy I felt not even a tremor of awe or the faintest consciousness of sacrilege.

I hear footsteps in the corridor. I hope they may not come my way. I dread a knock at the door. Father Master has just entered and left the room. He

merely handed me a book on miracles and suggested that I should read it.

Its purpose is to bring back conviction to my soul. If I come to credit divine intervention on behalf of the Saints, I should naturally be disposed to identify them and their dogmatism with God. I have been perusing this volume filled with wonders which happened 'once upon a time,' related by dear knows whom, and accredited by men whose testimony is valueless to me, because I am powerless to appraise it.

I cannot help comparing this book before me with the *Annals of Psychical Research*. The attestations of the latter are far more corroborating than those of the former. I do not see why I should accept without demur the testimony of a good pious man on the strength of his piety. Together with piety he may be singularly stupid and unbelievably fallible. In any case accepting the phenomena as they are related would not, in my opinion, argue their being supernatural.

They could very well have happened and be extraordinary yet come under some unusual natural law.

October 2.

What a panorama of beauty as I look out of my window! The long winding valley stretches off into the distance. On its slopes and projecting rocks rises this quaint town of Fribourg with its mediæval architecture. Hundreds of feet below me glide the waters of the Sarine and wend their way out of the town's limits into the very heart of nature.

Yesterday I followed the river's course along the damp and narrow path at the water's edge. On either

side I looked up to see great massive jagged rocks towering above me, clothed with moss and garlanded with evergreens. I have enjoyed a good deal of liberty in the afternoons and have scoured the country round in my walks. These days spent at Fribourg have been associated with mental strain and anguish, and it is only when I could get out into the open, breathe the fresh air of woods and hills and be undisturbed in my own free thoughts, that I felt a pervading peace and a certain happiness.

October 3.

Before me on the table lies a letter from a dear old friend. In the name of the Master General he conveys permission for me to go down to Rome.

"I will return to Rome," he writes, "on the 17th of October. A few days later, the 19th or 20th, a retreat will begin at Collegio Angelico. It will offer you an excellent opportunity to make your retreat in an atmosphere of recollection. The instructions will be given in Italian and you may be dispensed from assisting at them. We two will compensate for them between ourselves."

That 'between ourselves' stands for heart to heart talks in which the Rev. Father will probe my mind, search my motives, study the symptoms of the disease of doubt that has infected my poor soul. It is not a pleasant prospect. Though I have lost my faith in orthodoxy, must I submit to its diagnosis?

To-morrow I start on a few days' tour through Switzerland. The understanding is that I continue my route thence down to Rome. Can I go? My heretical frame of mind is in no degree relaxed. I feel a growing determination to bring my false position to a climax.

Temporizing and compromising will make the step more embarrassing later on.

* * * *

October 6.

I find myself at Lucerne. I stopped at this beautiful lake city four years ago on my return from Rome; and here I pause again to-night asking myself will I go down to Rome.

I have reached this point of my itinerary *via* Berne, Thun, Interlaken.

I never tire of looking at the expanses of water, the verdant valleys and the towering mountains, all furrowed on their slopes by rushing streams that sparkle in the sunlight.

All these natural beauties, however, cannot divert my mind from the anxiety that obsesses me. Three days ago I bade farewell to the Fathers at Fribourg, and have carried away the kindest remembrance of their courtesy and hospitality. They wished me an *au revoir*, extending an invitation to make another stay amongst them on my return from Italy. My lips responded with *au revoir*, yet I felt in my heart that more than probably my parting was indeed an '*à Dieu*.'

I have been walking along the embankment for some time, trying to divine in the ripples and reflections of the fair lake an answer to my hesitating frame of mind. I looked towards that range of massive peaks that barred my way to Rome and it suggested to me that other barrier which rises between my mind and orthodoxy.

"You are at your cross-roads," I said to myself.
"You have done your thinking; the time to act has

come. Will you go to Rome, make a retreat, a profession of faith in absolute compliance against your will, and emasculate sincerity from your heart? It will certainly be the easiest course, the way of least resistance. The other road to Paris is beset with all manner of uncertainties. It means throwing yourself upon the world, cutting out a new career, passing into a life and circumstances for which you are little fitted, at least by education."

I will sleep on the alternative; but I see pretty well to which decision my mind is gravitating.

* * * *

October 8.

I am back in Paris, in the city of radiating boulevards, of omnibuses and speeding autos,—in the city with an atmosphere of spontaneity and freedom, where people seem to breathe, where they extract from little things as well as luxuries the happiness of life. What a lovable people are the French if we only get in rhythm with them and learn to understand them!

I reached here late on the 7th, and passed the night at the 'Continental.' Yesterday I went directly to the *apartement* of my relative. She was dumbfounded to behold me. She was aware of my theological difficulties, but little thought that the powerful influence of those at Fribourg and Rome would fail to modify and overcome them. I have accepted her hospitality, which she extended to me willingly; yet she likewise expressed, in no disguised fashion, her unsympathetic disapproval of the step I had taken. She possesses a strong will and magnetic personality, and she was determined to urge me back to my

vocation. She thought she understood the phase through which my mind was passing. It was to her '*un moment critique*,' that comes to all those who are verging into middle age. To me she surmised it had come with a special vehemence. I had thought too much and "worried myself into doubt." "Seek the peace of the cloister," she said, and naturally thought that in its atmosphere the dark clouds would be rift by the sunlight of returning faith. Every moment she would turn to the question and by appeals to sentiment, reason, tradition, family considerations, endeavour to dissuade me from making final the step I had taken. "You will regret," she said, and alluded to the awful precariousness of my even securing a livelihood outside the Church.

She warned me that from many circles I might expect to be ostracized, and even intimated that it would be embarrassing to introduce me to her friends who would know me as a '*prêtre défroqué*.' This attitude has not deterred or weakened me. I feel my determination stronger for having met this opposition. I know my positive frame of mind will break down many fancied barriers; for I am surprised to see how few take pains to have an opinion, and fewer still concern themselves about those who have one.

October 17.

I have gone to Neuilly. It is somewhat suburban, but the tramway goes rapidly to Port Maillot, and hence I may in a few minutes radiate anywhere by the *Métropolitain*. My room here opens on a garden court with a southern aspect. The *Bois* is only a few steps away; in fact through my window I can get glimpses of its expansive woodland.

These surroundings are conducive to reflection, and frequently in thought I have spanned the distance that separates me from my friends. What will they all think of me when they get the news? Doubtless they will regard me as an enigma which time alone can solve.

My old landlady has been very kind and welcomes my company when I tire of my phantom thoughts. She is quite sophisticated to the things of life, and has read and mused in her own way. She possesses all the intuition of a true Frenchwoman, and though I was most secretive of my little troubles she has with divining power surmized more [than I was willing to confide. Several times these last few evenings when I have returned to my room chilled in body and heart I have heard her calling, "Monsieur Robert, Monsieur Robert!" From the top of the landing I have asked what she wanted. "*Descendez!*" and on reaching her little room below she has placed before me part of her own meal. Perhaps she knew I was economizing on my own. We have talked familiarly about the puzzles of life. From her own observation she had come to hold views congenial to my frame of mind, and on the fact of this understanding we had some good chats and confidential talks. Now and then her beloved 'Minet' would jump on to the table, lift up his tail, curve his back and intrude himself for a share of the sympathy we were imparting to each other. We have played backgammon together. After the last game, which she calls '*la belle*,' she serves me a cup of tea with a drop of rum, and on the strength of it I retire to my room. I enter again into the atmosphere of my many thoughts or become absorbed in a book until the hand of my watch points to midnight or after. I then cradle

to sleep my worries until the dawn wakes me to another day.

October 24.

There was still a disagreeable task to perform. My mind was unrelentingly made up. I no longer even tampered with the thought of compromise. But I had yet to advise my Superior at Rome. On the 19th of October, the very day my arrival was expected, I wrote to him announcing my decision. In a few words I told him the crisis had come; that I was now too estranged from the old faith to allow even a hope that I could be brought to re-accept it. I assured him my resolution had been maturing for over a year and was in no sense a rash impulse or *coup de tête*. My going to Rome, I explained further, either would have been an act of hypocrisy on my part calculated to deceive him, or would have terminated in a tragic parting which I wished to spare us both. A few days later I conveyed the same decision to my Provincial. I thanked him for his goodness to me. I told him I was sorry to withstand his wishes, but that it was impossible to comply with them at the cost of sincerity and by doing violence to my profoundest convictions.

As I sealed my letters and sent them respectively on their way, I could see them opened and read, in the hands of the priests to whom they were addressed. I knew what consternation was conveyed in their message, and I could not refrain from cursing the tyranny of dogma which made me an outcast and their friendship forfeit simply because I had ceased to believe.

I have changed my mind after mature deliberation and it seems somewhat strange that I should be

grudged this privilege which belongs to us all. Men change their views on every subject day by day; why should a poor priest alone be obliged to crystallize his?

It is the policy of the Church never to admit that a priest can innocently undergo a change of conviction which involves the loss of faith. If he no longer believes, the fact is attributed to pride or sensuality. The remedy for the first is humble submission; the remedy for the second is humble crucifixion.

October 27.

When I penned my letters the other day I could almost have anticipated word for word the replies that would be forthcoming. I have just been reading them. A strain of sympathy runs through the messages, a tone of pity and affection mingled with reproach; but they are pervaded, as they were dictated, by that spirit of dogmatism which reckons disbelief a crime and withdrawal a black treason. These letters express sorrow. For what? Because dogmatism and ecclesiasticism have departed from me. I have no heart to condole in the demise of my former self; for out of the old I have risen to the new with a broader understanding of the vital things of life.

"ROME, October 23.

"You can hardly imagine the grief your letter gave me this morning. At the very moment I expected your arrival here in Rome, coming in quest of an atmosphere of recollection, to revive within you truth and grace, I am suddenly apprized of the very contrary decision. You avoid those who wish your good; you turn from the light; you refuse the hand of God stretched out to lift you up. My poor son, how you

are to be pitied ; how truly my heart goes out to you in commiseration ! I cannot forbear shedding tears when I think of that soul upon which the Lord has bestowed such exquisite favours and which he is still disposed to receive back, to comfort and forgive. The conditions, as you know, are humble abandonment to the guidance of the Catholic Church and those authorized as her representatives.

“ ‘ *Si quis veniat ad me non ejiciam eum foras.* ’ ”

As I read this letter I could fancy myself in a prison cell, a reprobate, banned from respectability and craving the richest mercy of Almighty God. What was my crime ? Simply this : I had shed the traditional mind and had begun to think for myself.

Almost concurrently with the delivery of the above letter, came one from my Provincial. He too was shocked and overcome by the sudden development of my case. He thought of me humbly beginning my retreat at Rome, and now he is startled out of this comforting thought to read from my own pen that I have severed my allegiance to the Dominican Order and disavowed the Faith.

“ FRIBOURG, SUISSE.

“ My very dear friend,

“ What news your letter brings me ! I am crushed and heart-broken. Let me still cherish a hope that this be only a temptation to which you may not succumb. No, the Blessed Virgin whom you love with such tenderness, who has protected you and guided you, as it were by the hand, into the Order of St. Dominic, will not allow you to commit this act of infidelity. Moreover, let me tell you, with all sin-

cerity, your resolution is absolutely unwarranted. How do you possibly presume to make a decision which so gravely concerns your actual life and your eternity, without recourse to the wisdom of men who love you truly and who have certainly, let me say it without offence, more learning and enlightenment than you regarding the question which agitates your soul. Why not return to your first plan? Go to Rome or Ryckholt and make your retreat. During the days of recollection, with easy access to men whom Divine Providence has appointed your counsellors, you would be in the way of elucidating your doubts and solving your difficulties; whereas, determining the question yourself, under the impression of the moment or prompted by the influence of those lacking authorization to advise you, the outcome can only be mis-guidance and perdition."

The very point which the Reverend Father lays down so confidently is precisely what I question most positively. What warrant, what divine appointment, have those to whom he refers to interpret God's will to me? The very ground upon which I assume my present attitude is that I have ceased to regard these same individuals as God's accredited spokesmen. My disillusion is widespread and fundamental in the domain of religion. I refuse to believe without better evidence that God has tied himself to an institution or committed himself to a book. In this conviction, it seems to me, I am well justified in withholding my obedience and in forbearing a profession of faith. Father intimates that there are men of larger insight and learning than I possess to whom I should have recourse. I have already sought the enlightenment of

the very best the Church has to offer, and this failing me it is time to seek the very best in the enlightenment of minds elsewhere. Father points the contrast between my mind posing alone against the strong intellect of so many better gifted than myself, yet he fails to take into account that the mentality I have accepted is representative of a host who for brilliancy and mental calibre might well stand undazzled before the Church's greatest advocates.

October 29.

I have received a telegram from the Provincial :
" Must see you will be at Lyons Friday."

This puts me in a conflict of indecision. As I reconsider the happenings that have crowded into the month of October, I become aware that my manner of leaving the Order may be open to criticism and might be regarded as deceptive and unbecoming a true man. I left ostensibly on my way to Rome and the announcement of my resignation has been conveyed by letter. I may well be blamed for having shirked the ordeal of meeting my Superior face to face with a full disclosure of my intentions.

An elderly lady of rank and distinction, whose wisdom I value, said : " Robert, you will regret later not having fulfilled this last courtesy." I feel as she does and this evening I leave for Lyons. I forebode a tragic scene. What in fact is more tragic than the encounter of two men who entertain sympathy for one another, who share the same sentiments and have been attuned to the same refinement, and yet are parted by the dogmatism under which one is labouring and from which the other has been freed? I am not afraid when the hour comes, yet I have more than once been

a coward in speaking out from the instinctive fear of wounding someone I revere or love. How easy it is to speak frankly, to take an unhesitating step in life, when we have no concern about traversing the cherished feelings and opinions of anyone; but it is quite an ordeal to behold the saddened expression of those whom we regard with affection and esteem. Argument is of no avail; apology makes you all the more guilty in their eyes. Such is my attitude towards the Provincial I am going to see.

November 1.

I arrived at Parache Station, here in Lyons, yesterday, Sunday. I at once went to the *apartement* of Father Provincial; but learned from the *concièrge* that he would be away till late that evening. So I made up my mind to put off my interview until the following day. I spent the interval in strolling through the streets, lingering along the embankments, crossing the many bridges. In Place Belle Court, under the umbrage of autumn foliage, I sat down to muse and brood. All the while how I longed to make my anticipation a thing of the past!

This morning a little after 9 I turned my steps again to the address I visited yesterday. I ascended the staircase with some emotion, wondering what the outcome of my interview would be. I had nerved my resolve against the yielding inclination of my heart. I was well prepared and determined not to forget myself in any impulse of resentment or recrimination. I had no complaint to make, no criticism to express, no grievance at heart. I had merely lost the mentality which justified my remaining a Friar and Priest and

felt that consistency and sincerity pointed to the world outside.

I fumbled at the bell and heard it ring. The door was opened by an old Lay Brother, who looked at me with surprise in his eyes. He recognized me as the poor lost sheep who, moved by remorse of conscience, fear of the world, or perhaps by a movement of Grace, was humbly returning to beg for the White Robe he had laid aside, and begin again the life he had forsaken. There was a sweetness in his welcome, not even a shadow of a scowl. While I waited the coming of Father Provincial, I began to surmise what he would say to me. How long, I conjectured, shall we have to agonize, he in pleading, I in resisting his arguments, which have lost all convincing power.

After our first words of greeting, I thought it best to state my intentions at the start. So I explained that I had come simply to face an old friend, to assure him I was not afraid and to offer him that courtesy which could only be partially fulfilled through the medium of a letter. "Father, I have made this journey to stand before you honestly and tell you that I must leave."

"*Brave enfant ! est-il possible ?*" he exclaimed and a tear started in his eye.

His thought perhaps flashed back to the day when he had given me my first glimpse of the cloister. Had he been deceived? No shadow of doubt crossed my believing heart then; but since then how many a wonderful dogma has faded from me or survives only as a lingering legend!

"But, my child, what are you going to do?"

The future was a blank and with no definite object in view I could answer only, "I do not know."

He doubtlessly read my determination and felt the futility of words, for he said but little. I wished to cut short the interview, which was anguish to us both. So on the plea of catching the next train to Paris, I said: "Father, I must leave."

"No," he answered, in the most kindly manner, "You must remain and dine with us."

I strove to excuse myself from staying but I had to yield when he observed: "*Ce ne serait pas gentil de vous en aller ainsi.*"

I answered: "If you feel it so, I will remain."

At table we recited the old Latin formula for Grace. I felt that my old friend was praying for a tempted soul on the verge of a terrible fall. Our conversation ignored completely my situation, and anyone to see us talking would never have surmized that in the next few moments I was to pass the threshold of monastic life for ever. We rose from the table, walked to the small chapel to recite some customary prayers and then I faced again the last appeals of the old Provincial. They failed to bring conviction, but they perhaps almost prevailed upon me to temporize before accomplishing my resolution.

"Remain till to-morrow and we will go up to the Shrine of Fourvier and say a Mass in honour of Mary."

"It is useless," I replied. "Already I have delayed too long, Father, and thought too much. I must go immediately."

For a few moments we looked at one another, he with anguish beholding me rushing to my spiritual ruin, I anguished at the thought of so deeply grieving him.

"*Vous allez partir alors ?* You are going despite everything ?"

"Yes, Father," I replied. "I am compelled to."

"You have lost your faith?" he murmured.

"Yes, Father," I answered, "so much of it that I can no longer remain a priest."

"But, my child, you are going forth without dispensation of your vows."

To this I merely answered: "If I were convinced of the power that could dispense me from them, I would remain a priest as I have been."

"But, my child, it is faith that has made the saints."

"I, too, Father," I replied, "might become a saint after their fashion if I had their faith, but not having it I lack the motive that prompted their lives and justified them."

I seized the hand of my old friend, held it in a fast grasp, while I looked steadily into his eyes. And without another word I picked up my hat and moved to the door. It was opened for me by the old Lay Brother. I crossed the threshold, I heard the catch spring into the socket as the door closed and a sense of relief came over me. It seemed like liberation from a terrific strain. I drew in the fresh strong air as I hurried along the Quai de La Charité, and looking down into the Rhone I felt that like its swift waters my life was hurrying on to something far away.

* * * *

November 6.

I am back in Paris.

If we could stand in contemplation of the future our hearts would sink within us. How easy it seems to leave the Priesthood. You have only to declare your intention and withdraw. Yes, it is excessively

simple in theory; just as simple as a declaration of independence. It is the establishing and justifying of that independence that costs the heartache and the blood-shed. I had declared my independence. I had definitely quitted the Order. But I am not so naïve as to suppose that the struggle is over and my victory won. The first sense of freedom soon faded away before a depressing vision that seems to haunt me. I behold the many friends I have esteemed and loved, who looked to me. I see them, as it were, pass before me in succession—their familiar smile of greeting, their warm grasp of friendship. And then in chilling contrast over their features I perceive a sudden look of astonishment, a dart of doubt, and then the expression of one who accepts reluctantly a fact there is no denying. I am an outcast of their Faith. They can only recall me as I used to be with a sigh for what I am. I can hear the whisper of those words come to me from over the ocean, from far and near. "Poor Father! Is it possible? Who would have thought it?" Yes, who would have foreseen such an issue to my life several years ago when I knelt to receive the blessing of the then Pope of Rome.

Time and thought bring strange developments in our lives, and what we least expect is frequently the most probable eventuality for us.

November 30.

I find myself in a foreign land, in a great city famous for its seduction, strong in its temptations. Yet, if no other safeguard of a higher kind protects me from going with the current into the whirlpool of attractions, I am held by the most effectual of all restraints—a state of poverty.

As I see my lean reserve dwindle away while all efforts to secure a maintenance prove of no avail, I wonder to what extreme I may come and what may be the issue of it all. As I walk through the streets of Paris for hours at a stretch, I look at advertisements and suggestions, in search of an opening, an avocation, that would at least provide a living. I scoured "*les annonces*" of the *Matin* and the *Journal*. But in each case something was lacking in me or in the conditions, which made the offer quite impossible. During the long evenings when I am not invited out, there is nothing left to do but think, read or go out and walk. With the aid of a small spirit lamp I prepare my supper and partake of this cheerless repast alone except for the company of many thoughts, which bring to my table scenes of days gone by. I try to struggle against the deep melancholy which has settled on me. I shake myself, suggest happy thoughts and strive to get free from the dark broodings of my mind. I succeed partially. The encouraging thought acts like a stimulant which takes away the chill and nerves me for the moment, but it cannot undeceive me of the reality or remove my anxiety.

Sometimes I look on life in this fashion. I say: Let the worst come. What will it amount to? Will it be death? Well, I am not afraid to die. At this moment in fact I would not hesitate long to throw my life away. The balance of the alternative between life and death weighs pretty evenly. Why then worry and be disheartened? The worst in anticipation exceeds the possible worst in reality. The prospect of death does not frighten. Why then fret about the menace of smaller evils and misfortunes?

There is power in this reasoning, and many a man

in extremes is illuminated by it and strengthened to encounter his difficulties and overcome them.

* * * *

Afterword.

Quite a while has elapsed. I have come out of my dazed condition. I feel new strength growing up within me. The nervousness and strangeness I experienced on being thrust forth from my tranquil anchorage on to the high seas of life have quite vanished and I rise upon the crest and go down into the trough as the world about me does.

I no longer wonder at the transition. It would seem that I had always been what I am to-day. The reclaiming power of custom and old mentality have lost their hold, and I enjoy the freedom to feel and understand and act my part, not at the dictates of a prompter, but with the candid spontaneity of the heart and mind God gave me.

But, it might be asked, whither has your transition led you? Some can conceive of me only as a materialist, atheist or radical agnostic. I am a materialist to those whose notion of spirituality I question; an atheist to those whose idea of God I cannot accept; an agnostic when I confess honest ignorance of many things others pretend to know. I have my leanings, my ideals, my convictions, which life's experience has begotten. I belong to no 'isms' and am far from being a dogmatist. The crystallizations of the past have thawed away and I claim an open mind. I am no longer looking for reasons to justify anything, but for truths that justify themselves. But where do I find truth? Is it cut in tables of stone? Is it between

the covers of some great book? Is it lurking in the inspiration of some great heart or mind? What is truth if not for ever varying with the shifting of our vision and the change of our mentality? There are some who have thought to lay hold on truth and turn it into stone. They would like to crystallize it in their thoughts; they would fix its likeness as the artist does the face of a child. The picture does not prevent the child emerging into maturity. So neither do our partial conceptions of truth forbid it growing, expanding, becoming to-morrow something it is not to-day. Truth varies like Great Nature around us. It expresses itself, and expresses itself again. It is experience; it is transition; it is life.

Truth is life and life must move. Life must change. Life must issue from seed into stalk, and thence into bud and efflorescence. We kill truth as we kill life by making it stand still or cramping it into a mould. I am passing from experience to experience, and my development through the varied phases of mentality and emotion is teaching me truth that is vital, that pulsates with God's own Life.

ROBERT WALDRON.

THE POETRY OF DEATH.

CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D.

IF to look death in the face be heroism, poetry may claim to be accounted an heroic calling; for love and death have ever been its two most favoured themes. To think of one has been to call the other to mind—and not with poets only; the wayfaring man, when in love, finds a strange support and consolation in the thought of death. It seems, then, that there must be some deep affinity between these two great yet common experiences; and truly I believe that there is. Both are fatal, irresistible; both come when least expected, at their own sweet will—and carry all before them when they come. But it is with death only that we are here primarily concerned, with death as the subject and *motif* of song.

Among the poets of death none takes higher rank than that strange and tragic New England minstrel Edgar Allan Poe. The sickly sweetness of lilies, the odour of mortuary wreaths, pervades his work with overwhelming fragrance; he seems to have lived and wrought in an atmosphere of ghostly and sepulchral gloom. Even in the revolting physical aspect of death, in the details of disease and corruption, he found congenial matter. And in the possibilities of horror *beyond* there was an appeal to which he responded over and over again. There is a note of triumph in his verdict upon the human drama, in which he finds “much of madness and more of sin, and horror the

soul of the plot." He was the poet of the charnel house, truly; but what a marvellous poet, nevertheless! What grandeur in the last two lines of this stanza from *The Conqueror Worm* :

Mimes in the form of God on high
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly—
Mere puppets they who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their Condor wings
Invisible Woe!

What piercing sweetness in the opening lines of the address *To One in Paradise* :

Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

And what poignancy of longing in its true close—for it is impossible to accept the further stanza which appears in some editions, marring everything that has gone before :

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams!

But as a product of pure imagination Poe's masterpiece is undoubtedly that poem entitled *The City in the Sea*, which with a weird intensity of vision and exquisite fastidiousness of detail describes the 'shrines and palaces and towers' of that home of

silence and oblivion upon which "Death looks gigantically down." Forgotten by the very winds, it slowly crumbles to decay, surrounded by a "wilderness of glass," the dead waters of a sea that never a ripple stirs :

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town ;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet and the vine.

Never before or since have the majestic stillness, the portentous impassivity of Death, been so grandly symbolised as in the few but perfect lines of this poem. When we look upon the face of one recently dead, the marble calm of the lineaments gives an overwhelming sense of immutability—which is pure illusion ! So too in the case of the dead city ; its changelessness is but in seeming—imperceptibly but irrevocably it is mouldering and sinking down into the abyss.

The waves have now a redder glow—
The hours are breathing faint and low—
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

If one may fairly claim on behalf of Edgar Allan Poe the title of Laureate of Death, it must yet be owned that he has many competitors. Among these

there is one, Charles Baudelaire, whose name, as that of the translator into French of Poe's principal works, inevitably suggests itself as that of a kindred spirit and in some sort a disciple. Of his greatest work, *Les Fleurs du Mal*, a brother poet, Théophile Gautier, says very truly: "Nowhere has more ardently been expressed the longing for the pure and original air, for the spotless whiteness of the Himalayan snows, for the unblemished azure of the inaccessible light, than in these poems which have been stigmatised as immoral, as if the flagellation of vice were vice itself, or that one were a poisoner because one had described the toxic pharmacy of the Borgias." And, despite Baudelaire's undeniable propensity for the material emblems of disease and corruption, the pitiless calm with which he uncovers all those loathsome details from which ordinary humanity shrinks aghast, I think that Gautier is amply justified in claiming for him the attributes of a mystic and a seer. J. Barbey d'Aurevilly, in the course of a fine comparison of Baudelaire with Dante, remarks that "the poet of these 'Flowers,' which ulcerate the breast upon which they lie, has not the grand mien of his majestic predecessor—and that is no fault of his. He belongs to a troubled epoch, sceptical, jeering, neurotic, which is involved in absurd hopes of transformations and metempsychoses; he has not the faith of the great poet which gave him the august calm of security in all the sorrows of life." Not *that* faith, perhaps; but faith of a kind he has, nevertheless, the faith of a shuddering recognition of evil, of its occult reality, universal scope and power. *Les Fleurs du Mal* is not an easy book to quote from; the individual poems all form part of a pre-arranged plan, and owe much of their effect to their place in the scheme as a

whole. I have, nevertheless, ventured to translate one poem, a sonnet entitled *Semper Eadem*, in which the old saying that "in the midst of life we are in death" is illustrated with characteristic irony and a certain grim playfulness and sombre charm.

"Whence comes," you ask me, "this tide of melancholy
Rising like the sea on its rocks grim and bare?"
Life, once the heart has made vintage of its folly,
Evermore is evil! 'Tis a secret all may share.

Simple human sorrow—no problem and no mystery,
Like the sunshine of your joy, known to all you meet.
Cease, fair inquisitive, to pry into its history,
Silent be that voice—I own it sweet!

Silence, uninitiate heart, rapture-guarded soul,
Lips for baby laughter formed! . . . Far less in Life's control
Than Death's, by subtle cords constrained, we feel his hidden sway.
Leave me to inebriate my heart with pleasant lies,
Leave me all the fairy tales I read within your eyes;
Shadowed by their lashes let me dream the hours away.

The thought underlying this beautiful sonnet, the thought of earthly existence as a brief and unequal contest between the two rival powers of Death and Life, in which the ultimate and inevitable victory of the former is foreshadowed by those inexplicable moods of sadness and foreboding to which it refers, is one seldom to be met with among the poets who have chosen death as their theme. I shall quote presently a sonnet from Rossetti's *House of Life*, of which an allied but not identical idea forms the *motif*. But in the meantime I cannot resist the temptation of embellishing my paper with a familiar but lovely lyric of Wordsworth's, in which the aching sense of loss that follows upon the death of one beloved is expressed with inimitable simplicity and pathos.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the Springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.
A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.
She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be:
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

Another poet of the same period, Sir Walter Scott, deserves special mention here. Whatever may be thought of his narrative poems, he has produced lyrics which may challenge comparison with Shakespeare's own. And among these there are several in which Death is the central interest, notably *Proud Maisie*, *Coronach*, *Eleu Loro*, and *The Lament of Rosabelle*. But these are straightforward expositions of what, without any implied reflection upon their merit which is, in its own *genre*, supreme, one may call the obvious aspects of death. They express, with a mastery far beyond his own compass, the thoughts and feelings of the 'man in the street' about a subject upon which, nevertheless, he remains for the most part dumb.

Far otherwise is the case of Rossetti, who owned in Love and Death two abiding sources of inspiration, to which again and again he returned, finding ever some new and unexplored wonder to express in those grand polysyllabic sonnets with which he has endowed posterity. In the sonnet entitled *Newborn Death*, he narrates the birth within him of the thought of Death and, comparing this new thought to a newborn child

set by her mother upon his knee, indulges in grave wonder as to the age she may have reached when the time comes for her to lead him to the brink of Lethe and to offer its pale waters to his lips.

To-day Death seems to me an infant child
Which her worn mother Life upon my knee
Has set to grow my friend and play with me ;
If haply so my heart might be beguiled
To find no terrors in a face so mild,—
If haply so my weary heart might be
Unto the newborn milky eyes of thee,
O Death, before resentment, reconciled.
How long, O Death ? And shall thy feet depart
Still a young child's with mine, or wilt thou stand
Fullgrown the helpful daughter of my heart,
What time with thee indeed I reach the strand
Of the pale wave which knows thee what thou art,
And drink it in the hollow of my hand ?

The poetess to whose treatment of the topic of Death I am next going to call the reader's attention is of a different and in several ways unprecedented calibre. Emily Dickinson was born in Amherst, Mass., in 1830, and died there in 1886. She lived an extremely secluded life in her father's house, and practically none of her poems were published until after her decease. Her life-work is represented by a slim volume published in 1891. The editor, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, had corresponded with her for years, and on two occasions met her face to face, bringing away "the impression of something as unique and remote as Undine or Mignon or Thekla." In her poems the most arresting quality is, I think, their all-pervading sense of the spiritual significance of what are commonly accounted the trivial things of every-day life. The influence of Emerson can be divined, but it is not more

than an influence. Her technique is a purely individual creation ; it owns no allegiance to conventional standards of rhyme or metre, yet has a beauty and fitness that only the incompetent will deny. "In many cases," writes Mr. Higginson, "these verses will seem to the reader like poetry torn up by the roots, with rain and dew and earth still clinging to them, giving a freshness and a fragrance not otherwise to be conveyed." In her treatment of Death Emily Dickinson can afford to be and is unshrinkingly realistic, just because it is to her the very reverse of a thing to be shunned or feared. She thinks and writes of it with a thrill of unmistakeable elation, as a great experience, a supreme dignity freely bestowed on all.

Afraid ? Of whom am I afraid ?
 Not Death ; for who is he ?
 The porter of my father's lodge
 As much abasheth me.

When, therefore, she dwells upon the physical aspect of Death, its illusion of finality, as in the following stanzas from the poem entitled *Troubled about Many Things*, it would be the gravest of errors to suppose her inflexible soul daunted for a moment in its conviction that all is well.

How many times these low feet staggered
 Only the soldered mouth can tell ;
 Try ! can you stir the awful rivet ?
 Try ! can you lift the hasps of steel ?
 Stroke the cool forehead, hot so often,
 Lift, if you can, the listless hair ;
 Handle the adamantine fingers
 Never a thimble more shall wear.

A sign of originality in Emily Dickinson's work that deserves mention is her instinctive avoidance of

conventional and hackneyed imagery, of poetical *clichés*. Note the feminine touch in the last line of the stanzas just quoted, as well as in the following :

The bustle in a house
The morning after death
Is solemnest of industries
Enacted upon earth,—
The sweeping up the heart
And putting love away
We shall not want to use again
Until eternity.

Although one cannot account Emily Dickinson a great poet in the conventional sense, I confidently assert that her work has great qualities. And if I have quoted her more freely than her absolute standing in the poetic hierarchy may seem to warrant, I am surely justified by the comparative neglect that has hitherto been her portion, as well as by the special interest of her attitude towards Death. I have already mentioned her insistence upon the dignity conferred by it upon rich and poor, high and low ; I will conclude with a poem in which this feeling finds full and adequate expression.

One dignity delays for all,
One mitred afternoon.
None can avoid this purple,
None evade this crown.
Coach it insures, and footmen,
Chamber and state and throng ;
Bells, also, in the village ;
As we ride grand along.
What dignified attendants,
What service when we pause !
How loyally at parting
Their hundred hats they raise !

How pomp surpassing ermine,
 When simple you and I
 Present our meek escutcheon
 And claim the rank to die!

If the reader will now glance back over the road we have travelled together he will find a quasi-logical progression exemplified in the specimens quoted of the Poetry of Death. In Edgar Allan Poe and in Baudelaire we find an almost exclusive concern with the negative aspect of mortality; it is the terror and mystery, even the horror, of Death which they feel and strive to convey. In Wordsworth's lyric, which, however, is of course by no means typical of his general attitude, we are still in the negative sphere, inasmuch as it deals with the pain of bereavement. Rossetti, despite that intense pre-occupation with psychic and spiritual conceptions which entitles him to rank as one of the strongest counter-influences to nineteenth century materialism, cannot be acquitted of the charge of morbidity in the handling of this or other themes. With Emily Dickinson we are on more assured ground; her attitude towards death is in the main positive, but there is a deep vein of sadness, never quite overcome. The two or three remaining specimens to be given shall be drawn from poems exemplifying the affirmative attitude, because that, after all, is the verdict which most hearts would fain approve. Turn back, then, to Shelley—for we follow no chronological order—and read these lines from his *Adonais*, with one possible exception,¹ the grandest threnody that the English tongue can boast.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
 He hath awakened from the dream of life.

¹ Namely, Milton's *Lycidas*.

'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife.

What wonder that Shelley, the poet and idealist, deeply versed in the divine philosophy of Plato, appreciating as no one less gifted could appreciate the genius of his brother poet, found incredible the suggestion of his own proud scepticism, that nothing of Keats had survived the death of his frail, prematurely outworn body! He has not perished—merely escaped:

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men mis-call delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.

Shelley goes on to depict the welcome of the disembodied genius by other "inheritors of unfulfilled renown," Chatterton, Sidney and Lucan, who, rising from their thrones, "built beyond mortal thought," conduct him to that "kingless sphere" which has long "swung blind in unawakened majesty," awaiting his arrival in the Heaven of Song. From stanza to stanza we watch the growing assurance of Shelley's vision of immortality, until we share his ecstatic sense of death's allurements, his passionate repudiation of what life offers and longing for what life conceals. "Die," he exclaims, "if thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek! Follow where all is fled!" Then, in the last and crowning stanza, the note of triumph peals forth sweet, shrill and clear:

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven

The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

From Shelley we turn to Walt Whitman, and in him perhaps more fully than in any other poet we find the culmination of the affirmative attitude towards Death. The acceptance of Life is not more axiomatic with Nietzsche than that of Death is with Walt Whitman. And perhaps the contradiction here implied is less real than it seems. "To one shortly to die," Whitman exclaims: "I do not commiserate—I congratulate you." It would, however, be a mistake to attribute such expressions to a merely phlegmatic insensibility to the pathos and mystery of death. There are many poems, notably the song *O Captain! My Captain*, in which a deep sense of tragedy is manifested.

In the long threnody commemorating Lincoln's burial, sadness is the pervading note, until, near the close, rapt by the singing of the grey-brown bird in the dusk of the fragrant cedars, the mourner experiences an overwhelming impulse of acquiescence, and makes final peace with his mystic foe :

Come, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious ;
And for love, sweet love—but praise ! O praise and praise,
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.

Dark Mother, always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a song of fullest welcome ?
Then I chant it for thee—I glorify thee above all ;
I bring thee a song that, when thou must indeed come, come
unfalteringly.

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From me to thee glad serenades ;
Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee—adornments and feastings
for thee ;
And the sights of the open landscape, and the high-spread sky are
fitting ;
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

These are great and memorable words ; of that, surely, there can be no question or doubt. If they seem to most people, to-day, to indicate an attitude impossibly heroic, extravagantly optimistic, the time will nevertheless come when their sweet and simple sanity shall have conquered all that mistrust and fear with which men have hitherto shrunk from the mere thought of death. It is a thought that should bring with it a hush of ecstasy, a sense of divine enlargement, a hint of unutterable things. Who that has known bereavement—as who has not?—can have failed to notice with wonder and awe the look of unearthly rapture which so often beautifies and ennobles the faces of the newly dead ? A kind of spiritual afterglow, as if the soul, on quitting its outworn tenement, had bestowed upon it a farewell kiss of gratitude and benediction. A look which has, for the imaginative, an evidential value ; and has evoked from Richard Le Gallienne the question enshrined in these lovely lines :

What of the Darkness ? Is it very fair ?
Are there great calms, and find ye silence there ?
Like soft-shut lilies all your faces glow,
Strange with some peace our faces never know,
Great with some faith our faces never dare.
Dwells it in Darkness—do ye find it there ?

CHARLES J. WHITBY.

IN QUEST OF THE IDEAL.

THE EDITOR.

IF there is one characteristic more than another which distinguishes man from all other lives known to us, it is his seeking after the ideal. Man, it is said, is a creator of ideals. Or, if objection be made to putting it this way and we hesitate to use the term 'creator,' let us say that there is in man's inmost nature an unquenchable hunger and thirst for what is ever better than the best he may achieve or attain, or even than any consummation he is able to conceive as man. In striving after the ideal man's heart opens to the infinite with infinite longing; he would utterly transcend himself, seeking to become more and more real, to be in fine one with absolute reality. For his ultimate ideal is precisely that reality of all realities short of which the infinite longing in his deepest nature remains unsatisfied and the divine impulse in him unfulfilled. When then we speak of the ideal as that which is for ever better than the best man can achieve, we are thinking of it as that supreme object of quest which is not so much a definite end to be reached as an infinite life to be lived. And when we say it is better than any consummation we can possibly conceive, we mean that every attempt man makes to conceive what such a consummation can possibly be, falls short, and is known to fall infinitely short, by the spiritual babe who has even for a moment been consciously cradled in that divine life. Here of course the

term 'ideal' is being used in its most ideal meaning ; for it is not proposed to treat of the many ideals in the work-a-day sense of the word which most people set before themselves as objects of attainment,—those inadequate notions of the ideal entertained by the many,—but, greatly daring, we would attempt to discuss some of the highest intuitions that the few have had in their search for this ultimate reality.

One of these great intuitions is that the universe as a whole, with all its countless lives in all their varied grades, is for ever striving to express the reality of this supreme ideal and for ever falling short of its inexhaustible perfection. This seems at first sight a restless, endless process and a hopeless prospect for man ; for if the whole cannot attain, how can the part possibly hope to do so ? And indeed it would be thus, if we were to think of the universe as finite and in terms of quantity, if we were to limit our view of universal activity to the naïve notions we have of a finite physical process in time and space, or even if we were to contemplate the ideal in terms of an infinite extension of space and time as we know them finitely in the sense-world. It is true that this is the only idea of the nature of infinity and eternity that many possess, derived from the mechanical notion of an unending counting of points in space and instants in time. But no matter how extended may be our counting and measuring by finite numbering and notions, this can never give us a true conception of the nature of infinity, which is paradoxically stated in another of the great intuitions of the ideal to be greater than the greatest and less than the least. Yet here we need not lose courage, for the matter is not altogether hopeless even intellectually. Within recent

years mathematicians have reached to clear conceptions of transfinite numbers of their own proper order beyond the whole unending series of finite numbers—a science that gives us some surprising results. Not only can genuine *continua* be conceived, but you may, for instance, take an infinite series of finite numbers from another infinite series, and the result still remains infinite; and in this region of ideas in some cases it is not self-contradictory for part and whole to be equal. Again, for the mathematician there is no difficulty in conceiving that the number of points in a short line is the same as the number in a long line; both indeed being the same as the number of points in all space. Such apparently strange or even seemingly impossible notions had not been brought within the definite grasp of the intellect until recently by the advance made in the analysis of mathematics; and yet the intuition by seers of old of what lies behind these notions is not without witness. At any rate I am bold to think that so we must explain the ancient Indian peace-chant, perhaps three thousand years old, prefixed to the Īshopanishad, which declares of the Ideal and of the sensible universe: “Whole is That, whole is this; from whole, whole cometh; take whole from whole and whole remains.” That gives one furiously to think, and all the more since the most proximate stimulus comes to us from the keen intellectual air of modern mathematics. Had Pythagoras known of infinite numbers he might perhaps have said that this was one of the chief things he was seeking after in his deification of numbers at the dawn of mathematics in the West, when *mathēsis* stood for an expression of the ideal life. And now with the logic of infinity laughing at the logic of finite quantity we can, not only

sympathize with, but respect the passionate feeling of the ancient utterers of that peace-chant in the quiet atmosphere of those far-off enthusiastic days, which we to-day can perhaps recover somewhat if not too sophisticated by our present-day over-great wealth of secular learning.

And, therefore, though the notion that the whole universe is for ever seeking to manifest the ideal and yet never succeeding in its endless task, seems at first sight to be a desperate and hopeless outlook for a tired humanity, we may still possess our souls in patience in any case. And in this special instance we may remember that the above view is taken as it were from outside the life of the universe, or the universal life, taken from the static standpoint of one who would contemplate the reality as a finite evolutionary process, regard the ceaseless transformations of the ever-becoming as mutually external things juxtaposed in space and envisage their continuous movement in the guise of sequences and successions in time. To many it may still appear a mad thing to speak of any other point of view than this. And yet the belief in that absolute reality which is master and not slave of time and space, is precisely one of the most general intuitions of the ideal which is found among philosophers and saints, and this in many cases because they have enjoyed an experience that cannot be otherwise described. This is no mad or foolish fancy. On the contrary; folly lies with those who imagine that men can create of themselves and for themselves such sublime ideas, or who pretend that such ideas are not till men think of them. It may indeed be permissible for us to say they do not exist *for us* consciously until they come into our self-consciousness—that is, until

we *know* we think of them ; but how could we possibly evolve the idea of infinity out of our finitude if that were all we really are ? Must it not be that in reality we are of infinite being as well as being the finite creatures we indubitably are ? How otherwise could we possibly recognize what on any other belief would be utterly foreign to our nature ? How could we have such lofty notions, notions which so powerfully aid in calling out the best in us, if such ideas were utterly baseless fictions of not the slightest objective value, the arbitrary play of the imagination and the vain dreams of private fancy ? This of course does not mean that the bare notion of infinity in itself is capable of effecting a beneficial change in a man's life or of deepening his sense of the reality. No bare notion or abstraction of any kind will do this ; they are incapable of giving or increasing life, incapable of making the spiritual heart of man pulsate with reality. The inmost mystery of man is that his reality unites and reconciles the supreme contradiction of being an infinite-finite life. And this being so, the ideal is made none the richer by envisaging it simply as the infinite set over against the finite. For, somehow or other, no matter how impossible it may seem to the work-a-day intelligence to grasp so paradoxical a notion, it is precisely the highest characteristic of the ideal that it should be capable of reconciling the most extreme antitheses of our thought and the most painful contradictions of our nature. Infinite and finite in reality work together ; they are co-partners and mutually complementary. Apart, they have no meaning and no true existence. If we mentally abstract them from one another, we withdraw our attention from concrete reality into the isolation of an unreal world of lifeless

fictions. It is because we are ourselves the bond that binds all contraries together, and because we are also all the contraries themselves, the one in many and the many in the one, that our intuition of the ideal demands that it should be the all-embracing reality which atones the finite and the infinite—the That for which our finite nature infinitely yearns and which our infinite nature seeks to make ever more manifest and to discover to itself in the marvellous richness of the finite process. And this process is at heart a living self-purposed process and not an aimless mechanical automatism of brute forces. It tends unceasingly in its own way, by proper use of the mechanical and automatic, towards the better, works on for self-improvement and gives birth to products which afford conditions for ever loftier manifestations of the ideal.

The most persistent hope of pious moral minds who long for peace amid the unceasing struggle of life for freer life, is that at the end good shall entirely overcome evil; not that there shall be some indifferent state beyond good and evil, but that there shall be the positive triumph of the good, and good in the sense they understand it as the opposite of all they find evil and life-depressing. The good is their ideal, and such good as this, they believe, would be the fulfilment of their highest hopes of betterment. And here there is no need to puzzle ourselves about what precise meaning can be given to the idea of the end of a process that as a whole must be held to be infinite; for nothing is more natural than to use the best we may have known in endeavouring to conceive what might be the best for all. And as a matter of fact many in their private universes have experienced states in which good seems to have overcome all evil. And here we need not go to

the saints or mystics for an example of such experience or to those dominated by some special theological doctrine. We can, if we choose, listen to a distinguished psychologist and philosopher of the most independent views—the late William James. In his much discussed book *Varieties of Religious Experience*, James records an experience he had when under the influence of nitrous oxide gas.

In such reference he writes : “ Looking back on my own experiences, they all converge to a kind of insight to which I cannot help ascribing some metaphysical significance. The key-note of it is invariably a reconciliation. It is as if the opposites of the world whose contradictoriness and conflict make all our difficulties and troubles were melted into unity.” This is perhaps the most common of all mystical experiences, when of course no drugs or anæsthetics are used, and where there can be no sneer about ‘toxic ecstasy.’ But now note what follows. “ Not only,” James continues, “ do they [the opposites], as contrasted species, belong to one and the same genus, but one of the species, the nobler and better one, is itself the genus, and so soaks up and absorbs its opposite into itself.”

Here then we have recorded by an able psychologist and thinker an experience which produced the lasting impression of the triumph of the nobler and better. There need then be no waiting for the end of the great process, if end indeed there can be, for experience of so excellent a state of betterment. Whether we say the infinite is in every point of space and eternity in every instant of time, or however we try to bridge the gap in our process-consciousness, it matters little if we can have the knowledge that it is possible for us to enjoy a state in which the nobler and the better indubitably

conquers. To make this state with all its higher implications permanent or accessible at will is the goal of the spirit of the great quest. William James himself, however, hesitates as to whether such a state is truly real. Though he confesses he cannot "wholly escape from its authority," it is for him unsatisfactory; for, as far as he is concerned, "the living sense of its reality only comes in the artificial mystic state of mind." Doubtless he calls it 'artificial' because it was induced artificially by taking gas. But as there are innumerable instances where a similar state has happened naturally, we need not lay too great a stress upon this point. And here it is of interest to note that James says he feels it must *mean* something, and something like what the Hegelian philosophy means if we could grasp it more clearly. And he therefore thinks that "that sense of a perfected Being with all its otherness soaked up into itself which dominates Hegel's whole philosophy, must have come from the prominence in his consciousness of mystical moods like this, in most people kept subliminal." But the most interesting point of all is to note that James himself is philosophically far from being a Hegelian, and that Hegel himself in the pride of his bureaucratic intellect is never tired of having a fling at the mystics and repudiates with scorn any accusation of mystical tendency in himself. What then, we may well ask, will ever satisfy the infinite longing of man to come at reality? Is the ideal for ever to transcend the best he can realize, and shall we never be able to agree on what is best?

For the vast majority of mankind one thing at least has seemed indubitable—namely, that the ideal is not to be reached on earth. From earliest times,

therefore, man has believed in and imagined for himself a future state beyond death in which he may enjoy the better, and indeed the best he can possibly conceive. In the history of the past we can trace the evolution of this belief from the crudest and most material picturings of this future state of happiness to the most sublime conceptions of celestial bliss. We are to pass from better to better on to best. This is a pathway to the ideal which presents a most fascinating prospect for the majority—a steady progress towards the best in a scale of ascent of ever higher grades of bliss. What timid storm-tossed soul, what battered wreck from life's hard battle, would not gladly steer so fair a course? Taken solely as an idea, without any further attempt at definition, there is here hope and comfort for earth's struggling millions. It is only when men try to forecast and imagine what this state of happiness and blessedness should be in detail, that we find how little capable we are, even when fancy free, to picture to ourselves what would really satisfy the æsthetic, intellectual and moral needs of our nature. We find that, as a fact of history, no attempt that has ever been made to picture a heaven-world has proved really satisfactory to the genuinely spiritual instincts in mankind. For how is it possible to picture an ideal sensuous state—and sensuous it must be to be pictured—that can give spiritual satisfaction to our whole nature? The very notion is a contradiction in terms. It is not that we would eliminate beauty, sensible beauty, from the ideal; but it means that no attempt to pourtray that beauty has at best done more than utilize the fairest elements of beauty in the concrete world to clothe that ideal. And for the most part indeed we find that the symbolical representations of

the heaven-state and its inhabitants are artistically crude and lacking in true beauty, and in most cases strangely fantastic. Winged angels on thrones, buddhas on lotuses, many-armed gods holding symbolical objects in their hands—all these, whatever meaning they may convey to those nurtured in the traditions which use such figures to awaken feelings and thoughts too great for formal representation, offend against the æsthetic taste that is developed by the contemplation of natural beauty with its sweet harmony and simplicity.

But, apart from the question of such unsatisfactory attempts at representation, let us consider the sublime view of those who, while admitting the validity of the possibility of enjoying in the after-state successive degrees of ever nearer approach to the realisation of ideal beauty and states of ever intenser bliss, declare that they seek a still more transcendent good. It is indeed amazing that men, not only who believe in the possibilities of such a pleasing prospect, but who have in body tasted the delights of sublime states of consciousness of this order, as the records declare, should have the courage to renounce them. And yet we find that, precisely in traditions which have developed the most elaborate and far-flung schemes of world within world or world beyond world of bliss and peace of ever more protracted duration, the best have turned away from such sense-swamping prospects and sought salvation in another order of achievement. For them the absolute ideal is the absolute real, and there is nothing short of union with it that will satisfy this deepest spiritual need of their whole being. It goes without saying that here we are approaching the contemplation of the inmost veil of

all that separates man from God. Here it is not possible for the veiled to go further; for the veil is ourselves in any or every possible mode apart from God. So at any rate we are told by those who have taught about this holiest mystery; or at least such is the thought that comes to us when dwelling on their words. In this rare atmosphere of highest human aspiration it is very difficult for the average man—*l'homme moyen sensuel*—to breathe. But the spirit inspires where it wills, and has no respect for our artificial grades of society or our academic standards of intellectual comprehension. If we had to believe it imperative to master and move in freedom amid the exceedingly difficult operations of the most developed intellects in their endeavours to constrain the free life of the spirit to some consistent system devised by human ingenuity, before we could respond to the inworking of that spirit,—it would indeed be a hopeless prospect for most of us. But it is just because the spirit in man is of the absolute spirit that there is always hope for all. And though no man can be saved by any other man, but only by the spirit which is the divine self of his inmost reality, nevertheless meditation on the signs of the inworking of that spirit in our fellows, and most of all in those who have enjoyed the immediate consciousness of its presence, is a most potent means of awakening in ourselves a measure of awareness of the inexhaustible possibilities of that absolute spirit, in which not only we live and move and have our being, but which is also the very truest self of us. Nor can we venture to say what report of spiritual experience will most appeal to any other soul. It is a trite commonplace of experience that what may be immensely attractive for ourselves spiritually has

no drawing power for others of our acquaintance. For us it may be a high ideal, the highest perhaps we can conceive; for others it may be a vain imagining or even positively detestable.

And indeed there are comparatively few who can genuinely sympathize with the different modes of mystical consciousness and the various types of spiritual experience, few catholic enough to recognize the catholic nature of the spirit. Most pick and choose according to their individual proclivities and temperament. Those who base their dogmatic system on the external manifestations of someone else's spiritual experience, are especially prone to prejudice in this respect, and true charity is rarely to be found among them for manifestations of spiritual experience other than those they have adopted as the external signs of truth and reality. It is true that great teachers who have themselves enjoyed spiritual experience in abundance, and whose life has been devoted to manifesting the nature of the spirit, are often found protesting against what those in their environment consider the only proper forms and ceremonies and practices that lead to spiritual realization. But this is not the act of prejudice against other modes of spiritual experience. On the contrary, it is an endeavour to call the formalists back to life and free them from the prison of prejudice in which they are entombed.

One of the most winning ways in which men have sought to find God, is in the contemplation of the infinitely varied beauties of nature. The writings of the nature-mystics and nature-poets perhaps on the whole come nearest to that expression of the ideal in forms of beauty which delights us with its simplicity and purity and naturalness, takes us out of ourselves

and makes us for a little while to realize how the soul of man in intimate converse with nature can, not only see 'books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything,' but can lose all sense of books and sermons in glad response to the rhythm of life, the pulsing of the eternal heart of beauty. What ecstasy of soul and body to be rapt into the free life of Mother Nature, and thus find the presence of the Divine in all natural things! And yet there are those who would straitly set the supernatural over against the natural, even as good contrasted with evil, who would divorce spirit from matter, who would turn from all this richness of the divine life in nature to artificial, abstract man-made states of other-worldliness—not knowing that the change they have to make is in themselves if they would have eyes to see, and not in Nature, who freely offers all her beauties to us, not to entrance our senses, but to draw us towards union with the source of her own life.

It is, however, somewhat remarkable that among those who have been great nature-lovers in the West, among those even who have enjoyed the rapture of consciousness of the divine in some special manifestation of great natural beauty, there have been few, judging at least from their writings, who could have sympathized with the sublime courage of those ancients in the Far East who sought the realization of their ideal in going the 'way of the universe,' as it has been called. They believed in the original goodness of the heart of man,—that is, that the pure nature of man's inmost being was one with the life of the universe, and that if it were allowed free expression then would the way of man's being be one with the way of the great going of all

things. Their spiritual effort was to forget themselves in adapting the whole activity of their being to the way of the spirit, the virtue of the universe, the life of God. The virtue of the universe, they declared, is the natural virtue of heaven and earth. Spirit for them embraced the whole activities of the universe, and their ideal included the great achievement of attaining to the perfection of the universal body. The spirit of man was born of the universal spirit, one with it. As to origins, if it could be said that the universe had come into being, that heaven and earth originated, from the supreme ideal, then of the self of man, his spiritual being, it could be said: "The universe and I came into being together." To realize oneself in this inmost spirit was to attain the true centre of gravity of our whole nature. Then all thought and speech and action would be right spontaneously, and all physical dangers to body would leave the spirit undismayed. All speculations as to after-death states were discountenanced; for the ideal was to act one's part as mortal according to the spontaneity of our spiritual nature and in utter confidence of safe return to the Great Original. The way of the spirit regarded from without appeared as destiny or the inevitable. But the spiritual view transmuted this greater destiny into freedom; for the spiritual man himself becomes part of it, and realizes that it is the spontaneous operation of the supreme, of absolute divinity. The whole effort of these men of the natural spiritual way was to escape from the artificiality of man-made ordinances to the reality of self-motive life. They would keep the world to its original simplicity and let virtue spontaneously establish itself. For them virtue must be spontaneous; the artificial cultivation of it they thought to

be the cause of much evil. So that we even read :
" Cultivation of duty towards one's neighbour in order to put an end to war is the origin of all fighting." Calculated love was no true virtue ; true virtue was natural, spontaneous, genuinely spiritual, without personal purpose, content with the way of the virtue of the great whole. The true sage guides himself therewith, but makes no plans. For such courageous spirits the vastitude of the physical universe, the magnificent convulsions of great nature, the inevitable sequence of life and death, had no terrors. The petty considerations of artificial human nature and the littleness of ordinary human interests had no place in the minds of men who took such cosmic views of what their great ideal should mean. And so we find Lao-tzū, one of the ancient teachers of this spiritual way, on his death-bed, brushing aside the proposal of his disciples to honour his decease with splendid obsequies. Of such man-made artificial observances he will not hear ; they are the negation of all his teaching. He is returning home into the bosom of great nature, returning to the eternal reality of spiritual being. His reply is a question, suggesting such a sublime and tremendous prospect, such a profound conviction of the grandeur of the spirit, such a deep sense of oneness with the universe, that it is frightening to men of little minds. " With heaven and earth," he exclaims, " as my coffin and shell ; with the sun, moon and stars as my burial regalia ; and with all creation to escort me to the grave,—are not my funeral paraphernalia ready to hand ? "

Some may think that men who could apparently so detach themselves from ordinary human hopes and fears, set before themselves an ideal that deadened all

love and bred indifference, apathy and callousness for their suffering fellow-creatures. On the contrary; they held that the true sage "folds the universe in his bosom." This does not mean that love of nature and a marvellous instinct for friendliness with the impersonal forces and happenings of the natural world made them cold to the love of all creatures and most of all of human lives; for the love of the sage, it is said, is "without end, and mankind ceases not to repose therein." Such an extension of love is more not less than the love of our fellows, more not less than the love of all living creatures. The seekers after this ideal of going the way of the universe are said to take their stand on the beauty of the universe. And indeed as an historical fact this tradition of the Tao has proved itself to be the chief inspiring power of the highest art of China and especially of its high quest of the beautiful in nature. This going the way of the universe, this spontaneous moving with the impulse of the spirit, this living with the life of God, is the realization of the ideal. So that of the immortal spirit of man thus self-perfected it may be said: "Charioted upon the universe, with all creation for his team, he passes along the highway of mortality."

To some few this grandiose cosmic ideal of human perfectioning will appear supremely attractive. Such minds delight in the prospect of getting away from the stuffy atmosphere of theological *bourgeoisie* into the free air of the natural spiritual universe, to the fearless life of union with the way of the divine creative energy that is equally at home in a solar system or in a fluff of thistle-down. But the majority shrink back into their little habitual selves in fear of so great an adventure; while others talk primly about the amoral nature of

such an ideal, and would presume to limit the operations of their deity to the narrow scope of smug copy-book maxims of Sunday School morality or of the laboratory-experiments of School Board science. That such courageous notions of the ideal could be held two thousand six hundred years ago in ancient China argues, in my humble opinion, an intuition of spiritual possibilities that the majority have still to reach, and evinces the fact that that spiritual insight is largely independent of the slow process of pedestrian evolution.

But this high-water mark of human aspiration was not reached only in the Far East. Already, perhaps for a millennium prior to 500 B.C., there had been among the conquering Aryan immigrants into Northern India a marvellously keen questing after the ideal. It was there, in fuller measure and with greater determination than anywhere else, as far as our knowledge of history goes, that men sought to find the ideal within their own nature. The seeking for God in external nature, the endeavour to reach through outer things to the ideal beyond that nature, the reality which was the creative energy of the universe and at the same time the life that embraced all living creatures, was replaced, or rather complemented, by a new mode of search. Marvellous as was external nature, still more wonderful, it was declared, were the possibilities in the inner nature of man. Whatever was without in the great universe, was also within in the small universe. No longer was the devotee, by outer rites and sacrifices, by worship of the gods and the carrying out of pious duties, to seek to secure at death safe passage for some subtle embodiment of his personality—as it were some ethereal vesture of the soul—through the gate of the glorious sun, as it had been

believed, into a celestial region of paradisaical bliss and converse with the immortal gods or even with the ruler of the universe. The spiritual devotee was now taught to believe that within himself, in modes of ever subtler consciousness, there was to be found realization of the true inwardness of those external states in which the spiritually unenlightened looked to find the consummation of their semi-material ideals. It was not that they denied the existence of a one and only God, on whom devotion, love and faith lavished the highest attributes that the human mind could conceive; this was fully admitted. But the ideal of what in last analysis is known to be at best but a subtle anthropomorphic and anthropopathic deity, God made in man's image, could not satisfy the infinite longing of the hearts of these ancient seers for absolute truth. They dare not throne the Eternal on the impermanent construct of man-made attributes. Though they exhausted themselves in devising the sublimest attributes they possibly could conceive for the absolute transcendency of the Divine, they at the same time denied the possibility, not only of sense and mind ever reaching it, but of the power of human wit to find words to express its incapacity to tell of it. And yet the ideal reality was not an abstract absolute out of touch with soul and body, with now and here; it was the very self of all things. It was nearer than immediacy, closer than the inmost; it was actually here and now the supreme reality of every being. That was the fact of all facts; all that seemed to deny this supreme truth was, they declared, owing to our ignorance and misunderstanding, and not owing to the true nature of things. To grasp this truth in all its fulness was the true end of man. If it were true, a

practical fact, that the senses and the mind could not reach it, that was no reason for despair but rather for rejoicing. The senses led us away from realizing the truth ; for they would persuade us that the Self was to be found without in the world of external objects. The mind, the inner organ, led us away equally ; for it in its turn would persuade us that the Self was to be found within, in the world of internal objects. The senses therefore in meditation and the practice of the prayer of the will were to be gathered back or stilled into the mind, and the mind in its turn ingathered or quieted into the source of its energies. And so by other still more profound stages of self-control and of self-realization, where subject and object blend in a spiritual unitive state, become one with another in the embrace of spiritual love, where lover and beloved, in ways unknown to the separative mind, are distinct yet united, the consummation is finally reached. The ideal becomes the real, and liberation and enlightenment are one in the spiritual knowledge that knows in the utter certainty of full realization that the Self is in all things and all things in the Self.

Such was the ideal of the sages of ancient India—a simple doctrine enough in itself, on which has been erected a colossal structure of commentary, as is the case with all formal theological and philosophical developments. And yet if we take the most extreme school of monism or adualism, that sought to formulate the spirit of this doctrine into an intellectual system which has perhaps more powerfully influenced the intellect of India for 1200 years than any other, what do we find ? We find that Shankara, the genius who formulated this system, who is believed by many in the West and even in India to have been an intellectualist

pure and simple, who would lop off the concrete richness and fulness of the universe and leave us with the cold abstractions of barren impersonality, that this same man who devoted his life to building up a wall of defence round the ancient law, the sublime doctrine of the Self, against the incursions of what he regarded as the two great negations of Buddhism, in terms that would meet the arguments of the Buddhists on their own ground,—that Shankara was at the same time an enthusiastic lover of God in the personal aspect; that in his private devotions he was a Bhākta, or devotee, composing ecstatic hymns of praise of the Supreme Person. What a contradiction apparently is here! And yet why should we be surprised when we find the same phenomenon in innumerable other cases, and are assured that it needs must be so as a natural stage in the supreme quest that seeks to penetrate the ultimate mystery and reconcile the final truths of the Divine immanence and transcendence, which are eternally one and the same truth?

Here in this rarest atmosphere of human aspiration we may be well content to lay aside the dead weight of prejudice and opinion that drags us down to the lower levels of theological controversy, and shuts us into the squirrel-cage of formal logic which we keep spinning round us with restless unproductive energy in a vicious circle. And yet the great controversies are by no means useless—provided always we do not involve or submerge our whole selves in them, but have the buoyancy of spirit that can raise our head above the surface of the waves of the ever-becoming in nature and in thought, and enable us to contemplate their majesty and the beauty of their ceaseless rhythm.

When then we find that the great and noble

doctrine of the Buddha on its formal side straitly opposed the grandiose doctrine of the Self as set forth in the revelations of the seers of ancient India, we need not necessarily feel that here indeed we are confronted by the absolutely unavoidable horns of an ultimate dilemma. Of course if we *will* remain in the prison of our unspiritual minds, in the grim necessity of an 'either—or' exclusiveness, we shall have a poor time of it, and be at last compelled to sacrifice half of our reality and leave it impaled on one of our mind-made instruments of destruction. But the freedom of the spirit can laugh at such necessity, and blithely escape the separative 'either—or' dilemma by taking refuge in the all-embracing truth which takes up the pair into a self-sufficing unity of the 'both—and' order,—*both* personal *and* impersonal, and infinitely more than both, and all the more real because of both. Thus when we find Buddhist doctrine laying it down that the first step in spiritual knowledge is to realize that there is no such thing as a permanent, unchanging, immortal, substantial soul or even a per-during subject entity or abiding Self, we know at once that here we are in the region of theological and philosophical controversy, and that in practice and action we shall find the negation negated in the spiritual experience of the followers of that great faith. For what can be the ultimate reality of ourselves which wills attainment of the absolutely real, if not that self-same unconditioned truth which conditions every phase of the perpetual going of universal life, both impersonal and personal? But in penning this slight sketch of some of the great efforts of the wisest of humanity in quest of the ideal, I do not propose to enter into the details of any controversy, no matter

how subtle or how important it may be. It will be better to keep our eyes fixed on the ideal as positively envisaged by the great adventurers upon the Holy Quest. The ideal of Buddhism, as is the ideal of all the great religions, is the ultimate reality, and the attainment of that utter satisfaction is the goal of all Buddhist endeavour. In the Suttanta, or canonical scriptures of the Dhamma or Law of Truth, it is reported over and over again that the Buddha did not come to reveal the theoretic mysteries of ultimate origin or of absolute ontology. The Buddha, it is reiterated, came to preach the practical saving gospel of the Four Noble Truths, namely: (1) the fact of ill,—that is, of the unsatisfying nature of all things short of ultimate reality; (2) the fact of the cause of ill,—that is, the clinging to any thing or thought or subject, no matter how sublime, that falls short of that absolute reality; (3) the fact of the cessation of ill,—that is that this clinging can, as a realizable fact of human experience, be brought to an end; and (4) the means to that all-desirable end,—the noble Path of those who by unceasing moral and mental effort win to adoption into the lineage of the Worthy or the race of the Enlightened. And though the strenuous mental culture and practice of unruffled calm that characterize part of the means of approach to what is called Path-consciousness, may appear to the superficial student as primarily an intellectual discipline, it is not really so. For the whole is based on moral discipline, and chiefly on the development of the ethical will that underlies the superlative virtue of what are called the four illimitables—namely, love, pity and sympathetic appreciation for all that lives and breathes, and finally that transcendent spiritual

equanimity which is the supreme condition of cessation from every possibility of ill, the utter calm or tranquillity that prefaces the ineffable immediacy of perfect enlightenment.

It is indeed amazing to contemplate the dauntless courage of the human heart in its quest of the ideal. One asks oneself how it is possible that beings like ourselves should ever have come at such sublime notions of the possibilities latent in man's spiritual nature. And yet there it is recorded in a vast literature of all times and climes, which not only speculates about such possibilities, but declares that human beings have definitely on earth realized a spiritual order of consciousness which is not the vain dream of a disordered mind, but the glorious actuality of the greater destiny of purified and perfected mankind.

Whither else shall we now turn for high indications of the quest of the ideal? The harvest to be reaped is rich and abundant; for we have as yet even in the field of India gleaned but a handful of wheat-ears. But we must pass on. Indeed the records of such high matters are not rare, as some might suppose. On the contrary; they are frequent and rich, if one has a mind to look for them. The spiritual source of all true religion is the unceasing search of the human heart for God. And here the heart that is set on reality is not over-anxious about distinctive names. God, the Eternal, the Infinite, the Real, the True, the Good, the One, the Absolute,—what do the names matter? It is the fact of the realization of infinite self-transcendence which is the essential. It is doubtless naturally excusable that those who are striving to catch a glimpse of this supreme ideal should be very jealous for its sake, and demand that

the expression of it should be set forth in the most perfect terms that language can command. But surely all the genuinely spiritually experienced are agreed that not only speech but also mind must in the nature of things here fail. It is very evident then that we shall get no nearer by allowing nominal obstacles to block our path as though they were irremovable realities. The adventurer upon this quest must have spiritual sight to pierce through the hallucinations of formal terms which over-busy theologians and philosophers make for themselves.

If then we turn for a moment to Sūfism, the spiritual practice of Islāmic faith, with its formal dogma of absolute monotheism, we find on entering into its rarer atmosphere and endeavouring to approach its holy of holies, that we are still on the same familiar sacred ground upon which we have already ventured to set a foot. And here, as elsewhere in the records of genuine spiritual experience, in approaching that one and the same actuality of the Divine presence, we seem to lose the sense of those sharp distinctions and antitheses so dear to the self-divorced out-turned mind. Here we contemplate without dismay the reconciliation of the conflict which is waged so remorselessly in and by 'either—or' minds, who will have it in the fury of their restless mentation that God must be either personal or impersonal, and that one decision must needs be true, the other as necessarily false. They cannot understand that the supreme beauty of the divine nature, the transcendent excellency of the absolute ideal, consists precisely in the glorious truth that therein personal and impersonal fulfil themselves in the consummation of their distinctive perfections. Here the anthropomorphic and anthropopathic limita-

tions that the little human mind would, in its ignorance, try to impose upon the Divine, appear in the clear atmosphere of spiritual enlightenment as the extravagances of intellectual impertinence, and not as the all-important truths for which the jealous self-styled lovers of God, who are really lovers of themselves first, profess that they are ready to die.

And yet all this is not only very natural, but also flows from the promptings of an instinct for reality. The real objection is not against the inclusion of personality in the Divine, but against any attempt to limit the supreme ideal to the notion of personality, and that too even when the self-contradictory term infinite personality is employed. The ideal must be capable of reconciling the three great modes of the divine being which underlie the expressions: God in nature, God in man and God in God or God in the transcendency of His own-being—impersonal, personal and absolute.

Though on the one hand there is nothing more difficult than to know ourselves, on the other it is a psychological truism that what we know most immediately and intimately is ourselves. And therefore it is a great step in advance for those who have been previously seeking for God solely without themselves, to undergo the first great conversion of seeking to find the Divine within. The senses are turned outward to objects of sense. Once a wise man looked within, it is said, and found the Self, as an ancient Indian utterance runs. And is not this surely identical in spiritual meaning with the familiar saying: "The kingdom of heaven is within you"? This search within necessarily at first deepens the sense of personality. It is an intensification of intimacy and immediacy; and the

Divine is thus naturally envisaged as the Beloved, the Friend, the Saviour. The response comes to us in the terms and forms of our own aspiration. We seek reality in the mode that is most real to ourselves,—intense feeling and emotion, the blending of life with life. *That* we are persuaded, and rightly persuaded, is the very essence of our own being, with which we strive constantly to unite ourselves in an ecstasy of spiritual love. In this way of onward and inward and upward going of our life in the Divine life, we win towards an ever deeper realization of the excellencies of human personal development, and our ideal is God as the Supreme Person. Here we have the secret and the essence and the worth of all phases of incarnational religions—and especially of Christianity—which worship the manifestation of the ideal in man. But this is not all. Is external impersonal nature to be shut out? By no means. The path of spiritual realization is not to be envisaged in terms of inner and outer as known to naïve realism and what flows from it. It is rather an all-inclusive path. The without and the within, in all their meanings, are taken up into a higher synthesis. In this synthesis the Divine in nature which we regard as impersonal, as over against our personal limitations, becomes as immediate and intimate as the Divine in ourselves; and we transcend our personal limitations in the consciousness of a newness of being to which none of our previous categories of things or thoughts will rightly apply. And therefore, perhaps, the highest pronouncement in Christian scripture concerning the true worship of the Divine is to be found in ‘the spiritual gospel’ in the words: “God is spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and truth.” The familiar and

stereotyped translation—‘God is a spirit’—is, I venture to think, utterly erroneous. Indeed it is at last acknowledged to be so in the Revised Version, though even now half-heartedly, seeing that the *amende honorable* appears only as a marginal gloss. But how it has been possible that such an unworthy notion as that God is a spirit, one of a number, could have been given currency for so long, seems amazing to a mind free of theological prejudice. And though it is not to be supposed that ‘God is spirit’ by any means exhausts the expression of the ideal; at any rate it is a great advance on cruder notions—provided always that we give truly spiritual values to the term, and regard it as indicating in some small measure an intuition of the nature of that absolute Reality which is the eternal source, sustaining power and perfecting agency of all being, in and through the infinite richness of universal life, of that ever-becoming which unceasingly reveals the endless glories of the for us ever transcendent Ideal.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE MAKING OF A BUDDHIST.

A PERSONAL DOCUMENT.

A BIKKHU.

I WAS born of Scoto-English parentage and in very early childhood, owing to the death of my father, was taken to Scotland and there brought up by a Scots uncle and aunt as one of their own children.

My aunt was inclined to be religious after the fashion called 'evangelical' and endeavoured to impress this kind of religiousness upon all her household. We had family worship every night at which a chapter of the Bible was read—in this manner going through the whole Bible several times from *Genesis* to *Revelation*, with the omission of some chapters and books which stand in no need of being particularised. We also sang a hymn from the collection of 'Moody and Sankey' and my aunt said a brief *ex tempore* prayer. On Sundays—or Sabbaths, as I ought rather to say—we were not allowed to read anything but a few 'religious' books, such as Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, a weekly journal called *The Christian Herald* and, of course, the Bible. Of the latter we children had each as a task to commit to memory one of the metrical Psalms, as also several questions and answers from *The Shorter Catechism*.

My first distinctly religious memories are of attending at the age of seven a weekly meeting of 'Plymouth Brethren' to which my aunt took me. At

these meetings I was always thrown into an extraordinary state of emotional storm. I used to come away from them each Sunday evening overflowing with an ecstatic feeling that I was 'saved' and that, if only I had the good fortune to die while in this state of exaltation, I would be sure to go to heaven. I had gathered this from having read a book called *James' Anxious Enquirer*. After each of these meetings my effort was always to retain this mood of exaltation if possible until the time for the next meeting came round, so as to be sure, if I died, of escaping eternal misery and securing everlasting bliss.

My great grief, however, was that despite all my efforts I could not keep alive this feeling that I was one of the 'saved' for more than two or three days. During Monday and Tuesday by careful nursing I could maintain it fairly warm and vivid, but by Wednesday it was dying away; and on the remaining three days of the week to my grief and terror I felt myself to be once more a sinner, like everyone else, for whom hell only was the portion awaiting should I die in this state.

I smile now and wonder at the little boy who so tortured himself with such ideas. But at the time it was very far from being a smiling matter; it was a real agony—in its way a tragedy. Many a night of these last nights of each week I have gone to bed and lain there silently weeping at the prospect that I might die in my sleep and wake and find myself in hell for ever, and unable to bear the mental agony any longer have called to my aunt to come, and then begged her heart-brokenly, even desperately, to 'pray for me.'

Every week with anxious care I read in *The Christian Herald* a brief biography of one or another

noted Christian man, and tried my hardest to reproduce in myself a state of feeling as near as possible to that which I thought I saw they had been governed by in their lives. But it was not a successful effort. The feeling I managed to work up in myself refused to remain with me permanently; and as I began to see that this was so, and that it always would be so, my mental misery went on increasing. I saw how far I was from being really 'saved' or even being able to be 'saved.'

To add to this misery questionings began to rise in my mind. I began to ask if it was quite fair that, in order to escape the horrible fate of endless torment, I should be required by God to do what he who had made me had not in making me given me the power to do. I really wanted with all my heart and soul always to feel as I imagined these heroes of the Christian Faith of whom I read in *The Christian Herald* had felt, yet with all my efforts the feeling would not stay with me. What more could I do but try? And all my trying was useless. At length this questioning and its accompaniment of wretchedness and misery took a desperate turn. It would seem as though I reached a point where I could suffer no more.

One day, wretched as ever, something in me seemed to rise to its feet and refuse to lie down any more. That is the only way I can describe it. A sort of proud indignation at the injustice of which I considered myself the victim laid hold of me, steadily mounted to the point of anger, then to actual rage and fury; and in my mind—not in spoken words; that still seemed too terrible a thing to do—but in my mind I said something like this: "God, I don't know very well who you are, or what you mean by threatening me with terrible punish-

ment for not doing what you have not made me able to do. But I tell you to your almighty face, it isn't fair; it is unjust, and you are not a god but a demon to ask such a thing of a poor human being, and I cannot worship you any more, and I won't worship you any more. So now you can send me to your hell, if you like, for my wickedness in telling you this. But if you do, even in my pain there, to you sitting on your happy throne in heaven, I'll say that I'm a better man than you are. For if I were in your place and you were in mine, I wouldn't do to you what you are doing to me, no matter what you did against my will, though it were ever so bad!"

After this mental outburst—when I had become cooler, and reflected upon it—I fully expected that something dreadful would happen to me, of the kind that had happened to various personages told of in Old Testament history who had offended against Jehovah; and for several days I went about in a state of subdued trepidation, curiously mingled, however, with a feeling of satisfaction that, whatever came now, I had at least had my say. But as the days passed, and then the weeks, and I still remained on the face of the earth just like everybody else,—as the ground did not open under my feet suddenly and swallow me up, nor lightning dart down from the skies and blast me where I stood, I began to pluck up courage again. A certain curious lightness of heart took possession of me, such as I had never experienced in all my little life before, as I began to see that after all there was really nothing at all in the world to be afraid of. And that lightness of heart I may say has never left me since, but remains with me to the present day, a constant possession in everything that befalls me.

At this period of my life, however, of which I tell, in my innocence and ignorance I supposed myself to be the only person in the whole wide world who had thrown off his belief in the necessity of being 'washed in the blood of Jesus' in order to be 'saved,' and with it his allegiance to the 'God' who was said to require this. So it was with a shock of glad surprise that one day, happening to come upon a few chapters in a serial story by George Macdonald then running in a secular weekly subscribed to in our family, I discovered that there was another person in the world who did not believe in these things, and that not only did he not keep his unbelief shut up in his bosom—as I did mine, thinking myself bound so to do—but he actually published this unbelief abroad; more than that—got other people to read what he so wrote with approval, else how would he have dared to write it!

After this momentous discovery, I read avidly in the Free Library every hour I could steal away there everything of George Macdonald's I could come upon. Some of these stories of his I read several times over, being particularly gratified when, in reading *David Elginbrod*, I found in his epitaph:

Here lie I David Elginbrod.
Hae mercy on my soul, Lord God,
As I wad do, were I Lord God,
And ye were David Elginbrod!—

as it were an echo of my own declaration of independence of the fear of God mentally uttered a short time before. However I kept the fact that I read such books and shared their views a secret from my aunt. It would probably have hurt her too much to have known that her brother's only son, entrusted to her care with

his dying breath, was as good—or perhaps I ought rather to say, as *bad*—as an ‘atheist.’

I had now reached the age of fourteen; and, as we had moved away from the neighbourhood of the Plymouth Brethren meeting, my aunt was sending all us children to the Scottish Established Church regularly twice every Sunday—and occasionally going herself. (I may say that in the religious direction of his household my uncle preserved towards my aunt’s activities an attitude of strict but entirely friendly neutrality.) To that Church then I went dutifully—as indeed I had to!—and paying but little attention to what I heard from its pulpit went on doing my best to make myself a George Macdonald Christian.

But I was not succeeding very well. Again the spirit of questioning had arisen in me and I was saying to myself: “This of course is a very much more pleasing conception of ‘God’ and of human destiny ‘hereafter’ at his hands which George Macdonald offers me than that old one once my torment; but how can George Macdonald—or anybody else, for that matter—tell that things actually are so? This belief is very nice and comforting; but is it *true*?” And with that last question, ‘Is it true?’ I was once more adrift on seas of doubt and dubiety.

Just about this time I fell in with the writings of Huxley and Tyndall and devoured them with avidity. To this day I still remember with what keen mental delight I read carefully, paragraph by paragraph and page by page, until regretfully I came to the last one, Tyndall’s *Heat a Mode of Motion*. I remember saying to myself with boundless satisfaction as I read: “Here are *facts* this man *knows*. He is not writing something that he hopes may be so, that he thinks it nice to

believe may be so. He is writing just what he *knows* is so." And as I went on reading these books and others like them, the 'God' I had been carefully cherishing in a corner of my mind must all the time have been melting and melting away, somewhat as an iceberg melts and melts away in the current of the Gulf Stream. It was not that Huxley, Tyndall and the other writers I read, full in my sight knocked down my 'God' and smashed him at a blow. It was simply that one day I looked round for that 'God,' and he just was not there.

Then ensued for me a very bleak, a very black time—the very bleakest and blackest I had ever known, even in the days of my early agonies as to whether I was 'saved' or not. "What is the use of anything if there is no God?" I now asked myself. "If there is nothing here but the cold play of force against force, with nothing at all to give it any sort of meaning, why remain any longer in such a frying-pan of a world, whatever other fire we may hereafter find ourselves tipped into?"

For meanwhile worldly affairs had gone very badly with our household. My uncle—holding a position in the Home Civil Service when I had been adopted into his family—had lost that position, been dismissed from it in disgrace, being unable to account for public monies he had either lost or been robbed of (he was unable to tell which) while under the influence of intoxicating liquor. His weakness for strong drink still remained with him as he lost one after another different positions friends strained themselves to procure for him, each humbler than the last, until finally we were all in the last depths of poverty and on the edge of starvation, only saved from the workhouse

by the heroic, gigantic, desperate efforts of my aunt to keep us out of it. When I think of what she did for us in these dark days, I forgive her freely all the agony her views of God and of our destiny hereafter at his hands had caused me in earlier days.

Having now in some manner managed to pass the Fifth Standard at a Board School, at the age of 'half-past-nine' (as in a fit of unconscious humour I remember telling a prospective employer), I went out as an errand boy to try to bring in something to the family exchequer. For a time this was all the schooling I got. It was several years later that my small earnings enabled me to go to a Night School where I passed the Sixth and Seventh Standards; and then—happy day!—I won a small Night School scholarship, and was able to go to classes in English, Mathematics, Chemistry and so forth for two happy winters. But what I ardently desired was a proper education, not this scrappy, elementary picking up of odd knowledge; and I saw no way of ever getting it.

And now it was—I had reached the age of nineteen—that thoughts of suicide came to me, and came to me insistently. After giving long thought to the question in every aspect, I came to the conclusion that whatever happened to me after death could be no worse than what was happening to me on this side of it—obliged as I was to sell my days only to get food, clothing and shelter, with little prospect of any release from that slavery; and I finally made up my mind, quite coolly and deliberately that, if in the course of the next fourteen days nothing at all happened to shed, or even give the least promise of shedding, light on the dark riddle of life, then I would purchase in separate pennyworths a sufficient quantity of laudanum to kill myself, take

train out of the sickening town to some spacious green hills I knew, from their tops take a last look round at the world that had in it so little for me, drink my laudanum and lie down to a sleep from which I should not again awake, and hope that the kites and crows of the hills would have picked my bones so clean and bare before some shepherd's dog found them, that no one would ever be able to tell who he had been who once had owned them.

Fortunately, in the course of that fortnight's 'grace' which thus I granted destiny, something did happen to prevent me from taking it into my own hands. A friend, much of the same mind as myself as regards life and its problems, and in the same circumstances but for the fact that he was married and I was not, put into my hands a little, pale blue leaflet—I can see it yet—on which was printed the syllabus of a month's lectures to which the public were invited at the rooms of the branch of a certain Society in the town in which I then lived.

I glanced at it with some contempt. It represented to me the meetings of the latest brand of religious cranks in a world that seemed already full enough of such without any addition to their number. However, as I had nothing else to do on the evening of the first lecture advertised, I thought I might as well go and see what these cranks had to say for themselves. To my surprise I found that the speaker of the evening, although he said many things that were strange and wholly unfamiliar to me, still neither in manner nor speech had anything about him that one usually finds about cranks. He seemed quite a rational, sensible person; seemed to have read very much the same kind of books in science and philosophy that I myself had been

reading; and altogether, when he had finished, I had conceived quite a respect for him in place of the attitude of contempt with which I had come to hear him. His subject, strangely enough, was 'Life after Death,' and as he went on to talk about death and after-death conditions in a way absolutely new to me, but yet with a certain air of reasonableness and possible truth about it, I began to think that it would not be wise of me to plunge into these conditions until at least I had investigated further what the speaker and his fellow believers evidently held as true about these conditions, odd and strange as they seemed to me; since, if I made my plunge and found that they were right and I was wrong, I would be absolutely unable to make good my mistake and return to this world's life. "Better wait a bit and see," I said to myself, "and find out more, if you can, about what happens after death, before taking into that realm a step it will be quite beyond your power ever to retrace."

Thus came about my introduction to that Society, its circle of ideas and the kind of people who hold such ideas. It was, in some sort, the opening up to me of a new world. As I made the acquaintance of the people I met in it, I had the feeling of having at last met the people I had wanted to meet all my life, but had never known where to find. It was like coming home—to a real home, a home of the mind and heart.

Quickly I became an intimate friend of the President of the local Branch—a kindly, broad-minded member of the Society of Friends—and of others. I plunged into the reading of the books they all offered me from their libraries, and devoured in turn Lao-Tze, Confucius, Jelaluddin and the Sūfis generally, *The Light of Asia* and finally Vedānta. The new field o

literature thus revealed to my gaze was a tremendous and a pleasant surprise. I had hitherto taken it for granted—as, I suppose, do most Europeans, even those who consider themselves well educated—that the history of Europe was for all practical purposes the history of the world, and the history of European thought the only history of thought worth paying any real attention to; and here I was introduced to another world altogether, ever so much more venerable in point of age and, so far as my limited powers of judgment went, much richer in fertile ideas than the Western one. It was something of a shock to me, but a wholly delightful shock.

Amid all this reading on which I had now embarked, *The Light of Asia* did not make much impression on me at the time. Perhaps it did not have a fair chance. I thought it very beautiful of course; but the whole of the ideas to which I was now receiving my first introduction were so new that I could not come to any definite judgment on any of them. I could only go on reading and reading, and allow the process of judgment on what I read to mature in me in its own way and time. One thing, however, did strike me forcibly and powerfully allure me. Here, in all I read, was no longer any question of that terrible Being I once had cowered before, who dealt out destinies uncontrolled to men who could do no other than accept what so was given them. Here *men dealt out to themselves their own destinies*. This seemed to me a tremendous and a splendid difference from what I had formerly heard about the ways of destiny, and I simply wallowed in it, relieved and joyed beyond measure that I had come upon such a simple and yet such a natural solution of the riddle of the

‘injustice’ of life. I did not trouble too much as to *how* exactly this was done.

In these Oriental books I was told that we had all been born before in the world, and this seemed to me at the very least quite a probable hypothesis—certainly vastly more probable than the Western one, which was all I had hitherto heard of and in my artless ignorance up till then had supposed the only one that had ever been entertained by human minds, namely that we had each come into existence freshly and newly from we knew not where, but were now under sentence to go on existing for ever, without falling back into the nothingness from which, it seemed, we came. Even to my untrained, uneducated mind at that time, it seemed a strange and incredible thing that my existence should be an endless one only in one direction—the forward one.

So then I passed by the presentation of Buddhism which I found in *The Light of Asia* as just one among the many other delights of strange, new probabilities in the way of world-theories which Oriental literature was then opening up to my astonished and dazzled gaze, and went on to bury myself deep in the study of Vedānta as expounded in the writings of the Swāmi Vivekānanda.

I think I have read every word the Swāmi has ever published, and deeply pondered it all. And for a time I did manage to persuade myself that I was All-Bliss. “But if I am All-Bliss,” it one day occurred to me to ask myself, “what am I doing in such a state of decided un-bliss?” “Oh, that is only your own dream, simply Māyā,” was the Swāmi’s reply, as I found it recorded in his writings. But this did not seem to me at all satisfying. “If I am to dream,” I asked myself,

“why don't I dream a good dream, when I am at it? It is as easy to dream this kind of dream as the other, and considerably more comfortable.” This was my awakening, or at any rate the beginning of my awakening, from the hypnotization of Vedānta ideas; and once again I was a questioning, discontented being, once more a seeker.

My age was now something over twenty. The idea of suicide as a mode of solving the problem of life had never been definitely rejected by me; but during this time of breathing the mental atmosphere of these spacious Oriental ideas, it had receded and gone on receding ever further and further into the background of my mind, until it simply disappeared below the horizon, whence it has never since emerged.

And now I encountered a book—but in the circle of Occidental thought this time—that was to make a profound impression on me; it was Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Idea*. It exercised an extraordinary fascination over me, equal to that wielded in former days by Tyndall's *Heat a Mode of Motion*. Here, so it seemed to me, was something in the realm of things mental as solid and substantial as that other had been in the field of physical things. Its statements and conclusions seemed to me as indisputable in the realm of philosophy as Tyndall's had seemed in physics. All readers of Schopenhauer's masterpiece may not receive this impression; but this certainly was mine in an overpowering degree. I read it heedfully sentence by sentence, never passing from one sentence to the next, until I had thoroughly pondered what had been said, turned it over and over in my mind until I felt sure I had grasped all that the writer meant, and finally asking myself: “Is that so?” had received from myself

the answer: "Yes, that is so; that is true." Thus did I spend three entranced months—so slowly and carefully did I read—in going through the three large volumes of Schopenhauer's great work.

Meanwhile, as I was thus spending my four or five hours regularly every day over Schopenhauer, there happened to fall under my eye a copy of a yellow-covered journal bearing the title *Buddhism*. I glanced carelessly at it, then decided to pick it up and see what was inside. Very soon I was absorbed in reading an article on Nibbāna, that most abstruse, as also most misunderstood, subject to the average Occidental. It seemed to me couched in a fine style of English and moderate, rational, clear and convincing in its argument. "It hit me where I lived," to use an expressive Americanism. I had never seen the difficult subject so well expounded before; and I did not lay the magazine down until I had read this article through a second time in addition to every other article I found there. Then, still wending my way through Schopenhauer, I looked forward with eagerness to the appearance of the next number of *Buddhism* promised for three months later. When at length it arrived—a little late—I read it all through with the same sense of satisfaction that I had experienced in reading the first number. As I reflected on what I had read, I had the feeling of one who has wandered and wandered a long, long time, but has found his home at last, has found a place where he can now rest without further need of wandering any more.

Here is a religion, I said to myself, an actual living religion, not a theory in a book, but a way of life lived by large numbers of my fellow men, which knows nothing of the miraculous, of the incredible, but

instead knows only of the unusual, the extra-ordinary, the not ordinary, which upon due examination becomes quite simply the explicable and the 'natural.'

Here is an actually living, practised religion which does not require of me for a single instant that I suspend the fullest, freest, frankest, most perfectly unfettered use of my reason, while yet at the same time telling me that there lies something beyond reason, access to which however is not denied me, but offered me on the same conditions as are the results of reasoning—namely, through the application of my own efforts along the duly appropriate channels to this other attainment.

Here is a religion which is absolutely independent of the 'I say so' of anyone whatsoever, god or angel or man—which depends for its warrant upon facts and upon nothing but facts; the present so-named Founder of the religion being merely one, the latest one, among a number like him, who has merely discovered and verified these facts in his own experience, and then made them known to the rest of his fellow men, who must now in their turn do the same for themselves, guided only by his pioneer achievement in that direction.

Here is a religion which faces without flinching, or the least shadow of a subterfuge, *all* the facts of life within and without me, even the most perturbing apparently, and never blinks or evades a single one.

Here is a religion which accounts for more of these facts—so far as minds working under the limitations imposed upon all things human can be said to 'account for' anything at all—than any other religion I have ever looked into.

Here is a religion which, far from telling me to

close my eyes in some directions and keep them wide open only in others, invites me to keep them wide open in all directions; nay, does not invite me, but *demand*s of me, that I shall so keep them open, that I shall believe nothing, accept nothing, but what I have fully tried and tested, so far as trying and testing is possible to a conditioned creature.

Here is a religion which, as regards each individual alive, promises him an absolutely 'square deal' without a hairbreadth's departure from the straight line of strictest justice and equity.

Here is a religion which makes no invidious distinctions between man and animal, but enfolds all that lives without discrimination between 'higher' and 'lower' under the warm wings of one vast, all-embracing friendliness and loving-kindness.

Thus did I commune within myself after having read the articles contained in these two numbers of the journal called *Buddhism*.

On looking over the latest number a second time to my pleasure I came upon a paragraph by the Editor, the writer of the articles which had most delighted me, inviting any English-speaking person of some literary ability to come out to Burma where he published his journal, and assist him in the work of bringing it out.

In the meantime a grand-uncle of mine of whose very existence I was ignorant had died, and I was discovered to be the heir to the property he had left behind him. I was, therefore, now in 'easy circumstances'—no longer under the necessity of selling myself and my time to some employer in order to obtain the means of subsistence. So I wrote at once to the Editor offering to come out to him and help him in any way I could.

My offer was accepted and, with the above-mentioned ideas—feelings, if anyone cares to call them such—concerning the religion called Buddhism, I set sail for the land of a people which, as a people, professed that religion.

Thither arrived I found ample opportunities of conversing, discussing and arguing concerning points in its tenets that puzzled me, with the more educated among those born and brought up in that religion. In addition I read all of their sacred books of which I could find translations in my own tongue, and launched out upon the study of the original language in which these books had been written, the Pāli.

All the while I had been observing the ways and manners of life of these people, brought as I was into close contact with them. With a certain delight I bathed in the psychical atmosphere they seemed to radiate—one so different from that of the land in which I had been born and reared—in its general goodwill and friendliness, its absence of the impression of bitter struggle and strife between man and man. And the sum of my talking and reading and study and observation was that I came to add two more statements or theses to my former ones, drawn up mentally before I had seen this people and their country. They were these :

Here is a religion which seems to possess in a marked degree the power of making those who believe in it happy, for I have seen fewer anxious, harassed, unhappy faces, more contented, cheerful, really happy countenances, in one hour's walk along the streets of Pegu or Mandalay than in a whole afternoon spent in the streets of London, Paris, New York and other great cities of the West.

Here is *the religion for me*—and for everybody, just as soon as they learn to know it as it really is; and I am going to do one man's share at least towards trying to let them know it as it is.

That was some ten years ago. I have not yet found cause to change my opinions or my statements of them. I see no prospect that I ever shall. To many the Buddhist Faith, unlike others, does not seem very attractive at first sight; it seems in the main a dubious, unsubstantial-looking structure to Western eyes. However, the more closely it is approached, the more heedfully looked into, the more sound and solid does it really grow to enquiring, searching eye and heart. It bears examination and criticism.

Burmese and Tibetan friends, observing how easily and naturally I have taken to the Teaching in which they were born and reared, sometimes remark with a friendly smile: "You must have been a Burman (or a Tibetan) in your last life"; occasionally adding with a touch of envy in their voice: "And what good merit must be yours that, though you have been born in a country without the Law, you have been able to come across the great ocean to a country that possesses it, and have learnt it well!"

It may be so; it is, at least, a pleasing fancy. But what is no fancy is, that many and many an Occidental, even as once myself, feels ill at ease, distressed, all out of sympathy with the environment, physical, mental and spiritual, in which he has been born and brought up; and these and such as these—so I think—well might find what they seek—relief from their unease and distress, comfort of mind and heart—in the Teaching of him who is called the Awakened One, the Buddha.

A BIKKHU.

IMMORTALITY.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

My dictionary says that immortality means the condition or quality of being immortal and that immortal means exempt from death—which indeed is the obvious etymological signification. Implicitly, then, if I say I am—or my soul is—immortal, I mean that I shall go on for ever. A very depressing and indeed terrifying thought, as the child in Emerson's essay realised. "What, will it *never* stop? *Never*? It makes me so tired!"

But a further question arises. How can we go on being the same for ever? We find in our present life—which is all we have to judge by—that we are continually changing, continually having new experiences, by the external action of the world (including other human beings) upon us through our senses, by the so-to-speak internal action of the natural development and ageing of our own bodies and by intuitions. We acquire larger and larger experience-fields; and even when, in extreme age, the memory for details begins to fade, there often and perhaps generally remains a mellow wisdom, a sort of serene ripeness, which strikes us as even superior to the phase of great knowledge of detail which preceded it. In short, there is change and development. The man at seventy is very different from what he was at seven or from what he was just after birth.

If then a short seventy years can thus transform

an individual quite out of recognition, making him more different from himself of seventy years ago than he is from any other fellow-adult, and tremendously more different than he is from a fellow-septuagenarian of the same nationality and class, what shall we say of the possibilities of endless æons? Do we not perceive that this idea of personal immortality is a sort of verbal self-contradiction? If there is to be continued experience of any conceivable kind, we shall change out of all recognition, and shall therefore not be the 'same.' It is an inaccuracy to say that the septuagenarian is the 'same' as the baby from which he has evolved. Much less can we remain the 'same' after long periods of time, filled with new experiences. The tree is not the same as the acorn from which it grew; it is less identical therewith than it is with other trees. Similarly, taking the reality of Time for granted for the purpose of the present argument—though as a matter of fact this Bergsonian doctrine is very debatable—and assuming continued experience, on the analogy of the present life we see that if we are immortal we shall develop into beings of some inconceivably superior order—trees to our present acorns—much more like each other than like our present selves. There will be no identity with those present selves. 'Persons' are not immortal; for their personality changes.

Even if we make the venturesome suppositions of reincarnation and the recovery of all past memories in some future condition, the difficulty still remains. There has been development, increase of experience, growth; and the final product is not the same thing as the thing that began. Change involves death—the death of the preceding state. Personal immortality

then, if it connotes experience at all—and we can conceive no consciousness without experience being involved—is a contradiction in terms, and cannot be discussed.

Personal survival of bodily death, however, is a more defensible phrase. It may be incorrect to say that I am the same person that I was ten minutes since—strictly speaking, it is incorrect—but as a useful though loose phrase it is allowable. And if it is, it is equally allowable to say that I may be the same person five minutes after death as I was five minutes before it. Such short periods do not allow of such development as to change our form of manifestation beyond recognition. The word 'same' conveys at least some meaning. There is close similarity, if not identity. We are not yet concerned with the question of whether persons do survive death, but only with the question of legitimacy of terms, in order to clear the ground.

Personal immortality then is a meaningless or self-contradictory expression, and must be avoided. Personal survival of death is legitimate, being based on common usage and having a meaning, though a vaguely-defined one. And indeed this personal survival of bodily death is, for the most part, what people really mean by immortality. They do not hanker after endless ages of existence or worry themselves about the metaphysics of Time, yearning for an 'eternal' order of things in which Time is no more—a static, Dantesque *Paradiso*. No: they merely want an extension, so to speak, of the present state of affairs; some assurance or some hope that death does not mean an utter darkness and annihilation. They want to believe that it is "a covered way, leading from

light to light, through a brief darkness," as Longfellow and most of his brother poets have thought.

At least it is the general notion that this is what people do want to believe and are ready to believe, on sufficient reason or evidence being produced. Whether it is as much so as is supposed may be doubted. The state of mind of the average individual with regard to the question of his wishes about a future life is probably rather chaotic. If you ask a man whether he wants a future life or not, and if he is a man who thinks for himself and does not automatically respond with the stock phrases of his pastors and masters, he will answer in one or other of various and perhaps equally surprising ways. He may say Yes or No or that he doesn't care and never thinks about it if he can help it—which latter answer would probably be true for very many people who would be rather shocked at the idea of admitting it! But indeed there is no harm, but rather good, in facing ourselves frankly on this as on all other questions. There can be no good in sham and hypocrisy and self-deception of any kind. There is nothing to be ashamed of in the admission that you never think about immortality if you can help it. Certainly it was illogical of the man who expected to go to everlasting bliss when he died, but did not want to talk about such depresssing subjects; but it is not illogical to avoid the subject if you have no particular convictions about the everlasting bliss. And after all it is this world that we are living in, and there is plenty to do in it. If we were continually speculating about the next, we should neglect many duties. We are social beings, with various obligations to our fellows.

And this brings us to another consideration, *viz.*

that of the fundamental unity, or possible unity, of many things which now seem sundered. The late Professor James said, in his free-and-easy way—as if it didn't matter much—that a sort of *anima mundi* thinking in all of us seems a more reasonable hypothesis than that of 'a lot of individual souls.' Our reception of this cavalier remark will vary according to temperament. Those who want to 'remain themselves,' like Peer Gynt when the Button-Moulder wanted to melt him down again for a fresh start, will resent it. They will not like the idea that they are not really individuals—separate and walled-off entities, which will for ever remain themselves. A friend of mine, a man of heart and head, told me not long ago of his feelings when looking out over the sea. The thought occurred to him that human individuals were perhaps only like the wavelets which rose and fell on the water's surface; parts of a greater whole, but still only temporarily existing forms, evanescent, contributory but non-essential, relatively unimportant. And the thought filled him with sadness. If he had believed it true, his sadness would have reached the point of despair. Curiously enough, this same thought has no terror for me. I feel more like Mrs. Stetson:

"What an exceeding rest 'twill be
When I can leave off being Me!
To think of it! at last be rid
Of all the things I ever did!

"Done with the varying distress
Of retroactive consciousness!
Set free to feel the joy unknown
Of Life and Love beyond my own.

“Why should I long to have John Smith
Eternally to struggle with?
I’m John—but somehow cherubim
Seem quite incongruous with him.

“It would not seem so queer to dwell
Eternally John Smith in Hell.
To be one man for ever seems
Most fit in purgatorial dreams.

“But Heaven! Rest and Power and Peace
Must surely mean the soul’s release
From this small labelled entity,
This passing limitation—Me!”¹

However, perhaps both my friend and I are right.
Perhaps we survive death and pass on into a better
but not wholly dissimilar sphere:

“No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell, for man,
But thro’ the Will of One who knows and rules—
And utter knowledge is but utter love—
Aeonian Evolution, swift or slow,
Thro’ all the Spheres—an ever opening height,
An ever lessening earth.”²

And then, when the desire of continued personality
is extinct, merge into the primal source, ‘ascend into
heaven,’ reach the final stage. Icebergs survive from
day to day, though gradually changing, as we may
change in the forms of our manifestation through a
series of planes or lives; but they sink at last into the
element which gave them birth. Rivers survive from

¹ I am indebted to Mr. Edward Carpenter (who quotes part of it in the *Drama of Love and Death*, p. 274) for this. It is by Mrs. Stetson, and appeared in *The Cosmopolitan* of some unknown date.

² Tennyson, *The Ring*.

mile to mile, losing by evaporation, gaining by tributaries, and continually changing their volume and shape; but they merge in the ocean at last—"even the weariest river Winds somewhere safe to sea." Indeed the well-known hymn recognises the parallel, and uses the figure as an analogy :

" Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course,
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source ;
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view His glorious face,
 Upward tends to His abode
 And rests in His embrace."

The hymn-writer is a little ambiguous—probably he rather jibbed at the absorption-idea—but the unity-idea is there, as indeed it is in a great proportion of the world's religious literature. The mystic, whether Christian, Buddhist, Mohammedan, or Taoist, aims at a union with the Divine, a renunciation of his own small and unsatisfactory self. The idea is expressed by Virgil, in one of his most earnest passages :

" To God again the enfranchised soul must tend.
 He is her home, her Author is her End.
 No death is hers : when earthly eyes grow dim,
 Star-like she soars, and god-like melts in Him."¹

It is exactly the idea of the Christian hymn just quoted. And indeed it was taught by that great saint and missionary whom we may call the lieutenant of the Captain of our salvation, that in Him we live and move and have our being.

Perhaps the truest conception is, then, that we

¹ F. W. H. Myers' translation, in *Classical Essays*.

survive bodily death as persons, retaining some relation to space and time, though a looser one than at present ; but that eventually, after much progress and growth, we shall reach a 'critical point'—as when water becomes vapour—after which we shall drop our personalities and shall enter literally into the joy of the Lord ; shall melt in Him, and shall live His life only, will His will, and forsake Time for Eternity.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

A CHRISTIAN'S APPRECIATION OF CONFUCIANISM.¹

GILBERT REID, M.A., D.D.

THIS lecture was delivered under the auspices of the Billings Lectureship of Boston whose trustees are members of the Unitarian body. I received appointment from them to give a series of addresses in China bearing on the comparative study of religion, but with no restriction as to the themes to be selected or as to the manner of treatment. There was laid upon me no injunction that I should advance views other than my own personal convictions. Thus the appointment came to me from Liberal Christianity in a thoroughly liberal spirit. Indeed a very unusual breadth of mind shewed itself in my appointment, for I was not asked to subscribe to any creed, seeing that Unitarianism does not require its members and ministers to do so.

Reciprocating this largeness of spirit, it has been my endeavour to carry it out by a study of concord in religion as illustrated in the great religions, and particularly in those which exist in China.

In this spirit, yet as a firm believer in the Christian religion, especially as personified in Jesus the Christ, I will now venture to present an Appreciation

¹ A paper read at the International Institute of China in Shanghai under the Billings Lectureship of Boston connected with the American Unitarian Association. Dr. Reid himself is a minister in the Presbyterian Church of China, and originally went to China under the American Presbyterian Board of Missions in 1882.—ED.

of Confucianism, with some sympathetic criticisms and suggestions.

From the time I first began to make a study of Confucianism, it has been my growing conviction that no antagonism should exist between it and Christianity. The two religions, like two persons, should be friends. And just as two persons who are friends differ in mien, physique, temperament, thought, manner and occupation, so these two religions differ in many characteristics and ceremonies and the consciousness as to what is right and what is wrong. Nevertheless they can be friendly to each other and helpful to each other through agreement in those spiritual ideas which are essential and fundamental, through the reverential realisation of the common source of all truth and goodness, and through aspirations after higher things, the hopes of an enlarged vision and of that future perfection, which these religions, along with the best in all lands, expect ere long to see fulfilled.

Even where these two religions differ, they may still dwell together in the spirit of concord. Though we may not look for uniformity or complete agreement, we may look for harmony and mutual regard. Confucius, in one of his terse sayings, remarks: "The princely man is harmonious but does not agree with others, the mean man tries to be like others, but is not harmonious." It is a misconception to think that Confucianism and Christianity are the same; it is an equal misconception to think that the two are antagonistic. The least we should pray for is that the two, whilst differing from each other, should be tolerant of each other. The most we can pray for is

that the two shall at last unite in the unity of God, and in personal determination to do, as Christ enjoined, the will of God.

I.

The first reason for expressing appreciation of Confucianism is that it lays emphasis on those duties of right living which are of essential and universal application. The moral nature of men, the rule of conscience, the moral virtues as developed from justice and benevolence, are the foundation principles on which rises the sublime structure of Confucian teaching. The virtues taught under various terms and in manifold forms of expression relate so directly and clearly to the present life, to human obligation and to actual deeds, that many have assumed Confucianism is only a system of ethics. If so, we must acknowledge that it is high ethics, and that no people have been so saturated with ethical ideas as have the Chinese. It is the moral element that makes significant the ancient civilisation of China.

The soil from which spring forth all virtues is the moral nature of man. The orthodox theory of Confucianism is that all men are endowed with this moral nature, a law written in the heart, a conscience to discern between right and wrong, a heavenly rule, the voice of God within. If the orthodox Confucianist and the orthodox Christian differ in their interpretation, it is as to the theory of what is called 'original sin' and 'total depravity.' That men have a proneness to sin, and that it is hard to get them to do right, will be acknowledged by both Confucianist and Christian; but they separate when they begin to theorise as to

whether or not all men are born *in* sin and *with* sin, and as to whether sin is hereditary, to be traced back to the first man.

Mencius has spoken most clearly on this particular doctrine, differing from other theories which prevailed in his day. He said :

“ The feeling of commiseration belongs to all men ; so does that of shame and dislike ; and that of reverence and respect ; and that of approving and disapproving. The feeling of commiseration implies the principle of benevolence ; that of shame and dislike, the principle of righteousness ; that of reverence and respect, the principle of propriety ; and that of approving and disapproving, the principle of knowledge. Benevolence, righteousness, propriety and knowledge are not infused into us from without. We are certainly furnished with them. And a different view is simply from want of reflection. Hence it is said : ‘ Seek and you will find them. Neglect and you will lose them.’ Men differ from one another in regard to them ; some as much again as others, some five times as much, and some to an incalculable amount. This is because they cannot carry out fully their natural powers. It is said in *The Book of Poetry*,

‘ Heaven in producing mankind
Gave them their various faculties and relations with
their specific law.
These are the invariable rules of nature for all to
hold,
And all love this admirable virtue.’

“ Confucius has said : ‘ The maker of this Ode knew indeed the principle of our nature.’ We may thus see that every faculty and relation must have its

law; and since there are invariable rules for all to hold, they consequently love this admirable virtue."

From the quotation which Mencius makes from *The Book of Poetry*, we learn that Confucian teachings are not only ethical but religious. We are taught that the moral nature of man is the production of Heaven or God. In *The Doctrine of the Mean* this is the very first sentence: "What Heaven has conferred or ordained is called moral nature; to comply with this nature is called the path [of duty]; to cultivate or put in order this path is called instruction [a system of teaching, a religion]." And so the Sung philosopher and commentator Chu-fu-tsze has declared in this connection, that "men and the world of matter have each received from Heaven an endowment of supreme law."

Possessed of this moral inheritance from God, all the duties of men are summed up in one comprehensive word,—virtue. China's ancient teachers ring the changes on this word; over and over again men are exhorted to cultivate virtue. Sometimes, as in *The Great Learning*, the injunction is cultivation of one's personality, or what is commonly called the training of character. One of Confucius' maxims is: "The princely man cherishes virtue; the mean man cherishes comfort." Again he says: "When virtue is not cultivated; when learning is not discussed; when righteousness is learned but not practised; and when that which is not good cannot be changed—this is my solicitude." The first sentence in *The Great Learning* runs: "The way of the Great Learning may be summed up in three things: cultivating illustrious virtue, renovating the people and resting in the highest goodness."

Virtue, by which the moral nature of man is

designated, has many characteristics, summed up in the five cardinal virtues: humanity, righteousness, propriety, knowledge and fidelity. Of these the first two are used most frequently by both Confucius and Mencius. The Chinese character which stands for the first means love as between man and man, and may be called charity or brotherly love. This, too, is characterised in many ways, just as is charity in the Christian scriptures.

Thus when Confucius was asked by one of his disciples what this humanity was, he replied: "To be able to practise five things under the heavens constitutes charity." And being asked what they were, he added: "Respect, large-heartedness, fidelity, earnestness and kindness. If you are respectful, you will not be insulted; if you are large-hearted, you will win all; if you are faithful, men will repose trust in you; if you are earnest, you will accomplish much; if you are kind, you will be able to employ the services of others."

This is very much like the teaching of the Apostle Paul, when he says: "Put on charity, which is the bond or girdle of perfectness."

And as with the Apostle righteousness is taught equally with brotherly love, so with Confucius and Mencius. Mencius says: "Brotherly love is the heart of man; righteousness is the path for man to follow. How lamentable if men neglect the path and do not pursue it; if they lose their heart and do not know how to find it again." And Confucius says: "The princely man in the world does not set his mind either for or against anything; but what is right, that he will follow."

The Chinese Classics are in fact saturated with these teachings, exhortations and commands for living

an upright life and performing all the duties which Heaven prescribes, as revealed in an enlightened conscience and as applicable to all the conditions of life. The Chinese people, too, have been thus saturated with these high and worthy sentiments, and from childhood, in school or out of school, have been impressed with human obligation, as directed in deep reverence to God and in fidelity to man.

II.

A second reason for appreciating Confucianism is because its great principles, whilst applicable to all life, apply in particular to the social, the political and the educational departments of life. The five cardinal virtues relate to what are called the five social or human relations, namely: the ruler and his ministers; husband and wife; parent and child; brother and brother; and friend and friend. These relations are, in our Christian phraseology, spiritualised or widened to far beyond the limits of one's own family circle. Thus the spirit that should exist between parent and child is that which should exist between public officers or rulers and the people.

Similarly all moral teachings are made to apply to all who exercise authority. The moral science of Confucianism is in the first place social science or sociology, and in the second place political science or national well-being. The political science of Confucianism gives us light less on forms of government than on the duties of virtue incumbent on the officers of the government from the highest to the lowest. In the Confucian sense political reform means first of all moral reform, the reformation of the individual. Numberless citations could be made, but only a few

are needed, and these, I may remark, are known even to the illiterate of China as well as to the learned or *Literati*.

The Classic of the Great Learning may be called a hand-book on the science of morals and politics linked together. It deals with the supreme obligations of the supreme ruler of a nation, and is also a treatise which each child, rich or poor, all over the land has, in past years at least, been required to memorise. It shews the duty of rulers to train their individual characters, and it shews how closely the prosperity of a nation is linked with the righteous character and conduct of the ruler and officials.

This teaching of *The Great Learning*, by one of the disciples of Confucius, corroborates the earlier teachings of *The Book of Odes* and *The Book of History* of three to four thousand years ago. In one of the Odes by the Duke of Chou to the Ministers of the Chou dynasty of Shang or Yin, we read these words:

“ Ever think of your ancestor ;

Cultivating your virtue,

Always striving to accord with the will [of God] ;

So shall you be seeking for much happiness.

Before Yin lost the multitudes,

[Its kings] were the assessors of God.

Display and make bright your righteousness and
name,

And look at [the fate of] Yin in the light of Heaven.

Take your pattern from King Wen,

And the myriad regions will repose confidence in
you.”

In another Ode occur these words :

"God said to King Wen :

'I am pleased with your intelligent virtue,
Not loudly proclaimed nor portrayed,
Without extravagance or changeableness,
Without consciousness of effort on your part,
In accordance with the pattern of God.' "

The whole history, beginning with the ancient rulers Yao and Shun, down to Yü the Great, founder of the Hsia dynasty in 2205 B.C., on to Tang, founder of the Shang dynasty in 1766 B.C., on to King Wu, founder of the Chou dynasty in 1122 B.C., is a history full of warning, admonition and exhortation, with examples of upright reformers and statesmen to follow and cherish, and with the examples of bad rulers to shun and abhor. The story is told in *The Book of Odes* and *The Book of History*. In *The Spring and Autumn Annals* Confucius tells of later events—a sad record of disorder, confusion, lawlessness and wickedness, one kingdom quarrelling with another, and one ruler overthrown by another. Everywhere and through all these centuries confirmation is given to the declaration of Solomon: "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

The Analects, *The Great Learning* and 'Mencius' carry on the same teaching—that righteousness and benevolence are the essentials of government. These are the questions which concern the sages of Confucianism as they expound the science of politics, and not the multitude of questions with which Western political science loves to enlighten the world.

Ancient learning as distinct from the new learning is inseparably bound up in the moral and re-

ligious principles of Confucianism. In it ethics and the substrate of religion enter into a knowledge of history, sociology, finance, political science, *belles lettres*, poetry, etiquette and music. Modern and Western learning on the contrary has little to say of God, and overlooks the common duties of human relations. I appreciate for this reason what Confucianism has wrought in the past, and dread the effects of the new learning on the student class of to-day.

III.

A third ground of appreciation is the remarkable fact that Confucianism makes supreme and all-important the root-origin of things. In looking at Confucianism from the superficial point of view, in its aspects of ceremonialism, rules of etiquette, methods of governing, land-taxation, the worship of spirits, and even in its moral maxims, there is a good chance for criticism as well as for admiration. But when we search for its inner worth, for the kernel of eternal truth, for basic principles, all criticism vanishes and admiration alone remains. This search for first causes, this delving down to the root of the tree of knowledge and tree of righteousness, is the most vital of all the teachings which Confucianism offers to China and also to religious thinkers throughout the world.

Early in *The Analects* of Confucius occur these words: "The princely man gives attention to the root of things; when the root is secure, there spring up all kinds of truth; filial piety and fraternal regard, these are the root of benevolent action."

In *The Great Learning* we have the simple state-

ment: "All things have roots and they have branches; all deeds have a beginning and an end." The writer then traces back the process of pacifying the empire to the good order of the state, to the regulation of the family, to the cultivation of the individual, to the rectifying of the heart, to the sincerity of the thoughts, and finally to the highest attainment of knowledge; and this extreme knowledge is found in investigating all things in the spirit of research. He then throws in the sentence: "From the emperor down to the mass of the people, all should make the cultivation of individual character the root."

Later on in the same book, when dealing with the great problem of making the nation prosperous, the writer presents the following stages in development:

"On this account the ruler will first take pains about his own virtue. Possessing virtue will give him the people. Possessing the people will give him the territory. Possessing the territory will give him its wealth. Possessing the wealth, he will have resources for expenditure. Virtue is the root; wealth is the result."

Similarly the very first sentence in *The Doctrine of the Mean*, as we have noted, shews how all religion or instruction is preceded by the path of duty or doctrine, and this by Heaven's law in the soul or man's moral nature, and this by Heaven or God, from whom every law, principle and religion have come.

In all the Classics we are taught again and again that God is the great First Cause, and on Him we are all dependent. The philosophers of the Sung period revelled in such discussions, but always reverentially; and *The Book of Changes* with the notes of Confucius on it forms the basis of their philosophy.

The philosopher Chu-fu-tsze gives an elaborate explanation of the origin of the universe, which is more that of gradual evolution than of distinct creation.

Man, the material world, heaven and earth, are all preceded by a formless, chaotic condition, and this in turn is preceded by two principles, the one termed Ruling Principle (*Li*), and the other Vivifying Principle (*Ch'i*). They are two, and yet so joined that the one cannot exist without the other. The one is lifeless; the other full of life. The Ruling Principle needs the Vivifying Principle to secure results. The Vivifying Principle in turn depends on the Ruling Principle for the way its power shall be exerted and manifested.

Being asked whether the Ruling Principle really existed before heaven and earth, Chu-fu-tsze said: "Before heaven and earth there was most certainly just this Ruling Principle. The Principle existing, heaven and earth existed. If this Principle had not existed, there would have been no heaven or earth, no man or things. The Ruling Principle existing, then the Vivifying Principle exists, flows forth, pervades, and germinates all the material world." Being asked if it was the Ruling Principle which germinated all things, he replied: "When the Ruling Principle exists, the Vivifying Principle exists, flows forth, pervades, and germinates. The Ruling Principle as such is without form or body."

The next problem is the origin of these two Principles. In some respects it looks as if there was nothing beyond or before, but that the two Principles were the finality. This is not, however, the real teaching of this Chinese thinker. He traces them, as

well as heaven and earth, to the Absolute, the Great Extreme, *T'ai Chi*.

"Being asked whether the Absolute is the chaotic mass before heaven and earth came into being, or the general name for the Ruling Principle of heaven and all the material world, he replied that the Absolute is the Ruling Principle of heaven and earth and all things. As to that which is within heaven and earth, the Absolute is in the midst of heaven and earth. As to that which is within all things, the Absolute is inherent in all."

Chu-fu-tsze in his abstract speculation advances to another great thought,—namely, that first of all there was the Infinite or *Wu Chi*, but that the Infinite was the Absolute, and the Absolute the Infinite, just like a circle in the ancient diagram. The one side is the incomprehensible, the mysterious, the invisible; the other side represents through the Ruling and Vivifying Principles, a vast manifestation, unfolded in heaven and earth, all matter and man.

"The Absolute [Great Extreme] derives its name from the idea of the highest pivot. The sages called it the Absolute, meaning thereby the Root of heaven, earth and all things. Hence it was that Chu-fu-tsze termed it the Infinite (*Wu Chi*), and so expressed the Mysterious without sound or fragrance." And again: "The Absolute is just the extreme point, beyond which no one can go; most high, most magnificent, most subtle, most spiritual, surpassing all."

By thus examining the doctrines taught by the Sung philosophers and based on the old mystical teachings of *The Book of Changes*, one should be convinced that Confucianism is a religion as well as a system of ethics. Confucianism cannot be limited to

the sayings of Confucius, still less simply to his ethical sayings. The Classics which he compiled are saturated with religious ideas. All righteous conduct and a virtuous heart draw their life from above. All are dependent on God.

IV.

A fourth ground of appreciation is the fact that the men who gave utterance to all these good teachings lived good lives. They practised righteousness who preached it. They were not only teachers, but good men and holy men. From Yao and Shun down to Confucius everyone who taught wise and good sayings was an earnest and practical reformer. The lives of these men carried more weight than their words.

In a turbulent age Confucius was moved to leave his class-room and go out into society and the life of different kingdoms, exhorting the common people and still more kings and officers to abandon wickedness and establish just laws and right ideas. As James Freeman Clarke has said: "Many beautiful and noble things are related concerning the character of Confucius,—of his courage in the midst of danger, of his humility in the highest position of honour. His writings and life have given the law to Chinese thought. He is the patron saint of that great empire."

The seventy-two disciples of Confucius were chosen more for their love of goodness than for mental attainments. Mencius, his chief apostle, is thus reckoned amongst the holy men or saints; his character was as great as his intellect. So too the noted commentators of the Tang and Sung periods and those less known in the last dynasty have given

strength to their writings by the sincerity of their lives. Cant, hypocrisy, fine words but bad living, have characterised none of these leaders, but only men of less calibre, and especially the *Literati* of latter years. But as Christianity is not to be judged by the hypocrisies of Christians, so Confucianism should not be condemned for the lack of virtue, truth and sincerity amongst later students of the ancient Classics. For four thousand years the noted teachers of thought summed up in the Confucian system have been men who practised what they preached, and for this they are worthy of honour.

V.

A fifth reason for appreciating Confucianism is that it is adapted to the common people as well as to the learned. It is, however, generally regarded as a religion of the learned. To be a Chinese scholar, a thorough knowledge of the Classics has been deemed a necessity. Confucianism is thus not only a system of ethics with spiritual truths, but a method of learning. Chinese education has always meant a training in the literary excellences of the Classics, whether the moral and religious ideas were always accepted or not. Up to the present the *Literati* have always been dependent on the Confucian Classics. Many such now-a-days are inclined to make Confucianism only a learning, and not a system of ethics. They even go so far as to declare it is not a religion at all. Confucius has thus been dethroned from his lofty place as a messenger of Heaven and a preacher of righteousness. He has been made only an essayist, a *littérateur*. But if Confucianism is thus narrowed, it will not be long

before, in the face of modern science and the new learning, it is rejected altogether.

But as a matter of history all the *Literati* of China in the past have been close students of Confucianism. Its ideas have been accepted, its rites have been observed. The life of the learned has been moulded by Confucianism, which in common phraseology has been called the Great Religion.

The life of the common people has also been moulded by Confucianism. In fact the mind of the Chinese is Confucian. The great under-lying, all-important principles of Confucianism have become known to all, the illiterate as well as the learned. Certain phrases embodying the germ thought of Confucianism are on the lips of ignorant women, the country peasant and the little child. Confucianism should be called not only the Religion of the Learned but the Religion of China. Its vital teachings clearly expressed have permeated the whole nation. They are adapted to high and low, to ruler and people, and therein shew their divine inspiration and origin in Heaven.

These five reasons should convince every one that for a Christian to appreciate Confucianism is not senseless or base but reasonable and sound. The position is both liberal and orthodox.

The one great criticism passed to-day on Confucianism is that it has no vitality, no dynamic power, and that, being a human teaching, it can have none. It is true that it seems to be decadent, that its good points are being discarded, and that it is fast becoming mere ceremonialism, a worship of Confucius, a cult, and not a life or even a system of religion or ethics.

To my mind this is to be regretted. It is equally clear that the criticism contains a fallacy. If Confucianism as a religion has lost its power, it should not be forgotten that many branches of the Christian Church in the past, and also to-day, have been decadent, retaining the form, but losing the life, of a spiritual religion. The only way for Confucianism or Christianity or any other religion to have life-giving power is to turn to the one living and true God, to rely more on His spiritual presence than on systems and forms, rites and creeds, and to believe with a new assurance of faith that God is all and in all, and that man, His offspring, can do no good apart from Him. This truth, as well as this criticism, applies equally to Christian and Confucianist.

GILBERT REID.

AUTUMN.

D. H. S. NICHOLSON, M.A.

It would be interesting to discover what proportion of people feel instinctively the traditional joy of the Spring. The belief in it is one of the many articles of the normal man's creed that are taken for granted and examined never—articles any questioning of which is an unpardonable frivolity or worse, a kind of *lèse majesté* against the soul. It is in good company but in a bad position; it lives in the great hinterland of the unquestioned in a condition of frozen vitality, with many beliefs more famous and more securely frozen than itself.

It is not clear on what the belief rests, and consideration increases perplexity. For as the true place of Spring in the cycle of the year is regarded, it is seen to bring in its train a great company of consequences and emotions, from which the leaping joy of tradition is peculiarly absent. In the world outside ourselves the signs and portents of Spring are evident and admitted. The new singing of forgotten birds in the hedgerows and on the breaking trees, the strangely clean and vivid colours of continually amazing flowers, a new touch of clearness and courage in the air, new sounds in the meadows, new leaves on the trees—to most of us these inevitably suggest and are suggested by the Spring. And in all soberness, when one looks for the source of the joy of Spring tradition, these connotations of the season are all that are to be found. In the world of our more immediate consciousness the

grounds for the belief are no more adequate. There is an increase of desire, a general sensation of incipient riot, an intense ache of longing for some end generally undefined, a passionate unrest. And these patently are not the products or the producers of joy, any more than the flowers and the birds of the Springtime can themselves produce or materially aid in producing it. Superficially the world in its new dress of colour and light may seem pulsating with a strange new joy, but actually the time of Spring is the time of the very antithesis of that emotion. Spring is essentially a time of hope; and hope and joy are as the poles apart. Hope, by its very presence, implies the fact of distress in a greater or less degree; we hope for the good that will come in a future when the immediate tyranny is overpast. Hope looks for relief; joy experiences it.

In seeking to discover the place of Spring in the emotional scale of the year, and in searching also for the season of which joy is the proper and inseparable companion, it is necessary to consider the cycle of the year as a whole. Where does it really start, and according to what process is the question to be decided? Is it in any real sense true that it begins in January? Does this arrangement respond to any vital events as we know them? Or is it really an astronomical arrangement arrived at *faute de mieux*?

The most evident process to which appeal can be made for judging the essence of the year's revolution is the age-old process of sowing and reaping—the ritual of seed-time and harvest which is older than civilisation itself. From seed sown to seed gathered the full cycle runs; and in nature the gathering of the seed is replaced by its falling to the earth, and so being sown for the year to come. The process then covers the

entire year, and the circle of life is continually completed and renewed. And of this process the beginning does not fall at the bursting moment of Spring, but in the deep, full, triumphant time of Autumn. Spring is not the real beginning of anything; it is a time of transition, of discomfort, of growth, but not a time of beginning. The full cycle of the year begins in Autumn, because in Autumn is the natural time of the sowing of seed; and from Autumn it runs deep into the absence and sleep of the Winter time, when that which seems rest after high triumph is in truth the withdrawal for a work of preparation. Winter is the time of watching, the time of waiting for the work of the night-time to be done, with the belief that the work which cannot be seen or heard or felt is essential to the more evident and grateful work that shall follow it. And that which follows it is Spring—the season when the unseen becomes seen and the unheard gives voice, the time when the hidden work of the Winter time becomes evident to the senses. And because of this sudden evidence, this new flaunting of its gifts, Spring has usurped the title and dignity of the beginning. But it is itself a result of unknown travail; it is the time of the emergence of the unapparent into the apparent, and not in itself a beginning.

The peculiar part of it is that in its very essentials the Spring must be a time of discomfort, and of the kind of discomfort with which joy is wholly incompatible. It is essentially and supremely the time of germination; and as such it stands for the swelling and bursting of the seed, for the gradual filling and breaking of the bud, for a whole series of phenomena for which uneasiness is an inevitable preparation. If

we may for the moment credit the seed with feeling as we know it, we must credit it at least with the gradually increasing sensation of fulness which must precede the moment when it becomes no longer tolerable, and the triumphant tragedy of Spring occurs. The husk is split, and the seed breaks open to give way to the newly emerging life within it; the seed quite literally gives its own life for that which is to come from it.

But the new life which comes from it is in itself only another link in the chain which knits the whole year-cycle together. As Summer succeeds Spring the time of flowering succeeds the time of germination, and it seems for the moment as if there were a kind of comparative fulfilment. But Summer is itself only a continuation of the intense preparation of Winter and Spring. It moves the process another stage forward; but despite all its glory of flame and colour it is subservient, as are all the other seasons, to the supreme season of Autumn. Its splendours are not the splendours of completion, its miracles are not those of fulfilment. Summer is handmaid to Autumn—a handmaid clothed in the sun and decked with every delight of flowers, but handmaid and at most herald of that which is to come. It has—as what season has not?—its own peculiar beauties and its own marvels of ingenuity and use, but they are especially the marvels of preparation and not those of achievement. The vast ingenuities of fertilisation with which the slightest hedgerow is thick and pulsating, the give-and-take of flower and beast and bee, are essentially arrayed and used with an eye to the further thing that shall result from them, to the one moment of the year which gives them a *raison d'être*.

All seasons lead to Autumn, and from Autumn all things come. Winter but nurses its gifts within her breast, sheltering them for the awakening that shall come in the Spring, and Summer labours but to work on them the magic that shall make them fit for their high ministry of Autumn. All else is preparation; but this is fulfilment. And, because it is fulfilment, this is the time of joy. In the unceasing round of things there is this moment when for a while the movement seems to cease, when the months-long preparation is crowned with achievement and the joy of completion comes into her own. It is Autumn of the harvest and the long vintage that wears the crown upon her brow, and it is in the breast of Autumn that the joy of the world is known. It is by a peculiar irony that her colours have been taken for a flaunting of the pageantry of decay; they are in truth rather the shouting together of the leaves at the triumph of life. They deck the attainment of that for which all other periods made ready—the completion and the fruition of the travail of the year.

Something of this majestic progress of Nature through the year is recognised in the Church's festivals, and their significance, as far as they go, is in close accord with that of the seasons. The Church has never been quite clear whether she ought really to hold any large feast at the time of the Winter solstice or not; she felt on the one hand that the physical birth was not an event with which she was very closely concerned, and on the other that the existing Pagan festivals of that season offered a good foundation for, and in fact demanded some measure of, adaptation. It was therefore only after some uncertainty that the Feast of the Birth of Christ was fixed in the depth of

the Winter, after having been solemnised as a Spring festival with equal satisfaction in some quarters. And the want of importance which was thus attached to the period of absence and original preparation is of a piece with the traditional belief that Winter is a time of sleep in which no man works. The Church was not particularly anxious to affix any festival to it; and when she did so she only fixed one at that time because there were already the makings of a feast awaiting it, and there was a certain demand for a Feast of the Physical Birth.

But, in company with the common tradition, the Church took to herself the Spring as the time of all the great happenings, and lavished the treasures of her ritual and her magnificence on the festivals of that season. But in so doing she recognized what the world is by way of forgetting—that whatever else may attach to Spring it is first of all a time of bitterness and pain. The truth of the rending of the seed is repeated in her festivals; the triumphant tragedy of Spring is part and parcel of her teaching. And the tragedy precedes the triumph. The Spring may well stand for the rising of the new life out of the old; but it is at the price of the death of that from which it comes. The Resurrection depends on the Crucifixion, although it cannot by any means fail to come after it. But—and the point is here—these festivals of Spring are neither the beginning nor the crowning of the process that is being enacted. They are essentially festivals of transition, of a breaking into visibility, of a passing from one plane of life to another; but the fact which they celebrate is a fact which depends on all that has gone before. The Crucifixion is impossible without the history that preceded it and prepared for

it, as germination is impossible without its own due preparation. Similarly the Resurrection, which in one sense is inseparable from the Crucifixion, is in itself not the crown of the process, but most essentially the centre of it. It is not, in any sense, the end of a cycle or an episode or an epoch, but the turning point of it and the moment of new life given. As marking the completion of life on one plane and the first activity of life on another and higher plane, the event seems to stand for both an end and a beginning; but in the course of that life taken as a whole it marks rather the central point of its way. It is an event which inevitably must usher in and be the continuing condition of the life which follows after Crucifixion; and as such it is the mark of transition rather than of ending or beginning. And this truly is the character of the Spring in which its festival is and always has been celebrated—an event, a period, that is necessarily and intensely vital and supreme, but still an incident and not a crowning achievement. It is a condition of true life and the gate of real efficacy, both for seed and soul—the great central moment of existence to which Crucifixion is the immediate and only possible prelude; but in the gigantic cycle which runs from seed to harvest and so to new seed, and from God unmanifest to God manifest in man so that man and God are one, it is an incident and an incident only.

In making it therefore the central feast of her year the Church seems to have done wisely; but in making it the chief and crowning feast of all she seems to have been blind to certain things that it were well if she had remembered. For, although in her annual progress she celebrates the beginning of the full flower-time in the Pentecostal visitation of light and flame,

there is, after that moment, an extraordinary and distressing blank. It is as though she said: "Easter is the feast that the world must have; therein are pain and hope, and the essentials of life renewed, and those are the things of which the world has need. Fulfilment? The joy of fruition? No. No; on the whole not. There is no need and indeed no excuse for celebrating that. Man is man, and fruition and fulfilment imply that there is something supreme, apocalyptic, blinding, awaiting him. And of this we know nothing, and we will not feast it. Be content, my children, with the Easter that you have, and do not seek that thing which is its due and inevitable fulfilment. Such mysteries are not for you." It is as though she had said it once, and then forgotten even the implied mystery that lay behind her words. For now there is no sign in her that any consciousness persists that fruition and the joy of fruition are the crowning of the year. The royal period of Autumn is for her as though it did not exist; it is a blank in her consciousness which she makes no attempt to fill.

And as her year stands at present, it gives the impression of a ritual without a climax—of a pageant that ends in the middle, of an elaborate series of festivals and preparations which lead up to . . . an emptiness, a nothing, a want. As she stands at present she offers the grievous spectacle of unfulfilment not even realising its own plight, of a great body of doctrine and ritual continually, year by year, working up with a tremendous intensity to . . . a void. Easter follows Christmas and Pentecost follows Easter, and nothing in particular follows Pentecost at all. The Trinity Sundays drag out an uninspiring existence till they are ultimately relieved by the new promise of

Advent; they are seen as evident stop-gaps in the progress of the year. The rich days of the fulfilment go by unnoticed and unhonoured; the time which is in itself the crowning feast of the year is itself unfeasted.

It is difficult not to regard this amazing blank in the cycle of the Church's celebrations as evidence of a definite want in her consciousness. It suggests an aimlessness, a want of apprehension of what (after all) she is working for; it gives the sensation of an institution which goes through a yearly ceremonial without realising the place which each part of that ceremonial should hold in a greater whole. For how otherwise is it possible to solemnise all the feasts of preparation and no feast of fulfilment, blindly to follow a series which leads to no achievement? It is as though Nature held no harvest and were content to perform its many miracles for the flower-splendour of Summer alone. But that is, ultimately, unthinkable; and it seems that in this particular lack in the Church's consciousness is implied a position which is also, ultimately, unthinkable. And it is possible that this blank helps to explain, by implication, the incompleteness and insufficiency with which the Church stands daily charged. It would indeed be strange if she were not so charged when her want is so evident to the eyes of all. For if her progressive series of festivals ends suddenly in mid air, if the faithful are taken carefully a certain distance of the ritual way and then left precariously hanging—can it be hoped that her teaching will be more complete? The festivals are the outward and visible signs of the inward life that is in her; and as they now stand are they not the symbol in ceremonial of what the Church teaches to her followers? She offers them a repeated preparation for—something

undefined; life is represented by her as a rather mournful process which leads to no particular end except death, with a vague and ill-defined hope of a more cheerful condition of things to come after it for a limited number of her members. Of fruition here and now there is no word. In the place of the definite something to be accomplished and won by no matter what struggles she offers the conception of a duty to be performed in the hope of a far removed reward. Instead of holding up before the eyes of men the fulfilment and fruition of all their life as the one and only thing which will give lives excuse, and indeed open to them any real life at all, she directs them to defer all hope of fruition to some indefinite place and time, and rest assured that only preparation is necessary now. Instead of insisting on the need for intense vivid effort towards immediate and startling fulfilment, she satisfies herself largely with recommendations concerning an uninspired morality. And as a result (and this is perhaps the most dreadful accusation of all) she has no season or place for the ultimate free all-fulfilling joy without which any life or any process or any church is incomplete, uninspired and unfulfilled. For joy is in fulfilment and in fulfilment alone, and that the Church has overlooked.

Reacting against this peculiar lacuna in her year, the popular instinct has continued from older times the secular rejoicings which are inseparable from harvest-time; and in the nineteenth century the quite unecclesiastical harvest-festival began to supply in a poor and strictly unauthorised form what the Church's ritual itself lacks. It appears as the satisfaction of the more true instinct of the laity as a whole—as the somewhat grudging answer to a spontaneous demand.

Is there not still room for hope? May not the Church, in these days of stress and immediacy, awaken to the insufficiency of her position and supply to her members as a whole what so many of them are repeatedly demanding? She has, within her own pale, an incomparable ground for work, and the sudden comprehension by her that there is really and actually a spiritual goal to be reached here and now by any and every one of her members who will seek it, would be rapturously acclaimed. It is incredible that she should continue always to teach and to celebrate a process which has a beginning and a middle and no end, to prostitute herself to a sterile excitement year by year, to fail to understand that without realisation, without fulfilment and the joy of fulfilment, without some definite and transforming fruition to the travail of preparation, neither teaching nor ritual can be real. And if it be answered that in her more withdrawn places she does offer a teaching that envisages and tends towards a present and tremendous fruition, is it not now the moment for her to publish it more widely so that all the world may hear? And if she would indeed proclaim it beyond all doubt, it seems that the institution of a great Autumn feast of fruition is both the means of so doing and the supreme evidence of her sincerity. Without the teaching the festival cannot be; without the festival the teaching will not be, for it is the long-awaited crown of all that has gone before. When her members may feast in all her churches the crowning and triumphant season of the year, they will know in their hearts that the Church's system is at last complete.

D. H. S. NICHOLSON.

THE RUINED TEMPLE.

JESSIE L. WESTON.

THE traveller looked around him. He was standing on a headland jutting out into the sea. The summit of the cliff as far inland as eye could reach was a wild moorland studded with clumps of gorse and heather, now, in the middle of August, a glory of gold and purple.

At intervals amidst the low clumps of heather stood blocks of grey stone and fallen masonry, scattered, irregular in outline. Yet it was not difficult for a trained eye to discern a certain order and design in their relative positions. Evidently they explained themselves to the observer, for he nodded with keen satisfaction as his eye followed their outline.

"Yes, the building must have been here on the brow of the cliff looking seaward. These blocks give the outline approximately—circular evidently. And those monoliths further back mark the approach. Now what was it?—castle—temple?"

His eye fell upon a mound higher, of larger extent, than the surrounding clumps of heather and gorse. It was overgrown with brambles and tall bracken, and the outline was but ill-defined; still there was that about it which betrayed a not altogether fortuitous origin.

He strolled up to it, and began to probe about with his stout walking-stick. The soil was shallow.

At the depth of perhaps a foot the stick struck on something hard and unyielding.

"Thought as much," he muttered to himself. "There was something here." He walked round, still probing carefully with his stick as he did so. In the midst of the tangle he met with no impenetrable resistance, but at either end, for perhaps a couple of feet, there was evidently stone or masonry. He drove his stick upward through the tangle of growth. At about three feet from the ground he again met a similar obstacle, this time for the depth of a few inches only. Carefully following this he found that the upper stonework continued at either end somewhat beyond the lower.

"A block of stone on supports of stone or masonry obviously. Now was it a table or an altar?"

He looked round him keenly. The erection, be it what it might, was placed midway between the heather-encircled blocks of stone. Facing seaward he saw straight in front of him, rising from the tangle of gorse and heather, two corresponding monoliths some six feet in height; one still stood erect, the other had sunk sideways to an acute angle. In their original positions they would have framed, for one standing where he stood, a full view of the western sky. At this moment the sun within half an hour of setting was shining full in his face.

He wheeled round. Directly behind him were again monoliths apparently corresponding in height and relative position to the western pair. He paced the distance from the mound to each group. It was practically the same allowing for the irregularities of the over-growth. He uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

"Temple evidently! This was the altar; and there were openings east and west for the rising and setting sun. Probably there was one in the roof directly above the altar for the midday. An ordinary dwelling would hardly be so planned. Now who were the people who used it?"

Seating himself on the ground, his back to the altar mound, facing the western outlook, he opened his knapsack and proceeded to make his evening meal of sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs washed down by a bottle of cider. Then lighting his pipe he lay down, hat over his eyes, and proceeded to muse drowsily over the problem.

Who and what had been the people who worshipped in this ruined sanctuary?

The Druids? In that case he would have expected to find trees near at hand. Certainly we knew but little of the details of Druidic worship. Yet if we bore in mind the important part the oak played in their ritual, would they have been likely to build a temple in so bare and sparsely wooded a district? He had seen no tree worthy the name in his day's tramp.

If not the Druids, who then? The early Celtic dwellers in these islands? "We know precious little of their beliefs and practices," he muttered to himself. Had there been any other folk? Any settlement? This was a coast-line. Suddenly a thought struck him and he sat up. "By Jove! yes, the Phœnicians!" It was not unlikely. This part of the country had once been rich in tin mines. They had fallen out of working long since; but the tradition remained. And his keen eye had noted in certain of the village churches he had explored quaint symbols which he knew to be derived from the old-time community of

miners. Claspings his hands round his knees he looked steadily westward. Yes, there might have been a Phœnician colony here in long-forgotten days. They might have built this temple and celebrated their rites. But what rites ?

He drew at his pipe thoughtfully. To think of the Phœnicians was to think of Adonis—that fair youth whose death, burial and resurrection played so marked a rôle in the solemnities of the Syrian year ; whose worship had spread far beyond the bounds of his own land. He was sufficient scholar to be well aware of the importance which the authorities on Comparative Religion had learned of late years to attach to these Nature rituals, traces of which were to be found in all lands. Here in our islands, however, we did not know the *name* of Adonis. That was true ; yet all the essentials of the cult had been traced in fragmentary survivals—our seasonal festivals, folk-dances, mumming plays. “ Yes, we had the ritual sure enough,” he muttered to himself. But where did it come from ? Did it grow up spontaneously in different lands, each folk at a given stage of its development having the same conception of a god, ever youthful, ever dying, ever living, on whose beneficent activities all life, vegetable and animal, depended ? Or had there been a borrowing ? And if there had been contact, and contact on a practically permanent scale, as must have been the case with a foreign community settled on our shore, could there have been anything else ?

It was growing dusk now. The traveller re-filled his pipe, lay down on the grass and, his hands clasped behind his head, continued his train of thought.

Supposing the Phœnicians had been settled in this part of the country, was not this just the spot they

might have chosen for a temple? He thought of the great temple at Byblos, the centre of the Adonis cult—on the shore looking westward over the sea across whose waves the unfailing current should bring the god from the Egyptian shore. Yes, this was a likely spot for their rites. But of what character would be the worship? Not merely the popular manifestations of sorrow and joy; they would be but an outer part. And here, in a strange land, with but a small public to take part, they would be shorn of much of their importance. No, in a foreign country such as this had been, the cult, restricted to a limited number of worshippers, must have been more personal than public, more esoteric than exoteric in character.

“Of course,” he mused, “there was more in the business than these popular rejoicings and lamentations. It wasn’t just the spring god, ‘*la jeunesse éternelle*,’ they were worshipping. The old priests and the inner ring knew better than that. What they were after was the ultimate Source of Life. Wonder how far they got? if they got at anything much beyond the physiological facts? After all we have gone little further. Is there more to know? Admitting the possibility of their having known more, what was it? And how did they get at it?”

The night had closed in, soft, fragrant with the aromatic perfume of gorse and heather. From the beach many feet below came the soothing splash and withdrawal of the small waves breaking with idle reiteration at the foot of the cliff. They seemed to say dreamily: “Listen, we are here; but we are doing nothing, neither harm nor good. We are alive, we are strong; but for the moment our life is slumbering, our strength quiescent. We are resting; rest like us.”

Listening to their distant murmur, at ease on his couch of turf and bracken, the man fell asleep.

But was it sleep that fettered him? This strange sensation of sinking downward, downward into an unfathomable depth of darkness? He was powerless to struggle or cry out. His limbs, his senses were borne down by an unutterable sensation of horror. . . . Now he felt firm ground beneath his feet. He was standing upright. But where? In what surroundings? Everything was dark. He dared not move.

Gradually he became conscious of a faint bluish light, or rather of a luminous atmosphere, enabling him dimly to discern his surroundings. He was standing in a small walled space, with columns on either side of him. All was black—floor, walls, the pillar against which he stood, black and cold with a chill that struck to the very depths of his being. Before him, on a black slab raised on a pedestal and approached by steps, lay a still white form behind which burned tapers in tall silver candlesticks, their light seemingly concentrated into two small gleaming points that peered like fiery eyes through the all-pervading haze. Gradually his vision cleared. He grasped what lay before him. It was a dead body, the body of a man, stiff, rigid, with the unmistakable hue of dissolution creeping over it. He had seen dead men before, many times. He had fought as volunteer through a fierce campaign, had seen friend and foe fall around him; yet never had he felt such horror as now lay upon him.

This was not a dead man; it was *Death Itself*—Death in its subtle relentless work of disintegration, going on before his eyes, nay within him. That was

the horror. There was something in the place itself, in the environment, which was slowly, relentlessly laying hold of the very springs of his being.

Slowly, slowly, as the grey shadows were creeping over the dead body, so the bitter cold was creeping upward, upward to his heart and brain. He felt his limbs failing and laid his hand for support on the pillar beside him. It was cold, with a chill that struck him to the very heart. Yet he could still *think* dimly. Through the slowly enveloping cold, the awful horror of approaching dissolution, he felt there was something on which he could lay hold, some weapon of defence against this insidious foe. With a tremendous effort he recalled his thoughts from the contemplation of the horror that beset him and bent his energies inward.

Ah! he had it now, the talisman! This that threatened him, threatened the outward form only, not the *I*, the Principle of Life itself; *that* lay deeper, beyond the touch of physical death.

He understood now. Life, true Life, was indestructible. Once called into existence it was and would continue to be. Death, physical death, could lay hold on the body only, the temporary vesture with which Life had clothed itself. Here and now it was still in his power to deny Death that prey.

"*I live!*" The words were uttered at first feebly, then with gaining strength at each reiterated affirmation; till at last his voice rang in a triumphant shout through the vault.

The atmosphere was growing clearer. The strange blue haze was changing colour, becoming suffused with a rosy hue. Over the limbs of the dead man a faint flush was creeping. Was it the flush of returning life? Now the walls around him seemed to

fall away; the chapel-vault was widening to a hall. There was light, voices. With a sensation of unutterable relief he knew he was no longer alone. There were men round him in strange garb, with outstretched hands and friendly faces. He gathered he was being welcomed as one long-looked-for and expected, one who had dared and overcome a great danger and reached an appointed goal.

He was entering another hall now, brilliantly lighted, full of folk. One came to meet him in whom he instinctively recognised the host, a tall benign figure, regal, hierarchical, one who might well be both priest and king. He could not tell what words were spoken. It was strange; he seemed to hear no words, and yet to know what was said. He realized that he had passed triumphantly the first stage of a test, a stage beset with grave and terrible danger. He was at a halting-place, a moment of rest and refreshment. There was still more to be achieved. He was conscious of a great lassitude, yet of an underlying tension.

He was seated by his host now at a table. Platters of silver, cups of precious metal, were before them. Up and down the hall moved youths bearing great pitchers from which they poured wine into the cups, filling them to the brim. He set the cup to his lips. The draught ran glowing through his veins, filling him with new vigour. But he was hungry and would fain eat. Where was the food? Why did it delay?

He looked up and met his host's eyes bent on him, calmly, kindly, as one measuring alike his strength and his understanding. Silently he waited. Suddenly there was a stir in the hall. He saw nothing, he

heard nothing; yet the atmosphere was vibrant with a force that all seemed to feel. Old men straightened their bent shoulders and sat upright; pallid faces became flushed and rosy; eyes were keen and bright. What had happened? *Something* had passed through the hall—Something that had left behind it an invigorating potency. And behold, the table was no longer bare. Before each man the platter was heaped with viands, strange meats and fruits such as he had never seen, of an odour, a fragrance, enticing to the senses.

He looked at his host and felt rather than heard himself put the question: "What passed but now?" He felt also his host's reply, given with a gladness of response: "Thou hast done well to ask, though knowledge is not yet. Eat of the Food of Life!" And he ate, feeling his youth renewed within him.

All languor and weariness had left him now; mind and body were refreshed. All disappointment, all sense of disillusion had vanished like a cloud. He was as one who midway through a long and weary journey should find himself suddenly re-endowed with the vigour and energy, the sense of joyful anticipation, with which he set out upon his course. He ate and drank, and his heart grew light within him.

* * * *

Suddenly he became conscious that he was alone. Host and fellow-guests had vanished. How or whither he could not tell. He had not seen them pass. The sound of music was in his ears, the scent of flowers was in the air. Now a group of fair maidens surrounded him. He was disrobed by deft hands and led to a couch heaped with soft cushions and silken

coverings. He lay down, conscious of a languor that was hardly weariness; for his pulses throbbed with the vigour of youth and through his veins ran the fiery impulse of desire.

His eyes took in the beauty of the attendant maidens—their shining eyes and perfumed hair, their white limbs scarcely veiled by the thin gauze of their robes. He was young and they were fair—and willing. He had but to make his choice.

“See,” they whispered, “we await thy will. Time passes. Youth endures but for a short space. Choose now among us. Youth and maiden, we were made the one for the other. *We, we* are the Source of Life. Without us Life would cease to be.”

He listened and his senses gave assent to their pleading. Yet even as he did so he was conscious of a questioning within him—of a dim groping after a deeper-lying truth. Before his mind rose the vision of the black chapel and the lifeless body. The horror of his experience was again upon him. What had he learnt then? Surely that beyond and beneath the mystery of physical life lay another and a deeper mystery! Slowly it dawned upon him that, though clothed in so different a form, the test confronting him was the same. It was the temptation to rest content with the life of the body—its beginning, its end; to stop short in the quest for the hidden Source of Life itself; to mistake the proximate for the ultimate. He scarce knew what he felt, what were the motives prompting him; but dimly he apprehended that to take what was offered now would be a practical renunciation of the ground already won, a denial of the experience gained. It would be to accept the lower, to reject the higher, solution of the problem. As he had faced the test of

bodily dissolution by an affirmation of the indestructibility of Life, so now, before the insistent and insidious claim of the supremacy of bodily Life, he gave utterance to the growing conviction within him:

"I live indeed by the Flesh; yet not by the Flesh alone."

And as his mind seized this conviction and his lips affirmed his belief, the music grew fainter, the faces and forms of the maidens receded into the distance.
. . . He was once more alone.

* * * *

It was broad daylight now; and again he was one of many. He was clad in white and stood with others in an ordered ring, within the walls of a circular building. Before and behind him, through open doorways, the light and air streamed in, a fresh pungent air laden with the salt tang of the sea, and an aromatic perfume that in some strange way seemed familiar to his senses. In the centre of the vaulted roof was an opening through which the rays of the sun were striking obliquely. He foresaw that very shortly, at midday, the full glory of the light would pour downward . . . on what?

Below this central opening stood a flat stone slab raised on four supporting blocks of masonry. On this, exactly under the opening, stood a vessel, a silver cup in which a spear stood upright. Ceaselessly, from the point of the spear, a thin stream of blood trickled slowly downward into the vessel below.

Behind the altar, facing eastward, stood his host. If before he had seemed to combine in himself the attributes of priest and king, now he was all priest, as in gorgeous brodered robes with filleted hair he stood

with folded hands and uplifted eyes awaiting the revelation.

It came slowly, gradually. The point of the spear caught the sunlight, caught and held it. The light spread downward, downward. Now the weapon had changed into a quivering shaft of flame. It was as if the light, flowing downward, were not merely caught and held, but returned upon itself in an upward aspiration. Steadily the illumination grew. The liquid within the cup, suffused with light, swelled upward, a rosy stream on either side of the central flame, overflowing, pouring downward. It was no longer cup and spear, but a glowing Fiery Heart.

"Behold the Flesh transformed by Spirit."

He felt rather than heard the words, all his being intent upon the revelation before him.

Gradually he became aware that the Heart was no mere form, but a quivering, pulsing, centre of Life. Around it the glory grew and spread—a soft rosy glow, quickened as with the beating of countless wings. A ceaseless tremor as of Life pouring downward, soaring upward, spreading outward—spreading, till he felt himself touched with the quickening rays, drawn in towards the glowing centre. He thrilled with a strange poignant bliss, so keen that it was almost agony. Life was pouring into him in every vein, his pulses throbbing with an excess of Life. He was drawing closer, closer, to the very Fount of Life itself. In a very ecstasy of Being it was as if he ceased to be.

* * * *

With a start the traveller sat upright. It was morning. The sun had risen above the horizon. Below, the wavelets already touched with its beams

were breaking idly on the sand. A lark sang shrilly above his head.

He looked round him smiling; then rose to his feet. He was conscious of a strange feeling of refreshment; youth seemed to have returned. Dimly he knew he had passed through some great experience; but what? He could not remember. Had he had a dream? a vision?

He paused, musing. Had he not somewhere read of the practice of Incubation? Of the virtues of the Temple-sleep? These were Temple ruins, he was sure. Was there something in the tradition after all?

With a whimsical smile on his lips he began digging with his stick under a block of stone which lay close to where he had slept. With an effort, using the stick as a lever, he raised it to an upright position. "*Beth-El!*" he murmured softly, raising his hat as he turned away.

JESSIE L. WESTON.

PAOLO UCCELLO.

GIOVANNI PASCOLI.

CHAPTER I.

Firstly, how Paolo, painter of Florence, saw a bullfinch and desired it exceedingly ; and, as he could not buy it, painted it.

PAOLO di Dono, early home that day,
Left half-unpeeled a bunch of endive stalk
That he might paint upon his wall straightway
A little finch seen on his morning's walk,
When with Donato in the market street
And Ser Filippo he had staid in talk.
His friends bought eggs. He spied beneath a seat
A bullfinch caged ; its breast a russet red
And black the habit falling to its feet ;
Black too the cowl upon its dainty head.
Though passing poor, yet Paolo would have spent
To buy the bird the cost of that day's bread.
But penniless he was. So back he went
To paint the archway at St. Thomas' gate.
" A little monk it is," he sighed intent,
" Of our St. Mark's." He did not linger late.
The beat of wings filled all the summer air,
And yet he did not pause to contemplate
Its beauty. On his wall, with loving care,
He painted by the sunset's flaming ray.
And, lo ! ere long the little finch was there,
Poised lightly on a tender apple spray.

CHAPTER II.

Of the wall of his small chamber on which Paolo painted for his own delight a fair landscape of trees and fields.

For thickly clustering over all the wall
Were trees and flowers and fruit and blossom rare :
Fig, apple, pear, with pine-tree dark and tall.

And wonderful it was to see how there
The almond-blossom still clung gleaming white,
While here already hung the golden pear.

Against the sky tall laurels rose in sight,
While heart-shaped ivy, trailing from the bough,
Covered a welling spring as dark as night.

Beyond, a hill sloped gently up. Its brow
Or with red clusters of the vine aglow,
Or black with new-turned earth beneath the plough.

Willows beside the stream were winding slow ;
Long cypresses climbed up the rocky steep.
Here idle lay a scythe, and there a hoe.

And here the fresh-turned sods were furrowed deep
And straight between thick hedges set four-square ;
While there a sea of golden corn did sweep.

And, yet more wonderful ! that sturdy pair
Of oxen yoked, who yonder broke the clay,
Were not as big as the swift-footed hare

That from the threatening ploughman fled away.

CHAPTER III.

How this same wall was painted by him with all manner of birds that he might take delight in looking upon them since he could not own them.

And birds there were—birds, birds on every hand,
That the good man had seen and loved, and could
Not buy ; on bough and blade, on stream and land,

With tuft, with necklet and with crested hood,
From the wide ocean or from mountain height,
Dwellers in hill and valley, brake and wood ;

On wings of snow and fire, of air and light ;
Green, golden, crimson, blue, their feathers gay ;
Homing with grub or fly captured in flight.

Armies of cranes from mists fled fast away ;
On the still waters of the azure stream
Fleets of white swans oared their majestic way.

Each swallow sped to its familiar beam ;
And the brown eagle, soaring high above,
Swooped down on them in vain, too far to seem

A danger even to the quail, or move
To fear with the loud rumble of its wings
The pigeon or the fearful turtle-dove.

Safe on the bushes of the moorland nesting,
Secure upon the rushes of the fen,
Perched undisturbed the nightingale and lapwing,

Tom-tit and sea-gull, cuckoo, finch and wren.

CHAPTER IV.

How, gazing on these creatures of his brush, he forgot to repeat the Angelus and fell into temptation.

When in his room the little finch beside
Was captive without use of net or lime,
Paolo gazed on his fairy wall with pride.

So rapt he was, he heeded neither time
Nor his wife's call, nor did he hear at all
From Giotto's tower the Ave Mary chime.

On these his tender creatures, loved so well,
The old lay-brother gazed with thoughtful care,
While round him soft and still the twilight fell.

And he forgot his wonted evening prayer—
The angel's greeting. From the street in cadence
Soft strains of viol and lute rose through the air.

From balconies was borne the lingering fragrance
Of marjoram and thyme ; while all along
The golden broom-flower lined the street with
radiance.

Round Brunellesco's spire a chattering throng
Of sparrows through each buttressed archway whirred ;
Below young lads and maidens raised a song.

Around thee, Maria del Fiore, stirr'd
Such living freshness, such a fragrant spell,
Paolo forgot St. Francis and his word

And, tempted, in his heart to murmuring fell.

CHAPTER V.

How Paolo, who longed for a little living bird, fell to murmuring in his heart.

“Oh, holy Mother Poverty,” he said,
“One of thy silly sheep am I, alack !
Water I drink, and eat coarse barley-bread.

“And every superfluity I lack,
Most like the snail that daubs the wall and goes
Bearing its worthless all upon its back.

“I want no farm such as Donato owns
At Cafaggiolo, but a strip of ground
Where crab-apple or pear or fig-tree grows.

“For e’en a head of garlic, I’ll be bound,
Is joy to him who toiled to make it grow.
Yet what of that?—My lands lie all around

“Me here in frescoed picturing ; and though
I’m not Donato, yet I’ve won some fame
At painting trees and fields, which is, I trow,

“As good as selling eggs. So, in God’s name,
Paolo di Dono, be content to see
Beautiful lands on which thou hast no claim.

“But oh ! the pure delight ’twould be to me
To own one of these blackbirds on the wing,
Or nightingale or wood-pecker, may be—

“No make-believe, but a real living thing
To call my own and cherish day by day
In fact, not fancy ; one to fly and sing
And comfort me now I am old and grey.”

CHAPTER VI.

How St Francis came down to Paolo by the paths of the fair landscape he had painted and did reprove him.

Such was the humble plaint that mutely stirr'd
Within his heart, and yet from heaven on high
The son of Pietro Bernardone heard.

And lo ! St. Francis down the hill drew nigh,
Gliding among the vines and orchard trees ;
No blade was bent as he trod lightly by.

Barefoot he was, and clad in homely frieze.
“ Oh, naughty Paolo, brother mine,” he cried,
While yet afar, “ doth it no longer please

“ Thee, foolish one, to eat thy crust of bread
By mountain springs, with Poverty's own fold
Who dwells on high by God companionèd ?

“ Crumbs from the angels' table dost thou hold
In scorn, my brother, coveting to bear
Wallet and staff and shoes, silver and gold ?

“ Be poor and sinless, Paolo Uccello ; fare
Even as these, thy brethren of the wood,
Nor ask for gold nor yet two coats to wear.

“ Thine own, brown as the fallen leaf, is good
Enough ; such as thy sainted sister wise,
The lark, wears—she who pecks two grains of food

On earth, then singing soars into the skies.”

CHAPTER VII.

How the Saint understood that Paolo deemed his to be but a small desire, yet shewed him how great a one it was indeed.

His nearing form grew slowly till he staid
His steps by Paolo's side ; and standing there
Upon his heart a gentle hand he laid.

Nought could he feel there save the quivering stir
Of beating wings. Again St. Francis spake :
“ Oh, brother Paolo, God's own pensioner,

“ Little it is to thee that thou should'st take
From these their freedom ; yet how great the wrong
To the winged bird who of his tears must make

“ Thy pastime. For his haunts he still will long
On green Mugnone, where, a beggar free,
He lived and paid for every grub a song.

“ To him, believe me, sweeter far will be
The worm caught in the woods at break of day
Than head of groundsel in captivity.

“ Leave them to go upon their airy way,
Redolent with the dew, with sunshine blest,
Singing God's praise, this lovely month of May.

“ Leave to my minor brothers my bequest—
The life of solitude, the hills to roam,
The tiny cell among the leaves for rest,

The spacious cloister with its airy dome.”

CHAPTER VIII.

How the Saint parting from Paolo, whose desires were so small, spake to him words that were great.

Now that again Paolo, in chastened mood,
With Poverty's stern peace was well content,
St. Francis turned to go and raised his hood,

Called by a far-off bell. But, as he went,
He looked and still in Paolo's eyes could see
That quivering beat of wings as yet unspent.

He wept for pity, knowing no harm could be
In that vain, humble wish, the last that still
Clung to his brother's frail mortality.

The faint and far-off chime stole down the hill
From a low convent on the wooded steep,
The work of Paolo's hand. Wafted at will

From the blue hills, over the valleys deep,
The peal came fitfully upon the air
And lulled the drowsy landscape into sleep.

"Ave Maria!" murmured the Saint in prayer.
Then, on the unbent grass of the incline,
He passed, with these last words of tender care:

"Like to a bird thou art, sweet brother mine,
Blinded by cruel men. With sightless gaze
Thou seek'st a grain—and the full ear is thine;

Thou seek'st the sun—and all the sky's ablaze."

CHAPTER IX.

How the Saint made Paolo aware that the birds he had painted were themselves real and living and that they alone might be his.

And as he went, on either hand he strewed
Crumbs fallen, holy angels, from your board.
As sower his seed, he cast them. Paolo stood

And watched in silent awe. The crumbs were stored
Within his cowl, where he would dip anew
And cast them on the hillside far abroad.

Straightway, amid the leaves, a rustling grew,
A murmuring, as when strong *libeccio* blows.
The pigeon stretched a languid neck ; and through

The leafy trees a subdued twittering rose,
Until the sad, sweet notes were heard that ease
The stock-dove's heart in Greccio's still repose.

Then down from wood and field and orchard trees
The birds came flocking. To his side they clung,
About his head, his arms, his feet, his knees.

The quails came to him with their downy young ;
And to him upon white and stately wing
The swans, in fleets, on the blue waters swung.

His image waned, till there remained nothing
Of him save five gold stars upon the hills,
And on the ear, like rustling of the spring,

Fell the crisp pecking of a thousand bills.

CHAPTER X.

Lastly how the nightingale sang and how Paolo fell asleep.

And he was gone. Then from her green retreat
The nightingale in song made question where
Had gone her lover,—sweet—so sweet—so sweet.

She whistled it along the stubble bare,
Gurgled it with the water's rippling flow,
Whispered it with the birch-leaves through the air.

Then paused awhile. And then, subdued and slow,
She questioned all the light clouds one by one;
Then, trilling high, sought of the wind to know.

Then she bewailed him to the moon, that shone
Gleaming on stones, shimmering on grasses deep,
And in the dusky room lit soft upon

The white-haired painter fallen into sleep.

(Translated from the Italian¹ by A. R. PIGGOTT.)

¹ *Poemi Italiani*, Bologna (Nicola Zanichelli), 1911.

A PSALM FOR TO-DAY.

THOU didst conceive the beauty of the sunrise ;
From Thy thought sprang the radiance of noon.
Thou gavest the shadow of Thy loveliness to the sky at
sunset ;
And the mystery of the moonlit nights is all from Thee.
But Thou art more beauteous than these.

The storm is but the sighing of Thy breath.
The fury of storm-smitten waters is but the heaving of
Thy breast.
As the worker is greater than his work, so dost Thou
exceed the mightiness of Thy universe.
The infinite spaces of the sky are but the chambers of
Thy dwelling-place ;
And the countless multitudes of the stars are but the
lamps that light the dark places of Thy palace.
And Thou art greater than all of these.

Thy joy of being is faintly echoed into the wild abandon
of the spring-time songs of a world of birds.
The thrill of thine ecstasy in life finds language and
whispers in the crashing roll of thunder, murmur-
ing through the song of waves on the rocks of a
thousand shores.
But Thy joy is greater than these.

The anguish of Thy heart is dimly mirrored in the woe
of a world at war.

Pain heaped on pain, pang upon pang, sorrow on
sorrow, desolation on desolation, war added to war
and terror to terror, touch through the ages the
little lives of men, and for a space they suffer.

But vaster than these is the travail of Thy soul.

As in the lives of men are mingled bliss and pain, as in
the sky there lives now light now shade, so through
the universe of Thy creation throbs unceasingly
the eternal harmony of the twin chords, sorrow
and joy, that vibrate in Thy being.

And Thou art greatest in Thy pain.

But beyond all earthly knowing or comparison of
thought, born of Thy might and beauty, Thy joy-
ance and distress, is the peace that broods eternally
in the nameless sanctuary of Thine innermost self.
All these Thou hast and art, because Thou wholly art
unutterable, inexpressible love.

And Thy love is greater than Thy very self.

A. S. ARNOLD.

IN MEMORIAM, J. N. B.

It is not thou, so quiet at my feet
With fast-closed eyes and silent heaveless breast,
O'er which Death's arctic breath has passed and
stressed
Its ice-bound lines for ever.—Draw the sheet
O'er these poor cerements of a departed soul!—
Not this the image I would guard of thee.
I'd rather ponder on thy loyalty;
Thy laughter that would make a sick man whole;
Strength such as women worship, men revere;
A dauntless courage nothing could assail,
With tenderest love beneath that coat of mail.—
From these mosaics I would slowly rear
An altar-piece in that side-chapel, which
My heart reserves thee, frescoing its walls
With all the happy scenes my soul recalls,
Thine image throned within the central niche.
Thy life is not abolished by Death's curse;
Thou art not lost, but garnered up dost lie
Immortal in God's immortal memory,
Whose spaciousness enfolds a universe.
Deep down thou liest, out of sound and sight,
Like some sure stone, whereon foundations rest,
That, as the Builder's purpose grows confessed,
Bears up the wall that towers towards the light.
God breaks each mould a costlier to create,
Yet careful in our hearts to leave its plan,
That we may in His master work of man

As His artificers co-operate.
He fashioned thee. His discontent divine
Shattered thy being, yearning to fulfil
A dream more fair. Humanity shall thrill
To see the new Perfection built on thine.
But we, our tenderest heart-strings frayed and torn,
With half our childhood buried in thy tomb,
And the drear void of all the years to come,
Oh brother, brother ! can we cease to mourn ?

CLAUDESLEY BRERETON.

TO RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

WHAT bird and flower leave unsung
Thou shalt at once take up—symphony born, not
fashioned.

Oh to have thy song without art's rebellion,
To see thy life gaining a simple force that is itself
creation ;
Oh to be forgotten by the tyranny of intellect !

Thou biddest the minuet, chanson and fancies to cease,
The revels and masquerade to be closed ;
Thou steppest down from a high throne
To sit by people in simple garb and speech.
In simplicity
Thou hast thine own emancipation.
Let us be sure of our true selves.
There is no imagination where is no reality ;
To see life plain
Is a discovery, a new sensation.

I read in thee the problem of life and the world,
The twist of tears and joy,
The depth of space, the amplitude of time,
The circle of the universe in perfection.
I read in thee our obedience to exigencies and law,
The real knowledge
That makes the inevitable turn to a song.
Exigency is only change of rhythm ;
Feeling the harmony
Makes us strict to the law.

Thy song soars above time and place—
A quality of physical life not troubled by eternity or
fashion—
The real touch—
The surprise.
Thy song is nothing but thyself.

I see before me the busy feet of the wind,
Suggesting humanity and law.
The wind hastens
To the shadow where passion lies.
Shall we go abroad and start anew, O wind,
To build again a better life and song?

Thou, a light born of dream and hope,
Thou singer of life's thrill,
Let thy magic of meditation,
Thy witchery of song, play
On the vastness of silence!

YONÉ NOGUCHI.

A MISSION AMONG THE HIGHER CLASSES IN CHINA.

ON many occasions THE QUEST has noted with satisfaction the dawning of a new spirit in some of the more enlightened minds who have devoted their lives to mission-work among the cultured nations of the East. And nowhere has this better way been more fully exemplified than in the work of the founder and director of The International Institute of China at Shanghai. This 'Institute of Learning' is the realisation of the high conception and the fruit of the untiring energy and self-sacrifice of Dr. Gilbert Reid, who for upwards of thirty years in the face of every sort of difficulty and misunderstanding has laboured for the good of China in many directions. Dr. Reid came to China originally as a Presbyterian missionary from the United States; but during his long residence there he has filled many rôles, among them at one time that of special correspondent to *The Times* and subsequently to *The Morning Post*. The following account of his life-work and great enterprise is written by an American Unitarian, Dr. J. T. Sunderland, who was travelling in 1914 in Japan and China on a liberal religious mission and in the endeavour to make arrangements for several Congresses of Universal Religion. He spent ten days at Shanghai, which is commercially the most important city in China and the home of the Institute. The account is taken from one of the appendixes to the thirty-fourth Report of the Institute, which bears the alternative title 'The Mission among the Higher Classes in China.'

Dr. Reid is an American who came to China some thirty years ago as a Presbyterian missionary. He had not been in the country long before he began inquiring why there should not be Christian missions appealing to the higher classes as well as to

the lower, and to the intelligent as well as to the unintelligent. After much pondering he determined to start such a mission. But he soon discovered that the enterprise involved wider and more radical departures from the old beaten track of missions as carried on by both Protestants and Roman Catholics than at first sight appeared. He found that, in order to reach the really intelligent and thinking classes, the gospel proclaimed must be much more reasonable than that usually preached, less Westernised in its nomenclature, its thought and its forms, distinctly broader in its theological outlook, very much more sympathetic toward what is good in Confucianism and the other Faiths of the country, and much more practically helpful to the Chinese people in meeting the pressing problems that are before them as a nation and as individuals. In a word, he learned that what was wanted was a mission aiming to aid China in modernising its civilisation, preserving its government from disruption, and strengthening its moral life through the awakening of its own religious Faiths as well as through the planting of Christianity. His new view of what a mission to the higher classes of China should be gradually took tangible form in the International Institute.

This he established first in Peking, where it went on successfully for several years, until broken up by the Boxer rebellion, after which it was re-established, not in Peking, but in Shanghai. Here it is excellently located, with large grounds, and four good buildings containing a home for the director-in-chief and his family, a central hall for lectures, offices, social rooms, dining-room, kitchen, library rooms, and rooms for the museums and exhibits. The Institute has a considerable library which is open for the use of the public, and a free reading-room reasonably well supplied with good periodicals. A marked feature of the Institute is a large and really remarkable educational museum which Dr. Reid has gathered together with the expenditure of much time and money, having for its object to illustrate the fine arts and the more artistic industries of the different provinces of China. Thus the institution has an ample equipment so far as plant is concerned for doing a very large work. Its need now is more funds so as to be able to employ a large force of workers, for the field of usefulness open to it is unlimited.

One regrets to discover that Dr. Reid's work receives only a

little sympathy from the other missionaries in China. A few of the broader-minded see its value, and a very few give it some support; but the great majority frown on and oppose it as unchristian, because of its breadth, its freedom, and its sympathetic attitude toward non-christian faiths. They declare that it tends to undermine Christianity. Of course one cannot greatly wonder at this feeling on their part, for certainly it does tend in a very serious way to undermine their narrow view of Christianity. It shows to the thinking minds of China that there is a broader and better Christianity than that of the average missionaries; and, what is encouraging, it is even compelling the missionaries themselves slowly but surely to move in the direction of such a broader and better Christian faith. Notwithstanding this distrust in which Dr. Reid is held by most of the missionaries, he is probably doing more than any other man in China to commend Christianity to the intelligent classes, because he is making them acquainted with a form of Christianity which is rational, spiritual, purified from superstitious and unethical elements, friendly to free inquiry, in harmony with science, sympathetic toward other religions, and in earnest to do good in every kind of practical way. However much he may be frowned on to-day, I think it may be safely affirmed that he is a type of the coming Christian missionary, if Christianity is ever to obtain a large, influential, and permanent place among the more intelligent Chinese people.

The character of the International Institute and its standing in China may be best indicated, perhaps, by mentioning a few of its prominent friends and supporters. The list includes such names as Dr. and Madame Wu Ting-fang (Dr. Wu has been twice minister to Washington); Lord and Lady Li Ching-fang (Lord Li has been minister to Great Britain); Lu Hai-huan, formerly minister to Germany; Chang Yin-tang, lately minister to Washington; the consuls-general of the United States and of Belgium, and the consul-general of France and his wife; several Chinese graduates of Yale, Harvard, and other American universities, who are occupying prominent places in Shanghai and elsewhere; and also several Chinese women who have been educated in the West; the Chinese Taoist Pope; Dr. Yao Ping-ren, one of the first literary men of China; Sir Charles Dudgeon and Sir Robert Bredon, well-known Englishmen resident in China; Dr. W. A. P. Martin, and

Dr. Timothy Richard, distinguished missionaries. The list might easily be very much extended.

The value of the Institute is very great, perhaps the greatest of all, in promoting international, inter-racial, and inter-religious good-will and fellowship. This it does by treating all races, peoples and religions alike, making intelligence and character, never race, nationality or religious faith the standard of measurement of men. Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Chinese and Japanese, and Christians, Buddhists and Confucianists are all equally entitled to membership in the Institute and equally eligible for any office which they are qualified to fill. This is a very important matter in a country where relations in the past have been so strained; where Europeans have so long lorded it over the people of the land, dictating to the government so many galling political conditions and forcing upon the nation, even at the cannon's mouth, so many disadvantageous commercial and financial treaties; where to-day there are foreign social clubs which refuse membership to any man having Chinese blood in his veins, no matter how high his political position, his social rank or his attainments in scholarship; and where even Christian churches and Young Men's Christian Associations are not entirely free from race discriminations.

Nor does the Institute stop with placing Asiatics and Europeans, Christians and non-Christians, on an equality as to membership and office-holding, but in many other ways it seeks to break down racial and religious prejudices and to promote inter-racial and inter-religious acquaintance and good feeling. From its platform are heard speakers of every nation and religion. Chinese scholars, educators, leaders in business and officials of prominence are invited in numbers, without reference to their religious faith, to give lectures and addresses before its audiences or to take part in its conferences; and the same is true of men of distinction from America, Europe and other foreign countries, if only they have some message of enlightenment or of moral or social uplift to offer.

One of the most valuable features of the Institute is its social functions,—its social entertainments, tea-parties, garden parties, social breakfasts, luncheons and banquets, and its private and public receptions, sometimes given to distinguished persons

at home and sometimes to foreign visitors, all these social functions being planned so as to bring together Chinese and foreigners, and thus to promote that acquaintance and that fraternity of feeling which are so important. To aid in all this social work the Institute has a large and interesting Ladies' International Club, consisting, in about equal numbers, of foreigners and Chinese, under the capable direction of Mrs. Reid.

The Institute exerts a large influence through the press. Its lectures and addresses are widely reported in the Shanghai and other Chinese papers, and many are published in a monthly magazine edited by Dr. Reid. Wherever they go, they carry their message of inter-racial, international, and inter-religious good-will.

In the experiences which China has passed through during the last fifteen years, it is doubtful if any other institution has been so helpful to all the forces which have made for order, for sanity, for enlightened progress, for conciliation between different and antagonistic parties, for peace between Christians and non-Christians, for the maintenance of friendly relations between the Chinese, particularly the Chinese higher officials, and foreigners as the International Institute. Nor is its work in these directions yet finished. In the trying times which, in the very nature of the case, must still be before the young and inexperienced Republic, such a conciliating and steadying influence as that of the Institute will be sure to be not less needed than in the past.

DISCUSSION.

SENSE AND WHAT IT SIGNIFIES.

IN his interesting paper 'A Secret Language' Mr. Arthur Machen urges that simple sensible things can be regarded as signs of deeper reality. Assuredly, as most idealists would agree. But some portions of his paper (which seems to regard reality from a standpoint of traditionalism—the 'Catholic' faith) invite comment.

On p. 665 it is said that the analysis of the reasoning process was not accomplished till the days of Aristotle; and the statement serves to illustrate a contention that Man 'sees' and yet does not see; i.e. that he overlooks much that actually confronts him in experience.

Let us be careful, however, not to take the 'syllogism,' on which Mr. Machen lays such stress, too seriously. Impeached long ago by Mill and Bradley, it is in a very shaky condition to-day. "It can no longer pretend either (1) to yield absolute certainty and to relieve the mind from further questionings; or (2) to compel assent; or (3) to account for the course of thought; or (4) to 'demonstrate' conclusions with 'absolute' certainty; or (5) to be undeniable in virtue of its mere form; or (6) to be the only form in actual use; or (7) that the use of forms makes an argument *ipso facto* valid, because (8) it is no longer tenable to think that mere forms have any meaning." The logician, who pens this severe indictment, is himself an idealist, though not on conventional lines.¹ We may be quite sure that primitive man, *pace* Mr. Machen, did *not* arrange 'terms' and 'premisses' syllogistically when he prepared to tackle a cave-bear or estimate his chances of success with a prehistoric *belle*. The syllogistic 'form' is artificial and it is indeed only with difficulty that most inferences (after the event!) can be tortured into this mode

¹ Dr. F. C. S. Schiller, *Formal Logic*, pp. 221, 222.

of stating them at all. Actual reasoning is a process of 'risk,' a venture; and its psychological explanation is not on the lines of the old formal logic at all.

In regard to what men 'see' and yet do not see, it would be impracticable, of course, to urge that Newton's generalisation of Gravity deals with a merely overlooked reality present in the experience of every ordinary man. The mechanistic thinking of the end of the XVIth Century and of the XVIIth are presupposed by an attitude such as Newton's. Above all, the concepts of 'force' and 'mass' are thinkers' *additions* to experience as it comes originally. Even to this day 'mass' is a concept with various meanings, regarding which squabbles are incessant. It is a 'co-efficient' which *we* introduce into the facts, so Poincaré urged, for our convenience in calculating. It is not in the original facts themselves.

On p. 666 Washington Irving is reproved for not admiring a Gothic abbey. Well—many think or feel with him that the ornament is 'barbarous.' They find such buildings unimpressive after the Greek temple with its appeal to broad artistic feeling. I am not discussing their opinion. I desire only to suggest that what they do not 'see' is not present 'to be seen' in their perceptual fields at all. Ideals of beauty vary exceedingly. What brings æsthetic satisfaction to one man is not always satisfactory in this way to another. And sometimes this is not because men 'see' too little, but because some *see too much*. When younger I used to consider the human form the most beautiful thing in my experience. I regard it now with indifference. Like Gautama Buddha, I have 'seen' too much of it. Let me add that there are mystical experiences which alter one's standards in these æsthetic matters completely.

We must not, I think, be dogmatic in wishing to impose our ideals of beauty on all folk. The variety characteristic of sentient life extends also to matters of æsthetic appreciation. You cannot say with Mr. Maehen that *Lycidas* is "almost the touchstone of poetry," as if there existed some unquestioned standard of poetry to which all of us have access when comparisons are being made. Mr. Maehen and I may regard *Lycidas* in the above-noted way, but, after all, we are only two persons and our values and standards may not be approved by all competent folk.

The "Scottish philosopher" (p. 674) who is a Hegelian and cannot "stomach" Plato must be a very remarkable person, since Plato and Aristotle inaugurated that very cult of the 'Notion' which in Hegel reaches its culmination. Further, the contention that, if there were no table "set in the heavens," there could be no tables available for human uses, seems to derive from a veritable mediæval eccentricity in matters philosophic. Must the doctrine of real Essences—or so much of it as is allowed to survive—inflict on us such beliefs? Surely in a world-order which comprises novelty, we can suppose the beginnings of innumerable things which belong only to this unsatisfactory and so largely evil present world of sense? Are torture-chambers, shambles, plague-pits and the like to be accorded prototypes "in the heavens" as well as tables? And if not, why not? Let us not make philosophy ridiculous by such suppositions.

To conclude, may I suggest that it is not enough to repeat the advice to see God in the things of sense. This world in innumerable aspects is too sheerly evil to allow us to reach optimism in this easy-going dilettante fashion. The God 'in hiding' (*latens deitas*) seems too often a power which, in a game of cosmic 'hide and seek,' one would prefer to remain hidden and *not* to declare itself more fully! Of course, as most idealists agree, sensible things belong, *in some way or other*, to a power properly called 'spiritual,' *i.e.* of the nature of conscious experience. But the *way* in which things so belong presents the riddle; and in dealing with this riddle, as in the case of most difficulties which have perplexed thinkers, the mystics and theologians have proved of no assistance to us. Not until there arrives in our midst a mystic who has also the gifts of the philosopher and is entirely free from cramping theological traditions, are we likely to enjoy a solution which is of any permanent value.

E. DOUGLAS FAWCETT.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE DRAMA OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

A Study of Religious Experience and Ideals. By Annie Lyman Sears. New York (Macmillan); pp. 495; 12s. 6d. net.

THIS thoughtful essay follows in method somewhat on the lines of William James's famous *Varieties of Religious Experience*. But whereas James based himself almost entirely on autobiographical data, Miss Sears uses a richer and wider collection of material selected not only from prayers, hymns and religious poetry but also from general and current literature. And consequently, while for the former genuine religion seemed to be principally a matter of individual emotional experience, for the latter religious experience appears to be 'a social as well as individual experience, and quite as practical as emotional.' Miss Sears owes her philosophical training to Harvard and expresses her special indebtedness to Professor Royce, who in an 'Introductory Note' warmly recommends the book. He singles out the originality of treatment and praises the writer's independent standpoint. Though far from being a sceptic, she is neither the uncritical disciple of any teacher nor the adherent of any one dogmatically asserted religious or philosophical creed.

Miss Sears would seek for the fountain-head of religion along the path which leads to the most distinguishing characteristic of man, that which specially marks him off from the lower animals. This she finds in his power to form ideals. The fundamental ideality of religion is thus the main thesis of her essay. "Man is a creator of ideals. He lives, therefore, in part in an unseen world. This fact makes for him at once the tragedy and the joy of his existence."

Many to-day are expecting a great revival of religion as one of the immediate consequences of the present vast conflict. But this will be no real gain unless, as Miss Sears says, the reawakening of the religious spirit is "truly *spiritual*, that is, profoundly ethical." The danger is that "man, in his sense of weakness and

need, is so prone to fly to some magic-making substitute for religion, no matter how irrational it may be" (p. ix.). But if spiritual religion must needs be profoundly ethical, religion is by no means to be made identical with morality. To speak of religion, as some have done, as 'ossified morality' (p. 27) is an entire misapprehension of its nature. "The fundamental distinction between religion and morality is that religion holds that the absolute ideal is an actual experience. God is in touch with—communes with—man, and the order of the world is at heart divine" (p. 86). Here the religions of lower culture do not apparently come in for consideration. It is at any rate to the nature and types of this high experience that Miss Sears devotes her study, and this necessarily brings into prominence the enquiry into the nature and value of mystical experience. Though Miss Sears is appreciative of the mystics, she is mainly interested in pointing out that the spiritual life is by no means to be judged of by one type. The mystics are some only of those who take part in the spiritual drama. There is no one way of winning salvation, and the essence of the spiritual life is at once 'appreciative and active, mystical and ethical, individual and social.' But though Miss Sears rightly says that "the highest type of religion, or religious experience in its wholeness, consists of all these experiences in their unity" (p. 121), she does not seem sufficiently to recognise that wholeness should be the chief characteristic of all true spiritual realisation, and therefore of all mystical experience which reaches the genuine unitive state and not simply a barren state of abstract unity.

While then it is true, as Miss Sears asserts, that "religion is *not* pure mysticism," we do not immediately follow her when she adds, in contrast, religion "is ethical, active, social and, consequently, temporal" (p. 191). We have here to ask what meaning the writer gives to the phrase 'pure mysticism' before we can understand her statement, for in our view genuinely spiritual mysticism should include all that is here set down in apparent contrast with it. To find the answer we must turn over some two score pages. There are, according to Miss Sears, two dangers to be guarded against in the present revival of mysticism in reaction to the scepticism and pessimism of our materialistic industrial age, with its absorption in temporal and natural interests and its general spirit of what has been called 'new paganism,' in the sense we suppose of amoral hedonism. There is danger both in recurring to a state of mediæval mysticism and in developing a

'new' mysticism of a naturalistic type. "We cannot find peace in a purely temporal order or a merely natural development or goal. On the other hand, the experience of the past seems to show that the flight to the emotionalism and passivity of pure mysticism is unavailing. We shall not find life's goal and significance there; and the new form of mysticism is a kind of scientific mysticism for which reality is also at bottom naturalistic—a mysticism which, in trying to give a scientific basis for its existence, becomes a non-spiritual mysticism" (p. 233). Here we have the meaning that Miss Sears would give to 'pure mysticism'; she has in mind what would more correctly be called passive quietism. But it is precisely against the dangers of all psychical mysticism of this order that modern writers on spiritual mysticism are for ever warning us; they would regard such mysticism as impure and not pure, and in this they preach no new doctrine but follow the best traditions in both the East and West. As an example of what she means by the 'new' mysticism, Miss Sears refers us to Maeterlinck and adds: "The half-gods, to be sure, have gone; but the true gods tarry." What the mysticism of the future is going to be is on the knees of the gods; but into whatever types the present mystical renaissance may be analysed, the exponents all seem to be very anxious to show that they are animated by a spirit which seeks to give no justification to the old reproach of passivity; though indeed on the other hand there is perhaps no more difficult task for the over-active mind of to-day than to reduce itself by a deliberate exercise of the will to a state of harmonious quietude.

The subject is a difficult one, however, to estimate judiciously in all its bearings, as indeed is the more general topic to which Miss Sears devotes her labours, and the notice of which we must now bring to a conclusion with the remark that we have found this thoughtful essay readable and suggestive throughout. It is, however, to be regretted that the proofs have not been read with greater care, especially in quotations from foreign languages, and that split infinitives are frequent.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF NORMAL AND ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY.

By Boris Sidis, A.M., Ph.D., M.D. London (Duckworth); pp. 416;
7s. 6d. net.

DR. BORIS SIDIS is one of the foremost psychologists of America and best known for his instructive treatise (in collaboration with

Dr. S. P. Goodhart) on *Multiple Personality* (1905), Part II. of which was devoted to the famous 'Hanna Case.' The present volume is a statement of his matured view on the general principles of psychology, and deserves special attention owing to the wide experience of the writer in the study of these abnormal phenomena, which are of such great importance for the development of this youthful science. The business of science, it is now generally agreed, is the description of phenomena and the formulation of their relations. The subject-matter of psychology as a science is the facts of consciousness. Consciousness is the ultimate datum which from the psychological standpoint has to be taken as unanalysable; it leaves philosophy to deal with the problem of consciousness itself. Dr. Sidis is entirely opposed to those who confuse physical and psychical processes. Facts of consciousness are not of a physical, mechanical character; they are not spatial. "The mind is not in the brain, nor in fact is the mind anywhere in the universe of space; for psychism is not at all a physical spatial process." Life is essentially purposive in its nature, and Dr. Sidis holds that not only is psychosis concomitant with biosis; but further that there is no biosis or life activity without psychosis. In other words, psychic states of some kind can be assumed in the most elementary monocellular organisms. Moreover psychological facts cannot be reached by any of the sense organs. The extreme school of physiological psychologists who would deny the validity of introspection, are essaying the impossible. "Introspection will ever remain the fundamental method in normal and abnormal psychology. The very problem of sensations, ideas, images, thoughts, affects, emotions, has no meaning without introspection." In brief, the only way we can know psychic states or mental processes is from our own experiences. As to the study of abnormal phenomena, Dr. Sidis insists that it is of first importance. He animadverts severely on the dogmatic belief so often found in popular scientific literature that the investigation of the normal precedes that of the abnormal, a fallacy dear to the 'new psychology' school. On the contrary, "the method of experimentation, the most powerful tool of modern science, is in fact the creation of artificial conditions, in other words, the effecting of abnormal states." So also in psychology it is the study of the abnormal that paves the way of advancing knowledge.

When however Dr. Sidis avers that, whereas physical processes are infinite, psychic processes are finite, we have difficulty in

following him. We cannot see why the principle of continuity should be denied to the psychical, and why we should accept without considerable qualification the statement: "In a physical process any link taken at random must have a physical antecedent and consequent; not so is it in psychic process, not each link of the series has its psychic antecedent and consequent, the first link has no antecedent and the last one has no consequent. The phenomena of sleep, of hypnosis, of amnesia, of unconsciousness, of syncope show that the psychic process may be cut short anywhere in its course, and may resume its flow from any given link or stage. The links that go to form the psychic process hang loosely, and any link may really be without an antecedent or without a consequent." But surely this is only if we look for the same order of continuity in the psychic as in the physical, and forget the principle already enunciated that psychic facts are not spatial, and also the well-established truth that psychological time is not physical time. Dr. Sidis says elsewhere that from a purely scientific standpoint he rejects the soul hypothesis, and in this he is consistent, for it is precisely the principle of psychical continuity that is herein involved. Further on he has much to say on the 'chance aspect' of life and mind, and this though he has already enunciated the principle in italics that "life is essentially purposive in its nature." He is therefore strongly opposed to what he calls Freud's 'mythical speculations' and writes: "The so-called 'psycho-analytic' science is erroneous, not only because of its 'psychic causation,' but also because it is based on the fallacy of regarding each state as purposive in character. This pseudo-psychology misses the fundamental fact that many psychic occurrences are like many biological occurrences, *chance variations*. These chance variations form the matrix out of which progressive psychic processes arise." Here there seems to be an undue limitation of the meaning of 'purposive' to what we ourselves are conscious of endeavouring to effect. But if life is essentially purposive where are we to fix the limits of its essential characteristic?

If, as we have seen above, Dr. Sidis will not allow us to speak of continuity in connection with psychic process, he is entirely opposed to any quantitative treatment of an idea. It is nonsense, for instance, to speak of half an idea, or to sum up parts of an idea into a whole. An idea is essentially a synthesis, a unity; it has no parts. Synthetic unity is the essence, the backbone of thought. As an example, we are asked to imagine a row of men each think-

ing one single word of the sentence: "We are standing here in a row." "There is here," says Dr. Sidis, "a completely isolated series of ideas, but the words in the series will remain in their full isolation and as such will make no meaning, no one sentence, as long as they will be confined to different disconnected thoughts, and not confined in one synthetic thought." This synthetic thought he terms 'moment-consciousness' and lays it down that 'mental synthesis of psychic content in the unity of a moment-consciousness' is a fundamental principle of psychology. The whole of Part II. (pp. 229-390) is devoted to 'The Theory of the Moment-Consciousness.' It is an able analysis and exposition, but difficult to follow owing to the omission of examples to illustrate and drive home the arguments.

THE MEANING AND VALUE OF MYSTICISM.

By E. Herman. London (James Clarke); pp. 386; 6s. net.

THE keynote to this book is struck, and struck firmly, by Mrs. Herman herself in her Preface, where she states her own conviction as being that "Mysticism is essentially a spirit and not a system, or even a method." The very essence of Spirit is freedom. If therefore we take Mysticism as Spirit, which in our view is the only full and true meaning, we get the free action of an unknown spiritual power upon the lives, minds, hearts and temperaments of men and women. The existence of this unseen force is then the vital fact of Mysticism; and, though its working may be explained by psychology and described historically, there is no fixed system or method governing its operation. *Spiritus ubi vult spirat* still stands for the freedom of this force. Argument by analogy is always dangerous; and to make a collection of similar manifestations as shown in the lives of Mystics and tabulate these as composing a system of Philosophy of Mysticism seems to us misleading. It is indeed to do what has been done by Theologians in forming their elaborate and often confused or even contradictory doctrines of 'Grace.' The operation of the Holy Spirit of God in, upon and through the spirit which is in man is always and everywhere free, unfettered and unformed. The Holy Ghost is above, as well as in, the Sacraments. The whence and the whither and the why of the action of the Eternal Spirit are all unknown and unseen and they cannot be truly told of or tabulated by any doctrines or theories of 'Grace.'

Taking Mysticism as being the force of Spirit acting in the fullest freedom it is clear that it cannot be defined, as it is not definable. For every definition must also be a limitation, which is here unthinkable. It is in its nature impossible, and every effort made so far has surely failed. Mrs. Herman points out that while one set of Theologians regard Mysticism as alien to Christianity, another and a younger school "see in Mysticism the central and essential element in Christianity to which theological thought must return." We dwell upon that word 'return,' and are glad to note that our authoress quotes the penetrating point made by Récéjac: "Religious dogmas . . . are only the dialectical development of symbols which have dawned in the souls of the great Mystics." But before Theologians can return to the Mysticism out of which Theology was born, they must get clear of their own entanglements in the way of dogmas, doctrines and definitions which now hamper and hinder the free movement of the spirit of man in communion with the Spirit of God.

With insight Mrs. Herman deals clearly with Asceticism as that interior virtue or power which it ever was amongst the true Mystics. She well quotes Ruysbroeck upon Chastity as giving the high and holy doctrine of the Saints. We will only add to her fine English extracts this telling French translation of Ernest Hello, himself a Mystic, who seems to sum it all up in one short sentence: "*La Chasteté est le mouvement par lequel la créature échappe à la créature pour adhérer à Dieu seul.*" But our authoress rises to the full height of her great argument as to Mystical Asceticism when she writes: "They welcomed the Cross not for its own sake, but as a means of communion with Him who is the Lord of Joy." Amongst the many writers who have written upon the mystical mortification Mrs. Herman almost alone sees and says that their souls "found their joy in the strange and bitter adventure of the Cross"; and she adds: "It all turns upon our understanding of that Cross." It does indeed, and it is the want of this light that so often leaves us in darkness. The great Greek words in *Hebrews* xii. 2, as rendered by Westcott, run: "Jesus who for the sake of the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross, despising the shame." The Mystics saw and knew this joy afar off and it was for this future joy that they followed their Master on His way of the Cross. That is the key to their lives which seems so often either lost or forgotten by many who vainly try to deal with the depths of Christian Mysticism without it. Yet even this authoress, with all her

study of his works, does not seem to us quite to understand St. John of the Cross, the 'stern Carmelite' as she calls him in the woman's way. We would suggest that she read again *The Living Flame of Love*, which deals amongst many more things with 'freedom of spirit,' the 'secret and delicious unctions of the Holy Ghost,' 'the inestimable joy of the soul' and other great matters. In fact many get so weary even in reading about 'The Ascent of Mount Carmel' that they do not always appreciate the height of holiness at the top or the true and human sanctity of him who got there and found this everlasting joy.

Mrs. Herman discusses the nature of mystic apprehension and what has been called the 'mystic sense,' and in so doing she touches upon many sciences, more or less controversially. But we think she is both sounder and safer in her own expressed conviction that "Mysticism is essentially a spirit," and that she would be wiser to leave it there. She also quotes the teaching of the early Greek Fathers that "man's susceptibility for God is *not* something other than 'normal,' but that it is the natural craving of a spirit . . . constituted for God and inalienably affiliated to the Divine." We should put it more simply as being that communion between the spirit which is in man and the Spirit of God which is begun by the Holy and Eternal Spirit. In this view no man can make himself a mystic, any more than he can a poet: the gift must be given. But its development will depend upon the psychology, temperament and personality of him to whom it has been given and upon his own powers of will, intellect and intuition, applied consciously or subconsciously to the nurture and growth of the gift.

F. W.

THE GERMAN SOUL.

In its attitude towards Ethics and Christianity, the State and War. By Baron Friedrich von Hügel, LL.D. London (Dent); pp. 223; 2s. 6d. net.

THE latter half of this volume is already familiar to readers of *THE QUEST*, being with one or two slight alterations the reproduction of the two arresting and illuminating articles contributed by Baron F. von Hügel to our pages in April, 1915, and January of this year. These papers are, in our opinion, of very great value as setting forth the view of one who by heredity and training

is admirably equipped impartially to estimate the opposed predominant tendencies which characterize the Souls of Germany and Great Britain respectively. The first half of the volume is taken up with an expansion of a paper—'Christianity in Face of War: The "Realist" and the True Solutions of the Problem'—contributed to *The Church Quarterly Review* for January, 1915. In this part of his studies our highly esteemed author pays great attention to the views of two German teachers of distinction—those of Friedrich Naumann, a one-time Lutheran pastor who finally found himself compelled to abandon his ministry for work in the Social Democratic movement, and whose inner conflict and failure to reconcile Christian and Social ideals are set forth chiefly in his *Briefe über Religion*, and of Professor Ernst Troeltsch, especially his two war-articles in *Die Neue Rundschau* (Jan. and Feb. of this year)—'The German Idea of Freedom' and 'The Morality of the Individual and of the State.' Baron von Hügel is a courteous, gentle and sympathetic critic; but at the same time he has no hesitation in condemning what he finds to be mistaken, false and pernicious. In our view he seems to have too high an opinion of Troeltsch and lets him off somewhat too lightly.

The conclusion that our deeply religious author reaches with regard to the teaching of the Christianity of Jesus and War is that the ethics of Christianity is absolute spiritually, and therefore the best we can do here and now in relative conditions must be in the nature of compromise; we are perfected 'there,' not 'here.'

"The end thus proposed to us can be, and is, an abiding end, precisely because it is thus so entirely ultimate and metaphysical; it remains true, as fresh, as fruitful, as necessary to our full vocation, and our full soul's assuagement now, as it was when He preached it with His earthly lips. But it is, thus, in its fullness, directly applicable, actually executed, not in this life, but in that one. Yet this same end can and must and does, as nothing else succeeds in doing, leaven, purify, sweeten, raise, advance, in various ways and degrees, the several levels and ranges of our human life even here, although it can do this only by various mitigations, compounds, indirectnesses, compromises. The uncompromising Transcendence and the compromising Immanence, the intense touch of God the Supernatural, and the genial dilution of it within the human nature which, in its essential qualities and needs, is good and comes from Him, are both necessary and closely inter-related in our Christian call and work. Nevertheless they are inevitably each different from the other, and demand a certain

polarity and alternation in the soul's complete life. The double duty and fruitfulness of the Christian individual and of the Christian Church would thus consist in the strenuous bringing to light, in the devoted living, of this, as it were, amphibious life; this doubly solicited, this (metaphysical) intermediate position of man's soul" (pp. 115, 116).

And thus our sincerely Christian author concludes:

"There, there is no War; and here War can be made less and less frequent, extensive, unmitigated, more and more filled with ethical motives, with justice, and even love, things without which the State itself cannot persist, extend and truly flourish, things indeed, never, nowhere wholly absent from the life and aim of man" (p. 117).

This quasi-dualistic view cannot, on the whole, be said to be quite satisfactory, though it is doubtless quite in keeping with Christian presuppositions. In any case, whatever Baron von Hügel writes, is always deserving of our most careful consideration, though, if in conclusion we may be permitted a little criticism, our distinguished exegete would doubtless have many more comprehending readers if he would only learn how to break up his sentences.

THE BOOK OF ST. BERNARD ON THE LOVE OF GOD.

Edited and Translated with an Introduction and Notes by
Edmund G. Gardner, M.A., Litt.D. London (Dent);
pp. 181; 3s. 6d. net.

"*Causa diligendi Deum, Deus est : modus sine modo diligere.*"

"The cause of loving God is God; the manner is to love without measure." With these opening words Bernard the man and the monk shows he is also an artist, and knows how to begin a book. He shows too the strong simplicity of the mysticism he set out to teach. Saturated with Scripture, and especially soaked in the Psalms, he draws his mysticism direct from its original sources. This truly terse answer, following the question "*Quare et quomodo diligendus sit Deus?*" ("Why and how is God to be loved?"), strikes the controlling keynote of the whole book. Bernard might indeed have added 'without mode' or 'without method' to his 'without measure,' as being inferentially covered by his '*sine modo.*' For this great early Mystic does not weary us or worry us with a series of states or gradations as do his later followers

though he has four degrees of Love, but it is essentially the same Love on an ascending scale. So his mysticism is throughout spiritual, free and unfettered, based upon the large wide words of his own opening.

Dr. Gardner, in this beautiful little book, gives us the good old Latin of the Saint himself and, opposite, his own fine English rendering, scholarly, clear and compact. It is curious that this should be the first complete translation into our tongue of a work written about 1126, when Saint Bernard was Abbot of Clairvaux, in the prime of manhood at thirty-five, and so before he had been drawn into the confusion of controversy and ecclesiastical politics. This book was written in the calm of his cloister; hence its clearness and cohesion. In the Introduction Dr. Gardner writes out of the fulness of his learning and his unique knowledge of Dante and his period. Here he deals with the difficulty of translating the great Greek word ἀγάπη rightly. The Latin terms are *amor*, *dilectio*, *caritas*. The Vulgate would not use *amor* as being Pagan, so took *dilectio* sometimes and more often the theological *caritas*, which got into English as 'charity,' a word with many meanings and now fallen from its high estate. The Revised Version restored 'love' everywhere, after the original Greek, but it was too late. St. Bernard called his work *Liber de diligendo Deo*, thus choosing *dilectio* though he also uses *amor*; but Dante's greatest word was *amor*, though he too lapsed into *caritate*, after the Vulgate. In his notes Dr. Gardner throws bright lights of learning upon many passages by quotations from Dante, Aquinas, Augustine, Cicero, Jacopone da Todi, Richard of St. Victor, the *Mystica Theologica* and other mystical writings.

Although there are here said to be four degrees of the Love of God, they are really gradations in *growth*, and not arbitrary or in any way artificial divisions; they seem indeed to merge one into the other with the growth of love in the soul and spirit. Passing from the love a man has of himself for his own sake, we come to the love of God, but still for his own sake and not for Himself; then we grow into the third degree by which God is loved for His very self; so we should arrive at the fourth and final degree where a man loves not even himself, except for the sake of God, until gradually God will be all in all.

We most sincerely thank Dr. Gardner for giving us this translation, which is as clear and concise in its fine pithy English as is the Latin itself, a thing we know is not easily done. We believe this little book, now first so completely and compactly issued, is

the best beginning for all who wish to know the true meaning of the Christian Mysticism of the Spirit. Free, strong and simple, we have here the very root of the whole matter. Written by St. Bernard in his cloister, out of his own strong heart, mind and spirit, it gives the basic thoughts of true Mysticism which were later on elaborated by himself in his *Sermones in Cantica Cantorum* and by others over-elaborated in many volumes. *Modus sine modo diligere* remains the rule of the Mystic's life, and no other is needed. If the root be there, the rest is a matter of tending and watering. Progress can only be by growth, and that is a thing which takes no heed of artificial aids to a forced culture.

F. W.

VISION AND VESTURE.

A Study of William Blake in Modern Thought. By Charles Gardner, Author of 'The Inner Life of George Eliot.' London (Dent); pp. 215; 3s. 6d. net.

MR. GARDNER sets out to deal with an aspect of Blake's genius which has been more or less passed over by his commentators. Regarding Blake as in a sense a religious reformer he points out his relation to the religious movements of the eighteenth century; he then traces the similarity between the path Blake marked out for himself and the evolution of thought in the doctrines of Goethe, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, as well as in such movements or conceptions of modern times as lay stress on the principle of vitalism rather than of intellectualism; and lastly he appears to regard Blake as having discovered and brought again to light the true character of Christ and the true meaning of Christianity. To carry through such a comprehensive analysis is a Herculean task, and complete success is hardly to be looked for; but certain points emerge more or less clearly. The relation of Blake's doctrine to the contemporary teaching of Wesley and Whitefield is an interesting discovery, especially as at the first glance it appears paradoxical. Blake of course repudiated the doctrine of vicarious atonement, but Wesley's insistence on new birth was essentially the same as Blake's conception of the awakening of the Real Man, which he declared was hidden in every human being, and was God's image. Blake adapted Christian dogma to his own conception. His Real Man was the Poetic Genius latent in everyone, and his Jesus was the Imagina-

tion. Self-confidence was the rock on which he stood. His relation to the dualism of Goethe and Schopenhauer and its later product in Nietzsche's denial of all idealism is more consistently borne out. His Real Man is above all things a creature of passion, which is the Energy of Life, and is not to be repressed, while his Natural Man lies bound hand and foot as in a prison house. He has only the five senses to instruct him and lives in a contracted world. The place of the imagination has been usurped by the reason. But the Real Man having ceased to repress the fires of passion, and having purged them by the imaginative intellect, is then wholly penetrated by them. His reason is inspired by imagination, through which he enters the communion of saints, becomes lord of heaven, earth and hell, and finds these three are one. He is occupied in social service, giving much in perfect simplicity and without calculation. Blake's Real Man is however strongly contrasted with the Nietzschean Superman. Both attack the conventional Christ, but Blake claimed to have revealed the real Christ, whose true portrait had been obscured by his followers themselves. Both set out to redeem hell, but Nietzsche accomplished this by protesting against heaven and putting hell in its place, while Blake, abolishing the dualism of art and religion, brought about the marriage of hell with heaven. Nietzsche affirmed the value of self, which was at bottom Blake's doctrine of the Real Self discovered in regeneration. Nietzsche's morality was a yea to life; so was Blake's. But the Superman is contemptuous of the non-elect, and is isolated in self-worship. His vitalism belonged to the life of Becoming. Blake at least approached a synthesis of Becoming and Being. The various modern movements concerned with inner freedom have as their goal the liberty of the human imagination. Mr. Gardner believes that when the value of imagination in the spiritual life is realised Blake will be given his true place as a teacher.

S. E. H.

POLAND.

A Study in National Idealism. By Monica M. Gardner, Author of 'Adam Mickiewicz.' London (Burns & Oates); pp. 244; 8s. 6d. net.

READERS of THE QUEST are already familiar with some of Miss Monica Gardner's sympathetic studies in the tragical mystical literature of long-suffering Poland. They will thus already know

to some extent what to expect in her present volume and will turn to it with interest. It is a heart-rending story she has to unfold, the tale of a martyred and crucified nation, which has for four generations suffered most grievous woes and is even now draining the cup of affliction to its bitterest dregs. Dismembered for upwards of a century and a quarter, her people of one tongue and faith under the heel of three great Powers which have vied with one another in the cruelty of their repressive measures, Poland has to-day been forced into fratricidal war in the service of these same powers now at death-grips with one another, and her ancient territory has been and still is the chief cock-pit in the East of the awful conflict in which we are all involved. Can anything be more tragical or more pitiful? If in the past the despairing cry 'Lord, how long?' has been again and again wrung from the hearts of the tortured Poles, what to-day must be the depth of their utter misery! And yet, and this is what makes the study of its great national writers and poets of such absorbing interest, the spirit of the nation has never really been broken, and in the loftiest expression of its hopes it has risen to a marvellous height of faith, interpreting its sufferings as those of a Messianic nation crucified for the good of the world and believing, at any rate in the finest utterances of its most highly inspired geniuses, that if it did not blacken its soul with hate, it would achieve some day a glorious resurrection and be the means of spreading the gospel of love among the nations. The masterpieces of the literature born of this suffering are human documents indeed, but not so much of individuals as of individuals identified with the soul of the race.

The task of description, of selection of quotations and above all of translation, is naturally a very difficult one. Miss Gardner again and again modestly calls her versions rough renderings and tells us that none but a great literary artist or highly-gifted poet could do justice to the originals. Nevertheless she deserves our grateful thanks, for much that she gives us is otherwise inaccessible in English, and her work bears all the signs of loving care. After an introductory chapter on 'The Last Hundred Years' and a general survey of 'The National Literature,' Miss Gardner devotes the major part of her study to the works of the three great master-poets of Poland—Adam Mickiewicz, Zigmunt Krasinski and Julius Słowacki—and then passes to the ideals of Kornel Ujejski, a poet of the succeeding generation on whom their mantle may be said to have fallen. All these are poets of the Messianic ideal. In addition we have a chapter devoted to 'The

Spirit of the Steppe' with all its magic and mystery, the masterpiece of the Ukraine poet Bodhan Zaleski, the contemporary of the great triad. Portions of Chapters I. and II. have already appeared in *THE QUEST* and also Krasinski's 'Mystic Pilgrimage in Siberia' and 'The Ideals of Kornel Ujejski.' We are glad to have Miss Gardner's instructive study of Poland's national idealism, and sincerely hope that the day of righteousness will soon dawn, when reintegrated Poland will be freed from the cruel torment of her bitter misery and at long last some measure of justice will be done her by the awakened conscience of Europe.

WRITINGS BY L. P. JACKS.

Vol. II. *From the Human End: A Collection of Essays.* London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 198; 2s. 6d. net.

Vol. III. *Philosophers in Trouble: A Volume of Stories.* Same; pp. 210; 2s. 6d. net.

VOL. II. of this edition of Lawrence Pearsall Jacks' Works consists almost entirely of hitherto unpublished essays. We are not going to repeat what we have already on a number of occasions said in praise of the originality, humour and wisdom which make Prof. Jacks, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, and Editor of *The Hibbert Journal*, one of the very select few who rightly deserve the name of philosopher in its true meaning. *O si sic omnes!*

In *From the Human End* he is at work again with his piercing insight, fine feeling and that uncommon sense, vulgarly called common, which goes immediately to the heart of the matter. The War and its endless problems are here his chief concern, and in the human factor is his absorbing interest. Those of our readers (they must be few) who do not know 'Jacks,' are strongly advised no longer to deprive themselves of so great a pleasure and privilege. We ought not to do so, for space is precious, but cannot refrain from appending a few sentences from 'The Organization of Tartarus.' Why not the good old Saxon 'Hell' instead of the duplication Tar-tar, except perhaps that the latter reminds us of Hun? A traveller returning from the Nether Regions reports:

"Whereas in other realms you hear of 'tribes' of the blessed, or the 'kingdom' of heaven, or the moral 'governments' of the world, in hell all these terms—tribes, kingdom, governments—have been utterly discarded in favour of 'the State'—the one and

only ideal which ensures the utmost co-ordination of individual effort and gives the maximum driving power to the pursuit of the Worst. . . . There is no disorder anywhere. Nothing is left to chance. Nothing is done without method, science, foresight. . . . The Dante of 1300 would hardly recognise the place under its modern improvements. He would be astonished at the enhanced efficiency of evil brought about by adopting a dynamic instead of a static conception of the Hell-State. He would rewrite his *Inferno* from beginning to end. In his time the master-mind was chained down at the bottom of the pit. Now he is at large, the trusted head of the community, and his venerated portrait hangs on every wall. . . . Needless to say, the patriotism of the devils is entire: not one of them all but believes in hell, and in its mission as a conquering power, with the full fervour of his soul. They love and they hate as one. Both love and hate are thoroughly organised, so that either or both are ready to break out with irresistible fury at a moment's notice, whenever the service of the Worst so requires."

THE MAHĀYĀNIST.

A monthly magazine devoted to the Exposition of Northern Buddhism.

THOSE readers of *THE QUEST* who are interested in Mahāyāna Buddhism and especially in the Japanese schools of the Great Vehicle will be glad to hear of the existence of this small monthly of 20 pages. Its editor is Mr. Wm. Montgomery McGovern, the Chancellor of the Mahāyāna Association, the three objects of which are: (1) The study and investigation of the history, doctrines and present condition of Mahāyāna (or Northern) Buddhism; (2) The presentation of its teachings before the Western public; and (3) The uniting into bonds of closer fellowship those interested in the foregoing aims. The papers included in the four numbers we have seen are distinctly of value; they are by distinguished Japanese scholars and from the pen of the editor, who is evidently a very keen and able student. The price is very small, only 2s. per annum, and the address of the publication is Heian Chu Gakko, Kyoto, Japan. We cannot refrain from quoting the following delightfully quaint expression of the attitude of the Zen sect towards Scripture:

"The Scripture is no more nor less than the finger pointing

to the moon of Buddhahood. When we recognise the moon and enjoy its benign beauty, the finger is of no use. As the finger has no brightness whatever, so the Scripture has no holiness whatever. The Scripture is religious currency representing spiritual wealth. It does not matter whether money be gold or seashells or cowries. It is a mere substitute. What it stands for is of paramount importance. Away with your stone-knife! Do not watch the stake against which a running hare once struck its head and died. Do not wait for another hare. Another may not come for ever. Do not cut the side of the boat out of which you dropped your sword, to mark where it sank. The boat is ever moving on. The Canon is the window through which we observe the grand scenery of spiritual nature. To hold communion directly with it we must get out of the window. It is a mere stray fly that is always buzzing within, struggling to get out. Those who spend most of their lives in the study of the Scriptures, arguing and attaining no higher plane in spirituality, are religious flies, good for nothing but their buzzing about nonsensical technicalities. It is on this account that Rin-zai declared: 'The twelve divisions of the Buddhist Canon are nothing better than waste-paper.'"

THE COMMON DAY.

Poems. By Stephen Southwold. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 112; 3s. 6d. net.

THIS collection of poems by a young and as yet comparatively unknown author, who is now serving his country at the front, is of considerable interest. They show undoubted power which however does not appear to be matured. They are characterised by a kind of Pagan feeling for beauty—which not unfrequently reminds us of Keats—overlying emotion which is not yet fully realised. Occasionally, as in the somewhat revolting 'Lust of Cruelty,' the depths of human experience are touched, but as a rule his muse seems to shrink from the bracing contact of reality. The poems are many of them pessimist in tone; but they read like the outpouring of one who has not yet realised his own conception of life, and pessimism may be a passing phase. In any case, it is the beauty of Time's fleeting pageant that attracts him, more than the human realities of life and death. He should do greater things.

As one instance in which the sense of beauty is handmaid

to a deeper insight, we may quote the following striking lines on 'Destiny':

"Most dread, most wonderful, most mystical;
Child of past time, of unborn years the seed;
Gyved with dead sins, yet on thy brow, in meed
Of splendid years, an aureate coronal.

"Youth's lure of phantom light empyreal;
Eld's hope and plea; Life's final, Death's first creed,
Fire-charactered for those who know to read
With the clear beams of light inaugural.

"The road whereby mankind may yet upclimb
To that high State of which our earthly dreams
Whisper, when our dark'd eyes may catch the gleams,
Undazzled, of those glories that sublime
Our human glooms with their remembered beams,
Illume Death's dark, and light the face of Time."

S. E. H.

DISCOVERY AND REVELATION.

A Study in Comparative Religion. By the Rev. H. F. Hamilton, D.D., author of 'The People of God.' London (Longmans); pp. 196; 2s. 6d. net.

THIS volume, published in 'The Layman's Library,' presents in a shorter form the argument brought forward by the author in his former work, *The People of God*.¹ With the object of showing Hebrew and Christian revelation to be a surer ground of belief than the investigations of philosophy, he contrasts—not quite fairly—the monism of the early Greek philosophers with the monotheism of the Hebrew prophets. Monotheism is moreover claimed in defiance of the history of religion as the exclusive characteristic of the Hebrew race, with whose religious conceptions those of Assyria and Greece are principally contrasted. An attempt is made to prove that all polytheistic religions were destroyed by the rise of philosophic monism, and that the monotheistic religion of the Hebrews alone survived, and exists at the present day re-organised and universalised in the form of Christianity. One wonders what modern Hebraism would say to this account of the Jewish national religion. The book is trans-

¹ See review in the April number, 1914.

parently written up to a foregone conclusion and needs to be examined from a critical standpoint, in spite of the statement in the Introduction that the first ten chapters were written 'from the point of view of the scientific student of religious phenomena.'

It is in fact a popular exposition of the orthodox doctrine, and sets forth in a clear and readable manner the grounds on which the assumption of a special and unique revelation to the Jews is based. To the impartial reader the most interesting part is that which deals with the spiritual experiences of the great Hebrew prophets, when, on a background of polytheism, there was suddenly forced upon them, in a state of exalted consciousness, the conviction of the unity and righteousness of God.

S. E. H.

IS DEATH THE END?

By John Haynes Holmes, Minister of the Church of the Messiah,
New York. New York & London (Putnam's Sons); pp.
382; 6s. net.

THIS is another of the many books that are perpetually pouring from the presses of America and appear to be widely bought, and perhaps read, by multitudes of people. It is a fair sample of this ever-flowing stream of print. It is certainly not theology, nor is it philosophy, as those words were used of old. It is indeed an earnest and freely written personal opinion of its author. Individualism is the crowning glory of America, where every man is not only equal as a man, but also equal as a teaching authority even in matters of life and death. The author quotes as his motto from James Martineau: "We do not believe immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe it." The Rev. J. H. Holmes might almost as well have left it there. Assuredly he does not prove immortality and he says he does believe it. His 370 pages carry us no further. The author is clear that he will have nothing to do with 'Heaven and Hell Theology' which apparently has no market in the States nowadays, in either the pulpit or the press. One chapter is devoted to the Society for Psychical Research, as to which he himself quotes William James' remark that its reports are "practically worthless for evidential purposes." It is curious to note that these individualistic opinions of the ready writer upon eternal subjects are expected, by themselves, to outweigh the old conclusions of great thinkers of all countries and

through many centuries. But as our author does admit that "after all" our faith in immortality "must rest upon our belief in God and the soul" we come back to some sort of theology, and end by putting the problem in much the same form as it has held from the beginning.

F. W.

THE POSITIVE SCIENCES OF THE ANCIENT HINDUS.

By Brajendranath Seal, M.A., Ph.D., etc., King George V.
Professor of Philosophy, Calcutta University. London
(Longmans); pp. 295; 12s. 6d. net.

THIS is an excellent piece of work. Dr. Brajendranath Seal is one of the foremost 'Modernists' of India, and combines the thoroughness of Western method with a wide knowledge of Indian scholasticism. Possessed of remarkable ability, he has won high distinction in a number of faculties, both scientific and philosophical, in the West and at the same time shows that he has a considerable acquaintance with the vast literature of India, most of which remains still untranslated. We regard the arresting volume under notice as an earnest of how such work should be done, and it is all the more remarkable as the unaided achievement of an Indian scholar and not the effort of a European and Indian mind working together. Unfortunately we have no space for the substantive review that such a book deserves. We can only call the attention of our readers to its existence and urge those of them who are interested in the traditional culture of India, to study it carefully. It is absolutely indispensable for anyone who desires to get a view of the special branches of this culture here set forth in true perspective. The subjects dealt with are the Mechanical, Physical and Chemical theories of the Ancient Hindus, Medicine, Kinetics, Acoustics, Botany, Zoology, Physiology and Biology, with a concluding chapter on the Hindu Doctrine of Scientific Method. We should have liked to see a chapter on Psychology, but perhaps the learned author considered that this lay outside the sciences called positive.

HUMAN ANIMALS.

By Frank Hamel, author of 'The Dauphines of France,' etc.
London (Rider); pp. 295; 6s. net.

THIS is a collection of stories, legends and myths, folk, magic and airy lore on metamorphosis or man-animal transformation. It

is purely 'literary'; no theory is advanced, although the author is under the strong impression that there is some 'occult' explanation somewhere. Once, however, she does venture on a suggestion when, in treating of tales of 'Human Serpents,' she says: "The fact that the serpent stories of the nature here collected are so numerous, seems to point to a definite occult connection between the highest living organism, man, who is represented by a vertical line, and the reptile, the serpent, represented by the horizontal line, the two together forming the right angle" (p. 188). We frankly confess that we are not impressed by the statement, which even were it true to symbolism throws no light whatever on the serpent stories. 'Frank Hamel's' industrious collection of stories will, however, doubtless entertain lovers of the strange and marvellous in human nature and make them wonder whether it was only the intimate physical connection between man and animal that gave rise to such imaginings, or whether this mode of imagining depends on obscure psychological facts, some of which are at last beginning to be studied scientifically.

THE NEMESIS OF DOCILITY.

A Study of German Character. By Edmond Holmes. London (Constable); pp. 264; 4s. 6d. net.

THIS is one of the many contributions to the study of German psychology and '*Kultur*' that the War has forced upon us. Mr. Holmes applies the test of dogmatism *plus* docility to the problem with no little success, driving home the same analysis he has so often used in his lively criticisms of the defects of our own education. As against British individualism and the free principle of 'live and let live' the Germans offer a spectacle of coerced docility that loves and hates to the word of command.

After an interesting historical sketch of the genesis of this 'slave morality,' we are presented with pictures of a docile army and people and their dream of a docile world. The Germans, it is next maintained in three separate chapters, are deadened, brutalized and betrayed by docility; and this docility in the hands of its aggressive directors has become a menace to the world. Nevertheless we owe it a debt, for it has given us an unforgettable logical demonstration of whither such a mechanistic state-view and world-view were busily trying to force us to descend.

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A Modern Job: An Essay on the Problem of Evil. By ETIENNE GIRAN. Translated by FRED ROTHWELL. With a portrait of the Author and an Introduction by ARCHDEACON LILLEY. 92 pages. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net. Postage 3d. extra.

A brilliant and successful attempt to bring into modern times and surroundings the life-drama of the patriarch of old. This little volume is a welcome indication of the direction in which the human mind is turning nowadays for the solution of the deepest and most interesting of life's problems: pain and evil. It is a powerful appeal to the love that lives and that creates all the beauty and happiness we know. The positions taken by Job's three friends are clearly stated, and each position is defended by a convinced advocate. Into a comparatively small compass is packed a great store of arguments, increasing in cogency as they proceed, and the result is a marvel of compressed reasoning for and against the main standpoint.

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The Contingency of the Laws of Nature. By EMILE BOUTROUX of the French Academy. Translated by FRED ROTHWELL. With a portrait of the Author. Pages x, 196. Cloth, 5s. net. Postage 4d. extra.

The two leading ideas of this work are, first, that philosophy should not confine itself to recombining eternally the concepts handed down by our fore-runners, but rather should come into direct contact with the realities of nature and science; and, secondly, that philosophical systems, whether idealistic, materialistic or dualistic, regard the laws of nature as necessary, and, consequently, that they are destructive of true life and freedom. A natural law is not a first principle, it is a result: and life, feeling and liberty are realities whereof the comparatively rigid forms grasped by science are the ever inadequate manifestations. Men can act on nature because nature is neither brute force nor lifeless thought. The laws of nature, if necessary, would typify the rigidity and immobility of death. Being contingent, they give more dignity to life, a greater incentive to rise in the scale of being.

George Boole's Collected Logical Works. In two volumes, of which the second, containing the

Laws of Thought, is ready. Pages xvi, 448. Cloth, 15s. net per volume. Postage 5d. extra.

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A Quarterly Review.

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JANUARY, 1917.

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THE QUEST.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS:

CONVERSATIONS IN 386 A.D.

EDWYN BEVAN, M.A.

AN eminent scholar and man of letters once wrote a book on Ancient Greek Literature, and in its concluding paragraph glanced at the final destiny of the ancient culture and at that which took its place. "The search for Truth," he wrote, "was finally made hopeless when the world, mistrusting Reason, weary of argument and wonder, flung itself passionately under the spell of a system of authoritative Revelation, which claimed a censorship over all Truth, and stamped free questioning as sin."

These words seem to give expression in an admirably concise and telling way to a sentiment very general among classical scholars. In passing from the products of the human mind in the old Pagan environment to the products of the human mind under the influence of Christ, they have a sense of coming to something markedly inferior. It is not only a question of some conventional literary standard which has set up a particular phase in the evolution of a language as classical, and regards everything written in other forms

of the language as essentially debased. We have all smiled, of course, at the professor who warned his pupils against reading the New Testament in the original for fear of spoiling their Greek; but it is not only scholastic prejudice. It is not a mere whim which has made one form of Greek and Latin classical; the fashion is based upon an estimate of a greater inherent value in some respect belonging to the literary products of the classical age. Can it be denied that in passing from classical to patristic literature the ordinary humanist must perforce feel that the mind of these writers is working within restricted limits; that their outlook is narrowed by ecclesiastical conventions which have no universal interest for mankind; that their acuteness and originality have play only within a field bounded by premisses which are never themselves examined by free thought. We imagine Plato and Aristotle, if they had been confronted with their Christian descendants, brushing away a mass of ecclesiastical cobwebs with an unsparing hand and recalling thought to the broad basal facts of reality.

If we are concerned to maintain that with Christianity something new of unique value entered the world, we must face fairly the aspect of deterioration which the Christian world offers to the classical humanist. And I suppose we may allow that deterioration as a fact and yet not believe that it was *due* to Christianity. There was a complex of causes bringing about the intellectual decline of the ancient world at the moment when Christianity entered the field; and if it is the Divine plan that the good of mankind should be worked out only in a process of ages, there is nothing to forbid a man's holding that a new principle of life came into

the world with Christianity, and that nevertheless its operation was not designed to be so rapid as to prevent the downfall of that particular society into which it was first introduced. As a matter of fact it has been pointed out—by Dr. Bigg, I think—that if the Christian writers are compared, not with Plato and Aristotle, but with the non-Christian writers of their own time, they show no inferiority on the intellectual side. Origen is not on a lower level than Porphyry, nor Basil than Libanius. Everywhere in the agony of ancient civilization, beaten upon and penetrated by the barbarian mass around it, it seemed the supreme task to maintain as far as possible the tradition of the past—to be stationary seemed an achievement, when the forces making for retrogression were so strong—“having done all, to stand.” The authority of the past became the watchword in all departments of spiritual and intellectual activity—in the dry scholasticism of the later Roman Empire, no less than in the tradition of the Church. We may believe that Christianity had enriched life with a new experience, and yet recognize that the minds at work upon the matter of life had not the same elasticity and liberty of movement as the minds which in the fourth century B.C. had been brought to play upon the experience, poorer in this particular, of the ancient Athenian. No theological prejudice need therefore induce us to minimize, no anti-theological prejudice to magnify, the relative truth of the words with which the scholar we quoted concluded his survey of ancient Greek literature.

And yet, as we transport ourselves in imagination back into those times when the ecclesiastical tradition is forming which is destined to confine the human spirit for so many centuries to come, we may feel a

desire to force upon these minds, before the shell hardens, some of those ultimate questions which their ancestors had begun to consider. Is there no one at once sensible of the new thing inshrined in the life of the Christian society and able to look at things with the freedom of the ancient philosophy? It is all very well to see the operation of Christianity upon minds willing to take a mass of traditional doctrine for granted, but how much more interesting if we could discover some mind really quickened with the ancient scepticism and see it confronted with this new thing!

And here we meet the figure of the African professor of rhetoric, Aurelius Augustinus, the figure which embodies for us more than any other the transition from that classical world about to pass away to the world of Christendom. He is the child of the past, awakened to spiritual aspirations by Cicero, steeped to his finger ends in Virgil, one upon whom the rich heritage of the old Pagan philosophy has come and whom it stimulates to original thought. And then this same man becomes the Christian doctor who, according to Harnack, more than any other one man shaped the theology and ruled the ecclesiastical practice of Western Europe in the Middle Ages. Nay more—for here too, as in the case of some other great typical figures at crucial points of the world's history, elements are transmitted which remain for the immediately succeeding ages undeveloped germs and only unfold their significance under the conditions of a later day. Augustine's influence counted for much in giving its initial impulse to the Reformation, and yet further, through the revelation of personality, the introspective psychological analysis embodied in his *Confessions*, Augustine may appear, as some one has called him, the

‘first modern man.’ Here surely is some one with whom at this moment of transition it would be interesting to converse.

And most interesting, we may add, at the moment of transition in his own individual history—while his outlook has not yet been hemmed in by such doctrines as that the act of two individuals some 4,780 years before is sufficient ground for assigning the whole of mankind to eternal torment—doctrines which have ceased to have much actuality for us—while he can still feel the power and charm of that culture upon which he is going to turn his back, while he is still occupied with the great basal questions—What is Truth, and how can man find it? Wherein does man’s good lie?—the old questions which had come down to him from ages of unsatisfied search, the questions that are living issues with men to-day—if at this moment of his history we might have speech with Aurelius Augustinus!

And we may—in the most pleasant surroundings. We are at Casciago, on the slopes which go from the uplands called Campo dei Fiori to the Lago di Varese. In our daily walks we have a view to the North-East of the full magnificence of the Pennine Alps dominated by Monte Rosa. It is August, and in the summer evenings the white peaks change to a wonderful rose. The spectacle seems hardly to arrest the attention of Augustine, and his eye passes without interest over the eternal snows. But we may remember that he is a man of the ancient world after all, and that our modern admiration for mountain heights is something quite alien to him. On the other hand he is quite alive to the charm of the green meadows round about us, still fresh even in the late summer. “*In monte incaseato*”

(the mountain of good things of the dairy), "*monte tuo, monte uberi*," he quotes, playing on the name of the place—a quaint text of the Old Latin Psalter, not justified by anything in the Hebrew (*Psalm* lxxviii. 15).

The estate at Casciago,¹ upon which we are staying, belongs to one Verecundus, a worthy citizen of Milan, whose profession of *grammaticus*, professor of literature, in the great city of North Italy one supposes to have been lucrative. His wife is a Christian and also, strangely enough, it is she who is the great obstacle to his becoming one himself. For he would be a poor sort of Christian, according to the perverted standards of the time, if after conversion he failed to break off the marital relation. Verecundus wished to be a Christian in the full degree, if he were one at all, and he could not face the sacrifice—" *Nec christianum esse alio modo se velle dicebat, quam illo quo non poterat* " (*Conf.* ix. 3).

Neither Verecundus nor his wife have come themselves to enjoy the refreshment of a *villegiatura* this August of the year 386 A.D. at Casciago. Verecundus has put the house at the disposition of his friend Augustine, and here accordingly we meet him and the group of persons who have come up from Milan to keep him company. For Augustine has been for two years teaching rhetoric in Milan and is much sought after by young men. He has recently passed through that inner crisis which he will some years hence describe in his *Confessions* as his definite decision for the Christian life. It has been thought that when he looked back upon the experience from a later date his memory presented the change as a more abrupt and radical breach with the past than in fact it

¹ In Latiu, Cassiciacum.

was. The letters he wrote soon after the event seem to show him still only half a Christian. If, however, we have to allow something for the transfiguration of past experience in memory, we have on the other hand to allow something for the opaqueness of a conventional literary style, which might not allow at first a new experience to show through in all its fulness. If the *Confessions* possibly exaggerate the rapidity of the change, it may well be that the letters reveal it imperfectly and that the truth is somewhere between the two.

We must see who the others of the group are, gathered round Augustine at Casciago. There is first Alypius, an old pupil of Augustine's long ago in the African township of Tagaste from which they both came—a small vigorous man rather younger than Augustine. His parents belonged to the upper circle of society in Tagaste (*primates municipales*). For Augustine since those early days he seems to have had a dog-like affection. He followed him from Tagaste to Carthage. Then the old friendship was knit up again in Rome. When Augustine came to Rome in 383 he found Alypius already there, following his career in the Roman courts. Thenceforward they have been continually together and when Augustine removed the following year to Milan Alypius went too. One of those people almost 'naturally' ascetic, we may gather, in the days when he and Augustine were Manichæans together, Alypius contrasted with his friend in making the celibate life, recommended by that religion, a reality. On the legal bench Alypius showed an incorruptibility above the common standard of the time. Next winter, if we are still observing him, we shall see him walking with bare feet over the frozen soil of North Italy. Not

that this man, so rigidly self-schooled, has been without his temptations. It was he who was taken to a gladiatorial show against his will and determined to keep his eyes shut, but could not resist opening them at the sound of a great shout; then caught the infection of the horrible madness and only escaped from it later on, and with pain. He has been affected too with the vanity of literary purism, and till lately had been unable to spoil the beautiful Latin of his correspondence with Augustine by inserting the barbarian name 'Jesus Christus.' But in these latter days the two friends have been going through a common experience, and the barbarian name has begun to exercise a strange power upon Alypius.

Then the group includes two young men who have been studying rhetoric under Augustine at Milan, and to whom the retirement to Casciago is of the nature of a reading-party—Licentius and Trygetius. Licentius is the son of a man whom Augustine has known from childhood and whose help has counted for something in his life. That man is Romanianus, himself too of Tagaste (he is a cousin indeed of Alypius), one of those reckoned very rich according to the measure of those days and honoured with statues and tablets in his native place. The great questions of religion and philosophy have come within his field of vision, but the vast extent of his worldly business leaves him little time and thought to spare. His son Licentius is of an ardent temperament, which will one day run into evil courses, but now fires him mainly with literary ambitions. "*Accepisti a Deo ingenium spiritualiter aureum, et ministras inde libidinibus,*" his old master will write to him at a later date. Now it is especially as a poet he wants to shine, though he is capable of

feeling sometimes the superior attractiveness of philosophy. Augustine even writes to his father at this happy moment that to this divine mistress "*totus a juvenilibus illecebris voluptatibusque conversus est.*" His fellow-pupil Trygetius, of Tagaste like the rest of the party, has come back to rhetoric and philosophy, after a spell of service with the eagles, but finds history, if the truth be told, with its trumpets and clash of arms, more congenial than abstract thought or literary elegancies—" *tanquam veteranus adamavit historiam,*"—"he loved history like an old soldier."

There is also here at Casciago Augustine's brother, Navigius, whom we never get to know well enough to pronounce what he has in him, and two who come and go quietly in the background—Lastidianus and Rusticus, Augustine's cousins—saying little, for indeed, though Augustine respects their native common sense, they have hardly had the education to intervene in a philosophical discussion—they have not even passed through the hands of the *grammaticus*; "*Nullum vel grammaticum passi sunt.*"¹ There are lastly two figures to complete the group, each with its own peculiar pathos—the figure of the mother, Monica, and the figure of the boy of fifteen, Augustine's illegitimate son, Adeodatus, in whom so much hope centres and who is destined so soon to pass from this sphere of things.²

The days in this delightful environment pass pleasantly. On a specially cloudless morning the party will leave their beds early and engage in some sort of country pursuits.³ But for a good part of most days Augustine's two pupils, Licentius and Trygetius, are

¹ *De Beata Vita*, 6.

² *Ibid.* 10.

³ *Adv. Academicos*, ii. 10; "*in rebus rusticis ordinandis*"; *ibid.* i. 15.

working hard at their books under his direction.¹ They are going through Virgil with him—half a book every day before supper is the usual measure²—and this part of their studies threatens to inflame the poetical ambitions of Licentius to a degree which the master finds excessive.³ For him the interest of their intercourse rather belongs to those hours when the little company turns to discuss those large problems of life and its meaning which in his new phase have come to override all literary and worldly enthusiasms. These discussions take place at no fixed time, as the mood and the circumstances of the day suggest. Sometimes days go past without talk of this sort.⁴ Sometimes they do not begin till the sun is already low and the country-pursuits and Virgil have had their turn. Sometimes on a fine day they will wander out into the open country and give the morning to philosophy among the green fields. And it seems as if the talk of this little group of men in the summer days of 386 on this Italian upland, significant of a great change taking place in the world, is really to sound on audibly through all succeeding centuries. A shorthand-writer, a *notarius*, has been provided to take record, and Augustine assures us that the books *Contra Academicos*, *De Beata Vita*, *De Ordine*, do actually reproduce the substance of what was said by Licentius and Trygetius and, in the case of himself and Alypius, the very words.⁵

The Problem of Truth, the Problem of Happiness, these are what press upon them. We are discussing the same problems to-day with a very much larger apparatus of knowledge, psychological and historical,

¹ *De Ordine*, i. 6.² *Ibid.* i. 26.³ *Ac.* ii. 10.⁴ *Ibid.* ii. 10.⁵ *Ibid.* i. 4.

and a richer accumulation of the results of human thought. We cannot expect to find what these Roman Africans have to say about them in the year 386 very final or adequate. But they are the problems which lay deeper than the theological controversies which were to occupy the human mind so exclusively in the age to come. And now, as it were, before it determines to take so much for granted, before it shuts in its vision among those prepossessions, the human mind stands once more to take a free survey round about it; it will recollect once more those searching critical questions, the inheritance of ancient thought after its long travail, before it surrenders itself altogether to this new thing which has arisen with a claim so tremendous and heart-subduing.

And if we are to bring the new thing into contact with the ancient thought where that thought is most searching, it will be less with its latest phase, the Neoplatonic, already full of adventurous beliefs, than with the older, more sceptical phase. We may be inclined less to ask: What was the attitude of Porphyry, say, to the system of Christian belief? than: What would Carneades and the persistent doubters of the younger Academy have made of it? Well, these are just the people to whom Augustine at Casciago gives a hearing. Cicero had adhered to the Academy, you will remember, so far as he had adhered seriously to any school; a certain amount of his philosophical writing was actually a reproduction of Carneades in Latin; and Cicero had been the predominant philosophical influence of Augustine's early years. The first of those works which embody the conversations at Casciago bears the title *Contra Academicos*.

"Do you doubt the proposition: We ought to know

what is true (*verum nos scire oportere*) ? ” With such a question of Augustine’s the series of conversations begins—uttered, we gather, at some pleasant spot near the house where the party has assembled, the *notarius* having his tablets or parchment ready. This leads to the question : Can the good of man be attained, or, in the phrase of those days, can a man have *vita beata* without a knowledge of the Truth ? And here opposite views are maintained by Trygetius and Licentius. Trygetius holds that a knowledge of the Truth is essential to the *vita beata* ; Licentius, that an honest search for the Truth suffices, whether it be found or not. He appeals to the authority of Carneades and Cicero in support of his contention. It is urged on the other side that a life which does not arrive at what it is seeking, obviously falls short of being *beata* ; and we notice the axiom of ancient thought that any philosophy to be satisfactory must secure a good which is perfect in all respects. The Wise Man of the Stoics had to be absolutely free from defect or want ; otherwise they felt a fatal flaw in their whole construction. This presupposition has often to be borne in mind while we follow these discussions.

“ But the search, not the attainment,” Licentius argues, may be the final good for man *in this life*. “ That supreme Truth, I think, God alone knows, or may-be the human soul when it has left this dark prison-house of the body.”¹ The seeker will be the perfect man, perfect *as man*. One may therefore reckon him *beatus*. But he finds it hard to meet the argument of Trygetius that the seeker is still in a condition of wandering (*error*) and that he who wanders (*errat*) cannot have attained happiness. He asks that the

discussion may be adjourned till the morrow and the company consents.

"Then we arose to take a walk. We chatted about all sorts of things as we went, but Licentius remained plunged in thought. Finding this however bootless, he relaxed his mind and joined in our conversation. In the evening the two had fallen again into their argument; but I drew the line, and persuaded them to let the question stand over till another day. *Inde ad balneas.*"

Most of the following day is taken up with country things and the *Æneid*, Book i., but late in the afternoon the discussion is renewed. Licentius has meanwhile seen light. *Errare* is obviously an ambiguous word. It may mean the accepting of what is false for true or it may mean the withholding of any assent, the simple state of seeking; it is error in the former sense which is incompatible with *vita beata*, not error in the latter. "If any one is seeking Alexandria and making his way towards it by the right road, you cannot say that he is 'in error' in the bad sense." Trygetius divines that the conception of the *Wise Man*¹ traditional in ancient philosophy, will prove his case that attainment is essential to *vita beata*. But this only opens the further question: What is *sapientia*? And ultimately the master, who is acting as umpire, has to be appealed to for a definition. But darkness has now fallen and Augustine postpones his answer to the next day.

On this day the company has determined to leave plenty of time for philosophy, and the discussion is resumed soon after sunrise. Augustine declines to do more than give a bare definition of wisdom and he chooses the old Stoic one, 'the knowledge of things human and divine.' This leads to a curious develop-

¹ *Sapiens.*

ment of the argument. Is the knowledge of 'things divine' (*res divinæ*) not exemplified in abnormal psychic perception? The ordinary usage of *divinus*, *divinatio*, suggested this. Albicerius, for instance, was a fashionable *clairvoyant* in Carthage a short while back. He performed some extraordinary feats. Flaccianus, after a business interview with somebody in the matter of a certain estate which he was purchasing, went to the *clairvoyant* and asked "What have I just been doing?" Albicerius not only indicated the nature of the interview but told him the name of the property involved, such an outlandish one that Flaccianus himself had hardly been able to remember it. Could Albicerius therefore be considered *sapiens*? His morals were flagitious. This ἀπορία is raised by Licentius, and Trygetius tries to expound the definition of *sapientia* in such a way as to make it fit his own ideal of the *sapiens*. The *clairvoyants* are ruled out, because the knowledge of divine things implied by *sapientia* must be infallible, and the *clairvoyants* make as many misses as hits. Then the 'knowledge of human things' means the knowledge of what really belongs to man as man, *i.e.* the four classical virtues—not my momentary thought of a verse, say, which the thought-reader can discover. The air all round us is no doubt full of demons, intelligences of a low order, without the Reason which is man's peculiar prerogative, although perhaps quicker and more subtle in perception, and by their means the psychic can get knowledge of certain matters—knowledge vastly inferior in value to the normal products of the human reason in the arts and sciences.

But if Albicerius is not *sapiens*, Licentius urges, the definition is too wide, since it seems an abuse of language to exclude *divinatio* from the *res divinæ*.

Trygetius suggests it may be made closer by qualifying the human and divine things as those which belong to the *vita beata*. True as far as it goes, says Licentius, but now too narrow. The knowledge of such things is wisdom, but not the knowledge only, the diligent search after it as well.¹ The former constitutes the beatitude of God, the latter alone that of man in his present life. Before Trygetius can frame his answer, Augustine declares the session closed. He points out that one thing at any rate is acknowledged on both sides, the supreme value of Truth. The midday meal is now announced and all rise up.

After this a week goes by with no renewal of the discussion. Then it is resumed one cloudless morning, when they have left the house early, Licentius asking Augustine to state the Academic, that is the Sceptical, position before they return for the midday meal. This the master does along the lines familiar to the students of ancient philosophy—the denial of any possibility of arriving at certainty, the doctrine of the suspense of judgment, and then, since some principle of action is wanted, the doctrine that probability (the *veri simile*) is the guide of life. They talk as they retrace their steps to the house, and Alypius asks Augustine to define the difference between the Old and New Academy. But they are now at the door, and Monica uses gentle violence to compel them to luncheon: "*Ita nos trudere in prandium coepit, ut verba faciendi locus non esset.*"

Luncheon over the party returns to the meadow, and Alypius, at Augustine's request, explains the position of the New Academy in relation both to the Old Academy and the still newer dogmatism of

Antiochus. Licentius, as spokesman for the Sceptical school, is now pressed by Augustine. Does he hold that what the Academics say is *true*? He sees the snare in time to reply that it seems to him *probable*. But *probable* is *veri simile*, and how can one **know** whether any thing is *like* Truth, if one does not **know** what Truth is?¹—as if, Augustine says, some one, seeing your brother, should remark that he is very like your father, when your father is quite unknown to him! This difficulty Licentius cannot meet and Trygetius comes to the rescue. But against him too Augustine drives home the question, How can one know what is *veri simile*, when one does not know what is *verum*?²

The defence of the Academic position is then thrown upon Alypius and the controversy proceeds between the master and his old friend. Augustine makes an interesting confession: he has not yet himself arrived at certainty; only to him it appears probable that the Truth can be found by men.³ The Academics hold that the probability is the other way; that is the only difference between them. A little later he explains that he does not believe the Old Academic teachers to have been sceptics in reality, but to have made their scepticism a screen for concealing their true doctrine from the profane. He is prepared, however, to examine the sceptical position on its own merits—but not to-day, for the sun is low and it is time to go home.

Next day is another splendid summer day, but household affairs and the writing of letters do not leave them free till late in the afternoon. Then they wander out through the golden evening to the wonted tree. In the little space of daylight remaining the

¹ ii. 16.² ii. 20.³ ii. 23.

discussion meanders without bringing things much further. Only the declaration is obtained from Alypius that he himself holds that not only have men so far failed to find the Truth, but the Truth is unattainable; the Academics accordingly in his view meant just what they said. This is what Augustine disputes and the discussion is adjourned to the next day. The party returns home through the gathering shades of the mild night.

The fine weather does not last and the following morning they meet, not in the meadow, but in the bath-hall of the country house. The search for Truth, the supreme business of life! Once more the African master of rhetoric gives utterance to the passion which at this moment of his life has come to supersede all others—the Truth, to which he feels himself now at last come so thrillingly near! And yet look at the hindrances, the pitiful necessities of life which seem to make the man who would live for Truth alone the slave of his material circumstances—of Fortune, in the ancients' manner of speaking. Think of yesterday, when we had to go to bed with our discussion adjourned, because mere household affairs took up so much of the day that we had only two short hours left over to pass into the sphere of our true being and breathe its free air (*in nosmetipsos respirare*).¹ It would almost seem as if, in order to reach the state of wisdom in which a man is independent of Fortune, the help of Fortune were required! Such an apparent paradox however, Augustine reflects, has many parallels in common things: the ship which takes me across the Aegean enables me to reach a place where I require the ship no more. It may be so with the man who by

¹ iii. 2.

Fortune's help reaches the haven of Wisdom. But this difference, in respect of independence of Fortune, between the state of the seeker and the state of the wise man, Alypius is disposed to deny: if the wise man can in one sense do without Fortune, so can the seeker; if on the other hand the seeker needs Fortune for the maintenance of his bare physical life, so does the wise man. The question now supervenes, What is really the difference between the seeker and the wise man? The wise man possesses by a fixed disposition of soul (*habitus*) those things, says Alypius, for which the seeker has only a burning desire (*flagrantia*). And is it not, Augustine urges, just the Truth which the wise man possesses—the Truth whose unattainableness the Academic asserts? Is it not an absurdity to say the wise man does not know wisdom? Alypius would save the situation by the phrase, The wise man seems to himself to know wisdom. Augustine claims that this proves his case. If the wise man thinks that he knows wisdom, he believes at any rate that the Truth is attainable.

They now break off for the midday meal. In the course of the meal Licentius slips away and is discovered afterwards in the bath-hall, absorbed in the composition of Greek tragic iambics—a display of literary ardour which the master can now only think dangerous to his soul, and Licentius is sent back to quench the literal physical thirst of which he has become aware, before the discussion is resumed.

Alypius before luncheon stated that the wise man thought that he knew wisdom. Well then, Augustine asks, what does Alypius himself think about him, that he knows wisdom or that he does not? If the ideal wise man were found, Alypius opines, the wise man

such as Reason presents him (*qualem ratio prodit*),¹ he might perhaps know. Augustine points out that this shifts the question from the Academic ground. The Academics held that the wise man was actually found, but that he never possessed real knowledge and never affirmed more than a probability. The position of Alypius is that wisdom would imply a knowledge of the Truth, but left us confronted with the question, Is the wise man ever found? Granting that there is a Truth, not in its nature inaccessible, a Truth to which the wise man ought to give assent, who can point it out? Alypius a moment before had drawn upon the myth of Proteus to figure this elusive Truth, so impossible to lay hold of, unless some divinity, as in the old story, showed the way (*nisi indice alicuius numinis*).² And now Augustine seizes upon the expression. Yes, that is where for him hope lies—an intimation conveyed from the other side, *numen aliquod*.

But before following up that clue, Augustine turns to examine the Academic position by the light of reason. This part of his argument, it must be allowed, is directed against a position which we should hardly feel it worth while to assail so elaborately. The kind of sceptic which we want him to meet is not the extreme sceptic who denies that we can know any proposition whatever to be true—but the sceptic who asks Augustine's ground for believing those particular things about the unseen Reality which he has found taught in the Christian community. It is comparatively easy to show the absurdity of the extreme sceptical position, but that does not take us all the way to accepting the Christian belief. It is, however, against the extreme position that Augustine argues.

¹ iii. 9.² iii. 11.

If we assert that we can make no proposition with the assurance of its truth, our very assertion is an instance to the contrary; this, of course, was the stock argument against the Sceptics. Or again, disjunctive propositions must be true: the World is either one or it is not one, and so on. Thirdly, the external world surrounding me may be an illusion. I may be mad or dreaming. But the fact that something appears to me, that there is an It about which I can speak, remains indubitable. Fourthly, mathematical truths must be true, even if I am dreaming: six and one make seven, whatever my condition is. Fifthly, I know the quality of my sensations as sensations, whatever their external cause may be: I *do* see the straight staff bent in a pool; I *do* taste the leaves of the wild olive as bitter, whatever they may be to goats. And with this Augustine seems to connect, sixthly, moral judgments.¹ “*Quid enim de moribus inquirentem iuvat vel impedit corporis sensus?*” Even the Epicureans are not prevented by the deceitfulness of the senses from knowing what excites pleasure in them and what dislike—from making value-judgments, in the cant phrase of modern philosophy. But may I not be dreaming all the while when I choose my *summum bonum*? Then my choosing it will not matter, for my choice will all be part of the dream. Seventhly and lastly, Augustine points to ‘dialectic,’ *i.e.* formal logic, as something which the wise man, if it is true, will know for certain. This last instance of course is, in substance, identical with that of disjunctive propositions already given. The argument of Alypius that the very victory of Augustine over the Academics would prove that the acutest and most brilliant philosophers could be mistaken

¹ iii. 27.

and therefore signally confirm the sceptical doubt,¹ Augustine meets by saying that he is willing to waive his victory, if only he can remove the despair which paralyses the search for Truth at the outset; and once more he returns to his contention that the knowledge of wisdom is involved in the idea of the wise man.

All this, however, is to move in an abstract formal region without coming near any concrete truth. Augustine himself feels that it cannot satisfy. "Perhaps," he says,² "you want me to quit my logical fortress and come to close quarters with the shrewd adversary. I will, to please you. I will throw with all the power I possess a dart, smoky indeed and uncouth, but, as I think, effective. To abstain from all assent is to forego all activity." They smile contemptuously. "*O hominem rusticum!*" What of our *probabile*? What of our *veri simile*? "There! I have done as you wished; and you hear the ring of the Greek shields. My poor dart has been intercepted; I look in vain for help to the old learned books. The armour with which they provide me is rather a burden than an aid. I will turn to what these green fields, this country quiet, have taught me. Yes, in these long unhurried summer and autumn days, here among meadows and woods, I have been thinking deeply what power lies in that *probabile* to save our activities from error. It seemed at first such a sound and adequate security, not a crack anywhere. And then gradually I began to see a gap in my defences. Suppose two wayfarers bound for the same place come to a parting of the ways. They stand in doubt which is the right road, when a shepherd comes upon the scene. 'Good day, my worthy man (*Salve, frugi homo*), tell us please, which is the way to

¹ iii. 80.² iii. 88.

such-and-such a place?' 'Follow this road, and ye won't go wrong.' 'He has told us true,' says one wayfarer to his fellow, 'let us go as he says.' But the other wayfarer is a sceptical philosopher, and highly amused at anyone giving his assent so easily. While the simple man goes on, he remains rooted at the cross-roads. He is beginning to feel his position rather ridiculous, when down the other road some one comes into view—not a shepherd this time, but a sleek man of fashion on horseback (*lautus et urbanus quidam*). The philosopher asks him the way, and, in order to enlist the interest of some one so obviously a member of the polite world, indicates the philosophical nature of the considerations which have immobilized him where he stands. Unfortunately the brilliant gentleman is really a sharper, a *samardacus* in fourth century slang, and deliberately directs him to the wrong road. This indication the philosopher follows; but is he deceived? Not in the least; all the way that he goes, he repeats to himself that he is only following the probable; he has never given his absolute intellectual assent. The simple man, who gave his assent rashly, arrives happily at his destination, and the cautious philosopher loses himself, still following the probable, in far-off forests."

Now according to the Academics the man who took the right road by a happy chance, must be said to be in error, and the philosopher who gets lost not to be in error. This seemed to Augustine so monstrous a conclusion that he began to suspect the basis of the Academic doctrine. Perhaps we of the twentieth century, listening to the discussion, would object at this point that Augustine's parable does not really touch the doctrine that probability is the guide of life.

Of course, we should say, man is always liable to make a mistake, but that is no reason for our following blindly the shepherd's instructions any more than the fine gentleman's. If we make a mistake, we shall by following rational probability have done the best we could. Ah! but that is just what neither side in the ancient controversy was willing to admit. The wise man, on this the schools were agreed, must be one who made no mistake. And the Academics thought they saved this postulate by their doctrine that the wise man withheld absolute intellectual assent, and was therefore not in error even if his action turned out to be futile. Now against this position Augustine's argument seems to have force. The only real suspense of judgment, it would say in effect, is suspense of action. All action involves assent. It is small good saying that this is not absolute intellectual assent, if the action turns out to be wrong.

Augustine now proceeds to the moral consequences of the Academic theory. They are, of course, a subjectivism of the most extreme form. All the moral judgments of society, all the legal penalties attached to crime, are based upon the belief that there is an objective right and wrong. If the Academics are right, they are all stultified. This is a theme which lends itself to rhetorical expansion. One has only to take examples of crime, a man seducing his friend's wife, Catiline—" *taceo de homicidiis, parricidiis, sacrilegiis,*" and so on, asking sarcastically after each, whether there was here no fault (*peccatum*), no error, because the criminal was following the course which commended itself to him personally. To us the rhetoric adds little to whatever force the argument may have.

Augustine has now proved to his own satisfaction

that *some* truth at any rate is accessible to men. The extreme sceptical position has been shown untenable. That position however, he now goes on to expound, was never really held by the Academics. The Platonic Academia was a society with an esoteric doctrine incapable of being transmitted to the profane, and the profane *par excellence* were the materialist Stoics. The Academic Scepticism did a necessary work of destruction upon the Stoic dogmas. Cicero gave them the *coup de grâce*. "Within a little of his time the stubborn opposition was extinct: the pure and luminous face of Plato shone forth clear of the mists of error which had hidden it, most chiefly in Plotinus, a Platonic philosopher who has been held so like the master that one might have supposed the two to have lived together, whilst so long an interval of time in fact separated them that the master might be thought to have come to life again in Plotinus."¹ This is hardly how we should have expected Augustine to express himself a few months after his conversion, if we only knew his life from the *Confessions*.

And now we see how the Christian belief has been grafted on to a Platonic stock.² "At the present time," Augustine goes on, "all schools of philosophy are practically extinct except the Cynics, the Peripatetics and the Platonists. The Cynics may be dismissed as freaks, and as to Plato and Aristotle, it is only the dull or careless who do not see that there is a profound underlying agreement between them in doctrine and moral ideals. So that after the strifes and controversies of ages now at last, I think, a uniform teaching embodying a supremely true philosophy has been strained out (*eliquata est*)—a philosophy 'not of this world'—"

¹ iii. 41.² iii. 42.

Augustine is quoting the Christian scriptures, but he gives the phrase a curious Platonic twist—"not of this material world, but of the other world of the mind (*alterius intelligibilis*)."¹ But how is the soul, darkened with the manifold clouds of error, besmirched deep in its being with the pollutions of the body, to rise to the mind-world (the νοητὸς κόσμος)? The old Platonic question; but it gets no longer a Platonic answer. This is where the Christianity in this strange combination comes in. It could not, had not the supreme God "by a kind of popular clemency (*populari quadam clementia*)" lowered the authority of the Divine Intellect even to a human body; so that now souls can be roused up, not only by His instructions, but by His acts, and return to their true selves and see again their lost country, without the dust and tumult of controversy.

In a few concluding sentences Augustine states his own personal standpoint at that moment of time: so did a man reason in the year 386, suspended between the ancient world that was passing away and the new world gradually coming to be. "Wherever human wisdom may lie, I Augustinus have not yet apprehended it.¹ But I am only thirty-two and need not despair. My whole life is henceforward to be concentrated upon the search for it, all the things that men count good sacrificed to that one end. It was the Academic arguments which discouraged me at the very outset, but they at any rate have been disposed of. And now what are the forces which draw the mind to learn, which condition its receptivity? They are two, authority and reason. As for the first, I have made up my mind to stand by the authority of Christ; for I find in the world none stronger. As for the second—because

¹ iii. 48.

I am eager to understand as well as believe—I feel sure that I shall find among the Platonists all the truth that can be attained by the subtlest reason, and these I shall follow so long as their teaching does not conflict with our religion.”

Night has already fallen, and the lamps were brought in some while since to enable the shorthand-writer to take his notes. The voice we have been listening to ceases, and we find ourselves back again in the year of our Lord 1917, still looking out upon this old problematic universe.

EDWYN BEVAN.

NATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY IN THE WAR.

Colonel F. N. MAUDE, C.B.

My excuse for submitting the following pages to THE QUEST is that the problems in National Psychology raised by this War transcend in importance any in human experience.

There has been no technical surprise in the War. It is only the layman who sees new and wonderful developments in the weapons and other means of destruction we are all now employing more or less. Almost every one of these has been discussed and discounted, often generations ago, by soldiers of all countries; and even the consequences certain to arise from the latest of all ideas, the introduction of aircraft into field-operations, has brought no real surprise to those who, feeling that this struggle was ultimately inevitable, have been busying themselves with the task of preparation for the last forty years. Aviation certainly has made far more rapid progress than we anticipated; but it has brought no alteration to the very soul of things.¹

¹ I was in India Instructor of Signalling in the hills when aviation as a practical proposition first began to attract attention, about forty years ago—long before the petrol-engine solved the immediate difficulties of propulsion—but we used to discuss the question on the basis of what could be accurately observed from great heights and under different conditions, and formed conclusions which practice has not since modified in essentials. The mistake however into which we all fell was again a psychological one. While admitting that the invention of a flying-machine was only a question of time, we altogether refused to believe that we would ever find men with brains to fly them. Watching the great kites, eagles and vultures circling and soaring above and around us, often for hours at a time, we could not imagine the possibility of any human being ever excelling their feats. Yet we have excelled them, for no bird, to the best of my knowledge, has ever looped the loop.

The modern German gas and flame attacks are only modifications of the oldest form of attack probably known to man—namely, the use of fire and smoke to choke an enemy out of his caves or shelters. All aboriginals who fight in packs make use of it; and we have often been compelled to employ the same means against savages in hill warfare. Heavy implements of war—battering rams, mangonels and so forth—bringing actually greater weights on the foundations than any guns, except the 17in. mortars, were always hauled about by the later Roman legions. All of these have been eliminated, because, as civilization developed and communications consequently improved, it became more and more evident that the secret of success lay more in mobility of numbers and the training of men to self-sacrifice. Mere local destruction of life was completely outweighed in importance by the power of bringing overwhelming numbers against the decisive point. Weapons of course we had to provide, and primarily they were always inventions for defence; but the fatal mistake to make was to lessen the mobility of masses in order to concentrate greater power in a single machine.

Thus in the middle ages men tried to drag guns of even larger bore than the 17in. Skoda howitzers about the plains of Flanders; but they stuck in the mud so frequently, like their present descendants, that step by step the weight of artillery was reduced, until the weights behind the collars of a six-horse team came down to the lowest ever reached, for employment with armies in the open field, in the French '*soixante-quinze*'—the most perfect compromise between power and mobility the world has ever seen. The reason for this progression towards mobility lay primarily in the

object with which wars, during the last two centuries, have generally been waged. Normally armies have been set in motion to destroy other armies and thus compel the opposing Government to submit by depriving it of its principal means of defence.

In the XVIIIth century armies were essentially groups of mercenary specialists, against whom the civilian population was practically powerless, for 10,000 disciplined men could easily put down a rising of 100,000 untrained men. But with the coming of the French Revolution an entirely new era of warfare set in; during this period the value of individual skill at arms declined, and victory became more and more dependent on the rapid concentrations of relatively unskilled multitudes. Ultimately this led to conscription and compulsory service, and all Europe, except Great Britain, became a standing camp. Armies became 'nations in arms,' and no one—not even the most advanced technical thinkers—foresaw the change this was bound to make in the ultimate aims for which great nations would prosecute hostilities. As usual the Germans were the slowest to perceive the inevitable climax. But in all other countries suffering under the load of service German preparations compelled them to maintain, every individual, I think, was subconsciously resolved that, if the peace was once broken, they would fight on until the race which broke it should be incapacitated from further evil for good and all. We all subconsciously looked forward to the golden age; but we knew that nations would reach it only through the gates of death.

Yet no army could afford to pursue this unspoken thought to its logical end, for it meant such an overwhelming load of service and taxation that the

harmonious growth of the nation as a whole would become impossible. Instant readiness for war was unattainable, except for the British navy. And since all nations, while striving to enter into alliances, nevertheless knew that the case might arise in which they might have to stand alone, they had to organise the resources they possessed primarily to repel invasion by defeating the enemy's field armies. (Except the inner circle of the Kaiser's Court, no soldiers—not even the German General Staff—ever dreamt of achieving the actual conquest of its adversary.)

To this end all organisations strove to find a compromise which would give to the armies they could reasonably afford to maintain the maximum of mobility and sufficient numbers. For in war the ordinary dynamic law also prevails that the force of a blow varies as the square of the velocity. It is the same in finance also, though we have not yet discovered the application.

It was not until the great German offensive finally and completely broke down before Ypres in December, 1914, that the Military Headquarters of the several members of the Grand Alliance awoke to the fact that their ultimate resources now justified them in aiming at the greater result—namely, the practical destruction of the whole forces of aggression.

That is what we are now aiming at, and that is the explanation of the long drawn months of waiting we have endured. We could in all reasonable probability have obtained our lesser purpose of peace on reasonable terms long ago, had we been so minded—possibly at a less cost in military lives than the final reckoning will shew. But it was felt that the cause of humanity would best be served by the greater effort;

and undoubtedly the subconscious wills of all the Allied armies and the nations they represent are in entire agreement with this policy.

But—and this is the essential point of my argument—it was the psychologic potential, produced by years of endurance and released by the special circumstances under which this War broke out, which alone rendered the present situation possible.

Had the War arisen out of an ordinary frontier incident—as in fact we all expected it would—the chances are that the War would have run its course precisely as most strategists, French and German alike, expected that it would. Bonnal—one of the greatest military thinkers and a former head of the French General Staff—discussing the value of a military *entente* with England, gave it as his considered opinion some five years ago that, with the short-service peace-trained conscripts at that time arrayed against each other on either side of the frontier, the first great shock of armies would take place about the fourteenth day after mobilisation, and within three days or so one or the other of the combatants would be so completely shattered and disorganised that almost immediate peace would follow. If it was the Germans who broke, the French would not need our help. If it was the French, then in consequence of the necessary slowness of our transportation we should come too late—“*alors ils se refugieront dans leur Isles.*” It seems strange that so profound a student of the Napoleonic epoch should so entirely have misunderstood the spirit of our people.

Now this opinion, as to the consequences of a great battle between two modern European armies, was based on his direct experience of the War of 1870,

in which, at Woerth for example, he had seen whole brigades (of 6,000 men) dissolve under the terror of the *chassepôt* rifle fire, bolting panic-stricken to shelter, and leaving only a few dozen men behind on the ground. The German writers have been equally frank, and have openly admitted that such scenes took place not only at Woerth, but at many other places.

Capt. Hoenig, for instance, in a well-known study entitled *Forty-eight Hours of Moltke's Strategy*, gives one of the most extraordinary pictures of a battle of the seventies, in describing the five separate and distinct panics that broke out in the VIIth Corps while struggling with the French for the possession of the Farm of St. Hubert and the adjacent quarries opposite the Gravelotte plateau. It is far too long to quote *in extenso* (about 4,000 words), but the whole may be briefly summarised.

The whole Corps (Rhinelanders, who have fought quite admirably in the present War) were thrown into the wooded slopes ascending towards the French entrenchments, which were thrown back about 600 yards from the northern edge of the wood. About 100 guns were thundering overhead, without a single French battery in action against them.

The leading brigade broke cover in good order and made one magnificent dash at the enemy, which broke down however before the French fire some 200 yards short of their objective. The survivors drifted back under cover, where they overran the supporting battalions coming up in the rear, and threw the whole of the remainder of the Corps—nearly 20,000 men—into such hopeless confusion that they never succeeded in making a fresh attack at all.

Only some 365 brave men, under the command of

a real leader—a Hauptmann von Wobesser, a significant name—held on to the edge of the wood and adjacent quarries and beat all the French counter-attacks back. But the remaining 20,000 simply swirled backwards and forwards in the wood, ‘like swarming bees,’ and gradually drifted back to the southern limit of the cover, whence whole droves of them—3,000 to 4,000 stragglers at a time—issued in panic-stricken flight. In one of these panics the King himself was nearly run down, and his staff had to draw their swords and use them to clear a passage for him. This was an incident the old King never forgot. He had fought in 1814 and at Ligny, and knew this was not the kind of discipline he had a right to expect.

Meckel—afterwards the founder of the Japanese tactical training, and one of the very ablest thinkers the German Staff have of late years produced—summarised the whole matter in the following words, taken from a pamphlet published by him about 1890 :

“I recalled my first battle in France. . . . The field was literally strewn with men who had left the ranks and were doing *nothing*. Whole battalions could have been formed from them. From our position we could count hundreds. Some were lying down, their rifles pointing to the front, as if they were expecting the enemy to attack every moment. These had evidently remained behind when the brave men had advanced. Others had squatted like hares in furrows ; wherever a bush or ditch gave shelter, there were men to be seen who in some cases had made themselves very comfortable. All these men gazed at us without shewing the least interest. The fact that we belonged to another Army Corps seemed to be a sufficient excuse for regarding us with blank indifference. I

heard them say: 'These fellows, like the others, are going to let themselves get shot.'"

I could multiply these quotations by pages, but the above will suffice to shew that the behaviour of the short-service German conscript under fire in 1870 was by no means calculated to inspire their officers with confidence in their successors in the future, more especially since most thinking Germans believed that they would never get a better or clearer call to duty or an army better tuned by tradition to respond, for it was essentially of agricultural stock, and the men were led by officers to whom they were attached by the old feudal spirit.

In the army which took the field in 1914 the industrial element had largely ousted the agricultural, and the feudal tie had almost entirely disappeared; moreover every clean-minded officer deplored with all his heart the corruption of morals and deterioration of idealism which were rampantly conspicuous throughout the whole country. In 1866 I remember hearing German troops on the march singing the old *Volkslieder* in glorious harmony; in 1880 I noticed the beginning of a change; by 1890 the words of the men's songs were lewd and revolting.

In the old French Imperial army, with seven years' service and a high percentage of re-engaged professional soldiers, such straggling was very rare indeed; it was only the raw undrilled levies of the Loire who broke and ran. But Bonnal and most of the older men of the present generation certainly never expected to see the young soldiers of to-day fight up to the old standards. They too had been aware of the gradual apparent decadence of morals in their great towns, and many of them in their heart of hearts

looked on the modern *poilu* much as our old-fashioned regulars, whose military career expired about thirty years ago, used to look down upon the old militia men, when comparing them with the pick of our old long-service line-regiments.

Even in the British army itself not much confidence was felt in the collective heroism of our masses. Indeed the truth must be faced that there had been far too many 'regrettable incidents' in all our campaigns during the last fifty years, which needed a good deal of explaining away. Not merely wholesale and well-known surrenders, but cases of jumpy nerves and bad shooting even against natives, made men wonder what would be the result when at last we met an enemy on fully equal terms.

Now the psychological miracle I hope to see explained is this, that without exception all the predictions of all these experienced men have been completely falsified. Germans, French, Belgians, British, Russians, Serbs, Austrians and Italians have all of them marched to certain death with a stoicism no troops have ever excelled. According to all received standards, the highest record for endurance in war has hitherto always been held by the British in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. Next come the Confederate regiments in America in 1863/64; then the Prussians under Frederick in the Seven Years' War. The Russians and French stand about equal; and the Austrians and Italians last of all. Reliable figures for Turks and Japanese are not yet available to me; but both stand very high. In all cases, except the British at Waterloo, these records were made by long-service or at least war-seasoned regiments. Yet each and all these feats of heroism have been and are being beaten

day by day by modern short-service troops of all armies. The Germans, notwithstanding their well-known tendency to rely on their leaders, are still obeying orders as bravely as ever under a tempest of danger greater perhaps than has ever been endured before.

The causes, however, for which each of these many races are fighting are of very different natures. Of the Allies the men are mostly out to revenge the hideous crimes they have seen inflicted upon their own women and children, and to repel further invasion with all the horrors they know must follow in its train. The British are fighting of their own freewill to redress what we all feel as an outrage against all civilized existence. Though I do not believe one in ten or even twenty of our men has ever subconsciously believed in any proximate danger to his own hearth and home, their record is nevertheless certainly quite as high as that of the others. Nor are the Russians fighting for such fear. Poland and Courland are not essentially Russian; and as a nation the Russians have never felt the remotest fear of any of their neighbours.

In the Germans, however, national fear is paramount. Their hatred of their enemies and their brutal conduct to prisoners and civilians of all ages and sexes are the surest proofs of this contention. In fact fear of the 'war on two fronts' has been skilfully used by the German Government as a cement to bind together the different kingdoms which combine to form the Empire, and as a lever to induce the people to submit to the sacrifices their state of preparation for war has involved. But, as I have said, they are fighting with as much stoic endurance as the rest of us.

To get at the explanation of these curious contra-

ditions, one must go back to the scenes on the battlefields of France in 1870, and note the consequences on the minds of all the eye-witnesses.

We may safely discharge the old King William, the first German Emperor, of all aggressive tendencies against Europe, and indeed none of that generation can fairly be accused of holding them ; but nevertheless the cause which has set the whole present avalanche in motion may be held to start from the moment when he was nearly swept away by the panic-stricken mob. Possibly he may also have had a feeling that the crime of precipitating the campaign against France—of which he at least was guiltless, for he certainly had nothing to do with the falsification of the Ems telegram—would have to be paid for by some future generation ; but, in whatever proportion these feelings may have been combined either in his own mind or those of his comrades of the War, the net result was that, from the very day after that battle, he took the lead in a campaign against the slackness of discipline which had so nearly brought about disaster ; and from that day forward the German armies were drilled to a standard of discipline absolutely unknown on the Continent since the days of Frederick the Great. And the standard was constantly raised as time went on, the motive-power used upon all officers and through them on the public being the fear of war on two fronts—*i.e.* against Russia and France—and the certainty of defeat unless the source of the evils so conspicuous on the French battlefields of 1870 was completely eliminated. These recollections hung like the sword of Damocles over every thinking officer's head, and spurred him to exertions which were certainly not excelled in any other country.

Now this is the manner in which the present German army has been forged ; and so far, except that fear should not be the motive power in the execution of duty, it is difficult to find much fault with the process. The point however is, that those who seek to apply collective hypnotization to any nation, no matter how lofty the purpose, are apt to set in motion currents of thought the results of which they can neither foresee nor control ; and this is exactly what has happened in the present case. The very perfection of the machine thus formed filled the whole nation with an overweening pride and sense of invincibility, which in turn gave birth to the Pan-Germanic dream ; and the opportunity to use this most efficient weapon to disprove the danger of the war on two fronts once and for all, which arose after the defeat of Russia in Manchuria, proved too great a temptation for the present Emperor to resist.

It was only necessary to bring the German fleet up to a fair match for the French and Russians in the Baltic, to compel British neutrality by taking advantage of the unrest in Ireland and fanning it by secret service weapons, and then all would be ready to spring the mine against the peace of Europe, overrun France by sheer weight of numbers, return eastward and, aided by the Russian Revolutionary Societies, extort a peace from the Russian Government—following the precedent established by the Japanese, and then after a few years of preparation fight England for the dominion of the seas. But it was precisely at this point that the power of the great collective thought-waves called into existence condemned the whole project to failure from the first moment, and set in motion the whole chain of cause and effect of which

the 'Military Execution'—not the War—we are at present carrying out upon the German people is the last and ultimate word.

To explain the matter, let me dwell a little on what the 'soul of a nation' really is. The expression now-a-days flows so glibly from the pens of all average journalists that everyone is familiar with it, though very few could attempt to define it or are prepared to accept it as more than a fanciful expression of a poetic idea. In my opinion, however, it represents an exceedingly real fact in nature, and the steps by which I reached this conclusion may be interesting.

The idea first came to me while reading several years ago Gustav Le Bon's *Psychology of Crowds*. Now empirically all soldiers are students of crowd-psychology, and by hereditary instinct many who have never heard of the idea are nevertheless practical exponents of the whole science every time they take command of a parade. It was from this standpoint I had first studied the matter, and had indeed written a long book on the subject before Le Bon's work came into my hands. Then at once I caught the concrete conception I had been searching for. It will be remembered that Le Bon shews that the spontaneous response to any given stimulus by a crowd can never be predicted by a simple arithmetical summary of the individual opinions of its members, but is always a product of the subconscious or, perhaps better, hereditary instincts of the whole mass. The crowd becomes an entity whose collective will-power dominates the individual entirely.

It was the word 'entity' which caught my eye and thought, and I at once visualized in my mind an 'ethereal' entity possessing actual vitality as long as

the output of thought or emotion sufficed for its supply. Assuming it to be an entity having a specific duration of existence, it followed that it must obey the laws of evolution like all other living beings. Every human being runs through these successive stages of development with great rapidity before birth, the process afterwards becoming slower and slower as he attains the full degree of maturity to which his nature entitles him—and the growth of all his constituent elements and functions proceeds simultaneously until bodily decay begins.

We cannot conceive a human being without the raw material which constitutes the fleshy tissues of his body or without a bony framework to which these tissues are attached, and these require a digestive and circulatory system to supply nourishment for their growth and due maintenance—stomach, heart, arteries, etc.

This gives us the physical body, the properties of which we can analyse, weigh and measure by normal scientific methods. But we still have need of an organ capable of exercising directive functions—the brain with its nervous system. These functions invariably in all sentient animals appear in the following order: emotion, discrimination, co-ordination and lastly intellectual activity, which broadly speaking appears definitely only in the human being, though it is always present in some degree throughout, even if that degree be almost infinitesimal.

The infant shews only emotion; it has no sense of quantitative discrimination at all. By degrees, however, it begins to shew that it appreciates colours, then form, lastly musical sounds, *i.e.* two-dimensional objects, then those of three, and finally music, which

always appeared to me as a concept of four dimensions, if not ultimately of more. And broadly we have always recognised that these phases follow one another in seven-year phases, and have based our educational systems, crude as these still are, on an empiric appreciation of this general law. At seven years of age the average male child has sufficient sense of discrimination to be sent to school, where subconsciously this sense is developed. Nearing his fourteenth year he begins quite spontaneously to exercise the faculty of co-ordination in the choice of cricket and football teams, organisation of school societies and so forth, and nearing his twentieth year he begins to shew the stirring of intellectual desires.

I think Public School masters will agree with me that not five per cent. of their charges shew intellectual curiosity much before this age; and the records of the Council Schools, I am informed, prove that the mass of their pupils are incapable of being taught anything useful to them in after-life out of books, though of course their memories can be crammed with undigested facts, after their fourteenth year. The most highly developed minds generally mature slowly; but they will continue to develop intellectually even in extreme old age, long after the physical machinery of their bodies has begun to run down.

Now if we study the phenomena presented by 'crowds'—using the word to cover the idea of any assemblage of individuals for any common purpose, whether temporary or permanent—we find that their collective thought follows exactly the same laws.

A hastily-collected street-crowd shews emotion only, as short-lived as the crowd itself generally. A body of people brought together in response to a

common emotion immediately splits into two parties who endeavour to exercise discrimination. A committee is then formed to define functions, etc., and attempt co-ordination; and then, in proportion to the strength of the emotion at the bottom of the whole movement, the society grows or decays, shewing a spark of intellectuality perhaps, but never anything approaching the amount which the founders of the society originally aimed at. A wise founder of popular movements then does not allow disappointment to break his heart, but realizes the limitations of the machinery he has created, and does the best he can with the means at hand to the attainment of the object in view.

Visualizing whole nations as 'crowds,' we find the same law prevailing. The lowest orders of mankind—Bushmen, West-coast negroes, etc.—are governed solely by momentary emotions. Among the Chinese, Japanese, Hindoos and derived nations we find discrimination developed to the highest degree in all pictorial arts and crafts—usually, but not always 'two-dimensional.' Individual intellectuality as shewn in the power of the acquisition of facts and of logical dissection of problems is also very high indeed; but the function of co-ordination seems almost wanting in the mass of the population as compared with the best that the white peoples can offer. Taking Europe in the same order we find the Slavs abnormally emotional; in discrimination they are only fair, while in intellectuality as a race they are far behind the predominantly Latin peoples. The latter in their turn are, in the faculty of co-ordination, behind the mixture of Celtic, Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norse and Norman races which we now know collectively as the British people.

It is this essential faculty which makes of our men, almost without distinction of birth, the most successful leaders of coloured races, whether in war or industry, that the world has ever seen. This power of co-ordination is their birthright, which they as individuals exercise so unconsciously that they can never explain to others the secret of their extraordinary success. And this gift of co-ordination carries with it as corollary the power of self-control; for you cannot co-ordinate anything without discriminating between emotional forces and subduing those which conflict in the prosecution of the main purpose.

The Germans as a people are almost destitute of this power of co-ordination; and that their discriminating power is very low is sufficiently shewn by the whole of their pictorial, architectural and literary productions. Having little inherent power of co-ordination and very strong emotions, they are easily led by men who have the power of appealing to these emotions and employing the thought-power thus developed for their own advantage.

This is precisely what the present Kaiser has done—empirically perhaps but none the less effectively. Realising how easily public opinion, *i.e.* thought-power, could be mobilized, he deliberately seized on the machinery which his forefathers had devised, primarily for self-defence; and, by intensifying the output of individual energy by the methods of the drill-ground, which exist essentially everywhere for the special purpose, and stimulating the primitive instincts of fear, pride, conquest and booty through the press, he was able, when at last he exploded the mine he had so carefully prepared, to hurl the whole manhood of his nation into the breach, aflame with an enthusiastic

hatred of their enemies such as the world has never before seen.

And this is where retribution began. The military machinery invented by his predecessors had not been devised to utilize such excessive currents; and so—in electrical phraseology—when the current was turned on, the fuses burned out and the wheels refused to turn round. The tactical methods employed had been designed for the *moral* of the 1870 troops. No one hoped that men would ever do better or expected that they might meet a stauncher enemy.

Instead of skulking in tens of thousands—‘*Massendruckerbergerthum*’ was the slang word the German officers had invented to describe the phenomena of the 1870 battlefields—they went forward with such ardour and celerity and such precise attention to parade-ground practice that, when at last our men rose from their trenches to meet them, they presented a target which we could not miss. The Germans fell in such sheaves before our fire that the survivors were temporarily paralysed; and the whole attack went through so rapidly that the reserves disposed behind for the express purpose of meeting this eventuality—their distance to the rear being calculated on the old data—invariably arrived too late to re-establish the equilibrium. This phenomenon was practically repeated along the whole extent of the Allied lines. None of the Staff expectations were realized; and from day to day it became more and more evident to the Allies’ Headquarters that the enemy’s leadership had broken down, and their offensive was therefore, humanly-speaking, certain to fail.

As we all know, the German offensive finally collapsed before Ypres in December, 1914. Then the

Allies at last saw their way to co-ordinate all their resources for an effort which should ensure the destruction of German militarism as a united and aggressive whole for generations to come. France, perfectly confident in her power to shatter all future attacks against her own territory, agreed to form the dam against German designs; and Russia and Great Britain, ultimately Italy, undertook to mobilize all their resources, and regarded all losses of territory and other inconveniences the War must involve, simply as minor incidents to be endured stoically until the whole machinery was ready.

The vital point was that the hideous crimes against humanity perpetrated by the Germans wherever they had fought, had called into being in every one of the Allied nations so intense a collective determination to fight on, that all outstanding differences between governments could be buried for the time being, and the people of every race could be called on for sacrifices, both financial and material, many times greater than their rulers had hitherto dared to ask of them.

Thus we were able to meet the enemy with thought-currents even greater than those they had prepared against us; and, being essentially far older civilizations with higher powers of discrimination and co-ordination than the German Empire, we were presently able to beat them at what they believed to be their own special game—organization. And organization was all we needed in order to be able to direct the dynamic force of these mighty thought-currents at our will and pleasure.

The Germans, having been completely foiled in their strategic offensive, and realizing that their men were no longer individually good enough, under such

leadership as was still forthcoming, to carry our positions at the point of the bayonet, with only such support as ordinary mobile artillery could give them, fell back on heavier and more complex machinery. This was a tacit acceptance of inferiority, which all trained minds on the side of the Allies and several in neutral countries were quick to realize; and it was precisely the mistake that a nation so saturated by the spirit of material science was certain to make. Our own newspaper critics were no wiser than the Germans; both alike forgot that it is the man behind the gun who is the deciding factor, not the dead machine, and that it is the spiritual force manifesting through the man that gives him his essential value.

In the wars of the last century these higher forces were so nearly uniform that their power could best be estimated by a simple counting of heads. That is, numerical superiority at the decisive point was the dominant factor, and, as the human material deteriorated, all leaders sought to compensate for its defects by crowding on more men. In England, however, this view has never been popular. Our common-sense and hereditary instinct have always rebelled against it; for, whenever these methods of overcrowding have been tried against us—from the days of Crécy and Agincourt onwards—the greater the crowd the enemy employed, the greater the slaughter and the more complete their defeat. And during the progress of this War all the armies allied with us have subconsciously come round to the same standpoint.

As the spirit of our men increased under each fresh stimulus applied by renewed incidents of German brutality to our wounded and prisoners, and to the women and children in countries under German occu-

pation, the driving force of collective determination, acting through the individuals, has given to each, on the psychic plane, a power of resistance to the disintegrating effects to which they have been subjected, that has never before been equalled.

In previous wars troops very rarely held on after thirty per cent. had been killed and wounded ; nowadays they have fought again and again to the very last man. And it is because their leaders realize the fact of this heroism as inherent in the new armies of all the nations, more or less, that as the Germans tend towards increasing the density of their formations we have been able to diminish the numbers required for any particular task ; with the result that in all collective undertakings on the Western front our losses have hardly averaged one quarter of those the Germans are compelled to submit to.

Nor is this abnormal and altogether astonishing individual heroism of the men confined to the battle-fields. On the contrary, we find it in every phase which calls for human endurance. Normally men exposed to the terrible climatic conditions encountered during the last two years, would have died by hundreds of thousands, and men meeting with physical injuries in civil life at all comparable to those quite common in the trenches would collapse under the nerve-shock, quite apart from any treatment they might receive. But they survive now ; and their cheerfulness in suffering is one of the most inspiring things that is to be witnessed. Even ordinary diseases seem to get no hold on them, once they reach the front ; for the returns of sickness throughout both winters have been actually below the normal for the same months in such healthy garrisons as Aldershot and Salisbury.

All these are absolutely new phenomena in the history of war. And since, as I have shewn above, saving the psychologic factor there is no other that is in any degree abnormal to previous experience, it seems to me that there is a very strong *prima facie* case to connect these two as cause and effect.

If the nation is indeed a psychic entity, following the laws of evolution common to all living things, it follows that man is the microcosm of his race. And this postulate once granted, we get a working hypothesis on which to found a true science of sociology, which will be badly needed in the near future when we have to deal with the problems the War has laid on our shoulders.

F. N. MAUDE.

THE WILL TO POWER AND THE SPIRIT OF CÆSAR.¹

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I.

NIETZSCHE's maiden work, *The Birth of Tragedy*, was published in 1872. It struck at once the keynote of his genius, and even nine years after Nietzsche could still refer to it as "the most important of his youthful works, the one which most thoroughly, if somewhat dimly, expressed his inmost being."² We give its essential character when we describe it as the impassioned record of the effect produced on Nietzsche's mind by the music of Wagner. What that effect essentially was we gather from a later confession. "I interpreted Wagner's music," says Nietzsche, "as the expression of a Dionysian strength of soul; in that music I thought I heard an earthquake letting loose a primæval life-force that had been dammed up for ages."³ This Dionysian music was to Nietzsche the authentic expression of the Will itself, the metaphysical essence of everything physical, the one ultimate reality.⁴ Out of it Tragedy is born, and in and through it, it alone

¹ A paper read before the Melbourne Shakespeare Society, July 7, 1916.

² Frau Förster-Nietzsche, *The Lonely Nietzsche* (tr. by Paul von Cohen), p. 270.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 345.

⁴ *Birth of Tragedy* (tr. by Wm. A. Haussmann), p. 121; cp. also *Ecce Homo*, p. 97.

persists; for Tragedy, we read, "perishes as surely by the evanescence of the spirit of music as it can be born only out of this spirit."¹

What then is this Dionysian revel out of which Tragedy is born? It is a powerful impulse of primæval joy felt by that within us which wills to live resolutely 'in the Whole and in the Full,' a joy which finds and develops itself in and through pain and all 'the natural cruelty of things,'² the joy of a creator who is at the same time a ruthless annihilator. And so terrible is this joy in its Dionysian purity and universality that it would be overwhelming but for the garment of expressive beauty which the art of Apollo throws over its 'obtrusion and excess.' The magic of poetic language and histrionic artifice comes here to assist the weakness of the spectator, helping him to face the drama without flinching. But this beauty, though essential to the tragic effect, is no more than an appearance. "Tragedy," we read, "ends with a sound which could never emanate from the realm of Apollonian art. And the Apollonian illusion is thereby found to be what it is,—the assiduous veiling during the performance of Tragedy of the intrinsically Dionysian effect."³

We are thus led to conclude that this Dionysian music, this profoundest impulsion to live, and live with all one's might, in the Whole and in the Full, is the deepest inspiration of Tragedy. It is also the prototype and essence of that yea-saying to life which Nietzsche has called the Will to Power. In *The Birth of Tragedy* this great pæan of affirmation is not yet struck with full consciousness of all that its utterance involves; the formula of the Will to Power has not

¹ *Birth of Tragedy*, p. 120.

² *Ibid.*, p. 141.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 166.

yet taken definite shape. Nietzsche is still under the shadow of Wagner. But the shadow passes, and Nietzsche realises that this great and terrible music was after all not Wagner's but his own. He then creates *Zarathustra* to proclaim the discovery, and calls his music the Will to Power.

"After thousands of years of error and confusion," he writes, "it is my good fortune to have rediscovered the road which leads to a Yea and to a Nay.

"I teach people to say Nay in the face of all that makes for weakness and exhaustion.

"I teach people to say Yea in the face of all that makes for strength, that preserves strength, and justifies the feeling of strength."¹

The notion that the Will to Power was the fundamental principle of all life, and therefore of all true art, first occurred to Nietzsche—and our authority for the statement is Nietzsche's own sister—when he was serving as a volunteer during the Franco-German War of 1870 in a German Army ambulance.

"On one occasion," we read,² "at the close of a very heavy day with the wounded, Nietzsche happened to enter a small town which lay on one of the chief military roads. He was wandering through it in a leisurely fashion when, suddenly, as he turned the corner of a street that was protected on either side by lofty stone walls, he heard a roaring noise, as of thunder, which seemed to come from the immediate neighbourhood. He hurried forward a step or two, and what should he see, but a magnificent cavalry regiment . . . ride past him like a luminous

¹ *The Will to Power* (Eng. tr. by Anthony M. Ludovici; editor, Dr. Oscar Levy), i. 45.

² *The Will to Power*, Preface by Translator, pp. ix., x.

stormoloud. The thundering din waxed louder and louder, and lo and behold! his own beloved regiment of field artillery dashed forward at full speed, out of the mist of motes, and sped westward amid an uproar of clattering chains and galloping steeds. A minute or two elapsed, and then a column of infantry appeared, advancing at the double—the men's eyes were aflame, their feet struck the hard road like mighty hammer-strokes, and their accoutrements glistened through the haze. While this procession passed before him, on its way to war and perhaps to death,—so wonderful in its vital strength and formidable courage, and so perfectly symbolic of a race that *will* conquer and prevail, or perish in the attempt,—Nietzsche was struck with the thought that the highest will to live could not find its expression in a miserable 'struggle for existence,' but in a will to war, a Will to Power, a will to overpower!"

Such was the inspiration which in *The Birth of Tragedy* became the flute and the cymbal of Dionysus and, later on, the brazen trumpet of *Zarathustra*.

For Nietzsche the Will to Power is the one fundamental human instinct, and all other instincts and desires can be traced to it as to a parent source. "It is the primitive motive force out of which all other motives have been derived."¹ "The only reality is this," says Nietzsche,² "the will of every centre of power to become stronger." Apart from this Will neither Knowledge nor Morality have any honest meaning. The voice of Reason rings true only as it justifies the behests of this primal passion to dominate and exploit. "Our most sacred convictions," we read, "those which are permanent in us concerning the highest values, are judgments emanating from our

¹ *The Will to Power*, ii. 161.

² *Ibid.*, ii. 163.

muscles."¹ Morality is similarly discounted. Like Knowledge it is no more than a *means* in the struggle for power. The good is that which increases one's power, the bad is that which decreases it. To the herd all will be good that increases the power of the herd, and whatever decreases that power will be bad. To the master it will be good to dominate the herd, and bad to be dominated by it.

The Will to Power, in fact, is an end in itself: it is beyond good and evil, as the end is beyond the means. Hence the virtue of the Superman is free from all 'moralic acid.'² So far as its end is concerned, it is untroubled by questions of good and evil. In brief the essence of the new morality, as Nietzsche understands it, is not the distinction between good and evil, but the fact of Power. Power is the first word in ethics; it is also the last.

To the powerful, we read, the first question is what one *can* do. "What one ought to do is only a secondary consideration."³ "Let us not deceive ourselves! When a man hears the whisper of the moral imperative in his breast, as altruism would have him hear it, he shows thereby that he belongs to the herd."⁴ For the master, "there is no 'thou shalt,' there is simply the 'I must' of the conqueror, the creator."⁵ As for conscience, it is simply the child of custom; all it does is to condemn an action because that action has been condemned for a long period of time. In place of conscience "man must have the courage of his natural instincts restored to him."⁶ There can be no greatness without great crimes.⁷ "The innermost

¹ *Ibid.*, i. 254.² *Ibid.*, p. 258.³ *Ibid.*, p. 102.⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 236-7.⁵ *The Lonely Nietzsche*, p. 255.⁶ *The Will to Power*, i. 101.⁷ Cp. *ibid.*, i. 99.

core of the tale of Prometheus" is "the necessity of crime imposed on the titanically striving individual."¹

The Will to Power in its pristine purity is without scruple, pity or remorse. "One should do honour to the fatality which says to the feeble 'perish!'"² Pity for the weak is "more dangerous than any vice."³ Remorse again is mere cowardice. Instead of being proudly self-loyal, we leave ourselves "in the lurch under pressure of sudden shame or distress."⁴

In its more social aspect the Will to Power finds expression in caste-organisation. The super-caste must jealously keep its distance. It must not seek to popularise its ideals but must rather make of these a caste-distinction. Social ethics must recognise two codes, and find a place for both in its scheme; but not as mere contrasted tendencies on the same level, like radical and conservative, for instance. The code of the Superman must dominate the situation, and that of the herd exist only on sufferance. The justification for the herd "is that it exists for the service of a higher and sovereign race which stands upon it and must be elevated upon its shoulders to fulfil the task it is destined to perform."⁵ One should not suppose the mission of a higher species to be the leading of inferior men (as Comte does, for instance); but the inferior should be regarded as the *foundation* upon which a higher species may live their higher life. The whole social order indeed is graded in terms of power. "Quanta of power alone determine rank and distinguish it; nothing else does." "The modicum of power which you represent," says Nietzsche, "decides your rank; all the rest is cowardice."⁶ It is in the social as in

¹ *Birth of Tragedy*, p. 79. ² *The Will to Power*, i., p. 47. ³ *Ibid.*, i. p. 46.

⁴ *Ibid.*, i. 192.

⁵ *Ibid.*, ii. 328, 329.

⁶ *Ibid.*, ii. 295, 296.

the political world. Power alone counts. Might alone is right. As for politics, "no philosopher," says Nietzsche, "can be in any doubt as to what the type of perfection is in politics; it is, of course, Machiavellianism."¹

But it would not be fair simply to equate Nietzsche with Machiavelli and so leave him. There is a culminating expression of the Will to Power which though not inconsistent with Machiavellianism is, in its great-hearted acceptance of the universe, more akin to the calm genius of Spinoza than to the subtle cynicism of Machiavelli. The Will to Power in its most personal form becomes for Nietzsche the love of fate, the will not only to *justify* life even where it is most terrible, most equivocal and most false, but the devoted acceptance in a spirit of uncalculating and untameable joy of all that destiny, the inscrutable, has in store for the human soul. By such devotion the feeling of power is raised to its highest capacity, so that the love of fate is the Will to Power in its completest form. "My formula for greatness in man," writes Nietzsche, "is *amor fati*: the fact that a man wishes nothing to be different, either in front of him or behind him, or for all eternity. Not only must the necessary be borne, and on no account concealed,—all idealism is falsehood in the face of necessity,—but it must also be *loved*."² Nietzsche's religion is the Love of Fate.

And yet we look in vain in Nietzsche's work for a consistent development of this his deepest conviction. We are baffled by his declared contempt for reason, logic and consistency, and by his antagonism to 'that four-square stupidity, a system.' None the less his

¹ *Will to Power*, i. 249.

² *Ecce Homo* (tr. Ludovici), p. 54; cp. *The Will to Power*, ii. 390, 411.

main intention seems clear. In all consideration of Nietzsche's views we have to start from the Will to Power as fundamental, and we know that his only conception of rank is that of degrees of power. Hence the Highest Being, whether we call It God or Superman, should be the Highest Power. And this inference is borne out by a passage of *The Will to Power*, somewhere towards the conclusion, in which Nietzsche says :

“Let us banish the highest good from our conception of God: it is unworthy of a God. Let us likewise banish the highest wisdom; it is the vanity of philosophers who have perpetrated the absurdity of a God who is a monster of wisdom; the idea was to make Him as like themselves as possible. No! God is the Highest Power—that is sufficient! Everything follows from that, even—‘the world.’”¹

And the world which expresses the will of this Highest Power, the stupendous actuality which Time bears everlastingly along, this is the Fate which the great man is to love. The *amor fati* is the love of the world as the Highest Power has irrevocably willed it. Now according to an ardent conviction of Nietzsche's the world eternally repeats itself. There is an absolute and eternal repetition of all things in periodical cycles which he calls ‘The Eternal Recurrence.’ This old-world notion affected him profoundly throughout the most creative period of his life. He refers to it as the root-idea of his *Zarathustra*, and ‘the highest formula of yea-saying that can ever be achieved.’ What impressed him was that through this notion all temporal experience received an eternal impress and value without forfeiting its temporal significance.

¹ *Will to Power*, ii. 409.

“Let us engrave the image of eternity *upon our lives* ! There is more in this idea than in all religions which despised this life as transient, and taught men to look towards an uncertain after-life.”¹ Granted the **Eternal Recurrence**, every moment acquires an eternity-value, for its content will everlastingly recur. And Nietzsche, confronting the most terrible experiences in this temper, concluded that in facing these with the certainty that they would recur world without end, and at the same time welcoming their perpetual return, the Will to Power had reached its most perfect expression. To acquiesce in, indeed to will, such a universe, to declare it mine, and mine by my own adoption for ever, is to be in an absolute sense a free man. Thus the free man is he whose will is completely and eternally one with the Will of the Highest Power as expressed in the universe he has created. To be truly free is to accept fate unreservedly; welcome, if need be, its unmitigated terror, nor wish that anything should ever be other than it is at the moment. This is not resignation, but whole-hearted acquiescence. It is the exultant plunge into the full flood of human destiny. The Will to Power as expressed in the *amor fati* is no longer the will to overpower, but the will unconditionally and unreservedly to surrender, accept and obey.

Thus do the extremes meet, the unchartered liberty of the Spirit of Music passing at one stroke under the fateful ruling of an iron Necessity.

II.

We pass on now to consider the conception of Tragedy and the Tragic which arises out of Nietzsche's general position.

¹ *The Lonely Nietzsche*, p. 98.

In this connection we must carefully distinguish two quite distinct issues.

On the one hand we have Nietzsche's explicit and declared view concerning the tragic essence, and our first care will be to state briefly what the view substantially is.

On the other hand we have that view of the tragic world which emerges from Nietzsche's philosophy when, instead of accepting his own peculiar conception of the essence of Tragedy, we accept instead the ordinary view of it as a wasting of spiritual treasure on the grand scale, whether through some defect in the character of hero or heroine or through the agency of distressful fate. This is, roughly speaking, the view handed down to us from the great tragedians of Ancient Greece, and preserved and deepened for us through the genius of Shakespeare. Applying this standard to Nietzsche's own work we shall be the better able to compare the tragic world of his philosophy with the tragic world of the Shakespearean drama. We turn then first to Nietzsche's *own* explicit conception of the Tragic.

This conception, as developed by Nietzsche in *The Birth of Tragedy*, practically identifies the Tragic with the Epic in its most ardent and concentrated form; for instead of moving us with a story of spiritual waste, it challenges us rather to worship what is superhuman and titanic.

Nietzsche's typical tragic figure is the heroic Dionysian superman who, like some splendid redskin of the XVIIIth century, is wholly invincible, dancing his best when the torments are hottest. Destiny as it sweeps over him finds him still unweakened and untamed. The tragic quality we are here called on

to admire is the superb indifference which all heroic Will to Power displays towards individual suffering or annihilation. The Highest Power prevails, and for the tragic hero that by itself suffices. Tragedy, so conceived, tells of no spiritual defeat through weakness; on the contrary, it is the story of strength undefeated, fed by pain and cruelty as by its own natural fuel. And the spectator, as he witnesses this 'pessimism of strength,' this grim predilection of the hero for the hard, the awful, the evil and the problematic in existence, will be filled with a noble joy of emulation. The tragic sentiment will not discharge itself in contemptible emotions of pity or fear, but rather in a yearning admiration for the strength that is pitiless and fearless, and drinks to its last dregs the cup of the festal joys. He will leap with responsive rapture when the chorus dares him to be a tragic man himself, bidding him crown himself with ivy and accompany the Dionysian festive procession from India to Greece.

Thus does Tragedy come before us in the pages of Nietzsche, not as Nemesis but as Superlife; and its appeal is not to our pity and awe, but to our feeling for the masterful, our capacity for hero-worship. Tragedy is the *child* of Dionysus, and as such expresses the triumph and not the defeating of his vitality. What kills the Superlife is also the death of Tragedy. The death of Tragedy is due to certain diseases, such as morality, or the cheerfulness of the intellectual man. But the incidence of these diseases is not that which makes Tragedy and evokes the tragic interest, but rather that which unmakes it and chokes all tragic feeling at its source.

¹ *Birth of Tragedy*, p. 2.

Clearly, then, the Tragic does not consist for Nietzsche in nemesis of any kind, whether of defective character or dire fate. It celebrates the *apotheosis* of strength, not the *nemesis* of weakness. When the strong man wills to live resolutely in the Whole and in the Full, and in so doing transfigures the terrors of evil into shafts of glory, he has become a tragic man and a hero fit for the tragic stage. To watch such a hero declining from his tragic state through some fatal and insidious weakness would be to Nietzsche a bearing of the tragic *pall* and not of the tragic *thyrsus*. It would not be Tragedy at all, but the *lack* of it, and as a spectacle it would arouse in Nietzsche not sympathetic pity and awe but antipathetic dislike and disgust.

We pass on then to our second point. Dropping Nietzsche's confusion of Tragic and Epic, and adopting that view of Tragedy which is familiar to us through the dramas of Sophocles and of Shakespeare, and *implied* at any rate in Nietzsche's own works, let us try to picture to ourselves the properly tragic significance and value of Nietzsche's world-order according to the Will to Power.¹

¹ We do not for a moment believe that in *The Birth of Tragedy* we have an historically trustworthy account of the way in which Greek Tragedy arose out of the Spirit of Dionysian Music. To believe this we should have to hold the view that for Greek Tragedy, the Tragedy of Æschylus or of Sophocles for instance, the ultimate power in the tragic world was in no sense a moral, but an æsthetic power, and the tragic world in no sense a moral, but an artistic order. Now whatever the difference between Greek tragedy and Modern tragedy may be, we are, I believe, justified in holding that they agree in presupposing some form of moral order, an order in which *ἵβρις*, or the abuse of human power, meets with a tragic justice; and in this fundamental requirement our shining guides, the Greeks, are as Anti-Nietzschean as are their Modern successors. When Nietzsche, many years after the publication of *The Birth of Tragedy*, when Schopenhauer and Wagner were no longer his friends but his foes, is reviewing the work in its main outlines, he bitterly regrets having spoilt the pure Hellenic factor in it by rash admixture of Modern elements. But the truth is rather that the new Norse wine had been pressed all too rashly into the old Greek goat-skin, and the rectification required in after-reflection was not the withdrawal of

This world-order, let us note it at once, is not moral, but artistic. On this point we have a definite memorandum of Nietzsche's, written six years after the publication of *The Birth of Tragedy*, to the effect that his view had then been that the origin of the world as we know it was not to be sought in a moral being but, perhaps, in an artist creator. "I then believed," he writes, "that the world from the æsthetic standpoint was intended to be a spectacle by its poet-creator; but that as a moral phenomenon it was a deception. That is why I came to the conclusion that the world could be *justified* only as an æsthetic phenomenon."¹ In *The Birth of Tragedy* itself this conviction is very strongly urged. In the Foreword to Richard Wagner, Nietzsche proclaims Art to be the highest task and proper metaphysical activity of this life, and in other contexts he maintains that the existence of the world is æsthetically, but not otherwise, justified. "Indeed the entire book," we are told, "recognises only an artist-thought and artist-after-thought behind all occurrences,—a 'God,' if you will, but certainly only an altogether thoughtless and unmoral artist-God."² And we have only to turn to Nietzsche's *Will to Power*, and to the chapter entitled 'The Will to Power in Art,' to realise that this conception of an artistic world-order remained with Nietzsche to the end.

Now this artistic world-order is in principle Dionysian, and the properly tragic heroes and heroines in the world-drama as on the stage would be to

certain Modern patchings from the goat-skin, but the substitution of the pure Nietzschean bottle for the Greek one. However it is not to our purpose to pass sentence on the soundness of Nietzsche's historical judgment. It concerns us rather to note the kind of world-order which Nietzsche held to be required by the Spirit of Tragedy.

¹ *The Young Nietzsche*, p. 277.

² *Birth of Tragedy*, p. 8; cp. also p. 183; cp. *Will to Power*, i. 290-291.

Nietzsche Supermen and women whose lute of life is flawed by some rift of weakness—a sense of obligation, perhaps, or a sense of pity—which in the course of the action will widen out to its full measure and precipitate the tragic crisis. In their various temperamental ways these heroes and heroines will display in large measure both the tumult of the Dionysian soul and the *amor fati*, the love of fate. They will conquer fate by loving her. They will scorn circumstance, and rejoice in facing and enduring whatever is hard and horrible. They will say *yea* even to the most excruciating suffering.¹ They will be ruthless warriors and regenerators, exulting in the justice of their strength. They will be Supermen and women, and since their wills are one with the spirit of Tragic Music, they will face even annihilation with rapture. But they will not be *perfect* Superbeings. Their nature at one point or another will be stricken with a fatal weakness, with some tendency which runs counter to the artistic world-order, and eventually brings upon itself the nemesis which all weakness inevitably provokes. The Tragedy of Prometheus would begin only when Prometheus agrees to a compromise with Jove. The *Prometheus Vincit* is a story of flawless strength, a heroic epic, not a tragedy.

Assuming still the traditional conception of Tragedy, we note that for Nietzsche the proper tragic nemesis is nihilism. And by nihilism we are to understand that condition of soul and of society in which weakness has gone the full length of decadence, and every motive that makes for strength and virility is undermined. Nihilism is reached when the Will to Power is dead, and its place taken by those baneful

¹ *The Will to Power*, ii. 421.

mediocrities—morality, rational logic, Christianity and democracy. Before the curtain falls, the Dionysian hero will have become in some vital respect as one of the herd,—moral, democratic, argumentative, and perhaps a Christian saint; and the Dionysian spectator, as he watches the degeneration of the Superman, from the magnificent blond brute in his solitary super-lair, to the social man of reason and of conscience, will be seized not with pity and terror, but with loathing and disgust.

For what is *bad*, according to Nietzsche? "All that proceeds from weakness." And what are the main forms of weakness? Reason and goodwill, love and surrender, these are the more mischievous forms of weakness. There is the desiccating, heart-frittering rationalism of Socrates and of Science, "driving Music out of Tragedy with the scourge of its syllogisms."¹ Such weakness remains optimistic only because it refuses to face what is evil or unintelligible in the world. And no less infected with weakness are the pessimists with their incitements to resignation and submission. But weakest beyond all else are the slave-moralities of Christianity and democracy, with their pity for contemptible nonentities, and their plebeian concern for the happiness of the greatest number. All these and other sources of weakness would meet their due nemesis in proper Nietzschean Tragedy. By an inevitable necessity they tend to pass over into nihilism, that chaos in which all the values of weakness are lost and confounded.

And will there be in such Tragedy any note of reconciliation? Yes, the Superman will find a use for

¹ *Birth of Tragedy*, p. 111.

weakness. He will preserve it from the full rigours of nihilism. He will reinstate it in some sort, but always in abject subordination to strength. For there is finicking work to be done in the world, and masters must have slaves. Weakness will be domesticated. The herd, keeping its due distance from the master, who is in no sense the herdsman, will be allowed, indeed encouraged, to retain its slave-morality and religion, but it will subsist only as something overpowered and contemptible, and the proper prey for the exploiting of the strong.

To sum up. Nietzsche's Tragedy properly so-called would be a justification of Power as man's one and only good, a condemnation of weakness as his one and only real evil. The one authentic touch-stone of real life is strength. The one source of tragic waste is weakness. Tragedy will therefore arise wherever weakness prevails over strength, in other words, wherever the moral right of reason and of conscience, the purified genius of Apollo, prevails over the might of Dionysus. Again, with Nietzsche the decision as to what is truly tragic rests in last resort with the artistic consciousness, for Tragedy presupposes the supremacy of Art and an æsthetic order of the world. But the Art must be that of Dionysus, furthered indeed by Apollonian expedients, yet Dionysic none the less, and as such not failing to remind us that sexuality, intoxication, cruelty belong to the oldest festal joys of mankind.¹ Meanwhile Christians, democrats, philosophers and their congeners will find their place in this artistic whole among the botched and the bungled, their ugliness condoned as an expressive foil to the

¹ *Will to Power*, i. 243.

beauty of the blond beast of prey, just as their weakness is permitted because it is serviceable to their master's strength.

Such is Nietzsche's æsthetic world-order, mysteriously harmonised by its author with the dire fatalism of Eternal Recurrence. The Ultimate Power in Nietzsche's tragic world has indeed a self-contradictory character. First and foremost He is the Artist-God, the Prototype of Dionysus, the Supreme Will to Power. But He is also a prodigious and inscrutable Fate who rings the world's changes in their predestined order, and having rung them through repeats them everlastingly. We are thus left with the picture of a world-genius magnificently creative, the very Spirit of Music, welling up in Will to Power within every living thing, inspiring all mortal natures to live resolutely and splendidly in the Whole and in the Full, and yet even at His creative zenith still stretching forth the adamant hand which relentlessly turns and re-turns the wheel of the world's destiny.

And what place would there be in such a world for *love*?

As ordinarily understood love would be amongst the weaknesses and undergo its proper nemesis. But there is a love that Nietzsche respects. "Have people had ears to hear my definition of love?" he asks. "It is the only definition worthy of a philosopher. Love in its means is war; in its foundation it is the mortal hatred of the sexes."¹ Yet in its ultimate and religious principle, love is something nobler, though more terrible and exacting still. It is the embracing of Fate in the spirit of tragic joy, the *amor fati in excelsis*.

¹ *Ecce Homo*, p. 65.

And this to the furthest verge of willed surrender. "I believe," writes Nietzsche, "that he who has divined something of the most fundamental conditions of love will understand Dante for having written over the door of his Inferno 'I also am the creation of Eternal Love.'"¹

W. R. BOYCE-GIBSON.

(The Conclusion will follow in the April number.—ED.)

ART AND WAR.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

WAR never destroyed Art. Art is indestructible. War is a dire necessity in men's lives and fortunes: it may be imaged as Death's Scythe. War, then, being accepted for a necessary evil or, if you please, an honourable necessity, it remains to be seen whether what may seem indiscriminate or injurious in its operations, might not be turned into a positive benefit to the human race. That is, if *mens sana in corpore sano* is really the end and aim of existence, and the continuance of an able-bodied race the most important thing in the world. But if it is not, if the soul and not the body demands perfecting, if perfection for humanity means the culture of some rare essence to which the body is but a clog; then let things be as they are, and let the healthy perish on more and more numerous fields of battle, and let rickety bodies with vast brains procreate yet more rickety bodies with yet vaster brains, and let the soul refine itself to a finer and at last invisible or infinite point, and the body at last vanish altogether, cultured into extinction. The world would be ended, it is true; but humanity would have died nobly, passionless, stainless, sinless, of perfection.

One fact, certainly, never to be forgotten is that George Meredith conceived military training to be a thing desirable in every State, desirable for the sake of

manhood, the self-respect, the physical and moral health of its citizens, and desirable for ourselves above all people. Therefore I quote here a letter he wrote to me in answer to a request of mine if the story of the Guidascarpì in his *Vittoria* was a reality.

“BOXHILL, DORKING.

“*September 19th, 1885.*

“DEAR SIR,

“The Story of the Guidascarpì in my *Vittoria* is an invention. At that period such things were occurring. I knew of many complications, that needed only a sharper edge to be as tragic. The Austrian officers were gallant ones and gentlemen. Italian women, before the fury of the insurrection carried their enthusiasm, liked them, even to preferring by comparison. The Italian *man* was then being born; he was, when not loathed, more feared than loved.

“Very truly yours,

“GEORGE MEREDITH.”

Still it may be, for all that one knows, that in every art men are pressing forward, more and more eagerly, farther and farther beyond the limits of their art, in the desire to do the impossible: to create life. Realising all humanity to be but a masque of shadows, and this solid world an impromptu stage as temporary as they, it is with a pathetic desire of some lost illusion, which shall deceive even ourselves, that we are consumed with this hunger to create, to make something for ourselves, of at least the same shadowy nothing as that about us.

Just as the seeker after pleasures whom pleasure has exhausted, so the seeker after the material illusion of literary artifice turns finally to that first, subjugated, never quite exterminated, element of cruelty which is one of the links which bind us to the earth. *Ubu Roi* is the brutality out of which we have achieved civilisation, and those painted massacring puppets the destroying elements which are as old as the world, and which we can never chase out of the system of natural things.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE BATTLE IS THE LORD'S.

F. W. ORDE WARD, B.A.

"THE universe is a system in which energy tends continually to degradation." Gustav Le Bon and others have worked this out in the most thorough and convincing way. "When the ultimate uniform distribution of energy has been attained, all physical phenomena will cease." So we see degradation and transformation go on *pari passu*. But, we instinctively ask, what does this really mean? Why, the overcoming of resistance, development, evolution, progress by antagonism. When this terminates life will terminate also. War then, through the incessant renewal of death, operates as the parent of new birth. Without war, strife, antithesis, destruction, there could be no construction or reconstruction—no life.

Science always attempts to isolate phenomena for study, to reduce everything to cut and dried laws, which, however true for the purposes and descriptions of science, may possess no foundation in reality. These laws are convenient symbols, counters and shorthand accounts of phenomena, and nothing more. In the well-known story a Scotsman and an American were exchanging experiences about extreme cold. But the latter came out victorious in the end. He said that somewhere in Alaska the cold was so intense that a sheep in the act of jumping from one spot to another was frozen to a lump of ice and suspended in

mid-air. But, replied the Scotsman, that would be impossible, the great law of gravitation forbids this. O, replied the American, ready-witted as usual, that is no objection, for the law of gravitation was frozen also and could not act. We see something like this in the growth of every plant or flower that forces infinite weakness—for what is more frail and feeble than the delicate trembling spire or blade of green?—through what by comparison looks like the infinite strength or resistance of the frosty iron-bound soil. Growth, like most things in Nature, follows the line of *most* resistance. We must not take our science too seriously. It resembles our friend the enemy—woman. There is no living with it, and no living without it. We ought to be persuaded by it that the salient path in Nature is the line of *least* resistance. On the contrary, we remain unconvinced, however pretty and plausible this delightful romance may appear.

The adventurous spirit of man from birth, from the cradle to the grave, hungers and thirsts for risks, for perils, for difficulties, for impossibilities, and he always overcomes them in the end. The tremendousness of apparently insuperable obstacles is to him absolutely irresistible. Beauty even has not the charm for him that have the bright eyes of danger, which he is always wooing as an impassioned and desperate lover. He will often forget his own people and his father's house and forsake the darling of his heart for the keener attraction of some greater and forlorn quest in the regions of the hopeless. For he simply must; and so in spite of this claim he breaks away in pursuit of the larger love. That is to say, he follows the line of *most* resistance, he obeys his call and Nature's bidding. The easy, the obvious, the

practical, the vulnerable, does not equally stir and indeed hardly ruffles the surface of the fighting spirit in man, who feels moving in him the gladiatorial impulses of a fighting nature and a fighting God. He is, he must be, true to his Divine birthright, the Divine Original, from whom he has received the mould, the inextinguishable push or pull and challenge to the everlasting contest, to which the whole universe or rather the two competing universes respond every moment. For astronomers say there are two universes travelling in opposite directions. God, who has set eternity in the heart of man, as Koheleth tells us, has also sown therein the seed of war and the love of war.

And let us be thankful for this, the priceless saving gift of the unstable equilibrium which is life, and not the stable equilibrium which is death. What can we call the vital creativity if not flux or metabolism? Without conflict there would be no rest, without evil no good. The Lord is a Man of War, the Lord of Hosts is His Name. This does not mean a mere survival of savagery and the old ethnic morality and purely tribal superstition; yet it remains as true now as then. Psychology and science alike attest it, proclaim a divided mind and a belligerent cosmos. And the Church Militant should be the first to acknowledge it and confess it with no uncertain voice. The present terrible war is the greatest curse the world has ever seen, but in the long run it will most assuredly prove the greatest blessing.

The state of Nature confronts us at once as a state of war, without truce, without rest, without mercy, without end. And over-civilised nations like ours, with its effeminate and mawkish and namby-pamby ideals, enervated by years and years of self-indulgence

and luxury, has forgotten its ancestry and renounced its royal privilege of militancy. We have grown soft, squeamish, pitifully pitiful, and repudiate the iron thoughts and thews of our glorious fathers and founders. Christ Himself was more of a captain—the Captain of our Salvation—than a teacher. He preached among other things the Gospel of the Sword—nay, His doctrine was a sword, a universal solvent. It divided immediately men and their minds and hearts into hostile camps. And their enemies were those of their own household. “Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law.” We dare not consider this mere metaphor. On the contrary; it is literal truth, bald stark naked fact. Christ proclaimed that the co-operation of love could only arise from the competition of belligerent forces. He revealed the peace, the joy of battle, the rest *in* and not *from* combative and continual labours: military action, military service. “He that hath no sword, let him buy one.” It seems futile to limit these mighty words to a particular time and place, to soldier missionaries.

All champions of the Cross must fight, fight hard and fight on and ever. Without shedding of blood there is no remission. We must through much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force. Universal peace is the dream of divines and dotards. The cosmos always was and always will be a bloody battlefield; and the campaign in Belgium and Flanders and the East cannot be

compared with the terribleness of the cosmic strife. Because of, and not in spite of, this internecine struggle for existence, in which every animal and plant must engage, and has engaged ever since from the primitive cloud of fire the nebulous earth was shaken and shaped to its present form and the moon was torn from its very bowels, we have come to this stage of permanent impermanency and unstable equilibrium.

“ Like iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom.”

The light of the lily, the revelation of the rose, the delicate harmony of flower and frond, in which part answers to part in the balance of life and competitive forces, in the succession of notes that make the melody of each concentric plant or constellation of greenery, the rhythmical rapture of curve and colour—all these are the result of awful and brutal energies, of strenuous ferocity in the sanguinary strife of ages. We perceive just the gentle climax of the surface, and not the raging storm of electrons below it, which in the mad conflicting whirl of conflicting elements, the Divine dance, produce the final calm that is all our very limited senses can grasp. Could the material universe be arrested, immobilised for a single moment, science assures us that it would collapse at once into a heap of dust.

If we examine the contents of our own minds, psychology announces precisely the same fact. We start with a denial, an opposition, a challenge to fight, with subject *contra* object, and not subject *plus* object. It is just universal co-operation extorted from uni-

versal competition. The mind of man appears to be a pure and simple balance exquisitely poised, in which we weigh contradictory claims of good and evil, right and wrong, truth and falsehood, beauty and ugliness, hope and doubt, faith and fear. And the issue arrives as the resultant of opposed and opposing factors, progress by antagonism, antithesis reconciled in a higher synthesis, which again developes into a pair of repugnant antitheses, to be presently subsumed in a broader generalisation.

We can no more stop war than we can stop the tides or the stars in their courses. Joshua's day and Joshua's power have passed, and they only existed in poetry. Our Lord was a fighter all through his ministry. The Lord still and always fights in us and with us or against us, as the case may be, by His Holy Spirit. "Therefore He was turned to be their enemy, and He fought against them." Happy the man who has God as his Adversary in his time of need, when he is false to his trust or begins to slacken in the warfare to which he has been called from his birth.

Man could never become God as he will, and the human could never become Divine as it must, unless we were always at strife with ourselves, with our nature and with everything. And yet in this very discord arises the closest unity; the differences somehow agree. We are not just either one thing or the other; we are both. And without the eternal outward and apparent contradiction there could be no real vital concord. We are, all is, hendiadys. It is, so to speak, continually 'pull Devil, pull baker,' and but for this incessant clash we should bake no bread, and our ovens would grow cold. The perpetual friction, the fierce resistance, beget more and more life and fuller

life. It is the half-baked animal or man who fails, who has not remained in the ranks under fire, who finally falls out and goes under.

To take one illustration from biology. "Most *enzymes* are reversible, that is to say, they can and do produce opposite effects." And is there not in us something like this, a sort of mental balance or state of indifference, that can pull either way, as the volition or situation inclines. To quote again Professor Johnstone's *Philosophy of Biology*: "At numerous places in both brain and cord there are alternative *synapses* (or gaps), and at these places the impulse may travel in more than one direction."

It seems easy to pass from the feeling of love to the feeling of hate, or again from the feeling of hate to the feeling of love. In fact, in spite of the apparent paradox, we may love and hate a particular person at the same time and in the same act. Emotions and thoughts keep incessantly attracting and repelling each other, and still in their contradiction making but one moment. God buries His workers, and continues the work, whether along the Semitic or the Aryan curve. And the cosmos proceeds on its line of most resistance; and the Divine government, the Divine drama, is carried on—life through death—in the triumphant survival of what seems the *unfittest* factors.

To denounce War is the shrill note of ignorance, of a childish provincialism or rather parochialism, which sees nothing clearly and nothing wholly, and regards the universal movement from the view-point of the village green. It means a cowardly lie to our own best nature, to the title-deeds of humanity, and the heaven which has been wrung out of hell. "Eternal

process moving on, eternal conflict moving on, from state to state the spirit walks." The world should be profoundly grateful to the Kaiser for the part (the Devil's part) which he has taken in this terrific European explosion. It might have been so very different and very much worse. He began with a tissue of assumptions, of which every one proved groundless, unwarranted and false. Caligula, history tells us, made his horse consul, but the German Emperor made his ass chancellor. We should be thankful. But for these little miscalculations we and our allies should have suffered far more, and France as well as Belgium been ruined; and we should have written the epitaph, *Fuit Gallia*. There is no fool like the clever fool, and the immoralised reason of the highest power often makes the biggest and worst mistakes. The colossal megalomania of the Fatherland proves its own ultimate destruction; contemplating murder it commits suicide. Were we not blinded by a petty and partial view of things, could we but look with the seer's vision, we should behold behind the gory fields of misery, death and famine and pestilence and red ruin in all its horrors, a Presence and a Majesty Divine.

"But thy most awful instrument
In working out a pure intent
Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter.
Yea, Carnage is thy daughter."

"O thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

We should recognise in the Spirit of War the Spirit of Love, holding the sword in one hand and in the other a devouring torch. We may cry Peace, Peace, but there is no peace anywhere, and never was except at the price

of war. Whether we like it or not, whether we will or not, we must and do fight every hour of our lives. To stand still, to hesitate, like Canning's Sentimental Shepherd, is to be lost, with the stupid Tory whose motto ever was : " Abide ye here with the ass." And, as a matter of cold fact, whatever we may preach to the contrary, we are always fighting for our own hand, by fair or foul methods, in thought, in debate, in society, in trade. And what is our own Government, if not (what Walter Bagehot called it) Government by discussion—by the war of words and sentiments, principles and prejudices, or party war ?

We are given a certain disposition that must struggle or die, a certain heredity from our animal ancestors, an original 'cussedness' which we cannot repudiate, a certain environment which we may not escape, that crushes us out of existence unless by perpetual striving we adapt ourselves to it and to its claims by an armed and alert opposition ; and we therefore have no choice but to fight and fight for ever, or fall and pass and perish.

F. W. ORDE WARD.

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A Quarterly Review.

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Discussions and Reviews.

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

Among the contributors have been: A.E., Dr. J. Abelson, Dr. K. C. Anderson, Dr. Fr. Aveling, Sir William F. Barrett, Fleet-Surgeon C. Marsh Beadnell, Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, Edwyn Bevan, Laurence Binyon, Algernon Blackwood, Dr. Meyrick Booth, Prof. Emile Boutroux, Mona Caird, Prof. Maurice A. Canney, Dr. H. Wildon Carr, Cloudesley Brereton, A. Clutton Brock, Dr. William Brown, Prof. F. C. Burkitt, C. Delisle Burns, L. Cranmer Byng, Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter, Dr. W. F. Cobb, Dr. F. C. Conybeare, Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy, C. A. F. Rhys Davids, Dr. Robert Eisler, E. D. Fawcett, Dr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe, Dr. Edmund G. Gardner, Prof. W. R. Boyce Gibson, Lionel Giles, Sir K. G. Gupta, Dr. K. S. Guthrie, Prof. J. Rendel Harris, E. B. Havell, J. Arthur Hill, Dr. Geraldine E. Hodgson, Edmond Holmes, Prof. S. Honaga, Baron F. v. Hügel, Dr. James H. Hyslop, Arvid Järmfelt, Prof. J. Javakhishvili, Prof. Karl Joël, R. J. Johnston, Prof. Franz Kampers, E. E. Kellett, W. F. Kirby, Archdeacon A. L. Lilley, Arthur Lynch, Dr. W. Lutoslawski, M. A. Macauliffe, Arthur Machen, Fiona Macleod, John Masefield, Dr. T. W. Mitchell, W. Montgomery, Count Arrigo Manza de' Neri, Pol de Mont, C. G. Montefiore, Dr. Reynold A. Nicholson, Prof. Yoshio Noda, Yoné Noguchi, Alfred Noyes, Standish O'Grady, Prof. N. Orloff, Prof. E. H. Parker, Ezra Pound, Prof. S. Radhakrishnan, Ernest Rhys, Hélène Scheu-Reisz, Prof. William Benjamin Smith, Prof. Ernest Sieper, Flora Annie Steel, Arthur Symons, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, Prof. J. Arthur Thompson, Father Tyrrell, Evelyn Underhill, Arthur Edward Waite, Dr. Walter Walsh, William Watson, Jessie L. Weston, Dr. C. J. Whitby, Joseph H. Wicksteed, Prof. Wilhelm Windleband, W. B. Yeats, Sir F. Younghusband, etc., etc.

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The comparative study of religion, philosophy and science has a valuable auxiliary in *THE QUEST*.—*Scoteman*.

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Is putting lovers of the mystical under a deep debt of gratitude.—Gets better and better every quarter.—A feast of fat things.—*The Christian Commonwealth*.

Maintains the large catholicity which we have had occasion to praise in earlier numbers.—Has, as usual, a very interesting combination of writers.—*The Holborn Review*.

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This able quarterly improves with every number.—*The Aberdeen Free Press*.

Contributors to *THE QUEST* this month again hold the distinctive note captured by the review on its first publication.—*The Westminster Gazette*.

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Prof. J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A., D.D.
(Late Principal of Manchester College,
Reader in Comparative Religion,
Oxford).

Feb. 1. 'The Psychical Factor in Evolution.'
Sir WILLIAM BARRETT, F.R.S.

Feb. 15. 'Blake and Nietzsche: A Comparison and
Contrast.'

Rev. CHARLES GARDNER, B.A. (Author of
'Vision and Vesture: A Study of William
Blake in Modern Thought').

Mar. 1. 'Personality and Spiritual Unity.'

Prof. J. S. MACKENZIE, Litt.D., LL.D.
(Emeritus Professor of Philosophy in
University College, Cardiff).

Mar. 15. 'The Sūfi Doctrine of the Perfect Man.'

REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON, Esq., M.A.,
Litt.D., LL.D. (Lecturer in Persian in
the University of Cambridge, and Author
of 'The Mystics of Islam,' etc.).

Mar. 29. 'A World in Search of Its Reason.'

The President, G. R. S. MEAD, Esq.

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ANOTHER ASPECT OF GERMAN 'KULTUR.'

MEYRICK BOOTH, B.Sc., Ph.D.

THIS article was written before the war.¹ Its publication at the present time, however, seems likely to be of some use in reminding English readers of the existence of a side of German 'Kultur' which is just now only too liable to be overlooked. In view of the very exaggerated importance which is attached in this country to the influence of Nietzsche,² Treitschke, Bernhardt and others of a more or less similar tendency of thought, it is of considerable interest to remember that modern Germany has also produced a body of thinkers who are the most determined opponents of philosophical and political materialism, men whose aim it is to bring about a new construction of life upon a definite religious basis. The philosopher and educator who is the subject of this article is one of the foremost influences upon this side. For many years he has striven, through his books and lectures, to counteract the 'immoralism' of Nietzsche, while at the same time doing justice to the valuable truths which are undoubtedly to be found in the works of the latter.

¹ This paper was read before a meeting of the Quest Society early in 1914. Recently in the press, and especially in the Literary Supplement of *The Times* and in *The Hibbert Journal*, there have been references to Foerster's works. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*.—ED.

² It should not be forgotten that the author of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* was a Pole who cordially detested everything German, and whose works are filled with bitter denunciations of 'Prussianism.' His last idea was to be looked upon as a flower of German 'Kultur'!

He is no friend of the narrow national conception of 'Kultur' which has done so much to bring the term into disrepute. He has stood consistently for the ideal of a positive religious and moral truth, valid for the whole of humanity. And at the present time it is peculiarly needful that a healing and uniting vision of this kind should be kept before our minds.

During November of 1915 the author of this article received a letter from him which concluded with the words: "The more war tears the nations apart, the more essential it is that those men and women all over the world who pursue a higher truth should feel themselves drawn together. Let us hope that this war may prove a *reductio ad absurdum* of the unwholesome consciousness of national separateness, and that we shall be led to a fresh belief in the ancient *civitas humana*!"

Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster is a son of the well-known Prussian astronomer Wilhelm Foerster, and was born at Berlin in 1869. His father was a pioneer of the non-religious ethical movement; and accordingly Foerster's early training was along purely secular lines. After passing through a classical Gymnasium, he studied at the universities of Berlin and Freiburg, specialising in philosophy and political economy. His strong natural bent towards reform led him, after graduation, to throw himself energetically into the German Ethical Movement and to take a keen interest in all social questions. During these early years Foerster took up the subject of moral instruction (which he has since made peculiarly his own), studied the problem of the juvenile criminal and travelled in France, America, England and elsewhere, investigating social and educational conditions. The experiences

thus acquired were of decisive importance for the young thinker's development. He gradually came to hold the conviction that truly to uplift and educate the people, something more is needed than material improvement or intellectual enlightenment; that all progress must depend ultimately upon the inward development of the individual. His contact with actual life and concrete human nature opened his eyes to the almost insuperable difficulties which confront the reformer and to the complete inadequacy of all merely external means. More and more Foerster began to realise that the profoundest need of the day is an earnest study of the human soul and of the conditions of its strengthening and preservation. This study has been Foerster's life-work. He is first and last a psychologist, in the most direct and personal sense of the word.

While associated with the Ethical Movement, Foerster's outspoken utterances upon social questions and his opposition to the Prussian *régime* led to his undergoing a period of fortress imprisonment, and to his retirement to Switzerland, where, in 1899, he was appointed to a lectureship in Philosophy and Ethics at the University of Zürich. This position he held with the most conspicuous success until the year 1912, when he accepted the Professorship of Education at Vienna. In 1914 he left Vienna in order to take up his present work of Professor of Education at the University of Munich.¹

Looked at from the philosophical point of view,

¹ Chief Works: *Jugendlehre* (1905), *Sexualethik* (1908), *Schule und Charakter* (1908), *Christentum und Klassenkampf* (1909), *Autorität und Freiheit* (1910), *Lebensführung* (1911), *Schuld und Sühne* (1913), *Staatsbürgerliche Erziehung* (1914). The second of these has been translated into English under the title of *Marriage and the Sex-Problem* (Wells Gardner, Darton, 5s. net.). A translation of *Schule und Charakter* will probably be published in this country after the war.

Foerster's work is, in a general sense, along the same lines as that of Eucken—a fact which may be significant of a world-tendency of modern thought, but does not represent the conscious influence of the one mind upon the other. The differences, however, are of great interest. Eucken is metaphysical and abstract, and admittedly lacking on the psychological side. Foerster is experiential, concrete and intensely practical; he does not, perhaps, differ so much from Eucken in general philosophical fundamentals as supplement the latter on the psychological and personal side, and through the working-out of a radically different method. The younger thinker is especially concerned with those very problems which have been neglected by the philosopher of Jena. The latter tells us, for example, that human existence finds its significance in the appropriation of spiritual reality; but it cannot be said that it is always very clear in what fashion this appropriation is to be effected in actual life. It is precisely at this point, however, that Foerster puts in his full strength. Further, Eucken proclaims again and again that our whole life and civilisation must be moulded upon the norms inherent in the eternal spiritual life; but there are very few of his readers who have any definite idea of just exactly what these norms are for the man of to-day. Foerster, on the other hand, is positivity itself in his treatment of ethical and social questions.

If Eucken is concerned with the spiritual life in a historical, metaphysical and abstractly religious sense, Foerster has made it his especial care to analyse the actual conditions—social, personal and educational—under which this life is most fully to be realised and maintained.

Quite in harmony with the general idea of Activism, Foerster's position centres about the antithesis of spirit and nature. Man stands at the boundary between the spiritual and natural worlds. It is his task to lay hold of the former and to subordinate and organise the latter. An individual develops his own life, in the only real sense, when he is able to grasp an inner reality and to base his life upon this, thereby raising himself above the mechanism of external influences and natural impulses which tend to enslave the soul. But Foerster does not leave this idea upon the level of abstract thought; he seeks to give it a psychological foundation.

We are all acquainted with reflex actions: a leaf touches my face as I walk through the wood, and unconsciously I reach out a hand to brush it away; a famishing man sees food, and instantly seizes it; someone calls you a fool, and you answer with a blow in the face; a person is asked an awkward question, and in obedience to an over-mastering instinct of self-preservation replies by telling one of those lies which a fourth-form boy described as 'an ever-present help in time of trouble'; or a smart business man sees an opportunity of taking advantage of a rival, and unscrupulously avails himself of it. These may not all be reflex actions in the strictly physiological sense, but there is a point of view from which they may be so regarded. Such actions as these take place on the *single plane of natural instinct*. They do not employ any of our higher faculties. A sensation enters the mind and an impulse leaves it, without the intervention of the moral consciousness. The will, in any real sense of the word, remains throughout inactive. The actions, however complicated they may

seem, are in their essence purely mechanical. Reacting in simple obedience to external stimulus, we are in such cases the slaves of our environment and of every chance circumstance. But let us suppose that, instead of allowing ourselves to follow an impulse which is at bottom simply the reflex of the received stimulus, we establish a circuit through the higher centre of consciousness; we introduce self-recollection and will. In that case the so-called natural reflex action may not be allowed to proceed. A hungry man, accompanied by a companion still more hungry, may deliberately refrain from touching the food set before him until his friend has had an opportunity of first satisfying himself. If a person is placed in a difficult situation, it is possible for him to resist the impulse to shelter behind a convenient falsehood. The individual now frees himself from the compulsion of his environment. The higher elements of personality are brought into play. There is a development of will and character. The individual is now in contact with an inner spiritual reality. While the former actions were reflex, the latter are free, moral actions. From Foerster's standpoint, it is through such a training of the character that true personality is produced; and it is along these lines that the educator has to work.

Of absolutely central importance in Foerster's system, therefore, is the building up of self-control and the systematic training of the will, and more generally the development of that region of the inner life which is interposed in the circuit between a stimulus and its consequent impulse,—a region which (linking up with Eucken again) is the psychological point of departure in man's ascent towards the spiritual life.

We are never so conscious of the benefits of health as during a time of illness; and nothing will more profoundly convince us of the need for the training of personality on these lines than a study of personality in a state of disintegration. Foerster has long been of the opinion that religious and educational psychologists may learn much of priceless value from the work of the mental and nervous specialist. Modern neuropathology is again forcing us to appreciate the value of inward concentration. It is redirecting the attention of the world towards the problem of self-control, prominent during the Middle Ages and then long-neglected. All-important in the treatment of nervous derangement is the question of how to restore the ascendancy of the will over the disintegrated and sometimes perverted impulses of the lower nature. A curious and very significant light is thrown upon the whole character of our Western civilisation when we consider that modern men and women, in order to recover the health which has been destroyed by the unwholesome fashion in which they are often accustomed to live, find it essential to go back to those very principles of self-discipline and subordination to ethical authority which it was formerly their delight to reject. The rules of life and thought recommended by the present-day nerve-specialist in the interests of physical and mental equilibrium, differ hardly at all from those which have been insisted upon for many centuries by the great saints and mystics of the orthodox Christian tradition. Such is the reluctant homage paid to religious authority by a generation of sceptics.

Amongst living neuro-pathologists few names rank higher than that of Paul Dubois, Professor at Berne, who has had not only immense and almost

unrivalled experience in every branch of nervous disease, but has also written such well-known works as *The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders* and *The Influence of the Mind on the Body*. It is interesting to note that his conclusions, which of course rest upon a purely empirical basis, correspond closely with Foerster's teaching. He regards a definite system of mental and moral training and self-discipline as a crying necessity of the present day, while continually deploring modern individualism and materialism. We must awake, he says, to the danger of neglecting the culture of the inner life and especially of the will. For it is upon these things, despised by the moderns, that our spiritual equilibrium depends. The easy and comfortable lives of the well-to-do classes cause the nervous system to become 'soft' and hyper-sensitive, while at the same time undermining the power of the will, a situation of extraordinary danger being thus created. The growth of nervous disease keeps pace with the enhancement of comfort.

The conclusions of Foerster and Dubois are corroborated by large numbers of English and American doctors. I have come across some very pertinent remarks in Dr. Saleeby's book *Worry*. The author believes that nervous disease and insanity are rapidly on the increase, and that their spread coincides with the decline in ethical and religious conviction: the less definite belief, the more worry and anxious responsibility; the more worry and anxiety, the more nervous disease and the more danger of loss of equilibrium. Dr. Saleeby writes: "Primarily, worry is a mental fact, and is to be dealt with by mental, not material means, by dogmas rather than by drugs. They must be true dogmas, else they cannot

survive the onslaught of 'man's unconquerable mind.' "

Let us return for a moment to the question of reflex actions. The existence of nervous disease or of a condition of nervous tension is closely associated with the liberation of lower nerve-centres from the control of the will and moral personality; all sorts of disturbing reflex actions go on independently of the higher centres of consciousness, and in consequence there is a breaking down of personal life. For example, a person lives in a condition of nervous fear of death; every suggestion of death, such as the sight of a funeral or of an obituary notice in a paper, produces a morbid sensation of terror, which becomes a reflex following upon the suggestion from without. Now let the idea of human immortality be firmly embedded in this person's inner life and the morbid state may be overcome. As before, a suggestion of death may enter the mind, but if the inner life has been strengthened by a definite and undoubting belief in immortality, the reflex feeling of dread will be checked by the religious idea which has been interposed in what we have referred to as a circuit between an impulse and its reflex, and the feeling may even be transmuted into a positive emotion of joy and confidence. To produce an effect of this kind, the idea which is to fill the higher consciousness must be clear and authoritative; it must come to the mind not as a hypothesis or an intellectual theory, but as an absolutely irrefragable and eternal verity. Ideas which carry with them the suggestion of a positive duty and make a clear ethical appeal are likely to be especially valuable.

Pursuing this line of thought, Foerster reminds us that present-day neuropathology is finding itself

increasingly hampered by the lack of a firmly established body of religious and ethical teaching; and he frequently expresses the opinion that the nerve-specialist will play a most important part in the forthcoming building-up of a positive religious synthesis of life.

It may here be interjected, in confirmation of the foregoing ideas, that several well-known neuro-pathologists have remarked upon the interesting fact of the comparative infrequency of nervous disease and suicide in Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic countries, as compared with the more free-thinking communities;¹ and the suggestion has been made that there may be a close connection between this circumstance and the probable greater prevalence of definite religious conceptions in the former countries. The anarchy of opinion in the majority of Protestant communities may, it is true, be a stage of transition, preparatory to the opening out of a higher and more comprehensive view of life. But in the meantime the prevailing unsettlement of thought and conduct is wrecking and maiming thousands upon thousands of men and women, body and soul.²

The age-long demand of practically the whole of

¹ In Protestant nations suicide is about four times more frequent than in Catholic nations, taking a wide average. It does not, moreover, appear that this difference is connected with the greater speed of life in the Protestant communities.

² Speaking of neurotic and psychopathic people, Foerster says: "For them a fixed and recognised authority, with its unalterable demands, represents the *normal*, the great suggestion from the world of health and strength, the saving support in the midst of all the weakness and changeability of their psychic and nervous state. At the same time it constitutes a rallying point for all that there is of health and will-power in their nature, a refuge in the midst of all the eccentricities and disturbances of their own inner life. With the disappearance from life of fixed and sacred truth, thousands of nervous and mental weaknesses which before remained below the surface and found a counterpoise in the governing moral and religious belief will obtain freedom to develop to their full extent, and will become destructive dangers to the individual and to society."

the race for positive religious and ethical teaching is looked upon by our philosopher, not as the expression of an obsolete tendency, but as a deep-seated life- and health-preserving instinct to which every psychologist and educator should devote the most serious consideration. This instinct is alive and powerful to-day. It would seem to be a fact that the only religious bodies that are now making any notable progress, are those which do not so much appeal to the individual intellect as teach in an authoritative and dogmatic fashion. (Consider, for example, the Roman Catholics, the Christian Scientists, the Theosophists and the American New Thought Movement.)

In one of his leading works—*Autorität und Freiheit*—our philosopher deals at length with the great antithesis between the principle of authority and the idea of freedom, an opposition which has perhaps never been so marked as it is at the present day. He looks upon this opposition as one of the most deplorable signs of the age. A short quotation from the Preface will help to make his position clear:

“The idea of freedom certainly has much work yet before it—in social life, in the development of civilisation and in education. But life cannot be governed from this standpoint alone. The more freely and many-sidedly individual life manifests itself, the more it must itself demand a counterpoise. If the individual forces are to be preserved from disintegration and aberration, there must be an energy of *concentration* to rule over the tendency towards *individual expansion*. And in proportion as certain character-forming truths are definitely recognised and protected from all disintegration, there will be room for the free manifestation of individual forces. The exponents of the idea of

freedom are to-day far too much disposed wholly to ignore this great cultural task of the principle of authority. In just as one-sided a fashion, however, the representatives of the principle of authority are apt to ignore the whole meaning of freedom : for them authority becomes an end in itself ; and thus they frequently forget that the primary function of authoritative guidance is to act as the source of inspiration for the living and working forces in human society, and to gather these forces together in a higher unity."

The problem of the Church is treated by the author solely from an *educational standpoint*. The thoughts that he here seeks to establish are simply an application of his pedagogical principles to certain aspects of the cultural task of the Church. He is conscious that his attitude in the midst of the two sides in the greatest conflict of the age will be wholly congenial neither to the 'right' nor to the 'left.' But he bears in mind the saying of a Roman Catholic Archbishop : 'When I am attacked from the Orthodox side only, I feel disturbed ; when I am attacked from the Liberal side only, I also feel disturbed. But when both sides fall upon me simultaneously, I know for certain that I must be on the right path.'

The unfortunate divorce between these two aspects of human life, aspects which should be related to one another in a relationship of mutual helpfulness, has had the regrettable effect of driving both sides to narrow and inadequate constructions of life. The orthodox side has tended to grow more and more rigid and exclusive, the side of freedom to cut itself increasingly loose from everything that is central, normative and super-individual. Examples of the first error are

to be found in sufficient plenty in all the so-called orthodox churches; and we need not deal with them further. As the supreme example of individualism and self-sufficiency Foerster takes Friedrich Nietzsche, whom he regards as representing the spirit of modernity carried to its logical extreme. It will be worth while to examine Foerster's attitude towards the author of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* a little more in detail.

"Yea, I know whence I come; insatiable as flame I burn and devour myself. All that I seize upon turns to light; all that I leave behind me turns to ashes—flame am I beyond all doubt."

These words of Nietzsche spring from a deep consciousness of the destructive consistency with which he thought out modern individualism to the very end. He was right in charging those who rejected definite religion with half-heartedness and inconsistency in not realising that a reliance upon individual reason will ultimately lead to the complete annihilation of morality; and he was right in estimating himself as the incarnation of the pure spirit of criticism in his attitude towards religion and ethics. More than anyone else he showed the modern world that its moral basis is in the Christian tradition, even in the case of those sections of society which have in theory abandoned all religion. He saw the feebleness and entire inadequacy of the current substitutes for religion, and helped men to realise that there is no logical halting-place between definite religion and absolute negation. Thus regarded, Nietzsche is seen to have played a part in the modern world that is by no means inimical to the best interests of religion. A good enemy is better than a half-hearted friend.

Nietzsche "eliminates everything that does not justify itself before the bar of the self-sufficient reason."

One of the most important motive forces in Foerster's psychological and educational work is thus his firm conviction of the indispensability of a *clearly-defined and imperative moral and religious authority*. It is, he contends, utterly unpsychological to ignore the immense *suggestive* influence of such an authority in the development of personality and character.

The foregoing passages may well prompt the remark: This may be all very well; *but whence are we to obtain definite religious and ethical truth?* If I were to attempt to deal in full with Foerster's theory of knowledge, I should require a series of articles instead of one. At the same time the subject cannot, in this connection, be avoided; and I must endeavour briefly to indicate Foerster's line of thought.

Knowledge is an affair of the whole man. It is not the fruit of the intellect alone, but of a man's whole experience of life, and of his entire character and personality. The more complete and unified the personality, the deeper the knowledge. As avenues to knowledge experience, instinct and intuition take precedence of intellectual speculation. It is that which vitally touches and moulds our lives that is the most real. As William James said, "as soon as we deal with private and personal phenomena as such, we deal with realities in the completest sense of the term." It is in the realm of soul-experience that we draw nearest to truth. The isolated intellectualism of to-day, whereby each narrow-minded and inexperienced individual refuses to believe anything that his petty mind cannot instantly embrace, is classed by Foerster

as almost a species of psychic disease—what Max Nordau has called ego-mania—and as a symptom of decadence. Our philosopher describes as a remarkable delusion the idea that this intellectual individualism conduces towards personal or racial growth. It must, he declares, have exactly the opposite effect. For is it not clear that any given individual will be broadened and elevated through the acceptance of a view of life much deeper and larger than any with which his own unaided intellect could ever have provided him; the way of growth is through self-surrender rather than through self-assertion. The former opens up the whole world to the humble soul. The latter binds the individual for ever within the narrow limits of his own minute mental outlook. The former enables us to accept, at its true value, the whole body of the religious experience of the race; it makes us heirs of the wisdom of the ages. The latter makes us moderns, in the most superficial sense of the word.

Of recent years Foerster has been more and more impressed with the central importance for religion, ethics and education of a much more appreciative study of the great religious personalities, the saints, mystics and spiritual geniuses of the past and present. Again he may claim the support of William James. Let me quote from *The Varieties of Religious Experience* (p. 486): "To learn the secrets of any science we go to expert specialists, even though they may be eccentric persons, and not to commonplace pupils. We combine what they tell us with the rest of our wisdom, and form our fixed judgment independently. Even so with religion." The majority of modern men have had little or no spiritual experience of profound value, and perhaps least of all those who write on theology,

who are for the most part hopeless intellectualists—*Stubengelehrten*. But the intellectualist and arm-chair theorist is not qualified to be a judge in matters of the soul. The modern man should therefore begin his spiritual education by becoming a pupil of those who are competent in this sphere of life and experience. One or two quotations will help to make Foerster's attitude clear.

"We of to-day live in an age of experimental science, and we hold that there can be no real knowledge without concrete observations, experiments and tests. Why do not our empiricists apply this standpoint to the deeper problems of human life? Whence does every abstract thinker gain his right to pronounce judgment? One has only to follow out carefully the requirements of empiricism, to ask oneself what enormous differences exist between individuals in respect of their equipment for actual personal experience, to picture to oneself the immense 'empirical' superiority of the really great, whose thinking takes its rise not in an acquaintance with books, but in keen suffering and fruitful inner struggles, and in whose souls the *data* to be dealt with loom large and ever present, in order immediately to realise on how wretched a foundation is built the whole self-conceit of the modern individual."

It must be carefully borne in mind that Foerster's attitude towards the great religious personalities of the past is not based upon any mere respect for tradition and authority as such. It is the upshot of a prolonged study of psychology—a study which has gradually led him to the belief that truth is approached through inward experience alone, and that the profoundest revelations of such experience are to be found

in the teachings of the great saints and mystics of the Christian tradition.¹ Just as Bergson tells us that human personality floats upon the crest of the great wave of life which is pressing forward and urging its way past the resistance of matter, so Foerster sees in moral personality the highest point attained by man in his continual ascent towards the higher levels of spiritual reality, and therefore the point from which we shall naturally obtain the widest vision.

The first condition of religious knowledge for the modern man, Foerster maintains, is a thorough recognition of his own limitations. He must remember that the angle of vision of the XXth century reveals but a tiny section of the possible range of spiritual reality; and beware of setting up this section as a criterion of the whole. *He must begin by grasping the full extent of his own incompetence.* "Those alone can understand and can grow beyond themselves, who have first thoroughly realised their own need for higher guidance. Reverence is the one indispensable condition of liberation."

Foerster's theory of knowledge rests, it would seem, upon three main criteria of truth :

1. The authority of competent personalities.
2. Practical and ethical fruitfulness, as seen in historical and social life.
3. Self-knowledge and self-experience.

If it be carefully borne in mind that these criteria

¹ Foerster sets a very high value also upon the great seers of the East, and strongly advocates the study of their teachings and methods. But at the same time he is of the opinion that the spiritual life which has been and is being developed within the Christian religion is deeper, more positive, and in particular more fruitful, socially and ethically, than that of the East. He looks upon Eastern thought as too abstract and intellectualistic, and as lacking in the power vitally to permeate life as a whole, overcoming the antithesis between spirit and nature. This is seen, for example, in the failure of the Eastern races to originate social and educational reforms.

are mutually corrective, the results which follow along these lines are much more positive than might be thought likely at first sight. As Dean Inge recently said in an address at Essex Hall, a study of the great historical saints and mystics reveals a surprisingly large body of common religious and ethical doctrine. And it is Foerster's belief that if this body of thought is sifted and tested, in accordance with the three main principles to which we have referred, it will become clear that in the Christian tradition we possess, beyond doubt, the central truth of the world.

This brief examination of Foerster's Theory of Knowledge leads us by a very natural transition to a consideration, in conclusion, of his educational position. For the first necessity of a true education is that the educator should himself occupy a definite and positive position with regard to fundamental questions. In Foerster's words :

"It is the central error of many modern educators that they believe themselves able to educate without having in the first place saved themselves from the vacillating moods of their own subjectivity and set their feet upon a firm basis. Education signifies the union of time and eternity, of the transitory and the intransitory. He whose own life does not centre about a highest good, in order from that standpoint to penetrate and organise the inner chaos; he who seeks to make his own fleeting opinion the point of departure for human education—he has not as yet the faintest notion of the basis and goal of all education."

In his first great pedagogical work, *Jugendlehre* (now in the 42nd edition), Foerster lays down a principle that is basic for the whole of his educational effort—the principle that all true culture and civilisa-

tion must be based upon "the complete subordination of every individual desire and need to spiritual life-forces, upon the dominion of man over his own nature." The training of will and character, the problems of self-control and self-discipline, are accordingly fundamental in Foerster's educational system. *He is above all things concerned with the culture of the spirit along definite psychological lines.*

As the keynote of Foerster's thought, we may take the idea of the building up of the inner life. It is from this standpoint that we can best understand both his psychology and his educational system. From this angle of vision, too, we may most justly estimate his opposition to modernity; for the entire spirit and temper of the modern tendency, with its surrender to the external world and its encouragement of the most superficial individualism, is opposed to all that Foerster finds necessary for the right equilibrium of the inward man.

It is under the influence of his psychological views that our philosopher has been led to one of his most characteristic ideas: his conviction of the value of asceticism. "Asceticism should be regarded," we are told, "not as a negation of nature nor as an attempt to extirpate natural forces, but as practice in the art of self-discipline." And, in Foerster's opinion, much of the weakness and effeminacy of present-day life is due to the neglect of asceticism. We all know that a well-trained and well-disciplined horse is not only much more effective in its work than the untrained natural animal, but is actually stronger physically. And in the same way asceticism, so far from killing out the natural forces of our being, has in reality precisely the opposite effect; it leads to their intensification and

concentration. The present age, which totally rejects the ideas of asceticism and discipline, has not thereby succeeded in developing a vigorous type of life. On the contrary, there is to-day an extraordinary deficiency of natural energy. Never before perhaps have the primitive instincts of humanity been in such an anæmic condition. Our most civilised communities are filled with nerveless and sexless men and women. Their higher strata are almost without exception in course of extinction. The purposeful and forceful type of character is becoming rarer and rarer. Can we not at last realise that the doctrine of the so-called free development of personality is leading us along the high-road to decadence and impotence? Is it not time that we perceived that the natural instincts themselves attain their richest and deepest development when they are subjected to the training and concentrating influence of definite spiritual ideals?

As the late George Tyrrell said, asceticism is "an instrument or method for the perfecting of our whole nature by the due subjection of the lower to the service of the higher. It is therefore for building up and not for destruction."

This conception of asceticism as an instrument for the concentration and deepening of personal life, for *geistige Zusammenfassung*, deeply colours Foerster's educational work. Both Eucken and Foerster have perceived the goal of education to be the organisation of our whole life and civilisation in the interests of the spiritual development of the race; and it is the belief of the latter that this goal cannot be reached without such a definite spiritual training and concentration as demands asceticism, in the proper sense of a much abused word.

With Foerster, an inward moral training displaces the old system of external discipline, of a force imposed upon the children from without. It is the boys and girls themselves who should be aroused to a consciousness of the value of discipline and of moral development; and Foerster has long been interested in the work of such educational attempts as the George Junior Republic, which have illustrated the surprising fruitfulness of an appeal to the personal ethical feeling of children, and have given us invaluable hints upon the all-important subject of the overcoming of the antithesis between authority and freedom.

Space forbids my taking up the subject of educational method, upon which Foerster has written extensively; and I have been able only roughly to indicate the general line of his influence. He stands first and foremost for the ethical deepening of educational work along scientific psychological lines; while being at the same time convinced of the indispensability of a clear religious basis. At the end of his most important educational work, *School and Character*, Foerster writes:

"Moral education without religion can never do more than deal with separate defects and stimulate isolated virtues. It disintegrates the man in place of consolidating him and building up a unified personality . . . Character is *unity*. How can a young man or woman combine together love and power, humility and strength, truthfulness and compassion, independence and self-surrender, without the help of the religion which gathers together the most apparently incompatible antitheses in a single mighty will?"

[During the last year (1916) Foerster has been very active in the discussion of war problems, throwing

his weight into the scale against the extreme German nationalist-militarist tendency derived from Fichte, Hegel, Bismarck and Treitschke. In opposition to the Great Power school of politics he stands for *federalism*, more especially of the kind enunciated by C. Frantz (d. 1891), the Austrian political writer, who combated Bismarck's egoistic nationalism, and for international co-operation, in which he desires to see his own country lead the way. Foerster, in accordance with his philosophical views, looks upon the individualistic type of international statesmanship (whether practised by his own or any other power) as a consequence of the disintegration of European civilisation, due to the absence of a common religious life; and his own ideal of federalism and co-operation is based upon his conception of Christianity as the supernational and world-uniting religion, destined to draw all men together.]

MEYRICK BOOTH.

THE SPIRITUAL VALUE OF THE COMPARATIVE STUDY OF MYSTICISM.

THE EDITOR.

It has been said that just as the man who is acquainted with only one language, knows nothing really about the nature of speech in general; so the man who is acquainted with only one religion, not only knows nothing of religion as a whole, but is ignorant of the true nature and purport of what is best, in his own faith. Having nothing with which to compare his religious doctrines, customs and experience, he must perforce remain ignorant of the value of his possession as estimated in the common currency of general spiritual experience.

As articulate speech has been developed into an increasingly efficient outer means of expressing the corresponding inner evolution of emotion and thought towards greater complexity and fineness, penetration and depth; so have religious rites, ceremonies and forms become an increasingly effective language of a spiritual order, providing the external means of communicating emotions and thoughts too great for formal speech. Of this order of spiritual speech there are many languages.

Now a man may have an excellent knowledge of his mother-tongue and be able to use it with great skill in expressing his emotions and thoughts; nevertheless as far as language in general is concerned he is

unknowing of its nature and scope, its general phenomena and laws. He is cribbed, cabined and confined within a single phase of language; all other phases are unintelligible to him. In brief, he is cut off from all immediate intelligent communication with his fellow beings of other tongues, and in personal intercourse with them has to fall back on the primitive language of signs and gestures expressive of feeling only, of elemental needs and passions at best. He is thus in this respect well-nigh reduced to a stage that is comparable with the instinctual order of animal life.

Not that this primitive nature-language is not excellent in its own order and deserving of most serious study to-day. For not only is its importance in general human psychology unquestioned, but there is also a higher side of it which is at present unrecognised by science in the West. Postures and gestures may be revelations of many a hidden emotion and thought, not only of the subconscious as generally understood, but also of high psychical or even spiritual states, as may be learned for instance from a study of the rationale of the postures and hand-signs in Hindu and Buddhist iconography. This is true generally, however, only in very varying degrees. For some races as a whole or classes of individuals in races either naturally or deliberately suppress to a very large extent the outer signs of emotion. Many Oriental nations are naturally impassive, and in the Far West the Red Indians are a conspicuous example of trained impassivity. In Europe the English are specially averse from showing their feelings. Many high forms of philosophy and religion also have inculcated dispassion as a high virtue, and therewith the suppression of all outer signs of emotion. Moreover, speaking

generally, civilised man grows ever more and more out of touch with nature, and in this over-intellectual, artificial, industrial and mechanical age, in particular, he often lives entirely divorced from her. He thus becomes more and more a creature of convention and his natural gift of signs and gestures becomes largely atrophied.

But to return to the consideration of the man of one language. Such a one is understanding and articulate in his own nation, but practically deaf and dumb as regards the rest of humanity. He can understand the tongue of his fellow-countrymen and a common speech may permit him to enter into their subtler feelings and thoughts; but as for the thoughts and feelings of other folk, he can only guess at them from the tone of the voice, the expression of the face or the gesturing of limbs now for the most part long unused to free automatic movements. Such a man knows one mode of speech only, and within its limits may be exceedingly intelligent. But for the understanding of any other tongue he must depend upon an interpreter; he cannot commune man to man and heart to heart. As to the mysteries of the science of language, he must necessarily remain among the profane.

So too, it may be said, without putting too great a strain on the analogy, must it be to a great extent with regard to the mysteries of the higher language of the human soul as found in the various tongues of the great religions. The man who knows one religion may be excellent in that knowledge; yet from ignorance of the soul-speech of other religions he is incapable of understanding or appreciating the beauties of the souls of countless worshippers of the past and present, except

from rough and ready inferences drawn from the most outward expressions of the various cults—comparable with a language of signs and gestures—that tell little of what beyond all else we most desire to know, namely the inmost thought and feeling of the faith.

True religion is an all-embracing spirit which should give us the deepest understanding of the things of the soul in general. False religion, on the contrary, has ever proved in history to be the most exclusive and intolerant of all the forces that play upon the heart of man. Dogmatism and bigotry can turn even the otherwise cultured into religious boors or even barbarians. When a boor hears a foreigner speak for the first time he receives a shock. He may even be frightened; and then the primitive savage surges up from his subconscious and with difficulty he refrains from doing physical violence to the speaker. If he be milder natured he breaks into hysterical laughter or giggling, the natural psychical reaction to the unaccustomed sound-stream. So too with the one-language boor in religion, when first brought into contact with another form of faith; he receives a shock, and his natural instinct is either to strike or to laugh.

It will perhaps be said by those who would believe the best of human nature that now-a-days all cultured people have passed beyond this stage of religious boorishness. Equally so before the War most of us were optimistically believing that, not only all cultured people, but human nature in general, at any rate in the West, had outgrown the stage of patent barbarism even in the searching test and trial of passion on the battlefield. But *Kultur* armed with physical might speedily undeceived us, and that too not only by its abominable practices but by its

frankly immoral theory. We found that things we had not dreamed of or were ashamed to think of, were not only delighted in and openly entertained, but deliberately planned and glorified. The new scientific barbarism incredibly out-distanced the natural savagery of the past; for it justified by the aid of its subtlest intellect, not only the license of the State to indulge its elemental passions without restraint, but also its sacred duty thus to carry out its designs. We woke up to find ourselves involved in a death-struggle with the terrible and remorseless secular fanaticism of a nation, the frantic faith of a people in itself and in its destined right to impose its *Kultur* on the world. Such megalomania *en masse* has hitherto flourished only in the soil of aggressive religion; to-day even in this natural hot-bed of fanaticism it has been so pruned down that little sign of it remains on the surface. It has, however, by no means been really uprooted. The Churches of the West have still the ambition of imposing their theological *Kultur* on the world, though they now profess to have renounced the old bad ways of compulsion and to be desirous of accomplishing their end by reasonable persuasion and the winning ways of love. But should an arrogant and aggressive Church ever again be armed with temporal power, in such a remote contingency, with the example of Teutonic secular fanaticism for the absolutism of the State before us, who will venture to say that the horrid savagery of the inhuman Inquisition and similar religious persecutions could not possibly be revived? Are we really in inward feeling wholly beyond this stage of barbarism, and intellectually justified barbarism, in things religious? Can we say that in no quarter of Christendom such savage religious passions

still exist subconsciously, and are only superficially suppressed and disguised because the temporal power to indulge them is lacking?

Be this as it may, in our attitude to and treatment of other faiths religious boorishness is still in many quarters only too frequently undisguised, and that too even among the otherwise educated. Theologians are for the most part still only too frequently deliberately hostile or arrogant and scientists contemptuous or at best patronising. The cultured of one great Church of Christendom are officially permitted to study only to confute or condemn. Other more liberal Churches officially favour such study solely in the interest of apologetics. As for the purely scientific scholar, he must naturally as such strive to be impartial; but his work has to do with externals, and it is surprising how little as a rule the inner side and true spirit of religion seem to interest such minds.

Nevertheless, if we look back even fifty years, we see that a quite surprising improvement has been made in the general attitude of mind towards the scientific study of general religion; indeed the best public opinion now not only expects but demands at least a show of courtesy, if not of sympathy, from all who venture to deal with any of the great non-Christian faiths. This striking change has been brought about by the good example first set by laymen of liberal sympathies and great hearts, whose ideal of God and religion had outgrown the narrow limits that traditional orthodoxy would have imposed upon them, and who demanded the right and liberty to learn for themselves what the infinitely varied religious practices and experiences of mankind as a whole had to teach them. Sympathetic study and enlightened understanding were to replace

bitter hostility and warfare and the *à priori* condemnation of prejudice and bigotry.

The beginning of this liberal humanistic science of religion in any organised form dates only from about the middle of the last century, and its systematic first fruits have only in the present century begun to ripen in works devoted to comparative religion in the strictly scientific sense of the term. Comparative religion, as it is now generally called in abbreviation of the more cumbersome phrase—the comparative study of religions, has a very distinctive part to play and a very important task to perform. Its aim is no less than “to investigate and expound, through the competent comparison of data collected from the most diverse sources, the meaning and value of the several faiths of mankind.”¹ This special science should no longer be loosely confounded, as has been too frequently the case, with its aids and auxiliaries, its adjuncts and allies, or with any of their overlappings and combinations, in the now vast field of the general science of religion. What these are and what are its own proper area and scope, as far as they can at present be outlined, may best be learnt from the latest conclusions of our most competent reviewer of the whole domain of the voluminous literature of the science of religion. For upwards of a score of years Louis Henry Jordan has devoted himself to the indispensable task of making a survey of this immense field of research and endeavouring to classify and clarify the rapidly accumulating results of this great undertaking. The following summary indications of what comparative religion is and is not is based mainly on his most recently published volume.²

¹ *Op. inf. cit.*, p. 519.

² *Comparative Religion: Its Adjuncts and Allies* (Oxford University Press, 1915), 574 pages; see especially pp. 510-522.

In the first place, then, comparative religion is not to be confused with the science of religion in general; it is one department or division of this vast domain. Nor should it be confounded with the philosophy of religion, which should properly follow it as its most important preliminary discipline, by far the richest of all the tributaries that supply material for the philosophic interpretation of religion.

And if comparative religion is not to be confounded with the history of religions, which supplies it with its primary data, much less should it be confused with its more remote though powerful adjuncts and allies — anthropology, ethnology, sociology, archæology, mythology, philology and psychology.

Anthropology, in so far as it deals with religion, is an attempt to trace what may be called the ontology or earliest genesis of the natural history of religion (pp. 4 and 35). Anthropology may be said to deal solely with the 'embryology of religion'; in so far as it seeks to trace religious origins, it deals with elementary forms only and has thus much to say of fetishism, totemism, magic, taboo, etc. (p. 6). Comparative religion is not concerned with such embryonic phenomena; on the contrary, it insists that "the spiritual impulses which reveal themselves in man can best be studied in their higher and more organised forms" (p. 8). In other words, we must study the grown tree and not the acorn to learn the nature of the oak.

Ethnology, at any rate in this country and America, is generally considered a narrower division of anthropology. It limits its examination to the 'race' problem (p. 36). In its treatment of religion it shows that race and racial surroundings and racial interblendings play an important part in shaping religious ideas and

practices (p. 37). But the influence of race, as of environment in general, must not be overstressed ; for religion above all else is of the spirit within.

Sociology, according to its founder Auguste Comte, is 'the science of the associated life of humanity.' The New Sociology, as it is called, is to-day paying much attention to the phenomena of religion, and would endeavour to explain them on purely sociological principles. It is accordingly now taught that "there are forces in man, everywhere existent, which tend—in infinite variety, yet under the pressure of identical social laws—to build up a specifically religious structure" (p. 64). Primitive religion, it is contended, remains to the end a supremely social fact. This may to a large extent be true of embryonic primitive natural religion ; but even here the individual element is in evidence. When, however, sociology would attempt to account for and explain religion in general, it makes shipwreck on the undeniable fact that religion is always also, and especially in its higher forms, the most supremely private, personal and individual fact in human life.

Mythology and, in secondary rank, folk-lore are indispensable auxiliaries to the study of comparative religion ; for "the myth often possesses a strictly religious value, and is capable of exercising a spiritual influence which must not be ignored" (p. 99). Some of us indeed would make the concluding words of this statement considerably stronger. Nor is it enough to say that, if magic may be described as primitive science, mythology may be regarded as primitive philosophy. Both, it may fairly be contended, are more distinctive than this. They are on the one hand a mode of contacting the life of invisible nature and on the other a

mode of describing man's commerce with that life. Both are intimately connected with the obscurer phenomena of psychology, so that there is much to be said for the contention that "the myth . . . furnishes to the psychologist one of the best means of examining the full nature of religion in its diverse forms."¹

Archæology, as the science that devotes itself to the 'study of the survivals of bygone civilisations,' is a powerful means of extending the horizons of history, and therefore a potent aid to increasing the material which forms the subject-matter of comparative religion. It is a more precise science than anthropology, which owing to its generally vague and conjectural nature may be regarded as prehistoric archæology. Archæology proper, though its data are rugged, is nevertheless 'rigidly wedded' to historical facts. It is history, though of a fragmentary nature, and its task is to widen the 'habitable domain' of history (p. 82). Archæology has already, on the one hand, reinforced and re-established and, on the other, overthrown many venerated theories; and above all it has rescued history from what has been somewhat harshly described as the 'morass' into which philology had dragged it,—presumably when the nature of the science of religion was first being investigated by Max Müller, the great pioneer to whom this study owes so deep a debt.

It is perfectly true, as he contended, that the inner life of man can never be understood unless we acquire a knowledge of the language in which that inner life finds its expression. Though language in itself can

¹ George Malcolm Stratton, Professor of Psychology in the University of California, *Psychology of the Religious Life*, p. vi.

teach us little about religion, it is a most invaluable aid for coming to understand the variants of that common speech of the soul which a study of comparative religion alone can teach. Max Müller, however, thought that the study of comparative philology, of which he was also a distinguished pioneer, was the only safe foundation for a study of anthropology, and hence of the genesis and early development of religion itself. By comparative philology he meant in this connection the endeavour to get at the origin and development of human speech as an index of the genesis and evolution of ideas. And indeed the analysis of language into its simplest elements is by no means to be neglected as an aid to one of the departments of comparative religion ; for it should be able to throw much light on the rationale of certain practices of utterance—chanting, recitation, incantation, etc., which have existed throughout the ages and to-day flourish especially in Hindu religions, closely connected with the high theory of the Creative Word or Utterance and its spiritual, mental, psychical and physical manifestations.

Philology, however, is now generally used in the sense of literary philology, or 'the study of language as it is found embodied in some deliberately-framed text' (p. 112). It is in such texts that history is enshrined, and therefore philology, which deals with the correct decipherment or translation of texts, is a most precious and indeed an indispensable ally to the science of comparative religion.

Mr. Jordan includes psychology in the list of auxiliaries, as one of the courses of those broad and deep foundations upon which the modern science of comparative religion rests. This seems to us to be assigning to psychology a too subordinate function ; for

we are convinced that the psychological method is precisely the one that will obtain the most fruitful results, after the comparative method has done its work on the historical material. For if the philosophy of religion should rightly follow upon the labours of comparative religion, and, as Mr. Jordan himself admits (p.136), the psychology of religion should be considered as a territory within that final discipline, though we should not confound comparative religion with psychology, we should not regard it simply as one of the foundations upon which comparative religion rests. If psychology is to be regarded solely as one of a number of sciences then it might be so subordinated; but if, as for instance Mr. Arthur Lynch in his arresting *New System* considers it, psychology is fundamentally the science of sciences, then it is not only *a* new method for the study of religion, but *the* most important of all. It is the method that most effectively not only analyses but explains the results obtained by the comparative method.

But above all things we are warned not to confuse comparative religion with the history of religions, as is so frequently the case, especially in academic circles; though it is difficult to do so in practice, they should theoretically be kept strictly apart, and for the following reasons:

“The historian of religion—whenever he deals with his subject fairly—confines himself to the study of a *single* faith, which he traces (if he can) to its sources, which he interprets through making clear the successive stages of its growth, and which he makes immensely more intelligible by arranging its distinctive practices in their strictly chronological order; the comparativist, on the other hand, is bound to study *all*

faiths, and to appraise them in the light of their verifiable *relationships* with one another. The history of religions concerns itself with facts, arranged (if possible) in orderly sequence; comparative religion is in search of those laws (discoverable behind the activities of all religions) which tend invariably to produce results under certain given conditions. The history of religions, moreover, lays stress upon such factors in a (tribal or national) faith as set it *apart* from others; comparative religion, on the other hand—seeking to disclose the *connexion* which links all religions together, and which thus brings them within the purview of a comprehensive synthesis—lays stress upon those influences and aspirations which *unite* rather than divorce and divide" (p. 511).

As to the high end and aim of the comparativist, we are told:

"The valid comparison of the faiths of mankind—not made by concentrating attention upon their superficial features of likeness or unlikeness, but executed in a far deeper and more penetrative way—is a task which not every scholar is competent to perform. Comparison, in so far as the historian is concerned, is a passing incident, a detail, a side issue. With the student of comparative religion, on the other hand, it is his sole and supreme business. . . . The facts which the historian supplies require in due course to be interpreted, and they must be interpreted by one who thoroughly understands them. Such a teacher will be able to say with confidence what these facts *mean*,—not what they *probably* mean, but what they *unquestionably* mean, when one reads unerringly their actual and authentic significance" (p. 167).¹

¹ Quoted from the author's *Comparative Religion: Its Method and Scope*

In many volumes, moreover, comparative religion is confused with comparative theology, which should rightly undertake to compare solely the *doctrinal* beliefs of the various religions; but this is clearly a limited department of its activity.

But above all comparative religion should not be confounded with apologetics, whose aim is to "erect an impregnable *defence* around an individual faith" (p. 512). The genuine comparativist, on the contrary, is devoted solely to the impartial investigation of all the facts before him and to estimating their value without fear or favour; it is not for him to pause to consider "whether comparative religion is capable of lending support to this or that religion, or whether it is to become a solvent influence (destructive of the lofty claims of every existing religion)" (p. 513).

From all this it is evident that comparative religion is emphatically a science of the twentieth century, the study of which is fraught with most important consequences for the future of religion throughout the world. We are to-day witnessing 'the birth-throes of an entirely new religious environment' (p. 514). "As a consequence, a new conception of religion—of its universality, of its essential unity, of its wondrous variety, of that Infinite and Supreme Power that stands behind it all—has everywhere raised strange and pregnant questionings among thoughtful men" (p. 518).

What then is the chief fact that emerges for one

(London, 1908), pp. 12, 13. To this we may add, from his *Comparative Religion: A Survey of its Recent Literature*, II. (1906-1909), pp. 57, 58: "Experts in this field are not necessarily historians. What is more, they do not specially concern themselves with the purely historical method,—except in so far as, by occasional tests, they assure themselves that that method has already been competently applied. Their own special instrument, the method upon which *they* invariably rely, is exclusively critical and comparative."

who contemplates the rich fields of this gigantic enterprise of research, which has already supplied thoughtful minds with 'an entirely new religious environment'? It is that religion is not only belief and make-believe, but also a genuine and potent experience; indeed in its highest forms religion may be said to be of an absolutely unique nature, in that its records bear witness to the enjoyment of the most transcendent experience possible for man on earth. How the nature of this highest experience of self-transcendence or communion with unimaginable reality should best be characterised or designated is hard to say; for every term in use is open to objection from one point of view or another. It is of a higher order than the more general experience of emotional conversion, and is not to be confused with the infinite variety of psychical accompaniments involved in elementary or intermediate mystical states, either naturally or artificially induced, as, for instance, in the mystery-institutions and practices of mankind from the earliest stages of culture onwards. Nevertheless it is difficult to find a more appropriate general term than mysticism with which to designate that special order of religious experience which leads up to, and finds its consummation in, that self-transcendence which is spoken of by some as communion, by others as union, with God or absolute reality. This experience is of the nature of spiritual knowledge as distinguished from spiritual faith. That such knowledge is possible and that it is the inmost essence and climax of religion, is the ground fact of which the modern world stands most in need of being convinced. It follows, therefore, that the study which can throw most light upon its nature is of the utmost importance and pregnant with spiritual value. The thinking

world of to-day is weary of unintelligible dogmas and doctrines, creeds and practices, formulated and imposed on the past for the most part by men of faith; it demands that in religion as well as in all other things men should have experience of what they profess to teach, and not simply hand on traditional formulæ.

Within the general domain of comparative religion, therefore, there is the special field of comparative mysticism, demanding the most careful and wise cultivation for the spiritual benefit of the new age that is being ushered in with the most gigantic birth-throes humanity has ever witnessed. For if the study of comparative religion in general is supplying the instructed and thoughtful of our times with an entirely new religious environment, then the further discipline of comparative mysticism should prove the best means of leading them to the heart of this great matter, so that at long last an age of truly catholic religious enlightenment may dawn for the whole world. But this high spiritual discipline of the union of scientific religion and religious science is as yet in its ante-natal stage, and it is a hard task to bring it to birth. For if a really competent scholar of comparative religion in general, in addition to the scientific virtues of a disinterested love of objective truth, keen analysis, wide sympathy and a scrupulously impartial mind, requires to be possessed as well of a profoundly religious temperament as the most fundamental competency of his equipment; the exponent of comparative mysticism, over and above these high qualities, which are so rarely found in co-operation, should also enjoy or have enjoyed some measure of personal experience of the nature of the great awakening.

And most assuredly the natural mystic of the

future, if he would make a world-appeal to his fellows, must have some knowledge of what has already been accomplished by his genial forerunners. To-day we demand more of those who profess to know in such matters than was required of them by a less exacting and less informed age. Who can doubt that even the great mystics of the past, except in perhaps the very rarest instances, have been greatly handicapped in the expression and evaluation of their experience from lack of the salutary disciplinary knowledge which the study of comparative mysticism alone can give? Those of the great mystics who moved within the confines of a single tradition, have been the most severely handicapped in this respect; it is only at times of religious revolt or of transition or inter-blending that they attain any real freedom of expression. Before our day the full idea of religion as a definitely realised world-problem based on ascertained actual facts, whereby alone it can be clearly defined, has not existed. The mystics have consequently been able only to sense the problem; none of them has known it in its true historic actuality. Their spirit, however, has been the right spirit: it is not they who have been averse from comparison and genuine catholicity. The walls of partition in religion have been built up and hedges made round traditions of inspiration, not by the mystics, but by their inexperienced followers; for among disciples we move in an atmosphere surcharged with enthusiasm and fanaticism for the absolute authority of the personal revelations of adored teachers.

In the known world of creatures it is human intelligence alone that can analyse and compare and generalise. It is the human mind alone that can become adept in the use of concepts and universals,

and can thus build up for itself an ever more effective and efficient instrument of knowledge, and so progress upon the path of that determined self-improvement which no animal can achieve. It is the rational soul alone that can be really moral, the mind of man alone of creatures on this earth that can contemplate infinity. Here the whole wealth of animal instinct, marvellous as it is, cannot for an instant scale with the inexhaustible possibilities of the riches and triumphs of human intelligence.

But, as one learns from the mystics, there is a great stage further for man to go, when what appears so marvellous as instinct in the animal, is to return to us in infinitely more wonderful ways as part of our conscious spiritual equipment. In man the natural passions he has inherited from the animal are being gradually subordinated to the dictates of reason. They are, however, not to be destroyed, but purified, subtilised, elevated; so that the natural instincts may return to us transmuted by rational self-discipline into a means of spiritual intuition, or insight into the nature and meaning and value of the divine process and purpose. This spiritual insight by no means sets reason aside; on the contrary, it must be mediated by reason to be communicable and form part of the general system of common objective truth.

Life seems for ever, as it were, to turn on itself and impregnate itself with its own intensification. Animal heredity, we might almost say, furnishes the mother element and rational heredity the paternal power of the human soul. And just as the development of the embryo results from the synthetised struggle of the two opposed elements in the cell, so we have also in the soul the warring and healing processes on which

all intellectual and moral growth depends. And further, just as in the physical order the babe is eventually born into a new world of air and light and larger life and freedom ; so for the soul there is a greater birth from the confined human order into the freedom of the spirit. This spiritual birth is ever new and unique, as being for the individual or embryonic person a consciousness of wholeness. But a consciousness of wholeness is not a consciousness of the actual whole. It is the indispensable pre-requisite to the growth of spiritual self-consciousness ; but it is not its actuality, much less its consummation. As a whole, however, it has the possibility of taking up the whole into itself ; and as it grows in wholeness or spiritual stature it gradually takes up into itself the old, the past, first of itself and then of the world, but now made new, transmuted, transfigured, harmonised. Spiritual life consciously enjoyed is surely not a miracle in isolation from the world-order, but a genuine vital synthesis whose self-completing virtue has been energising all the time in the ever-renewed duality of our human becoming in the great becoming of the whole. So that when the bliss of this true self-consciousness is reached it is gradually enriched with the ordered fulness of the past experience, not only of the individual but of the race, not only of humanity but of the universe. Spiritual riches are world-wide ; for we are assured by the mystics that man is potentially a world-citizen and that, when he has learned how fully to play his part as a true cosmopolitan, he will at last receive the freedom of the City of God. The vital cosmos, the spiritual economy of order and harmony, broods over the heart of man, in whom it has already concentrated and summed up potentially the whole of the history of nature and the

story of the world-process. He is the seed of the whole cosmos implicitly, and is destined to grow in inner stature and so to develop in consciousness that in the end the whole shall come to self-consciousness in him.

It is to such conclusions or, if you will, to such a high over-belief, at any rate that the endeavours of my own limited competency to study on the lines of comparative mysticism have led me. Nevertheless I venture to think that the unfavourable view of mysticism which is instinctive in the minds of so many excellent people to-day, is not altogether unjustified. For it is not to be denied that mysticism in the past has only too largely concerned itself with 'there' rather than 'here,' with 'that' rather than 'this,' and has shown insufficient interest in the actual world and that great purpose which its humanity as a whole is striving, however inadequately, here and now to accomplish, under an irresistible impulse which its reason is at present incompetent to fathom. The mysticism of the future, if it is to hold the attention and win the respect of those who are obedient to that purpose in an infinite variety of ways other than those specifically labelled as religious, must accommodate itself to this prime fact. Its commerce with a reality that transcends the real of the senses, must embrace and not exclude the sense-world known to ordinary mortals, and throw light and understanding upon its manifold operations and activities. Its analysis of the real should eschew such now unsatisfactory and demonstrably misleading categories as spiritual and material, religious and secular, sacred and profane, at any rate in any of the old meanings assigned to these terms. If true religion is not simply a matter for Sundays or of conventional forms, much more is genuine mysticism

not a matter solely of withdrawn states of consciousness. On the contrary, its worship, high service and special achievement are the practice and assurance of the Divine Presence in all things continually.

Such being its inmost nature, it goes without saying that, if the sectarian and dogmatic spirit, whether its pretensions be of the pseudo-religious or of the pseudo-scientific order, is the greatest enemy to the genuinely sympathetic, free and impartial study of comparative religion, it is an absolute bar to the unprejudiced study of comparative mysticism. At the same time, it must be frankly admitted, the undertaking is one of very great difficulty for the loyal follower of any exclusive faith, seeing that it cannot avoid giving rise to a most painful conflict of ideals within a man's better nature. It is of the same order as the dilemma which, in times of international conflict, confronts the patriot who is also a lover of mankind; but it is an immensely more intimate and poignant conflict of love. Exclusive religionists have, at any rate in the past, been little troubled with such a dilemma. To the pious Rabbi, for instance, the Law was his spouse; to entertain heretical beliefs, to enter into sympathetic relations with other religions, was for him spiritual harlotry and fornication. Now loyalty and patriotism and monogamy are all virtues and excellent in their proper order; but they can only too easily degenerate. Judged by a more humane standard, loyalty to a tyranny is a vice; the patriot who knowingly fights in the interests of unprovoked aggression or for an unjust cause does violence to his humanity; and the outer form of monogamy may veil an unbridled sensualism that many an irregular union can put to shame.

Comparing then the greater with the less, may it not be, can it be otherwise than, that there is a spiritual synthesis embracing all that is best in the great religions—a synthetic ideal which, when once spiritually envisaged, has the power to elevate us towards the consciousness of what for the religious world in general is a new order of religious life? The advance in ethics which all the great religions of culture have striven to foster, is marked by a gradual weaning from lower forms of habit, custom and rite, and by a corresponding widening of outlook and of the horizons of duty and responsibility and good feeling. There is a gradual ascent until, in the highest forms of religion, man is taken right out of himself and baptised into the all-embracing moral life that is truly of the divine spirit. This is the final great change and awakening of the soul. Naturally and rightly the separative life lives by, and rejoices in, and betters itself by the law of distinction. But equally rightly and naturally the spiritual life realises itself by the law of wholeness—wholeness, not sameness nor abstract identity, that false unity to which no few mystics and philosophers have misled themselves. This wholeness is not set over against distinction as yet another distinction; its nature is to embrace distinctions—not to destroy them, but by the power of its presence to transmute them from the bitterness of antagonism and contradiction into the sweet harmony of complementary energies of the divine economy, in which each is complemented and perfected by the richness of the fulness of its fellows. Surely some such divine reality must be the spiritual consummation of highest religion!

But whatever may be the nature of this divine reality, all the great religions are unshakably agreed

that the spiritual life is to be achieved only by the persistent choice of the higher and the better part. For conscious birth into the spiritual order we must be wholly reborn, and that, for the mystic, means fundamentally transmuted into some degree of self-consciousness of the wholeness of life. Meantime most of us have to be content with the reflected light of the spirit in its infinite modes. For just as higher animals in domesticity may reflect some of the characteristics of man, so may men when tamed by the spirit reflect some of its characteristics and thus enjoy spiritual contact. All that is best in our art and science, in our philosophy and religion, reflects the light of the spirit, manifests its life and mediates its love. And the spirit works so subtly that, even in these days of doubt and scepticism, it compels many who deny its very existence, to labour more strenuously for general betterment than the majority of those who prate most loudly concerning it.

The comparative study of mysticism in its widest sense should include much that is not technically classified as religion. In its more restricted sense, however, it means primarily the comparative study of the recorded spiritual experiences of the moral saints and heroes of mankind, especially of the great seers and prophets and teachers whose words or writings bear unquestionable signs of insight into the heart of things for all real lovers of what is good and true and beautiful.

It will doubtless be urged by many pious minds that here we are incompetent to compare; that we can but accept the experience and obey the injunctions of the experient. For here it is God speaking directly to man, revealing the truth inerrantly; such

truth we shall question only at peril of our salvation. Now it is precisely this fearful attitude of mind and this exclusive spirit of dogmatism that the comparative study of mysticism alleviates and modifies; it dares to raise the question of the validity of much that has hitherto been regarded as inerrant revelation, by seeking for a criterion of really spiritual value in the contents. It will at once be retorted, by minds of the traditionalist stamp, that to seek for a criterion when the standard has already been given in the very revelation itself, is a mark of overweening arrogance and of the pride of the unspiritual intellect. 'Thus saith the Lord,' or 'I say unto you,' or 'He said,' settles the question once for all. It is, however, hardly necessary to remark that such pronouncements and claims have no longer any terrors for vast numbers of thinkers in these sceptical days.

But what of thinkers who are not sceptical of the spiritual life, who on the contrary look to it as the only way out of human ignorance into the light of the knowledge of divine truth? What of those who, because of the advance of knowledge in all other departments of life by the comparative method of treating all the accessible facts, are compelled in the domain of religion and of its highest experience also to face all the facts that conscientious study presents to them? Do they aim at a lesser truth than those who, on the authority of a single prophet or a single tradition, accept one special revelation unquestionably as the one and only, sole and absolutely unique verity? Or do they obey a deeper spiritual instinct which bids them learn also from the revelations of other prophets whose followers make similar claims, and so press on to the prize of their high calling by the spirit to win

towards the heart of the inner truth of religion? In any case there are no few to-day who cannot do otherwise than follow this spiritual instinct. For once they have felt awakened within them the fellow-feeling of a common humanity and have become sympathetic to its best interests, once they have tasted the larger life of freedom from religious antagonism, they seem to have entered a new and better world.

Many believe that the world-crisis from which we are now so painfully suffering, is the prelude to a new age, and that this happier future will witness such progress in our knowledge of life and mind that the science of the past with all its wealth of physical achievements will seem but a poor thing in comparison. We may then see in vigorous development a new mysticism—or however best we may name this science of the spirit—which will gather up into itself from all sources the best elements of the mysticism of the past, and so co-ordinate and harmonise them that, if anyone were now to foretell the results, he would no more be believed than would have been believed three hundred years ago a prophet who had predicted the actual conquests of modern science. Just as to-day in the domain of physical nature science is science, no matter in what country a man may live or what his faith may be, so in the future, no matter to what race or religion a man may belong, there will be truths of the psychical and of the spiritual life that will be acquired facts of knowledge. This more vital mode of knowing, however, will not divorce us from the world and the life of men as no little of mystic practice has done in the past; it will rather bring us into closer touch with nature and complement the way of present-day science, which for

the most part is only too prone to leave life out of its calculations. With intense longing, then, we contemplate the promise of this fairer age, when the intensification of life and deepening of reason will be so potent that it may be possible to reach to knowledge of the purpose of the great process here in the midst of it; when the manifestation of spirit that we call nature will reveal to man ever more of its inmost secrets, as he himself wins to spiritual self-consciousness in joyful co-operation with the divine process and purpose that transmutes the will for power into the will for service.

For my part I firmly believe that a comparative study of mysticism, in its highest sense of the genuinely spiritual life, will strengthen and hearten our faith in the drawing nearer of so glorious an outcome to all the struggles and trials of long-suffering humanity. For where else in the past can we find the promise and potency of such perfectioning, and even at times its achievement, except in the lives of the spiritual heroes of humanity? They foreshadow the destined spiritual conquests of our own best selves, in each and all of us, and foretell of an age when the way of the spirit shall be recognised and realised joyously on earth as energising in the concrete reality of things; when, not only for the individual, but also for society, heaven and earth shall kiss each other, and mercy and truth, righteousness and peace, shall flourish here and now; when the above and the below, the within and the without, shall be united in the bliss of a union made inexhaustibly rich and beautiful by all the long weary years of past struggle and suffering.

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THE DAWN OF THE NUMBER SEVEN.

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ACCORDING to Cicero, there is hardly any object of which the number seven is not the kernel.¹ Plutarch wrote that one might spend a whole day without being able to enunciate all the properties of the number seven;² it must be noticed that he meant the mystic properties only. Macrobius without the least hesitation called it the perfect number, and prided himself on being able to show how appropriate was this name.³

In keeping with these generally accepted ideas, the number seven was given a most important place in rituals, Jewish or Christian, Brahmanic or Buddhist, being used in order to determine the divisions of the sacred places and implements, the dates of the holy days and the number of the offerings and ceremonial acts.

How the number seven originated is a question connected with that of the genesis of the first numbers, and therefore all attempts made to solve it, if they have taken no account of the parallel and convergent problems, have produced various solutions but not a final one.

It has often been thought that the number seven owed its importance, its value and its origin to the

¹ Macrobius, *Comm. on Cicero's Dream of Scipio*, i. 6.

² *On the Ei of the Temple of Delphi*, 17.

³ *Comm. on Dream of Scipio*, i. 6.

number of stars in the two Bears¹ and even in the Pleiades.²

Dion Cassius wrote at the beginning of the third century: "The Egyptians were the first to divide time into weeks; they got the idea from the seven planets after which they named the seven days of the week."³ And doubtless it would have been easy to have got an explanation from him of all the virtue, perfection and sanctity of the number seven as taken from the number of the planets. Philo, Clement of Alexandria and a score of other writers, under the influence of Babylon and Chaldæa on this particular point, were persuaded that it was really so. But we have to object to those who derive the number seven from the seven planets, that the latter were five before being seven; they became seven only by adding the sun and moon, that is to say the two great luminaries, which first belonged to a binary system much older and quite independent. Among modern writers, G. Peignot,⁴ and later on W. H. Roscher,⁵ has derived the number seven from the duration of the moon's phases, which consist of four periods of seven days each. According to them the number seven originated in the analysis of the lunar rhythm.

Philologists, like Jodin, think the human body first gave this notion. The cervical vertebræ, which play such an important part in the skeleton, are seven

¹ Cp. A. Jodin, *Étude sur les noms de nombre* (Paris, 1899), p. 37.

² M. Baudoin and A. H. Harmois, in *Bull. de la Soc. Ps. Fr.* (1916), xiii. 86, and xiii. 202.

³ *Rom. Hist.*, xxxvii. 18.

⁴ 'Recherches sur l'époque où les premiers Chrétiens et les Romains . . . ont commencé à adopter la semaine,' in *Mem. de l'Acad. de Dijon* (1829), p. 373.

⁵ 'Die Sieben und Neunzahl,' in *Kultus der Griechen* (Leipzig, 1905), 126 pages.

in number ; hence "cervical protuberances must have been said before seven."¹

If, however, we remember that in India, on the one hand, the *Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa* married the seven stars of the Celestial Bear to the seven of the Pleiades,² and on the other the Sabians of Mesopotamia joined the cult of the seven planets to the worship of the seven stars of Ursa Major,³ we are constrained to wonder whether all these various septenaries may not have been parts of a general conception.

Varro, who gathered together many observations about the virtue of the number seven, seems to have thought that it owed its perfection, that is to say its origin, not to one source only, but to many, most of them astronomical.

"This number," he wrote, "forms in the sky the Bears, Great and Little, as well as the constellation called by us *Vergiliæ* and by the Greeks *Pleiades*. The stars named *Erraticæ* (Wandering), and which P. Nigidius calls *Errones*, are seven in number. Such is also the number of the celestial circles which have the axis of the world as a centre. . . . The zodiac also gives an example of the virtue of the number seven. Indeed, the summer solstice takes place when the sun is passing into the seventh sign from the winter solstice ; in the same way the winter solstice occurs when the sun has gone through seven signs from the summer solstice. Seven signs are also counted from one equinox to another." . . . After this Varro points out that the moon completes its revolution in four times seven days. Indeed, he says,

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 38.

² ii. 1, 2, 4.

³ According to the *Fihrist* of Mohammed Ben Ishâq ; cp. J. B. F. Obry, *Du berceau de l'espèce humaine*, p. 7 and note 2.

in a period of twenty-eight days it comes back to the point from which it started. Moreover, he calls attention here to two things: first, that the moon describes its circle in four times seven days; and secondly, that the number twenty-eight is the sum of all the numbers of which the number seven is made ($1+2+3+4+5+6+7=28$).¹

The ethnographical study of the genesis of numbers has led me to a theory which gathers up and justifies in a certain measure all the preceding hypotheses. It would, however, be difficult to understand were not one aware that primitive peoples did not distinguish the number from the group of things numbered.²

Now if the number did not stand apart from what is numbered, it follows that different groups composed of the same number of things received not the same name but different ones, and that the languages of savages must have a whole series of words to describe things according as they form groups of two, or three, or four, and so on. As a fact primitive peoples use special words to indicate the *objects numbered*; but they have no name for the number itself. They describe *group-numbers* very well without distinguishing numbers. For them the number is joined to the object and seems indissoluble.³ They commonly count by means of the various parts of the body—feet, hands, articulations, etc. So the first names used as numbers were not abstract ones, but the names of the divisions of the implement which served to measure. Haddon

¹ Cp. Aulus Gellius, *Attic Nights*, iii. 10.

² Lévy Bruhl, *Les fonctions mentales dans les sociétés inférieures* (Paris, 1910), p. 209.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 221, 223 and 282, where typical examples may be found to justify these different statements.

writes: "It could not be said that *nabiget* is the name of the number five; it means only that there are in question as many objects as fingers in the hand."

The abstract numbers took form only very slowly, beginning with the smallest ones. Indeed there are still some tribes which have no name for numbers above two, others which go no further than three or stop at four. Number was only freed from the gangue of things by becoming the basis of a system of numeration; but to speak of primitive numeration is to speak of classification. To number things by two, three, four, etc. was to classify them into couples, triads, tetrads. The division of the cosmos into two, three, four parts determined the use of these cosmical numbers as bases of a system of numeration. The number, being representative of the cosmical divisions, and in consequence of the magic force which pervades it and is the very energy of it, is then closely connected with the representation of the cosmos, from which it is not distinct. So the number which expresses the totality of the divisions of the world, whether it is two, three, four or five, expresses at the same time the principle of universal activity, describes both the totality of movement and the totality of space, and becomes the essential and fundamental law of both. It follows then quite naturally that all the things which exist in the universe will be divided like the universe itself into two, three, four or five parts; from this begins the application of the cosmical numbers to an infinity of sub-groups of the same number. For this extensive process the cosmical number received a *name*. This was associated with each of the partial groups which were supposed to reflect the number

¹ 'The West Tribes of Torres Straits,' *J. A. J.*, xix., pp. 803-805.

which was the type of the cosmos. But at the same time the abstract number, while keeping a sacred value and a mystical virtue, was created; and the name of the number which was later on to designate a pure abstraction was liberated from its concrete associations.

There thus came a time when seven, in its turn, expressed term and totality, achievement and perfection; not an abstract totality and perfection, but the totality and perfection of the universe. The number seven was identified afterwards with the soul of the world, I mean with the form that this conception took among the primitive peoples, that is to say with the *mana*,¹ the dynamic principle, impersonal and sacred, source of the extension of the cosmos in time and space. It is thus that, among the Chaldæans, "Bel is the association of the seven cosmical elements represented by the planets. It is in itself," says Lenormant, "the unique, the master, and the first; it forms an abstract unity which presides over the *seven* elements and the thousand manifestations of life."²

It is by a similar conception that Christians, like Eusebius, declared that by joining the seven vowels the ineffable name of the Most High could be obtained; and he added: "I do not know where a wise man of Greece found the same idea that one seems to find in these words: 'Seven vowels express the glory of my name, and I am the immortal God, the father of all creatures. I am also the immortal end of all things, and it is I who have ordained the harmony of the celestial bodies.'"³ Indeed, this immortal God is nothing but the soul of the world, a kind of semi-

¹ P. Saintyves, *La force magique* (Paris, 1914).

² *Les origines*, i. 416-418.

³ *Prepar. Evangel.*, xi. 6.

personification of *mana* or of universal energy. Philo wrote: "The number seven is like a virgin among the other numbers, and by its nature has neither father nor mother. It is very near to unity and to the beginning of all things; it is the form of the planets. . . . For these reasons and many others the number seven has been praised and honoured. It is true that the chief reason has been that by it the Creator and Father of the universe has been manifested and known, for the understanding envisages in this number, as in a mirror, God building the world and ruling it."¹ It could not be better said that this number represents the active principle of the cosmos and consequently its cosmic signification.

The Zuñis, who have now a system of classification by seven, certainly knew formerly, and made use of, systems of classification by two, four, and six.² The abstract number did not arise from the consideration of a single thing, any more than did the number seven from the seven stars of the Bears or from the numbering of the seven cervical vertebræ; but it did arise when the universe was thought of as a hebdomad having septenary sub-divisions. Thus the Bears and the cervical vertebræ have all contributed their share in bringing into relief the number seven, and consequently in separating it from concrete things. Among many savages the cardinal points are at first two, then four, then afterwards six and seven, by adding first the zenith and nadir, then the centre. Such is undoubtedly the case with the Mexicans and the Zuñis.³

¹ *Concerning the Ten Commandments.*

² Durkheim and Mauss, '*Les classifications primitives*,' in *An. Soc.*, vii. 35-43.

³ Beuchat, *Archéol. Améric.*, pp. 298, 315 and 329; and especially G. Reynaud, *Les nombres sacrés et les signes cruciformes dans la moyenne Amérique* (Paris, 1901), p. 22.

It may therefore be thought that the determination of the number of stars in the Bears and in the Pleiades, especially in the latter, in which seven stars were counted from a sense of systematisation,¹ took place at the same time when man, rising above the system of classification by six, reached the point at which he distinguished almost at once a whole series of hebdomads, among which certainly the seven days of the week, the seven planets, the seven Bears (Great and Little) were neither the most important nor the most effective. It was only after having recognised, I was going to say made use of, these material hebdomads, these sub-divisions of the cosmos, that man was enabled to get to a semi-mythical and semi-abstract notion of a septenary power which was the origin of the abstract notion.

P. SAINTYVES.

¹ The number of stars in the Pleiades visible to the naked eye is only six.

THE FULNESS OF LIFE.

WILLIAM PLATT.

THE fulness of Life; the very utmost that we can extract from it; the very greatest gift it has to bestow; what it is and how attainable—is not this the Quest, consciously or unconsciously, of all of us; and is not the aim of true education just the preparing of us for this Quest, so adventurous, so full of the inner and outer ‘alarums and excursions’?

The fulness of life—in what direction to seek it? Shall we not have as many answers as there are types of men? The philosopher, priest, artist, soldier, statesman, moralist, man of action or so-called ‘man of the world’—will not each of these be apt to give one answer or many different answers; and is it not also abundantly true that “each man in his turn plays many parts”?

Reminded thus of Shakespeare, we may well remind ourselves of what fulness of life was his, since he must have lived in every one of those great creations of his; he must have brooded with Hamlet, loved with Romeo, been leader with Henry V., schemer with Richard III., magician with Prospero and suffered all the agonies of Macbeth and Lear.

This ample life seemed absolutely to suffice him. No great artist was ever more careless of the fate of his work than Shakespeare. He never seems to have tried to print or publish, nor has he left any definite record of purpose in his work, save perhaps in the line

“to hold the mirror up to nature.” True artist as he was, he lived in his creations. But two other supreme artists, on as high a plane, had assuredly an intense sense of purpose. Beethoven nobly expressed his as a desire to elevate men and women by giving to them great emotions. Michaelangelo as surely felt a kindred and equally purposeful aim. All three artists achieved the fulness of life in the fulness of soul-expression.

Art is akin to religion. Much of the world's great art is definitely in the service of religion. The Greek sculptures, the supreme Italian paintings, much of the greatest music and the bulk of the finest architecture had a definite religious end. Yet the teaching of the typical priest as to the fulness of life will differ very much from that of the artist, the philosopher or the scientist. There was a day, not so far distant, when the priest was also an artist, a teacher and a scientist. This was before the age of great specialisation. Bishop Flambard of Durham lives in our histories, not as a Churchman, but as a very great architect and a very poor politician. And this fact gives us much that we may usefully ponder upon.

The fulness of life! And what and how much are we going to demand from life? Here arises a very distinctive problem. Roughly speaking, men might be divided into two classes. First come those who make a great demand and who tend to go on restlessly and perhaps ambitiously from effort to effort; this class is imaged in Goethe's *Faust* and to it belonged Goethe himself. The other class is far more easily satisfied, but achieves far less distinction. Both classes are necessary. The charm of Shakespeare's laughing philosopher, Falstaff, lies in his emancipation from the restless tyranny of the higher demands; but for that

very reason the patriot king has ruthlessly, once and for ever, to shake off the influence.

These random remarks, I know, but barely scratch the surface of a theme as vast as life itself. But the very size of the theme is in one way my safeguard: I am speaking of what every thinking man has meditated upon for himself. So I need but a brief introduction to create, as it were, an atmosphere, and then I can bring forward the point I wish to touch upon, and finally leave the matter to the reader's own thought.

Speaking as an educationist, let me first say how much I was moved in thought to hear, in an important meeting in Oxford (at the conference dealing with New Ideals in Education), that General Baden-Powell and the Provost of Oriel were school-fellows. Imagine the education that had to fit the needs of these two men of such utterly different careers and completely divergent solutions of the problem of the fulness of life; yet either result was a success. And this, partly because of the genius of the men themselves, but partly also because, whatever blunders we may and do make in education, we still achieve a wise if somewhat haphazard catholicity.

So that this brief article, much to the disappointment perhaps of those who may have awaited some new and startling theory, whittles itself down merely to a stale old plea for breadth, for variety, for universality if that were possible, not only in the education of our schools, but in the greater education of life. Let there be no subject but that we take an interest in it; let there be no outlook but that we can find some point of sympathy with it; let us make one subject our own, but *not* to the exclusion of all others; let us remember that it takes all the colours of the rainbow to make

a ray of pure light, and reflect that in the utmost possible breadth of human sympathy lies one of our surest ways of achieving the true fulness of life.

And the more we pursue this line of thought, the more we realise the extreme need of this greatest breadth of outlook in every walk of life. It is the greatest need for the educationist, that with the utmost sympathy and insight he may inspire every type of child; for the scientist, that he may spiritualise what might otherwise become mechanical materialism; for the priest, so as to humanise what might otherwise become an aloof theology; for the politician, to mitigate his mummery of make-believe; for the artist, as the basis of his art; for every type of investigator, breadth of vision being of the very essence of investigation; in every relation between man and man; and, finally, in every relation between country and country, so that the blind horrors of war may cease, and that we may realise that my problems being your problems become our problems, the common problems of humanity.

WILLIAM PLATT.

The Home School, Grindleford.

AN AUTUMN IN COQUETDALE.

J. CECIL LYNN.

I WILL sing of the Coquet, the dearest of themes—
The haunt of the fisher, the first of a' streams;
There's nane like the Coquet in a' the King's land,
From the cliffs of famed Dover to North Britain's strand.

ROXBY.

IN many particulars the Coquet is a burn typical of several to which the wild contours of Northumberland give birth; and yet, as the poet sings, no other stream is like it. Beginning in the Cheviots amidst the silences of the great hills, it tumbles through dells, woods, green pastures and heathered slopes, ripples noisily over shingly beds, or moves stealthily through deep pools. The upper stretches are wild in the extreme; in the primeval stages of the world the devil might have ploughed out some of these valleys, where the barren hills sweep down to the water's edge, with never a tree in sight. Though in its lower stretches the stream winds through woodland darknesses and by banks where wild flowers are thickly clustered, it loses little of its wildness. We cannot compare it with the southern streams old Walton eulogized; theirs is a different type of beauty. These slow-moving, willowy, full streams have nothing in common with our northern burn. It is rapid, ever-surprising, ever-changing. It roars down in a flood with the colour of the Cheviots and the peaty scent of the highlands in

its waters. It subsides, and the blue heavens are imaged in its clear pools. It runs through gorges of solid rock hewn by its own impetuosity. It expands into wide and pebbly stretches where ripples scintillate in the sunlight, and projecting stones cast up flecks of froth. You may walk miles along its banks without coming to a village—even without seeing any human habitation save a farmstead. You may spend days on its upper reaches and see no other person than a shepherd. Here, where man plays so small a part in the scheme of things, natural beauty is left undisturbed. There is a subtle attraction about the piled masses of hills, standing in loneliness and silence, unchanged for countless eras. It is places such as these that the mind repeoples with the heroes of the north-men's sagas, who wandered through the vast solitudes of olden times on their strange quests, and who loved the wind-blown hills.

It was September when I last saw the Coquet. It seemed only the other day that I had noted the appearance of the young leaves on those big trees near the stream, and had watched the rooks building in the ashes. And now the rookery was voiceless. The ashes were still green, and their foliage partly hid the nests; but beeches were sun-gilt, and chestnuts and sycamores had shades of brown and yellow. In the spring thrushes had sung in the trees, and sometimes a blackbird or a chaffinch. Now only the chattering call-notes of a robin broke the stillness. The amphitheatre of the open air was a house of death, for it was autumn. The spring bustles with preparation, the summer hums with business, but autumn is silent.

I stood and looked through the trees, for few sights invite contemplation more than that of a loose

wood, filled, even while the sun is bright, with a green twilight. You can look right into the green depths, past tree after tree, bough after bough of foliage, until the range of sight is stopped by a background of indistinct greenery. The depth of the gaze gives the same feeling as that produced by looking down into a deep pool of crystal water. Sometimes a swallow glided over the tree-tops. Sometimes a little wind brushed them, and a few brown leaves circled slowly to the ground, like heralds of the tawny season despatched by light-winged Dryads of the branches. Except for the voice of the robin, all was silent as though conscious of a ravaging hand from which nothing escaped.

It is some time before the countryside as a whole is visibly changed by autumn, for the hand of Nature is a slow writer, and the vesper season comes as gently as the nightfall. The first indications are given by small details—a wayside tree, a whiff of wind, a bird-cry. We find a chestnut tree in bright colours of yellow and gold; we catch a breath of wind full of the incense of autumn; or a redwing announces his return from the cold north. Daily these signs grow more frequent, and gradually we notice the face of the country assuming autumnal hues. The whole wind becomes fragrant with the smell of dying herbage; there are flocks of birds arriving from far lands to winter in our milder climate. Autumn is then apparent everywhere. The country far and near proclaims it. The air is laden with it. The birds pipe it indubitably.

Autumn was in its early stages in Coquetdale. A long spell of hot weather had parched the fields, and tufts of tall grass in the pastures were sapless and brown. Sheep lay panting under the slight shelter

afforded by the stone dykes of the shadeless uplands. Nearer the sea, where the valley widens and corn is grown, bare stubbles of white and bronze seemed to blaze with and reflect the rays of the sun. Here and there crops—very ripe and good—still stood in the fields; the grain was hard and cracked between the teeth as though it had been stacked several weeks. It is not often corn ripens so well in these northern parts. Trees bore traces of the ravages of autumn, and beeches were beginning to dash the woods with yellow. Strange, is it not? that the hand which paints the wilds appears to colour so carelessly, and yet when we come to copy its pictures a dash of colour in the wrong place spoils the whole canvas.

One day a shepherd drove a flock of sheep quietly down a narrow lane. He had on a broad-brimmed hat with edge down-turned, but his face was the colour of the sunburnt sycamore leaves. His sheep went slowly down the hill, with tongues lolling out and panting sides. Though trees cast much of the wayside into shadow, the hoofs of the animals raised the dust from its arid surface. It was a picture such as Stanhope Forbes might have painted, with its strong golden sunlight, deep shadows, and superbly pastoral setting.

Heather was still blooming on the hills and, though past its best, thousands of acres of purple still shone softly in the burning air. The hill-slopes in shadow were indefinite in colour, for these shadowed hillsides have more colour in them in the light of early morning or evening. In the brightness of the day the shadow is intense, and they seem great slopes of darkness. The purple of the heather, the gray cliffs and the green lines marking the water-courses down the side of the hills become visible about sunset or in

the early morning, in the subdued half-light. Often as I stood in the valley at the hour of daybreak, I watched the 'rosy-fingered morn' touching the sinuous skyline with the colours of the coming day. They were such mornings as Virgil, many a time, saw coming across the eastern hills toward Parthenope, what time he was dreaming in sweet retirement of his flocks and herds, and quite unenvious of the fame Cæsar was winning in the land where the light had already broken. Patches of bracken, like oases in the expanse of heather, were colouring—and the autumn hues of these were as beautiful as those of the woods. Bees still hummed over the purple mantle of the ling, and below it the wild thyme bloomed. Eyebright, 'yelept Euphrosyne,' nestled lowest; unseen, like many beautiful things, until search was made.

There was much less water in the river than usual but, game to the last, it still sang as it rippled seawards. Weed had gathered in quiet out-of-the-way pools only; in most places the water was clear to the bottom, and trout lay basking in the sun. In its course the stream passes many shingly beaches, which are favourite resorts of sandpipers. Ringed plovers also visit them, though these are birds rather of the seashore than the river. Tufts of grass, silverweed, nettles and thistles were beginning to appear in these shingly places, uncovered so long with the drought; just as, when the waters of the world shrink from the man they cannot drown, new plants of mingled nature spring up in the soil of his genius. There were walls of thistles here and there along the river bank. Being now seed-laden, the heads formed a line of white along the top of the green wall, like foam on the crest of a wave. As I walked through the clumps the shuttle-

cock seeds of the thistles detached themselves and stuck to my clothes. Day by day I expected to see goldfinches at these seeds, but none came. The water disappeared slowly from pools near the river, and green confervæ which had floated like a scum on the surface of the stagnant waters, settled on the bottom. The sun cracked the bottom after the waters had gone, but the confervæ remained. Tall iris blades grew from the burned ground, usually two feet under water; but they were yellow instead of green, and the points were touched with brown.

Where the little streams which run down the hillsides have not succeeded in cutting out definite water-courses for themselves, the land is boggy. Here there are small alder trees; clumps of irises—yellow in summer; patches of tall horse-tail; water-rushes, with forget-me-nots peeping up through them; and water-mints. Titmice are fond of visiting the alders to examine the lichened crevices. The undergrowth is full of rabbits. One spot is particularly beautiful; where the river, in one of its most entrancing moods, runs over a pebbly bottom through a pinewood, and by lines of willows and ashes listlessly dangling over the water, into which dead leaves fall nearly as

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa.”

Lilac clumps of water-mint bloom in mid-stream shallows; there are green mossy stones stemming the current, and small islands coated with such a luxuriant growth of plant life that it seems as though there was not room for them all; they lean out far over the water, and crown the mossy stones with blooming garlands. Here over a pool of minnows a kingfisher is nearly always perched. The first indication of his presence

is usually a sharp screech, and you see him shoot down the river on wings bluer than the sky. There are wild ducks swimming in quiet pools, moorhens stalking in shady recesses under the banks, herons standing silent under sheltering willow-fronds, wagtails see-sawing over the stream, and dippers perched on rocks half submerged. In the autumn afternoon the sun shines straight down this stretch of river, and we might be in a second Eden. Sitting on a stone jutting into the water, one can see scarcely any sign of human handcraft, and only the voices of the river and the wild creatures are audible. Trees and woods fringe the river banks as far as we can see, the sun sparkles on a thousand ripples, while hosts of wild flowers are scattered on the green turf below the trees. It all seems so far from humanity that memories of urban life grow faint, and this seems the only existence worth while—to lie and watch the river, woods and wild creatures. It seems then that Thoreau must have found the real key to happiness when he settled at Walden. There is an everlasting steadfastness about the land of the wilds, for, though in a way there is continual change, yet there is no change. There is no inquietude, no hurry, for the wild creatures never hurry. We should expect the dwellers in such places, with their quiet pastoral life, wild sports, good health, the breath of the pines and the heather always in their lungs, and the view of the hills and the valley always in their sight, to be full of poetry and *joie de vivre*. They are not so any more than other people. Poetry is in the man himself more than in his surroundings, and so is enjoyment of life. These people are probably never influenced by Nature because she seems trite to them. The great hills, the spacious views, the fresh

ozone, the sunlit valley, the mist-hidden peaks, have little meaning for them, except in so far as they indicate weather and season.

Down by the riverside, where most things are generally green, the grass was feeling the influence of autumn. Docks were red. The bloom of the reeds had faded, and brown balls hung on the upright spikes. Wild parsley had turned colour after seeding. The yellow bloom of St. John's wort was touched with crimson; there were red berries on the ashes, and darker berries on the hawthorns. Big butter-bur leaves, two feet across, were losing their greenness. There were many bright colours also—where blue scorpion grass grew, where late herb Robert bloomed pink, where knapweed thrust up its purple heads, and where clusters of yellow tansies stood high above the grass. In its bosom the river bore the colours of autumn reflected from the scenery around.

It was very peaceful lying on the bank of the river and watching the winding hollow; but the valley has not always been so still as on those glorious autumn evenings. The woods were once made hideous by the sacrificial orgies of the Druids. From their camps pitched high on the hills, and from the Celtic watch-towers on the peaks of Simonside, the ancient Britons saw the fires of a strange foe illuminating the Tyne; and couriers from the south brought tales of warriors clad in burnished armour whom no foe could withstand. The Romans swept all before them, and Hadrian's wall stemmed the flood of the northern ancients for centuries. Then the Roman Empire fell, barbaric invaders again swarmed southward, and a thousand times the valley rang with the din of warfare and rapine. Not so far down the ages Percies and

Douglasses fought on the hills around in many a border fray; the sunset flashed on swords and shields of border reivers, while sacked farmsteads lit the twilight with a lurid glare. And so up to almost recent times the tide of war ebbed and flowed across the vale of Coquet. Now shepherds pasture their flocks on a thousand hills, whose solitude is seldom entered by any other human presence. The weird calling of the curlew echoes from peak to peak, while all around are hills and hills, with perhaps in the far distance the indistinct colours of a more fertile country, with fields of corn, and meadows and level stretches.

The valley of the Coquet is as beautiful by night as by day, and that particular autumn the coolness of the night was acceptable after hours of heat. It was customary to stroll down by the river to enjoy the evening freshness, after the last lights of gloaming had faded. The sky, perhaps, was cloudy and it was dark, so that the pathway was only occasionally visible, winding through woods along the river brink. The nearer trees looked black; only the foremost boughs were perceptible, and they seemed to be projecting from great caves of darkness, for trunk and interior foliage were unseen. Hooting of owls and shrill cries of bats hawking after night-flies mingled with the sound of the burn; otherwise it was still. There was no wind except for brief intervals, but there was a slight mist in the valley—a dew-mist. Seen through this veil, tree-covered slopes some two miles away seemed lighter in colour than trees at hand; when a breath of wind came down the valley it swept away the mist, and these hills darkened. Then above their summits a three-quarter moon appeared through the clouds, and looked down on the earth like a great eye.

It was circled by a gray light within an umber zone; but as the filmy clouds passed on and left a clear space the halo disappeared, and the moonlight lit up the valley hollow. Leaves of dewy bushes sparkled in its beams, the river scintillated where it rippled, and quiet waters reflected the light in sheets of silver. Flints glistened on the footpath, and tree trunks far ahead shone whitely, like marble pillars in Pompeian gloom. Away from the dark continuous shadow of the rows of trees the dewy grass looked almost white in the moonlight, as though elfin shapes had spread the cloth for a midnight banquet of the fairies. Then clouds came up; the light faded as it had come, and the path ahead merged again into black mist.

I think that when those who know this stream are gazing over miles of level land, far away from this upland country, they must sometimes have a memory of the Coquet with its foaming waters and changing valley. Perhaps they will see the outlines of the purple hills high above the burn, the woods and ivied trees, waving boglands and flowery banks which accompany it; and they may hear, as in a dream, the far away calling of the sandpiper on the shingle bank, the curlew on the fells and the harsh cry of the heron in the azure sky.

J. CECIL LYNN.

BOIS DE MAMETZ: AUGUST 16.

MEN have marred thee, O Mother.

Autumn hath now no tawny and gilded leaves,
Nor murmuring among sleepy boughs :
But stark and writhen as a woman ravished,
With twisted, tortured limbs,
Are Mametz woods.

Hath not thy child, Persephone, tall men,
Yea, even all the children of the earth,
Bringing her tribute ?

But the reapers sing not in thy wheat-fields :
Tall sheaves wait ungarnered,
Though swallows are shrilling in the skies.

We are reaped, who were thy reapers, and slain our
songs ;

We are torn as Jason, beloved of thee, Mother :
Heavy the clay upon our lips.

The gray rats fear us not, but pass quickly, sated,
Over prone trunks, rent limbs, dead faces,
That are ashen under the moon.

Love, who begat us, shall Love slay us utterly ?
Shall we not mingle with earth, as with sleep,
Dream into grasses, leafage, flowers,
Such being our very flesh ; and shudder
In the glitter of thin shivering poplars,
That tremble like slim girls shaken
At a caress,
Bowed in a clear, keen wind.

Lo, in us the glory of a new being,
A wonder, a terror, an exultation,
Even in the filth of our shambles,
Loosened as lightnings upon us, devouring us ;
Till we be but a shaken wrath of flames,
A many-tongued music of thunder,
Beyond the thunder of guns.
And we fail beneath it,
Sink into our ashes, cower as dogs,
And the glory of many shaken flames,
Drowns in the gray of thy dawns,
That reveal unto us
Earth wasted and riven with iron and fire.
Desolate !
Thou hast turned from us. . . .

Even so thou art lovely,
As a woman grown old in sorrows,
With patient kindly eyes,
From whom hath passed the shadow of desire ;
And her ears keep the whispers of many lovers,
As things heard in sleep.
But thou heed'st not our prayers, our strivings,
The moans of our anguish,
Our mute agonies,
Though thy loins bare us in travail ;
Though thou art the bride of our desiring,
Yea, and the child of our desire,
In triple deity ;
Knowing things past, and things to come, when both
Meet in the instant, rounding to a whole,
The intense keen edge of flame
Consuming our poor dust.

Sit'st thou thus wisely silent,
With subtile and inviolate eyes,
Knowing us but the shadow of thy substance,
As transitory as the leaves?
Wiselier even
Knowing us from the matter of our lives;
Not the sweet leaves the wind stirs,
But the wind,
Whose passage the leaves shadoweth.

There are no leaves now in thy woods, Mametz.

19022 PRIVATE F. MANNING,
VIIth K.S.L.I.

SUMNER ESTUARY.

(NEW ZEALAND.)

My dog beside me in his doggish way
Senses the beauty of this place and day,
 Breathes in the sweetness of the clear hill-air,
 Basks in the beaming light spread everywhere,
Seems even down to gaze,
Far, far down, on yon sheeny waterways,
 Curling 'mid shoaling sand and salty weed,
 Of the wide Estuary.
But . . . eyes can gaze ; it takes a mind to see.
How much can my poor Collie really read
Of this vast, exquisite view ?
All breadth, all detail too ? . . .
 The brilliant emerald first, bright blue,
 Violet, purple, bronze and fawn
That, blending, bloom with many a nameless
 hue. . . .
 All yon wide water-lawn !
Clouds bosom it with white ;
A myriad slender channels, golden-bright
 Or like sharp silver, thread and flourish it
With inlaid light ;
While, through its long length sinuously shining
 In coil on coil of sapphire, loitering glide
Avon and Heathcote streams, at last entwining
 Past the pale dunes, to fare forth to that wide
 Glitter of glorious sea
 Eastward expanding, look how far and free !
 And northward, past the pattern'd Estuary,
Smooth goes the gold shore curving far away
Round the smooth crescent of the great blue Bay.

Or inland look, towards the west, and there, behold
 The cluster'd city, breathing breaths of gold,
 And, springing all along the plain's long rim
 With amethyst haze a-swim,
 The whole scene's mighty back-ground—that grand line
 Of snows processional, which stride and shine
 Continuous on . . . behind city, estuary,
 Bay-curve and opening sea,
 Till, at the end, amid the lonely blue,
 What lonely, lordly splendour soars and glows !
 Vision celestial ! what in truth are you
 Beside white snows ?

My great home-picture, how you satisfy,
 Oh ! more than mind and eye !
 Nay, Burden of Beauty ! how is the heart to bear thee,
 Except the soul too share thee ?
 . . . Satisfy ? why it overwhelms ! . . . and yet
 Ever more hungry still doth wake and whet.
 True, here's more eye-delight than mine can see ;
 And yet here's not enough, not beauty enough for me.
 No ! clambering up its noble and high peaks,
 My spirit o'erpeers them mistily, and speaks
 Stammering, of Beauty, Beauty ! hid behind it . . .
 Oh, if I could but find it !

For only in my poor blind human way
 Sense I the splendour of this place and day ;
 And my sight passes Collie's, it may be,
 But by this poor degree—
 That passionately I know I do not see.
 An eye to gaze, a mind I have to read,
 A heart, a soul, to exult in this great scene ;
 But ah ! what faculty shall fill my need
 Of knowing what its dazzling script may *mean* ?

Thou! Thou whom here, on the hill, dog-like I
 pant beside,
 My unknown Master, Trainer, Teacher, Guide!
 Yon sweet meanderings of blue and green,
 Enamell'd purple and bronze,
 Curv'd sea-neck like a swan's,
 Curl'd veinings, that illumine and damascene. . . .
 Mists and bright sea, low plain and lofty snows,
 City of man that gleams, City of God that
 glows. . . .
 How, to Thine absolute view,
 That ever sees the depth the surface through,
 Appears the lovely symbol shining there?
 What do'st Thou see, whereat I can but stare?
 What *says* this curv'd and colour'd character?
 How reads this rich page of Eternity?
 Collie can sense the surface; I can pore
 Rapturously the curves and colours o'er,
 Spell out the jewel hieroglyphs . . . but, *read*?
 Ah! there's my impotence; yet there's my need.
 Oh, it swims in my eyes, forth from my breast it breaks,
 My straining, stretch'd soul aches. . . .
 And but one thought redeems me from despair—
 Nay, ravishes me—*I know the meaning's there!*

Master! when, when
 Wilt Thou enlarge Thy poor man-creature's ken?
 When wilt Thou judge him worthy, ripe to teach,
 And useful to be taught,
 The truth of Thine emblazon'd Nature-speech,
 And through Thine action to perceive Thy thought?
 Oh, not more light—large, generous here Thy light!—
 But I beseech Thee, Lord, more sight! more sight!

B. E. BAUGHAN.

THE COWLS.

A-top the chimneys, all in a row,
The cowls were spinning dizzily-oh !
Some were high and some were low,
Some spun fast and some spun slow.
Cowl-business is brisk when the wind is a-blow !
Spin faster, faster, busy cowls
In the teeth of the wind when he thunders and
howls !

The wind dropped ;
The cowls stopped,
High and low,
Fast and slow,
A-top the chimneys
All in a row.

But I heard him again a moment after,
And in his voice were weeping and laughter :
O busy mortals down below,
Just like chimney-cowls all in a row,
Some of you high and some of you low,
Some of you fast and some of you slow,
You too are spinning dizzily-oh !
What keeps you spinning ? Do you know ?
I know, and could tell you had I the mind.
Be still, then, and know that I am . . .
The wind

Rushing and mighty, in kingly mood,
Swept by. Then silence. I understood.

GERTRUDE E. M. VAUGHAN.

DISCUSSION.

BERGSON'S IDEA OF GOD.

THE kernel of Professor Radhakrishnan's gravamen against M. Bergson's philosophy is contained in the following words of his article (in the October number): "Whatever else 'God' means, it means the Highest we can think of, something in which all that we love and adore in human beings and Nature exists without alloy. But Bergson's God is an a-moral principle, from which all things good, bad and indifferent flow. It is not the God . . . for which the religious soul hungers. It can in no case be an object of worship."

In other words, the God of Bergson's philosophy is not the personified moral Ideal of theistic systems.

This is quite true, but at the same time conflicts with the Professor's ascription to that philosopher of 'ethical idealism and religion.' Anyone who has read the three principal works of Bergson (which contain the whole of his philosophy so far as he has yet developed it) knows that 'ethical and religious ideals' are as conspicuously absent as 'Snakes in Ireland.'

This reptilian reference is used by the Professor himself to illustrate the complete absence of the idea of God in Bergson's system, and he adds: "We may summarily dispose of our discussion by declaring that Bergson's philosophy admits of no God."

At the bottom of the same page, however, he so far modifies his accusation as to say that Bergson does not give us 'a coherent view of God,' and proceeds to discuss what he considers the deficiencies in that view.

From the standpoint of the Absolute Ideal that view is certainly defective, for the good reason that the Ideal, in its orthodox theistic form, is so evidently in conflict with a whole series of the facts of the universe, besides being internally inconsistent. Theological philosophers and theologians take the Ideal,

whether as representing the ultimate goal of moral effort or as the attribute of a 'Person,' and attempt, with increasing difficulty as the facts of the universe become more fully known, to reconcile it with those facts. M. Bergson does not at present attempt the difficult task of reconciling those facts to the ideal of moral Perfection, whether personified or otherwise, but confines himself to showing, in his three chief works, that in some degree and form an ideal element pervades the universe, and indeed is its very basis. He has attempted this while boldly taking his stand, with modern men of science, on the facts as they are, not as we might wish them to be, and finds that a spiritual theory of the universe is the most consonant with them. But in the region of the unknown he rightly refrains from dogmatising. His theory of the universe remains a theory, albeit a spiritual one. It is stated in the broadest terms possible. Or, rather, it is not 'stated' at all. The existence of undefined spiritual Being as the basis of all things is, as he points out, in the only quotation which the Professor makes from his writings, left as an inference to the reader and is nowhere drawn by himself as a formal deduction from *data*. For it must be remembered that this quotation is an *obiter dictum* and no part of his set philosophy.

It is this at once detached, yet clearly defined, attitude of Bergson to the above and other great philosophical questions, which gives occasion to his critic to indulge in a series of self-contradictory accusations. It has already been noticed how, almost in the same breath, he accuses Bergson's system of atheism and of an idea of God which is not 'coherent' (as if any idea of God was so!). But this is not all; Bergson's conception of God is, according to him, at once dualistic and pantheistic (pp. 5 and 6). And again: "The supraconscious spirit works without plan or purpose" (p. 5); yet "nothing not contained in the original impulse can come out at any stage." These self-refuting accusations are founded on a cardinal feature of Bergson's philosophy: its inclusion of many opposite points of view, which it reconciles without distorting. The only other philosopher who has attempted this to the same extent is Hegel. But Hegel's falls short of Bergson's effort on the same lines, because it is applied merely to intellectualist conceptions and therefore omits from its scope some important and essential elements of the universe. It is, moreover,

too complete. Bergson, as already indicated, leaves the picture unfinished, though it is full of suggestive touches which point to something beyond. This is one of the marks of true genius. He has not complicated the picture by putting in the ideal background in hard detail, and afterwards seeking to make the foreground conform to it. On the contrary, he has recognised, more than any other previous philosopher, and under the influence of the scientific spirit, the necessity of making sure of the ground as we advance, of proceeding from the known to the unknown, and not *vice versa*. In the future he may deal with ideal morality, which he has left alone for the present, and show how far this can be fitted into his scheme and be brought into relation with the a-moral nature of the universe.

It cannot be said that philosophers or theologians have hitherto been successful in solving the problem, which they have made a show of doing merely by ignoring, minimizing or explaining away one side of the strange duality of universal life. And though, with our present knowledge, it is difficult to see how a complete solution can ever be reached, yet Bergson's theory of freedom and his unlimited outlook may at least point in the right direction. Although the moral ideals are nowhere at present explicitly formulated in his scheme, they are implied in his theory of spiritual evolution. They will never be realised by Nature as a whole, probably not even by that part of it—humanity—in which the process has reached its highest point; but ample room remains for individual perfecting beyond the confines of this phenomenal life. There is no personified, complete and static Absolute; but 'God,' the spiritual principle of the universe, is ever tending to completer self-realisation.

This is so far the only theory of the Divine which avoids the inevitable conflict between the intellectualist conception of Deity as omnipotent Creator and that ideal of moral Perfection with which it has been clothed.

H. C. CORRANCE.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

MODERN RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS IN INDIA.

By J. N. Farquhar, M.A., Literary Secretary, National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations, India and Ceylon, etc.
New York (Macmillan); pp. 471; 10s. 6d. net.

THE substance of this instructive volume was delivered as one of the courses (1913) of the Hartford-Lamson Lectures, at the Theological Seminary, Hartford, Conn., U.S.A., the main object of which is to prepare students for the foreign Missionary field. Mr. Farquhar himself has worked for many years in India, and is one of the scholarly group whose enlightened liberality is beginning to redeem Missionary expositions from the reproach of that very narrow dogmatic prejudice from which they have for the most part so long suffered. We have already reviewed (Jan. 1914) Mr. Farquhar's *Crown of Hinduism*, in which he tried to show that Christianity is the destined natural consummation of all forms of Indian theism. That is his standpoint, and all the careful and scholarly work he is doing or organising, as editor of several series of publications, is designed to further that end. Though then his work is essentially apologetic, it is apologetic in the new and better way; and therefore his present volume deserves to meet with a wider circle of readers than those who have already made up their minds without investigation that there is only one religion in the world worthy of serious consideration. The subject of which he treats is of immense importance for every man and woman in this country capable of thinking and feeling 'imperially' in the best sense of the word; for it involves the question of the corporate moral responsibility of the dominant nation in the greatest empire the world has ever known. How long, we may well ask, is the spiritual welfare, not to speak of the social and political betterment, of some three hundred and twenty millions of our fellow-subjects in India to remain a matter of indifference to all but a fraction of the people of this country? And the answer is: Just so long as no effort whatever is made by the Government or by our educational authorities to have the

public instructed in at least the elements of the innumerable problems that confront us in this magnificent dependency in the East. How can a general imperial conscience, not to speak of a genuine philanthropy, in this respect be developed if not only the masses but also the majority of the classes of this country are in entire ignorance of what India has been and what India is? What *meaning* has 'India' for the average man in our streets to-day after a hundred and fifty years of our intimate official contact with her? The popular ignorance on the subject is nothing less than appalling. It is true that the British Rāj has been a great blessing to India; its administration has been incorruptible; its officials have laboured strenuously to give India the blessings of justice and order and economic betterment; it is respected at least, and that is an exceedingly high achievement for any government, and most of all for a government watching over the interests of peoples of a different heredity. Moreover it has had the rare common sense in the case of a Christian nation of not interfering with the religion of its subjects. But far more is wanted. The Modern West and Ancient East have met and are in closest contact in India—two great streams of heredity and culture of very varying developments, with very different immixtures, yet both types of civilisations going back eventually to a common origin—both Aryan. It could not then but be that, once intimate contact was renewed after so many long centuries of separation, once the great circle was completed, potent results would follow. And indeed there are to-day mighty strivings in the Soul of India as the two great complementary currents begin to interblend, and seek to readjust themselves in a new life of immense possibilities. But this new life will fall short of its promise and go awry if the most strenuous efforts are not made on both sides to ensure the preservation of the best elements in the two great types of culture for which they respectively stand.

It is this gigantic problem and experiment that confronts Mr. Farquhar in his historical sketch of modern religious movements in India, from the time of the first distinct reaction to the stimulus of Western education to the present (1828-1913), and he gets in closer grip with it by adding an account of the progress made in social reform and service during the same period and also of the far more recent birth of a distinctly religious nationalism (1895-1913). It is a very great undertaking; and Mr. Farquhar is to be congratulated, not only on his courage in making the attempt and on his industry in collecting the material, but also on the able

way in which he has presented it. He has produced a very instructive volume, containing a large amount of information that had not hitherto been brought together between two covers. What then has been the religious reaction in India during this very critical period? Mr. Farquhar's book answers this question from the author's standard of evaluation, which is that of Evangelical Christianity. The movements which are classed as favouring the most vigorous reform, religious and social, are on a theistic basis. They are the Brāhma Samāj, chiefly in Bengal (founded in 1824), and the allied movement in the West, the Prāthanā Samāj, or Prayer Society, founded at Bombay in 1867. To these are to be added certain movements among the Parsees and Muhammedans on modern liberal lines.

It is historically true that in the eighteenth century, owing largely to a long period of oppression and domestic disturbance, Hindu religion had in general greatly deteriorated. Western education and Missionary enterprise found the Indian soul weakened and dispirited; and for long in the nineteenth century it was unable to find itself again and stand confidently in the new ways. About 1870, however, "a great change began to make itself manifest in the Hindu spirit. The educated Indian suddenly grew up, and shewed he had a mind of his own. Religiously, the change manifested itself in a disposition to proclaim Hinduism one of the greatest religions. The same temper appeared among Buddhists, Jains, Muslims and Parsees; but the movement showed itself, first of all, among Hindus. It also took many forms" (p. 101). Mr. Farquhar devotes 250 pages to an account of these numerous movements and organisations, dividing them into two main groups according as they defend their various traditions in part or as a whole. It is in these sections that Mr. Farquhar has got together a mass of information of little known movements which is not otherwise easily accessible. Of the better known movements the chief are: the Ārya Samāj, which, while strongly advocating certain reforms, proclaims the infallibility and universal nature of the Vedas; the Rāma Kṛishṇa Mission, or Svāmī movement, which is an out and out defence of Hindu culture, since it is said to spring from the oldest and noblest of religions; and Modern Theosophy, which encourages the most extravagant claims of traditional Hinduism. To the last Mr. Farquhar devotes no less than 83 pages, with an appendix of 10 pages, in an endeavour to sketch its pitifully chequered history and its amazing claims and pretensions. Many pertinent

questions are put to its present leaders which imperatively demand straightforward answers; but we fear Mr. Farquhar is too sanguine if he expects to get them.

It is very difficult indeed to sum up the significance of these many movements in modern India, as Mr. Farquhar attempts to do in his final chapter; and we cannot be satisfied that his estimate in Missionary values goes deep enough to give us sure indications of what the new age will bring forth. If Christianity is destined to be the 'crown' of Indian religions, and indeed of every other religion, it is difficult to understand what India's spiritual genius has specially stood for throughout so many centuries. Has it nothing to offer to the religious culture of the world, nothing that can benefit the West? Is it in vain that it has travailed so long and so painfully? Is its heredity to be scrapped? We think not. It is beginning to react to the very powerful stimulus of Western ideas and standards, but only beginning. In the Middle Ages the younger nations of Europe were for centuries in tutelage to Roman culture and a uniform Christian theology, before they could think for themselves and give birth to the Modern Age. In India the problem is very different; India is not young, but very old and possessed of a wealth of culture of its own order. If it has been fazed for a century during the first shock of contact with the Modern Western world, that is no reason for supposing that it will not adapt itself in its own way to the new environment instead of being swamped by it. Doubtless there are many excellent things in modern industrialism, in material science and in the various dogmatic forms of Christianity, but there is also much to be deplored in all of them. At this very moment what a spectacle is Christian Europe offering India! We are trying to set our own house in order, it is true; but before we have succeeded in some measure, let us be very humble as to our ability to set any other house in order, especially where religion is concerned. The spirit of reform must act from within; the household must set its own house in order itself. Christianity has been made to mean almost anything for 1900 years, and so also is it with religion in India. That there is need of drastic reform all round is only too true; but the retort 'Physician, heal thyself' is an only too patent answer if the West arrogantly assumes that its spiritual medicine is infinitely superior to that of the East. Therefore let there be a generous and chivalrous rivalry all round to perfect the best healing remedies of which all the great religions are possessed for the good of all.

To say that any really spiritual betterment that is taking place in India is the direct or indirect result of Christianity alone, is no more true than to say that the European war is the result of Christianity. All this is the potent stirring of the spirit in man, which is only misnamed by naming it; and most of all is it shorn of its true catholicity and universality, and therefore of its divine nature, when labelled by religious exclusiveness.

THE PROSPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Preface to Three Plays ('Androcles,' 'Overruled' and 'Pygmalion').

By G. Bernard Shaw. London (Constable); New York (Brentano); pp. cxxvii. + 224; 5s. net.

THE three plays themselves are doubtless already familiar to most of our readers and we do not propose to discuss them. It is the so-called Preface, in reality an independent essay, that chiefly rivets the attention and more nearly concerns us. 'Why not give Christianity a Trial?'—cries our satirical dramatist, who delights so frequently in going out of his way to prevent us treating him seriously. But what Christianity? Decidedly not the many forms of dogmatic Christianity which have so patently failed to set things right. But rather, Why not give the humanitarian spirit of the life and teaching of Jesus a trial? Jesus with an admirably true instinct and common sense told us and showed us what we ought to do; he left us to find out for ourselves how we ought to do it; and this, in Bernard Shaw's view, cannot be done without the establishment of a communistic state. Such in crude outline is the chief contention of his thesis and the main purport of his incursion into a domain that most people would say lay outside his province and competence. It is no new question. Was Jesus a socialist?—has been asked again and again and has met with the most contradictory answers.

It is, however, somewhat remarkable that in the same year in this country two secular artists in words, of highly imaginative temperaments, and disposing of wide audiences, should have contributed their quota to the huge mass of 'Life of Jesus' literature. George E. Moore, first in a drama about Paul and more recently in *The Brook Kerith*, whether consciously or otherwise, revives the Essene *motif*, so well known to students, of swooning on the cross and subsequent revival. It belongs to the type of fictitious Lives, such as those of Bahrddt at the end of the

eighteenth, of Venturini at the beginning of the nineteenth century and of Hennel in the fifties, not to mention the later legend of the Mohammedan Qadiani sect which arose in the eighties, the Notovich Tibetan invention (1887) and even several obscure Spiritistic Lives. Bernard Shaw, in his reading and exposition of the Gospel story 'without prejudice,' joins the ranks of those who accept the death as the final historic scene of the days of the ministry of Jesus the prophet. Both writers are at pains to free the simple spiritual content of the religion by which Jesus lived from the subsequent elaborate religion about Jesus invented mainly by Paul. It was Paul, they contend, who transformed Jesus into a saving God, who set up a divinity to be worshipped in place of a human teacher and exemplar in many ways most admirable in word and deed. Shaw deals with the greatest story in the world in his own peculiar fashion. He hits all round impartially, jibes at friend and foe alike, and sometimes wantonly sacrifices a good point for a quite unnecessary sneer that is bound to sting into anger many who might otherwise agree. For instance, on the very first page: "We have always had a curious feeling that though we crucified Christ on a stick, he somehow managed to get hold of the right end of it, and that if we were better men we might try his plan."

The New Testament, Shaw contends, tells two widely contrasted stories of Jesus, offers us in fact two Christs to choose from. One is the Pauline view of salvation through faith in the sacrifice and atonement of a divine personage miraculously raised from the dead. The other is "the story of a prophet who, after expressing several very interesting opinions as to practical conduct, both personal and political, which are now of pressing importance, and instructing his disciples to carry them out in their daily life, lost his head; and under that delusion courted and suffered a cruel execution in the belief that he would rise from the dead and come in glory to reign over a regenerated world. In this form, the political, economic and moral opinions of Jesus, as guides to conduct, are interesting and important: the rest is mere psychopathy and superstition." It was Paul who developed and perpetuated this psychopathic element; he never understood the excellence of the simple practical moral teaching of Jesus prior to his yielding to the fascination of the Messianic claim. "No sooner had Jesus knocked over the dragon of superstition than Paul boldly set it on its legs again in the name of Jesus."

And yet it is about as certain historically as anything can be

in the synoptic story, that all through the brief period of the ministry, for indeed we have no materials for a Life, Jesus was an 'eschatological' prophet; he continued the propaganda of John the Baptizer, and believed firmly in the immediate miraculous catastrophic intervention of God in the process of the world-order, the final Judgment of the 'last days.' This alone can explain the consistent peculiarity of his teaching, as apart from the general Essene community ethic, in which it is not incredible he had been trained before his baptism by John. Apocalyptic Messianism, with its expectation of the 'last things,' drenched the religious atmosphere of Jewry at the time, and Paul's vision could hardly have been interpreted by himself otherwise than it was in such surroundings.

But to return to our Preface. In contrasting these two greatest characters of the earliest Christian drama, Shaw writes: "Even when Jesus believed himself to be a god, he did not regard himself as a scapegoat." Others, who fully accept the eschatological view as the prime historical factor, have argued that it was just this motive that decided his going forth to death to speed the divine catastrophe. "He was to take away the sins of the world by good government, by justice and mercy, by setting the welfare of little children above the pride of princes, by casting all the quackeries and idolatries which now usurp and malversate the power of God into what our local authorities call the dust destructor, and by riding on the clouds of heaven in glory instead of in a thousand guinea motor car. That was delirious, if you like; but it was the delirium of a free soul, not of a shame-bound one like Paul's. There has really never been a more monstrous imposition perpetrated than the imposition of these limitations of Paul's soul upon the soul of Jesus."

But the student of history has to reflect that if it had not been for Paul, Jesus would in highest probability have been speedily forgotten, and the result of his brief teaching activity would have been simply an insignificant Jewish reform sect of small influence even within the pale of Palestinian Jewry. And the student of the psychology of religion has further to reflect that, had it not been for the lively, or rather all-absorbing, expectation of the 'last days' in earliest Christianity, there would have been insufficient driving power to spread the faith far and wide. That special potent psychic driving power has long since waned to a shadow, and now the modern mind will have nothing to do with it. We are then hard put to it to-day to find in the teaching and

life of Jesus the modern view of a continuing world working out its own salvation by the painful process of steady co-operative reconstruction. And yet Bernard Shaw, a modern of the moderns, and extreme in his communistic views, claims Jesus as a communist in the modern sense. On the contrary, we must hold that the appeal of Jesus was to the individual first and foremost and all the time: "Repent for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!" There is nothing here about the community and its organisation, nothing of socialistic reform; it is addressed immediately to the individual here and now. Jesus had no confidence in state or church to bring about the desired consummation; he looked to God alone. We have to change ourselves first, before there can be any change in church or state. No religion has been able to do more than form communities apart from secular life. To-day we have ourselves to create a secular community of righteousness, where lay and cleric are no longer to be distinguished; and in that respect indeed as in much else the teaching of Jesus is sound to the core, for he made no such distinction. He had a sure hold on the greater moral realities, and a firm grasp of the whole matter spiritually—shall we say in spite of or because of his belief in the naïve eschatology of his day?

RAYMOND OR LIFE AND DEATH.

With Examples of the Evidence for Survival of Memory and Affection after Death. By Sir Oliver Lodge. With Eighteen Illustrations. London (Methuen); pp. 403; 10s. 6d. net.

IT must have cost Sir Oliver Lodge a great deal to lay bare to the public gaze this intimate narrative of his family's great sorrow and how it has been alleviated and transmuted into happy contentment. Nothing but the feeling of an imperative duty to speak out at all costs in loyalty to facts which he has tested to his own complete satisfaction, and facts which if true are of far-reaching importance not only for science but also for philosophy and religion, could have broken down his natural reticence in so private and intimate a matter, and steeled his determination to face the forces of prejudice and scepticism which still assail pioneer investigators of mediumistic phenomena, and especially the man of scientific eminence who boldly declares survival to be a fact capable of experimental demonstration. It is well known

that for many years Sir Oliver Lodge has been a patient student of various phases of psychical phenomena. But until recently his interest had been predominantly intellectual and the emotional element, which naturally plays so large a part in that order of them which is called communion with the dead, had been strictly subordinated to the requirements of impersonal scientific investigation. On Sept. 14, 1915, however, his youngest son, a youth of high promise, who volunteered almost immediately after the outbreak of hostilities, fell in action in Flanders. It is with this son, whom he knew so well and loved so dearly, that Sir Oliver Lodge and the rest of his family are now assured they are in constant communication. Their initial scepticism has been gradually broken down and they are now all without exception fully convinced. The difficulty with most of the best evidence for survival is that it deals with such intimately personal matters that those immediately concerned are strongly averse from making their private affairs public. The consequence has been that hitherto the major part of the most convincing of the methodically recorded evidence has been published under pseudonyms or initials. The Society for Psychical Research, it is understood, possesses valuable evidential matter still held back because of such considerations, not to speak of records that purport to describe the state of the after-life, or rather of some of its phases, which it is considered premature to make public before the bare fact of survival is placed on a secure foundation. This hesitancy is easily understood to be natural both on the side of those whose private affections are so intimately involved and also on the part of those who desire to consolidate the preliminary work of laying the foundations of a new science, even though it seems to be a painfully slow process for more ardent souls who are already convinced that the fact of survival stands firm on a substantial substratum of demonstration. In this general state of affairs Sir Oliver has found himself possessed of evidence of an exceedingly private nature in conditions strongly suffused with the element of personal emotion. To its investigation, however, he has brought the experience of many years of prior methodical psychical research and the habit of a mind rigidly trained in physical science. This evidence is the private property of himself and his family and over it they have complete control and no one else to consult. Sir Oliver has thus found himself in a position to perform an act of high self-sacrifice for the public good, at a time when hundreds of thousands of bereaved souls are suffering as he had done the loss of sons,

husbands or brothers cut off in the flower of their age. In other circumstances he might perhaps still have kept silence; but in the present piteous time, when myriads of aching hearts have been robbed of what had chiefly made their lives worth living, his generous sympathy could no longer withhold the comfortable news he believes his narrative can bring to those in such bitter sorrow.

In order to achieve as fully as possible the beneficent end of persuading the despairing and despondent that it is well with those they love thus suddenly cut off, that they still live and remember, live indeed a fuller life of wider possibilities, the recital has been kept quite simple. The whole book indeed is designed to meet the requirements of people entirely ignorant of the subject, who are unaware even of the possibility of communication with the departed and have no notion of the manner of it. Nothing is then taken for granted on the part of the reader. First of all, to allow him the better to judge for himself the nature of and value of the evidence, he is given a detailed sketch of Raymond before his decease. With this biographical portrait of the normal Raymond before him, the reader can apply his own tests to the characterization which the supernormal records that follow give of what they claim throughout to be the surviving Raymond. The third part of the volume is devoted to an exposition of the conclusions and beliefs to which Sir Oliver has so far come concerning the whole matter.

For the majority of the readers of *THE QUEST*, whatever may be the precise angle from which they individually view the manifold problems of the general question of survival, the nature of the matter and the modern manner of investigation are familiar enough. Most of them will then find nothing new in this sense in the volume under notice. The method of communication is that of the ordinary phases of mediumship, and the contents of the communications can be paralleled by numerous instances from other records. By the light of this experience, however, they will be able to see that some evidential points in the present narrative are distinctly good and well established; for it goes without saying that with such a supervisor all proper precautions have been observed and methodical care taken in making the records. Here then we have a contribution to 'survival' literature which contains nothing in the nature of fact or of theory that can be called novel for students, but which for many of the general public will in all probability outweigh in value and importance the rest of the huge literature of the subject that may be consulted. And

this is natural enough, for it is published at a time of extreme crisis, when sudden and violent death, especially of the young, surrounds us on all sides; it is written by a prominent man of science, and it is set forth, not from the standpoint of cautious probability and hesitating speculation, but with the sincerity of whole-hearted conviction and unreserved adhesion to the view that such communication is a great blessing both for the deceased and for the living. Sir Oliver Lodge holds that if there is the basic safeguard of true affection and reasonable precaution is also taken there can be no danger. But, on the other hand, those who have made a long study of the subject know only too well that many and grave dangers may beset those who enter into commerce with the unseen world. That world is not only as full of contrasts and contradictions, of light and darkness, good and evil, as this visible world, but these extremes are greatly intensified. In no other investigation are the powers of glamour, fascination, hallucination, impersonation, deception and especially self-deception more frequent. Though Sir Oliver Lodge makes some allusion to these very real dangers which may threaten the sanity of body, soul or mind of the psychically impressionable and credulous, he does not, in our opinion, make this side of the subject sufficiently clear to the public. One may have not the slightest doubt as to the general fact of survival, and not question the psychically factual nature of the exceedingly complex phenomena connected with those phases of survival accessible to investigation through mediums, and yet be very hesitating as to the advisability of encouraging the untrained and undisciplined to plunge into that 'mixture' which constitutes the 'ways of the midst.'

FRUIT GATHERING.

By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. London (Macmillan); pp. 128; 4s. 6d. net.

LOVERS of *Gitānjali*, the first handful of songs gleaned from Tagore's poetic output, will turn with pleasant anticipation to this second offering. It was only to be expected that when the poet with his own hand turned the Bengali originals into rhythmic English prose, he should have selected the pick of the collection. Nevertheless there is much in this second *gleaning* of short pieces to delight those of us who have a taste for the high matters of delicate feeling and deep insight of which they treat. Nor are all

the utterances only for the few. Could the many but be persuaded to listen, they might catch many a word of comfort for themselves ; as for instance :

“ Is the song of the sea in tune only with the rising waves ?

“ Does it not also sing with the waves that fall ?

“ Jewels are woven into the carpet where stands my king, but there are patient clods waiting to be touched by his feet.”

One might almost think that the many honours that have been thrust upon the poet are by no means to his liking, for he writes :

“ It decks me only to mock me, this jewelled chain of mine.

“ It bruises me when on my neck, it strangles me when I struggle to tear it off.

“ It grasps my throat, it chokes my singing.

“ Could I but offer it to your hand, my Lord, I would be saved.

“ Take it from me, and in exchange bind me to you with a garland, for I am ashamed to stand before you with this jewelled chain on my neck.”

Whatever the setting, the theme is throughout the mystic quest, the search of the Soul for God, the longing of the Lover for the Beloved. The many ways of the Great Adventure all tend to one Goal. At times it is most graphically depicted as, for instance, in the Song of the Boatman, sailing his frail craft through the stormy sea of life towards the safety of the further shore, which opens with the strong and stirring lines :

“ The Boatman is out crossing the wild sea at night.

“ The mast is aching because of its full sails filled with the violent wind.

“ Stung with the night's fang the sky falls upon the sea, poisoned with black fear.

“ The waves dash their heads against the dark unseen, and the Boatman is out crossing the wild sea.”

With this contrast the gracious peaceful mood, so reminiscent of Vaishnava imagery, created by the couplet :

“ Listen, my heart, in his flute is the music of the smell of wild flowers, of the glistening leaves and gleaming water, of shadows resonant with bees' wings.

“ The flute steals his smile from my friend's lips and spreads it over my life.”

And then again, in another fine piece, the same thought in still wider scope of feeling of realisation :

"I feel that all the stars shine in me.

"The world breaks into my life like a flood.

"The flowers blossom in my body.

"All youthfulness of land and water smokes like an incense in my heart; and the breath of all things plays on my thoughts as on a flute."

Pantheism! cries the bigot; but God knows how sadly we need such pantheism to-day. The passionate insight of the poet pierces beneath the cold surface of things; the certitude of the mystic can dispense with the self-assertiveness of the preacher and prophet and persuasively suggest to others the mood of its own knowledge by such an appeal to the logic of the heart as :

"If the Deathless dwell not in the heart of death,

"If glad wisdom bloom not, bursting the sheath of sorrow,

"If sin do not die of its own revealment,

"If pride break not under its load of decorations,

"Then whence comes the hope that drives these men from their homes like stars rushing to their death in the morning light?

"Shall the value of the martyr's blood and mother's tears be utterly lost in the dust of the earth, not buying Heaven with their price?"

The spirit that comes to such beautiful expression in poets like Tagore, lives in other modes in other hearts, and is otherwise articulate. But it is this spirit and it alone that can free us from the bitter slavery of our nature-killing industrialism, with its inevitable nemesis of a militarism that tramples morality under its feet in its lust for material power and the gratification of its inhuman ambitions.

HUNGRY STONES.

And Other Stories. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. Translated from the Bengali by Various Writers. London (Macmillan); pp. 271; 5s. net.

HERE we have Bengal's distinguished poet and dramatist as a writer of short stories. They are very welcome, not only because they reveal to us another side of Tagore's fine literary art, but

because they give us an insight into various intimate aspects of Indian life which no outsider can possibly depict. It is not only that the scenes are sketched with that delicacy which we now expect to find in all of Sir Rabindranath's work, but the dramatic sequences of events flow from springs of action and are determined by motives that are pre-eminently native to the soul of India and almost entirely foreign to our own psychology. Many sides of Indian life are touched upon. We are frequently taken within the veil of family privacy and move in an atmosphere of customs and taboos that have become second nature for every member of the community. We are also shewn some of the effects of the contact of that life with Western education and the strange contrasts and puzzling contradictions it brings about in minds and temperaments whose culture flows from a very different stream of heredity. The new knowledge and the ancient lore, the Western way of life and the Eastern mode of living, are based on different ideals; these are no doubt in many respects fundamentally complementary, but at present their reconciliation is beyond the powers even of men of wide experience and ample good-will. The natural beginning is to try to find their common denominator, but even that is no light task. The present series of stories serves excellently to bring out the contrast. Not only do they depict the intimacies of Indian life, but they also in a number of cases show how that life is closely bound up with an extreme sensitivity to influences from the invisible world; and in addition all is seen and felt with the eyes and heart of a poet and mystic who is himself keenly alive to the spiritual drama inworking in concrete events and to the presence of the Divine in the common things of life and the lives of the simple. In this delicate and refined atmosphere of sympathy and appreciation it is difficult for even a cultured Western mind to find its bearings. What then must be the discord when, say, a zealous suburban evangelist or a cock-sure Board School teacher meets with it for the first time! This may seem to be an over-heightening of the contrast between the mentalities and temperaments of the two great streams of heredity that are contacting one another after many centuries of separation; and so it would be if it were taken as illustrative of more than it actually does illustrate. It brings out clearly one aspect only of a most complex and complicated problem which requires for its solution the greatest wisdom and tact of the best minds on both sides.

JOHN OF RUYSBROECK.

**The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage—The Sparkling Stone—
The Book of Supreme Truth.** Translated from the Flemish
by C. A. Wynschenck Dom. Edited, with an Introduction
and Notes, by Evelyn Underhill. London (Dent); pp. 259;
4s. 6d. net.

"IT is the eternal voyage of the adventurous soul on the vast and stormy sea of the Divine," so writes Miss Underhill in ending her most able Introduction, written throughout with an instinctive appreciation of the mystic genius of this book. "Now understand you that would live in the Spirit, for I am speaking to no one else," says Ruysbroeck in 'The Sparkling Stone.' And in her charming monograph *Ruysbroeck* (Quest Series, 1915), when summing up the mysticism in the man, Miss Underhill writes: "It is of this that we should think; of this growing spirit, this ardent, unconquerable, creative thing." And in this book we reach the highest level of light and love and life to which the human mind and heart have yet attained.

We have here, for the first time, a direct translation into our tongue from the original Flemish dialect of Brabant, in which these three of his best and his other works were written by Ruysbroeck. The first has been known for some time in the French version of Maeterlinck; but of the other two later and greater books we have had only extracts, more or less fairly paraphrased, by Hello in French and in English by various writers, but in both cases through the full Latin version of Surius. The translation is done in strong scholarly idiomatic English and reads like an original. Ruysbroeck, born in 1293, was for 26 years a Secular Priest in Brussels; then he went to the Hermitage of Groenendaël, or the Green Valley, where he lived as a Monk, or Canon Regular, for 38 years, dying in 1381 at the age of 88. He was, we know now, the greatest and highest mystic that the Catholic Church has ever produced. Yet, though there was some local *cultus* of his memory in Flanders for years after his death, and though he was doubtless known and honoured in many Flemish Monastic cloisters, it was not until 1908 that the Church gave him official recognition. In December of that year he was declared 'Blessed' by Pope Pius X., as the first step towards his canonization. So during all these centuries this master mystic

remained generally unknown while many lesser lights were shining in the life of contemplation.

Miss Underhill well says that "Ruysbroeck was one of the few mystics who have known how to make full use of a strong and disciplined intellect, without ever permitting it to encroach on the proper domain of spiritual intuition." It seems to us simpler and sounder to say that he recognized the separate spheres of the soul as mind and of the spirit as a higher vital faculty. Again we read: "An orderly and reasoned view of the universe is the ground plan upon which the results of these intuitions are set out: yet we are never allowed to forget the merely provisional character of the best intellectual concepts where we are dealing with ultimate truth." This is quite just and true, for while the mystics admitted and adopted all the dogmas, doctrines and definitions of the Church they left them alone as the foundations on which they built up their own edifice of Life and Beauty. Thus, though the teaching of the Church was implicit in all they said and did, in their writings and their living they dwelt in far higher realms of thought than were reached by the working Church. In their highest union with Reality all the mystics impliedly, and Ruysbroeck himself expressly and directly, claimed the inspiration and the aid of the Holy Spirit of God through their own spirits in living their lives of Light and Love.

So we find in 'The Sparkling Stone': "But if above all things we would taste God, and feel eternal life in ourselves, we must go forth into God with our feeling, above reason; and there we must abide, onefold, empty of ourselves, and free from images, lifted up by love into the simple bareness of our intelligence." Or, again: "But we should abide within ourselves: there we feel that the Spirit of God is driving us and enkindling us in this restlessness of love. And we should abide above ourselves." Once more, to take one of the strongest passages here: "This possession is a simple and abysmal tasting of all good and of eternal life; and in this tasting we are swallowed up above reason and without reason, in the deep Quiet of the Godhead which is never moved. That this is true we can only know by our own feeling, and in no other way." By 'know' Ruysbroeck means that mystic certitude which is far more than certainty, and which is based upon the intuitive knowledge or, as he says, 'feeling' given by the Spirit of God to the spirit of man. And in 'The Twelve Beguines' Ruysbroeck thus ends on the highest note of mysticism: "They who understand this, who have experience thereof, and who live thereafter—

these are the Chosen People." But he wrote only for those who would live the life, the hard, adventurous, eternal life, as he had himself done for so long, and by them only will the 'sparkling stone' be found and treasured.

F. W.

THE WAVE.

An Egyptian Aftermath. By Algernon Blackwood, Author of 'The Education of Uncle Paul,' etc. London (Macmillan); pp. 495; 5s. net.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD has a large circle of sincere admirers, among whom we have reckoned ourselves from the very beginning. A new work from his pen is always welcome; for, whatever the theme, we are sure of escape from the commonplace, and not infrequently find ourselves enjoying a series of thrills of a rare order, as we follow the flights of his adventurous imagination and allow ourselves either to be made willing prisoners in the bright faëry land of his fertile fancy or to become mazed in the uncanny and fearsome atmosphere of terrors, felt rather than seen, which this wizard of abnormal psychology can so skilfully suggest. *The Wave* exploits the same *motif* which was used with so great effect in *Julius Le Vallon*. The three chief characters, two men and a woman, work out to a happier conclusion in their twentieth century lives of finer feeling and subtler emotion the dramatic problem so tragically started for them in the cruder and more elemental days of ancient Egypt. In varying degrees, in all three cases, we are made to feel how the ancient tragedy hidden in the subconscious depths of their souls determines their relations in the new phase of conflict. It is throughout a haunting presence lurking below the threshold, which now and again pushes into the dim field of half-consciousness or even irrupts in flashes of fleeting vision, as the moments of newly aroused passion parallel the ancient scenes of crisis, and bring them into intimate psychical association. The novelty of *The Wave* is that in it for the first time Blackwood gives us a love story. It is a delicate piece of work and an intimate psychological study, but mainly from the standpoint of one only of the three chief characters. The story is told throughout from the point of view of the better man of the two, the one-pointed self-sacrificing man who loves the whole of the dual-natured woman. He however cannot waken her wholly

to himself, and it requires the stimulus of a more brilliant but baser nature to rouse her to a full self-knowledge. The woman's character is well depicted but described from without; it remains a mystery to the man, indeed the novelist seems not to have been able to plumb the depths of the soul of his own creation. But that is not surprising, for it is the rarest of all achievements in literature for one sex truly to depict the inmost feelings of the other. There are a few instances only of such high achievement; for the rest, even if men readers are satisfied, women readers know their secret is still theirs. The less subtle psychology of the man's character is admirably worked out, though perhaps a little too elaborately even for a psychological novel on a psychical ground. There is too much introspection for the ordinary reader, who wants to get on with the 'cinema' side of the show, and resents the holding up of the action of the piece while the author draws aside the inner curtain and shows us what his hero thinks and feels. But Blackwood is writing for a more select circle than the mixed crowd for whom the popular novelist caters, and these will not grudge him his extra hundred pages of introspection. The scenes are laid mostly in Egypt and skilfully suggest the mystery and glamour of that dead sacred land.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.

Her Life and Times. By C. M. Antony. London (Burns & Oates); pp. 280; 6s. net.

"THE keynote of Catherine's life was Joy"; so we are told near the beginning of this book. And indeed this Joy is the true test of great sanctity. But by that is meant an intense and interior Joy always living and alight in the fire of the Spirit. Without this vital strength within her neither Catherine nor any other of the noble and famous saints of history could have held on their way to the end, through their times of suffering and sorrow, storm and stress, amid the despair and death in which they so often lived and worked and prayed.

Even apart from the height of her graces and her inspirations her personality still stands out as a marvel to mankind. As a woman, and a woman of the people, she was wonderful, though we regard only her patience and her power. Her short life of 38 years (1347-1380) was crammed with incidents that made history, while the holiness, peace and joy that filled her soul and heart

were shown at work in her writings and her actions, in her social and religious life from beginning to end. Her period was one of fierceness and fighting, during which the cities of Italy were always more or less at war with each other and in constant conflict with Rome. It was an age which seems dark to us, but in one aspect this darkness may be due to excess of light. Faith in the only one form of Christianity of which its people knew anything was firm and free, whatever they thought of the many abuses of the Church as an institution, and however weak and crooked was their own morality.

Miss Antony has done her work well and thoroughly, and the book, which is edited by Fr. Bede Jarrett, O.P., and prefaced by Fr. T. M. Schwertner, O.P., two learned Dominicans, bears also the Ecclesiastical Imprimatur. She has dealt with her enormous mass of material fairly and at the same time fully, so that we have here a coherent, though condensed, account of Catherine's life and times which can be commended as giving a true picture of the Saint's persuasive personality and of the troubled era in which she lived. This dyer's daughter of Siena, in a period when marriage or the cloister were the only alternatives for a girl, took her own line from the beginning and stood from the first on her own feet. From about the age of 12 she vowed her virginity to God, refused marriage, to her parents' dismay and disgust, and for three years, while passing from 17 to 20, she lived solitary in a little room, like a cell, in her father's house in that quaint and beautiful old city. That such a thing was possible without going into a convent, proves the greater freedom there was during the Middle Ages, which we so seldom understand, in such Church matters than we find anywhere to-day.

After this time of solitude Catherine came out into her little world and conquered all hearts by her charm, her charity and her good comradeship. There was then seen to be nothing of the prude or the shy maiden or the recluse about her. She made friends everywhere, and the men, old and young, flocked, with girls and women, around her until these came to be known as the 'Companions of Catherine.' The power of her personality and the courage of her character were shown in the way she could guide and influence her followers. She understood her people with something like a Divine intuition and she charmed all comers by her winning ways and by a face that many then likened to the face of Christ Himself. All her severe austerities, her long, rea

and frequent fastings, her perpetual interior prayer, proved not only the strength of her will and purpose as a woman but also the possession of gifts and graces which, from their effects, can only be explained by believing that they came from the Spirit of God. No other theory but that of inspiration seems able to account for the way in which this woman, who could not write and who was wholly untaught and untrained, came to be the guide and adviser of Popes and Princes and to send out all over Italy letters, of which hundreds are still extant, full of high statesmanship and holy wisdom.

Miss Antony has done well in dealing faithfully and candidly with the *Dialogue*, that wonderful work said to have been dictated by Catherine to her secretary when she was in an ecstatic state. For this book tells the truth about the Church in her day, and omits nothing that she knew as to the gross scandals and abuses then prevailing. It is written too in such choice Italian as to be still considered a literary classic, besides and beyond its claim to be accurate history of an important period. The strength and force of her intellect are shown in this book, which even to-day reads like a revelation. We cannot pause to deal with the great part played by Catherine in the high politics of her period, both as to Church and State—her constant long and rough journeyings about Italy as a peacemaker, her numerous letters showing an amazing capacity in the management of men and matters, her success in bringing the Papacy, after its many years of exile at Avignon, back to Rome in the person of Urban VI. She did all she could to build up again the throne of Peter, but the Great Schism came all the same towards the end of her courageous and crowded life. We can sincerely congratulate Miss Antony on her book. It is a sound and sane piece of writing, carried out in a workmanlike manner, well-balanced and enlightened throughout by the author's love of her subject and devotion to Catherine's great cause. A good index would have been a decided improvement and a help to every reader.

F. W.

THEOPHANIES.

A Book of Verses. By Evelyn Underhill. London, Paris and Toronto (Dent), New York (Dutton); pp. 118; 8s. 6d. net.

THE relation between mystical fervour and poetic imagination is a subtle one, and in outward expression these two are sometimes

difficult to distinguish from each other; yet the difference between them is radical. The verses that make such delightful reading in Miss Underhill's new volume are essentially expressions of the former. Indeed this is sufficiently indicated by the title of the book and by the motto that stands below it. The appeal is for the most part to a special—perhaps an abnormal—sense, to one that is certainly not common. Take, for instance, the opening stanza in 'Dynamic Love.'

“ Not to me
 The Unmoved Mover of philosophy
 And absolute still sum of all that is,
 The God whom I adore—not this !
 Nay, rather a great moving wave of bliss,
 A surgent torrent of dynamic love
 In passionate swift career,
 That down the sheer
 And fathomless abyss
 Of Being ever pours, his ecstasy to prove.”

These beautiful words mark the point at which mystical passion and true poetry part company. If the expression of psychic experience hinders the exercise of that poetic imagination which deals with the universal, the tendency of mysticism to abstract expression must always work against a real union between mystical verse and poetry. Miss Underhill has a strong leaning to the abstract, which sometimes makes its appearance at an unwelcome moment, producing something like a jar in an otherwise beautiful passage. For instance, in the description of the advent of the Saviour, in 'John the Baptist,' occurs the line "He shall discern the unreal from the real," which is in no sense poetry. Again, the fifth stanza of 'Beyond the Garden'—

“ And once there was a bird that flew
 Far up the foreign clouds among;
 The throbbing of its throat I knew,
 I might not hear its song.
 Swiftly it passed across my narrow sky,
 The silent Minstrel of Reality ”—

culminating in an abstract predicate betrays the philosopher beneath the cloak of the poet. Miss Underhill too rarely relinquishes this standpoint even in her most fervent moods, and is too apt to reach her conclusions by a process of reasoning alien to

the spirit of poetry. Nevertheless the appeal made—especially to those having a similar mental outlook to the writer's—by the profound thought, lofty diction and emotional force of her verses is very considerable. Not only so, but scattered here and there are passages in which the impulse that guides her pen seems, as it were in spite of the writer, to create its own concrete embodiment and compel her to true poetry. Take, for instance, the following fine lines from 'Primavera,' picturing a lifeless world :

“ No woodruff to make sweet
 The path before his feet,
 Nor banners of the beech-leaves overhead ;
 But foul distress
 Of naked craters grinning to the light,
 Dead forests, sapless spars
 Whence never sudden scents redeem the night,
 And grievous meadows where no lark can rise.
 There the sequestered spirits of the dead
 Go chattering down the windy loneliness
 Like thin brown leaves that winter left behind.”

Their beauty makes us long for the day when Miss Underhill will reveal still more of her high gifts.

S. E. H.

A MODERN JOB.

An Essay on the Problem of Evil. By Étienne Giran. With Introduction by Archdeacon A. L. Lilley. Authorised Translation by Fred Rothwell. London (The Open Court Publishing Co.); pp. 92; 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is a new telling of the greatest of all ancient dramas of the good man overwhelmed by undeserved misfortune, bruised, numb and dazed, his understanding outraged by the pitiless world-order, and in revolt against the traditional theodicies or defences of divine justice as represented by the workings of that order. M. Giran is of French descent, but Holland is his adopted country ; and there he places the scene of the misfortunes of his Modern Job and of the conversation between him and his three friends. It is a daring venture thus to endeavour to modernise the ancient tale sanctified for so many centuries by the attentive and earnest interest of so many millions of pious readers. The transition to the mentality and directness of our own day, however, is moderated by the

retention of the persons of the ancient drama and a certain quasi-biblical atmosphere. It is Job in modern setting, such as a man who has faced the great problems of life and is testing the adequacy of the theories of religious thought really to meet them, might think out in himself dramatically. And indeed it is well done, with no small measure of success for so difficult an undertaking. M. Giran does not shirk or apologise; he allows both sides free play, and his characters are not men of straw or purely intellectual puppets. Each is sincerely convinced and feels what he says. And what is the outcome of the whole matter in modern terms? Well, there is no solution for the intellect even when used in the service of faith; each aspect of it that attempts a solution cancels out some other aspect. It is true it refuses to be beaten and ever bravely keeps on with its appointed task, seeking to bring emotion and reason to unity. But the time for that most desirable consummation is not yet. It is the humble servitor of Job, who has listened now and again but with little understanding to the grave and learned discussions of his 'betters,' that brings the drama to an end. Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar have departed and Job is left alone. Then the old serving man ventures to approach and say:

"Master, it seemed to me all the time that there are great differences between them, and they are troubled thereby; whereas these very differences ought to unite them in the one certainty that they still know very little in comparison with all of which they are ignorant.

"Besides, it is not in the adoption of any particular doctrine that Christianity consists. Fidelity to Christ does not depend on the firmness of a man's belief. If such were the case, what would become of simple-minded ignorant men like myself, whom your discussions fill with confusion and perplexity?

"There is only one thing in the Gospel that I remember. To my mind it sums up the whole of the law and the prophets, the whole of philosophy and religion. . . . 'Beloved, a new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another.'"

MY DAYS AND DREAMS.

Being Autobiographical Notes. By Edward Carpenter. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 340; 7s. 6d. net.

TAKING the neat title of this book as an index of its contents we find that the 'Days' with which it deals seem now, in the great

times of War, to be very far away, while the 'Dreams' which were so daring at their date have faded in the coming of a wider vision. Born in 1844, Edward Carpenter left Cambridge in 1874, refusing to take Orders, abandoning his scholarship and seeking for himself a larger life free from all religious or social or political conventions. A man of ideas and strong character, he broke through all the barriers of a common-place comfortable existence. He set out indeed, as so many others have done before him, to realise himself and to live the faith that was in him; to work with his hands amongst the workers, and to write out in various ways that free Gospel of Democracy and Socialism with which he felt himself inspired. But now the smaller matters of which he made so much have been wiped out in the welter of war and we are left with echoes of early and mid-Victorian controversies which are already faint and feeble.

His most distinguished book, *Towards Democracy*, was avowedly founded on Walt Whitman's work and, though it startled his own sluggish and snobbish generation, does not now quite convince of greatness in spite of some grand passages. His other writings, as far as they can claim originality, seem to-day somewhat futile, as being for the most part on that plane of artificial science we have outgrown, or rather along a level of thought and life from which we have been suddenly raised by the vital conflict of this great awakening War. But in his day and generation Mr. Carpenter did good work in the way of cutting down the fences of cant and prejudice with which much of our life was surrounded, in showing the dignity of work and the duty of self-realisation.

His book is really a loose collection of notes, well written with the ease of a practised pen, brightened by personal sketches of men and women of his day now nearly forgotten. It would doubtless have done better if published three or four years earlier. His chapter on 'How the World looks at Seventy' is the best and does really sound a higher tone of thought. In his concluding words Mr. Carpenter, referring to his age and the amazing spirit disclosed by the War amongst the people, speaks of feeling "a curious sense of joy" and of "liberation and obstacles removed." He acknowledges that this experience, in its satisfaction and "queer sense of elation," seems "utterly unreasonable and not to be explained by any of the ordinary theories of life: but it is there and it may after all have some meaning." It may indeed, and we should say it has, and that its main meaning goes to prove

that the life of man is larger, nobler and higher than it appeared in the days, or even in the dreams, of this philosopher.

F. W.

THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION.

An Examination of the Education Problem in the Light of Recent Psychological Research. By St. George Lane Fox Pitt. New Edition, with a Preface by Prof. Émile Boutroux, de l'Académie Française. Cambridge (The University Press); pp. 144; 3s. 6d.

The Purpose of Education has already been reviewed in **THE QUEST**. In the new edition parts have been revised and rewritten, but mainly in the way of making them clearer or removing misconceptions. It has further been augmented by a Preface by Professor Émile Boutroux, admirably translated by Dr. Wildon Carr, and an appendix has been added of views and reviews on the first edition, most of which are highly complimentary. Professor Boutroux, after describing the volume as small in bulk but great in importance and value, discusses as one of the issues raised by it the conflict between Science and Religion and their possible reconciliation. He points out that this conflict developed into a regular European war during the XIXth century and that for a moment the triumph of Science threatened to become complete. Then the advocates of instinct and intuition entered the field, drove back the hitherto victorious invaders and each side entrenched itself strongly within its new positions, so that nothing but a possible stalemate seemed in view. Gradually, however, the conflict entered into a new phase, when it was seen that instinct and intuition alone were insufficient in the realm of religion and that knowledge was a necessary complement. Or, in the quaint words of Pascal quoted by M. Boutroux, "God has willed to give His creatures the dignity of causality." Religion without Science makes life a disparate dualism, only with the combination of the two can life become a harmonious whole. The mischief comes from not distinguishing in Science between logical understanding and living reason, the latter being really the creative faculty, that artistic element which makes the original mathematician a creator whenever he introduces into the world of ideas new conceptions that transcend the old, as the transcendental geometry transcends the Euclidean. But this creative faculty is not merely the possession of the great ones of the earth

in mind and intellect, it is within the reach of all whose life is a conscious effort towards controlling the play of instinct and reconciling the ceaseless interaction of opposite principles. True religion is really reasonable. It is, as Malebranche says, reason uniting itself to the heart that it may go towards God. Education therefore under one aspect is or ought to be an attempt to reconcile Science and Religion. Though Mr. Lane Fox Pitt approaches the problem mainly from the scientific side, we think with M. Boutroux that this is one of the 'key' ideas of his book, if not the master key. Indeed we would venture to prophesy that if he makes Science easier of acceptance for the one-sided religious man, he makes Religion easier still for the unilaterally scientific spirit.

C. B.

THE PENITENT OF BRENT.

By Michael Wood. London (Longmans); pp. 204; 4s. 6d. net.

THIS powerful story is a representation in dramatic form of the eternal struggle between good and evil in the human soul; and the issue—the regeneration of one who has committed mortal sin—is an embodiment of the mystical truth that the road to the highest good is through the lowest depths of evil—that “there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.” These profound themes are treated with a sustained earnestness and solemnity which are too sincere to be wearisome. The psychic elements of the narrative are dealt with from a high moral and spiritual standpoint, and the main issue is independent of them. Indeed one can hardly help thinking that the story would have been more convincing had it run on ordinary human lines. In any case it makes a strong impression, and though specially appealing to members of the Roman Catholic Church, the book takes too high a ground to be limited by the tenets of any special faith.

S. E. H.

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The two leading ideas of this work are, first, that philosophy should not confine itself to recombining eternally the concepts handed down by our fore-runners, but rather should come into direct contact with the realities of nature and science; and, secondly, that philosophical systems, whether idealistic, materialistic or dualistic, regard the laws of nature as necessary, and, consequently, that they are destructive of true life and freedom. A natural law is not a first principle, it is a result: and life, feeling and liberty are realities whereof the comparatively rigid forms grasped by science are the ever inadequate manifestations. Men can act on nature because nature is neither brute force nor lifeless thought. The laws of nature, if necessary, would typify the rigidity and immobility of death. Being contingent, they give more dignity to life, a greater incentive to rise in the scale of being.

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ASPECTS OF THEISM IN HINDUISM AND JUDAISM: A PARALLEL AND A CONTRAST.

Prof. J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A., D.D.

WHEN the tribes of Israel were crossing the Jordan, and slowly establishing themselves in the land of Canaan, the Aryan immigrants were marching over the Indus and gradually making their way further and further east along the Ganges valley. From these two movements vast consequences followed. Each group effected its settlement partly by conquest, partly by peaceful penetration. The land of Israel, insignificant in area and population compared with the vast domains and multitudinous millions of what we know in modern speech as India, produced the religion of the Prophets, the Law and the Psalms, and finally sent forth Christianity to capture the Roman Empire, to rebuild the civilisation of Western Europe, and spread itself in time all round the world. Fed from many streams, the culture of Babylon, the great theodicy of Persia, the wisdom of Greece, Judaism impressed its own genius on whatever it assimilated from abroad, and developed in its people a wondrous tenacity of faith

capable of surviving the destruction of its national polity, and enduring an age-long martyrdom not yet concluded even in our own time.

Hinduism has been less exposed to alien influences. The founders of the Vedic culture were indeed confronted by an obscure mass of aboriginal beliefs, cognate no doubt with rude forms of thought and practice still wide-spread at the present day. They may even have adopted from them the notion of transmigration which their successors formulated under the law of Karma or the Deed. Traces of Mesopotamian influence may be found in theories of world-ages brought to a close by flood or fire ; or in cosmographic conceptions of the great central mountain of the universe, and the divine guardians of the four quarters of the world. Greece lent its stimulus to sculpture and astronomy. But the philosophy of religion developed by the great Brahmanical teachers appears to owe nothing to foreign suggestion. It is built upon a literary deposit far older than any possible contact with the Hellenic mind. It was wrought into shape in the face of many opposing forces, such as the Jains and the Buddhists who led a revolt against the authority of the Veda, or the more radical disputants who denied the whole framework of the Moral Order on which Jain and Buddhist alike placed absolute reliance, and thus threw both the visible scene and the varied phases of human life into the crucible of an anarchic scepticism. Over against these and other movements Hinduism evolved different forms of theism, enshrined in its literature, taught in its philosophical schools, preached by its missionaries, and sung in its hymns, moulding the conduct of scores of millions of people for generation after generation, and still capable of

putting forth fresh impulses such as those associated in the last century with the names of Rajah Rammohun Roy, Debendranath Tagore, and Keshub Chunder Sen.

These two great faiths, Judaism and Hinduism, have thus contributed, by their own growth and by the influences which issued from them in Christianity and Buddhism, to the mightiest forces in the world's religion. Both rest essentially on a great tradition embodied in a series of sacred books. Each believes itself to possess the authority of revelation. The Hebrew Scriptures are indeed of small compass compared with the vast compilations embraced under the general name of the Hindu Veda, and too wide an interval separated the consolidation of the books of the Law from the expositions of the Rabbis to allow the latter to acquire a sanctity comparable to that of analogous treatises, such as the Brāhmaṇas, dealing with the rituals to which different hymns had become attached. But the conception of a transcendental origin for the Mosaic Law and for the hymns of the Rig Veda assumed in the schools curiously parallel forms. The Torah had an ideal existence in heaven, and it was said that God looked into it when he was about to make the world; nay it was even added that from creation onwards God spent one-third of each day in its study.¹ So for the Hindu did the ancient hymns belong to the realm of the Deathless and the Infinite, and there they were seen by the sages whose vision was adjusted to the holy light. Philosophy indeed was compelled to admit reason into the great quest of Truth, for if the Scriptures differed they must be harmonised. Both religions, however, were fundamentally institutional. They were expressed outwardly in sacred acts,

¹ Abelson, *The Immanence of God in Rabbinical Literature*, p. 115.

they created a cultus, they established sacrifices and festivals, they demanded observances which were placed in the charge of consecrated orders, they required conformity to a scheme of life laid down by hallowed law. They were thus in one aspect religions of works. But just as the Jew declared that the righteous should live by his faith, the Hindu raised above the path of works a path of knowledge, and again on a different line a path of love. Knowledge and love were of course familiar phases of religion to the Jew, but they did not release him from legal duty. Moreover works begot merit, and merit secured acceptance at the judgment, and admission to the blessed life on high. Hindu theism also rewarded loyal performance of ritual duty, the study of the Veda, charity to Brahmans, and other phases of the householder's life, with outward bliss in one of the lower heavens. But the true salvation reached by the way of higher insight or devout affection belonged to a plane of being above the vicissitudes of merit and guilt; it was attained only by those who had risen above the ceremonial and formal morality of the Law. This was no heaven-conferred privilege but only a discipline and a restraint, to be cast aside by those who had sufficient energy of resolve or emotional sensibility. To explain this contrast is part of my theme.

That the Hebrews and the Hindus should work their religion into life in different ways was the natural result of diversities of race-genius, of physical and social environment, of historical vicissitude, and all those mysterious influences of the Spirit through which Providence conducts the education of humanity. Israel's higher consciousness of God rested mainly on two great factors, his apprehension of the divine power

in the world around him, and his conviction of being an elect people, charged with a special function as the teacher of divine truth to mankind. The scale on which the universe was conceived was indeed small compared either with the vast pictures which Indian imagination loved to frame, or the immensities revealed by modern science. The prophet was not perplexed by the questions which the sophists of the Ganges valley loved to discuss 500 B.C., whether the world was finite or infinite, whether it was eternal or limited in time. He simply appealed to immediate experience :

“Lift up your eyes and see, who hath created these ?

“He who bringeth out their host by number, who calleth them all by name ;

“By the greatness of his might, and for that he is strong in power, not one is lacking.”

God may be pictured as sitting above the firmament, for his wisdom and might must transcend his own creation. But withal he fills heaven and earth, and the deeps of Sheol are open to his view and within the reach of his hand. The whole of Nature moves by his constant energy and expresses his ever-active will ; the outward scene is a perpetual creation ; and the devout worshipper lives always in his presence, for God compasses his daily path and his nightly rest, and is acquainted with all his ways. Such was the blessed companionship of the immanent Deity. It is only in the later days, under the influence of an alien philosophy, that the spectacle of incessant change and endless flux, of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, generates weariness and despair ; 'tis only vanity and striving after wind.

More significant, however, than the creation and maintenance of the world, was the choice and destiny of Israel as the instrument of the divine purpose and the bearer of revelation to the nations. The proof of its faith lay in its historic experience and its spiritual privileges. Far far back it could trace its descent from the great forefathers of its race; it could recall ancient promises, wonders of deliverance, trials of loyalty, disciplines of obedience, successes of conquest, even rise to empire. And it could connect these events with specific places, hallowed by the appearances of its God, the manifestations of his power, the declarations of his will. What sacred associations gathered around Bethel and Beersheba, Sinai and Kadesh; what noble emotions of trust and devotion were centred in Mount Zion, worthy to be raised above all hills, the sanctuary from which teaching should go forth to all the world. To Israel had been entrusted the divine Law: he was the chosen of God to possess his truth and establish on the earth his Reign of Right. His history, therefore, acquired a transcendent meaning. It was a great moral drama in which God himself was the sublime protagonist. Its events were being guided to a destined end. His own disobedience and faithlessness might indeed delay it. Suffering must chasten him; subjection and poverty might be his lot; but his final triumph was assured. The individual Jew interpreted his religion through this national consciousness, a consciousness intensified by its limitations to a people small in number among mighty nations, with an insignificant territory between great empires. What mattered sizes to the heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven? The Spirit would secure the victory over the world.

The Hindu came to his theism along other paths.

He started, in his earliest surviving utterances—the hymns of the Rig Veda—with a view of Nature as an immense collection of operative powers. The earth and sky, bound together in wedded unity, enfolded all kinds of living energies. The sun and moon, the dawn, the winds and storms, the waters, fire, river and mountain, beast and tree, were all agents ; Nature was one vast storehouse of activities, working from day to day by certain laws. Many and significant were the forms of this idea, as the poet strove to reduce their multiplicity beneath the conception of some central unity, and sang, as Æschylus did in later days in Greece, of the ‘One with many names.’ Manifold were the types which emerged in different minds, and long was the process before the chief title of the ultimate reality, Brahman, was established. Hindu theism, in its struggles towards spiritual expression, was encumbered by a mythology far more copious and pervasive than that out of which Israel emerged. Little by little the old nature-gods faded out of its higher thought, while a few lofty figures remained, sometimes mysteriously passing into each other, sometimes distinct in function, yet bound together into a mystic whole. Such were the holy Three, who constituted the ‘Triple Form’ or Trimūrti, Brahmā, Vishnu and Shiva, representing the forces of the creation, the preservation and the destruction of the world. Above them, in the ancient teaching, was a wondrous realm where is ‘the light beyond the darkness,’ “where shines neither sun, moon, stars, lightning, nor fire, but all shines after him who shines alone, and through his light the universe is lighted.”¹ It was the realm of the Eternal, where Brahman dwelt

¹ *Mundaka Up.*, quoted by Hopkins, *The Religions of India*, p. 240.

without parts or form, the Unmanifested, in changeless Being, Thought and Joy.

This abstract conception implies at once a wholly different process compared with that by which the seers of Israel worked. The Aryan tribes who slowly descended into the Punjaub and pushed their way eastward till they had spread their settlements through northern India, had no national unity. They did not move together, and they consequently did not think together. They looked back to no common ancestry, they had no common polity, they looked forward to no common goal. Different groups in later days might invent genealogies for their kings and draw their pedigrees from sun and moon. But these mythological excursions were only court-exercises, not the creations of faith. No divine power guided the great migrations; no sanctuaries arose laden with pious traditions; no solemn theophanies accompanied the birth of sacred law. The Hindu had no witness for his religion from a national consciousness; his scattered tribes had never possessed one. Nor could he rest on history, he knew not what it meant. A whole millennium passes after he enters the country, but not a monument survives to record his events or tell his thoughts, till Asoka carves his decrees, his confessions and his aspirations, on rock and pillar from East to West of his vast empire, 250 years before our era. Think of what Babylon, Assyria, Egypt and China had done to preserve the testimonies of the past as the supports of nationality and religion !

The result was that the Hindu was thrown back upon himself for the ultimate grounds of his belief. What really lay behind his sacred hymns, his complicated ritual, his sacrifices, his social order, his priest-

hood, his caste, his daily duties, his family obligations, customs, traditions, laws? The answer was, his Mind. What after all was he himself? The Hebrew genius was not concerned to think about thinking. Its call was to action, to do justice, to love mercy and to walk humbly with God. Religion was a mode of conduct and feeling, not a quest of truth. But the Hindu sages went into the forest, and asked themselves questions: "What am I, what is myself, how do I think, how is it others think, why do they think like me, so that we can understand each other? And what is the world, what is it that I see and feel, who made it, how does it subsist, and what will happen to me when I die?" There were many answers to such enquiries, and they begot three great groups of problems, psychological, cosmological and theological. Brief records of these forest discussions are contained in the division of Vedic literature known as the Upanishads. Out of them came various schools of thought in later ages which formulated their principles in short maxims known as Sūtras, often only a few words in length, the result of generations of teaching, but requiring an interpreter to expand and elaborate them. The most famous of these schools was known as the Vedānta. At what date the Sūtras summing up its principles were first composed, we do not know. Its central conception was the Brahman, the eternal Reality behind all change, the fount of being out of which issued the world of our experience, and into which it would in due course be resolved again. A ceaseless rhythm of creation and dissolution beat through the ages, manifesting his power, but the sublime Brahman remained immutably the same. But within the universe with all its manifold contents

stood the human consciousness, repeated with endless diversity through myriad individuals, who felt the same sensations and thought the same thoughts. How was this plurality to be explained? What was its origin, and how far was its multiplicity an actual fact? The first answer was that within these separate selves lay a larger Self, a Universal Self, uniting them in common experiences, providing the same means for the interpretation of the scene around, and taking those who pursued the path of self-discipline, concentration and resolve into a mystic fellowship of direct knowledge, where the soul lost its individuality in God, and in the act of recognition was merged in the bliss of supreme Intelligence. The universal Self, it will be seen at once, could be no other than the Brahman, the ultimate ground of all existence, 'Father of all,' as was said in popular speech five hundred years before our era, 'that are and are to be.'

Such a metaphysic, an absolute unchanging substance behind the perpetual succession of phenomena, finds its parallel at once in Hellenic philosophy and in Judaism in Philo's attempt to graft the teachings of the Academy and the Porch upon the Books of Moses, and reconcile the God of the Law and the Prophets with the sublime abstractions of Greek thought. Philo's Deity, who simply is, 'the Existent' ($\tau\omicron\delta\ \acute{\omicron}\nu$), uncompounded, unmingled with aught else, abiding in unity behind all time and change, and yet the Maker and Father of the Universe, is but the Indian Brahman robed in Greek vesture; and he, too, taught that the pure soul might rise from its corporeal environment, and with open vision gaze upon 'What Is.' Philo, it is true, found a mediating agency between God on the one part and the world and the soul on the other

in the doctrine of the Logos, which Hindu philosophy did not require, for the Eternally Unmanifest, the neuter and impersonal Brahman, might after all become manifest as the masculine Brahmā and the other persons of the Trimūrti, and the evolution, the maintenance and the destruction of this visible frame were guaranteed through the successive phases of his being. The Philonic theology would seem to have had less influence on Judaism than upon early Christian speculation. But even Palestinian faith could not be wholly indifferent to the great ideas which we indicate by the modern terms immanence and transcendence; by a group of mediating agencies such as the Shechinah, the Memra, the Holy Spirit, the Metatron, and the semi-personification of attributes, like Power and Wisdom, it endeavoured to express the presence of God with his people, his providential guidance alike of the universe and man, while the Rabbis implied the immeasurable vastness of his Being by the noble saying that the world was not the place of God, but God was the place of the world.

But while Hindu theology had its metaphysical side in its attempt to solve or at least to formulate the problem of Being, it was further, like that of Israel, deeply concerned to maintain the belief in the Moral Order of the world. The Hebrew prophets discerned it in the vicissitudes of their national history; Assyria might be the rod of God's anger; the sovereign of Babylon the very servant of Yahweh. The application of the doctrine to the sufferings of the righteous was more difficult, and constituted the problem in the great debate between Job and his friends. It found its ultimate solution in the group of beliefs summed up in one phrase, the Kingdom or Rule of Heaven, including

the final adjustment of the resurrection and the judgment, the conquest of the forces of evil, the new heavens and the new earth. This was the issue of that dramatic conception of the divine government which was founded on the transcendent sovereignty of God. Hindu thought, on the other hand, impregnated with the idea of his immanence in the existing scene, presented the Moral Order as a perpetual process for ever operative under the law of Karma or the Deed. With the origin of this doctrine we are not now concerned. It was well established 500 years before our era, though it was not unquestioned by sceptical thinkers. Buddhism, which rejected the ordinary notions of both God and the soul, planted itself upon it with unswerving tenacity. It called to its aid the belief in transmigration, and stretched this back into the past as well as forward into the future. Life was presented in the form of a succession of existences, which might in turn descend into the depths of hell or mount into the upper heavens, to work out in torment or in bliss the appropriate consequences of guilt and good. In the lot of man, his race, his caste, his wealth or poverty, in sex and person and disposition, in the changes of circumstance, in failure or success, in the incidence of accident or calamity, the teachers of India saw the constant exemplification of the solemn law, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." In the vast undulations of the world-rhythm, from undifferentiated matter to an organised universe and back again, it was the will of Brahma which maintained this law. From age to age the power which untiringly preserved a continuous adjustment of good or ill through the whole animated creation, so that every being from the shining deva to the fiercest demon every-

where and always received exactly what he deserved, and, when one world had perished, provided another to give full scope to the potencies of good or ill which time had not exhausted, nor cosmic fire or flood destroyed—this was the energy of the Indwelling God.

But of this great conception there were various possible interpretations. Let me try to sketch in a few lines one which may be counted perhaps the loftiest and most fruitful of all in mediæval Hindu thought, though less known in this country than the monistic pantheism of an earlier predecessor, the philosopher Śaṅkara. Śaṅkara's teaching was chiefly conveyed (in the first part of the 8th century of our era) in the form of a Commentary on the Vedānta Sūtras. He conceived that the true doctrine of the Veda was the principle of *advaita*, or non-duality. There is in the last resort but one sole Being in sublime unity. The multiplicity that we see around us, the infinite variety and changes of the universe, the successions of time, the diversities of individuals, the myriad forms of animated existence, the plurality of objects of our separate consciousness and the plurality of those consciousnesses themselves—were all the products of one big illusion. They have for us, it is true, a relative reality. But the object of the lover of truth must be to win emancipation from this entanglement of sense. By severe disciplines of bodily mortification and control he must seek the higher reaches of enlightenment, where he could at last realise his identity with the Source of All, and say 'I am Brahma.' In that hour Karma would cease to work, and death would finally blend him with the One.

Against this unqualified pantheistic idealism a later teacher, Rāmānuja, led an emphatic protest,

three hundred years after, in the eleventh century. His long life covered that of the famous Jewish philosopher, Ibn Gebirol, and that of the Christian mystic, reformer and preacher, St. Bernard. Like Shāṅkara he came from South India, but unlike his predecessor who, in the sphere of daily practice and 'relative reality,' was a worshipper of Shiva, and identified him with Brahman, Rāmānuja was a devotee of Vishnu, with whom were associated important doctrines of incarnation, grace and the love of God. He, too, expounded his philosophy in a commentary on the Vedānta Sūtras, and in doing so gave a new interpretation to the ancient texts.¹ In equating the supreme Brahman with Vishnu, he conceived him as no impersonal abstraction or unknowable Absolute. He was the ultimate Personality, the significance of personality lying in the power to fulfil his purposes. God, therefore, was defined as the Cause of the creation, maintenance and dissolution of the world. In Hindu philosophy a cause and its effect were regarded as essentially identical. An effect, it is laid down, is not a substance different from its cause, it is simply the cause itself in a different state. If Brahman is in the cause, as the Scriptures affirm, he must also be in the effect. The consequence was certain : if Brahman were real, the world could not be unreal. With repeated insistence on a well-known text which described the 'Inner Ruler' within the visible world and the conscious spirit, Rāmānuja proclaimed the immanence of God in the universe, and declared that he was at once both its operative and its material cause. Scripture and philosophy alike taught their unity. Cosmically this also is a system of 'Non-

¹ See the translation by Thibaut, *Sacred Books of the East*.

duality.' But it is 'qualified' by the admission that both the world and souls, while having Brahman as their cause, and subsisting solely in and through him, are nevertheless real; so that the whole field of existence can be summed up in three terms, God, Mind or the 'conscious,' and Not-mind or the 'unconscious.' Hence 'the world and all that is therein' can only subsist as modes of Brahman. There is only one Being underlying both matter and spirit. Taken together, these constitute a kind of body of Brahman, which is the ground of their reality. There is thus an ultimate Unity, but it enfolds a true Plurality. Did not Scripture say, as it depicted Brahman issuing forth from his majestic Oneness, that he resolved within himself 'May I be Many'? In thus becoming Many he did not cease to be One.

This doctrine, however, seemed to have one dangerous consequence. It involved Brahman in all the suffering of individual souls, and the unconsciousness and mutability of matter. Many and subtle were the arguments by which Rāmānuja endeavoured to evade this conclusion. I doubt if they can be regarded as successful. They were so only as he emphasised not only the immanence of God but also his transcendence. As the Creator of what Indian philosophy called 'names and forms,' the conditions of particular objects, Brahman was necessarily superior to them, and in his exalted life was unaffected by them. Human suffering is the inevitable result of ill-conduct under the Moral Order of the Deed. It attaches to souls involved in the chain of transmigration as the fruit of past evil. But in this succession Brahman is not himself entangled. He accumulates neither merit nor guilt. Above this multitude of wandering souls,

stained with passion, blinded by ignorance, befouled with sin, he dwells everlastingly, in immeasurable splendour, beauty, fragrance, tenderness, possessing the charm of eternal youth.

The soul, then, has a qualified independence of Brahman. Souls are indeed called a 'manifestation of Brahma's power'; but they 'exist in their own essential nature.' Like the material world they are eternal, and the philosopher is therefore confronted with the usual difficulty of explaining the origin of the succession of existences. Their essence lies in self-consciousness, and their present embodied condition is of course due to the effects of Karma. In virtue of their origin from Brahman souls must in their pristine purity have shared in his auspicious qualities, his bliss and freedom from evil. But some kind of fall must have occurred in the infinite past, for we hear of 'unbeginning Karma,' and the chain of death and rebirth once started has them in its grip until the hour of their emancipation strikes. They have, however, power to act. They are not deprived of all capacity for self-direction; otherwise the Scripture commands and prohibitions, its promises of reward and threats of punishment, would be unmeaning. This 'fruit' depends ultimately on Brahman, for all activity is conditioned and fulfilled by him. "No action," we are told, "is possible without the assent of the Inner Soul. The volitional effort is made by the individual, and the Supreme Soul, by giving his assent to it, carries out the action." God and the soul have thus a kind of partnership, by which God condescends to give effect to the soul's purposes through its material organism, which God has created and which he maintains from hour to hour. The whole operation of Karma is thus incorporated in his will;

the unflinching order of the universe, conceived ethically, not scientifically, becomes the expression of his righteousness, and a moral life is thus established for God eternally beside the surpassing wonder of his thought and bliss.

But that was not all. Was it not said in Scripture, "He makes him whom he wishes to lead up from this world do a good deed"?¹ Was not the way thereby opened for the divine will to guide and control the human, and thus transcend the perpetual limiting activity of Karma? The answer takes us into the heart of Rāmānuja's religion, the doctrine of Grace. This was of course no new theme in Hindu teaching. Far far back in distant centuries the forest sages, who realised how the works of the flesh veiled the realities of the spirit, had seen that the soul could only be released from the entanglements of the world by the removal of its ignorance. But this emancipation could not be self-wrought. It was the act of the Universal Self. Did not the ancient texts expressly affirm the election of the faithful soul to this higher insight? "Only he gains him," it was declared, "whom the Self chooses for himself."² So also Krishna in *The Lord's Song* had proclaimed: "To those who are perfectly devoted, and worship me with love, I give that knowledge by which they come to me."³ The gift was not unconditional. It was the blessed result of a long preparation of outward conduct and interior affection. The external duties of the student and the householder must have been faithfully discharged; the proper sacrifices performed, the Veda studied, the

¹ *Kaushītaki Upanishad*, iii. 8.

² An oft-quoted passage, *Kaṭha Upanishad*, ii. 23.

³ *Bhagavad Gītā*, x. 10.

demands of charity satisfied, the moral virtues duly cultivated. But all self-complacency in such works must be suppressed. Desire for reward in heaven must be extinguished. All good deeds must be surrendered to God alone as their sole author. Then by the Lord's grace purity of mind and heart would grow. With quiet thoughts the believer would be open to the heavenly teaching. Weaned from all pride he would reach the condition of *bālyā*, child-likeness; and his heart would be full of that devout piety and adoring love to which for more than a thousand years Hindu religion had given the name of *bhakti*. This was the high emotion born of the consciousness of immediate fellowship with the heavenly Lord. The mystic in Rāmānuja did not hesitate to affirm that in such communion a divine want was also satisfied. Had not Krishna said: "The man of knowledge I deem to be my very Self"? What did that mean, enquired Rāmānuja, but this? "My very life depends on him. If it be asked how. In the same manner that he cannot live without me, his highest Goal, I cannot live without him."¹ For the liberated soul, set free by the true knowledge from the bonds of sin, an eternal life of infinite joy was opened in the blessed vision of God. It was a glorious freedom. But it was reserved only for students of the Veda, forbidden to all but the three upper castes of the 'Twice-born.' A rigid legalism triumphs for a time over the universality of the love of God. It was a lame and impotent conclusion. Salvation depended on knowledge of Sanskrit. Was that the last word of Hindu theism?

Turn from the philosophers and the law-books to the poets. It is like turning from the Priestly Code

¹ Comm. on *Bhag. Gītā*, vii. 18.

in the Pentateuch to the Psalms. For hundreds of years before Rāmānuja formulated his teaching, the Tamīl saints of S. India, belonging to the two great devotions—to Shiva or to Vishnu—had broken with the Sanskrit tradition as the vehicle of religious utterance, and poured forth their confessions of sin, their penitence, their trust, in their own vernacular. “What though ye be great doctors wise,” said the poet Appar (in the sixth or seventh century), “what though ye hear the Scriptures read? What though the duty you assume of doling out cooked food and gifts? It boots him nought who does not feel the noble truth that God is love!”¹ “The ignorant,” said Tirumūlar, “say that love and God are different, none know that love and God are the same. When they know that love and God are the same, they rest in God’s love.”² “O God,” cried another,

“I once knew nought of what thou art,
And wandered far astray. But when thy light
Pierced through my dark, I woke to know my God.
O Lord, I long for thee alone. I long
For none but thee to dwell within my soul.”³

And so the meaning of creation is that souls may learn to will and act, may taste the bitter fruit of knowledge of good and evil, may be chastened and purified by suffering and sorrow, and taught to submit to the will of the Supreme.

Time fails me to tell how these notes are heard all through the Middle Ages in one of the great vernaculars after another, Bengali, Hindi, Marathi. They issued in two great protests, they generated two great

¹ Fraser, *Indian Thought, Past and Present*, p. 270.

² Pillai, *Studies in Saiva Siddhānta*, p. 237.

³ Gover, *Folk-Songs of Southern India*, p. 178.

demands. The first of these, a protest against idolatry, a demand for pure spiritual worship, had early been the achievement of Judaism. But when religion was conceived as a spiritual fellowship between the soul and God, more was involved than the abandonment of temple-rituals, bathing in sacred rivers, or pilgrimage to holy places. The formal teachers of *bhakti* might indeed devise its disciplines and lay out its stages, starting from the traditional demands of the law. But the mystics who realised God through a profound personal experience, needed no such supports; they appealed to the primary instincts of the heart; they required no authority to assure them of the Divine Presence; the whole world was their sanctuary, the soul their inmost shrine. Such vision was independent of the written word. It could not be imparted by the Veda, nor did it rise out of any social obligation or caste-duty. It was the outcome of the immediate relation between the human spirit and its heavenly Lord. The Scriptures therefore ceased to be the rule of faith and practice; and the barriers of caste were overthrown. "When shall our race be one great brotherhood," asked the poet Patirakiriyar, in the tenth century, "unbroken by the tyranny of caste?" "Do not the sun and rain nourish high and low with equal bounty?" said Kapila.

In thus cutting itself adrift from the past the higher Hindu theism lacked those elements of race-consciousness and institutional vigour which kept Judaism alive and resolute under unexampled dangers and sufferings. The Indian mystic felt the sacred law a bondage, not a privilege; the daily ritual was a constraint that must be cast aside; it did not quicken him as it quickened the Jew with holy joy in the

fulfilment of the will of God. He might wander through the length and breadth of India, from East to West, from North to South, but he knew little of the world beyond, and the great impulses which had made Judaism—like Buddhism in still earlier days—a missionary religion, did not stir him. The historic outlook of Israel was really on a wider scale, and ranged over greater diversities of human culture. Moreover it was wrought into a definite time-scheme. In view of our present knowledge its reckoning may seem childishly limited; the grandiose figures which Hindu imagination loved, approach much nearer to the calculations of modern science. But Indian thought, however it might struggle, could never transcend the fundamental view of existence as an infinite rhythm, a perpetual succession, after huge intervals of divine repose, of world-creations and world-dissolutions. What was its meaning? Vainly did speculation strive with endless regress to reach a beginning. Shaṅkara could only depict the vast alternating process as the cosmic sport of the Sovereign of the universe. The weaver Kabir strikes a higher note. For him these solemn periods make wondrous music; it is the music of love's unceasing melody. "Held by the cords of love," he cries, "the swing of the Ocean of Joy sways to and fro, and a mighty sound breaks forth in song." Just as in the Apocalypse a swelling hymn rises from all creation, in heaven, on earth, beneath the earth and on the sea, to the Lord God that sitteth upon the throne, so does Kabir hear the "universe sing in worship day and night." "There adoration never ceases, there the Lord of the universe sitteth on his throne."¹ But he is constrained to add that of this joy

¹ Tagore, *One Hundred Poems of Kabir*, xvii.

only a few souls know. It is a lamentable and disappointing issue. This wondrous rhythm repeats itself unweariedly with an infinity behind it and before. But it advances to no goal. The elected of Heaven may escape into the realm of the eternal; for the rest the close of one world-age ends with the warning 'to be continued in our next.'

How different were the conceptions rooted in Hebrew prophecy. There Israel's history is seen in connection with a mighty plan, which finally embraces all the nations of the earth. Step by step it is prepared for a great destiny. The divine education of events is never suspended. Disaster is converted into discipline. Dispersion provides the opportunities for the spread of spiritual religion. The Servant of the Lord becomes the bearer of revelation to the world; the kingdom of David expands into the Rule of God. The Sovereign of the universe is no metaphysical abstraction, he is a living and a righteous Will, animating creation, and guiding humanity to the victory of good. In that strange book of riddles impregnated with Jewish thought and speech which depicts the solemn close of history and the inauguration of the Eternal Reign, the gates of the holy city are for ever open, the nations are healed with leaves from the tree of life, and all iniquity is done away. These are the symbols of undying faith. Time and knowledge may paint new pictures on the walls of our chambers of imagery; but as we pray for the coming of that Kingdom without the mention of which, said the Rabbis, a prayer was not a prayer, we recognise that Judaism, so often mocked, derided, scorned, has planted within us the spirit of inextinguishable hope.

J. ESTLIN CARPENTER.

‘THE WITCH OF ATLAS’—IMAGINATION.

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FOR the authors of those great poems which we admire do not attain to excellence through the rules of any art; but they utter their beautiful melodies of verse in a state of inspiration, and, as it were, possessed by a spirit not their own.

PLATO, *Ion*, Shelley's Translation.

THERE have always been, and probably always will be, disputes as to the moral worth of Shelley's life and as to the value of his political and philosophical views; but as to the sincerity of his poetry there can surely be no two opinions. Not only does that poetry as a whole exemplify his conception of what poetry should be, but it always expresses, as accurately as was possible to his nature, what he saw and wished his readers to see. No less than Dante or Wordsworth did he scorn to put in an ornament for the sake of an ornament, or to say what he did not think for the sake of rounding off a paragraph or a poem.

Hence, when we find a poem that is specially difficult of interpretation, we need not in order to understand it seek among falsehoods or mere prettinesses. We do not believe, as some do, that Shelley ever wrote a poem without definite meaning—that is, we believe that at the moment when the enthusiasm was upon him he saw with absolute distinctness the succession of images that passed before his eyes. Mr. Stopford Brooke will have it that *The Witch of Atlas* is “a poem in which he sent his imagination out like a

child into a meadow, without any aim save to enjoy itself. Now and again," says Mr. Brooke, "Shelley himself alters or arranges the manner of the sport, as if with some intention, but never so much as to spoil the natural wildness of the Imagination's play. 'I mean nothing,' Shelley would have said; 'I did not write the poem. My imagination made it of its own accord.' " This is true in one sense; but it is false if it means that Shelley, while the poem's grip was on him, did not see its pictures clearly, whatever may have been the case as they faded. Even its jests express the truth as Shelley saw it, and its very dreams are real *as dreams*. Shelley indeed, as anyone who has read his fragmentary *Speculations on Metaphysics* knows, had no necessity to go beyond his own experience for the visions of an Alastor or a Prince Athanase; his actual dreams were potent enough without his inventing others. It has often been observed, similarly, that his descriptions of mountains, seas and lakes, as given in his poems, are but versifications of the descriptions he had given to his friends in his letters; and in the same way the rocks, rivers and caverns of his mystical verses correspond, sometimes minutely, to what he had actually seen in the visionary journeys on which his soul so often set forth. Even if the veiled eye of memory could not reproduce them, the sub-conscious soul was assured of their reality. To use the words he applies to the melancholy of Prince Athanase, they are

the shadow of a dream

Which, through the soul's abyss, like some dark stream,
Through shattered mines and caverns underground,
Rolls, shaking its foundations.

The letters of Shelley again and the reports of his

friends show that there is no philosophy expressed in his verse which he was not willing to defend in prose; and outside of *The Cenci* it would be hard to find in his works a single opinion uttered in which he did not literally believe.

Further, the range of his ideas, though wide, is limited. Amid endless varieties of detail, he repeats the same landscapes, denounces the same evils, hazards the same conjectures, and dreams the same dreams. Hence, to interpret an obscure poem, we need not search beyond the borders of Shelley's realm as we know it. He is always himself, and always ranging over the same country. Few poets have developed more wonderfully, and yet his earliest poems are like his latest, and his noblest lyrics touch on the same themes as his worst. *Queen Mab* helps to explain the *Prometheus*; *Alastor* has not a little in common with *Prince Athanase*; and there is much in *Laon and Cythna* which throws light upon *The Triumph of Life*. To take but one example of this sameness—we find everywhere in Shelley the same favourite symbolisms recurring again and again. Whatever poem we open, we light upon pavilions, crystalline spheres, mountains and fountains, pinions and dominions, wastes and wildernesses, camelopards, antelopes, and alligators; the earth is daedal, sorcerers are archimages; we walk beneath the folding star, and tread upon wind-flowers; while behind every tree we see more nymphs and satyrs than vast earth can hold. Some of these words are indistinct in their symbolism, and mean different things at different times; others have attained a comparative fixity, and the interpretation of them in one passage will suit another. But every symbol, at the particular time, is clearly seen and truly described.

Thus in approaching what is perhaps the most obscure of all his poems, *The Witch of Atlas*, we are not without our guiding principles. The poem is not a mere play of fancy; it represents a truth as Shelley saw it. And, secondly, we shall probably find that truth expressed with more or less fulness elsewhere in his writings. Nor have we far to seek for that other expression of the truth. Looking at his *Defence of Poetry*, we find the following passage:

"Poetry turns all things to loveliness; it exalts the beauty of that which is most beautiful, and it adds beauty to that which is most deformed; it marries exultation and horror, grief and pleasure, eternity and change; it subdues to union under its light yoke all irreconcilable things. It transmutes all that it touches, and every form moving within the radiance of its presence is changed by wondrous sympathy to an incarnation of the spirit which it breathes; its secret alchemy turns to potable gold the poisonous waters which flow from death through life; it strips the veil of familiarity from the world, and lays bare the naked and sleeping beauty, which is the spirit of its forms."

That everything which is here said to be the function of poetry is also the function of the Witch, could be easily shown did space permit; it is sufficient to compare with the last sentence in the passage just quoted a single verse from the poem:

To her eyes

The naked beauty of the soul lay bare,
And often through a rude and worn disguise
She saw the inner form most bright and fair:
And then she had a charm of strange device,
Which, murmured on mute lips with tender tone,
Could make that spirit mingle with her own.

That, in fact, the Witch is Poetry, has been seen

by many readers. It is not likely that Mr. Stopford Brooke was the first to discern a hint of the poem in a line from *Mont Blanc*—

In the still cave of the witch Poesy.

And indeed it is surprising that so obvious a truth should have escaped the eyes of any attentive student of Shelley. Some, indeed, may have felt a kind of superstitious dread of discovering the secret which Shelley himself had laid under a ban :

If you unveil my Witch, no priest or primate
Can shrive you of that sin ;

but the sin has been dared by many, and will be dared by many more.

The Witch is Poetry ; but of course, she is Poetry in the sense in which Shelley understood the word, the sense explained in the *Defence*. To him Rousseau, Raphael and Bacon were poets equally with Dante and Milton ; an action might be poetry as truly as a line of Virgil. The death of Regulus was a poem ; the stubborn resistance of Rome to Hannibal was an epic. Both alike were inspired with the scorn of the finite which is of the very essence of poetry. Hence there is naturally some divergence in the words chosen by different commentators as best expressing the Witch. While Mr. Stopford Brooke calls the Witch Poetry simply, Mr. W. B. Yeats, not less correctly, calls her Beauty, and refers us thereby to *The Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* for some at least of the explanatory parallels. We ourselves, for reasons which will be more clearly seen in the sequel, prefer the name Creative Imagination. "Poetry," says Shelley, in the same *Defence* which we have already quoted, "creates anew the universe after it has been annihilated in our minds by the recurrence of impressions blunted by

reiteration. It justifies the bold and true words of Tasso, *Non merita nome di creatore, se non Iddio ed il poeta*—None deserves the name of creator but God and the poet." It is true that the word 'creative' is here used in a special sense. Inspiration is in one very important aspect receptive merely; the poet must wait for his hours of enthusiasm, and when they come must obey the impulse. It is imagination which casts its images on the mind of the poet; and his imagination but reflects those images, while it afterwards recollects them and then throws them into what we call poetic form. Poetry feeds, with a wise passiveness, on the eternal visions presented to it from the everlasting spirit, and he is the best poet who puts the least of self into his poems. This is true; and we must never lose sight of the fact that Shelley, after the fashion of his beloved Spinoza, drew a distinction between the Universal Imagination and its particular manifestations in individuals. Poetry, says Shelley, "is not subject to the control of the active powers of the mind." Nevertheless, as she receives her material direct from the creative powers of the universe, and, however passively, reacts upon it, she may well be called herself creative. The vision projected upon her eye by the great Substance is infinitely intense, but it is for that very reason obscure; and she must, in reproducing it, exercise her creative powers in relieving its obscurity.

The Witch, then, is under one symbol what Schiller's *Maiden from Afar* is under another:

And blessed was her presence there—
Each heart, expanding, grew more gay;
Yet something loftier still than fair
Kept man's familiar looks away.

From fairy gardens, known to none,
 She brought mysterious fruits and flowers,
 The things of some serener sun,
 Some Nature more benign than ours.

As with Schiller's maiden, too, we shall detect in her a certain hesitation between the particular and the universal aspects. Sometimes—to borrow once more the phraseology of Spinoza—she seems to be Imagination as one of the infinite attributes of the Divine; sometimes she is Imagination as limited into a finite mode; sometimes she seems to be both at once. But throughout, whether universal or particular, she is the creator of new materials of knowledge and power and pleasure; she comprehends all science, and is that to which all science must be referred. A poem, says Shelley elsewhere, is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth; it is, as Spinoza would say, ‘*essentia vitae sub specie aeternitatis*’; and, as the transmitter of a poem, a poet was to Shelley what he was to our old English ancestors, to Dunbar and to Carlyle, emphatically a Maker. He did not believe, like Browning, that man since he is a created being is “compelled to grow, not make in turn, yet forced to try and make, else fail to grow.” The inspired man both grows and makes.

From *The Witch of Atlas*, then, if only we can interpret it, we shall learn even more clearly what Shelley's view of Imagination is, than we can from the fragmentary *Defence of Poetry*, noble and amazingly penetrating as that essay is. For Shelley's view of poetry was such that poetry alone could convey it; when it is described in prose, half the mystic glory swims away. Its appeal is not to the mind, but to that which is above and beyond the mind; to the

certainities which cannot be proved, and even the explanation of which is beyond the power of prose.

With this idea ever present to our minds, we **may** begin our study of the poem. The first conception of the Witch as a just type of Imagination doubtless came to Shelley from reading those lines in the fourth book of the *Aeneid*, in which Dido speaks to her sister of the priestess who, as she believes, can either restore Aeneas to her, or loose her from the chain of his love.

Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
 Long tracts of Aethiopian climates run ;
 There a Massylian priestess I have found,
 Honoured for age, for magic arts renowned.
 The Hesperian temple was her trusted care ;
 'Twas she supplied the wakeful dragon's fare.
 She poppy-seeds in honey taught to steep,
 Reclaimed his rage, and soothed him into sleep.
 Her charms unbind
 The chains of love, or fix them on the mind ;
 She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry,
 Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.

This priestess is one of the Atlantides—the three Hesperian maidens, daughters of Atlas, who guarded the sacred apples. Her powers are precisely those ascribed to Orpheus, and, as Shelley read the lines, he would inevitably think of the magic skill of the Thracian bard, until the symbol of the Witch stood in his mind for Poetic Imagination. That this is so is made still more probable by the reference in the eleventh stanza to the rude kings of pastoral Garamant ; for this same fourth book of the *Aeneid* is full of the Garamantian tribes, and contains more than one reference to the rude king Iarbas, ‘ *Ammone satus, rapta Garamantide nympa.*’ With this symbol thus established in his mind, and ready at any moment to

emerge into complete consciousness, Shelley made that ascent of Monte San Pellegrino which, as his wife tells us, suggested the poem to him, and indeed so filled him with its main ideas that he finished it in the following three days. The poem begins by asserting the priority of the Imagination to the cruel twins Error and Truth (*i.e.* Fact). Mistake and Accuracy are alike possible only to mere Reason, such as that which is ascribed even to Locke, Hume and Gibbon. A sophister or calculator may be wrong or he may be correct; for he deals with phenomena in Time, which Shelley had learnt from Spinoza to be only a phantasm. Essential Truth is visible only to the Imagination, which alone is the worthy faculty of the poet. All this is expressed by Shelley in the words:

Those cruel twins whom at a birth
Incestuous Change bore to her father Time,
Error and Truth, had hunted from the earth
All those bright natures which adorned its prime,
And left us nothing to believe in, worth
The pains of putting into learned rhyme.

Parallels to this can be found everywhere in Shelley's poetry; it is sufficient to refer here to the famous passage in *Epipsychidion*:

Love . . . is like thy light,
Imagination, which from earth and sky,
And from the depths of human phantasy,
As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills
The universe with glorious beams and kills
Error, the worm, with many a sun-like beam
Of its reverberated lightning;

where, however, Shelley is not so much concerned, as here, to distinguish between the Imagination and the Understanding, and therefore represents Imagination

as slaying the Error which he regards as altogether non-existent in her world.

Severed thus from Reason, the Witch, we are told, lived on Atlas Mountain. This is because Imagination scales the heavens and holds communion with the stars; and Atlas, as Virgil tells us, swirls on his shoulder the pole of heaven with all its train of blazing constellations. She lives in a cavern by a secret fountain. Caverns and fountains are common enough in Shelley's poetry. We are reminded here of that cave to which, as he tells us in *Epipsychidion*, he was led by the moon-like lady of his dreams; a cavern in the midst of the obscure forest of the world, through which flew the twin babes, Life and Death. And we are also reminded of the fountains from which came the voice of the enchanted being whom he pursued so long in vain. But there is no need to use any words but those of Mr. Yeats: "So good a Platonist as Shelley could hardly have thought of any cave as a symbol, without thinking of Plato's cave that was the world; and so good a scholar may well have had Porphyry on the Cave of the Nymphs in his mind. When I compare Porphyry's description of the cave where the Phaeacian boat left Odysseus with Shelley's description of the cave of the Witch . . . I find it hard to think otherwise." Thus the cavern is the type of the world in general, and especially of the world in its mysterious and occult aspect; it is Mother Earth as the source of magic power.

Whatever this cave may be, the Witch is not, like us dull mortals, shut up within it. From it flows a river, whose source is in one place called secret and in another sacred; from which the camelopard, the serpent and all beasts drink reviving and soothing

draughts. This stream runs like life through all the realms of knowledge—Knowledge and Life being to Shelley, like Thought and Extension to Spinoza, but two aspects of the same thing. All things, he says in the *Defence*, exist as they are perceived, at least in relation to the percipient; and he quotes Milton's famous lines: "The mind is its own place and of itself Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." He did not, it is true, believe the essence of the world to be mind. It is, as he tells us more than once, a painted veil, which those who live call life; and unreal shapes are painted upon it; it is neither reason nor imagination but something that includes both—and more akin to the latter. Yet to Shelley life and perception were one. Thus the river is in one aspect Thought, in another Time; it is a fleeting, flowing thing, behind which lies a reality we cannot conceive. Down this river Alastor sailed, in search of his unattainable ideal.

O stream,
Whose source is inaccessibly profound,
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?
Thou imagest my life.

Down such a stream flows the everlasting Universe of Things—as we are told in *Mont Blanc*. Down this same river, as we shall see, floats our Witch, in her magic boat, that moves like the winged thought of Homer, on the voyage which is to be so full of blessing to mortals. Doubtless also Shelley had in mind the mountain of Helicon on which the Muses dwell, the caves of that mountain, and the Permessian waters that flow down its sides. The fountain is secret, not only because the origin of life is hidden from us, but because in ancient symbolism knowledge, and especially occult knowledge, is derived from hidden

waters. If Shelley had only known the *Edda*, he would have referred us to Odin and the well of Mimir.

We have already seen why Shelley makes the mother of the Witch one of the three Atlantides, daughters of Atlas, that watch the golden apples of beauty and knowledge in the garden of the Hesperides. Her father is the Sun, the creative principle of life. In *Epipsychidion*, the Vision that Shelley so long sought in vain is at last discovered, and is found to be

Soft as an incarnation of the Sun
When light is changed to love ;

that is, the Intellectual Beauty (who is here symbolised as the Witch) is, when embodied in a human form, an incarnation of the creative principle ; when regarded as pervasive and eternal, she is a daughter of that principle, and of course reproduces the lineaments of her father.

The all-beholding Sun, his light being changed to love, sees the beauty of the Hesperian nymph, and kisses her to dissolution. She is changed into a vapour, into a cloud, into a meteor, into an invisible star—for Imagination, regarded as a thing apart from creative power, is vague, fleeting, and transitory. The offspring of the Sun—the Imagination informed with the creative omnipotence—is immortal, unchangeable and gifted with all the magic that dwells in her sire. At first a dewy splendour, she takes shape and motion, and becomes an embodied power—her body, of course, being that spiritual body with which Shelley's thoughts are so often dowered. Garmented in the light of her own beauty ; her eyes as deep—to use the comparison which has drawn the admiration of Francis Thompson—as two openings of night seen through the roof of a tempest cloven by the lightning ;

her hair dark, like the trail of a comet far beyond human ken, she is worthy of her parentage. Like Circe she is the Sun's true daughter; the cave grows warm with her presence. Like Circe she controls all beasts, and weaves magic things with her spindle like Circe she is beautiful. Another Orpheus, she draws animals after her, and tames them to her will, giving courage to the timid and gentleness to the savage: "*emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*" Old Silenus, Dryope and Faunus follow her; for the wildest and most vulgar fancies, when touched with true Imagination, are transformed into unaccustomed beauty. Universal Pan unites himself with the Lady—for the universe is created by the Imagination, and does not exist without her—all things exist as they are perceived. God himself in creating the world, as Milton tells us, beholds it as answering his great Idea; and apart from that Idea it cannot be.

At first, it is true, the Imagination, working in ignorant and untrained minds, produces grotesque and quaint fancies. She is pursued by the rude kings of Garamant, by pygmies and Polyphemes, and by lumps neither alive nor dead, dog-headed, bosom-eyed, and bird-footed. These are the creations of an uncultivated imagination, such as gave birth to the art of Egypt or of India, and such as was speedily rejected by the Greeks and their followers, in favour of a tamed and refined form of the faculty. Nevertheless even grotesqueness, so far as it is creative, has a true nobility.

In the face of Imagination, what we call reality is dimmed. As soon as she is seen, all thoughts are fixed upon her. "Vice," says Pope, "is a monster of so frightful mien As, to be hated, needs but to be seen "

the exact contrary is the case with the Witch—to see her is to love her. But there is some danger in her very beauty. As with Moses when he descended from the mount after communion with Jahweh, her face is too glorious to be gazed upon without dazzling our eyes. She must be veiled; and accordingly she takes her spindle, and spins three threads of fleecy light, such as the dawn may kindle the clouds with, and these, we are told in a remarkable phrase, are a shadow for the splendour of her love. For, as we shall see later, Shelley recognised no distinction between the Intellectual Beauty that informs the world and that sustaining Love which holds it together.

The web is woven of fleecy mist and of lines of light, because, as Shelley believed, the Imagination at its highest shuns the definite. Its edges are never sharp and clear; it deals with dreams, with shadows, with clouds; it has nothing to do with ‘this solidity and compound mass.’ Its very brightness often brings obscurity; “dark with excess of bright its skirts appear.” It is inevitable that the infinite ocean should fade into shadow toward the horizon; and the rim of the sun is blurred as he sinks in glory to his setting.

The next few stanzas (14-20) illustrate the comprehensiveness of those ideas which, in the view of Shelley, were included under the word—Imagination. We have already seen how widely in the *Defence of Poetry* he had stretched that word, and here we see the same thing yet more clearly. The dwelling of the Lady is odorous, and odours are kept in a kind of aviary to stir sweet thoughts or sad in destined minds. We are reminded of the verse in *The Sensitive Plant*, which tells of

The hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense.

And to Shelley odours were not only, as they are to most of us, the potent arousers of memory, but also a form of music and a vehicle of love. As much as the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders could they stir heroes to battle, or chase away anguish and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain from mortal or immortal minds. Once more, in the cavern are Visions, swift and quaint, each in its pale sheath like a chrysalis; ready to bear their message to those whom Shelley, perhaps unconsciously following Chaucer, calls the saints of Love. This is another intimation of that mystic union of Poetry with Love, which was to Shelley, as to his masters Plato and Dante, the very first principle in the imaginative interpretation of the world. Just as, in the *Prometheus*, the character of Asia stands for that Love which must lie at the back of all social regeneration, so here we are taught the converse truth that without Imagination Love is sordid and unholy; in fact that in proportion as a lover is a poet so is his love lofty. Deprived of the love of human beings, as Shelley tells us in one of his striking fragments, the poetic mind loves the flowers, the grass, the waters and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is then found a secret correspondence with our heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to a dance of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious

tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone.

Not far removed from this idea is that presented in stanza 18 just below. The cavern, like the house of Alma in *The Faerie Queene*, is stored with scrolls of strange device, the works of some Saturnian Archimage, which tell how the golden age may be restored. Social amelioration is to be found only by imaginative sympathy with the lot of others. He who can adequately picture to himself the state of the poor, will be cured of the lust of gold; he who can picture beforehand a battle, will be cured of the lust of blood; the oppressor is he who cannot be himself oppressed. On the other hand, the apparently untamable forces of revolution will obey the spell of Imagination. Jupiter, in the *Prometheus Unbound*, is right when he says that his Enemy, even when he hangs seared by the long revenge on Caucasus, would not doom the tyrant to eternal anguish; for he can well picture woe. And, lest we should forget the real meaning of Imagination, the stanza we are studying ends with identifying the scrolls of the Archimage with the inmost lore of Love.

Yet further, the next stanza tells us that even the most mechanical inventions, and even the dullest discoveries of science, owe their life to this same power. Touched by the sun of creative intelligence, they shine

In their own golden beams; each like a flower
Out of whose depth a firefly shakes his light
Under a cypress in a starless night.

At first the Lady lives alone; before Imagination has time to create her own companions she is in a loneliness which is scarcely to be distinguished from

non-existence. She is, indeed, in the same utter solitude as that in which we may conceive God to have lived before the creation—a solitude, however, rich with the potentiality of all being. Her own thoughts, without material upon which to work, fly rapidly to and fro, and speedily build for her that universe on which she in turn employs her thoughts. But this very world is fleeting; while she is building she is destroying; the mountains and trees begin to die from the moment of their birth. The boundless ocean itself will be consumed like a drop of dew; the stubborn earth (in Shaksperian language the 'centre') must be scattered like a cloud. But she cannot die as they do. For, as Spinoza says, although the mind can only imagine anything or remember what is past, while the body endures, yet it cannot be absolutely destroyed with the body, but something of it remains that is eternal. Thus the Lady cannot permit the Oreads and Naiads to remain with her as her satellites; and yet she will make her paths in the streams in which they dwell. The Imagination differs from God in this, that while she can create a world, that world is tinged with a weakness borrowed from her. To God the world is eternal; but to us, though we are creators, the world must be mortal as we are; and yet something of us remains that is eternal, and this, says Shelley, is the power possessed by the Imagination of endlessly re-creating its images.

Apart from this power in us, not only is the world non-existent, but the past is dead. It is not learning that reconstructs the past, but the imaginative faculty. The historian must be a poet, or he is no historian. The true chroniclers are those who, in the Witch's cavern, spell out the scrolls of dread antiquity—but

add some grace, caught from her, to the wrought poesy; while the odours of memory, wrought into a blaze by the fire of genius (stanzas 26 and 27), cast true light upon the past. Men scarcely realise how beautiful that fire is; and yet it must not be the dry light of science; it has to be veiled and dimmed by the very Imagination that raises it. A literal transcript of the past—a photograph of it—is *ipso facto* false; to see it true one must look at it through the mist of romance. “Fiction that makes fact alive is fact too”—and here Shelley and Browning would be at one; but Shelley would have added, Fact, without some fiction in it, is not fact at all. For a similar reason in the next stanza Shelley tells us that the Lady, though never sleeping, lies in trance within the fountain; she views things, after all, as they are refracted in the waves of life.

In the *Prometheus Unbound*, we are told that at the moment of the great transformation, the Spirit of the Earth

hid herself

Within a fountain in the public square,
Where she lay like the reflex of the moon
Seen in a wave under green leaves;

and from thence beheld the ugly human shapes transform themselves into mild and lovely forms, while the halcyons fed unharmed on night-shade. But here the meaning seems to be somewhat different; the passage appears to wish to emphasise the fact that pure Imagination is useless to mankind; and Shelley, to whom, as he said to Peacock, poetry was very subordinate to moral and political science, would not have spent a single stanza on Imagination except as human. But the Imagination, human as it is, must be distorted

neither by passion nor by reason. The Lady must lie as in sleep, inaccessible to the tumult of the work-a-day world, and must at all hazards keep her contemplations calm. When the storms arise, she must seek refuge within the well of fire that is to be found amid the meadows of asphodel—*i.e.* in the life of thought that is only to be found in that region where all warriors rest from battle, like Achilles after the wars of windy Troy.

The means by which she speaks to men is poetry—poetry in the narrower sense as the word is generally understood. She travels down the river of Life in a boat—as Alastor travelled, as Laon and Cythna travelled, on their endless quest. The image is old; it was the very one hit upon by the Icelandic skalds, who called Poetry Odin's boat; by Chaucer, who in *Troilus* tells us that "in the see the boot hath swich travayle of his conning that unnethe he can sterve it"; by Dante in *Purgatorio*, "*la navicella del mio ingegno*"; by Propertius, "*non est ingenii cumba gravanda tui*"; and in fact by almost all poets. The symbolic origin of this boat, however, has never been so fully illustrated as by Shelley. It was, say some, wrought for Venus by Vulcan—that is, it was fashioned by fiery genius for the messages of Love. Or else it sprang from a seed sown by Love in the star of Venus—by which figure the exquisite spontaneity of lyric verse is beautifully emphasised. And to Shelley Poetry that was not lyric had scarcely any claim to the name; nor has Poetry anything to deal with but Love. As Professor Bradley puts it, "Whatever in the world has any worth is an expression of Love. Love sometimes talks. Love talking musically is Poetry."

Without Imagination Poetry is naught. It is the

Witch that breathes into it the breath of life—as the Creator breathed life into the nostrils of Adam. But, as to Hamlet the art of acting, in its very frenzy, must beget a kind of temperance, so with the noble mania of Poetry. Poetry is wild beauty tamed—like a panther at the feet of Bacchus, or a flame subdued to the service of Vesta's hearth. So marked is this feature of it, that Shelley uses to describe it one of those reversed comparisons of which he is so fond. The symbol is like the thing symbolised; the boat is like a winged thought of Homer. So, in the *Prometheus*, Shelley compares an avalanche to the movement of a revolutionary thought; and so, in *Mont Blanc*, he compares the course of the Arve to the flowing of the universe through the mind. Whenever this occurs in Shelley, it denotes extreme earnestness.

The pilot of the boat is a sexless thing, tempered with liquid Love out of fire and snow—for Love can reconcile all things, and all high truth is the reconciliation of opposites. This Hermaphrodite is, in fact, “Lyric Love, half angel and half bird, And all a wonder and a wild desire.” With it, the Lady glides down the stream, which is Life conceived as Mind, until she reaches the austral waters, that ocean, beyond the fabulous Thamondocana (a name borrowed from Ptolemy), which represents the Universal Mind, or rather that Essential Substance, beyond and including Mind, which in Shelley's view represented the real truth of things. That lake is only to be perceived in reposeful contemplation, for it is itself the negation of all tumult. There, whatever storms may rage, is the calm haven in which the Imagination can do its work undisturbed. “Port after stormy seas, Death after life, does greatly please.”

At this point (stanza 51), where we may with some plausibility guess that Shelley began his third day's work upon the poem, the tone changes. Hitherto it has been serious; it now becomes light. Doubtless the change was in part due to a change in the poet's own mood; but partly also to a deliberate desire to represent an aspect of Imagination which is easily overlooked. The Imagination that goes to a humorous creation like Falstaff, or to a grotesque creation like Caliban, is fully as great as that which goes to *Lear* or to the *Divine Comedy*. Nay (stanza 54) in some points Imagination may even borrow from Rumour herself. She is now comic and now tragic; now her sphere is laughter and now pathos. At other times, again, it is pure poetry, without any definite quality, such as that of Shelley himself in *Life of Life* or in the very *Witch of Atlas* which we are considering; it is such poetry as Arion may have sung when he was borne on the waves by the dolphin. Such poetry is that which, like so much of Byron and Shelley, is pure description; when the poet describes a crag or a storm for its own sake, when the Witch is running upon the platforms of the wind, or climbing the steepest ladder of the crudded rack.

Of course, in reducing Shelley's symbols to their lowest terms, one runs more than a risk of destroying the poetry altogether. I am not unmindful of the warning so admirably given by Mr. Yeats as to interpreting *Prometheus Unbound* as simply Godwin's *Political Justice* put into rhyme. To the learned scholar who said that Shelley was a crude revolutionist, Mr. Yeats quoted the lines which tell how the halcyons ceased to prey on fish, and how poisonous leaves became good for food, to show that he foresaw

more than any political regeneration. Of *The Witch of Atlas*, as much as of the *Prometheus*, are Mrs. Shelley's words true: "It requires a mind as subtle and penetrating as his own to understand the mystic meanings scattered throughout the poem. They elude the ordinary reader by their abstraction and delicacy of distinction, but they are far from vague." All this is very true. A political regeneration divorced from Intellectual Beauty would have seemed to Shelley no regeneration at all; and Intellectual Beauty cannot be put into words even if those words were as ethereal as his own. Nevertheless the converse is true, that Imagination and Intellectual Beauty had to Shelley a practical and social value. They are as useful as reasoning and mechanics; and a poet, no less than a bridge-maker or a politician, has his solid use in the State. Nay, without Imagination, all political effort is vain. "Poetry," says Shelley in a remarkable passage in the *Defence*, "is the faculty which contains within itself the seeds at once of its own and of social renovation." It was the poetry in the authors of the Christian religion which was the secret of the success that religion has had; it was the poetry in the chivalric system which refined the manners of the Middle Ages. Even when society is decaying, Poetry ever addresses itself to those faculties which are the last to be destroyed, and its voice is heard, like the footsteps of Astraea, departing from the world. As long as there is in a nation susceptibility to poetic pleasure, that nation is not utterly corrupt.

This being the view of Shelley as to the relation between poetry and politics, we are not in the least surprised to find some very practical politics in *The Witch of Atlas*; and the last part of the poem is

devoted to describing, with a touch of ironical humour, this aspect of her work. Her chief sport is to glide down old Nilus, from the steep of utmost Axume, by Maeris and the Mareotid lake, past the Labyrinth and the Pyramids, to the sea. These represent old civilisations, with all their triumphs of mechanical skill, and all the unmentionable horrors of their lawless laws and customary codes. Man, whose life ought to move on in a smooth stream, like the Nile over the plains of the Delta, finds himself disturbed by the hideous strife due to the distorted terrors induced by priestcraft and the wrongs of secular oppressors. We, says Shelley, must take an unpiloted and a starless course over the wild surface, to an unknown goal; but she in the calm depths. The piercing eye of Imagination can see, in the dreadful present, the promise of a glorious future; and, with something of the calm of a Spinoza or a Goethe, the philosopher can watch the agonising world move on to her destined end. The Witch can gaze at princes enjoying their undeserved luxury and at peasants in their huts; she can see the priests asleep, all educated into a dull and useless uniformity, and the sailors on the waves, and the dead in their eternal sleep. To her calm eyes the naked beauty of the soul lies bare. And she has a charm that robs the poverty-struck life of its sordidness and dulls the edge of care. This is that dream-like Hope which comes to all and keeps the world for ever young. For lack of this charm, Tithonus grew old and withered into a grey shadow; and it was for lack of it that Adonis died despite the prayers of Venus. For what would life be without its dreams? It is they that lend romance to the most humdrum of existences, and touch the dreariest heart with a glowing ray from Infinitude. It

is they that teach us the secret of Love—a secret which the Lady does not know at first, but which she will learn in time; and when she learns it, the Imagination will attain its true perfection.

As Imagination penetrates into the brains of men, they see the futility of their crimes. Elsewhere Shelley tells us that a mountain, if duly understood by Imagination, has power to repeal whole codes of fraud and wrong; and here, in other words, he says the same. Under the influence of Imagination, the miser, a new Zacchaeus, restores his gains; the lying scribe confesses his falsehoods, the priest owns that his religion was a fraud carried on for the sake of lucre. Nay, kings themselves renounce the trappings of royalty, and reveal kingship to the world as a grotesque and indecent sham. Soldiers, once given the power to see their trade as it really is, walk forth to beat their swords into ploughshares; for war is not possible as soon as the point of view of one's opponents is grasped. For the same reason, the gaolers release from prison the liberal captives, for they realise their attitude to life; and as soon as we see that there is something to be said for a creed we can no longer try to crush it by force. Shelley, by the way, is guilty here both of a false quantity and of a more serious inconsistency. King Amāsis, who should really be King Amāsis, is much annoyed at the release of the schismatics. But, if he had been sufficiently imaginative to dress an ape up in his crown and robes, he would not have minded a few liberals in his realm.

From political freedom we are led on to free love. True wisdom, says Shelley, would see no ill in lovers who had obeyed the impulses of Nature. *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*; and complete

comprehension is possible only to the imaginative mind.

Lastly, if there is anything higher than love, it is friendship. At least Sidney, Michael Angelo and Shakspeare seem to have thought so. And of all evil souls the worst is that which finds pleasure in sundering friendships; while to restore the broken union is perhaps the hardest, as it is the noblest, task in the world. "I should like," says Jean Paul, "to be present at all reconciliations; for there is no love that moves us like returning love." The task is hard indeed, but it is not beyond the power of the Witch. A determined effort to imagine oneself into the position of the other mind can succeed, where all else fails. "With visions clear Of deep affection and of truth sincere" she unites the friends once more.

At the end of the *Utopia* Sir Thomas More recurs to the tone of irony which, in the enchantment of his dreams, he had for a time forgotten. "There are many things in the Republic of Nowhere which I rather wish than hope to see adopted in England." Similarly, having surveyed the work of his Witch, so noble and so exalted, Shelley recurs to the fleeting tone he had for a while discarded. These wondrous doings are pranks; this immortal benefactor of the human race is a mere eccentric; no sensible person, with comfortable things all around him, and the summer sun shedding pleasant rays upon him, can possibly believe in her existence or her doings. But it is just from such common sense that Shelley does his utmost to deliver us. The rest of the acts of the Witch and all that she did, says he, are not to be told on these garish summer days, in which we believe scarce more than we can see—to Shelley the worst of restrictions.

The full story must be reserved for a weird winter night—for then the Imagination has full play. As he had already sung in the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*,

There is a harmony

In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,

Which through the summer is not heard nor seen ;

and those who have read and loved *The Witch of Atlas* will agree with the lines in *Marianne's Dream* :

Sleep has sights as clear and true

As any waking eyes can view.

E. E. KELLETT.

THE SPIRIT OF CAESAR AND THE WILL TO POWER.

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It might appear from the account given of Nietzsche's philosophical position,¹ that a *tour de force* would be needed to bring Nietzsche and Shakespeare into any kind of living relationship. That the contrasts are most marked and far reaching will be sufficiently apparent, but there is, I think, sufficient in common between the two artists to make the contrast instructive. For Nietzsche is emphatically an artist and the philosophy that is born of the Spirit of Music is an artist-philosophy Nietzsche himself recognizes that this is so. He speaks of his *Birth of Tragedy* as a 'metaphysics for artists.' And referring to his *Zarathustra* in *Ecce Homo* he tells us that "the whole of *Zarathustra* might perhaps be classified under the rubric 'music,' " adding these words: "At all events the essential condition of its production was a second birth within me of the art of hearing."² This is not the way in which a *philosopher* would naturally refer to his masterpiece. And when we recall the aphoristic character of Nietzsche's writing, his contempt for

¹ See 'The Will to Power and the Spirit of Caesar' in the January number—a Paper read before the Melbourne Shakespeare Society, July 7, 1916.

² *Ecce Homo*, p. 97.

logic, consistency and system, the brilliance of his style, and the imaginative power of all his work, we are prepared to understand the critic who referred to Nietzsche as an artist who had strayed into philosophy.

Nietzsche again had a vivid, though it may be a restricted sense of realities, a fine feeling for what was vital, and an ardent desire to be in closest touch with facts. Goethe's poetic appeal to 'get rid of compromise and live resolutely in that which is whole, full and beautiful,' made a deep impression on Nietzsche's mind, and he is constantly connecting this inspiring challenge with the Music of his own Dionysus. That Shakespeare's vitality was in every way more sound and genuine than Nietzsche's, and that his power to live in the Whole and in the Full was incomparably more successful need not be disputed. My present point is simply that a spontaneous feeling for what is vital is common to both artists, and that they also share a common antipathy to what is mediocre, dull and void of character. It is at any rate the forcefulness and vitality of Shakespeare's men and women that attracted Nietzsche to the works of Shakespeare. His sister tells us that in 1861, when 17 years of age, he received Shakespeare's works as a Christmas present and began 'a passionate *study*' of these volumes, and we know that Shakespeare himself and many of his heroes and heroines figured eventually in Nietzsche's gallery of supermen.

In 1883 we find him, in a letter to his sister, recommending her to read Shakespeare. "Every form of strength," he writes, "is in itself refreshing and delightful to behold. Read Shakespeare: he presents you with a crowd of such strong men—rough, hard, mighty men of granite. It is precisely in these men

that our age is so poor.”¹ I very much regret that we have no record of Nietzsche’s individual appreciations of Shakespeare’s characters. I should like to know how Nietzsche would have fitted in these men of granite—Coriolanus, Othello, Macbeth, shall we say?—within the limits of his tragic world; and, above all, what was the specific tragic impression which Shakespeare’s great tragedies left upon his mind. But, so far as I know, we have only one indication in Nietzsche’s writings of what this impression may have been. In *Ecce Homo* we find the following reflection of Nietzsche’s: “When I cast about me for my highest formula of Shakespeare, I find invariably but this one: that he conceived the type of Caesar. Such things a man cannot guess—he either *is* the thing or he is *not*.”² Now this indication, brief as it is, may serve as a convenient point of departure in our attempt to trace the Will to Power in a small section of Shakespeare’s tragic world. It gives us to suppose that Shakespeare’s Caesar was a superman after Nietzsche’s own pattern. Is this supposition, we ask, well-grounded?

I do not know whether Nietzsche ever distinguished between Caesar and the Caesar-Spirit. In any case he was unable to profit from the illuminating pages which Prof. MacCallum has devoted to this very distinction in his well-known work on Shakespeare’s Roman Plays. You will doubtless remember the main contention. Julius Caesar is conceived by Shakespeare not as the pure impersonation of the Imperial Idea, but as its very imperfect vehicle and organ. We find Shakespeare deliberately, and of his own initiative,

¹ *The Lonely Nietzsche*, p. 203; cp. *The Young Nietzsche*, p. 99.

² *Ecce Homo*, p. 40.

clothing the mortal Caesar with petty weaknesses, the general effect of which is to detach Caesar's individuality quite sharply from the Caesarism for which he stands. Caesar still remains great, and in virtue of his genius the one man fit to rule the world which he has done so much to bring under the Imperial Idea. But his greatness, like the greatness of all tragic characters, is smitten with human weakness. His task is too great for him, and his will breaks under the strain. The Majesty of Rome is about to spread its ægis over the better part of the world, but as a political order it is still in the making and calls for a will that is autocratic in action, but in pretension infinitely flexible. Caesar's will, as a matter of Shakespearean fact, is autocratic in its claim but brittle in performance. Instead of effacing himself religiously before the Majesty of Rome, whilst ruling autocratically in her name, he must needs seek to be himself the incarnation of this Majesty, and to put forward his own name as the sign and symbol of his august office. The effect of this policy is to stir up envy in Cassius, and alarm in the patriot heart of Brutus, and also to throw into relief the vast discrepancy between Caesar's individual powers and his imperial pretensions. And of these discords his assassination is the tragic climax. His will to *be* the very Majesty of Rome prevents him from being forceful and effective in his human relations. He must at all costs affect the god before the Senate and the people. In state he must proclaim himself "constant as the northern star," and without fellow in the firmament of men. And why should the hub of all the world give reasons? Hence, when Decius Brutus who has come to fetch Caesar to the Capitol is rebuffed, and wishes

to be given some cause for Caesar's refusal, he receives the reply: "The cause is in my will, I will not come; That is enough to satisfy the Senate." But a minute later most mighty Caesar resumes his manhood, and for love's sake gives Decius the true cause of his staying back. This true cause, we learn, is not his own will but his wife's humour and her dream. The imperial robes laid by, Decius has his chance, which he adroitly uses. Caesar's unstable will collapses before his clever flatteries and enticements, and the "I will not come" soon gives place to "I will go." But once he is on the way to the Capitol he becomes Imperial Caesar once again. Caesar's will, we learn with some surprise, is absolute; it creates standards and must not be questioned. "Caesar doth not wrong." Whence we are led to infer that Caesar does not will things because they are right; they are right because Caesar wills them. Other wills indeed must give reasons and produce causes, for without cause Caesar will not be satisfied. But Caesar's own *ipse dixit* is enough for himself and must also be enough for all the world beside.

In this oscillation between man and superman the unity of Caesar's life is lost. His will is perplexed and broken by superstition, caprice and despotic pretension. The whole world must circle about him, the Senate must accept his unreasoned decisions, Calphurnia submit herself to his superstitious fancy, and augurers ply their task only to have their auguries ostentatiously flouted. And though much of his old greatness still clings to him, it is easy to understand that Brutus, with these signs before him, fears for the future, and dreads the fatal hour when a will already diseased by the perils of solitary greatness shall have its frailties

intensified and sanctioned by the despotic conditions of imperial rule.

Now in certain essential respects Shakespeare's Julius Caesar is an apt illustration of the Will to Power. The more riotous spirit of Dionysus is indeed not conspicuous, for the aspiring rocket becomes visible to us in the play only as it is about to break in the high heavens. But it is certainly not lacking. It is Caesar's will to live dangerously. "Danger knows full well That Caesar is more dangerous than he. We were two lions littered in one day, And I the elder and more terrible." More clearly present are the unyielding ambition and the will to annihilate the obstructor. Even those who rise fresh from the funeral oration of Marcus Antonius will not, I think, be deluded into holding that Shakespeare's Caesar was not in some sense greatly ambitious. Brutus tells us quite simply that as Caesar was ambitious he slew him, and that with Caesar's death ambition's debt was paid. Moreover, at the advanced stage at which Caesar's ambition meets us in the Roman play, it is already hovering in the region beyond good and evil. Caesar's will has become the dispenser of justice, and there is nothing in his speech or in his conduct that suggests the firm background of the Roman law. It is not equity or law that shapes the will of Caesar; it is rather Caesar's Will to Power that is to shape the law. The one unshakeable reality is not the Majesty of Rome nor the majesty of law: it is Caesar's solitary will; and it is to make manifest the constancy of this will that Publius Cimber must remain in exile. But this constancy, as we have seen, is a Caesarian fiction. The *fact* is rather Caesar's arbitrary will, tempered, with a sublime inconsistency truly Nietzschean, by an *amor fati*, a

love of fate. "What can be avoided, Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods? . . . Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, It seems to me most strange that men should fear: Seeing that death, a necessary end, Will come when it will come."

Now it is this Will to Power, when ambition has loosed itself from the restraints of character, and in the spirit of arrogance has overstepped the human limits, which meets its Nemesis at the hand of Shakespeare. The wisdom that was Caesar is "consum'd in confidence," and "the abuse of greatness,—when it disjoins remorse from power," losing all scruple and all sense of pity—is already clearly apparent in the waning genius of the Conqueror of Gaul. Thus the Nemesis works from within outwards: it splits the will and blinds the judgment before it crashes upon the body and completes its work from the outside.

What then of the Spirit of Caesar? The demonic source of Caesar's greatness, the better and immortal part of him? Have we here perchance the type of the Will to Power and the Superbeing after Nietzsche's heart? It is not very easy, I confess, to fix the meaning which Shakespeare here attaches to the term 'spirit.' "I am thy father's spirit," says the Ghost to Hamlet; "Thy evil spirit, Brutus," says the Ghost to Brutus. It might therefore seem at first blush as though the Spirit of Caesar were but Caesar's ghost. But this simple identification, though it takes us some way, no doubt, will not meet the full facts of the case. When Brutus addressing the conspirators exclaims, "We all stand up against the Spirit of Caesar," we can hardly suppose that the common foe was conceived as a ghost. Indeed we know that once Caesar had been made a ghost, ambition's debt was paid. Even the more

concrete figure which inspires Mark Antony's prophetic vision when he has sight of 'Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,' is too active and effective for a ghost. If it is ghosts who let slip the dogs of war, then we must revise our conception of them, and connect them with the furies more closely than we do.

A nearer approach to the meaning of 'spirit,' as Shakespeare here uses it, is given, I take it, by his use of the term 'genius.' Macbeth, you will remember, says of Banquo: "There is none but he Whose being I do fear: and, under him, My Genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said, Mark Antony's was by Caesar." Turning to the soothsayer in *Antony and Cleopatra*, we see what this rebuke implied. "Thy demon," says the soothsayer to Antony: "Thy demon (that's thy *spirit* which keeps thee) is Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, Where Caesar's is not; but, near him, thy angel Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore, Make space enough between you."

We gather from these passages that 'genius,' 'demon,' 'spirit,' are terms used more or less synonymously. A man's spirit or demon is his good genius, his guardian angel, though that guardian angel may become in certain presences the very opposite, a spirit of weakness which fears and succumbs, and draws the mortal instruments to their perdition. In all this Shakespeare is dramatically endorsing a wide-spread belief of the old Roman world, a belief that can be traced to the influence of Persian ideas, and of Zoroastrianism in particular, that a Genius accompanied each man from birth to death as a guardian angel, each man having his evil genius also.

If we accept these identifications, the Spirit of Caesar in its plain interpretation becomes one with

Caesar's guardian angel, or *daimōn*, the spirit that kept and preserved the better inspiration of his soul, and, when the mortal instruments fell away, remained as the avenging genius of Caesarism itself, bringing good fortune or *eutaimonia* to Octavius Caesar, and defeat and death to Brutus, to Antony and to the whole Anti-Caesarean circle.

But is this solution *adequate*? It may be true to say that the Spirit of Caesar is Caesar's Angel, the guardian of Caesar's Imperial Idea, and the avenger of those who resist it; and yet this description may still remain superficial and insufficient. Caesar's Spirit may also at the same time be something more august and more universal. It may be the very Majesty and Soul of the Eternal City, and in last resort a beneficent revelation of the Ultimate Power in the Tragic World, an offshoot or scion of the Moral Order itself.

It has been well said that the first law of mind is that it tends, at first unconsciously, afterwards consciously, to produce and to sustain system and organization. And the greater the mind, the greater the organization it produces and sustains. But it is equally true that these living webs of the spirit soon assert their independence of the mind that has spun them, and drawing sustenance from hidden wells of power form themselves into institutions and orders which honour their creators by exacting their submission. So the machinery of our factories and workshops, by the vastness and perfection of its organization and the titanic quality of its demands on human labour, threatens to enslave the soul of man who contrived it; and our humanity ever delights to honour that personal greatness which from time to time turns on these overweening creations, bridles and

tames them and bends them into the instruments through which man's genius conquers his environment. But there are creations of a far nobler type, creations which express the authentic ends of man, and so cannot be fashioned into means of greatness: they are themselves the very greatness which gives all means their value. These deeper creations of man's will spring from some diviner depth within him. And as they grow they reveal and develop an intrinsic sovereignty which subdues the mind which helped them into being. These are the "high powers that govern us below," and by right of nature they become the ideals and standards of our human progress. They are ours, for are they not rooted in the depths of our own human need? But we are theirs, for their authority lies in their own nature and not in the liberating thought of man or his enlightened recognition.

Now the presence of some such Order as this seems to me to pervade the trilogy of the Roman plays and give them their true tragic significance. Taking the plays in the order of their historical application we find the note struck already by Menenius Agrippa in the tragedy of *Coriolanus*, when he reminds the rebellious citizens of a "Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder than can ever Appear in *your* impediment." We see this authority vindicated in the victorious patriotism of Volumnia who represents throughout the Majesty of Rome. Her last suit, that Coriolanus shall reconcile the conflicting interests of Romans and Volsces and so build up, in the true Roman spirit, the beginnings of a greater Rome than ever was before, is unsuccessful. But it is still as a

Victor that she is welcomed back into the city: "Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!" And a note of inner reconciliation is struck in the words that follow: "Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius; Repeal him with the welcome of his mother." Rome had ample room in her heart for a loyal Coriolanus. But it is precisely because Coriolanus is such an inveterate free-lance and so unpermeated by solicitude for the greatness of Rome that the tragic nemesis overtakes him. This superb individualist, "rough, unswayable, and free," will go his own way, and will not subordinate his tactics to any considerations of party or country. "Know, good mother, I had rather be their servant in my way, Than sway with them in theirs." And what light-hearted loyalty lurks in such bravado as this: "Were half to half the world by the ears, and he [Aufidius] Upon my party, I'd revolt to make Only my wars with him." The *Civis Romanus* means nothing to Coriolanus. He would have scorned the maxim of Sicinius that the people are the city, and he regards the traditions of his birth-place as so much bondage. "Custom," he cries, in a fine outburst of civic indifference,

"Custom calls me to 't:—

What Custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer."

What is it, when Coriolanus is whoop'd out of Rome and his 'friends of noble touch' are struck with a sudden palsy and can do nothing to avert the indignity but allow him to be brutally butted out by the beast of many heads, what is it that restrains

them?—"We lov'd him," says Menenius, addressing the tribunes, "but, like beasts And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters, Who did hoot him out of the city." "If he could burn us all into one coal, We have deserv'd it." Does it not look as though the noble patricians, standing by the gate of exile, had been abashed into ignoble acquiescence by their feeling that the victor of Corioli was no true Roman, and that Rome herself must spurn the man who will not cherish her traditions and kneel at her shrine? Was not this insight the unconscious motive that kept their party loyalty in check, a motive from so deep a source that even remorse is powerless to discover it, attributing the betrayal to cowardice? Yes, Coriolanus is Rome's natural outlaw. His destiny and hers are antagonistic. Whatever contributes to the tragedy of Coriolanus does but set the course of the Roman State and steady its advance. And when the hero perishes, it is not Rome but Aufidius who mourns him, and does him honour.

How very differently does the case stand with Julius Caesar. Julius Caesar is a true Roman and his death a Roman disaster.

"O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down."

Very true. When Caesar was murdered, he could ill be spared. The distracted time demanded the great autocrat, the single mind and the single hand. It demanded the genius of Caesar. The need had deep historic roots, and the Caesar-spirit, with its sublime, unfaltering arrogance, alone seemed fixed enough to meet it. The Imperial Idea, nursed in the brain of deep-fronted Caesar and entrenched in his indomitable will, had drawn to itself the yearning of the time, giving it form and focus and a splendid inspiration. A

power had been liberated that drew its life from the meeting of Caesar's genius with humanity's inarticulate need for a world-order. It had humanity's breadth and Caesar's strength, adding to these a ruling purpose of its own in native touch with eternal issues, not to be deflected by the accidents of time. We may call this Power the Spirit of Caesar, but as Shakespeare presents it or suggests it, it is a greater power than Antony or Caesar or even Brutus ever suspected it to be. Caesar gives it no name: it is too near to his own genius and will. He does not see that as a new creation it is other than he, and so does it no disinterested reverence. He does not see that it is the real Destiny he himself vaguely apprehends as fate. Only partially of his own creating, his will in relation to it is but a mortal instrument. The authority it wields flows not from Caesar but from a world of values far beyond the Northern star. It comes as an Imperial Revelation, an Order of Empire laden with the promise of the *Pax Romana*; and beyond and beneath all this it shows itself as a Moral Order, and therefore as a perennial touchstone of human tragedy. To Brutus again, as to Caesar himself, this Spirit of Power seems inseparable from Caesar, and so closely one with him that it cannot be struck dead save through the body of Caesar himself. "O, then, that we could come by Caesar's spirit, And not dismember Caesar! But, alas, Caesar must bleed for it." Brutus trusts that with Caesar's death Caesar's Spirit will also perish or lose all power for harm. But as the after-plot thickens, and it becomes more and more clear that Cassius and he are doomed men, and the ghostly visitations have shown him that the doom is of Caesar's own contriving, he realises that in pitting

himself against Caesar's Spirit he has challenged a power that is stronger than his, a power destined to prevail through and beyond his death. "O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In our own proper entrails." And yet Brutus does not die corrected. He does not connect the Spirit of still mighty Caesar with "the high powers that govern us below," he remains emphatic in the conviction that the great Julius bled for justice's sake, nor do his farewell words betray any perception that the High Powers are working for the New Imperial Order, and that since the greater Caesar has been murdered, their purpose must be furthered at vast disadvantage through some lesser Antony or Octavius. "I shall have glory by this losing day," he cries as he faces the disaster at Philippi, "More than Octavius and Mark Antony By this vile conquest shall attain unto." But it is Octavius who carries on the destiny of Rome and of the World. For he has Caesar's will and his genius conforms to the Spirit of Caesar.

It is part of the tragic penalty which the Spirit of Caesar exacts that Antony, who was a loyal subordinate of the great Julius, becomes the bitter rival of the lesser man, Octavius. And the Spirit of Caesar also rejects him, and works against him. The *Pax Romana* could not come through the revels and splendours of this unchartered Dionysus. Yet Antony has no inkling that Caesar's Spirit is against him, for his deity, like that of Cleopatra, is Fortune. "'Tis paltry to be Caesar," says Cleopatra. "Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave, A minister of her will." And Antony himself, whilst confessing that his genius is rebuked by Caesar's, puts it all down to

Caesar's better luck. "The very dice obey him ; And, in our sports, my better cunning faints Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds ; His cocks do win the battle still of mine, When it is all to nought ; and his quails ever Beat mine, inhooped, at odds." Hence to remedy these inequalities of fortune and restore the balance, he hastens back to Egypt and the love of Cleopatra. But in the end victorious Octavius survives to discourse upon his death and over the dead body of his queen.

If we wish to convince ourselves that the Spirit of Caesar has its roots far beyond the sight of the protagonists in the Trilogy, we have but to remember that in Shakespeare's presentation their collisions with this Spirit are not facts of history but tragedies in a tragic world. What is it that distinguishes a tragedy as such from a painful fact ? Is it not just this, that in the case of tragedy the collision is with an ethical order, an order which in Bradley's words "does not show itself indifferent to good and evil, or equally favourable or unfavourable to both, but shows itself akin to good and alien from evil" or—should the ethical order be immoral—alien from good and akin to evil ? That Shakespeare holds the Spirit of Caesar to be a moral rather than an immoral order might seem to some to need more proving ; but I believe it will be conceded that though a glory rests over the defeated Brutus, the noblest Roman of them all, and that with his downfall the Soul of Rome is tragically impoverished, and though a glory of another kind lights up with its shaft of love the departing spirit of Antony and the fire and air of Cleopatra, these did not replace and could not have replaced the glory of Caesar's Spirit as the practical basis of the world's

life. The short-sighted justice of the tyrannicide which inflicts on the world an interregnum of blood and iron and then gives it Octavius in the place of Julius Caesar, has no clear claim on the world's gratitude, nor will the love that first purifies itself in *death* ever prove the light of the world's *life*. The Spirit of Caesar has doubtless its limitations within Shakespeare's tragic world as a whole, limitations of aspect if of nothing else, and to trace these limitations in detail would be a matter of the deepest tragic interest. But in the tragic world of the Roman Trilogy it stands, it seems to me, for that basic order of the people's life, apart from which all *other order* misses its proper field of fruitful application and develops into tragic disorder. It stands therefore as the Moral Order of the Roman world, the standard and touchstone of all other order within that world, and the dispenser of wasteful tragedy [not only to Coriolanus the noble rebel, and to Brutus the nobler patriot, but even to the great Caesar himself. For Caesar, whilst conceiving the idea of Caesarism and assuming its authority, was blind to the independence of the Spirit he had helped to raise and to the binding force of its moral requirements. When therefore we are led to ask, as our concluding question, whether this basic Order of Caesarism is Nietzschean in its cast, and whether the Spirit of Caesar is itself a Will to Power, our answer is ready to our hand.

Granting the Will to Power to be present and active in Caesar's imperial ambition, that which controls this Will and must dictate its nemesis if refractory is, we reply, a Moral Order expressing and safeguarding certain super-individual values. Such is the Spirit of Caesar. It is not the Will to Power; it is

the will to safeguard certain fundamental values in the absence of which the people's life would be built upon the sand. In this sense it is the Will to Good rather than the Will to Power. And it is a Will to Good that takes in all the facts. The temper of Brutus was also a Will to Good—a will turned toward the general good, and loving honour more than it feared death. "All the conspirators, save only he, Did that they did in envy of great Caesar; He, only, in a general honest thought, And common good to all, made one of them." Brutus however lacked the large vision of Imperial Caesar, and mistaking the good of the part for the good of the whole, the good of the past for the good of the future, thereby weighted the wrong scale, and by his very merits tipped the balance the more heavily towards evil and tragic disaster. Had he but remained as Caesar's angel, leavening Caesar's ambition and steadying his will with his disinterested sense of duty and the common good, Caesar's Spirit would have won a new fount of energy, Antony's allegiance would have been preserved—for he loved both Caesar and Brutus—and the world had been set firm on its hinges with the minimum of friction a generation sooner.

And finally this Will to Good that takes in all the facts is emphatically a moral and not an artistic Order. It works with tragic nemesis against the justice of Brutus, because that justice is not rooted in the larger justice which, besides being more humanely honourable, is far-sighted also and true to fact; it strives against the love of Antony, because that love is not rooted in the larger love which can find place within its generous growth for the true love of an empire as well as of a queen. It works then for the larger justice and the larger love. If we look for the artistic ordering of life,

we must turn to the Spirit of Pharaoh's Daughter, we must turn to Cleopatra. Beauty was her element. "The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne, Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold; Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that The winds were love-sick with them." Yes, and "from the barge A strange invisible perfume hits the sense Of the adjacent wharfs." So does Cleopatra make her entry into the soul of Antony. And with what splendour does she leave the life which Antony has forsaken! Clad in royal robe and crown, a baby asp at her breast, her eyes reflecting the immortal longings which resolve her into fire and air, she enters eternity as the morning star. Have we not here the beauty of life at its best, and a justification, if there be such, of the world as an artist's thought? For Cleopatra herself, perhaps; and perhaps for Antony too. But the Spirit of Caesar must embrace the good of a vast empire, and until the basis of the general life is sound the asp must remain at the heart of the artist, and the serpent's sting in the artist's world.

In the preceding discussion we have attempted to confront the Nietzschean conception of Tragedy and the Will to Power with that corner of the Shakespearean world where, on Nietzsche's own indication, the Will to Power had apparently the field to itself. We have found, I think, that it is not so, but that even in this corner the Will to Power meets with its nemesis from the Moral Order with which it conflicts. More convincing illustration could have been furnished from other parts of Shakespeare's tragic world. A more detailed analysis of Shakespeare's most promising superman, Coriolanus, could have shown us more clearly how this superhumanity is precisely his infra-

humanity, and as such meets its due nemesis. In Macbeth we have a superman in the making, with a Dionysian cast of emotion and imagination; and we watch him heading towards Nihilism with every fresh development of his Will to Power. The spiritual nemesis proclaims itself in what are almost Macbeth's last words, the words in which he sums up the meaning of the life he had lost: "It is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing." Finally, as the purest instances of the Will to Power, we recognise those spirits who have literally passed beyond good and evil: Richard, Edmund, Iago. These hero-villains love to pit their power against the Moral Order, and in the course of the Tragedy we see them broken and undone by the might of the Order they have flouted. In conclusion, may I add my individual mite to the great wealth of hero-love that has been lavished upon Shakespeare. Not indeed because he is a rough, hard, mighty man of granite, but because he is the very opposite: gentle, human and infinitely sympathetic. A society that has such gentleness for its foundation has its house upon a rock. And a nation that has for its supreme poet this Oracle of Human Nature will not easily perish or fall asunder. Round *this* great truth at least we shall ever be united. Our far-flung British life owes its most wholesome stimulus and culture, and a stupendous debt of national gratitude, to the liberating Spirit of Shakespeare.

W. R. BOYCE GIBSON.

A WORLD IN SEARCH OF ITS REASON.

THE EDITOR.

I DO not mean to say the world is mad, or even warring Europe is mad. This is no time to fire off so cheap a squib of rhetoric; it throws no light on the problem and is too trite and splenetic to stir the pulses of serious thinkers face to face with the battle of things as they are. The spiritual warriors of to-day have no time to waste on such peevish pessimism; they brush it aside as the feeble irritability of intellectual senility, and seek for a more courageous response to the fierce challenge of the life flood now coursing so hotly through the veins of Earth's new birth.

Call the world mad in all seriousness, and the retort is only too obvious. Act upon it, and society in self-defence reacts massively and conclusively enough upon the individual. The recalcitrant unit is incontinently judged to have too much 'private universe' in his cosmos for the public good, and is speedily removed to a confine reserved for those unfit to play their proper part in responsible service to the common weal.

The now vulgar name for such unfit folk started in life many centuries ago far higher up in the social scale. The ancient Athenian *polis* was an aristocratic institution compared with our modern democratic notions. Its aristocratic citizens called the politically unfit *idiōtai*, and in so doing unwittingly invented a

general social term for posterity. Thus it has come about that a once narrowly technical label, current in a small but highly cultured state to designate private folk who took no part in public affairs, serves to-day the wide purpose of a general term for the unfit in the common estate of normal rational existence.

Now the life that we call rational seems ever to be seeking to reach a deeper realisation of its own nature, by grades of ascent of a synthetic order. Man's reason, animated by a dauntless faith in the infinite possibilities it feels within its being and would have realised in its becoming, craves for no lesser an end than union with the supreme reason of the universe. If this faith is above all else a spiritual instinct, at the same time its activities are fundamentally reasonable and self-confirmatory. For how can we more fitly describe the history of experience than by saying it tells the story of a development in which there already inheres a diviner reason than our own? What else can it be but the innate reason of things that we see at work in the great process which is continually striving to order and organize progressively the life of nature into more perfect forms and modes of expression? Upon what else can all our science be based except on the sure foundation of an inner conviction that the very fact of knowing is the recognition by human reason of the intelligible nature of the world? We find what is there already in intelligent operation. We do not create something entirely new; we discover, we do not invent, the knowledge of facts and processes.

We discover in the human individual a synthesis which, on the one hand, resumes within itself the history of the lower kingdoms and, on the other, provides conditions for a new order of development

into societies, which in their turn develop the life of the individual towards a still higher inner synthesis. We seem to have here a scale of ascent or ladder of development characterising the progressive realization of life's purpose. Families, tribes, nations, states, confederations, empires, ententes, are moments in the progress of that purpose; and within these the individual whose life can respond to the greater life that has successively called these communities of life into existence, is proportionately elevated in the scale of being. And this work of progressive integration without and of elevation within may be said as a whole to move steadily onwards.

The present is a time of gigantic organizations and of international alliances, intended to achieve common ends of vital interest to all concerned, on a scale of co-operation previously unknown to history. Not only so, but a new order of international reciprocity has arisen in the establishment of ententes, which depend on mutual goodwill rather than on offensive or defensive alliances. The priceless good of friendship has been born among the nations. And in general it may be said that no nation or state or empire can live in isolation to-day if it would keep within the main stream of the world's life. Thus the creative and self-ordering life of our planet, whatever ups and downs there may be in the countless currents of the life-flood, seems as a whole to be coursing steadily onwards.

But the physical analogies of floods and streams and currents, when partially employed as they usually are, are inadequate to describe the self-supporting nature of life. Life can be said to correspond only in part to a river which we trace from its sources in the mountains, following its course downwards through

the valleys and plains till we lose sight of it in lake or sea. Its waters also circle back upon themselves. They are evaporated to pour down again in rain to refresh its streams continually. If then we say that the flood of our Earth's life flows steadily onward, we are warned by the very analogy we employ that this can be but half the truth. It must somehow also in its invisible arc, the complementary half of its truth, turn back upon itself, fetching a full circle of rebecoming, refreshing and reanimating all its parts and members from least to greatest.

Nor is it contrary to reason to suppose that other waters besides our earth stream may rise from and flow into the ocean of universal life. These waters may very well at times increase and intensify the life-flux of our world; and this indeed may be the chief reason why our river is in such raging flood to-day and breaking down its banks. However this may be, there can be no doubt that we are now at the most critical point of conflux in the circling life-flood of Mother Earth our history has known. There is fierce war and savage conflict between the national waves as the great current swings round upon itself to take new form. How that intenser general life will shape itself in all its manifold activities is beyond the power of human speculation. But the ideal which is not only instinctively but deliberately being fought for by the opponents of aggression and oppression may, we hope and believe, orient us somewhat as to the general tendency of the great endeavour. We fight on in the unshakeable conviction that right must eventually overcome might, justice pronounce its sentence on savage violence, and freedom strike the cruel shackles from the pain-racked limbs of the piteous victims of

tyrannous ambition and remorseless frightfulness ; and we hazard all on this spiritual faith. Thus throwing our all into the scale of righteousness, we are inwardly assured that we are enrolled under the banner of reason in this good cause, fighting to establish a better order of things in international relations. What shape the beginnings of this new ordering will take is difficult to foresee ; but it would seem that the general tendency of popular expectation is in the direction of what might be called a democracy of nations, animated by the ideal of an international commonwealth of governments the world over. The achievement of such a self-disciplinary order among the nations would assuredly be the greatest triumph of reason the world has ever known, and the dawn of a new age for humanity as a whole ; for it would have been achieved by a deliberate attempt at self-government on a world scale, and at last the sure foundation of a benevolent rule that looks impartially to the good of all would have been laid down.

Such a desirable state of things cannot be artificially imposed upon the world by force from without ; it must be assented to and longed for by the hearts of multitudes. An international democratic world-government seems possible only as the outer corporate expression of an inner spiritual aristocracy, an order of nobility open to all without distinction of class or creed, dependent solely on the individual's good will. Very many to-day are speeding their birth into this spiritual lineage of true lovers of mankind. They are becoming in some measure responsive to the wholeness of human life on earth, capable of sympathizing internationally, though vaguely as yet, with the joys and sorrows of their fellows, and thus

fitting themselves for the high status of responsible citizenship in the world-state that is to be some day an objective material reality.

This higher order of reality, I believe, exists in power already in the hearts of all true lovers of their kind. And they who in this war are fighting for this ideal, are obeying with the courage of deeds a deep instinct of their higher nature. Subconsciously responsive to the life of that reason or new order which the world-life is striving to make manifest, they are co-operating with it, and thus fitting themselves to become, consciously, responsible citizens of a more perfect state of existence. Conscious citizenship in that state is a spiritual achievement, dependent on the progressive realisation of the high virtues of the self-donating life of intuitive reason. And this moral growth is rooted in and gains its strength from the ground of that innate selfishness, or separative instinct, which constitutes the animal materiality which man's rational existence has inherited from the brute. But for the existence of this ground of selfishness there could be no development of that moral world which it is the task of man's higher nature on earth to achieve. And therefore we naturally find in times of great stress the intensification both of virtue and of the ground of resistance in which it grows. Public selfishness is thus to-day rampant in many quarters; it takes many forms, such as profiteering, selfish pacifism, and so forth. From the spiritual point of view, those who yield to such temptations might very well be regarded as the parasites and toxicants of the embryonic body of the higher type of humanity the world-life in this world-war is travailing to bring to birth. We have no general name at present for such folk. But they

might not inappropriately be called 'idiotists,' for they assuredly reveal their incapacity for cosmopolitan responsibility and the high duties of world citizens.

Remote from right reason as all this selfish strife seems to be, the title of this paper is nevertheless not intended to suggest that the world has lost its reason and is trying to regain it. That would indeed be a hopelessly pessimistic view of the case. We want all the courage and optimism we can command to face the future confidently; and that cannot be unless we are convinced that the world is as yet very young and immature, and its humanity busily engaged in growing up. And so, of necessity, I take the optimistic view that the world of our mankind has not yet reached the age of corporate reason; that is to say, it has not yet reached the stage in its cosmic growth in the great universe that might be thought to correspond with what we call the age of reason in our individual lives, our earthly microbic existence. And even so I am aware that a profounder reason than I can directly come at, makes me dissatisfied with this way of putting it, and sensible that for that higher order it is a preposterous form of expression—a putting of the cart before the horse. For do we not thereby presume in some fashion that the manner of life of the human atom is superior in kind and in degree to the life of the great soul that animates and guides all creatures on the earth without distinction? Who are we that we should presume to fling the shadow of our little normal lives upon the surface of the immeasurable life of our cosmic mother, and fancy we have thereby fathomed the nature of her being and becoming? We say we are reasoning by analogy; but in reality are we not simply reducing to the status of an average

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human life a higher order of that divine life which all the worlds cannot exhaust? And yet in our pitiful ignorance we know not how otherwise to adumbrate the intuition of that life which is instinctive in the deepest depths of human nature, the immortal life that carries on when the individual life to all appearance fails. The individual for ever seems to fail in the life battle. He is gone from life, we say; he is dead. But this is a phrase descriptive solely of what we see with the eyes of the flesh, eyes subject to death, that can see only the surface or a cross section of the ceaseless flux of material change, the outcome of the play of life, the perpetual becoming and passing away of things,—things, not lives; the play of life, not life's reality. The eyes of life must see it far otherwise; for those who are able to respond even in some small measure to the rhythm of the soul of things, divine in the seeming cruel tragedy of death the joyous play of life eternal. In their ecstasy they give utterance to words of praise and beauty, and if of beauty, then of truth of feeling, if not as yet truth in its full realisation. At least so it seems to me when, among many similar sayings of the seers of life concerning life, I read a deliverance so heartfelt as: "And when they weary and they fail, she takes them in her arms again"—words for children if you will, but children of the Mother of all living, the regenerative Life of the Eternal.

By allowing the mind freely to drowse itself in this life-giving source of perpetual refreshment, our faith is strengthened and filled with a lively hope that this world of ours, so far from being decrepit from old age and degenerate from a one-time vigorous and joyful youth, is rather a cosmic babe nearing its first aware-

ness of some sort of general consciousness of organic unity. For had our world once on a time in some far distant past enjoyed an age of reason, had mankind ever existed on earth as a reasonable entity, and then gradually fallen away from that state of reason, it would be clearly crazy to-day, and we all degenerates, children of long ages of degeneracy, products of a diseased heredity, lunatic cells of a lunatic body. If such a depressing and despairing view were to prevail, the world would be plunged into the depths of utter pessimism, and we should have no strength to be up and doing and striving, no heart filled with hope that somehow, in spite of our inability to understand the reason why the process of things constitutes for us a most painful contradiction of faith and fact, nevertheless somehow the life here in which we live and move and have our earthly existence, is passing through the sane stages of a natural development, which in due time will reach its efflorescence and thereafter a fruitage commensurable in value with the long ages of the growing pains of Earth's humanity.

An age of innocence there may have been ; an age of ignorance there certainly has been, but not an age of reason. But that age of innocence, whether called Paradise or the Golden Age, is no longer envisaged objectively in physical terms as the ancient myths would have it. These great stories of the past are the fair dreams of the innocence of man's soul in the Earth's infancy, as her children dreamed them before they were old enough in mind to know the actual facts of the past history of their bodies and of their bodies' material environment. In those romantic pre-scientific days of the world's dream-time men had not awakened to the facts of the age-long development and heredity

of their amazingly complex bodily structure, nor were they conscious of what even the surface of the Earth looked like in its full extent. They had to be content with vague surveys of countries here and there; beyond these areas all else was unknown and awe-inspiring—the domain of mystery, peopled with creatures of dream and phantasy or horrid shapes of fear. We hardly realise how short a time ago it is since in all countries the people generally were still in a dreamland stage about vast tracts of territory beyond their borders. And if this was the case comparatively so recently about things physical, the present general ignorance about things psychical is still more profound; for not only have we here to deal with the uncharted domains of man's inner life, but to face a powerful pseudo scientific denial that there is any inner world at all to map out. There is, however, good as well as evil in this strenuous opposition; there is reason deep down in it.

To-day physical science has marvellously increased, thought become more positive and subtle, intellect been made keener to do its work of progressively refined analysis; and therewith man's intuition of spiritual reality has had to be proportionately deepened. With every step and at every stage of this growth in positive knowledge, reason has found itself compelled, by the inmost law of its own nature, to deny the adequacy of every attempt the mind has ever made to explain the origin and nature, the process and purpose of its fundamental being. It has denied and denied with all its strength,—not for love of negation, but that it might more vigorously spur itself on to strive with greater fervour to realize the inexhaustible beauty of the truth of that supreme good for which it longs, and without which there can be no peace or rest for it,

no true satisfaction or fulfilment of its own nature. This is what might be called the divine passion of life's reason, for ever seeking and finding itself, yet never its whole self so long as process lasts. Within the circuit of that vital process, which has neither beginning nor end in terms of space or time or matter, reason seeks and finds itself, but only to renew its search for still more intimate means of union with the ultimate reality of that perfection which is the supreme purpose of its being.

And so it comes about to-day, as a result of the growth of positive knowledge, that the mythical story of a fall, with its theological elaborations, has been complemented, when not entirely replaced, by the scientific history of a rise—that is, of an evolutionary process in progress, a mighty wave of life pressing onward, consisting of countless wavelets of life, some receding and some advancing, the whole going forward, the parts rising and falling. If then there be a fall, it is but to rise the higher; if there be a going back in part, it is only to gain more ground to get up the necessary impetus for a mightier bound forward. Reason, ever seeking for a higher expression of itself, begotten of more intimate union with reality, refuses to be satisfied with any account of the way of the universe which ascribes the origin of the way of man within it to a deliberate, that is knowing, choice of the worse. On the contrary, filled with confidence in its best intentions, it declares that its continuing life consists in the struggle to come at the better, because it is that better which is the very soul of its endeavour and the determining will of its diviner life.

The world is a world of life, seeking as a whole for more abundant life, deeper, intenser, ever more

true to itself. All grades of life and modes of seeking strive together, pull one against the other, contend to make the life of the world more tense and real. It is true, only too horribly true, that, if we look only at the embodied play of life, at just so much as we see with the eyes of the body, the physical world is the cock-pit of ceaseless carnage and inevitable death. Gazing upon this piteous tragedy, this blood-sopped carnival of destruction,—that spares the bodies of neither beast nor man, and makes not the slightest distinction between those of saint and sinner, sage and madman, indeed to all seeming not infrequently preserving more tenderly the frames of the unfit,—one's reason totters and is saved from collapse only by the intuition of life's essential indestructibility.

Even when, in times of extreme scepticism, the too objective intellect refuses its assent to any fact that is not immediately before the senses, man's vital instinct for this spiritual truth of life's essential indestructibility still subconsciously preserves his faith in reason. Much more then when the intellect consents, in inner sympathy with this vital reason, is one joyfully assured of the indestructibility of life, and therewith of man's survival of death, as a fundamental necessity of reason itself. But, whether we be sceptics or believers, we both in common seek for a reasonable interpretation of the agelong struggle of man, not only to adapt himself to his physical environment, as the evolutionary dogma phrases it, but to wrest from that environment conditions for developing a progressive life of a higher order. Man seeks, and is driven to seek, to establish an enduring order of civilisation, a state of general social stability that shall stand firm, not only against the destructive forces in

external nature, but also against the disruptive passions of his own nature. The struggle is both an outer and an inner conflict, and the inner struggle is the more difficult and painful. This tremendous task of co-ordination and co-operation is being slowly accomplished by the development of that consciously ordering and self-subordinating reality in us which makes us men and radically differentiates us from the brutes. It is doubtless potential in all life, but it comes to self-consciousness in man alone. It thus begins with him and develops in him; reason in man seeks to come to conscious birth. We may then rightly say that the world of humanity has been and is in search of its reason. And reason is a social reality; it is not in the power of any individual to develop it by himself. We are inextricably bound up with one another. In our bodies we share a common life with plants and animals; but upon our souls is laid the duty of elevating that common life of sense by the constant effort to establish a higher order of harmonious development for every life on earth. In other words, our most characteristically human work is to establish a reasonable order which, as it becomes increasingly manifest, will be joyfully recognized, because it is ever the expression of the inner life of our better selves.

And what generous and sympathetic soul will deny that the world, in the better part of its humanity, has been seeking and seeking unweariedly throughout the ages, in the face of the most appalling difficulties and hardships, to understand the process and purpose of the conflicting life tendencies that carry on so painful a struggle within man's nature. Surely from above the conflict it must all seem natural enough,—

a gigantic burgeoning towards fuller life in strenuous growth, which will eventuate in an exfoliation of what is most desirable and admirable for all. Already a most remarkable growth in understanding of the nature of external things has been achieved; but as to the nature of life itself we are still groping in the dark. Our human world is conscious but not yet self-conscious. Nevertheless our humanity has already accomplished much. Indeed we are seldom sufficiently sensible of the immeasurable debt we of the present owe to the sufferings and the struggles of the hosts who have preceded us. The advantages we enjoy to-day have been won for us by the ceaseless toil, the agony and bloody sweat, physical, mental and moral, of countless men and women of the past. Have they not striven and laboured, sought and searched and agonized, undismayed by catastrophes without number, by cataclysms from without and fierce disruptions from within, under the impulse of an unconquerable will greater than themselves and beyond the scope of their understanding? Not a device, invention or discovery, physical, mental or moral, is there that has been made without a desperate and persistent struggle. At first crude and embryonic in the extreme, as with all beginnings, the new thing or thought or ideal has been gradually developed and perfected by the unremitting labour of successive generations. Our debt to the past is vast indeed. Can we ever repay it? Are we to believe that the past is over and done with; that they who have toiled for us and into the fruits of whose labour we have entered, are gone for ever and vanished into nothingness? Is gratitude a vain and empty thing? Or is it not rather a potent virtue that spiritually overcomes the limitation of the time process

and bathes in the life-increasing light of grateful love those who have passed beyond our mortal ken, but who are somehow still present in the inner life of our common being?

The validity of such an intuition of humanity's essential perdurance and unity, and of the conservation of the value and meaning—that is, of the inner reality—of every truly human life within that unitary life, cannot be established for the intellect at the present stage of general consciousness. Though, then, this marvellous spiritual economy of life is inwardly felt to be true by many, our normal social and political arrangements have never been based on such a view. Socially we have refractorily accommodated ourselves unwittingly to the pressure of that economy; we have not consciously co-operated with it. And indeed it is only of late that the possibility of realising the actual objective nature of world-problems has forced itself upon our attention. We have vaguely felt in our better nature that humanity is one; we have sentimentalized about it; we have babbled of brotherhood. But never until recently have we realized that this is the fact of facts we must learn to recognize in all human inter-relations. Gigantic and even super-human as the task may seem, it is nevertheless slowly dawning on the modern world that the true end and purpose of our common life is that we should at last consciously set ourselves to work to do what patently has to be done to make this planet a desirable habitation for reasonable beings the world over. Never before has there been any practical realization of the nature of this world-problem, for the simple reason that the world of humanity has only recently come into physical touch with itself as a whole. At last we

know objectively and definitely what at any rate the main physical factors in the problem are. We know what we have still to organize; the War has sufficiently taught us that painful lesson. But as in lesser undertakings we have already learned how to organize on a vast scale, experience gives us the courage of attempting the stupendous task of inaugurating the beginnings of world-government.

Already before the War attempts at international organization had successfully been made. There were, I believe, no less than forty official intergovernmental undertakings of this nature, such as the Postal Union linking up practically the whole world. In addition there were some four hundred international congresses and similar associations of an unofficial character for scientific and other cultural purposes. A promising beginning had thus already been made towards the development of what might be called a sympathetic system for the world. It was the first practical embodiment of a new order of world-service; and the prospect before it was a truly inspiring outlook. For it was a most reasonable new departure; it was a self-conscious effort deliberately undertaken in obedience to the dictates of reason, which assured us beforehand of the immense advantages that would accrue to all concerned if once a practical basis of hearty international co-operation in these respects could be established. This practical basis could not come to birth ready made, spontaneously or instinctively. It had to be an act of reason and a construction slowly reared on the relatively firm ground afforded by the national and intellectual advantages to be gained by pooling a certain number of international interests. The first processes of that new structure were thus

deliberately and successfully laid down, and we were naturally proud of this splendid achievement of the organizing genius in human nature, which seemed at last to have succeeded in making possible the future development of a new order of conscious vitality in the world-plasm.

These undertakings were rendered possible only because we had first laboriously devised and perfected physical means of intercommunication, not only for our bodies by rapid sea and land transport, but also for our minds by the immensely more speedy means of telegraphy and its developments. We had wired and cabled the world with an immensely complex nervous system, and had gone even a stage further by the invention of wireless intercommunication. Concomitantly we were beginning to construct the first processes of the far finer and more delicate tissue of sympathetic feeling and good-will between groups of individuals the world over who share a common interest or pursuit.

The prospect for the future, viewed from this angle, seemed gloriously inspiring, and filled us with the highest hopes. When, suddenly, there irrupted into the fair field of dawning consciousness of what might be, into this joyous dream of gracious comity among the nations, from the subconscious of unregenerate human nature, a volcanic outburst of elemental passion that involved Europe in horrid war and hideous carnage on a world-scale. For the first time in the world's history there was a real and not a so-called world-war; for directly or indirectly every nation in the world was concerned; all felt, all suffered. And thus it was that what previously only the few or the better part of mankind had recognized as the task of

all true humanists who look to the grandiose ideal of a genuine world-culture, became suddenly patent to the major part of mankind as an imperative necessity that must at once be taken in hand to save civilisation from a direful collapse. We now know at last in general consciousness that the towering construct of our boasted civilisation has all the time been resting on radically rotten foundations. We now know that all the time we have in the mass been living over a raging volcano of national passions which the development of general reason in the world has so far been impotent to tame.

For so tremendous an undertaking as the taming of these monstrously selfish passions of nations a world-shock seems to have been necessary. At any rate as a fact the general mind has been terrifically shocked into a tense attitude of attention ; it now not only agrees theoretically that the world is out of joint, but sees itself forced in self-defence to co-operate in the unavoidable task of attempting this most elementary articulation of its reason. It is no longer the question of a vague sentimental feeling in the general consciousness that this ought to be done, but of an imperative decision of the will that it must be done. It is agreed that effective means must at all hazards be devised so that never again should the world suffer this common agony ; the power of such terribly disruptive forces must once and for all be effectively limited. In brief the task of the effective limitation of the area of conflict between self-seeking national interests has now become consciously a world-interest for the better part of mankind. In other words, the world as world for the first time in history is no longer instinctively being compelled to seek for its reason ; the world is at last

consciously determined to subordinate its disruptive passions by a general act of reason. It is thus drawing nigh to becoming self-conscious, for in the throes of its common agony it feels that reason itself demands that it should at last take up its abode in the world as the only way out of the general misery. Hitherto it has not been mature enough for the consciously determined beginnings of a genuine world-organization, the first rational act of human life as a whole and the prelude of a new moral order.

For my part I believe that the dark night made lurid with the passions of international strife, in which humanity has hitherto lived a life of titanic struggles, is nearing its end. It has been as it were the period of its prenatal existence in the womb of its cosmic mother. This optimistic expectation is confirmed by many hopeful signs; they all seem to point to the first glimmering of the dawn, all seem to herald birth into a new order of general effort, to a genuine renaissance in the sense of a conscious endeavour to co-operate in the co-ordination of human world-activities. These mighty beginnings must necessarily be crude at first; but the great undertaking will be on a genuine world-scale, and that is something entirely new. They seem to me to be sacred beginnings of a holy and happy end—a commonwealth of nations for the general good of the world.

It is a glorious prospect—the beginnings of a practical synthesis on a world-scale. It is this we have been longing and seeking for theoretically, this we have felt the need of so painfully in the midst of the triumphs achieved by the analytic genius of our scientific age. We have tried to theorize about it; but all our attempts have failed patently to stand the test

of experience, for it was non-existent in the sensible world of common humanity. And so it would seem that until we have succeeded in bringing about the most elementary conditions for the development of a harmonious common life on earth, there can be no truly reasonable answers to those fundamental vital questionings of the human mind which have baffled the greatest geniuses of the race throughout the ages. They have never been able to think through their intuitions for use in the world. No individual could do this alone, synthetic reason could not be imposed; nor could it even be impressed upon the general consciousness if there was not already a general organism fitted to respond to the greater reason of things. Not only so, but it is possible to believe that by the law of reciprocity a general conscious moral world-act would at the same time inaugurate for the genial individuals of mankind the entrance into a deeper inner order of reason itself.

The bringing to birth of this higher reason, which has to do with ultimate problems and is competent to reveal the nature of cosmic realities, is a social and not an individual task. It means a general knowledge, a science, of life and mind that at present has not been reached on this planet. But the dawn of this new day is not far distant; already there are signs of recognition that the most promising development of positive science is to be looked for along the lines of the vital sciences such as biology, psychology and sociology; for through their development we shall be made more capable to come to know ourselves and the reason of our existence. And this now imperative necessity of complementing what are called the exact sciences by an equally valid knowledge of the facts of life and mind coincides with

the imperious call of reason to set our common human household in order the world over. It all works together; the without and the within must surely be reciprocal.

Therefore I believe that the world is in search of its reason, and that the finding of it, the realizing of the nature of Divine Reason in ever fuller measure, is its proper end and purpose. And though in this paper I have said little or nothing about religion, all that has been said, I venture to believe, is in keeping with the profoundest instincts of spiritual religion. It is, for instance, as it seems to me, in consonance with the sublime intuition of reality so admirably phrased by the writer of the beautiful proem to the most spiritual of the four gospels. The universal process, he affirms, is due to Divine Reason; no single thing is apart from it. More intimately, the whole life-process is the working out of this Reason; and most intimately of all, the life comes to self-recognition in man, as the light of his life that will illuminate his path towards the consummation of his whole being.

The world of mankind then, I believe, is in search of its reason, struggling between the contradictions of the ideal of a moral God on the one hand and the fact of an amoral universe on the other, but ever buoyed up with the faith that even the most terrible contradictions are fundamentally and finally reconcilable in the Divine Reason.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

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“THE condemnation which a great man lays upon the world is to force it to explain him” (Hegel). Rabindranath Tagore has not failed to force ‘the world’ to come out with monographs and magazine articles to explain him. The worldwide interest and popularity of his writings are due as much to the lofty idealism of his thoughts as to the literary grace and beauty of his writings. Rabindranath’s teaching, with its vital faith in the redeeming power of the spiritual forces and their upbuilding energy, has a particular value at the present moment, when the civilized world is passing through the crucible of a ghastly war which, whether or not it purges the nations of their pride and hate, lust for gold and greed of land, at least proclaims in no uncertain tones the utter bankruptcy of materialism.

To be great is not merely to be talked about, it is also to be misunderstood; and Rabindranath has not escaped this fate. The many attempts made to explain him contradict each other, for “from the words of the poet men take what meanings please them.” If we believe one side, Rabindranath is a Vedāntin, a thinker who draws his inspiration from the Upanishads. If we believe the other, he is an advocate of a theism more or less like, if not identical with,

Christianity. Tagore himself inclines to the former view. "To me the verses of the Upanishads and the teachings of Buddha have ever been things of the spirit, and therefore endowed with boundless vital growth; and I have used them, both in my own life and in my preaching, as being instinct with individual meaning for me, as for others, and awaiting for their confirmation my own special testimony, which must have its value because of its individuality."¹

Rabindranath's philosophy of life is viewed by this school as nothing but the ancient wisdom of India restated to meet the needs of modern times. His writings are a commentary on the Upanishads by an individual of this generation on whom the present age has had its influence. The soul of ancient India is mirrored in them. His idealism is a true child of India's own past and his philosophy thoroughly Indian both in origin and development. In Dr. Coomaraswami's words, "the work of Rabindranath is essentially Indian in sentiment and form."

The other view holds that Tagore, like other regenerators of Hinduism, has freely borrowed from Christianity and Western teaching, and has woven these alien elements into the woof of his own faith. If he does not confess his indebtedness to the West, it is, in the words of *The Spectator's* reviewer, a case of 'local patriotism,' 'ingratitude' and even 'insincerity.' "We have Mr. Tagore employing his remarkable literary talents in preaching borrowed ethics to Europe as a thing characteristically Indian."² Again, the Rev. Mr. Saunders remarks: "The God of *Gitanjali* is no impersonal, imperturbable Absolute of Hindu philosophy; but . . . in fact, whether he be explicitly

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 8.

² *The Spectator*, Feb. 14, 1914.

Christ or not, he is at least a Christlike God and . . . the experience of his suppliant and lover is one with the deep core of all Christian experience.”¹ In the same strain the Rev. Mr. Urquhart observes: “He [Tagore] opened his soul to the ideas of the West and he has drawn from Christianity, especially, ideas the influence of which upon his whole trend of thought has not always been acknowledged. The Eastern dress which he has given to these ideas has often concealed both from his own eyes and those of his readers their true origin, and although truth is one and inhabits no particular clime, absence of indication here has sometimes led to consequences prejudicial to the development of truth itself.”²

These critics believe that the morals and philosophy underlying Rabindranath's thought are essentially Christian. They identify the Vedanta philosophy with a doctrine that makes the Absolute solely an abstract Beyond, the world an illusion, contemplation the way of escape and extinction of self the end of man. Obviously Rabindranath is not all this, and an impartial exposition of his views should set at rest such doubts and disputes. But we do not have any systematic exposition of his philosophy of life in his writings. Even *Sadhana*, which comes nearest to it, is but a book of sermons, meditations or mystic hymns. Rabindranath's poetry is a sigh of the soul and not a reasoned account of metaphysics. His writings are an atmosphere rather than a system of philosophy. Still we feel that the atmosphere is charged with a particular vision of reality. In his writings we feel the reaction of his soul to the

¹ *International Review of Missions*, 1914, p. 149.

² *International Journal of Ethics*, April, 1916, pp. 398, 399.

environment, his attitude in the face of life. His poems reveal his personality. They are the unconscious expression of his soul, the outpourings of his devotional heart and the revelation of his poetic consciousness. Though poetry is not philosophy, still it is possible for us to gather Rabindranath's views about God, world and self from his poetry.

Human consciousness is the starting point of all philosophic inquiry. The contradictions of human life provoke the religious quest. Man is a finite-infinite being. He combines in himself both spirit and nature. "At one pole of my being, I am one with stocks and stones. . . . But at the other pole of my being I am separate from all."¹ As a link in the natural chain of events, man is subject to the law of necessity; as a member of the spiritual realm of ends, he is free. There is a struggle between the infinite within which makes the soul yearn for an ideal, and the lower finite which is the heritage from the past evolution. "O Great Beyond, O the keen call of thy flute! I forget, I ever forget, that the gates are shut everywhere in the house where I dwell alone."² There is a tension between the higher and the lower. The two elements have not attained a harmony. The higher self presents us with a moral imperative which we know to be right, but our actual lower self contests its higher birth and pays homage to the delights of sense. This conflict is beautifully described in *Gitanjali* (28) :

"Obstinate are the trammels, but my heart aches when I try to break them.

"Freedom is all I want, but to hope for it I feel ashamed.

"I am certain that priceless wealth is in thee, and

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 69.

² *The Gardener*, 5; see also 6.

that thou art my best friend, but I have not the heart to sweep away the tinsel that fills my room.

“The shroud that covers me is a shroud of dust and death; I hate it, yet hug it in love.

“My debts are large, my failures great, my shame secret and heavy; yet when I come to ask for my good, I quake in fear lest my prayer be granted.”

The contradictions of finite life clearly establish that the finite individual is an incomplete something requiring supplementation. The need for a philosophy which would reconcile the opposing elements of life, self and not-self, is felt to be urgent.

The intellectual view that the world is a congeries of individuals fighting and conquering nature seems to be the prevailing tendency in the West. According to it, self and not-self are opposed. “The West seems to take a pride in thinking that it is subduing nature; as if we are living in a hostile world where we have to wrest everything we want from an unwilling and alien arrangement of things.”¹ Closer scrutiny, however, reveals to us the kinship of spirit and nature, self and not-self. The fact that we are able to interpret nature, appreciate it and utilise it shows that it is akin to human consciousness. “We could have no communication whatever with our surroundings, if they were absolutely foreign to us.” The past progress of the universe clearly establishes the success which has attended man’s attempt to utilise the environment for the ends of life and spirit. Man is “reaping success every day, and that shows there is a rational connection between him and nature, for we never can make anything our own except that which is truly related to us. . . . The Indian mind never has any hesitation

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 5.

in acknowledging its kinship with nature, its unbroken relation with all." In India, where the civilization developed in forests near to nature, there was no thought of an antagonism between man and nature, no idea of forcibly wresting treasures from nature. If we separate man from nature, "it is like dividing the bud and the blossom into two separate categories and putting their grace to the credit of two different and antithetical principles."¹

Human consciousness, animal life and inanimate nature are different grades of the same energy, stages of the same development. Self and not-self, into which the universe is dichotomised, are no rivals, but are different expressions of the same Absolute, different modes of its existence. Nature is not antagonistic to spirit. The not-self is there for the purpose of being used up by the self. It is the fuel for the flame of the spirit. *The Taittirīya Upanishad* calls matter *annam* or food. The human will converts its environment into food. Objective nature is capable of being determined in accordance with the subject's wishes. The not-self is a means for the manifestation of spiritual power. Only through nature can the spirit realise its essence. "The earth, water, and light, fruits and flowers, to her were not merely physical phenomena to be turned to use and then left aside. They were necessary to her in the attainment of the ideal of perfection, as every note is necessary to the completeness of the symphony."² If we adopt the right attitude to nature, we feel the pulse of spirit throbbing through it. A true seer sees in natural facts spiritual significance. The poetic temper hears the voice of spirit crying aloud in nature. "The man whose acquaintance

¹ *Sadhana*, pp. 5-7.

² *Ibid.*, p. 7.

with the world does not lead him deeper than science leads him, will never understand what it is that the man with the spiritual vision finds in these natural phenomena. The water does not merely cleanse his limbs, but purifies his heart; for it touches his soul. The earth does not merely hold his body, but it gladdens his mind; for its contact is more than a physical contact—it is a living presence. When a man does not realise his kinship with the world, he lives in a prison-house whose walls are alien to him. When he meets the eternal spirit in all objects, then is he emancipated, for then he discovers the fullest significance of the world into which he is born; then he finds himself in perfect truth, and his harmony with the All is established.”¹ The eye of an artist is needed to perceive the spiritual beauty of the things of nature. Only his eye can penetrate through the confusing chaos of shadows and appearances and see the ordered beauty within. Rabindranath is such a poet of nature, in whose hands the crudest stuff of existence acquires a poetic colouring. The spiritual phases of nature leap up to his God-filled eyes, kindle devotion in his heart, and set song on his lips. To him the physical world of science appears in all its sweetness and simplicity as to a child. It is a “faery universe where the stars talk and the sky stoops down to amuse him and all nature comes to his window with trays of bright toys.”² To him “the touch of an infinite mystery passes over the trivial and the familiar, making it break out into ineffable music. . . . The trees, the stars and the blue hills” ache “with a meaning which can never be uttered in words.”³ A breath of

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 8.² See ‘Baby’s World’ in *The Crescent Moon*.³ *Sadhana*, p. 48.

divine passion passes over the whole world, making it pure and perfect. He feels "a thrill passing through the air with the notes of the far away song floating from the other shore."¹ He can never escape the divine presence, twist and turn as he will. Even the deep shadows of the rainy July and the stormy night suggest God's presence.²

No wonder Rabindranath advocates life in nature and in the open, as the best means of spiritual progress. He sings not of the cloister or the retreat but of the open highway and the King's 'post-office.' According to him, the best way to receive divine inspiration is to lose oneself in the contemplation of nature. In silence and in solitude we have to enjoy the presence of the divine in nature. Rabindranath does not lay stress on religious education in his school at Bolpur; but believes that religious feeling and piety will work their way into the life of the students, if the environment is pure and noble. "We do not want now-a-days temples of worship and outward rites and ceremonies. What we really want is an *asram*. We want a place where the beauty of nature and the noblest pursuits of men are in a sweet harmony. Our temple of worship is there where outward nature and human soul meet in union." When we are filled with the sense of the divinity that surrounds us, then we feel impelled to give ourselves up to a reverie or meditation on God.

"To-day the summer has come at my window with its sighs and murmurs and the bees are plying their minstrelsy at the court of their flowering grove.

"Now it is time to sit quiet, face to face with thee,

¹ *Gitanjali*, 21.

² See *Gitanjali*, 22 and 23.

and to sing dedication of life in this silent and overflowing leisure.”¹

In moments of such exaltation when we silently adore the living presence that reveals itself through the grandeur of nature, that makes itself heard in the soul through the contemplation of the world of immanent divinity, a great peace steals over us. The divine inspiration is to be drawn from nature and soul in solitude. To commune with the unutterable, we should get away from the noisy world of action, escape from the machinery of life which kills the soul. Dull mechanical work degrades and brutalises the individual, while a life of nature elevates and purifies the soul. Rabindranath beautifully depicts how an enthusiastic surrender to the spontaneity of natural scenery leads a man to his goal.

“I laid myself down by the water and stretched my tired limbs on the grass. . . . I gave myself up for lost in the depth of a glad humiliation—in the shadow of a dim delight. . . . At last when I woke from my slumber and opened my eyes, I saw thee standing by me, flooding my sleep with thy smile.”²

Thus Rabindranath holds a positive view of the relation of nature to spirit. The two are aspects of the Absolute. Nature and society are revelations of the divine spirit. The same light dwells in the world outside and the world within. This ultimate oneness of things is what the Hindu is required to remember every moment of his life. “The text of our everyday meditation is the Gayatri, a verse which is considered to be the epitome of all the Vedas. By its help we try to realise the essential unity of the world with the conscious soul of man ; we learn to perceive the unity

¹ *Gitanjali*, 5.

² *Gitanjali*, 48.

held together by the one Eternal Spirit, whose power creates the earth, the sky, and the stars, and at the same time irradiates our minds with the light of a consciousness that moves and exists in unbroken continuity with the outer world.”¹ The song of the soul and the music of the spheres are but the expressions of the divine harmony. “The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures.”² The same spirit dwells in the most distant sun and in the darkest depths of the soul. Self and not-self dwell in an all-comprehending love. The universe is not foreign to us. Rabindranath’s conception of the unity of the world gives us the assurance that the ideals of science, art and morality are real, and sustains us on the path of the right, undismayed by the grim realities of pain and crime. It makes us realise how the spiritual forces of the world co-operate with us in our endeavours. If the distinction of man and the world, self and not-self, were the last thing, then “there would have been absolute misery and unmitigated evil in this world. Then from untruth we never could reach truth, and from sin we never could hope to attain purity of heart; then all opposites would ever remain opposites, and we could never find a medium through which our differences could ever tend to meet.”³ Self and not-self are only relatively opposed, and it is the business of man to break down this opposition and make both express the one spirit. This view restores the balance between nature and spirit and makes life worth living. “It were well to die if there be Gods and sad to live if there be none” (Marcus Antoninus). If there is the

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 9.² *Gitanjali*, 69.³ *Sadhana*, p. 105.

all-embracing spirit, the glooms and shadows of life lose their edge and bitterness. The confused and shadowy world of experience becomes quite clear and transparent, the contradictions of life cease. "All that is harsh and dissonant melts into one sweet harmony."

The creation of the universe is the realisation of the Absolute, the revelation of its freedom. It is the self-sundering of the Eternal which calls into existence the universe of men and things. But this must have duality for its realisation. The whole develops with self and not-self. "When the singer has his inspiration he makes himself into two; he has within him his other self as the hearer, and the outside audience is merely an extension of this other self of his. The lover seeks his own other self in his beloved. It is the joy that creates the separation in order to realise through obstacles the union."¹ The first existent out of the Absolute is Ishvara (the Lord) with the not-self over against him. Ishvara is the personal God who represents the ideal of goodness to finite minds. Finite souls can image the Absolute only in the form of the Lord, the not-self is the negative reflection of the affirmative Ishvara. The whole universe develops in, through and by means of the interaction between these two.

"Between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious, there has the mind made a swing;

"Thereon hang all beings and all worlds, and that swing never ceases its sway.

"Millions of beings are there; the sun and the moon in their courses are there;

"Millions of ages pass, and the swing goes on.

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 104.

“All swing! the sky and the earth and the air and the water; and the Lord himself taking form;

“And the sight of this has made Kabir a servant.”¹

The universe is the eternal sacrifice of the Supreme. He is sacrificing himself that nature and humanity may live. This self-sundering of the whole in which the world is contained is but the expression of his joy and the law of the universe. The Absolute realises itself through separation and union.

“Thou settest a barrier in thine own being and then callest thy severed self in myriad notes. This thy self-separation has taken body in me. . . .

“The great pageant of thee and me has overspread the sky. With the tune of thee and me all the air is vibrant and all ages pass with the hiding and seeking of thee and me.”²

“It is the pang of separation that spreads throughout the world and gives birth to shapes innumerable in the infinite sky.”³

And yet, “O thou lord of all heavens, where would be thy love if I were not?”⁴

Though God is everything, everything is not God. The objects of the universe are parts aspiring to be the whole. God is the infinite ideal of perfection. Man has yet to become what he is. On account of his finiteness he does not realise his aim. The content of his ideal passes beyond his existence. He strives towards it but it eludes his effort. He sees it as a vision beheld in dreaming, something ardently longed for. The finite universe of persons and things represents to us the passage from the imperfect to the perfect. “They are coming, the pilgrims one and all—

¹ *Kabir's Poems*, xvi.

² *Gitanjali*, 71.

³ *Ibid.*, 84.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 56.

coming to their true inheritance."¹ The world is but the progress of pilgrims in their quest for the Infinite. All in the universe cry out, "I want thee, only thee," and struggle to attain immortal life.

Man cannot reach the ideal so long as his intellect, emotion and will are bound in the realm of finite nature. The finite intellect reduces the universe to the opposites of self and not-self, organism and environment, and leaves us there without revealing to us the final unity in which these relative opposites rest. The whole in which these distinctions are not abolished but overcome, the unity which is the final or ultimate explanation of things, is not grasped by it. What it does is to break up the world-poem and discover in it "the law of its rhythms, the measurement of its expansion and contraction, movement and cause, the pursuit of its evolution of forms and character." These are, no doubt, "true achievements of the mind"; but, Rabindranath says, "we cannot stop there." Our thought cannot finally rest in them. We are in the bonds of opposites still. The Upanishad says: "You will have fear so long as there is dualism." The world of intellect with its distinctions of good and evil, truth and error, beauty and ugliness, self and not-self, is but a stage on the pathway to reality. Beyond the two we have That which the finite intellect cannot grasp; mind cannot reach it.

"If I say that he is within me, the universe is ashamed ;

"If I say that he is without me, it is falsehood."²

You will not see him until you see him everywhere. This intuitive insight, intellect cannot give.

"The vision of the Supreme One in our own soul

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 34.

² *Kabir's Poems*, 9.

is a direct immediate intuition not based on any ratiocination or demonstration at all."¹

To the eye of the finite intellect, it is darkness. impenetrable darkness. God is the King of the Dark Chamber. We are in a dark prison surrounded by walls which our finiteness has raised, which separate us from others. Outside it there is light and no darkness; still we are so much at home in this prison that it seems to us to be light and everything else to be darkness. If suddenly the great vision appears to our untrained eyes, which can see objects only in the 'pleasure garden,' if it reveals itself unexpectedly to our ordinary consciousness, the vision will alarm the eyes and shake that consciousness to its foundations. By its exceeding brilliance it will dazzle the mortal eyes. We cannot see either in perfect darkness or in perfect light. Both are dark to us—one with the excess of brightness, the other with the lack of it. We want a mixture of opposites everywhere and that we have in our solid seeming world. The Princess, in the drama of *The King of the Dark Chamber*, wishes to see her husband and dear lord in the empirical world, the world of time, space and causation. She wants to see him as an object among objects. She cannot reach him thus. The Princess does not thus find God, who is ever in love with her. The reason is that we cannot see with finite eyes the very light by which we see all objects. How can we see it as an object when it is both the subject and the object, when it is the light by which we see and the light which we see? There is nothing else than light to see it by. If we turn ourselves rightly, we shall see it everywhere. Our self and the whole universe are eternal witnesses to

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 36.

its presence. It is the life of life and the self of self. It is in our very heart. We need not fathom the sea or sweep the sky; we need not ascend into heaven or descend into the deep to reach it. A conversion of soul is what is needed. Our cherished illusions must go; there must be an inversion of the secular into the religious consciousness. Then ignorance will be removed and we shall escape from the 'light' of separation and see that the transcendent 'darkness' in which the whole universe is bathed, is the perfect radiance of eternity. And so we find at last the Princess saying: "Your sight repelled me because I had sought to find you in the pleasure garden, in my Queen's chambers; there even your meanest servant looks handsomer than you. That fever of longing has left my eyes for ever. You are not beautiful, my Lord—you stand beyond all comparisons."

Thus the divine being is dark to the cold intellect of man, but bright and clear to the religious intuition of the mystics.

Therefore the *Bhagavad Gītā* says: "Near and far away is That"; and the Upanishad: "He is far and also near." And so Kabir tells us: "When you think that he is not here, then you wander further and further away, and seek him in vain with tears." And Rabindranath sings: "The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end. My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said: 'Here art Thou.'"¹

In the characterisations of God in the Vedānta writings and Rabindranath's works, we find an identity of thought. The popular idea then that the Brahman

¹ *Gitanjali*, 12.

of the Vedānta is an Abstract Beyond is incorrect. Rabindranath protests against such a misconception. He says: "The Infinite in India was not a thin nonentity, void of all content. The Rishis of India asserted emphatically 'To know him in this life is to be true; not to know him in this life is the desolation of death.' How to know him then? 'By realising him in each and all.' Not only in nature but in the family, in society, and in the state, the more we realise the World-conscious in all, the better for us."¹ The Vedānta thinkers do not place God in the solitude of a world beyond. The hymn chanted every evening at the Bolpur school—"The God who is in fire, who is in water, who interpenetrates the whole world, who is in herbs, who is in trees, to that God I bow again and again"—is from the Upanishads. The Vedantic Absolute quite as much as Rabindranath's God is "there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking stones."²

The mystics of all faiths and creeds, from the Rishis of the Upanishads downwards, are at one in this belief in the immanence of God. St. Paul says: "He is above all, through all and in all." So too we read: "Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I." It is useless to argue that the Vedantic Absolute is a barren nothing, Rabindranath's God a concrete something, and therefore Rabindranath is no Vedantin. The logic is irresistible; only the premisses are false.

The critics may urge that the Vedānta philosophy is ambiguous about the nature of God. This dilemma of mysticism, however, is not peculiar to the Vedānta writings, but runs through all mystic literature.

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 20.

² *Gitanjali*, 11.

Rabindranath's poems are full of it. In some passages the Absolute is formless, featureless; it is the "inscrutable without name and form."¹ "There where spreads the infinite sky for the soul to take her flight in, reigns the stainless white radiance. There is no day nor night, nor form nor colour,—and never, never a word."²

On the other hand, in the same poem, Rabindranath makes the whole universe the manifestation of God.

"Thou art the sky and thou art the nest as well."³

Much the same thing is true of Kabir's utterances. "He is neither manifest, nor hidden. He is neither revealed, nor unrevealed, there are no words to tell that which he is. . . .

"He is without form, without quality, without decay."

On the other hand we read :

"He Himself is the sun, the light and the lighted.

He Himself is Brahma, creature and maya.

He Himself is the manifold form, the infinite space.

He is the breath, the word and the meaning.

He Himself is the limit and the limitless; and beyond both the limited and limitless is He, the pure Being."⁴

The Upanishads, the records of the spiritual experiences of the sages of India, are full of such contradictory descriptions. To quote two passages only out of scores: "It is without taste, without smell, without eyes, without ears, without speech, without mind, without light, without breath, without mouth, without measure, having no within and no

¹ *Gitanjali*, 25.

² *Ibid.*, 67.

³ *Ibid.*, 67.

⁴ *Kabir's Poems* vii.

without; it devours nothing, and no one devours it."¹ And then to represent the other tendency: "All this universe has the Supreme for its life. That is the true, that is the universal soul. That art thou, O Shvetaketu."²

The contradiction between the two accounts is only apparent, not real. If by means of our intellect we try to reach It, we fail in our attempts; for intellectual duality, the account of the Absolute remains a negative one. But when we rise above the plane of intellect in religion, philosophy and poetry, the Absolute becomes the all-comprehending Love with whom we can commune, whom we can love, adore and worship: "In love all the contradictions of existence merge themselves and are lost."³ The Absolute then becomes the whole universe. Creation becomes the dance, or play (*līla*), of the Supreme. "The Creator brought into being the game of joy. . . . The Earth is his joy. In play is the creation spread out. . . . In play it is established."⁴ The Vedantic Absolute is a concrete universal as much as Rabindranath's God.

Is Rabindranath's God a person or the impersonal Absolute of the Vedanta?—is the next question. *Gitanjali* makes of God a person. The Vedanta philosophy in all its stages of development provides for such a conception. Art, philosophy and religion are different ways of approach to God. The particular method depends on the temperamental characteristics with which the Creator has enriched human nature. Saints, sages and seers seek union with God. Mystic souls of an emotional and imaginative cast of mind express their devotion by love, worship and adoration.

¹ *Bṛihadāraṇyaka*, iii. 8, 8.

² *Sadhana*, p. 114.

³ *Chhāndogya*, vi. 7.

⁴ *Kabir's Poems*.

They make a person of the object of their love. In Rabindranath, this aspect predominates. His wealth of imagination, force of feeling and intensity of passion turn his words into music and poetry. The poems of the *Gitanjali* are the offerings of the finite soul to the Infinite. The relation between the two is conceived of as that between the Lover and the Beloved—an analogy employed by the mystics the world over. The analogy holds in that in perfect love we have two yet one. “Only in love are unity and duality not at variance.”¹ The surrender of the soul, the fulfilment of love and the union with the other soul, characteristic of true human love, are present in the longing for the Absolute. But it is only an analogy and should not be pressed too far. In last analysis, there will be no divorce between head and heart, reason and faith. Rabindranath is intellectual enough to recognise that the Vedantic Absolute, which he believes to be the ultimate unity, does not lend itself to intellectual description. But being an artist he translates his spiritual experience into material symbols. The language is analogical and metaphorical; if literally interpreted it would lead to absurdities and contradictions. Miss Evelyn Underhill remarks in her admirable introduction to *Kabir's Poems*: “It is a marked characteristic of mystical literature that the great contemplatives, in their effort to convey to us the nature of their communion with the supersensuous, are inevitably drawn to employ some form of sensuous imagery, coarse and inaccurate as they know such imagery to be, even at the best.” Rabindranath's God is not a being seated high up in the heavens, but a spirit immanent in the whole universe of persons and

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 114.

things. His love of God is a spiritual love, above sex, unintelligible to the world at large, a love which longs to lose itself "in a coolness of purity transparent."¹ The Absolute of philosophy becomes the God of religion to all followers of the Bhakti school. For them the highest manifestation of the Absolute is the personal Lord of the Universe, its creator and preserver. The distinction of lover and loved is kept up till the last point, when in perfect love the two become one. The personal God is then the Absolute. Rabindranath belongs to the Bhakti school and is a living example of the long and noble succession of religious devotees of whom India is justly proud, including among others Manikkavasagar, Ramanuja, Maddhva, Ramananda, Vedanta Desikar, Jnaneswar, Namdev, Vallabhacharya, Kabir, Chandidas, Chaitanya, Nanak, Dadu, Tulasidas and Tukaram. This Bhakti school has had a continuous history from the very beginnings of reflection in India. A Christian critic, Dr. Macnicol, says: "Theism is both ancient in the land and indigenous to the soil. . . . No one need suppose that the ideas that Bhakti connotes are a foreign importation into India."² The critics who consider Rabindranath a borrower from Christianity betray an astonishing lack of 'historic conscience'—a charge generally urged against Indians.

The Absolute of philosophy and the God of religion have both a place in the Vedanta system. Those who draw a hard and fast line of distinction between the two, will never be able to understand the Vedanta philosophy. What Richard Garbe says of the *Bhagavad Gītā* is true of the Vedanta texts. "The doctrines which are here put into the mouth of

¹ *Gitanjali*, 80.

² *Indian Theism*, p. 275.

Krishna present a remarkable combination of pantheistic and monotheistic ideas, of philosophical thoughts and of pure and deeply religious faith in God.” The God of the *Gītā* is a God who can be known, loved and adored. The formless Absolute is conceived as a being of form by the finite individual. The following words, quoted in Maharshi Devendranath Tagore’s *Autobiography* (p. 63), admirably depict the contrition of the devotee for the ‘confusion of spirit’ due to his finiteness.

“ O spiritual guide of the universe, Thou art without form :

Yet, that I have conceived Thine image in the act of meditation ;

That I have ignored Thine inexpressibility by words of praise ;

That I have set at nought Thy omnipresence by making pilgrimages and in other ways—

For these three transgressions committed through confusion of spirit, O Almighty God, I implore Thy forgiveness.”

S. RADHAKRISHNAN.

SELF-RESTRICTION AND SELF-REALIZATION.

EMMA MARIE CAILLARD.

THERE is an ancient prerogative which before the War seemed to have fallen into disrepute, but which we now hold in high esteem—*sacrifice*. Indeed to regard it as a prerogative did not seem in accord with the mind of the twentieth century. It was rather looked upon as a regrettable necessity. Self-realization, grand in outline, splendid in promise, fruitful in application, was strong in its appeal to a generation conscious, to an extent impossible in the past, of vast, but as yet largely unfulfilled, possibilities in man and his environment. And it is surely a significant fact that, coincidently with the passion for self-realization, there had arisen a wholly different estimate of the position of life in the general scheme of things from that prevailing through a large part of the nineteenth century. It was then somewhat commonly regarded, at any rate in the scientific world, as rather an excrescence on than an intrinsic element in the cosmos, a 'by-product' of the interplay of natural forces; and strenuous efforts, not wholly exhausted yet, were made to exhibit it as having a solely chemico-physical basis. These efforts have failed, and it is now generally acknowledged by biologists that, even if the precise material conditions under which life appears were brought about, and it should then appear accordingly, it would not be possible to say that these conditions

had *produced* life. All that could be safely and truthfully asserted would be that their presence had created an opportunity for its manifestation. For the life is not the conditions, though apart from these it is not cognizable by man.

This refusal of life to be brought under a chemico-physical category determined that departure in philosophy with which the name of Henri Bergson is principally connected. It reverses the former position, and boldly attempts an interpretation of the universe as known to man in terms of life, and moreover of conscious life. It would be premature to say that it has been successful, but it has at the least made a remarkable and suggestive contribution to modern thought, one which in dealing with such a subject as the present cannot be passed over in silence. In Bergson's most popular work, *L'Evolution Créatrice*, the path pursued by self-realization in the world of life is delineated in so vivid and arresting a manner that it must hold the attention of all readers; and one of the most striking features in the exposition is the prominent place assigned to self-restriction in the upward struggle of organic being.

A fuller self-realization demands first and foremost a larger self-expenditure, and as its corollary a considerable self-restriction—a *sacrifice*. This is strikingly brought out by M. Bergson in a passage describing the course of life in human evolution, in which he points out that the limitations consequent upon the realization of human consciousness are such that it seems to have been only attainable by the developing being abandoning 'part of itself' during the course of evolution, and that not merely an encumbering part, but one which might have been a

valuable asset could it have been retained. Apparently it could not, save at the expense of that which is usually regarded as the highest human possession—reason.

This abandonment of part of the self is a process exceedingly familiar to individual human experience. It is the price paid for the full development of what the self regards as of supreme worth in its constitution. The sacrifice of the social and emotional to the intellectual self is a common occurrence in men of high intellectual capacity and attainment. The intellectual self in its turn gets sacrificed to the physical self, the latter (especially in the case of women) to the emotional self, and any or all to the ethical self or the religious self. The ideal of course would be that each of these should be developed in its rightful proportion, thus resulting in a rich, many-sided whole. But such a consummation is rarely, if ever, attained. It seems as though there were bound to come at least once, and usually more than once, in every individual life the choice as to which self, or which part of the whole self, is to be abandoned and which retained; in other words, to what distinctive self-realization self-expenditure with all that it involves is to be directed. And the worst tragedies of earth are the result of a mistaken or a deliberately inadequate choice. Not after death only, as in Rossetti's terrible sonnet, but during life, do the ghosts of murdered selves look their slayer in the face.¹

It is not, however, on the individual aspect of the

¹ "I do not see them now, but after Death
 God knows I know the faces I shall see,
 Each one a murdered self with low, last breath
 'I am thyself! What hast thou done to me?'
 'And I, and I, thyself,' so each one saith!
 'And thou thyself to all eternity.'"

subject that it is proposed to dwell in this essay, but on one of larger scope. But first it may be pointed out that the abandoned selves need not necessarily be slain. They may be compelled to shrink into very small compass; but their rudiments remain, and exercise might conceivably restore them to healthy activity. They have only been abandoned because it is not possible to man to spend himself in every direction at once. He must choose what he will give up and for what return. For there is always a return, though it may not come in the expected guise. For this reason it seemed better to select the term self-restriction to indicate the subject of this essay than the older and more familiar one of sacrifice. Sacrifice is not necessarily directive. It may denote surrender without hope or purpose of any subsequent attainment. Self-restriction is invariably directive. At the least it defines the course of activity and consequently implies a goal.

Self-realization is always the goal of human endeavour whether recognized as such or not. What we had forgotten or over-looked and what the War is bringing home to us with terrible force, is that it cannot be attained by unlimited expansion, any more than a river can reach the ocean by spreading its water indefinitely over the whole country-side. The lie of the country restricts it to a comparatively narrow course, but thereby prevents disastrous waste. To some extent environment plays the same part towards human development, but in any living being there is the spontaneous, and in man the self-conscious and voluntary, element to be considered. He can to some extent choose the direction of his development, and the importance of the choice both racially and individually can hardly be exaggerated.

It may be said with some truth that he is beginning to realize this fact, though he is far as yet from recognizing all its implications. In particular he has hardly even attempted to see them in their relation to the life of nations. So far even the modified form of altruism expressed by the saying 'Live and let live' has hardly attained practical recognition; and in the case of the great nation with whom we are now at war, and perhaps of all nations when they are engaged in fierce struggle for some withheld advantage or fancied advantage, the motto is rather: 'Die that I may live.' Excuse has been found for this attitude in biological science. War has been declared to be a biological necessity; and in support of this thesis great play has been made of the struggle between organic species, regarded as nature's ruthless method of securing the survival of the fittest. Other qualifying truths have been disregarded, and in particular it has not been considered inappropriate to transfer this reasoning *en bloc* to the human race, as though no different methods were required on the highest rung of the ladder of life from those obtaining on the lower, but simply fuller and more conscious development of the same.

Whether or not we shall give in our adhesion to this doctrine depends mainly, if not entirely, on whether we think that man's earthly life adequately expresses his being, that 'nature' points to nothing beyond itself. If we do, we shall practically be constrained to acknowledge that the course and methods of development observed in lower organic life are those and those only which man's own evolution can follow, modified simply by the greater intelligence which he has acquired. If on the contrary we

recognize that the visible and tangible universe implies, and to some extent manifests, another and higher order than its own, and that man is the microcosm in which the significance of the macrocosm can be partially unravelled, the case is wholly different. We cannot then be satisfied that he should simply display on a larger scale the methods which suffice to lower organic life. We shall require and look for indications that there are others attainable and efficient which may more worthily sustain the dignity of his being.

In our efforts to improve the conditions of human life and so to raise the status of modern civilization, there are two things which we very commonly overlook: (1) that development from within, not manipulation from without, is the method whereby life, including human life, progresses; (2) that that development can only take place by the acceptance of limitation.

(1) It is not doubted, though it may be overlooked, that every organism grows and thrives in direct proportion to its inward capacity for self-adaptation. Outward facilities for development may be unexceptionable, but if the organism cannot take advantage of them, they are practically useless. It will never advance in its development; very probably it will retrograde, for there is apparently no such thing as fixity in life. It must move. If it does not move upwards, it moves downwards. Degeneracy, of which we heard so much a few years ago, means simply life which is retrogressing. The first thing, therefore, which needs developing and empowering is *the life itself*. All improvements in environment are no more than the removing of obstacles from the upward path;

they cannot create the energy which will utilize them. That is *inherent*. The removing of obstacles gives greater opportunity to the developing life, but that is all that it can do. It cannot ensure that the opportunity will be made the most of, or indeed taken at all. So much is universally true. But when we come to human life, new elements enter into the problem, because that life is self-conscious. Man, to some extent, knows what he is doing and whither his efforts are tending. He can direct them to this or that end according to his choice; his self-adaptation is largely voluntary, and he is capable to a degree of which he hardly yet realizes the extent or the import, of consciously modifying his environment. Moreover he is capable of profound discontent with it, that 'divine discontent' which may lend him wings to mount, but which may also be degraded into a profitless despair. This is likely to happen if man is conducting, or in so far as he is conducting, his evolution on the wrong lines—that is, not on the lines of super-organic development. For this is the only path in which true human progress lies, and it necessarily carries with it such further organic development as may be needed. It is the only path moreover in which the vista stretches out to infinity.

It may be said that the achievements of science, those marvellous monuments of human 'brain-power' by means of which man is constantly increasing his knowledge of and mastery over natural processes, are sufficient indication that he is progressing on the right lines. Mental achievements come under the head of super-organic evolution. But this is a superficial judgment. Deeper reflection leads us to see that they have been almost exclusively valued for their effect in

bettering material conditions. Increase of material power and prosperity have been the objects in view, and science has been exploited in order to place in man's hands the means of obtaining them. But, if this is the case, the course of his evolution so far as he can consciously influence it is not turned towards the super-organic, the spiritual, but towards the modification and improvement of the organic, the physical. Hence has arisen an over-estimate of material power and wealth as such, the result of which we see in the condition of the civilized world to-day. Such control as man has been able to acquire over nature has been turned against himself with suicidal violence. And had he attained even more control than he has done, could he have produced by artificial means earthquakes and volcanic explosions, we should have seen them also employed to aid in the general ruin, so that conceivably the race might have died a violent death at its own hands.

The true line of human development cannot lead to such an *impasse* as this ; and it seems as though we should have to retrace our steps and be less eager in discovering new instruments than in training ourselves to a fit use of those we have. The fact is that man has acquired material mastery faster than he has acquired the knowledge of how best to direct himself in its use ; and this for the time is his undoing. Nietzsche tells us that "to require of strength that it should *not* express itself as strength, that it should not be a wish to overpower, a wish to overthrow, a wish to become master, a thirst for enemies and antagonisms and triumphs, is just as absurd as to require of weakness that it should express itself as strength."¹ Long

before Nietzsche nations and their rulers had tacitly accepted this conception of strength. But is it the only one? Are overpowering, overthrowing, the thirst for enemies, antagonisms and triumphs the only way in which it can express itself; or is there not another, typified by Tennyson's 'tide too full for sound and foam,' in which resistless might is shown by the very vastness of its overwhelming silence and gentleness? Strife and conflict and the thirst for triumphs are, from this point of view, a sign of weakness or at best of a strength which is not strong enough to assert itself in unquestioned majesty, but has to wrest acknowledgment at the sword's point. The conflict of the European nations is no sign of their strength, but the empty sound and fury of their spiritual impotence, brought about by the false relationship which they have established between the spiritual and the material.

This is no unpractical way of regarding the matter, suitable to philosophic speculation, but not to the exigencies of actual life. The actual life has to be understood in order that it may attain its greatest possibilities; and if we find that the direction in which we have been guiding it brings it up against impenetrable obstacles to its further development, we are compelled to pause and consider where and how it is that we have gone wrong. A chorus of lamentations has arisen over the downfall of civilization. It is, however, not so much a downfall as an arrest of motion; and either of two consequences may arise. After the arrest it may start upon new lines with a cleared and purified vision of the goal at which it is aiming, or it may begin a downhill and backward progress to be stayed none can say when, if at all.

The reasons for hope are many, and not the least is the very general recognition that we have been going upon wrong lines, though physicians by no means agree in their diagnosis or in the remedies they prescribe. The present writer ventures to suggest that the evil may be most radically described by identifying it with the lack of self-restriction which has characterized human evolution since it has become self-conscious and largely self-directed; and that the remedy consists in first discovering where self-restriction is needed, and then in applying it persistently and perseveringly as an indispensable means to freedom, *i.e.* to self-realization.

(2) In relation to material goods and aspirations, it seems a platitude to observe that we cannot all have everything and we cannot all have the same thing. Yet it is because men and nations have so far but very partially, if indeed partially, realized this that their worst conflicts have arisen. They have been unwilling to share, they have wanted absolute possession, and their attitude towards one another could most graphically if somewhat inelegantly be expressed by the French saying: "*Ôte toi que je m'y mette.*"¹ Now this is the kind of attitude which the lower organic species unconsciously take up, and which is as unconsciously superseded in those that survive by adaptation to conditions brought about by the necessities of the others who survive, as well as to the rest of their environment. But as man evolves it becomes less and less possible to him to follow *unconsciously* any path of development and adaptation. He must knowingly work out his own salvation; he must knowingly direct his steps into this or that path; he must knowingly choose that

¹ "Get out that I may come in."

which leads him furthest towards full self-realization. And it is not easy for him to see that, in so far as his material evolution is concerned, self-restriction makes a large part of that path; because (1) his full self-realization is a social not an individual thing, and (2) material goods are always limited in amount, they are not susceptible of indefinite multiplication. Matters are different when we are regarding his super-organic or spiritual life. There no such limitation exists. The whole universe might share in the benefits accruing from a developing spiritual evolution, the greater knowledge, the wider and deeper love, the enlarged spiritual power; and so far from the store being diminished it would be increased. This in itself is a sufficiently strong indication of the objects on which man should set his aspirations and his endeavours, on the illimitable things which multiply in intensity and comprehensiveness by participation.

But, if this is the true aim, it goes without saying that severe restriction is needed in those pursuits and possessions which militate against it. Man, at any rate in civilized countries, has arrived at a stage in his evolution when he is capable of recognizing this; and indeed to a certain extent history has for many ages taught him that great material prosperity leading to inordinate luxury, with its self-indulgent standards and the employment of a vast number of persons to minister to its fictitious requirements, inevitably leads both in individuals and nations to a loss of virile quality. Man is so made that he *needs* the presence of some adverse conditions in his environment in order to stimulate and develop his best energies, both physical and spiritual. Remove all difficulties, and he falls into a slothful, self-indulgent state which is more injurious

than the worst hardships. So long as he can yield to the temptations to eat and drink too much, to live too softly, to pander to sensual proclivities, to worship the means of self-indulgence, money, so long, even for the sake of mere physical well-being, his wisdom is severely to restrict himself in all these directions. The more refined and delicate are his means of self-gratification, the more insidiously fatal is his danger. A debauched sybarite of the late Roman empire was far inferior to one of the barbarians who over-ran that empire, in any of the qualities which make for a virile manhood or in capacity for rising higher than his actual self, despite the blatant coarseness and brutality of the barbarian in comparison with him.

It is this truth which makes in the eyes of many persons—not necessarily Germans—the best apology for war. War is needed, they say, from time to time in order to shake nations out of their lethargy, to force their citizens into an attitude of indifference to danger, of unselfish disregard of the safety of their individual lives, and to create in them those qualities of initiative and leadership which are really as important in peace as in war.

Before setting out to refute this proposition it will be wise to recognize what there is of truth in it. Practically it amounts to this: that in this present stage of man's evolution war is not the worst evil. Degeneracy is worse; and those various ills for which war is regarded as a panacea can all, when civilization has attained the point it now has in Europe and America, be grouped under the head of degeneracy. But, having acknowledged so much, we may well turn to the question: Is war the only efficient remedy for degeneracy? And the answer must be: That depends

on man himself, on the goal towards which and the lines on which he conducts his evolution. If his mind, the spiritual part of him, is so largely set on material power and prosperity that these present themselves as the most desirable objects to attain, then it is difficult to see either how war between nations nearly equal in these respects is to be prevented (since rivalry is sure to arise, and might from this point of view certainly constitutes right), or what other equally efficient means of retaining and developing virile qualities can be suggested; because no other motive than material preponderance would be sufficiently strong to make men submit to the self-discipline absolutely necessary to ensure their cultivation. Universal military service has at any rate this great advantage, that it subjects the youth of the nations accepting it to a strict discipline during the very years when passions and irresponsibility are at their highest. It has not yet come within the scope of practical politics in any nation to impose an equally rigid training on its young manhood for other than military purposes. In Germany, where national discipline has been carried to what in British eyes is an absurd degree, it has been directed to the one end of turning the whole nation into a perfect military machine, thus necessarily causing inadequateness and even degeneracy in other respects. From the spiritual point of view, the point of view of the higher evolution, the chief accusation against the Germans is that of degeneracy,—degeneracy not in brute force but in those characteristics which distinguish men from brutes, in the sense of honour, in the ‘milk of human kindness,’ in the use of reason to appreciate the true course and significance of human history. The chief response, it sometimes

seems the only one, which has been evoked to their extreme national self-assertion, has been the determination to oppose material force by material force till German material force is exhausted, and then to continue European evolution on the basis that Germany is to have no part in it.

It is perhaps unnecessary to point out the impossibility of success in such an attempt save at the cost of a periodical occurrence of precisely such a terrible struggle as that in which we are now engaged, and in which Germany might in her turn obtain the ascendant. But, thank God, the response of counter material force is not in reality the only one which has been evoked. A better, and infinitely more hopeful, prospect is opened by the growing determination throughout the civilized world to recognize the spirit of nationality, to protect and foster weak nations and to give and secure to each a real place in the international comity. There are herein mixed motives. It is not intended for one moment to assert that the nations fighting on the side of the Allies have no interested aims. The opposite is notoriously the case. At the same time it is the fact that their aims are compatible with liberty and justice; and so far as the British are concerned it may quite truly be said that they have actually no interest in the War except in the establishment of such liberty and justice. It does not do away with this fact to say that here also the interest is self-interest, nor is it wholly correct. The innate British love of 'fair play' inclines them to allow the claims of others, as it equally inclines them to demand recognition of their own. Moreover it is worth noting, that to see that true self-interest consists to a large extent in forwarding the interests

of others, is of extreme importance in regard to future world-development. It is a distinct and important step towards understanding the necessity of self-restriction in certain directions in order to compass national self-realization.

These 'certain directions' have been already to some extent indicated. They are those of material power and wealth; they can be represented by maps and figures. And so long as nations value themselves and each other according to the extent of territory over which they hold sway and the amount of their material wealth, so long will they be overshadowed by the danger of war, and so long will it remain impossible to avert it by means of that international organization to which some of the wisest and best spirits among us look forward with hope. In regard to this Lord Grey uttered on October 24, 1916, the following grave warning: "Everything will depend upon whether the national sentiment behind [a league to insist upon treaties being kept and some other settlement being tried before resort to war] is so penetrated by the lessons of this war as to feel that each nation, although not immediately concerned in the dispute, is yet interested, and vitally interested, in doing something, even if it be by force, to keep the peace." That a nation should so feel implies that it is willing to forgo its own immediate interest in favour of the general interest; and were that sentiment common to all nations, it would be but a step further to inaugurate such international co-operation in all matters concerning the general welfare of mankind as would result in a wider and fuller self-realization of the race than at present we are able even to imagine.

We are unfortunately a long way yet from such

an achievement. Many are far even from conceiving it as possible. But once so conceived it is well worth our most courageous endeavour; and the men and women of faith among us will labour for it undauntedly through the present or any future darkness. The work must be carried on through and by individuals in the first instance. A nation is made up of its individual members. If these in their private social relations are self-seeking, grasping, ungenerous, prejudiced, the nation to which they belong is bound to be on a low spiritual level. It sees no good but its own and no need for or value in self-restriction; it pursues therefore the path of its selfish interests regardless of the general welfare.

Is it too Utopian to look with hope on a brighter and more inspiring picture, on a world in which each nation is free to pursue its aims and ideals because the self-seeking element is eliminated from them, a world wherein peace is not a synonym for the unbridled indulgence of luxury, ease and voluptuous enjoyment, but for the bending of all energies to the raising of the general standard of spiritual and physical attainment, by keeping down those inordinate desires for indulgence which have worked in the past and are still working in the present so much evil?

We shall undoubtedly all be forced in the near future by economic causes to exercise very considerable self-restraint in our expenditure and consequently in our way of daily life. We ought to hail this as an opportunity for applying the very discipline to ourselves which has been so sorely lacking. We have talked about 'the simple life' and conspicuously failed to live it. We shall now be called upon to make practical trial of it, to see whether it does not in truth

make for the highest progress of man and consequently his greatest happiness.

It may be objected here that art and science will suffer if too ascetic a standard is set up. We may reply (1) that simplicity is not asceticism, and (2) that even if it were true that art and science would suffer by our requiring fewer and less complicated appliances for the purposes of our daily life, they would hardly suffer so much as they have done owing to the present War,—art by the destruction of many of her most venerable and beautiful monuments, science by being prostituted to the single end of discovering how men may most rapidly and efficiently kill one another.

It is enough to overwhelm with shame and sorrow those who have the highest welfare of mankind at heart, to realize that the first use made of the solution of the problem of human flight has been to promote human murder. Baboons and tigers, were they in possession of the secrets we have wrested from Nature, could hardly employ them in a more bestial manner than the nations engaged in this war have done. Rightly used, the telephone, wireless telegraphy, the extraordinary facility of intercommunication, of which air-craft is one of the most signal demonstrations, are all in themselves capable of benefiting enormously the race which has had the intelligence to discover them, of leading its different sections to a clearer understanding of and sympathy with one another by bringing them into closer and more continuous connexion. Again the chemical research which has enabled scientific experts to devise appalling methods of destruction unknown previously to this War, might with equal facility have been directed towards the improvement of agriculture, the introduction of better

methods into industries necessary yet injurious to the health of the workers, the elimination of disease and other beneficial objects which, when not actually arrested, have been thrust into the second place owing to the concentration of energy on methods and instruments of destruction. Medical and surgical science may indeed be said to have made great strides owing to the unique opportunity afforded by the vast variety and number of wounds inflicted by the belligerents on one another, and the unprecedented liability to epidemics created by the abnormal conditions existing. Yet might not an equal mastery have been attained over some of the worst problems confronting medical science in times of peace (that of the prevalence and disastrous consequences of venereal disease, for instance) by an equal expenditure of scientific resolution and energy in that direction? But so far in the world's history neither hygiene nor the need of social reform and development has evoked one tithe of the enthusiasm that war has done. Every nerve individual and national is strained to secure victory in war, gold and blood are poured out in streams, whereas the bulk of the nation remains comparatively indifferent to victory in either of the other directions. And it cannot be said that this is because of our conviction that our cause is a righteous one. Some part of the willingness to sacrifice and be sacrificed is doubtless due to this, but the other causes mentioned above are equally righteous and they have not produced the same effect. What seems to be true is that war makes greater immediate demands on human courage and endurance *en masse* than any other pursuit, and that the young, the virile, the self-abjuring, respond eagerly to the call, especially when

civilization has reached a pitch at which enervating influences make themselves felt but have not yet sapped away the vigour of the nation. There is then a strong and healthy reaction against them when a moment of critical danger arises in the national life. The writer has often in bygone years heard from the lips of one and another who were deploring what seemed to them the national degeneracy, the expression: "What we want is a war, a good war." They probably little foresaw what 'a good war' at the present day would involve. Yet we may allow that even this war with all its reiterated horrors and cruelty is a lesser evil than a nation—or a comity of nations—sunk in sloth, self-indulgence and sensual apathy. The question is: *Is there no other alternative?* History is averred to answer: None. But History cannot in this instance be invoked as a judge from whom there is no appeal. She records the past and the present; by their means she can warn; but she cannot record the future. The future—so far as she is concerned—depends on whether nations act or not on her warning. She warns them against the over-eager pursuit of material power and its unbridled exercise; against the degenerating effects of too great material ease and prosperity. Their own observation of contemporary phenomena might and ought to lead them to the same conclusion. Their intelligence, if inspired and guided by the spiritual insight without which it is hardly a human attribute, would enable them to find and to follow with enthusiasm other than murderous methods of cultivating virile qualities. These qualities are needed, and needed in war, if mankind is ever to attain as a whole and in its parts to full self-realization. But the war demanding them

is primarily a spiritual undertaking, though it needs for its adequate prosecution strong and splendidly equipped bodies, the fitting instruments of spiritual power and initiative. It is the war against evil, against the hurtful and unnatural conditions which, by our misunderstanding of human nature and of the nature of the universe in which human beings live, we have introduced into the world of men.

The close of this article does not afford space to enter into a detailed examination of the immediate objects to be aimed at or of the methods to be used to attain them. It must suffice to conclude with the question, heart-searching enough under present conditions: What would the state of the world be to-day *supposing* the same enthusiasm, the same inventiveness, energy and determination had been directed towards making war unnecessary as have been used to ensure its successful prosecution? The making of war unnecessary implies vast preliminaries—study of the interests and possibilities of nationalities and races, practical resource in turning these to account for their own good and the general good of mankind, the wise control and direction of national and international ambitions towards the same end by enlightened and impartial government, the voluntary subordination of individual and class interests to the greater aims of national and international good, the practical recognition in education and training that men and women are primarily spiritual beings and that nothing short of the freedom of complete self-realization will in consequence satisfy them. To attain this, even to approximate towards it, there is needed among other things a complete revolution in our methods of teaching the young and of treating

criminals. These are a few of the directions in which human energy can most usefully be turned; and were civilized mankind united in their untiring pursuit of them it needs but a small exercise of imagination to foresee the birth of a new world.

Are we unable to rise to the demand, too flaccid, too indifferent or too selfish to be stirred by such an ideal? If so, what shall rouse us, what is strong enough to inspire us with the necessary faith and enthusiasm? The answer has been given before: Nothing but religion has this power, and many persons add that a new religion is what is required for the salvation of mankind. But it is not a new religion, it is a new and enlarged understanding and interpretation of the old that we need, accompanied by a trust in and obedience to the promptings and guidance of the Divine Spirit which the churches fail to demonstrate, and of which the nations do not even recognise the necessity. The shock given by the War may result in awakening both Church and world to see how far they have strayed from the true ideal, and in stimulating them to undertake the tremendous spiritual venture which alone will suffice to lead them back to the right path. Indomitable courage and unconquerable faith are the indispensable equipment for those who set their hands to this supreme task, the attainment for the race of complete self-realization, *i.e.* of perfect freedom, courage which will stake life on a possibility and faith to believe that the possibility exists.

EMMA MARIE CAILLARD.

JESUS AND THE JEWISH ESCHATOLOGY.

CAVENDISH MOXON, M.A.

THE statement of the eschatological view of Jesus' activity by Dr. Schweitzer with that extreme rigour and vigour so alien to the average English theologian has not been an unmixed blessing. No doubt it has had the effect of forcing unwilling minds to face a problem from which their reverence held them back. But by drawing the consequences of the theory with a consistency that is untrue to life, Dr. Schweitzer has to some extent obscured the real points at issue between those Modernist critics who hold that the original gospel had a predominantly eschatological setting, and those Liberal critics who deny this, and regard the eschatological element in the life of Christ as either due to the Church or of merely transitory value. But between the extreme assertion of eschatology in Dr. Schweitzer and the extreme denial of it in Prof. B. W. Bacon many of the controversialists occupy mediating positions.

A notable instance of the English attitude in this question is Dr. Inge, the Dean of St. Paul's. He is remarkable for his refusal to adopt the static conception of Christianity of some Liberal Protestants and at the same time for his repeated attacks on the eschatological school in general and eschatological Modernists in particular. Dr. Inge has expressed his opinions in a series of sermons and essays and the fact

that year after year he returns to the attack proves the gravity of the issues in his eyes. His language is not ambiguous. He is convinced that the eschatological theory when applied to Jesus is untrue and even destructive of Christianity itself as it has hitherto been understood. In a sermon reported in the *Guardian* of Dec. 6, 1912, the Dean seems to dispute the very right of eschatological Modernists to call themselves Christians.

Two quite distinct questions in dispute must be noted at the outset: (1) Is the eschatological theory about Jesus true to history? and (2) If it is true, has it any value for our faith? Dean Inge, by failing to make clear this distinction, is sometimes unconsciously unfair to his opponents. He is right in saying that eschatologists believe that Jesus to a large extent shared the illusory form of the Messianic hope in its current Apocalyptic representation, and that His teaching can only be interpreted truly on this presupposition. But Dr. Inge proceeds wrongly to imply that the eschatologists do not distinguish the difference for our faith between the husk and the kernel of Jesus' hope. The eschatologists are not bound to maintain that the form of Jesus' predictions is as essential to the Gospel for to-day as it certainly is for our understanding of the Gospel as Jesus Himself preached it. What we do maintain is that all pictures of Jesus as a mere moralist or reformer are radically defective, and likewise all churches which do not see God in Jesus and fail to seek first the transcendent Kingdom of God in our human life.

When we proceed to examine the reasons for the Dean's rejection of the belief that our Lord's words and deeds were to a large extent dominated and determined by the current eschatological beliefs,

we are surprised to find the small space occupied by criticism of the records and the large space occupied by arguments which aim at proving the strange, revolutionary, unorthodox and even shocking consequences of the theory in question.

With reference to the historical question, Dr. Inge's chief argument is that the evangelists have recorded Jesus' predictions about His return without any qualms or apologies. Yet he appeals to the Fourth Gospel as a proof of the speedy spiritualisation of the crude Messianism of the first disciples. Now since we know that the Fourth Evangelist dared boldly to strip off the husk of the primitive eschatology, since we see S. Luke giving a historical reference to eschatological sayings, and since finally we know how the second generation could avoid the difficulty of unfulfilled predictions by making one day equal a thousand years for God, Dr. Inge's objection seems groundless even on the extreme form of the theory that Jesus predicted His return within one year and not within a generation. It seems likely that the Church either removed sayings that were not literally fulfilled or, when this was impossible, gave them a new interpretation. In view of the speedy change in the form of the Church's hope, the fact that any of Jesus' predictions remain in our Gospels is strong evidence that they were regarded as genuine parts of the original Gospel, and not, as Dr. Inge supposes, a serious misunderstanding of the Master's message by all who heard it from His own lips.

On the probable hypothesis that the eschatological element in Jesus' activity is as large as Dr. Latimer Jackson declares it to be,¹ it is clearly impossible to

¹ *The Eschatology of Jesus* (Macmillan).

delete it and form a clear picture of Jesus and a sure estimate of His teaching such as Dr. Inge thinks the anti-eschatological Liberals have given us. Indeed the alternative to our acceptance of the eschatological determination of Jesus' activity seems to be a serious doubt whether we have any trustworthy records of what He really said or was. For if the evangelists so misunderstood their Master as to surround Him with a halo of eschatological and mythical acts and sayings which were foreign to His own conception of His mission, what becomes of Dr. Inge's basal certainty that the Christ of experience is identical with the Christ of history? Is it not more probable that the eschatological elements in the Gospels that are not original are elaborations of what Jesus actually said and did than that Jesus failed to prevent the whole primitive Church from cherishing about its Lord what Dr. Inge regards as a dangerous delusion?

Dr. Inge admits the possibility that Jesus shared to some extent the illusions of His time about the Messianic hope and demoniacal possession. But he refuses to admit the possibility "that He fancied Himself filling the rôle of Daniel's Son of Man in the near future." The Dean shrinks in horror from this possibility because he sees in such a fancy a mere delusion of madness.¹ He fixes his eyes on the husk and refuses to believe in a kernel within, whereas he supposes eschatologists to maintain that this husk is itself the essential kernel for our faith! Unfortunately he will not apply to the case of Jesus' hope Dr. E. A. Abbott's valuable distinction between an illusion about the truth and a delusion or complete error. Hence the

¹ The Dean believes that Jesus on this theory was a 'crazy apocalypticist.' How, then, can he believe in the sanity of the first Christians who held it?

Dean falsely argues that, because we refuse to explain away Jesus' illusion, and because we do not share it, therefore we have no sympathy with the truth it signified. Hence also he asks us to explain why there was no great defection when the predictions of Jesus did not 'come true.' Was it not just because the Church came to see that the essence of Jesus' hope of the transcendence and imminence of the Kingdom is detachable from the illusion about months or years? Thus there is a sense in which the very Gospel was in the predictions and yet not the predictions. These were the transient and illusory form of an eternal truth. Because, as the Dean admits, these eschatological beliefs "are the reflections of the soul's deepest intuitions, their substance is felt to be independent of their form to a degree quite unique." If then he can describe the belief in an impending cataclysm as a superstition which cannot produce repentance and faith, it is only because for the time he regards it as pure delusion and not as the husk of the Gospel itself.

Since eschatologists believe that only the illusory form of Jesus' predictions was falsified by the events, they cannot share Dr. Inge's belief that the doctrine of the Incarnation is thereby destroyed. Dr. Inge admits that the Jewish prophets had illusions about the future which did not destroy the value of their inspired message. Now if these illusions did not affect the sanity of the prophets, why should the Dean suppose that they would imply insanity in Jesus and destroy His significance for our faith? Why should the foreshortening produced by the dazzling hopes of apostles and prophets become in the case of Jesus "a very mischievous error" and "a pure delusion"? The only reason we have discovered is Dr. Inge's preconceived

notion of the person of Jesus and the desire of his mystical nature to affirm that there is no difference between the Christ of history and the Christ of experience. We could wish that Dr. Inge had specified "the attributes which all Christians believe Him to have possessed" that the eschatologists deny to Christ. We certainly deny His omniscience. But Dr. Inge probably denies it and our Lord certainly denied it. We assert Christ's claim to a unique relation to God as the Messiah, but we deny that He expressed His place in religion in the terms of Greek metaphysics or modern theology.

Dr. Inge regards the ethical consequences of the eschatological theory as no less destructive than the theological. He fears that the anti-eschatological and Liberal Protestant exposition of Jesus' teaching is undermined. And it seems to him a psychological impossibility that if Jesus was mistaken about the length of the present age, He could have given us a perfect teaching and example. But if Dr. Inge were to be consistent and proceed to tear out of his Bible all passages containing ethical teaching written by men who had illusions about the Day of the Lord, very little of the Scriptures would remain for purposes of instruction or reproof. Dr. Inge does not contend that great souls like S. Paul and the prophets could not rise above the admitted dangers to smaller minds of Apocalyptic religion. Why then should he assume that our Lord's teaching must have lacked its calmness and its permanent value in principles if Jesus shared the illusions of His first followers? Rather it is probable that His vivid vision of the end and the ideal gave Jesus a perfect intuition of moral principles and led Him to utter precepts which, though not a rule

ready for all times, are a perfect example of the way in which His principles must be adapted to the changing needs of every age. This, then, is the answer to Dr. Inge's question to eschatologists—What is the value of Christ's social teaching? Very little, it may be replied, if you wish to apply it like O.T. laws or the Koran, but of supreme value if you wish to act in accordance with its principle, to subordinate all activity to the ideal of "the Beloved Community" which is "the ever-coming Kingdom of God."

It is a strange paradox that, in spite of his condemnation of the eschatological theory, Dean Inge's own teaching is similar to that of men who regard the end of this world as near at hand. The Dean's criticism of socialism and Nietzschean fear of democracy are well known. The Church, he thinks, is not concerned with men in the mass or the direct attack on social injustice. Christians ought to confine their energies to the saving of their own and other souls. His exhortations to avoid the assertion of rights, in controversy and in the war of classes, might have been written by one whose motto was '*Maran Atha*,' rather than by a modern Dean who believes in the slow development of the race and even the babyhood of the twentieth century Church.

Dean Inge's final charge against the eschatological theory of Jesus' activity is that it separates Christianity from history and therefore destroys "the fundamental character of Christianity," which "is that of a religion founded on a historical Person." But the sense in which we can say that Christianity is founded on Jesus of Nazareth needs clearing up. Dr. Inge's statement might be understood in a narrow, unmystical sense far from his own belief. He would

argue that it is insufficient to say that one perfect man in history is the sole foundation of Christianity. For he strongly insists on his belief that Jesus is identical with the divine Christ of mystical experience. But if the fact that Jesus had a body and spoke and thought in the language of the day does not hinder this identity, why should the illusions ascribed to Him by the eschatologists hinder it? The Dean is anxious to avoid communion with mythical beings; but is it not possible that his conception of Jesus may be a myth of modern thought? To us it seems that illusions about His nature and office were inevitable if Jesus was 'very man.' The identity between the historical Jesus and the Christ of experience must be sought, not in the human qualities which divide the generations of men and not by attempting to remove these qualities, but rather in the Spirit, the Life, and the Logos which calls forth devotion to the Highest in the life of Jesus and in the lives of all who are born of the same Spirit. Otherwise we should found our religion on a man and worship the qualities of the creature instead of the Creator. The eschatological theory, by forcing us to take seriously our belief that Jesus was very man, helps us to see that very God in Him was the source of the mighty fire He has kindled in the hearts of men. Since the eschatological theory does not forbid us to affirm the influence of God in Jesus upon the Church, it is not true that we completely separate Jesus from the Church, which perhaps He did not foresee. Would the Dean maintain that the connexion would be closer and Jesus' influence greater if He had foreseen the various institutional embodiments of His Spirit through the ages?

Let us suppose that Jesus did not consciously

found the Church. What follows? Certainly no greater breach in continuity than that between the primitive Messianism of the Apostles, as Dr. Inge describes it, and the radical transformation of Christianity by the Greek spirit in the fourth Gospel. The truth under the illusory forms of Jesus' hope could not perish along with the husk. The disciples of Jesus were bound to catch His Spirit and to hand it on until it has become the Christ of our experience. Therefore we who are called eschatologists claim to bear the Christian name because we believe that what unites the Church with Jesus is not an identity of opinions about metaphysics, eschatology, history or science, but the hope of the transcendent Kingdom of God, the fellowship in the society of the Spirit of Jesus and the determination of all life's relations, individual, social and international, by the vision of the City of God.

CAVENDISH MOXON.

THE ROAR BEHIND THE HILLS.

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

THE valleys of the South Downs on midwinter nights are sombre places. Winding to the sea from the northern escarpment of the hills, they stretch a full five miles of silence and solitude. Those indefinable qualities which constitute Romance, and foregather with haunting spirits of dreadful Beauty, are felt in all their strength in that long line of lonely heights which fringes the southern sea. The soul of adventure dwells within them, but it is an adventure which has no history. The restless memories of man belong not to the southern mountains. The ebb and flow of time passes over them untabulated. They are the guardians of the Nameless, owning no lesser sway than age-long elementals. Only the wind, the stirring of the grass, the cry of birds, and ever the valleys curving to the onslaught of the sea.

From Rottingdean to Beachy Head you may track a succession of such valleys, which for remoteness are not to be rivalled in England. You may follow inland these miles of intersecting combes which pierce the belt of the Downs between the Weald and the Channel. Paths there are few, since no feet but the shepherd-lad's pass that way. Walking for hours no habitation will you see, no sign of human life. The hills rise sheer on either side, often higher than 600 feet, and it may be, as beyond Balsdean, that you will come to a *cul de sac*, finding yourself in some vast

land-locked amphitheatre from which the steps must be retraced.

The great things of life lie ever at our doors, though we seek them afar. Yet we must have names. The past which has no name is no past to us. The earth must show the mark of language, as it were, for us to feel and adventure, because only that which we can utter ever 'happens' we are told. The land without some Doone Valley is no land for us to track. Those decaying cottages bear witness to the fact that man persists in seeking Tragedy in man. What do we crave that we spend small fortunes in visiting ruined towers and castles? What do we seek that we are borne by trains and motors to Scottish Highlands or Welsh fastnesses to find it? An evidence of history, the impress of chronicled events. Not that we would ourselves penetrate those gloomy glens where the ceaseless cry of the wind wails through the grey rocks and the phantom eddies of the mist beckon where no pathway leads. But there is that within us, though perchance we do not recognise the voice of its calling, which impels us to approach such places and draw from them alone our notions of a land worth seeing. It is the ancient longing answering the shouts of hidden hosts, the clang of siege and battle,—the sobs of dying men. . . .

But on the southern mountains lies that older past in which the primitive desires of the race are but as whirling flecks of foam; the pulse of the limitless Ocean throbbing, throbbing; the mighty rhythm of the things that are and have been and shall be again. Before titanic Process—without beginning, without ending, timeless, spaceless, infinite—the heart beats slowly. Terror lurks in the winding valleys; dread is

stealing in the unseen rush and backwash of the sea, sobbing and sighing through the wintry night. What freedom of desolation is here! Far overhead along the enclosing walls of the valley, seemingly twice as high in the gathered dusk, the stars creep, but the light is dimmer than the light of dreams. You may not compass these enfolding hills, these bastions of Eternity. The Untamed Power is crouching in the shadow, breathing and impalpable. There is no way of escape save one—the face of the night sky.

The valley in which I stand has all that sense of liberation from detail which renders this range the peculiar region of elementals. Places far wilder are easily to be found. But in the vaster solitudes of the North it is ever the detail that obtrudes itself, the gaunt rock, the mountain tarn, the mist-hung torrent, the twilight deer forest.

Details and surfaces are the great obscurers. Only when the soul has learnt to see beyond the horizon does it understand something of that life which surrounds it. Only then does it sense the pulsations of that boundless movement beyond space and beyond time, and catch the roar of that voice which men have termed Fate. Then truly the soul dares to look beneath the complex strands of emotion and to grasp the three master-keys of existence—Birth, Sex, Death. For beyond the anæmia of religions, and the refuge of the gods, stand the virile and inevitable things waiting, waiting. . . .

It is true that elementals break in upon the soul, wrapped though it be in its surfaces. And from such unblest contact sentiment is born, the poor cheap thing which hides its head whimpering in the darkness, which peeps instead of looks, which preaches

to men and women rent by shoutings, pain and desire. Its home is the Kingdom of Fear in which we live, that kingdom which strives by vapid futilities to penalize Art and to stem each further effort that man makes to break his isolation from the mighty realism of the whole.

“ Ah, boil up, ye vapours !
Leap and roar, thou sea of fire !
My soul glows to meet you.”

Those who seek elementals, who dare with Empedocles to plunge into the crater, to taste and drink the currents of true being, those alone attain that vision of Reality in whose scope the worlds themselves are but dust upon the way. The heroic souls amid the riot of the ages shall rush from the slopes of Time chanting the dithyrambs of achievement. They have dared all and won all ; and in their souls flames at last the universal consciousness.

The treeless land in which I am straying in the night lies ‘ broad and bare to the skies.’ It has caught their greatness and their mystery. Infinity has descended, and the homeless heavens look down upon their counterpart on earth. As the hours pass I see the lamps above fail one by one. Motion is over all things, but no suspense of highly specialised moments as with an East wind in Spring. Banks of vapour are stealing from the sea. Gigantic shafts of colour are stretching forth mystic hands. A vast canvas is spreading overhead, formed of shades so sinister that a subtle eye is needed for their delineation. At last the independent points of light have faded and nothing is left save the curious, phosphorescent glow which at such times plays along the summits of the hills. My

watching began amidst the clear star-voices luring me to leave the valley for the heights and follow where the bells of Truth ring loud ; it is ending beneath a canopy in which all alike are blended in an infinite beckoning not to be described. The call is not towards bafflement, but to an ever greater attainment in which the happy evasions of the riddle must give place to the utmost daring of the Whole.

But hark ! a sullen roar is coming through the gloom. The beautiful delicacy of the soft moist atmosphere is yielding to a Presence. The luridness of the sky deepens as the clouds grow thick ; a few drops of rain fall. The sea is rising afar ; it is two miles from where I stand, but the ground trembles as its tireless and most ancient foe renews the assault of ages. Its persistence invades the silence of the combes. A Power sweeps onward which casts aside the dreams of wayfarers and the contemplations of the religious. The future is nothing to it ; the present alone is proclaimed by its keen and hungry lips.

The swirl of sound from this unseen source bears the pursuer from the blackness at the valley's mouth to my very feet. A pause comes . . . a breathless suspense. Then, on a sudden, a grinding suction, a resistless drawing of soul and body into the infinite desolation of the night.

A region which few will enter hovers over all. It is the domain of Terror. As a rule the mind will adventure no further than the kingdom of Fear, or it confuses Fear with Terror. Fear, the pigmy retreat of timorous souls, leaves to Terror the grappling of the strong. The ceaseless flow of the Infinite knows no fear, but Terror is an aspect poised and majestic. It dwells within the furrows of the low grey sky as it

stirs in the sea beyond. It has come forth from the oblivion of the past, from the sleep of forgetting. It is the ladder of mists mounting ever and ever into the Unknown. It is the Roar behind the Hills. Ever the sound in the distance, ever the strong crying on the wind, ever the motion of the tireless years.

The ocean frets and fumes where it smites the cliffs, but through the turmoil of the surf the eternal waters rise and fall. To reach those waters is to find the Being of things, that which is because it is. We do not master Fate, we are part of it. If we move from the edges, we move from the negative things which seek ever to nullify. Here from the hidden valley I rise to tread the roadway of compelling ecstasy, to seek the immensities, and I know that there is

“Nothing: no thought: no fear: only the invisible
power

Of the vast deeps of night, wherein down a shadowy
stair

My soul slowly, slowly, slowly, will sink to its ultimate
hour.”

G. W. ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS.

A JAPANESE DOLL.

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

IN a London shop-window sat a life-size Japanese doll representing a little boy about seven years old. He wore a *kimono* of emerald green cotton gay with many *hana kaga* or flower-baskets. To the brown *obé* or sash the shopman had pinned a large ticket informing the passer-by that this very imposing personage could be purchased for the modest sum of two shillings and tenpence halfpenny.

For a long time the little boy had sat in the shop-window, and for a long time he had attracted a good deal of notice. More than once he had been taken out of the window by the garrulous shopman for the closer inspection of possible buyers; but mothers shook their heads at him and preferred to purchase for their children English dolls with absurdly pink cheeks, hair the colour of bright yellow silk and eyes bluer than forget-me-nots. They had no real beauty whatever, but their eyes could be made to open and shut; their garments could be taken off and put on again, with the assistance of a much harassed nurse, and by squeezing them in a certain place they would emit a squeaky noise that was supposed to represent 'Mamma' and 'Papa.' These were attractions that appealed to the British matron, while the Japanese boy with his wonderful smile and dark oblique eyes that were full of life without any kind of mechanical

device struck her as a little queer, a little uncanny, and in consequence hardly fit for an English nursery.

So the Japanese boy, who had had his head turned and turned by the sticky hands of many children, went back to his place in the window among his flaxen-haired rivals, among drums and hoops and trumpets and Jack-in-the-boxes, among models of butchers' shops where the meat was excessively gory, and among boxes of bricks that could be made to display Daniel in the lion's den or baby Moses in the bullrushes, and gaudy ducks that could be made to swim in a bath of water by means of a small magnet. The Japanese boy went on smiling. Some one would come for him some day; some one would understand. But until that time came he was quite willing to wait in the shop-window where there was so much to see—the children with their nurses, the dogs drinking out of a china trough, the postman and policeman on their rounds, and an endless stream of traffic in the street. Every Monday morning a ragged man played on a cornet. He played, among other pieces, 'The Lost Chord,' and played it so badly that he seemed to have lost all the chords of the original setting without, so to speak, troubling to make a note of it. But to the Japanese boy it was all very wonderful, almost as wonderful as a red-coated monkey who danced to the accompaniment of his master's barrel-organ, and who suddenly snatched at his hat and held it out for a stray copper or two.

The Japanese boy loved above all things to see the approach of the lamp-lighter. He came with a long wand and made beautiful yellow flowers bloom all down the street, magical flowers on very long stiff stems. They only lasted a few hours; for this maker of bright golden flowers always made them fade in the

early morning. The Japanese boy was watching the sudden appearance of these blossoms when he felt the large hand of the shopman grip his waist and carry him into the shop.

He sat smiling on the counter. A lady stood opposite to him. She had a sweet pale face with kind grey eyes. He had seen that face before, seen it in a dream he had had in a toy-maker's shop in far Japan. He wanted to hold out his arms, to speak, to tell her of his dream. All he could do was to sit perfectly still and smile. He heard the lady talk to the shopman about the Feast of Dolls. He heard her use Japanese words. He heard her tell the shopman that it is quite possible to give Japanese dolls souls if you love them enough. The shopman only said "Oh, yes!" very politely and rubbed his plump hands together. He had never heard of the story of Pygmalion, nor of similar classic tales veiling a profound but universal truth. To him dolls were so much merchandise, so much stock to be got rid of at a profit. They were so much wax and paint and sawdust and clothes—nothing more. He did not deal in souls, and he was a man entirely devoid of imagination. He went on saying "Oh, yes!" very politely, and continued to rub his fat hands together as if he were in the habit of washing without soap and water. Then he said: "You would like to purchase this doll straight from Japan? I can assure you, madam, it is a bargain at two shillings and tenpence halfpenny. We have a fine stock of English dolls"

The lady interrupted him. She told the shopman that she did not want an English doll. She produced her purse, and placed three shillings on the counter. The shopman stopped washing, took up the coins,

dived into the till, and handed the lady her change. Then he wrapped the Japanese boy in tissue paper and stuffed him very clumsily into a large cardboard box. Then followed brown paper and string, and a moment later the lady went out of the shop with a very big parcel, and the Japanese boy went on smiling underneath the tissue paper, feeling very excited and very happy.

For a few days the Japanese boy missed the excitements of the shop-window. He missed the lamp-lighter, the red-coated monkey and the cornet-man. But in a little while he forgot these things, for greater wonders were in store for him. He was given a Japanese name, the name of Koko, and three children played with him. He had been told by a wise doll he had met in the shop-window that children were often very cruel. She informed him that little boys sometimes stuck pins into their sisters' dolls so that they bled sawdust, and that sometimes these heartless wretches would go so far as to plan and carry out a terrible execution. Koko, so far from experiencing any kind of cruelty, was treated with the utmost care. The two boys told him stories, while the little girl who was an invalid also told him stories but of a much more wonderful kind. He often sat up in bed with her, and the undulation of the bedclothes seemed like fairy palaces and snow-clad mountains.

One day the little girl went away. She was carried away in a big wooden box with brass handles, and on the box were a great many white flowers. Koko watched her go. He wondered why all the blinds were pulled down, and why the lady who had bought him, and whom he now called 'Little Mother,' cried so much. Through a chink in the blind he saw the flower-

covered box carried down the garden path by men in long frock-coats. The box was gently put into a little glass house behind which stood a line of carriages. Koko did not understand what it all meant till he saw Little Mother come out and her husband and the children all dressed in black. Then he knew by the sound of stifled sobs, by the flutter of handkerchiefs, by the creeping away of the house of glass, that his little friend was going to the Land of the Yellow Spring to play with Jizo. He knew that for those who followed her there was what the Japanese call the 'ah-ness of things.'

Koko was left alone in a darkened room for a very long time. Presently the carriages returned, but the little glass house did not come back again. The door of the room was softly opened and Little Mother came in. She took Koko in her arms. He looked up at her, and presently his face was wet with her warm tears. "My little girl," she said quietly, "has gone to be with Him. It is better so. She will have no more pain. She is happy now." As Koko lay in the arms of Little Mother, his head pressed close to her breast, he felt her great love for him. It was much more wonderful than the lighter of lamps, the maker of golden flowers. His body was warmed by hers. He began to feel strange things he had never felt before. He was beginning to understand the greatest sorrow of all, and beginning to see that sorrow is not all tears, but has something beautiful, radiant too. Little Mother's love had kindled a soul in his tiny being. She had made a flower bloom within him which would never fade. He too might ride in a house of glass one day. He too might follow his little friend and find her playing in a big garden where Jizo is.

In course of time much of the sadness passed away. The boys grew up and went into the great world, one to become a distinguished artist, and the other to build organs that poured forth the music of the masters. They returned to the old home occasionally; but when they did so Koko was aware of a difference in their attitude towards him. Always polite, always tolerant, they seemed to regard him as rather a strange little being that must be petted as one pets a cat or dog. There were a few visitors who smiled incredulously at him as he sat on the floor or leant against a cushion. They were people who did not understand, who were worldly-wise, who were just a little like the London shopman. But Little Mother, she understood. She had given him life, a soul, because her love was the kind of love that can, and does, perform miracles.

Little Mother and her husband were always writing. Koko watched their pens scratching across the paper. So many sheets were covered with their writing. They worked so hard, so lovingly. In the evening they read aloud what they had written during the day. They talked of publishers and editors, of success and failure. Always they attached great importance to influence, to some one who would thrust greatness upon them. Always they pathetically clamoured for recognition. Koko wanted to tell them that recognition is a poor thing compared with the joy of work well done, that the plaudits of the populace or even the praise of the discerning few is not half so sweet as the ecstasy of creation. But Little Mother and her husband did not know these things, and the ambition of youth, with all its bitter disappointments, was with them still. That is why the postman's

knock made them flutter with excitement, made them go on hoping and hoping that something left in their letter-box would lead them forth to fame.

Koko was now twenty-eight years old, and during that long time he had experienced many changes. The hair of Little Mother and her husband was now white, but though age had gently crept upon them they were still busy with their work. Still their pens flew to ink-pots, and still many pages were filled with their writing. Koko still always slept on Little Mother's bed, and when the nights were cold she would furnish him with additional wrappings. Little Mother often took him out in the garden. In the autumn they would pick red leaves together, and in the summer he would lie in her arms looking at a glorious bed of Shirley poppies. Every evening Koko was taken out on the verandah for a smoke, for he was never allowed to smoke indoors. Koko won a kind of local fame, and as the years went by the story of his doings was known for miles around. When Little Mother and her husband came to London, within a stone's throw of the British Museum, Koko came too. On an old landlady's chair he made his bow, and woe betide those tactless visitors who feigned to ignore his presence. These visits were few and far between, and Koko was always glad to get back to his home in the New Forest where the Japanese treasures were, and where every nook and cranny of the house, every corner of the garden, reminded him of Little Mother.

What a day it was for Koko when he received a visit from several Japanese nurses. How they talked to him without the kindly services of an interpreter. The cherry-trees were in full bloom when they came, and every now and again the wind seemed to turn the

floating petals into butterflies. He had tea with these laughing women from his own country. No sugar, no milk—just three rather noisy sips as if he were drinking wisdom and joy out of very tiny shell-like cups. What a joke life was after all! Little Mother seemed to see its funniness too as the sunlight danced upon her shawl. Oh that he could take that happy little figure in his tobacco-pouch and live with her for ever in Japan, on some little island where the pine-needles, singing softly together, would work the silver stars into pictures, where they might always see the Holy Mountain like a mighty lotus poised in the air, and where no 'ah-ness of things' came but only never-ending happiness!

When the nurses returned to hospital Koko received from them a number of post-cards with kindly greetings. With the help of Little Mother he wrote letters in reply. Teacher-like she guided his hand and often consulted Hepburn's dictionary. They made many blots together. They laughed a good deal, but still the letters were written, and with them was enclosed a photo of Koko. There was no need for a photographer to tell him to smile before he plunged beneath a velvet cloth and pressed a rubber ball. Koko was always smiling, and so he was always ready to have his photo taken.

The war sadly depressed Little Mother and her husband. Often she would sit before the drawing-room fire, looking very pale and frail, and tell Koko that all was not well with England and her Allies. Her eyes would flash, her small body would become tense with excitement. She saw terrible defeat in the near future, Germany triumphant, and all our terrible sacrifice in vain. She would put her arms round Koko

and tell him that it was a thousand pities that we did not allow Japan to fight for us in the West. Only such an event, she said, would bring success in the end. It was plain to see that Little Mother was affected by the war, and when one of her sons went to the front, she began to fail visibly. She would forget some of her household duties, she would take Koko out for a smoke no less than six times during one evening, and she would sit with pen in hand for an hour without writing a word.

One day Little Mother did not get up to breakfast. She held a telegram in her hand, a telegram that had come from the War Office. She lay very still with her grey eyes fixed on the ceiling. She did not hear the shrill cry of a cottager's parrot. Neither did she hear the sound of the old man pumping water for the house, a noise which usually distracted her. "Koko," she said after a long pause, "Koko. . ." Then her voice faded away, and a little hand moved restlessly over the counterpane. Koko lay in her arms, his head a little on one side as if he were listening. "Koko," said Little Mother again, "I shall be going to sleep presently, the last sleep of all, and I want you to come with me. Will you be afraid if my arms are round you all the time?"

Koko did not answer. He still lay with his head a little on one side as if he were listening, the old sweet smile on his face. People came in and out of the room. There was a strong smell of medicine which a tall vase of lilies could not dispel. The doctor wanted to take Koko away, but Little Mother's arms clung about him as she whispered: "You must not take my child from me."

At the last Koko grew afraid. The room seemed

to become suddenly cold. He saw the door open and a strange Figure entered with a lantern more wonderful than those fire-flowers he had seen in a London street. "Little Mother," he said, speaking for the first time in his life, "Jizo, the God of Japanese children, has come for us. Shall we go now?" No one heard him but Little Mother. She turned her face toward him and caressed him. There was a wonderful smile on her face. "Yes," she said softly, "we will go out together. My arms will be round you all the way."

Little Mother never spoke again. Koko was tightly pressed against her breast, and together they rode in a little glass house to the village churchyard. But they do not sleep there. When the moon is full, and when the nights are very still, villagers have peeped through the gorse hedge and seen in the sloping garden, by the great bed of Shirley poppies, the figure of Little Mother with Koko in her arms.

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

TO MOTHER EARTH IN HER AGONY.

OH ! sore-afflicted Mother-Earth,
Have you then tears still left to shed ?
Can you bring children yet to birth,
When half your sons lie maimed and dead ?

Now in their internecine ire
That your deep Mother-soul revolts,
They scar your wounded flanks with fire,
Your beauty blast with thunderbolts.

Saturn his seed devoured of yore,
But these a wilder madness struck ;
They revel in each other's gore
And stab the breast that gave them suck.

EARTH'S REPLY.

Like Niobe dry-eyed and dumb
I watch my children fall and die,
A never-ending hecatomb,
Beneath the stern unpitying sky.

And oh the bitter pain and smart
For lives my fondest dreams had planned,—
Those niches in a mother's heart
That must for ever empty stand !

And yet I know some distant tide
My scars and sorrows shall efface,
And my poor body purified
Shall quicken with a happier race,
That beats its swords to pruning hooks,
Turns all its warlike gear to peace,
And with a will that nothing brooks
Proclaims that strife shall ever cease.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

JANUS AND VESTA.

A Study of the World Crisis and After. By Benchara Branford.
London (Chatto & Windus) ; pp. 816 ; 6s. net.

FOR the Roman Janus and Vesta were twin spirits, equal guardians of the private family and of the public weal, the inspirers of culture and civilisation. Hence the otherwise somewhat puzzling title of this arresting book, the work of a keen thinker and educationalist, a lofty idealist and lover of far-reaching reforms. For twenty-five years, Mr. Branford tells us, he has been under the strong impression that the world was passing through the most important crisis of its history, and has at intervals written down the observations, reflections and suggestions which are so tightly packed together into the volume before us.

The author surveys precedents and treats of former great cultural crises in history, analyses present conditions and dwells on new and promising movements, and forecasts some of the great possibilities of the future. There is, however, no system in the book and the chapters can be read almost in any order. Though again the subject matter is of encyclopædic scope the treatment is never formal ; on the contrary Mr. Branford has given us a piece of literature which holds the attention by its frequent aphoristic phrasing and at times fine outbursts of poetic diction. If the outlook is idealistic and the vital and spiritual sought for throughout, the way to reach the goal lies through the practical and concrete. If Mr. Branford talks of cosmopolitanism or world-citizenship, for instance, there is nothing vague or vacuous about it ; for him " a true cosmopolitan, whether man or woman, must be first a devoted member of the family, then a good citizen in the life of the town or region, an ardent patriot, a cultured member of the Western or Eastern institutions woven into the particular civilisation in which he or she is born." If again Mr. Branford treats of the ideal of a world-university, it is based upon a survey of the evolution of universities up to their present stage, where for the most part they are no more than national or state organs in type and function. But for a genuine world-culture a higher type

is necessary, an international university, one of whose chief functions would be to provide an adequate training for the arbitrators of the future—the men who will, we hope, have to adjust or decide impartially international disputes in a world court. In this direction also the high vision of a new humanism is opened out before us, a harmonious blend of secular and sacred knowledge. On arts and crafts and especially on statecraft Mr. Branford has much to say and suggest and writes with ability and enthusiasm. Nor is the 'dominion of dreams' neglected; indeed he would have it that new myths in the best sense should be created to rouse our faith in the ideal and to strengthen our assurance that the world is on the eve of a new discovery of itself, no less than a coming to self-consciousness for the first time.

"There is a new discovery of the world to be made, new voyages of Columbus, both within the soul of man himself and outwards and into great Mother Earth. New revelations of the one ever bring correspondingly great revelations of the other. The spirit of co-operation between East and West, and even between the cities and nations of the World themselves, has been hitherto in the main indirect and spasmodic. The day is dawning when an era of deliberate, continuous, fully conscious and world-wide co-operation will commence, intimate and penetrating, between all the great regions and religions of the world, with deepening and widening, enriching and uplifting of the heart of man as never perhaps before."

The present world-crisis of such acute suffering is thus envisaged as the greatest opportunity mankind has ever been offered for a revision of its culture and civilisation world-wide in extent and profound in spirit. The opportunity is offered; but only if the lesson of the age that is passing away in agony is rightly learned shall we enjoy the blessings of a genuine renaissance of mankind and a new birth of spiritual life. This good end is to be effected "through a new interpretation of the past, and a new rehearsal of the future, together creating a re-orientation of the present."

A SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE.

By R. J. Campbell, M.A., Priest of St. Philip's Cathedral Church
Birmingham. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 339;
7s. 6d. net.

HAD this book appeared in more normal times, it would doubtless have created more stir in religious circles than it is likely to do

when men are at grips with elementary propositions and have little energy to spend on complexities and refinements. A distinguished popular preacher, whose utterances in print have reached a very wide audience, has abandoned the ranks of Liberal Nonconformity and been ordained a priest of the Anglican community. In taking this step Mr. Campbell naturally felt that an explanation was due to those who have so loyally supported his ministry for a score of years, and whose views he has done so much to mould and develope. This difficult task he has done with rare frankness and good feeling, arguing as little as may be points of controversy, and contenting himself with setting forth the history of his spiritual pilgrimage in an autobiographical narrative of considerable interest. Why he did not on leaving Oxford immediately seek ordination in the Established Church instead of accepting a call to the Nonconformist ministry is the most obscure moment in the process of his inner dialectic. For he tells us that Anglicanism was unquestionably the main formative factor in his spiritual life at that epoch, and that all through his ministry he keenly missed the sacramental element and the service of the altar. Throughout there has clearly been a painful struggle in his inner nature between two opposed tendencies. On the one hand, he was keenly alive to the difficulties of the modern mind in facing the historical and intellectual problems of religion, and courageously throughout his ministry took his congregation into his confidence and kept them informed of the progress of Biblical research and New Testament criticism, and of his own theological studies and difficulties. He thus found himself working in the ranks of advanced Liberal Christianity and in much sympathy with the aspirations of Modernism. On the other hand, his mystical temperament could not find satisfaction in views which, if pushed to extremes, degenerate into an arid religious rationalism. His mystical sympathies therefore led him also to read widely in the sacred writings of the other great religions, as well as in the mystical literature of the main divisions of Christendom, and to become friends with many men of distinction in communities other than his own. There are those who do not find these two tendencies incompatible; on the contrary, they find them quite natural and complementary in their spiritual life. They are those who regard the prophetic element in religion as its spiritual foundation and feel that this mode of immediate contact with reality cannot be opposed to the fullest freedom of enquiry; for invariably it has been this saving element of immediate experience

in religion that has inaugurated reform and cut away the rank growths of convention and dogma and priestly pretension that have always choked the free growth of the spiritual tree of life on earth. But Mr. Campbell was not content patiently to work out the reconciliation between the mystical element in religion and the imperative claims of the sanative work of right reason in all departments of human activity. He felt acutely the loneliness of his position. It was, he thought, almost entirely a personal tie that bound his congregation together. It all depended on himself; there was no element of continuity and permanence in the undertaking in which he was engaged. He did not doubt, indeed he had many proofs of it, that his ministry had been blessed by the in-working of the Divine Spirit; but there was, he felt, something lacking. He was a minister of God, but not a priest of the Divine mysteries. It was the outwardly transmitted powers of a priesthood ordained by traditional instituted rites that he craved, with the accompanying feeling of security in belonging to long-established and continuing order and of the strength that fellowship in it conferred. Thus it came about that, after much hesitation over the vexed question of the validity of Anglican orders, he decided to reject the views and claims of Rome on the matter, and sought refuge in the Established Church of England. To do this he had to assure the authorities of his orthodoxy, and in particular to withdraw from publication his controversial work, called *The New Theology*, which had raised so loud an outcry not only among Anglicans but also among the traditionalists of the various Non-conformist Churches. He now thinks it was a crude piece of work generally and in particular set forth the doctrine of immanationism in too extreme a form.

Such is the present outcome of Mr. Campbell's spiritual pilgrimage; it has led him to become 'Priest of St. Philip's Cathedral Church, Birmingham.' He has travelled far to come back to where he might have started a score of years ago. We wonder, nevertheless, what were his feelings when he had to sign the Articles. It is a notorious fact that even the most submissive minds have qualms in compromising with a number of the clauses of this compromising document, known familiarly among the clergy as the 'forty stripes save one.' What then must have been the hesitations to be overcome by so enquiring and well-read a mind as Mr. Campbell's! But without striking this bargain he could not be a priest, and priest he was evidently resolved to become at any price. It is of course entirely a matter for his own

decision; but it may be allowable to doubt whether one of his temperament will really find the peace he craves in the ranks of Anglicanism. That in certain respects there is really more freedom in the Established Church than in most of the Churches of Nonconformity is not difficult to understand, and that the cultured and moderate authority of a Bishop may be far less galling to an adventurous spirit than the dragooning of an ill-instructed eldership is a self-evident proposition. But Mr. Campbell, as far as his own congregation was concerned, seems to have enjoyed a quite privileged position and could have continued to enjoy even greater liberty had he wished it. He, however, craved to 'serve at the altar,' and thereon the rejoinder of Nonconformists could not fail to be: But the Founder of our Faith served at no altar. Mr. Campbell seems to have had and still professes to have a genuine desire to speed on the movement which sets before itself the ideal of the Union of the Churches. Now, however, he tells his late Nonconformist brethren that, though he does not for a moment doubt their ministry to be blessed with the grace of the Divine Spirit, this alone is not a sufficient basis for genuinely Christian fellowship. To make the basis of reconciliation complete and secure, he says, they must accept ordination into the priesthood of the National Church. In other words, Nonconformity must surrender the main principle of its existence. The priest in Mr. Campbell has thus triumphed over the prophet; and Nonconformity is presented with the traditional priestly *non possumus*, instead of with the right hand of fellowship. It is a pity; for God knows how badly to-day we stand in need of the prophets and how little help we have had or expect to have from the priests in the really vital matters of religion.

PRINCIPLES OF TANTRA (PART II.).

The Tantra Tattva of Shriyukta Shiva Chandra Vidyārṇava Bhaṭṭāchārya Mahodaya. With an Introduction by Shriyukta Baradā Kānta Majumdār. Edited by Arthur Avalon. London (Luzac); pp. cxlix. + 407; 15s. net.

WE have already on several occasions¹ drawn the attention of our readers to the courageous effort which 'Arthur Avalon' is making to supply students of comparative religion with material which

¹ See reviews of the *Mahānirvāna Tantra* (Oct. 1913, pp. 182ff.), *Hymns to the Goddess* (Jan. 1914, pp. 392ff.) and Part I. of the above (Oct. 1914, pp. 185ff.).

will enable them to treat with greater understanding certain aspects of religion in India hitherto veiled in almost impenetrable obscurity. The *Tantra Shāstra* is that very extensive body of religious documents and manuals which prescribe the many forms of worship, rite, ritual and practice of *Magna Mater* Hinduism, and endeavour to explain their *rationale* and the inner nature of a host of things that are for the most part not only unfamiliar but repugnant to modern Western ideas. We have already, in the reviews referred to, written at some length on this complicated and very mixed subject, and do not propose on the present occasion to repeat what has been said. For what applies to Part I. of *The Principles of Tantra* applies equally to Part II., seeing that it is the continuation and conclusion of what is the most thorough-going *apologia* of these Principles by a whole-souled believer in and scholar of the tradition. Paṇḍit Shiva Chandra was one of the ornaments of Benares scholarship of the traditional type, and wrote his defence of Tantra some twenty-two years ago in Bengālī, and it is deeply to be regretted that his quite recent death deprives us of the advantage of further utilizing his very extensive knowledge of this vast Tantra literature, which Western scholarship has so far almost entirely neglected. It is true that his mentality was quite alien to that of a Western scholar; of history and criticism he had not the slightest notion in our meaning of the terms. Nevertheless it is of great advantage to have his exposition of the Principles of Tantra before us in translation; for it presents us with what is presumably the ablest modern defence of the whole system as conceived by a mind not only utterly untouched by Western influences but strongly antagonistic to modern reformatory religious movements in India. If, for instance, the Brahma Samāj and Ārya Samāj are both utterly convinced that there can be no real religious reform in India without a stern repudiation of everything that savours of idol-worship, Paṇḍit Shiva Chandra is equally certain that theistic rationalism and Vedāntic abstractionism and docetism are futile. He stands for the fullest reality of the material world and the highest worth and importance of the physical body. For him the realities of religion embrace physical and psychic as well as mental and moral realities. He is an out-and-out champion of the adoration of images—that *bête noire* not only of the Protestant missionary but indeed of the vast majority of cultured minds of the modern age. Whether what he has to say will eventually in any way modify the present attitude of testy impatience that refuses even to listen

to such a plea, is doubtful. As, however, it is based on psychological considerations of an order that is beginning to be more familiar to students of abnormal mental phenomena and of suggestion, which are now playing an important part in the investigation of the very extensive and important domain of religious psychology and of the psychology of religion, it may prove to be of some value. It may be that gradually this living tradition in India, which has with extreme conservatism indiscriminately preserved for us much that elsewhere has become a memory, will be found to be worthy of the careful study not only of our anthropologists and psychologists, but also of those scholars of comparative religion who would seek to find, for instance, some explanation of the persistent veneration of images in Latin and of icons in Eastern Christianity and are not content to dismiss it summarily as simply a relic of superstition. Idol-worship is the immediate forerunner of these practices; and a living tradition that preserves, not only the cult of sacred images and diagrams, but also professes to explain its *rationale*, may prove to be of more value to the student of comparative religion than the praise-worthy but utterly inadequate attempts of anthropologists and archæologists to get at its *modus* and nature by trying to piece together the imperfect and chaotic data derived from primitives or the records of long dead faiths. But this, though a very important element of Tantra practice, is only one outcome of its principles, which are designed to embrace every type and class of worshipper. Therefore though the magic of images, or magic in any form, may in no way concern our own personal religion, if we are sincerely desirous of understanding religion in all its many phases, we cannot neglect this side of the subject. A study of the Tantra tradition will familiarise us with many things that are exceedingly curious and quite unknown to the modern mind. We come to know something, for instance, of the art or science of *mantra* (spelling, mystic song, chanting, muttering, incantation), and the effects it is held to produce not only on animate but also on inanimate objects, and also of the psychical, psycho-physiological and physical practices which are said to be indispensable in all forms of Tantric worship. Here again the average Western mind is introduced into a new world of religious practice hitherto undreamed of. All this, in our opinion, deserves to be carefully investigated and considered so that, if there is anything of real value in what has for many centuries fascinated the minds of many millions in India, it may be brought

to clearer definition, reviewed and revised. In these days of patient enquiry, it will not do to risk the reproach of throwing away the child with the bath water, simply because many things in popular Indian religion, and especially in its Tantra tradition, indubitably require reformation. At the same time we should not forget that in the West equally drastic reforms are needed in many things pertaining to religion.

Mr. 'Avalon's' industry and wise co-operation with Indian paṇḍits have thus supplied us with a mass of material that requires the most careful sifting and analysis, and we owe him a debt of gratitude for making it accessible to us. In the present volume we have before us not only Part II. of Paṇḍit Shiva Chandra's *Tantra-tattva* but also a long essay of some 150 pages, in the form of an Introduction, by Paṇḍit B. K. Majumdār, also of Benares. The same general criticism, however, must also be passed upon this introductory essay; it is entirely uncritical in our sense of the term. It gives us information and supplies us with material, but we are left to ourselves to analyse and evaluate it. We are, then, only at the beginning of a new subject of research, which promises to reach very wide dimensions. Mr. 'Avalon' has already, in addition to the works mentioned above, published three Sanskrit texts—viz. *Tantrābhidhāna*, a Tāntrik Dictionary; *Prapanchasāra Tantra*, a work on the Origin and Nature of the World and on Worship; and *Shatchakranirūpaṇa*, a work on the Six Centres of the Body. Part of this last has been translated and is now in the press, bearing the sub-title *A Description of the Tāntrik Kuṇḍalini Yoga*. This is one of the most important manuals of the psycho-physiology presupposed in all Tāntric forms of *Sādhana* or religious practice, and deals with the nature of the psycho-physical force which it is the object of the *Sādhaka* to bring into activity.

There is a good story about Dyānand Sarasvatī, the founder of the Ārya Samāj, in this connection. He had for long been practising *yoga* on these lines. Being however of an enquiring turn of mind, one day he retrieved a corpse from the river and proceeded to dissect it, and of course he found no physical *shat chakra*, or six centres, as described in the books. He accordingly jettisoned the whole thing as pure delusion, in the good old style of the rationalistic heroes of modern science. But the best informed defenders of the tradition assert that it is not a question of physiological psychology, but rather of psychological physics presented in the form of traditional religious symbolism. It is

certainly a matter for the psychologist rather than the physiologist, though the latter can now at last throw new light on the functions of some of the hitherto utterly enigmatical ductless glands. There is somewhat about all this here and there in the *Mahānirvāṇa Tantra* and Shiva Chandra's defence of Tāntric principles, but nothing that is systematic or satisfactory. We hope therefore that Mr. 'Avalon's' *Six Centres* will inaugurate a new and fruitful enquiry.

There is, however, a serious blemish in the books our author and editor has laid before us, which we should like to see remedied in future works. There is no index, nor is there any glossary of technical terms. The references are for the most part useless. When you have, for instance, an Introduction of 100 pages, it is irritating to be repeatedly referred to it with the simple indication 'see Introd.' Again a common technical term used scores of times is each time explained in a note; whereas if an isolated term occurs, it is frequently not explained at all.

A FEAST OF LANTERNS.

Rendered with an Introduction by L. Cranmer-Byng, Author of 'A Lute of Jade,' 'The Odes of Confucius,' etc. London (Murray); pp. 95; 2s. net.

THIS volume is one of the Wisdom of the East Series and consists of a number of translations of Chinese poems, chiefly those of the T'ang dynasty (618 to 905 A.D.), 'the golden age of Chinese poetry,' as Mr. Cranmer-Byng tells us in his Introduction to what must be to many readers a first step into a new and entrancing world. The poems are all lyrical and, as it strikes the reader at first, extremely subjective and emotional. As one gets more accustomed however to the point of view, one sees otherwise. Formless as the thought appears to be, and baffling as is at times the apparent merging of the poet's own being into the subject of which he sings, there is yet a definiteness in the character of the creative imagination. The images from nature—and nature is the inspiration of most of these poets—have a clear-cut truth often missed by the more reflective Western poetry; and the poet never subordinates his subject-matter to his own sensations, but gives us nature as he sees it and as we may see it. Such lines as the following by Li Po (706-765 A.D.), in which the personal element is transcended while the expression of emotion is complete, are an example of the highest form of lyric art:

"The rustling nightfall strews my gown with roses,
 And wine-flushed petals bring forgetfulness
 Of shadow after shadow striding past.
 I arise with the stars exultantly and follow
 The sweep of the moon along the hushing stream,
 Where no birds wake ; only the far-drawn sigh
 Of wary voices whispering farewell."

We perceive moreover that the vagueness which at first troubled us is strictly in accord with a definite philosophic attitude, and is also the natural outcome of temperament. The characteristics which strike one in these poems regarded as a whole—they extend over a period of eleven centuries—are suggestiveness as opposed to definite statement; sadness such as might be called pessimism but that it is quite without bitterness; a resignation that accepts the way of nature and finds the solution of the riddle of life in going with the stream of things; and lastly the sense of the past, which seems to be diffused throughout the whole thought-world of these poets. Poetry for them, moreover, according to a commentator, is a kind of ecstasy; the poet is in a sense an anchorite. Yet many of them were also great statesmen and musicians, guarding the inner life according to the teaching of Chuang Tzū: "Outwardly you may adapt yourself, but inwardly you must keep to your own standard." This ecstatic character perhaps explains the fact that the poems suggest more than they reveal. Selection is difficult among Mr. Cranmer-Byng's graceful renderings, and the book should be read to obtain any idea of the wealth of beauty that has been hidden so long from the Western world, for out of forty-eight thousand nine hundred poems of the T'ang dynasty, we are told, only some three or four hundred have been translated into European languages. But the following, by Po Chui (772-846), entitled 'Myself,' may give some idea of what this *Feast of Lanterns* has to offer us.

"What of myself?

I am like unto the sere chrysanthemum

That is shorn by the frost-blade, and, torn from its roots,
 Whirled away on the wind.

Once in the valleys of Ch'in and Yung I rambled at will,
 Now ring me round the unfriendly plains of the wild folk of Pa.
 O galloping dawns with Youth and Ambition riding knee to knee!
 Ride on, Youth, with the galloping dawns and dappled days!
 I am unhorsed, outventured—

I, who crouch by the crumbling embers, old, and grey, and alone.
 One great hour of noon with the sky-faring Rukh
 I clanged on the golden dome of heaven.
 Now in the long dusk of adversity
 I have found my palace of contentment, my dream pavilion ;
 Even the tiny twig of the little humble wren."

Nor can we refrain from quoting the following lines, called 'Willow Flowers,' from Yuan Mei (1715-1797), the latest poet in the collection, lines which touch the depth of human life in a phrase of delicate beauty.

"O willow flowers like flakes of snow,
 Where do your wandering legions go?
 Little we care, and less we know!
 Our ways are the ways of the wind;
 Our life in the whirl, and death in the drifts below."

S. E. H.

OUTLINES OF JAINISM.

By Jagmanderlal Jaini, M.A. Cambridge University Press;
 pp. 156; 4s. net.

HIS HONOUR JAGMANDERLAL JAINI, Judge of the High Court, Indore State, is one of the most distinguished and enlightened of the Jain community, and leader of the much needed social and religious reform which aims at reviving the spirit of what has been best in this very ancient tradition and adapting it to present-day needs. The three sects of the Jains number in all some million and a quarter adherents to-day. They are, however, steadily decreasing in numbers, having lost in the brief period of twenty-five years upwards of a quarter of a million who have been absorbed by Hinduism. The tradition itself goes back to pre-Buddhistic days, has many affinities with the teaching of Gautama, and is perhaps the most indispensable part of the background in the historical study of Buddhistic origins. Until quite recently all the work of scientific research on the origins and development of Jainism, which was at one time a faith and practice widespread throughout India, had been done by Western Orientalists. Within the last decade or so, however, several contributions to this important study have been made by Jain scholars, and the present is not the first contribution to the subject from the pen

of Judge Jaini, who was for some years editor of *The Jaina Gazette*. It should be read in conjunction with the recent (1915) able work of Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson, *The Heart of Jainism*, which it corrects on several important points; in others, however, it is not altogether satisfactory, for it leans too far towards the traditional standpoint to be free from the inherent weakness of the apologetic method. Nevertheless it must have been a very difficult matter for the learned author to steer a middle course that would have some prospect of bridging over the wide gap between the two opposed types of mentality of which he would be the intermediary—namely the reactionary conservatism of the Jain religious teachers, who are almost entirely destitute of Western education, and the modern mind. In any case these *Outlines of Jainism*, so carefully edited by Dr. F. W. Thomas, the Librarian of the India Office, are full of valuable information and indications for the student of comparative religion; while the general reader, if he should turn to it, will be amazed to learn how strenuously and wholeheartedly in the past the Jains of India strove to realise their ideal by a discipline of extreme asceticism and self-purification. Like Buddhism, Jainism rejoiced in minute and tedious classifications of acts and thoughts and feelings, which our author in one passage (p. 36) speaks of as 'almost spiritual mathematics,' but which we should be inclined for the most part to call monkish scholasticism or mechanism. On the many interesting points of doctrine and practice, and especially on the indications of a very ancient way of theoretic speculation concerning the nature of the world and man, which seems to go back to a period prior to the systematised Sāṃkhya, there is no space in this short notice to dwell. They are, however, of great importance, for in every attempt to write the history of Indian religions, Jainism, because of its past, has to be reckoned with and given a foremost place; the books and records are there in abundance, though only too jealously guarded. The present Jain community is indubitably the guardian of a rich religious heritage; but unfortunately for the most part it is far more ignorant of this past than Orientalists who have troubled to study it. That is a sadly regrettable state of affairs, and it is to be hoped that with such enlightened leaders as Judge Jaini a reasonable consciousness of the value of their spiritual heredity will be aroused in the community as a whole, which is by no means lacking in this world's goods. For not until they themselves insist upon it will their religious teachers and *sādhus* be properly educated, and the true spirit of

Jainism, instead of dying out, be revived in a genuine reform that will not hesitate to discard the extravagances and absurdities that have been allowed to smother it for centuries past.

THE MYSTICAL KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

An Essay in the Art of Knowing and Loving the Divine Majesty.

By Dom Savinien Louismet, O.S.B. London (Burns & Oates); pp. 84; 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is a little book on a big subject; a prettily printed and got-up book—indeed it might be called a boudoir book. The author is a Benedictine Monk at Buckfast Abbey; full monastic and ecclesiastical approbations are prefixed, and the work is put forth for reading by Catholics, lay and clerical. In this aspect it is remarkable and interesting. For though, of course, all that is here so shortly said has been drawn from Catholic mystical writers, it has never before, we believe, been published in such a popular form.

After dealing briefly with the Knowledge of God by reason and by faith, which he describes as "an indirect knowledge, from a distance and from without," Father Louismet comes to *Mystical Knowledge*, which he says is the "knowledge of God by love" and is a knowledge "at once close, intimate, and from within." And he continues: "It is an infusion of divine light and sweetness and strength, direct from God into the soul without passing through the channel of outward sight or symbol, such as the sacred scriptures, or the sacraments, or the ministrations of men." This is a broad bold statement of high doctrine, and, standing alone, it seems to mean that the soul of man can, and does, acquire this direct Knowledge of God from a source above the Church. Of course we know that this is not the author's full meaning, but it logically follows from the words as used here in regard to what he later on calls the 'higher knowledge.' To answer his own question, "Is there any illusion in it?"—he has written a whole chapter entitled 'No Possibility of Delusion in the *Mystical Knowledge of God*.' His point here is that there can be no illusion "precisely" because it is a blind apprehension of God, and the senses and the imagination have no part in it." We might put it another way by saying that Knowledge of Himself, given to the soul by God, cannot delude; but then that presumes that the soul has a certitude that such knowledge has been given.

Many directors would question this certitude and would point to the dangers of the doctrine of personal inspiration or, as they often term it, private judgment.

This Knowledge of God does but bring us into the Divine Cloud or Darkness. When he comes to the question of its enlargement Father Louismet points out that this "does not mean to know more things about God, but to know the one thing, God, more." It might be argued from this statement taken alone that only Mystical Theology is of real and high value. The author also writes that "nothing can give a true idea of what God is, save only God Himself." All this is quite true and has been said by the great saints and mystics of every age and many countries. It is here set forth with sincere simplicity in a sympathetic style and without qualification. But we see that Father Louismet is writing a large work, *Outlines of the Doctrine of the Mystical Life*, which will be in five volumes, and of which the first is now in preparation, wherein we shall look for the full teaching of his Church upon this deep and difficult matter.

F. W.

THE CONTINGENCY OF THE LAWS OF NATURE.

By Emile Boutroux. Authorised Translation by Fred Rothwell.
Chicago and London (Open Court Publishing Co.); pp. 196;
5s. net.

"If they were actually necessary, the laws of Nature would signify the immutability and rigidity of death. If they are contingent, they dignify life and constitute points of support or bases which enable us constantly to rise towards a higher life." In this sentence from the Preface to the Translation of his earliest work Prof. Emile Boutroux seems to sum up the whole issue. The book itself consists of the thesis he presented to the Sorbonne for his doctor's degree in 1874, now first rendered into excellent English. During the many years since then the author has done much good work that has made his name famous, but has found no reason to change the conclusions he reached in his earliest effort in philosophic thought.

Speaking of Nature as based simply on necessity, he says that, in this view, "the law accounts for the phenomena; and the phenomena realise the law"; but that makes only a vicious circle ending nowhere. Presuming that the understanding imposes on

science its category of necessary relation, then, as M. Boutroux says, "a perfect intellect would derive the whole of science from itself"—which may perhaps be taken as a summing up of what was done by Scholastic Philosophy. But it is clear that the question here is one that concerns not only metaphysics but also the positive sciences. Metaphysics we know mainly as a mental gymnastic exercise; but what about science? What is science in the sense of absolute truth?—which is only another way of putting positive science. Where are the firm foundations, where the unalterable bases, upon which to build constructively?

The law of nature and the law of science mean the same thing. But whence is this law to be derived? Every science, even in its elements, is constantly changing; take medicine revolutionised by bacteriology, or chemistry going down deeper every day with each new discovery. It is the boast of science itself that there is and can be no finality in the work of the mind of man. Where then is the law—the law of necessity? In dealing with living beings M. Boutroux practically admits all this. And when he comes down to elementary cells he says: "The reduction of organisms to cells simply postpones the difficulty." Later on he writes: "The idea of a vital principle, single and intelligent, is really an idea *a priori*; but this idea is in no way presupposed by the knowledge of living beings." So no searching in science seems able to bring out the law of life from within. The laws of nature or of science cannot be stated as immutable while the unknown foundations of phenomena are for ever shifting. The laws of nature must then be taken as contingent.

F. W.

THE REALITY OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

By W. J. Crawford, D.Sc., Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering,
Municipal Technical Institute, Belfast, etc. London
(Watkins); pp. 246; 4s. 6d. net.

THE title of Dr. Crawford's painstaking volume is somewhat too general for its contents. It is a careful record of a series of ingenious experiments extending over two years and designed to establish mechanical tests of certain psychical phenomena of a physical order—namely raps and the levitation of objects—freely obtained in a private family circle of Spiritualists at Belfast. All these manifestations, we are assured, were produced without any

physical contact of medium or sitters with the objects levitated or rapped upon. Many experiments were made to ascertain the change of weight in the medium, which varied according to the strength of the phenomena. The weight of the medium was found in general to increase proportionately with the weight of the objects levitated, and to decrease proportionately according to the intensity of the raps. Moreover, when a large compression spring balance was placed on the floor under the levitated table and without touching it, the dial was found to register the weight of vertical reaction up to as much as 30lbs. when the table weighed only about 10lbs. Various other ingenious tests were also devised, such as those to ascertain the strength of horizontal pressure. Every care, it is stated, was taken to guard against fraud or delusion. The raps, for instance, were phonographed to prove their objective nature, and there was no money payment of any kind, all concerned giving their services freely for love of science. There were raps of every description and kind, from the faintest up to sledge-hammer blows, and the movement of the table was at times so violent that a strong man could not hold it. All this Dr. Crawford records with absolute conviction that he is setting forth a plain unvarnished tale of what actually occurred, and risks his reputation to vouch for it. At the end a tentative theory is put forward in which the principles of mechanics are applied to the hypothesis of an ethereal emanation from the medium as the intermediary factor in producing phenomena which are held to be ultimately due to spirit agency. The book is well worth the attention of those who are investigating or are interested in the physical phenomena of spiritism and psychical research.

STRAY BIRDS.

By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. With a Frontispiece by Willy Pogány. London (Macmillan); pp. 84; 4s. 6d. net.

THE 'stray birds' are thoughts that have come to the poet's window 'to sing and fly away,' that they may sing in turn to his readers. So we glean from the first of these short sayings, aphorisms and mystical musings. Many of them are redolent of the beauties and delights of the simple things of nature. A sensitive sympathy suffuses them and at times expresses itself in deep religious feeling. Thus:

"Be still, my heart, these great trees are prayers."

Or again : "The smell of the wet earth in the rain rises like a great chant of praise from the voiceless multitude of the insignificant."

Less intense but no less pleasing is the charming conceit :

"The raindrops kissed the earth and whispered,—'We are thy homesick children, mother, come back to thee from heaven.'"

Concerning man also there are some arresting utterances ; for instance : "What you are you do not see, what you see is your shadow." And in similar strain :

"Man does not reveal himself in history, he struggles up through it."

On the contrary : "Man is worse than an animal when he is an animal." And yet : "Every child comes with the message that God is not discouraged with man."

These few 'stray birds' must suffice to indicate the very high level which a number of these sayings attain. For the rest, it may be said that, though they are not all of the same quality, they very seldom fail to hold the attention either by the beauty of their expression or by their insight, as when we read :

"A mind all logic is like a knife all blade. It makes the hand bleed that uses it."

Stray Birds is a very welcome and characteristic addition to the rapidly growing library of Sir Rabindranath's works in English.

SONGS FOR SUFFERERS.

(From a Sick-room.) By F. W. Orde Ward, Author of 'The Prisoner of Love,' etc. London (Kelly) ; pp. 89.

THE LAST CRUSADE.

Patriotic Poems. By F. W. Orde Ward, B.A. London (Kelly) ; pp. 89.

THE former of these booklets, appealing especially to the sick and sorrowful, contains some beautiful thoughts expressed in smoothly-flowing verse. They are wholly devotional, and in the realisation of the presence of Christ which they pourtray and in the transmutation of suffering effected thereby, they convey something akin to the atmosphere of Christian mysticism. The second contains poems on the subject of the War, and is of value for the relation in which it places the War to religion. We are often told

that the present cataclysm is a proof of the failure of Christianity. Here is a profoundly religious thinker who regards it as the high expression of religious life, the fulfilment of religious hopes.

“ God blessed it from the very first, He knew
The War was holy.”

These, the opening lines of the little book, supply the keynote to the message it has to give ; that the stirring of the national consciousness, and the noble self-sacrifice by which the national duty is carried out, are divine in their nature. The awful price required and the tremendous issue involved, as well as the grandeur of the goal, are set forth in the following striking lines (from ‘ The Ransom of Liberty,’ p. 15) :

“ Progress is paid for, not one step that faileth
To ask its ghastly tolls,
The sweated blood of souls ;
No prayer, no bribe, no blandishment availeth
To elude the dreadful pangs
Whereon Creation hangs,
Or baulk the penance for the prize and goals.
And Liberty, the grandest of God's boons,
By broken shrine and transom,
Grim glaring nights and darkness of mid noons,
And bitter travail of the suns and moons,
Must give in full the ransom.”

S. E. H.

NATURE, MIRACLE AND SIN.

A Study of St. Augustine's Conception of the Natural Order. By
T. A. Lacey, M.A. London (Longmans); pp. 165 ; 6s. net.

THIS book consists, mainly, of the Pringle Stuart Lectures for 1914, delivered by the author and revised. The Rev. Mr. Lacey is Editor of *The Church Times*, Warden of the Penitentiary at Highgate and a well-known scholar and writer. Amongst his works are *The Mysteries of Grace* and *Consciousness of God*, subjects familiar to students of St. Augustine. Throughout his last study we find the author dealing once more and at once clearly and candidly with the many theories of this great Latin Father and leader in Western theology. High as was his intellectual power, he had within him deep wells of mysticism which, if drawn

upon more freely, might have brought him to yet greater things than those he actually accomplished.

Augustine's efforts to define Nature as one complete whole upon a systematic basis of science were naturally hampered by his ignorance of so much that is now plainly proved. So with regard to miracle the tendencies of his time misled him, while in regard to sin his philosophical doctrine of freewill is seen to-day to be shaken by physiology and psychology. As to heredity, for instance, his theology and philosophy were helpless, and led him into statements which we now know to be erroneous. The scholastic view of soul and mind leaves the brain, the body and the temperament entirely out of account, and so these gropings in the dark may seem to us of little value. But Augustine was a great man and a great thinker, who would have done grand and much needed work if he were living to-day.

F. W.

IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND.

By Ralph Waldo Trine. London (Bell); pp. 242; 3s. 6d. net.

IN his new book Mr. Trine deals with the relation of Christianity to the needs of modern life. His view of the religion required by the 'intelligence of the age' appears to be based mainly on pragmatism. The modern American, he says, is one who asks of Christianity whether it "will work," and is "determined to find out how it can be made to work." The religion of the future will be one that has sufficient value "in use." It must, moreover, be a "joyous, conquering power," not primarily concerned with saving men's souls from hell, but one that is a constructive force in daily life. The picture given of the Founder and of the conditions of early Christianity is supported by a somewhat drastic treatment of history. Prominence is given to the intuitional side of religion, and there is much about "oneness with the Divine," and about the power of man to co-operate with God by actualising the divine potentiality within him. As often in teaching of this nature, one is struck with the ease with which this high consummation is said to be reached. The detailed application of the teaching to the problems of modern life is somewhat crude.

S. E. H.

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The Contingency of the Laws of Nature. By EMILE BOUTROUX of the French Academy. Translated by FRED ROTHWELL. With a portrait of the Author. Pages x, 196. Cloth, 5s. net. Postage 4d. extra.

The two leading ideas of this work are, first, that philosophy should not confine itself to recombining eternally the concepts handed down by our fore-runners, but rather should come into direct contact with the realities of nature and science; and, secondly, that philosophical systems, whether idealistic, materialistic or dualistic, regard the laws of nature as necessary, and, consequently, that they are destructive of true life and freedom. A natural law is not a first principle, it is a result: and life, feeling and liberty are realities whereof the comparatively rigid forms grasped by science are the ever inadequate manifestations. Men can act on nature because nature is neither brute force nor lifeless thought. The laws of nature, if necessary, would typify the rigidity and immobility of death. Being contingent, they give more dignity to life, a greater incentive to rise in the scale of being.

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THE SŪFĪ DOCTRINE OF THE PERFECT MAN.

REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON, M.A., Litt.D., LL.D.

WHAT do Sūfis mean when they speak of the Perfect Man—a phrase which seems first to have been used by the celebrated Ibn al-‘Arabī, although the notion underlying it is almost as old as Sūfism itself? The question would be answered by Sūfis in different ways; but, if we seek a general definition, perhaps we may define the Perfect Man as the man who has fully realised his essential oneness with the Divine Being. This statement does not take us very far, for the reality of such a union is, in one form or other, the basis of all mysticism; yet as soon as we turn to particular interpretations of this supreme experience we at once become aware of the difficulties which are involved in any attempt to make it intelligible. The Sūfis, indeed, proclaim that only by symbols can it be shadowed forth to the few capable of receiving it. I propose then to set forth some of those symbolic interpretations which are worthy of study whether or no they reveal their secret to the student, and especially to give an outline

of the theory of the Perfect Man as it was developed by a Sūfī of the fifteenth century, ‘Abd al-Karīm al-Jīlī, in a remarkable book entitled *The Man Perfect in Knowledge of the Last and First Things*.

In this treatise the Perfect Man has become a cosmic principle, half divine, half human; he is identified with the Prophet Mohammed, just as in the pseudo-Clementine writings Adam, the Archanthrōpos, assumes his highest form in Christ. The theory rests on certain beliefs which form the common ground of Mohammedan mysticism. One of these is the conviction that, not only are the Sūfīs the chosen people of God, but also that amongst the Sūfīs there exists a class of elect, men or women, to whom God reveals Himself in a peculiar and unique way. Such persons are named collectively *auliyā*, the plural of *walī*, a word which signifies ‘friend,’ ‘*protégé*,’ ‘favourite,’ and may be best rendered in English by ‘saint.’ Now the *walī* or saint is the popular type of Perfect Man, and it is important to grasp what the Mohammedan conception of saintship really is. What, in other words, is the primary condition that must be fulfilled before a Sūfī can rank as a saint? Normally the convert to Sūfism must place himself under the authority of a director (*shaykh*, *pīr*, *murshid*) and submit to a severe ascetic discipline which is combined with exercises in spiritual meditation and recollection. This course of training, which Sūfīs call the Path, may and often does produce what we should describe as a saintly character; but even when it leads to an exalted morality and holiness of life, it does not necessarily produce what Moslems mean by the term ‘saint.’ No; the *walī*, like the poet, is born, not made. Some will remember the beautiful lines in which Shelley has

recorded the ideas of Coleridge as to the true nature of poetry :

- “ He spoke of poetry, and how
 Divine it was—a light, a love—
 A spirit which like wind doth blow
 As it listeth, to and fro,
 A dew rained down from God above ;
- “ A power which comes and goes like dream,
 And which none can ever trace—
 Heaven’s light on earth—Truth’s brightest beam.
 And when he ceased, there lay the gleam
 Of those words upon his face.”

That definition of poetry embodies the essence of Mohammedan saintship ; for the essence of it is nothing less than Divine inspiration, immediate vision and knowledge of things unseen and unknown, when the veil of sense is suddenly lifted and the conscious self passes away in the overwhelming glory of ‘the One true Light.’ No Sūfī is a *walī* until he has had this ecstatic experience of oneness with God. It is the end of the Path, but only in so far as the discipline of the Path is meant to predispose and prepare the disciple to receive the incalculable gift of Divine grace, which is not gained or lost by anything that a man may do, but comes to him in proportion to the measure and degree of spiritual capacity with which he was created.

The *walī*, then, is predestined from eternity to be an organ of Divine life, power, and energy. God works in and through him, so that he performs miracles, *i.e.* he is a conscious or (as most Sūfīs hold) an unconscious theatre for the omnipotent Operator. Logically, he stands above all human laws and has thrown off the bondage of positive religion, though in practice the

antinomian principles of Sūfism are countered, to some extent, by the desire to avoid an open breach with Islam. Hence we find a distinction made between the ecstatic trance, when the *walī* is not accountable for any act of commission or omission, and the after-state of quiet, during which he soberly abides in oneness with God, while at the same time he goes about his business in the world and fulfils every obligation of the religious law.

There are two special functions of the *walī* which further illustrate the relation of the popular saint-cult to mystical philosophy—(1) his function as a mediator, (2) his function as a cosmic power. We shall see that Jīlī regards the Perfect Man as a connecting link between Absolute Being and the world of Nature; he also says that the Perfect Man is the preserver of the universe, meaning that the continuation of the sensible world depends on him. Similarly, in Mohammedan religious life, the *walī* occupies a middle position: he bridges the appalling chasm which the Koran and orthodox theology have set between man and an absolutely transcendent God. Through his intercession sins are forgiven and prayers are answered. He brings relief to the distressed, health to the sick, children to the childless, food to the famished, spiritual guidance to those who entrust their souls to his care, blessing to all who visit his tomb and invoke Allah in his name.

The *walīs*, from the highest to the lowest, are arranged in a graduated hierarchy, with the so-called *Qutb* at their head. "The whole system forms a saintly board of administration by which the invisible government of the world is carried on." Speaking of the *Autād*—a name borne by three or four saints whose

rank is only inferior to the *Qutb* himself—Hujwiri says: "It is their office to go round the whole world every night, and if there be any place on which their eyes have not fallen, next day some flaw will appear in that place; and they must then inform the *Qutb* in order that he may direct his attention to the weak spot and that by his blessing the imperfection may be remedied."

Such experiences and beliefs led inevitably to speculation concerning the nature of God and man, speculation which drifted far away from Koranic monotheism into pantheistic and monistic philosophies. The Sūfī reciting the Koran in ecstatic prayer and seeming to hear, in the words which he intoned, not his own voice, but the voice of God speaking through him, could no longer acquiesce in the orthodox conception of Allah as a Being utterly different from all other beings, infinitely remote and everlastingly inaccessible. This conception was supplanted by the idea of a Divine Reality (*al-Haqq*) which is the ultimate ground of all that exists, and various attempts were made to indicate the relation of man to the Real more precisely. (I should perhaps remind the reader that the Sūfis are not an organised sect with a uniform doctrine. We may sometimes conveniently describe what is believed by an individual Sūfī, or by a group or school of Sūfis, as 'the Sūfī doctrine'; but the expression must not be taken in any wider sense.) It is an interesting fact that the oldest Moslem theory of this kind is founded on the Christian doctrine of two natures in God. Hallāj, who dared to say outright, "*Ana 'l-Haqq*" ("I am the Real"), thereby announced that the Perfect Man in his deification realises himself as the image of God in which he was created. The

Jewish tradition that God created Adam in His own image reappeared in Islam as a *hadīth* (saying of the Prophet) and was put to strange uses by Moham-medan theosophists. Even the comparatively orthodox Ghazālī hints that here is the key of a great mystery which nothing will induce him to divulge. According to Hallāj, the essence of God's essence is Love. Before the creation, God loved Himself in absolute unity, and through love revealed Himself to Himself alone. Then, desiring to behold that love-in-aloneness, that love without otherness and duality, as an external object, He brought forth from non-existence an image of Himself, endowed with all His attributes and names. This divine image is Adam, in and by whom God is made manifest — divinity objectified in humanity. Hallāj, however, maintains a certain distinction between the divine and human natures. Though mystically united, they are not identical and interchangeable. Man derives his existence from God and subsists through God. Even in union some personality survives. Water does not become wine, though wine be mixed with it. Using a more congenial metaphor, Hallāj says in verses which are often quoted:

“I am He whom I love, and He whom I love is I.
 We are *two* spirits dwelling in one body.
 If thou seest me, thou seest Him;
 And if thou seest Him, thou seest us both.”

The markedly Christian flavour of the Hallājīan doctrine condemned it in Moslem eyes, and while later Sūfis venerate Hallāj himself as a martyr who was barbarously done to death because he had proclaimed the Truth, they interpret his “*Ana 'l-Haqq*” in the

light of their own unitarian and monistic theories. His doctrine in its original form has only recently been recovered and given to the world by M. Louis Massignon, to whose learned and brilliant monograph on Hallāj every student of Sūfism is deeply indebted.

I now come to Jilī. He belongs to the school of Sūfis who hold that reality is one, that all apparent differences are modes, aspects, and manifestations of reality, that the phenomenal is the outward expression of the real. He begins by defining Essence as that to which names and attributes are referred; it may be either existent or non-existent, *i.e.* existing only in name, like the bird called 'Anqā. Essence which really exists is of two kinds: (1) Pure Being or God; (2) Being joined to Not-being, *i.e.* the world of created things. The Essence of God is unknowable *per se*; we must seek knowledge of it through its names and attributes. It is a substance with two accidents, eternity and everlastingness; with two qualities, creativeness and creatureliness; with two descriptions, uncreatedness and origination in time; with two names, Lord and slave (*i.e.* God and man); with two aspects, the outward or visible, which is the present world, and the inward and invisible, which is the world to come; both necessity and contingency are predicated of it, and it may be regarded either as non-existent for itself but existent for other, or as non-existent for other but existent for itself.

Pure Being, as such, has neither name nor attribute; only when it gradually descends from its absoluteness and enters the realm of manifestation, do names and attributes appear imprinted on it. The sum of these attributes is the phenomenal universe, which is 'phenomenal' only in the sense that it shows

reality under the form of externality. Although the distinction of essence and attribute must be admitted, if we are to think of the universe at all, the two are ultimately one, like water and ice. The so-called phenomenal world—the world of attributes—is no illusion; it really exists as the self-revelation or other self of the Absolute. In denying any real difference between essence and attribute, Jilī makes Being identical with Thought. The world expresses God's idea of Himself, or, as Ibn al-'Arabī puts it, "we ourselves are the attributes by which we describe God; our existence is merely an objectification of His existence. God is necessary to us in order that we may exist, while we are necessary to Him in order that He may be manifested to Himself."

Absolute Being is the simple Essence apart from all qualities and relations. Nevertheless all qualities and relations are comprised in it, but they are somehow absorbed in such a way that the Absolute is not limited by them. This Being without attributes Jilī calls 'the Blindness' (*al-'Amā*). It develops consciousness by passing through three stages of manifestation, which modify its purity and simplicity. The first stage is Oneness (*ahadiyyat*), the second is He-ness (*huwiyyat*), and the third is I-ness (*aniyyat*). By this process of descent Absolute Being has become the subject and object of all thought and has revealed itself as Divinity with distinctive attributes embracing the whole series of existence. The created world is the outward aspect of that which in its inward aspect is God.

What result have we reached? We have found in the Absolute a principle of diversity, which it evolved by moving downwards, so to speak, from a point beyond quality and relation, beyond even the barest unity,

until by degrees it clothed itself in manifold names and attributes and took visible shape in the infinite variety of Nature. But

“The One remains, the Many change and pass.”

The Absolute cannot rest in diversity. Opposites must be reconciled and at last united, the Many must again be One. Recurring to Jili's metaphor, we may say that as water becomes ice and then water once more, so the Essence crystallised in the world of attributes seeks to return to its pure and simple self. And in order to do so, it must move upwards, reversing the direction of its descent from absoluteness. We have seen how reality, without ceasing to be reality, presents itself in the form of appearance; now let us see by what means appearance ceases to be appearance and disappears in the oneness of reality.

But here you may feel inclined to protest that all this metaphysics seems to have little bearing on the doctrine of the Perfect Man. What part does he play in the universal drama? Obviously he cannot be left out of it; but is he a protagonist or a subordinate character? How does he stand in relation to its development and *dénoûment*? Well, these questions will be answered as we proceed; in fact, we cannot proceed without answering them. At the point where we have now arrived, the Absolute is divided in itself—reality on one side, appearance on the other; and we agreed that such a separation cannot be ultimate, that somehow the rift must be closed. But if appearance is the outward expression of reality, and if reality is the inward ground to which all appearances must return, then Man, as the highest type of phenomenal existence, is vitally involved. As Omar Khayyām says:

“ Man, is not he Creation's last appeal,
The light of Wisdom's eye ? Behold the wheel
Of universal life as 'twere a ring,
But Man the superscription and the seal.”

While every appearance shows some attribute of reality, Man is the microcosm in which all these attributes are united, and in him alone does the Absolute become conscious of itself in all its diverse aspects. This can only mean that the Absolute, having completely realised itself in human nature, returns into itself through the medium of human nature ; or, in mystical language, that man and God become one in the Perfect Man—the divinely rapt prophet or saint—whose religious function as a mediator between man and God corresponds with his metaphysical function as the unifying principle by means of which the opposed attributes of appearance and reality are harmonised. Therefore the upward movement of the Absolute from the sphere of manifestation back to the unmanifested essence takes place in and through the unitive experience of the soul ; and so we have exchanged metaphysics for mysticism.

Jilī distinguishes three phases of this experience, which run parallel, as it were, to the three stages—Oneness, He-ness, and I-ness—traversed by the Absolute in its descent to consciousness.

In the first phase, called the Illumination of the Names, the Perfect Man receives the mystery that is conveyed by each of the names of God, and he becomes one with the name in such sort that he answers the prayer of any person who invokes God by the name in question.

Similarly, in the second phase, the Perfect Man

receives the Illumination of the Attributes, and becomes one with them, *i.e.* one with the Divine Essence as qualified by its various attributes: Life, Knowledge, Power, Will and so forth. For example, God reveals Himself to some mystics through the attribute of Life. Such a man, says Jīlī, is the life of the whole universe. He feels that his life permeates all things sensible and ideal, that all words, deeds, bodies and spirits derive their existence from him. If he be endued with the attribute of Knowledge, he knows the whole content of past, present and future existence—how everything came to be or is coming or will come to be, and why the non-existent does not exist: all this he knows both synthetically and analytically. The Divine attributes are classified by the author under four heads: (1) Attributes of Beauty, (2) attributes of Majesty, (3) attributes of Perfection, (4) attributes of the Essence. He says that all created things are mirrors in which the Absolute Beauty is reflected. What is ugly has its due place in the order of existence, no less than what is beautiful, and equally belongs to the Divine perfection; whence it follows that evil is only relative. As was stated above, the Perfect Man reflects all the Divine attributes, including even the essential ones, such as unity and eternity, which he shares with no other being in this world or the next.

The third and last phase of his ascent is styled the Illumination of the Essence. Here the Perfect Man becomes *absolutely* perfect. Every attribute has vanished, the Absolute has returned into itself.

In the theory thus outlined it is impossible not to recognise a monistic form of the old cosmological myth which represents the Primal Man, the first-born of

God, as sinking into matter, working there as a creative principle, longing for deliverance and at last finding the way back to his source. Jilī, you will remember, calls the Perfect Man the preserver of the universe, the *Qutb* or Pole on which all the spheres of existence revolve. He is the final cause of creation, and therefore the means by which God sees Himself, for the Divine names and attributes cannot be seen, as a whole, except in the Perfect Man. He is a copy made in the image of God; therefore in him is that which corresponds to the Essence with its two correlated aspects of He-ness and I-ness, *i.e.* inwardness and outwardness, or divinity and humanity. Hence his real nature is threefold, as Jilī expressly declares, in the following verses, which no one can read without wondering how a Moslem could have written them :

“If you say that it (the Essence) is One, you are right;
 or if you say that it is Two, it is in fact Two;
 Or if you say, ‘No, it is Three,’ you are right, for
 that is the real nature of man.”

Here we have a Trinity consisting of the Essence together with its two complementary aspects, namely, Creator and Creature—God and Man. Now, all men are perfect potentially, but few are actually so. These few are the prophets and saints. And since their perfection varies in degree according to their capacity for receiving illumination, one of them must stand out above all the rest. Jilī remains a Moslem in spite of his philosophy, and for him this absolutely Perfect Man is the Prophet Mohammed. In the poem from which I have quoted he identifies the Three-in-One with Mohammed and addresses him as follows :

“ O centre of the compass ! O inmost ground of the truth !

O axis of necessity and contingency !

O eye of the entire circle of existence !

O point of the Koran and the revelation !

O perfect One, and perfecter of the most perfect

Who have been beautified by the majesty of God the Merciful !

Thou art the Pole of the most wondrous things. The sphere of perfection in its solitude turns on thee.

Thine in reality is Being and Not-being; nadir and zenith are thy two garments.

Thou art both the Light and its opposite; nay, but thou art only darkness to a gnostic who is dazed.”

Jilī also holds that in every age the perfect men, or saints, are an outward manifestation of the essence of Mohammed, which has the power of assuming whatever form it will; and he records the time and place of his own meeting with the Prophet, who appeared to him in the guise of his spiritual director, Sharafu'ddīn Ismā'īl al-Jabartī. This, of course, is an Islamic Logos-doctrine. It brings Mohammed in some respects very near to the Christ of the Fourth Gospel and the Pauline Epistles. But if the resemblance is great, so is the difference; or I should rather say, perhaps, that although the two doctrines are homogeneous, they have different settings and acquire different characters from the notions with which each is associated. The Fatherhood of God, the Incarnation, and the Atonement suggest an infinitely rich and sympathetic personality, whereas the Mohammedan Logos tends to identify itself with the active principle of creation and revelation in the Divine Essence. It

may be urged that side by side with the theological form of the doctrine we often find a popular worship of Mohammed, in which he is practically deified. And the same is true of many Moslem saints. But even here the prophet or saint is regarded more as a power to be adored and loved on account of his influence with Allah than as a pattern of the Divine character. I need scarcely remark that Mohammed, far from claiming to be a superman, gave the lie direct to those who would have thrust that sort of greatness upon him; his posthumous destiny is the triumph of religious feeling over historical fact. The phrase 'Perfect Man' (ἄνθρωπος τέλειος) occurs in St. Paul's *Epistle to the Ephesians* (iv. 13), and the doctrine was evidently derived from Christianity through Gnosticism. Jili criticises the Christian doctrine, but in so mild a spirit that one passage of his book is denounced by the Moslem editor as an interpolation which only a heretic could have written. Before dealing with this topic we must see what views he held concerning the nature and development of religious belief in general.

Religion may be defined as man's thought about God, and we have learned that all things and thoughts in the universe are attributes of God, *i.e.* aspects in which He reveals Himself to human minds. Moreover the attributes are really identical with the Essence, in so far as they are nothing but manifestations of the Essence. Therefore, in the end, God is the Essence of all thought; and all thought is about God. "When an idea is conceived in the mind," says Jili, "its conception is created. God, who exists in every created thing, exists in the conception which exists in thee, and thou art God in respect of its existence in thee. Thus it was necessary for thee to form an idea concern-

ing God and to find God in forming it." In the light of such principles the author's philosophy of religion is not difficult to understand.

Divine worship, he says, is the end for which all things are created, and therefore belongs to their original constitution. The different forms of worship result from the variety of names and attributes by which God manifests Himself in creation. Every name and attribute produces its own characteristic effect. For example, God is the true Guide (*al-Hādī*); but He is also the Misleader (*al-Mudill*), for the Koran says: "Allah shall lead the wicked into error"; He is the Avenger (*al-Muntakim*) as well as the Forgiver (*al-Mun'im*). If any one of His names had remained ineffectual and unrealised, His self-manifestation would not have been complete. Therefore He sent His prophets, in order that those who followed them might worship Him as the One who guides mankind to salvation, and that those who disobeyed them might worship Him as the One who leads mankind to perdition.

It appears, then, that all God's creatures worship Him in accordance with His will, and that every form of worship expresses some aspect of His nature. Even infidelity and sin are effects of the Divine activity and contribute to the Divine perfection. Satan himself glorifies God, inasmuch as his disobedience is subordinate to the eternal will. Yet some attributes, that is some aspects in which God shows Himself, such as Majesty and Wrath, are relatively less perfect than others, such as Beauty and Mercy. And, again, the more completely and universally the idea of God is presented in any form of worship, the more perfect that form must be. Religions revealed through a prophet contain the fullest

measure of truth, and amongst these the most excellent is Islam. Jili enumerates ten principal religious sects from which all the rest are derived. It will be noticed that he makes the term 'religious' broad enough to cover his theory that God is worshipped in thought and act by everything that exists—a theory authorised by the Holy Tradition in which the speaker is Allah: "I am in My creature's thought of Me, so let him think of Me what he pleases." The list is a curious one, comprising: (1) the Idolaters or Infidels; (2) the Physicists, who worship the four elemental properties, namely, heat, cold, dryness, and moisture; (3) the Philosophers, who worship the seven planets; (4) the Dualists, who worship light and darkness; (5) the Magians, who worship fire; (6) the Materialists, who abandon worship entirely; (7) the Brahmans, who claim to follow the religion of Abraham and to be descended from him; (8) the Jews; (9) the Christians; (10) the Mohammedans.

The author proceeds to explain that God is the truth or essence of all these forms of belief. Idolaters worship Him as the Being who permeates every atom of the material world; the Physicists worship His four essential attributes, namely, Life, Power, Knowledge and Will; the Philosophers worship His names and attributes as manifested in the planets; the Dualists worship Him as Creator and creature in one; the Magians as the Unity in which all names and attributes pass away, just as fire destroys all natural properties and transmutes them to its own nature; the Materialists, who deny the existence of a Creator, really worship Him in respect of His He-ness in which He is only potentially, but not actually, creative; the Brahmans worship Him absolutely, without reference to prophet or apostle.

As regards the future life, since all worship God by divine necessity, all must be saved. But the seven sects above-mentioned (unlike the Jews, Christians, or Moslems, who received their religions from a prophet) invented their forms of worship for themselves. Consequently, they are doomed to misery hereafter. That which constitutes their misery is the fact that their felicity, though ultimately assured, is far off and is not revealed to them until they have suffered retribution. On the other hand, those who worship God according to the mode ordained by a prophet enjoy immediate felicity, which is revealed to them continuously and gradually. It is true that the Jews and Christians suffer misery, but why is this? Because they have altered God's Word and substituted something of their own. Otherwise, they would have come under the rule that God never sent a prophet to any people without placing in his mission the felicity of those who followed him.

The Word of God is essentially one. All the prophets from Adam to Mohammed brought one and the same revelation. But they revealed the Word under different aspects and in varying degrees of perfection. The Pentateuch, the Gospel, and the Koran represent a progressive historical revelation, which corresponds to the mystical ascent of the Soul through the divine Names to the Attributes and from the Attributes to the Essence. Elsewhere Jilī says that the Pentateuch was sent down to Moses in nine tables, two of which, containing the mysteries of Lordship and Omnipotence, he was forbidden to communicate to anyone; and as the Jews remained ignorant of their contents Moses was the last of that people to gain perfect Knowledge of God. On the other hand, both Jesus and Mohammed

revealed the mystery of Lordship ; but while Mohammed cloaked it in symbols and made it an esoteric doctrine, Jesus proclaimed it openly, so that his followers became infidels and worshipped him as the third of three divine Persons, namely, the Father, the Mother and the Son. I may mention by the way that this form of Trinity also appears in the Koran ; it is not a grotesque Mohammedan blunder but a Christian heresy which still survives amongst the desert tribes of Syria. Jesus taught the Truth, but he spoke allegorically, whereas the Christians have taken his words in their literal sense. Polytheists as they are, God will nevertheless forgive them because they only believe what, for them, is true. This is the passage I referred to, which the indignant editor would expel from the book ; yet Jili is simply applying to a special case his theory that every religious belief presents some aspect of God and therefore cannot be condemned absolutely. He holds, as Mohammed did, that the real doctrine of Christianity is identical with Islam—meaning, of course, his own monistic interpretation of Islam. Of all non-Islamic religious communities the Christians are nearest to God, for while they worship him in Jesus and Mary and the Holy Spirit, they assert the indivisibility of the Divine nature and declare that God is prior to His existence in the created body of Christ. Thus they recognise the two complementary sides of true belief concerning God, namely that from one point of view He is above all likeness, while from the other point of view He reveals Himself in the forms of His creatures. Their mistake lies in the limitation to which they have subjected the principle that God becomes manifest in this way. God said : “ I breathed My Spirit into Adam ” ; and here the name ‘ Adam ’ signifies every

human individual. The worship of those who behold God in Man is the highest of all. Something of this vision the Christians possess, and their doctrine about Jesus is a bridge that will lead them at last to the knowledge that mankind are like mirrors set face to face, each of which contains what is in all; and so they will behold God in themselves and declare Him to be absolutely One.

Such is the perfect doctrine of Islam. How does it square with the Mohammedan religious law? Jili guards against antinomianism by maintaining that even in unitive experience there is still the same principle of difference which exists in the nature of the Absolute itself. "Perception of the Essence," he says, "consists in thy knowing mystically that thou art He and that He is thou, and that this is not identification or incarnation, and that the slave is a slave and the Lord a lord, and that the slave does not become a lord nor the Lord a slave." This must be read in connection with what he says in another part of his book: "When God desires to reveal Himself to a man by means of any Name or Attribute, He causes the man to pass away (*fanā*) and makes him naught and deprives him of his existence; and when the human light is extinguished and the creaturely spirit passes away, God puts in the man's body, without incarnation, a spiritual substance, which is of God's Essence and is neither separate from God nor joined to the man, in exchange for what He deprived him of; which substance is named the Holy Spirit. And when God puts instead of the man a spirit of His own Essence, the revelation is made to that spirit. God is never revealed except to Himself, but we call that Divine spirit 'a man' in respect of its being instead of the man. In reality there is neither

‘slave’ nor ‘Lord,’ since these are correlated terms. When the ‘slave’ is annulled, the ‘Lord’ is necessarily annulled, and nothing remains but God alone.” It would seem, then, that the Perfect Man is normally subject to the religious law. Moments of passing away from human nature can only be regarded as exceptions to the rule.

But this question, however practically important, had little interest for our author. His life was spent in contemplation, not in devotion, though we need not suppose that he neglected his religious duties. He relates many visions which he had. In one of them he wandered through the seven limbos of Hell and saw Plato, who had now become a saint of lofty rank and was filling the intelligible world with light. I make no comparison, but is there not something that would have appealed to Plato, and still more to Plotinus, in the notion of One Being, which is One Thought, going forth from itself in all the forms of the universe, knowing itself as Nature and yet, amidst the multiplicity of Nature, re-asserting its unity in Man—in Man whom self-knowledge has enlightened and made perfect, so that ceasing to know himself as an individual he sinks into his Divine element, like a wave into the sea?

REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON.

THE SELF AND THE QUEST FOR REALITY.

JAMES HENRY TUCKWELL.

No one, we believe, can take even a casual or superficial view of the present state of thought respecting the nature of what in philosophy is termed the Absolute, or Ultimate Reality, and in religion called God, without becoming acutely sensible of the uncertainty, the confusion and the well-nigh endless diversity of opinion prevailing on the subject. Yet beyond question our higher human nature is hungering for the supremely real; our intellect and heart alike are crying aloud for some assured knowledge of the Deity we adore. And by assured knowledge, let it be noted, is not meant such acquaintance with God as is obtained when he is viewed simply in relation to our finitude and imperfection, that is to say, a purely relative or pragmatic knowledge, but knowledge of the Deity according to his real nature; as he is in and for himself. There are principles in human nature in its more highly evolved forms that require for their complete satisfaction such a knowledge of God as can be obtained only when he is viewed, so to speak, from within. No doubt we shall be met at once by the quite obvious objection that such an ambition on our part is presumptuous, as unbecoming as it is vain; that human nature being essentially finite and imperfect is thereby of necessity disqualified from attaining any knowledge

of the Eternal except such as is accommodated to its admittedly limited and imperfect powers. But, for our part, instead of seeing in this aspiration after true knowledge of the Deity any lack of reverence or of intellectual modesty, rather do we discern therein those irrepressible promptings, those high inspirations, which can be experienced by us only as our humanity becomes more and more spiritually developed. So lofty, indeed, appears the stage which the spirit of man has reached in its evolution that it is now no longer possible to content it with a qualified or provisional knowledge of reality; it will not now be satisfied with anything short of reality as it is in itself, with reality according to its true and absolute nature. It is, then, just in this desire, or rather just in this demand, that we discern the surest sign of the vast progress the race has already made in its mental evolution; and therefore to refuse it legitimate satisfaction would be to ignore or deny the presence within us of that which is highest, of that which is most nearly akin to God. In truth a really comprehensive and spiritual psychology is beginning to see that this intimate knowledge of the Divinity, this penetration into the inner mystery of eternal Being, this real *interior* acquaintance with God, acquaintance with him as he actually is in himself, constitutes the true and only goal of the evolution of the race.

When however we would attempt, as serious thinkers, to discover whether and to what extent assured knowledge concerning the intimate being of Deity is open to us, clouds and thick darkness seem at once to descend and veil the whole subject in the profoundest mystery. We begin to see how long and arduous is the voyage we have undertaken; how

stormy are the seas, how oft-times adverse the winds we must be prepared to encounter, if we would succeed at length in reaching the haven we desire. Most minds indeed recoil, and not altogether without excuse, from the toil, the uncertainty and the peril inevitable to private adventure when so momentous a quest is undertaken. Hence it is generally held that personal responsibility may legitimately be avoided by accepting some collective traditionary faith, some report ancient or modern derived from those who are supposed either themselves to have had visions of this heavenly country, or to have obtained in some other way authentic information respecting it. Indeed the vast majority of mankind appear fairly well content to live their lives with but little more than a derivative, secondary or mediated knowledge of Deity. Mediation, intervention of some sort, is what the average man desires and is only too ready to accept, when religion is in question. We should then do well to impress upon our minds what it is we are here proposing to ourselves. We are seeking to experience the Divine directly and immediately, seeking consequently what is infinitely more and infinitely greater than any external, abstract or formal knowledge of Deity. Our purpose therefore should not be affected even if all the dogmas and creeds that profess to give us such external information were as reliable as we have only too much reason for believing them to be the reverse. Assuredly no such indirect, communicated information can give lasting contentment either to the intellect or the heart of mankind. For, once more, what is our quest? It is nothing less than for such intimate acquaintance with God as is possible only when he is directly and interiorly known—known as he is in himself, known by

that non-mediated experience which can be attained only when, to use a beautiful and ancient figure of speech, we may be said to make our dwelling in God, when he has become so to speak the true homeland of our souls.

It will be evident then to all who take the profoundest and most comprehensive view of the spiritual powers and destiny of the race, that no derivative or mediated knowledge of God can in the nature of things finally yield us real satisfaction. Yet this should not be understood to imply that there is no educative, no propædæutic or disciplinary value to be derived from mediated knowledge. The experience and information acquired by others must always be of value to the seeker after truth, no matter in what department of reality his researches may be made. On this important point we would, if possible, make our position perfectly clear. It is, we maintain, the final purpose alike of our noblest philosophy and of our highest religion to bring us into direct and immediate relations with the Deity, and all mediated knowledge is to be deemed of value only in so far as it is found conducive to this end. How to attain so lofty a cognitive experience may truly be said to constitute the one great problem which it is the purpose of our very existence to solve. Everything else in life must at last be subordinated to this; everything else must sooner or later be valued only in so far as it can be made contributory to the accomplishment of this our sublime destiny. Consequently it is not true to say that this desire, this resolve, to attain absolute and not simply relative or pragmatic acquaintance with God, is something we have thoughtlessly, wantonly and presumptuously taken upon ourselves, thus foolishly entering

upon a task for which as finite created beings we have no adequate powers. Rather is it the universe itself that has set before humanity this problem, imperatively demanding of us its solution. Once more then, to know God, to know him as he is in reality, to know him directly by immediate experience, to know him from within as he is in himself, the one sole ground and supreme perfection and end of the universe—such is the real purpose of our existence; and just how to attain this experience is the problem which it is the exalted mission both of our philosophy and of our religion to solve.

The question respecting the real and intimate nature of God is therefore the loftiest that can possibly engage the spiritual energies of man. Nothing in truth is more vital to his highest interests and noblest development than that he should attain, if so he may, to a correct notion, transcending infinitely all purely pragmatic, humanistic or utilitarian ideas, of that Supreme Reality who is both the ground of all existence and the goal of all life, and that he should furthermore assume towards it an attitude both of emotion and of will appropriate to its true character. That the attainment of such a conception of Reality, or in religious phraseology such a knowledge of God, is within the competence of those high spiritual powers which have now at length disclosed their active presence in our developed humanity we have every reason for believing; and yet, when we start on our quest, we immediately find ourselves, as has already been said, entangled in well-nigh hopeless perplexity, adrift on almost endless seas of doubt. We wonder, we hope, we fear. We do not know what course to take to reach the longed-for goal. We ask ourselves

whether there is any chart or compass on which we may rely with confidence to guide us on this great voyage of spiritual discovery ; or whether we may not after all have to surrender the hope of attaining our end, and be content to lie down in the quiet of our silent graves, leaving on the map of things as the sole memorial of our search the inscription : A Land Unknown. Thus there would seem something pathetic, something almost tragic, at the present time, in the situation of a sincere seeker after the knowledge of God. Still, if such a seeker be of the true mettle, if there be any touch of real spiritual heroism in his nature, we may be sure that the nobility, the inestimable worth of the object he has set before him, will rather be enhanced than otherwise by the difficulties of attainment. The greatness of the end and the joy to be experienced even in its very pursuit will assuredly raise him above all hesitancy and fear. He will not expect triumph over error, dogmatism, doubt or denial to be either easy, swift or sure. There will be risk here as in every other great enterprise, and need of much circumspection, fortitude and patience. But surely no brave heart would wish it otherwise. It is indeed the very greatness and difficulty of this task, which the universe itself has set before man, that is the measure both of the sublimity of the soul that is in him and of the grandeur of his destiny.

In this great quest most earnest and thoughtful inquirers would in these days probably begin by asking the fundamental question whether God is to be regarded as finite or infinite, as personal or impersonal, or even as both. Upon a point so central, so crucial as this regarding the very being of God or the nature of Reality, such inquirers would find modern opinion

acutely divided against itself, no matter whether for answer they should turn to philosophy or religion. Again, do such expressions as God, the Deity, Ultimate Reality, the Absolute, designate an actually existent external constructive Power, controlling the world; or no more than a mere *élan*, tendency, direction in the flux or stream of things, identical therefore with their bare temporal flow? Is time the sole reality, 'the stuff of which things are made,' to use a phrase that seems to find favour just now in certain philosophical circles; or is eternity the sphere in which alone we must look for their ultimate reality and explanation? Or can we without stultifying ourselves combine the two and say that both time and eternity are alike real? But if so in what sense are they real? Once more; God, we are often confidently assured, is both immanent and transcendent, both within and beyond the world. But can we say so without plainly contradicting ourselves? Is he wholly within and at the same time wholly outside the universe, or only partly within and partly outside like one (if we may employ so homely an illustration) who should lean half out of window? All such questions cannot but be very entangling and distressful to any faithful seeker after God.

How then shall he escape such perplexities? Shall he seek repose from his labours in the easy and comforting assurance with which he is certain to be met by the agnostic of every stamp, namely, that all his toil and trouble are alike superfluous and vain, that the knowledge of ultimate reality or absolute existence must of necessity be ever beyond the reach of a finite being like man, that though relative knowledge is all he can ever hope to attain, it is at the

same time all that he really needs? How often have we not been reminded, how often has it not been dinned into our ears, that for creatures such as we are, so recently arrived on this scene of the universe, so short-lived and with intelligence so limited, it is unreasonable, it is little less than arrogant folly and impiety to think we can penetrate to the innermost secret, to the pure essence or intimate being of God? Is it not self-evident, we are asked, that such an endeavour must of necessity exceed any capacity that can possibly appertain to our finitude? If so, then the appropriate attitude is only assumed when with due reverence and humility we also consent to write upon our altars to-day, as did the ancients on theirs, the inscription: 'To the unknown God.'

And with this assertion of our native incapacity really to know God, religion also, we discover, hastens eagerly to associate herself, but proceeds of course immediately to add that, this our native incapacity notwithstanding, there is no need for man to live and die in agnostic despair. Our ignorance and incapacity, says the voice of religious authority seeking to console us, have been mercifully met by grace divine. The illumination of truth supernaturally revealed has alleviated the native darkness of our human world. By means of divine incarnation, inspired book, supernaturally guided church and other marvels or miracles our need has been met. What man could not find out for himself concerning the Deity has been graciously made known. But, alas! even here doubt and misgiving pursue and dominate the sincere enquirer with an insistence not to be put by. If it be true that our nature is really and utterly finite, that is to say through and through human and nothing more, then

even so-called revealed religion, notwithstanding all its glowing promises, must, in our quest for the Absolute, prove a failure. For if our nature be, as is almost universally assumed, essentially and therefore unalterably finite, then assuredly revelation to be at all intelligible to us, to bear any relation to our spiritual needs, must inevitably accommodate itself to our human weaknesses and limitations. If then the case be so with man, if he be finite only, if he be human and *no more*, religion, notwithstanding all her high claims to supernatural revelation, will have to confess that God as he is in and for himself, God as the Infinite Perfection, is still unknown. "Canst thou," she exclaims, in terms of real though reverent agnosticism, "canst thou by searching find out the deep things of God, canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is high as the heights of heaven: what canst thou do? Deeper than Sheol: what canst thou know?" (*Job xi. 7*). If then the nature of man be such as is generally supposed, *i.e.* if indeed he be no more than human, if there be nothing within him essentially divine and infinite as an original and constitutive principle of his being, by the development and exercise of which he may apprehend the Ultimate Reality according to its own intrinsic nature as the eternal perfection of the universe, then beyond all question or cavil, the agnostic, whether he be of the scientific or of the religious type, is right in his pronouncement concerning the unknowableness of God. For surely there could be nothing more manifestly absurd, no flatter contradiction, than first to expatiate on the essential weakness and finitude of our nature, and then go on to claim for it that it may, whether by unaided exercise of native capacity or by

information supernaturally conveyed, know the inner nature of the Absolute.

And thus, believers and unbelievers alike, we seem to be still shut up in the darkness of unrelieved agnosticism as to the real nature of God. That is to say, our knowledge must remain relative only; but as to what he is in and for himself we must be content to dwell in ignorance as profound as ever. The only way to escape would apparently be either to deny that God is infinite or that we are finite; but neither of these hypotheses is it likely the majority of religious minds at any rate would, for the present, be prepared to admit. It thus appears as though religion and philosophy alike failed us, as though our enterprise were fated from the out-set to be abortive, having within it in its very nature some invincible contradiction. It is as if we stood before a fast-closed door, behind which was hidden treasure of inestimable worth, with no key in our hands with which to open it. Is it surprising then if in such an apparently hopeless dilemma many even sincere and thoughtful minds should lapse into some sort of scientific or philosophic agnosticism; or, impelled by sheer spiritual distress, flee for refuge to some one or other of the plausible religious superstitions such as are ever found ready to offer their hospitality to those who feel their need of it?

But let us not forget that questions such as the foregoing concerning the nature of Ultimate Reality, or what religion actually means when it speaks of God, cannot be permanently put by, seeing they are not matters of mere speculative curiosity only, belonging to the special sphere and vocation of the theologian or philosopher. Rather are they intimately bound up

with all our highest interests and needs. Their solution, let us repeat, is not a burden undertaken voluntarily by ourselves, but one imperatively laid upon our human spirit by the universe; and this being our case, it is easy to see how impossible it is for us to remain permanently contented in any state of blind agnosticism on the one hand, or of submission to some comfortable but nevertheless irrational religious authority on the other. As a matter of fact, indeed, the discovery of Ultimate Reality, in other words of the true and intimate nature of God, is inseparable from the knowledge of those first principles that constitute the foundation on which all our science, all our art, as also all our ethics, rest. Without a knowledge and true estimate of these first principles it is manifest that the source of the inspiration and also the true meaning of these primary activities of our nature—the scientific, the artistic, the ethical—must for ever remain hidden in impenetrable mystery. For in the end it will assuredly be found that to achieve the highest success and excellence in these directions a *true* and not merely relative knowledge of the Absolute is indispensable. And yet with all these most potent and compelling motives to start out on our quest for the Absolute, when we turn for an answer to our enquiries or a solution of our doubts even in directions the most promising and natural—whether we address ourselves to science or to philosophy, to ethics or to religion—it is all the same, we are greeted by a veritable Babel of discordant voices.

Such then at the present time is what we have ventured to describe as the pathetic, almost tragic, situation of a sincere and dispassionate seeker after

God. And yet there must surely be some exit from the apparently hopeless labyrinth of ungrounded opinion and dogmatic assertion in which at first we find ourselves vainly wandering, some escape from the enveloping darkness and confusion.

No doubt the main reason why the solution of the so-called 'riddle of the universe' remains to a large extent still undiscovered by man lies in the imperfect intellectual and spiritual development of the majority of the race. But we should not be far wrong if we laid almost equal stress on the well-nigh invincible intellectual indolence of human nature and its inveterate distrust of itself. For, without doubt, confident reliance on the profounder and more rational principles within us, willingness to put forth prolonged effort of thought, freedom from traditional bias or prejudice—these and such-like qualities are indispensable to all genuine search for reality. But these are virtues at present comparatively rare in the species. Hence, as we have said, we frequently find that even those possessed of intellectual powers of no mean order prefer either to remain in a sort of easy and tolerant agnosticism, or else at the prompting of piety to surrender their intellectual freedom at the invitation of some venerable albeit non-rational and self-constituted authority in religion.

Nevertheless those possessed of a freer, more resolute and adventurous spiritual nature need not abandon hope of making the great discovery. For there is a key close at hand, indeed already in a sense within their grasp, which, if they but perseveringly and consistently apply it, will unlock for them the deepest mystery of the universe; a key that will open a door not merely into relative, subjective or accom-

modated knowledge, but into knowledge of Reality as it is in its own nature, as it is in itself. It shall be a knowledge of the Absolute or God, not only as he is 'for us,' not only as he would have us think of him for our soul's good, but such a knowledge as consciously partakes of the nature of its Object; nay, that discovers its oneness with its Object, knowledge certain, real and absolute. This magic key, then, let us say at once, is to be found in the one word Self. It will perhaps, and not unnaturally, excite some surprise that a word so often on our lips, whose meaning has been so frequently discussed and its definition attempted, should yet be so little comprehended, not by religion only, but for the most part even by philosophy. Such, however, is the case; and yet as a matter of fact the whole metaphysical secret of the universe lies wrapped up in this apparently simple word. Endeavour honestly, fearlessly and persistently to fathom the depths of its meaning, seek to trace out all its varied implications, and not only will the real intrinsic nature of the Absolute and the fundamental activities of the universe begin to unveil themselves for you, but at the same time vistas of undreamed-of glory will be disclosed as destined yet to be traversed by the human race in its future progress.

Lest, however, the above statements should seem exaggerated and somewhat rhetorical we will venture by a few quotations to call attention to testimony on this subject borne by writers of very different ages, nationalities and intellectual types. "The more I know of myself," said St. Bernard, "the more I know of God." "Know thyself," was the well-known text on the wall of the entrance hall at Delphi, thus pointing out to every earnest seeker the source whence true

knowledge of reality alone can come. "Sole sovereign Self of all creation, who makest the one form many, the wise who gaze on thee within their self, theirs and not others' is the bliss that aye endures," are the still profounder words of the Vedānta in the *Kāthopaniṣad*. "To thine own self be true, thou canst not then be false to any man," are the words of our own great poet, writing as he often did far more profoundly than he knew. And finally a modern philosopher, Prof. Ladd of Yale University, in his work, *A Theory of Reality*, makes at the close of his treatise a remarkable and impressive confession of his philosophic faith. He tells us that in the endeavour to understand himself, he found his own self-hood inextricably interwoven with the being of the world. "In just that way and in no other," he says, "did I have all the reality, unity, self-identity, and power for good or evil which I actually possessed" (p. 547). Such testimony could be almost indefinitely extended by quotations from the higher religious and philosophical literatures of both East and West.

In spite, then, of the multitude of discrepant opinions, in spite of the Babel of confused tongues with which the would-be voyager is sure to be greeted when he first sets out to discover, if he may, the essential nature of God, as the Ultimate Reality, he will be met by this concordant testimony also, testimony of voices coming to greet him from different ages, different countries and different religions, reassuring his faltering spirit, inspiring him with courage and hope. And so our quest of the Absolute need not, will not, be in vain if rightly undertaken and persistently pursued. All things are possible in the way of knowledge and of truth to him who

believes in and explores without fear or bias his own nature as a living, active, thinking, unitary Self.

Let us now endeavour to ascertain, so far as we may, what report regarding Ultimate Reality comes to us as the result of our investigation into the nature of what we call a Self. We shall not of course be able here to do more than present the barest outline. The subject is necessarily inexhaustible, and detailed justification within the present limits of the conclusions arrived at is impossible. We will then proceed to sketch in outline what we conceive is implied in being a Self, and also indicate certain conclusions that appear inevitably to follow.

Perhaps it may be well in order to avoid confusion or misunderstanding to state here that we take such expressions as the Absolute, Ultimate Reality, God, to mean the same. We regard them all as signifying the real or fundamental Being of the world that must be known in its own intrinsic nature if the mystery of life and of the universe as a whole is to be comprehended or explained. All such expressions we take as signifying that we are dealing with what we regard as ultimate, final or fundamental in the universe or in the nature of things.

The first truth regarding the Self is its identity. Sometimes identity has been taken to consist in qualitative sameness, or sameness of quality. In such expressions there is a fatal ambiguity in the term sameness. If I say this colour is the *same* as that, I am comparing two objects each coloured and I affirm their similarity as regards the quality of colour. I do not mean identity but similarity only. So too if I say the earth is the *same* shape as the sun or this boy has the *same* talent for music as his father, I do not mean

that the earth has the sun's shape, or the boy his father's talent. There is the shape of the earth which is one fact, and there is the shape of the sun which is another fact. I compare them and discover that they are alike. There is similarity but not identity here. So with father and son. Each has his own talent for music. I discern their likeness in respect of these talents; it is this likeness I affirm when I employ the term 'same.' I mean similarity, not identity; and there is a wide difference between the two. The objects and their qualities belong to the manifold world of appearances. That in the similarity of their qualities there is identity *somewhere* is undoubtedly implied; but the identity is not to be found in the objects themselves or their qualities, but in the perceiving, comparing subject *for* whom they are alike.

Thus then identity is the primal fact, the fundamental experience in all knowledge and all truth. And there is only one identity possible or thinkable, namely that of the Self. Whenever we think of anything else as one or identical we get our conception of its unity or identity from this fundamental experience we have of our Self. In all knowledge and truth we must begin somewhere, there must be some first principle, some fundamental fact; a principle or fact that needs no proof; that cannot be proved because it is first and fundamental, that is to say because it is a fact or principle which makes all life, all thought, all other experience possible.

Hence the absurdity of the position of those who deny the reality of the Self, and place it in the everlasting flux of things, who say that the stream of consciousness is the only reality they can discern, that time alone is real, the stuff of which things are made.

It is true, necessarily so, that no one by any intuition merely into the *stream* of consciousness or into time and change will discover any identical Self. Change, the stream of consciousness, time, all imply multiplicity of objects and qualities that never remain the same. But they *do* imply also some identical subject *for* whom things flow and change in the stream of time. Such philosophers remind us of a somewhat ludicrous experience of our youth when on one occasion we were in haste to get to school but could not find our hat. Everywhere we searched till reminded by someone that all the time we had it on our head. It seems almost equally ludicrous to watch a philosopher searching high and low throughout the universe for that identity which he has within him, which in truth he fundamentally is. The Self is the ultimate, the one and only principle of identity in the universe, and is therefore ever with us, the basis of all knowledge and truth, the pre-supposition of all reality. That then is the first fact that emerges when we inquire into what we mean by Self; we mean identity.

But further. I discover that as a Self I am possessed of active powers, I am essentially an agent, a doer of things. In other words I am a will. I am also the subject of manifold immediate feelings—sensations and emotions. I remain always identical with myself it is true; as agent I am ever one with myself. But my sensations, emotions, thoughts, ideas, activities perpetually change. I am one, yet also I am many. As self-identical I am not simply one of many, but one in many; one in the manifold changes of my activities and of my experiences. This then is once more what we mean by Self; it is one, but also it is active. It is ever changing, yet in all its actions, in all its changes,

it never ceases to be one with itself; that is to say it is self-identical. This also is what is meant by Self; namely, not only is it one, but one in the many.

The next fact introspective psychology reveals is what is termed the principle of self-transcendancy. Not only is the subject always identical with itself amid all its changes and activities, but it is always transcending itself by experiencing and knowing what is beyond itself, what is not itself. In both these characters we are presented with what at first sight and to superficial abstract logic seem manifest contradictions. To profounder insight, however, it is disclosed that unity in difference and self-transcendancy, so far from containing in them any element of irrationality, are features, and essential features, of the subject's reality. The reality of the external world with all its activities and modes of behaviour we here take for granted. That the universe of time and space, of what we call matter, of force and law, is illusion (Maya), a construction of thought (Bradley), a social convention (Ward), or even merely unformed material in which lines of action are cut by ourselves for purely practical purposes (W. James)—these and all such-like theories regarding the universe of matter we find to be, not only instinctively repudiated by common sense as wholly inadequate to experience, but also to be essentially self-contradictory and absurd. This universe of matter comes to us at all events as from without; though distinct from ourselves we are conscious of its presence and activity; and we have some sort of knowledge of it, slight and imperfect though at first it may be. We are sure that it has its own nature and its own 'goings on.' It was there before we arrived and would remain if we were gone.

But the fact of our acquaintance with it, the fact of our commerce with it, that we cognise it at all, is not merely a psychological but essentially a metaphysical problem imperatively demanding rational solution. And in the process of solving it deeper and ever deeper levels within the Self are reached, and profounder truths regarding the Self's nature stand revealed. How it is possible to know the world of the not-self, and what of the true nature of the Absolute such knowledge implies, we will now proceed very briefly to outline.

Let us then consider for a moment the method of science. It aims at presenting us with valid conceptions of those elementary units, atoms, electrons or whatever they may be, which it believes go to constitute the fabric of the external, *i.e.* what we call the material, universe. But in its attempt to know and describe what, for example, an atom of oxygen is, how does it proceed and what is the result? It needs no elaborate metaphysical argument to show that no other course is open to the scientist than to employ as his principles of interpretation in the case of the atom those very categories he has derived in the first instance from his primary experience with himself. He has to begin with what he knows himself to be, with what he knows he is in his own essential nature as a Self. To imagine him to begin in any other way, or from any other point of view than his own acquaintance with himself, would be sheer contradiction and manifest absurdity. Consequently he has to proceed, consciously or unconsciously, somewhat in this manner: I as a self am not only always identical with myself in all changes of relation, but I discover I am also a self with a nature. In consequence of that nature, or as an expression of it, I have preferences and aversions,

I select and I reject. I am thus possessed of active powers, to act is essential to my being. I am an agent; in other words I am a will. I am a subject related externally to other existences and towards those other existences I have my particular modes of activity or behaviour. I act upon them in accordance with my nature, they re-act on me in accordance with theirs. Such so far as I am conscious of it is what I mean when I speak or think of my *self*. How then am I to proceed, now that I want to explain what I mean, say, by an atom of oxygen? There is only one way. I must interpret it in terms of my own selfhood. And it is needless to add no one has yet been able to show the scientist any other possible method. The atom must be conceived of as a unity, as one with itself in all its various relations with other atoms. It also has a nature in consequence of which it shows preferences and aversions; it insists, for instance, on uniting with 2 atoms of hydrogen and always in this same proportion; but it does not behave in the same way towards nitrogen. It is therefore not inert. It is active; it is an agent; it has its preferences and aversions; it selects and rejects; has affinities as we metaphorically say. It is somehow a subject of immanent ideas, and it has modes of behaviour as definite as those of the scientist himself. In other words it must be conceived of as a self, a self with a nature.

Atoms, or whatever we may take the ultimate constituents of the material universe to be, are furthermore not isolated independent units, but are all essentially interrelated. But in all the reciprocal behaviours of these variously interrelated units we discover order, proportion, harmony, what we term

law. The result of all is the universe, the world of matter as a harmonious whole, *i.e.* with a meaning or purpose, a meaning or purpose not to be explained by the atoms themselves. Indeed atoms seem but products, expressions, of this higher and more inclusive unity whose purpose or meaning they subserve. The universe is a whole of which they are but members or, if you like to say so, of which they are organs, and to whose purpose or idea they are instrumental. The universe as a whole cannot therefore be finally explained from the individual atom, but the atom must itself be explained by its relation to the whole; just as the cells in an organised body cannot give the explanation of the body as a whole, but are themselves explained and understood only by their position as constitutive units in the whole. No descent, therefore, from masses to molecules, from molecules to atoms, from atoms to electrons, and so forth, till we come to what we conceive to be the ultimate unit of the material universe, will explain the world as an organised whole, not even with the ether called in as a forlorn hope to help remove the contradictions involved in the attempt.

Science indeed finds itself obliged to regard the world as a whole, as a unity. There must be for it *one* time, *one* space, *one* force, *one* ultimate law, assumed if not actually reached, in other words one universe. That is the pre-supposition or implication of all physical science, without which itself and all its interpretations become meaningless. But this *one* time, *one* space, *one* force, this one all-inclusive law or idea by reason of which the universe is one and harmonious—what can it all mean except that the universe as a whole is the expression, the differentiation

into manifold forms, laws, forces, activities of some Ultimate Reality. And here the province of science as such ceases, and metaphysics or philosophy strictly so-called begins. But philosophy also finds in the end that it has no other categories wherewith to interpret the phenomenal universe as a whole except such as it derives from its own self-hood. And thus, do what we will, resist as much and as long as we may, inevitably we are compelled, if we are to think of the universe in respect of its unity at all, to think of it as the manifestation of a perfectly harmonious all-embracing Absolute Self.

If then we would know the material world, the world of the not-self at all, from the electron or the atom to the universe as a whole or in its unity, we can do so only by the application to it of those categories of interpretation that have in the first instance been derived from our subjective experience, *i.e.* from our experience with ourselves. But is such knowledge valid, is it real, is it true? Is this compulsion an evidence of the narrowness, the weakness, the impotence, of our thinking, or is it due to the fact that the universe is ultimately of such a nature as we find ourselves compelled to attribute to it? This is the vital question to which we are brought. Is it the evidence of the potency or impotency of our thought, of the limitation or the illimitable expansiveness of knowledge, that in all our interpretations of the world of the so-called not-self we can do no other than apply to it the categories of self-hood? In very brief outline we will give the reason why such knowledge must be held to be real; why the application of such categories is inevitable because it is in accord with the truth and nature of things.

In all knowledge of the so-called material world the ego or finite subject is ever transcending itself outwardly, for such knowledge is in its very essence an activity whereby the subject apprehends what is *not* itself. And this 'not-self' appears to possess a quite independent existence. We perceive it and to a certain extent know it; indeed biological science has sufficiently shown that our very life depends every moment on our ability to adjust ourselves harmoniously to it as to what we call our environment. Yet, in our various activities in relation to it, we always distinguish it from ourselves; it is as though each of us in every act towards it affirmed: It is *not* I; I am *not* it.

But is there not something after all very enigmatical in this procedure on our part? For we first say it is *not* ourselves, that is we distinguish it from ourselves and treat it as though it had quite a separate existence; yet in the act of knowledge we say that we lay hold of or apprehend it, that we are conscious of it, which means of course that we take it into our consciousness and so in some sense become one with it. How then does the subject thus contrive in its knowledge or perception of material objects apparently to get outside itself? What is the real nature of this miraculous process, a process whereby the finite ego, escaping the limitations of its finitude, emigrates as it were beyond itself, and yet at the same time so succeeds in remaining at home with itself as to avoid completely blending with the object, which of course would involve its own extinction or annihilation? Such is the problem presented by the cognitive process which it is the function of our epistemology or theory of knowledge to solve if it can.

But to discover the real nature of the cognitive process, we must direct our thought not outwards to the object but inward upon ourselves. When we tread this inward way we find another and very different form of self-transcendency open to us, and one that is essentially metaphysical. By metaphysical is meant a form of self-transcendency that perseveringly and consistently followed leads in the end to an assured knowledge of ultimate reality. Now as the problem presented by the cognitive process is in itself essentially a metaphysical one, it is only by penetrating to the nature of ultimate reality, *i.e.* to the nature of the absolute all-embracing Being of the universe, that a solution of this, as of every other metaphysical problem, can in the end be found.

By introspective analysis of the self we discover that, in every act of perception, there is always present and operative a number of constructive principles or categories of knowledge, contributed by the subject itself out of its own nature and being, and yet categories which belong also to the object. Such for instance are the categories of time, space, law, causality, and so forth, all of which are permanent or universal principles of knowledge standing in contra-distinction to the transitory sensations in and through which, as these come and go, they reveal themselves. Knowledge is thus seen to be a sort of structure built up by the activity of that within us which is universal, out of the transitory and particular materials supplied by the senses. Categories or universals are principles of unity and inclusiveness essential to all true cognition. They may be comprehensively summed up as varied forms of the activity within us of the one universal principle of unity which we call Reason. And it is by

the further examination of the real nature of Reason, of this all-inclusive ultimate principle of unity, that a pathway is opened for thought to a knowledge of ultimate reality. And, as we have just said, it is in the nature of this ultimate reality, of this all-embracing subject, that the ground of the possibility and the real nature of the cognitive process is to be finally established. Why this is so we will close this paper by briefly indicating.

What we mean by reason or rationality is, manifestly, not the activity within us of anything private and exclusive, of anything belonging to us as distinct individuals like our purely sense-experiences, which come and go and can belong to no one else but ourselves. Neither is it a bare abstract principle; nor, as Hume supposed, a mere custom or habit of the mind. Nothing indeed could be more concrete, more living, more fundamentally real. In fact, the rational power finds no satisfactory explanation till it is regarded as the activity in us and in all things of the one all-inclusive, all-pervading Reality. This ultimate Being of the universe reveals in every genuine process of knowledge its own essential nature as perfectly harmonious and as ever consistent with itself; consequently refusing to accept as finally true or real anything contradictory or discrepant.

Whatever, therefore, lays claim to be genuine in knowledge, whatever asserts itself to be true or real, must in the end consent to submit such claim to the final test of reason. But by this very submission the finite subject discovers that it gains for itself illimitable expansion and freedom. It escapes through the open door of its rational nature from the narrowness, from the bare particularity and exclusiveness of its sensuous

experience into the all-embracing life and joy of the universal. The so-called external world, the world of the non-living, the world of merely material phenomena, that came like a stranger from afar, is seen to be one with us by virtue of the presence and activity in it and in us of this same identical principle. Thus the world undergoes a complete transfiguration. No longer does it present as formerly the appearance of something alien and even hostile. Its fundamental nature as object of knowledge is now discerned to be one with us as the subjects of knowledge. It is seen to be as essentially spiritual in origin and in nature as the subject itself; for reason, as we have said, must be regarded as the most concrete of things, as being nothing less than the activity within us and all the objects we know, of the Ultimate Reality. And so we are not after all really separate in existence from the external world, but together with it are held in a fundamental unity. It was then really ourselves, only in vastly larger form, that in strange disguise came as from without. "To understand anything," says Rabindranath Tagore, with true Oriental insight, "is to find in it something of our own, and it is the discovery of ourselves outside of us that makes us glad" (*Sadhana*, p. 23).

If then reason be the activity in us of the Absolute or Ultimate Reality revealing its essential nature in every genuine process of knowledge, then our deeper nature or rational self is and must be one with that of the Absolute. Examination of what is meant by reason thus reveals to us the true nature of the Absolute. As essentially the principle of reason in us as also in the universe at large it cannot but be regarded as a Self; it is in truth our own deeper

larger Self, universal and all-inclusive. The Absolute Being is therefore a Self, and a Self with a nature, the essence of which is Reason. The same truth concerning the nature of the Absolute emerges when we attempt a philosophical interpretation of life as a whole, both in the individual and in society, as well as in art and religion. But this is a subject much too large to be entered upon here.

JAMES HENRY TUCKWELL.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

II.¹

Prof. S. RADHAKRISHNAN, M.A.

THE acquisition of the true insight into things is the mark of religion. That insight we can have only when our souls have so expanded as to feel for the whole universe. This expansion of soul, this 'widening of the range of feeling,' can be achieved, not by adding to our possessions, not by extending our dominions, but by giving up our finite self. "Our soul can realise itself truly only by denying itself. The Upanishad says, *Thou shalt gain by giving away. Thou shalt not covet.*"² Self-denial is the path to self-realisation. This idea is brought out by the image of the lamp and the oil. "The lamp contains its oil, which it holds securely in its close grasp and guards from the least loss. Thus is it separate from all other objects around it and is miserly. But when lighted, it finds its meaning at once; its relation with all things far and near is established, and it freely sacrifices its fund of oil to feed the flame."³ With the annihilation of self comes the fulfilment of love. The self-centred life becomes God-centred. It is the death of the individual self that enables us to see God. Man shall not see God and live, goes the saying. Certainly not. When

¹ For Part I. see the last number.—Ed.

² *Sadhana*, p. 19.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 76.

man sees him, he ceases to be man. Before that vastness and splendour man's individuality shrinks and crumbles into dust. The all-pervading love invades, submerges and overwhelms the individual consciousness. The whole individual, body, mind and soul, is given up to God. "From the blue sky an eye shall gaze upon me and summon me in silence. Nothing will be left for me, nothing whatever, and utter death shall I receive at thy feet."¹

This state of supreme bliss, however, is not 'death but completeness.' It is the perfection of consciousness where there is no dust or darkness to obscure the vision. It is an utter clearness and transparency through which God's rays pass and repass without let or hindrance. It is complete harmony, perfect love and supreme joy. In that all-embracing consciousness, the finite and the infinite are infolded in one. It is self-transcendence and life eternal and not annihilation. "It is the extinction of the lamp in the morning light, not the abolition of the sun."² A passage in *Nettleship* hits the point well. "Suppose that all human beings felt habitually to each other as they now do occasionally to those they love best. All the pain of the world will be swallowed up in doing good. So far as we can conceive of such a state it will be one in which there would be no 'individuals' at all, but an universal being, in and for another; where being took the form of consciousness, it would be the consciousness of another which was also oneself—a common consciousness. Such would be the atonement of the world." In human life we soon slip back from this condition of self-forgetfulness; in the supreme state of bliss there is a perpetuation of this condition. The

¹ *Gitanjali*, 98.

² *Sadhana*, p. 82.

final state is a total transformation of the personality into an explicit organ of the Divine. The independent false will is destroyed. The perfect surrender of the will to God makes the will the Divine will. We obtain this state, not by abstraction but by comprehension, not by exclusion but by inclusion. It is therefore fulness of life. Only the false individuality separating man from God becomes extinct. "When one knows thee, then alien there is none, then no door is shut."¹

The individual tries to realise the infinite within him, adore it, clasp it with affection and ultimately become one with it. When we reach the goal, we share the life eternal and become immortal. But till the goal is reached, man is caught in the world-process. With the Hindu philosophers Rabindranath believes in the gradual perfection of individuals till the ideal is attained. The soul has to pass through many lives before the goal can be reached.

"Thou hast made me endless; such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptiest again and again, and fillest it ever with fresh life."

"The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it long. I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a star and planet. It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and that training is the most intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune."²

In the progress towards perfection man, owing to the weakness of his flesh, has to renew it, and this renewal is what we call death. "It is thou who drawest the veil of night upon the tired eyes of the day to renew its sight in a fresher gladness of awakening."

¹ *Gitanjali*, 68.

² *Ibid.*, 1 and 12.

Death is only a preparation for a higher and fuller life. These views of immortality and reincarnation are typically Indian.

The Absolute is the organic whole, consisting of the different elements of matter, life, consciousness, etc. These are expressions of the whole; but if they set themselves up for the whole, we are in the region of appearance (*māyā*). As parts of the Absolute, they are real; as unconnected with it they are illusory. Ignorance of the real nature of the world and man's place in it (*avidyā*) chains us in the bonds of illusion. Then finite existence becomes a *pathos* and nature a bondage from which we should escape. In the world of *māyā* our individuality appears to be ultimate; but if we overcome this illusion, we find our individual consciousness to be a unique expression of the universal. "Everything has this dualism of *māyā* and *satyam*, appearance and truth. . . . Our self is *māyā* where it is merely individual and finite, where it considers its separateness as absolute; it is *satyam* where it recognises its essence in the universal and infinite, in the supreme self."¹ In the *Devī Bhāgavata*, it is said that when Shakti turns towards the world, she is *Māyā*, when she turns towards the Lord, she is seen to be himself. It is wrong to think that the world has an independent existence. "This world-song is never for a moment separated from its singer."² Music and musician are inseparable. If we separate the two, we break up the real into the two abstracts of the infinite and the finite, which are then both unreal and illusory. But when we perceive the real significance of nature and society, we find they are there for the purpose of enabling us to reach the infinite. The

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 85.

² *Ibid.*, p. 148.

ideal is to be attained, not by escaping from the confusions of the world of sense, but by spiritualising them. Rabindranath does not look upon the body as the tomb or prison of the soul from which it has to be liberated. For him man is bound up with nature; the human spirit is wedded to the material organism. Contact with the body, instead of being a tainting of the purity of the soul, is just the condition necessary for developing its nature. If God is immanent in the universe, how then can we regard the material body as dross? It has to be fashioned into the symbol and instrument of the spirit. The body should be made the sign and utterance of the soul.

Nature is not, as such, evil. It all depends. If the individual rests in his sensuous nature self-satisfied, without directing his vision to God, then nature turns out to be a tempter. If, on the other hand, it is made to become the organ of the higher spirit, nothing can be said against it. By itself nature is a-moral. The spirit quickens it. It is the duty of man to transfigure the natural and make it fully express the spirit for which it is intended.

Similarly the world of persons and things is not something to be escaped from. It is there to enable the finite individual to reach his goal. "The entire world is given to us and all our powers have their final meaning in the faith that by their help we are to take possession of our patrimony."¹ Nature and society are but the instruments by which to elicit the infiniteness of the finite being, the material to help the finite to work out its destiny. Life is an occasion for virtuous activity. The world is the factory of soul-making. The whole universe is penetrated and vitalised by the

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 137.

living spirit and so responds to the call of spirit. Not a fragment of it which is not deeply interesting and divine, if we approach it the right way. Anything can be made the channel of approach to God, an entrance to immortality. "All paths lead to thee." Nothing in the visible world is too low for the use of spirit. The dull, dense world has openings throughout into the white radiance.

Earth is crammed with heaven; all existence is suffused with God. Any finite object may disclose to us the centre of the universe. The universe is everywhere a gate through which we can enter into our spiritual heritage.

"He comes, comes, ever comes. Every moment and every age, every day and every night, he comes, comes, ever comes."¹

If we miss an opportunity it is dead and gone, never more to recur. It is no good repenting after the event, we must seize the opportunities as the world presents them, for they do not come at our invitation. We must be ever ready to receive God, for it may well happen when he comes we are not ready and when we are ready he does not come.²

"Man's abiding happiness is not in getting anything but in giving himself up to what is greater than himself, to ideas which are larger than his individual life, the idea of his country, of humanity, of God."³ The world gives us opportunities for surrendering our all. There is a touch of the eternal in all such surrenders to unselfish ideals or dedications to high causes. We then touch the feet of God and forget ourselves. A high and noble ideal releases the self. Even the common things of earth's everyday experience,

¹ *Gitanjali*, 45.

² See *The Gardener*, 8, 36, 57, 66.

³ *Sadhana*, p. 152.

if we whole-heartedly give up ourselves to them, take us to heaven. In such transactions of life the characteristic features of religion are present. The transcendent value of the ideal and the utter prostration of the self are complementary aspects of one experience. We say in the presence of the ideal: "You are all my world. . . . I am lost in you."¹ Self-transcendence, the mark of all spiritual experience, is present in the devoted passion for the pursuit of science, art and morality. In human love we have such moments. "Only for a few fragrant hours we two have been made immortal."² We then touch the hem of the garment of God though we do not know it. "Entering my heart unbidden even as one of the common crowd, unknown to me, my King, thou didst press the signet of eternity upon many a fleeting moment of my life."³ Religious experience is nothing more than such an utter neglect of the self and surrender to God who captures our body, mind and soul. It is a breaking up of our selfishness and a reaching out towards the whole. The finite ideals we sometimes disinterestedly pursue, will sooner or later manifest their inadequacy to satisfy the needs of the soul. No finite object can satisfy this craving. "Alas for my vain desire! Where is this hope for union except in thee, my God?"⁴ Finite ideals have to be transmuted into the infinite before the soul can get perfect satisfaction through them.

It follows that the God-possessed soul will spend itself in the service of man. Just as to the lover there is nothing unclean or impure in the loved one's body, even so to the lover of God, there is nothing untouch-

¹ *The Gardener*, 46, 48.

² *Ibid.*, 44.

³ *Gitanjali*, 43.

⁴ *The Gardener*, 50.

able in the great body of God, the world of men. Withdrawal from social work may be the temptation of the abstract mystic who turns away in disgust from the world of discord and contradiction; but he will soon find that loyalty to God, the highest universal, is meaningless if it does not embody itself in work for man, the finite particular. The one is not beyond the many but is in the many. To the true mystic who realises by direct experience the central harmony of the universe, there is "no mystery beyond the present; no striving for the impossible; no shadow behind the charm; no groping in the depth of the dark."¹ He dwells in the world and tries to make it more fit for the habitation of God.

The idea of divine immanence requires first of all individual purity—purity of body, mind, heart and will. The methods of *yoga*, *jñāna*, *bhakti*, and *karma* are to be adopted for the development and discipline of the soul.²

"Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs.

"I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts, knowing that thou art that truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.

"I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my love in flower, knowing that thou hast thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart.

"And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee in my actions, knowing it is thy power gives me strength to act."³

The consciousness of divine immanence demands social justice. Every man should be looked upon as

¹ *The Gardener*, 16.

² See *Bhagavadgītā*, xvii. 14-16.

³ *Gitanjali*, 4.

an end in himself and not as a means. On this familiar text of the Upanishads, the Bible, the Bhagavadgītā and Kant, Rabindranath comments with special reference to the modern problems of slum-life, sweating, prostitution and political exploitation. "Our desires blind us to the *truth* that there is in man, and this is the greatest wrong done by ourselves to our own soul. It deadens our consciousness, and is but a gradual method of spiritual suicide. It produces ugly sores in the body of civilisation, gives rise to its hovels and brothels, its vindictive penal codes, its cruel prison systems, its organised method of exploiting foreign races, to the extent of permanently injuring them, by depriving them of the discipline of self-government and means of self-defence."¹ Here we have an eloquent expression of Rabindranath's deep hatred of tyranny and social injustice and thirst for social betterment. The true mission or destiny of a religious soul is not isolation or renunciation; it is to be a member of society, recognising the infinite worth and boundless possibilities of man, and offering oneself up entirely to the service of one's fellows. The mystic's feeling of kinship or solidarity with the universe expresses itself in the work for a changed earth and a happier humanity. Sustained by the vision of man made perfect, his love goes out to every creature, the hungry and the thirsty, the sick and the imbecile, the stranger and the naked; for does not God live in them all? Is not the child born in the slum God's creation? "Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest and lost."²

The liberated soul of the true saint does not wish

¹ *Sadhana*, pp. 108-109.

² *Gitanjali*, 10.

to escape from this world but tries to improve it. But all his work will be rooted in an inner peace and repose. It is the same kind of activity as that which characterises the Divine. It is true that it is bliss or delight. The Upanishad says: "From joy are born all creatures, by joy they are sustained, towards joy they progress, and into joy they enter." But this joy expresses itself in laws, which seem to be bonds fettering it, while really the laws are the expression of love or freedom. "Fire burns for fear of him; the sun shines by fear of him and for fear of him the winds, the clouds and death perform their office." Law and love are one in the Absolute. Even so in the liberated soul, perfect service is perfect freedom. How can he whose joy is in Brahma "live in inaction"?¹ "Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation. He is bound with us for ever."² He is "knowledge, power and action" according to the Upanishads. But his action is the expression of joy. The singer out of the fulness of joy sings, and the Divine Singer in joy creates the universe. The state of blessedness is not a lotus-land of rest. Worship of God coincides with work for man. With firm hold on the eternal, the liberated soul sallies forth to meet the adversary, evil, in the world.

We see then that a true Vedantin does not neglect the immediate and the detailed in his love for the universal and the transcendental. The Vedanta system and its latest exponent Rabindranath stand for a synthetic idealism, which, while not trying to avoid the temporal and the finite, has still a hold on the Eternal Spirit. They give us a practical mysticism which would have us live and act in the temporal world

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 131.

² *Gitanjali*, 11.

but make action a consecration and life a dedication to God.

The end of man is the realisation of his Self, of the infinite in him. This is man's *dharma*. *Dharma* literally means nature, reality or essence. The essence of man is the infinite. His *dharma* is to become the infinite, which he already is in potency. Salvation consists in the realisation of the infinite, attained by the surrender of the finite. This giving up of the finite interests dear to man involves pain and suffering, hazard and hardship. The path to realisation, the *Kātha Upanishad* says, is "as the sharp edge of a razor." The infinite in man is like the oil in sesamum seeds, or butter in curds, water in a river and fire in the two pieces of wood. To get oil from the sesamum seeds, we have to press them, churn the curds before we can have butter, dig the ground for water, and rub the sticks for fire. This is suffering or hardship. Till the goal of the infinite is attained we have risks and dangers. We have to fight with the finite not physical wars but spiritual wars. Every moment our finiteness is being transcended. The self "must be born anew every moment of its life." It is the nature of the finite or the lower to pass away before the higher arises. The mother who values dearly her charm, grace and beauty should sacrifice them all for the higher pleasure of looking upon her first-born. This pleasure is born in anguish at the cost of her charm and the peril of her life. In Rabindranath's image: "The flower must bring forth the fruit." But when "the time of its fruitage arises . . . it sheds its exquisite petals and a cruel economy compels it to give up its sweet perfume."¹ For the flower to develop, the bud has to

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 99.

die ; for the fruit, the flower ; for the seed, the fruit ; for the plant, the seed. Life is a process of eternal birth and death. Birth is death and death is birth. All progress is sacrifice. The finite self which has to be transformed into the infinite which is its destiny, does not easily lend itself to this transformation. We have to lay violent hands on it, before we can force it to express the infinite. So long as man is finite, the infinite within him tries to break through the finite. The spirit chafes against the bonds of the flesh. The force of the spirit to rid itself of the encumbrances which oppose its free expression, means fight and struggle. The uprush of the infinite, bursting all barriers set up by the finite, means strain and suffering. Till therefore the infinite is reached, the life of the finite individual will be one of strenuous effort and untiring toil, involving risk and daring, strain and conflict. The path to realisation of man's *dharma* lies through incessant effort and struggle. To suffer pain is the sign of our finiteness. It is the right of man. It is "our true wealth as imperfect beings." "It is the hard coin which must be paid for everything valuable in this life, for our power, our wisdom, our love. In pain is symbolised the infinite possibility of perfection, the eternal unfolding of joy."¹

To Rabindranath imperfection is not the sign of a fall from the high estate, but a condition of progress to it. It is a matter of gratification that the world is imperfect. But this does not mean that the Absolute is imperfect. The Absolute is perfection though it includes imperfection. It is not perfect in the sense that it excludes all imperfection. Imperfection is a necessary factor in the universe. It is as real as the

¹ *Sadhana*, pp. 64, 65.

created universe. A universe without imperfection would be a static unprogressive blank. Imperfection, however, is not an end in itself. It exists only to be overcome in the perfect. As the unreal is the incomplete, the imperfect is the partial. Rabindranath says: "Imperfection is not a negation of perfectness; finitude is not contradictory to infinity; they are but completeness manifested in parts, infinity revealed within bounds."¹

The false view which makes evil the last thing is due to an imperfect understanding of the place of evil in the world. If we detach the facts from their setting in the whole, they look awry and unintelligible. "Only when we detach one individual fact of death do we see its blankness and become dismayed, we lose sight of the wholeness of life of which death is part." Thus if we look at death in its setting, it loses its sting and the grave its victory. In the present war the surface-appearances may make one despair of humanity. God's image, man, is torn to shreds and pieces. But if we, without being led away by first appearances, take a calm and balanced view, we see in this war, not merely the throes of death and disease, but the birth-pangs of new internationalism, based on self-sacrifice and disinterestedness. Hitherto civilisation has based itself on 'cannibalism.' "Whenever some ancient civilisation fell into decay and died, it was owing to causes which produced callousness of heart and led to the cheapening of man's worth; when either the state or some powerful group of men began to look upon the whole as a mere instrument of their power; when, by compelling weaker races to slavery and trying to keep them down by every means, man struck at the founda-

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 48.

tion of his greatness, his own love of freedom and fair play. Civilisation can never sustain itself upon cannibalism of any form. For that by which alone man is true can only be nourished by love and justice."¹ We trust, as a result of this war, the vogue of the philosophy which makes man a machine and interprets civilisation in terms of mechanics, will give place to a philosophy of spirit and a civilisation based on love and justice. We trust that the sacredness of human nature and its right to the opportunities of self-development will be recognised not merely in Europe but in the whole world.

In Rabindranath Tagore we come across passages where he makes out that the suffering and misfortune of the world are the opportunities employed by God to draw man's attention to his real destiny. For instance: "Misery knocks at thy door, and her message is that thy Lord is wakeful and he calls thee to the love tryst through the darkness of night."²

It is out of love that God sends us suffering. In *The King of the Dark Chamber* Sudharsanā feels that the very possibility of union with God has become unthinkable to her on account of her sin. But her Lord says: "It will be possible in time, . . .; the utter and bleak blackness that has to-day shaken you to your soul with fear, will one day be your solace and salvation. What else can my love exist for?"

Sin is selfishness. It is the failure of man to be true to his real self. It is the revolt against the spirit in man. "Sin is not one mere action, but it is an attitude of life which takes for granted that our goal is finite, that our self is the ultimate truth, and that we are not all essentially one but exist each for his own

¹ *Sadhana*, pp. 111, 112.

² *Gitanjali*, 27.

separate individual existence.”¹ Egotism is the root cause of evil. When selfish standards are set up, distinctions between mine and thine are introduced; man becomes a slave to the fancied goods of wealth and property, not objects of real worth but phantoms raised by the selfish imagination.

“ I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is this that follows me in the silent dark ?

“ I move aside to avoid his presence but I escape him not.

“ He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger ; he adds his loud voice to every word I utter.

“ He is my own little self, my Lord, he knows no shame ; but I am ashamed to come to thy door in his company.”²

Selfishness makes us forget our true being. In our selfishness we think that finite objects can satisfy the infinite craving within. Our real needs are not satisfied by what we come to possess. This is a sign of our finiteness and impotence. We really seek the good, but in our ignorance mistake the wrong thing for the good. Evil as evil is no man’s aim. Through ignorance and selfishness we believe the path to blessedness lies in the possession of riches or material aggrandisement.

Incidentally Rabindranath refers to the misfortune overtaking India. While the West is waking up to the enormity of this defect, India is fast falling a prey to it. She is slowly exchanging her ideals of spirit and indifference to material conditions for those of crass materialism and enjoyment. The educated classes with their fear of poverty and rush for gold are the worst sinners in this respect. Those favoured by

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 111.

² *Gitanjali*, 80.

fortune in this competition for wealth have only a cynical smile for men of Rabindranath's type, who devote their attention to spiritual things.

"Men going home glance at me and smile and fill me with shame. I sit like a beggarmaid, drawing my skirt over my face, and when they ask me what it is I want, I drop my eyes and answer them not."¹

What is true of individuals is true of nations. Selfishness, again, is the root of evil, patriotism devoid of considerations of humanity is nothing but selfishness on a larger scale. The individual wants wealth, the nation wants earth. In both cases it is greed and hunger for matter. Imperialism, the outcome of selfish nationalism, is an organised form of human greed and selfishness. Alas, that nations should measure their greatness by their material wealth and extent of territory! "It is an endlessly wearisome task, this continual adding to our stores."² Satisfaction of the infinite cannot be reached by a summation of finites. The larger the outward acquisitions, the greater is the inner discontent. The Western nations forget God and walk other ways; they deny brotherhood both in their national organisations and international relations. Rabindranath points to the essential defect of Western civilisation in these words: "You people over here seem to be all in a state of continual strife. It is all struggling, hard striving to live. There is no place for rest or peace of mind, or that meditative relief which in our country we feel to be needed for the health of our spirits." Life in the West is one long fever and struggle, which knows neither rest nor pause in the breathless rush and hurry for acquisition.

Being and becoming, stillness and strife, are

¹ *Gitanjali*, 41.

² *Sadhana*, p. 147.

inseparable aspects of reality. The Absolute includes harmony and peace as much as strain and tension. The Westerner does not care for being or stillness; he is absorbed in the world of becoming and strife. "It is because of the insistence on the doing and the becoming that we perceive in the West the intoxication of power. . . . In our country the danger comes from the opposite side."¹ We lay stress on the being aspect, do not care for the world of becoming, and so have the "intoxication of the spirit." The pervading concern with the things of the spirit has led to an unconcern for the things of the world, and we are to-day reaping the fruits of age-long unconcern and other-worldliness. We have never cared to provide for the great masses of our populations the necessary conditions of material existence indispensable to civilised life. Here we have much to learn from the West. Rabindranath is equally vehement against the Western feeding of the flesh which starves the soul and the Eastern saving of the soul which slays the body. An integral harmony of the two is the ideal. "True spirituality as taught in our sacred lore is calmly balanced in strength, in the correlation of the within and the without."² To the Indian ascetic Rabindranath's advice is:

"Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow."³

It is only the pursuit of such an integral ideal that can satisfy the infinite soul. So long as we seek false ends, we are prisoners bound by our own desires and not freed men. When our finite ends are realised, we get no satisfaction. There is still the burden weighing

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 126.

² *Ibid.*, p. 127.

³ *Gitanjali*, 11.

on the heart, still the thirst for God, the hunger for the infinite and the transcendent. "The tragedy of human life consists in our vain attempts to stretch the limits of things which can never become unlimited—to reach the infinite by absurdly adding to the rungs of the ladder of the finite."¹ Sooner or later the unsatisfying nature of the finite will manifest itself. "We must come to an end in our evil-doing, in our career of discord. For evil is not infinite and discord cannot be an end in itself."²

As error and untruth must break down by the logical inconsistencies and contradictions inherent in them, if they are worked out to their consequences, even so evil will be found to conflict with itself, go against its own root principles and confess itself to be inadequate for the aim it is intended to satisfy. Evil is an attitude which can never be consistently held. Only the infinite can satisfy the soul. "Our heart is restless until it finds its rest in thee," says Augustine. Nothing else satisfies it. Tauler declares: "The soul's desire is an abyss which cannot be filled except by a good which is infinite." So also Rabindranath: "Away from the sight of thy face my heart knows no rest nor respite. . . . That I want thee, only thee,—let my heart repeat without end."³ To overcome sin we have to repudiate our exclusiveness and rest our faith firm in the all-inclusive whole. The consciousness of man gets its fulfilment when it is merged in the consciousness of God. Religion speaks to us of that love of God in which all earthly relations are swallowed up. Only in such a relation of the soul to God do we have the fruition of our desires; our souls have rest and repose only in the infinite. This final

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 151.

² *Ibid.*, p. 84.

³ *Gitanjali*, 5 and 29.

condition is a state of utter delight or perfect harmony where all discords are overcome, an eternal calm where the unrest of life is stilled. In such a state we have a transvaluation of all values.

“When I think of this end of my moments, the barrier of the moments breaks and I see by the light of death thy world with its careless treasures. Rare is its lowliest seat, rare is its meanest of lives.”¹

Much we call great will lose its greatness. Much we call little will become great. We shall see the worth of man as man and not rate it according to his wealth. In that kingdom, may be, the child, the slave and the harlot take precedence of the learned, the rich and the king. We shall then know that the things of spirit are real and in the last resort the only real. The walls which divide man from man will become transparent; selfishness which is the only sin will appear to be the pursuit of a phantom. We shall then say with the Princess in *The King of the Dark Chamber*: “Nothing of this is mine; it is all yours, O Lord!” (p. 199).

The crucial point of distinction between Christianity and Vedantism is found in the relation of God to man. Christianity lays stress on man's sinfulness, guilt and need of salvation by God. If man, who is naturally corrupt, should become transformed into a virtuous soul, it can only be by the influx of the Divine energy. Deliverance by grace is the central principle of the Christian religion. But Rabindranath does not accept it. “It has been held that sinfulness is the nature of man, and only by the special grace of God can a particular person be saved. This is like saying that the nature of the seed is to remain enfolded

¹ *Gitanjali*, 92.

within its shell and it is only by some special miracle that it can be grown into a tree.”¹ The barrier between God and man is overthrown in Rabindranath’s view as in the Vedanta system. The infinite dwells in man, not in the sense that it is perfectly realised, but in the sense that it is potential in him. Man is but the localised expression of God. The light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world is there, though it does not shine through. Progress is the unfolding or the forthcoming, with an ever-increasing and brightening radiance, of the perfect light within. For it to shine through, the surrounding ignorance has to be cleared away.

We require a removal of ignorance, a breaking of the bonds of selfishness, and not an ingress of divine spirit from outside as the result of prayer to an offended God who yet loves man and has pity for his frailty. The light is present, wrapped up in a cloud of darkness and selfishness. Sin is the inordinate love of darkness, fancying it to be the real self. It takes delight in its own darkness and this delight is its death and destruction. The sinful soul believes that the wheels of time move forward for ministering to its pleasures. When this false self-sufficiency disappears, the scales drop from the eyes and the man is saved. “When I give up the helm I know that the time has come for thee to take it.”²

Michael Angelo is reported to have said that every block of marble contained a statue and the sculptor brought it to light by cutting away the encumbrances by which “the human face divine is concealed.” Even so we have to cut away the encumbrances and remove the obstacles for the expression of the infinite.

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 74.

² *Gitanjali*, 99.

Deliverance is not by grace, but by the removal of selfishness and ignorance. "In the typical thought of India, it is held that the true deliverance of man is the deliverance . . . from ignorance. It is not in destroying anything that is positive and real, for that cannot be possible, but that which is negative, which obstructs our vision of truth. When this distinction which is ignorance is removed, then only is the eye-lid drawn up, which is no loss to the eye."¹

The barrier between God and man according to Vedantic ideas is not impassable. Man can become as perfect as the Father which is in Heaven. *The Taittirīya Upanishad* says: "He who knows Brahman obtains liberation." *The Muṇḍaka Upanishad* says: "He who knows the Supreme Brahman verily becomes Brahman." But the West has never been reconciled to this idea of our unity with the infinite Being. "It condemns, as a piece of blasphemy, any implication of man's becoming God."² Rabindranath is quite strong on this point. "Yes, we must become Brahman. We must not shrink to avow this. Our existence is meaningless if we never can expect to realise the highest perfection that there is."³

S. RADHAKRISHNAN.

¹ *Sadhana*, p. 72.

² *Ibid.*, p. 154.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 155.

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THE energy put into the study of origins would almost persuade us that an exact knowledge of sensible beginnings should be capable of explaining things. But if the most penetrating analysis of the constituents of the acorn cannot explain the oak or of the human germ-cell the marvellous developments of man's body, much less can the study of the beginnings of mind elucidate the sublimer forms of its manifestation in human genius. And therefore when we consider the highest developments of religion, the object of which transcends all other ends of human endeavour and claims the disinterested allegiance and selfless devotion of the whole man for its pursuit, it is vain to think we can come at its distinctive nature and essence by a study of its crudest manifestations in the most primitive forms of culture.

When man was but little removed from the brute, his notions of the hidden things of life and death and of the mysterious forces which encompassed him and hedged him in from the cradle to the grave, were naturally clothed in the crudest and wildest imaginings and gave birth to correspondingly strange modes of semi-animal behaviour towards the unknown. Long and painful was the way he had to travel before the light of spiritual religion shone on the gloom and

darkness of the fear and awe that paralysed his reason and sapped his moral courage.

The instinctive reactions of loosely strung together psychical natures extremely sympathetic to the mass-emotions of the community were the primitive soil in which the life of religion began to stir and assume embryonic shape. Such crudities of belief and behaviour, however, in no way account even for the intermediary forms which religion assumed as man's inner life deepened and became finer in quality. The inner causation is hidden from us; the secret of life is not penetrated by tracing the evolutionary sequence of its forms. Much more than is this the case when we seek to appreciate the nature of that reality which is the goal of religion and surpasses all our powers of life and mind.

All we can venture to say is that in the light of its more perfect manifestations the religious life indicates the way of man's strivings to fulfil the highest purpose of his being, by such modes of behaviour as are felt to be most favourable to secure the enjoyment of communion with the supreme object of his worship, or union with the perfection of truth and reality for which his highest moral nature craves. If then for religious faith of this order the outlook is limitless and the possibilities of reality inexhaustible, it is naturally impatient of confining the scope and nature of its endeavour within the narrow limits of precise definition. For such faith it is vain to seek to determine its spirit by laying stress on any one of the modes of mind which we distinguish as thought, feeling and will, and claiming this to be the most characteristic determinant of the religious attitude. All these, for it, must be held to blend harmoniously in any immediate contact with

that spiritual life. For if it did not at least momentarily take up into itself and co-ordinate all human activities, there would be no real conditioning of what appears subsequently as that intuition or awareness of integration and wholeness which is the minimum mark of its having been enjoyed. It is testimony to experience of this order which justifies the faith that man is destined to become spiritually self-conscious. Nor is there anything unreasonable in believing that just as animal life sums up and is capable of transmuting the powers manifested in the vegetable kingdom, and human life is synthetic of and capable of elevating the powers of the animal kingdom, so beyond the human there is a spiritual life that co-ordinates and perfects our powers in a synthesis which opens up for us a transcendental order of consciousness. It is doubtless this latent overconsciousness, or spiritual subconsciousness if you will, which urges man to seek the source and perfection of his being in God. And indeed the greatest need not only of religion but also of ethical philosophy is a synthetic principle that has the power to consummate its own activities and fulfil them in the truth of that reality which is the highest good.

What is essential in religion seems all to point in this direction, and a brief consideration of a few attempts by minds of very varied temperaments at defining religion¹ may help to justify this point of view in some measure by comparison or contrast.

Max Müller, whose wide and intimate knowledge of general scripture as editor of the Sacred Books of the East was unique in his day, says that if we listen attentively "we can hear in all religions a groaning of

¹ I am indebted for the material used in quotation to the Appendix in Leuba's *Psychological Study of Religion* (Macmillan, 1912).

the spirit, a struggle to conceive the inconceivable, to utter the unutterable, a longing after the Infinite, a love of God." Theories about the Infinite, however, if they do not influence conduct are not worthy of the name of religion. Religion is the work of faith, or faith is its peculiar characteristic. He calls faith at different times a 'mental faculty,' 'disposition,' 'potential energy,' 'sentiment' or 'presentiment,' and the very variety of terms shows how incapable of precise definition is this spiritual impulse towards self-transcendence. If, as he avers, it holds to its own apart from or in spite of reason and sense, this, one might add, is not because of any absolute opposition between it and them, but because it stands firm for a reality that can transcend the contradictions of sense and reason.

One might even go further and say that in this high sense, as Max Müller maintains in his lectures on what he calls psychological religion, faith manifests the energy of the infinite spirit in man seeking for union with the infinite spirit in the universe. At first this inworking is sub-conscious in him, but gradually it involves all his powers, and finally in his highest moments transmutes him from a creature of spiritual instinct into a self-conscious sharer in divine reality.

We next pass to the view of a champion of agnosticism, whose life-work nevertheless aimed at formulating a synthetic philosophy. Herbert Spencer would have it that the goal of religion is the "complete recognition" that "all things are manifestations of a Power that transcends our knowledge." But if religion in one mood insists on the divine transcendence, in another it holds firmly to the divine immanence, and yet in another is found asserting that its supreme truth

is to be found in the essential identity of man as spirit with God. The limitations of the knowable set up by Spencer are here transcended by faith; in spite of all the logical contradictions with which the intellect would hamper it, a vision of spiritual possibilities of an infinite order of knowing is contemplated by the eyes of faith.

As a contrast we turn to a very different type of mind. For Martineau, religion is "the belief in an ever-living God, that is, a Divine Mind and Will ruling the universe and holding moral relations with mankind." This adumbrates the Personal God of theism; it is the Divine envisaged in the highest terms of our hopes and expectations concerning ourselves. God is here conceived in the light of the ideal for man. The nature of the ideal which we long to realize must be possessed of certain essentials, for without these spiritual personality would have no meaning or value for us. Spiritual personality, we feel, must at least signify the completion and fulfilment of all our powers for good. Without mind and will rational life is unthinkable, perhaps even any form of life whatever. How exalted then must be the order of mind and will of one who possesses the direct consciousness of, not simply the belief in, immortality? And this must surely be considered an essential of spiritual personality; for spiritual life is held to be deathless and personality means at least self-consciousness. Further, the spiritual life as the perfecting energy in man must conserve above all else the highest virtues of his moral nature, and thus be a social life for these disinterested powers to enjoy their fullest exercise. In it we are to be somehow, more intimately than we can now possibly realize, one with another,

life as it were compenetrating life. Whereas in primitive society the individual was swamped in the mass of the community and only slowly and painfully by the mutual conflict of individual and society was a responsible human personality developed, so in the perfection of this process it is to be expected that in some spiritual way beyond our present powers of comprehension, not only the regenerate individual and community of the blessed will be one with another in perfect harmony, but even, we may hope, as Plotinus puts it, all will be each and each all. As a spiritual personality the individual will spiritually embrace the community. This suggests a realization of moral being capable of infinite extension and yet ever a unity and wholeness of life. Joyous and sublime as is this intuition of what spiritual personality may be for man, Divine reality must still for faith utterly transcend it. Nor is the supreme ideal in any way weakened by believing that the sublimer is the idea of personality of this order to which we can reach, the nearer it must approximate to the reconciliation of what for our intellect is the ultimate contradiction of personal and impersonal. For if we may hold legitimately that the one without the other could not be, it is not just to deny to faith the over-belief that the Divine wisdom which ordains both must transcend and reconcile both in the super-personal truth of absolute reality.

The rivalry between head and heart to win the day in this high controversy will doubtless long continue; but let us hope that when once we have realized spiritual personality in ourselves all such controversies will of necessity fall away as having no meaning in the conscious spiritual life. Meantime it is a problem that cannot be lightly brushed aside, for no matter how

confident theists may be that their view is the only truth, and God is a person, the impersonal view of Deity is maintained with as firm conviction in other lofty forms of religion.

Buddhism, for instance, in its high doctrine, would base its ethics on what has the appearance of being an impersonal or over-social love and compassion for all that lives and breathes, and would advance from this foundation by a sublime scale of transcendental virtues towards a spiritual insight that is held to transcend the bliss of the highest ecstasy and lead the aspirant to the final goal of absolute reality. And then in its later development appears the supreme contradiction of its theory, which nevertheless throws back to the ground from which it departed, whereby a better than the Best is conceived—the renunciation of Nirvāṇa for the sake of the salvation of all creatures. It must be confessed that it is difficult to understand how such an exceedingly high excellence of moral character, so strenuous a self-discipline and training of the will, can be ascribed to purely impersonal initiative and lead to a purely impersonal goal. Buddhist doctrine, nevertheless, goes out of its way to lay its whole stress on self-naughting. Self-naughting assuredly has a meaning and a very profound meaning in the religious life; but so has self-transcendence, and they are not to be confounded with one another. Spiritual personality in the sense given to it above seems to mean precisely the transmutation of self-naughting into self-transcendence. As mystical Islam has it: “The Sūfī never loses that which he finds (God), and never finds that which he loses (his selfish self).” Nevertheless for Buddhism personality, so far from being capable of being the most precious of possessions and its right

use and corresponding development the means and path to reality, is its special *bête noire*; for it the idea of a perduring soul, ego, self or subject of any kind is anathema. Some theists accordingly deny that it can be a religion, and would class it as an ethical philosophy. But history cannot be wiped out so easily, and the Buddhist way of life has throughout history been recognized as religious behaviour. It must then be included in any endeavour to bring out the many-sidedness of the energizing of the spiritual in religion.

Our next definition is that of Hegel, who penetrated so deeply into the secret of synthesis and would bring thought and being to unity. Hegel describes religion as "the knowledge possessed by the finite mind of its nature as absolute mind." Spirit might here be preferred as a more appropriate term to use in this connection; and the definition would then allow the meaning that in religion we are brought to consciousness of our spiritual nature and so realize freedom from and by the restrictions of finitude, in that it is in reality spirit itself that transcends its own determinations. In this realm alone, for Hegel, can all problems be solved, all contradictions reconciled, and all pangs set at rest; herein synthesis finds its consummation. "The whole manifold of human relations," he writes, "activities, joys, everything that man values and esteems, his glory and his pride—all find their final middle point in religion." This concentration and integration of man's whole nature is the crowning work of religion and is realized in "the thought, consciousness and feeling of God." By means of religion "man is placed in relation to this centre, in which all his other relations converge." This gathers them all together and takes them up into a perfect

synthetic order, an absolute order, of being, and "man is elevated" thereby "to the realm of highest freedom"—namely that spiritual freedom "which is its own end and aim." This consummating relation of freedom on the side of feeling constitutes beatitude, and on the side of activity manifests the honour and reveals the glory of God; for in this most immediate relation of his being to God man is no longer concerned with himself but rather with "the absolute end and aim." In other words, religion is the means by which man seeks to transcend himself by reason of what philosophy calls his inmost relation to the Absolute and religion his kinship to God.

Among psychologists the late Professor Münsterberg speaks of religion as "a form of apprehension through the overpersonal consciousness." It transcends work-a-day experience and in so doing forces us to supplement it by "a superstructure which overarches the experienced world." But this superstructure is not religious except in so far as it preserves the value of holiness which this overpersonal consciousness gives us. Elsewhere he calls religion "the completion of experience." This does not mean simply filling up the gaps in normal experience, but points to another order of reality which includes the making of oneself whole; for "the individual who feels values completes the universe through revelation and his own powers through prayer."

For Schleiermacher the peculiar sphere of religion is to be found in feeling, which he also refers to as intuition or immediate consciousness. To call our ideas about religious feelings when we reflect upon them religious principles, he contends, is an error. All this, for him, is "scientific treatment of religion, know-

ledge about it," and not religion itself. But if the true nature of religion is to be sought in feeling, what is the special characteristic of this feeling? In religious experience the reaction called forth by whatever object is presented to consciousness, is the intuition of the whole of which it is the part. The intuition of wholeness evokes at the same time a feeling of absolute dependence on the universe or rather on God, and herein consists the essence of religion. In the realm of religion, then, spiritual experience of this order makes us conscious not only that our own partial existence and all other partial existences are dependent wholly on the absolute life which is the source of all lives in the universe, but also that the whole of our being is absolutely dependent on the supreme reality of the Godhead to bring it to its proper end.

Here the spiritual consciousness that Hegel calls knowledge, Schleiermacher would have to be feeling. Hegel, who would overcome the antithesis between religion and philosophy, cannot here mean by knowledge simply knowledge about; nor can Schleiermacher, who would claim an independent domain for religion transcending the realms of metaphysics and ethics, by feeling mean a purely affective state. Spiritual knowledge arises from experience of an immediate nature and of a new order. The reflective, affective and active aspects of consciousness must here if anywhere accord or work together harmoniously or come to a unity in it; otherwise there would be no sense of integration, and consequently no realization of wholeness and therewith the conviction of our absolute dependence on the fulness of the Divine life for our perfection.

This feeling of absolute dependence, however, is

not on something utterly alien from ourselves, but, as Tiele puts it, "a consciousness that we are in the power of a Being whom we revere as the highest and to whom we feel attracted and related." For him accordingly the essence of religion is adoration, and this involves the contradictions of love. In so far as its object is transcendent, adoration necessarily involves the elements of "holy awe, humble reverence, grateful acknowledgment of every token of love, hopeful confidence, lowly self-abasement, a deep sense of one's unworthiness and shortcomings, total self-abnegation, and yet unconditional consecration of one's whole life and one's whole faculties." But in so far as the supreme object of religion is also immanent, and there is a feeling of kinship, adoration includes "the desire to possess the adored object and call it entirely one's own." Religion is thus the means whereby the whole of our life and faculties are to reach their perfect consummation in God.

What seems to come out most strongly in all this as the manward mark of the spiritual consciousness in religion is that in it "all sides of the whole personality participate," as Pfleiderer phrases it; and so also Stratton would describe religion as "man's whole bearing" towards what he believes to be the Best. However much then all these attempts at eliciting the essential characteristic of religion differ from one another formally, they have a common tendency or drift. If religion externally viewed is our attitude towards the transcendent, regarded internally it is ultimately the work of the transcendent—of God working in man. It is essentially the consciousness of the Beyond which is "the raw material of religion" according to Dean Inge. Such being the case, it is not to be expected

that what has been called "the form of forms" can possibly be brought within the limitations of form, and so all attempts at the final definition of religion must necessarily fall short if they do not utterly fail.

The abstractions of the intellect which are of such use in scientific and philosophical definitions and formulations of theory are over-passed in the inmost experience of religion. As Récéjac, in his well-known essay *On the Bases of Mystic Knowledge*, writes, abstractly protesting against abstraction :

"Things oppose themselves to the ego only. The Absolute is opposed to the ego, it is true : but the more it *becomes apparent*, the more it tends to merge itself with the ego in a process exactly the reverse of abstraction. What we call 'concepts' or 'ideas,' and all kinds of abstraction, to whatever degree they may be carried, could not equal all that Reason needs for its mystic purposes. It is not an act of intellection which posits in the consciousness the special effects which we define to the best of our ability as 'our sense of religious relations with the Infinite.' The mystic intellection [? intuition] is wholly contained in the words of Pascal : '*God known of the heart.*' The work of intellection is upon the symbols, but its incommunicable discoveries are expressed 'of the heart,'—in Freedom" (p. 138).

The religious life would surpass the ideal of science in which the sphere of knowledge will equate with the sphere of the knowable, and aim at a still richer fulfilment where knower and known are at-oned, in the truth of that reality of being which constitutes spiritual self-consciousness. The religious life would thus progressively embrace all human interests and activities and indeed the whole universe. The spiritual

accordingly is not to be regarded as essentially other-worldly, but as the unitive reality underlying both worlds and harmoniously adjusting their interaction and mutual reactions. To be spiritual does not mean despising or hating or fleeing from this world, but rather a transmutation of our inner nature whereby the manifestations which constitute the external world become increasingly revelations of the in-working of one and the same spirit which effects the transmutation in ourselves.

It is in the direction towards which the above indications point that I believe the meaning of the spiritual in religion should be sought. It does not stand indifferently, as is often the case, as a synonym of the mental or psychical. Spirit is here at once more fundamental and more perfect in the scale of reality. It uses the intellectual and the emotional nature of man as it uses life and matter to effect its purposes. And it uses them not as apart from itself but as modes of its own energy, in the essential nature of which religion comes to recognise the creative and perfecting virtue of Divinity. The Divine Spirit causes life and matter, sense and intellect, to arise within itself, provides for their development and brings them to their proper end. Spirit, religiously considered, sums up in itself the deepest realities of the inworking of the Divine in the universe and in man which the mind can conceive or the heart long for. In it is to be sought the realization of our highest ideals and values, the synthesis of all our hopes, the removal of all our doubts and reconciliation of the countless contradictions of our imperfect being. Faith thus recognises in spirit the immediate presence of the Divine creative life and wisdom which is the source of all things and

of all creatures, the ordainer of the ways of their becoming and of their modes of life, the bestower and regulator and perfecter of their powers and adjuster of their activities, so that unbridled desire may be transmuted into reasonable will and this again into that divine love which realizes the presence of God in all things and the fulfilment of all things in God.

Such high thoughts and sublime ideals are naturally possible to the religious mind only in its maturity. But short of the highest and profoundest order of experience for which we would reserve the epithet spiritual, religion throughout its historic development has been inextricably interwoven with a distinctive class of experience, which in an ascending order of degrees takes man out of himself, as it were, and makes him conceive of a world that exceeds normal sensible existence. Such abnormal or supernormal states of consciousness or activities I would call the psychical in religion, and they have been the main incentive in determining the forms of innumerable practices, rites and doctrines. It has even been maintained that the 'excessive' is the characteristic mark of religious experience in all its forms; and assuredly nowhere else do we meet with such frequent intensifications of sense and capability. But the 'excessive' is not a virtue or value highly esteemed by spiritual faith; it is rather a sane, poised and harmonious consummation which is its ideal.

Nevertheless, for long psychical phenomena were uncritically taken to be the special sign of spiritual achievement, and it is still a matter of great difficulty to discriminate between the psychical and spiritual elements in high mystical states. And what a puzzling world it is even in its cruder manifestations; for it

includes vivid dreams, visions in sleep, trance or the waking state, mediumistic phenomena and automatisms of every kind, obsessions and possessions, exaltations, rapture, ecstasy, inspiration and revelation, premonitions and prophetic utterances, healing and wonder-doings of every sort and description. They all once without distinction belonged not only to the marvellous but to the sacred, the awe-inspiring, the miraculous; all were indications of that 'more' than normal man could by himself possibly effect. And indeed in these many ways of psychical experience man was taken out of himself and brought into relation with an otherwise invisible world, the phenomena of which aroused in him feelings and emotions which exceeded, and frequently vastly exceeded, the reactions occasioned by stimuli from the external world of everyday experience. Speaking generally, all religions may be said to uphold the existence of the invisible world and its inhabitants; it is the world not only of the deceased but also of non-human beings of many grades. And yet there is no subject capable of raising such fierce dissension and bitter controversy in the whole field of human interests; for the subject matter is exceedingly unstable, evasive and proportionately difficult to deal with. Who indeed can give an authoritative answer if it be asked: What sort of reality, what kind of objectivity, what value to life and morals, are we to find in this vast psychical world?

Are we to allow materialism and scepticism to lump it all together under the contemptuous category of superstition? Is it all simply the subjective creation of our own imagination and the hallucinatory product of our own hopes and fears? If so, what is this amazing imagination which so powerfully affects us,

so powerfully indeed that the philosopher even has sought to find the ground of the universe in cosmic imagination? Are there no psychical stimuli as objective in their own order as those of physical reality to produce so frequently such potent reactions? Cannot intelligent wills other than our own affect us from within? Why should not minds share images and imaginal complexes, in other words dramatically communicate with one another in such states? Have we here to deal at best simply with the symbolic language of a solely self-determined soul, which interprets dramatically the inner activities of the individual's private universe by means of a recombination of images received in the first place entirely from without in the world of normal waking experience, and intensified by selection and attention to the point of potent self-suggestion?

It is as hard to believe that all can be accounted for in this rough and ready fashion, based mainly on the analysis of physiological dreams, as it is easy to be persuaded that suggestion and self-suggestion have freer scope in these more plastic realms. In the deeper psychical states the 'things seen' are vastly more clear and definite, they appear more real than the objects either of waking consciousness or of ordinary dream consciousness. So vivid is the experience, so intense the emotion, that reason has proportionately greater strain put upon it to make a just judgment. The man of religion at any rate cannot here join hands with the radical sceptic and feel assured that a clean sweep of the whole realm can be made with the new broom of self-suggestion. Auto-suggestion indeed leaves us with perhaps even more difficult problems to solve than those of the imagination; it may be carried up well-

nigh into the realm of creation. For the man of religion belief in survival, even when his metaphysic denies the soul's substantial nature, as in Buddhism, is radical; and where otherwise than in such psychical phenomena are to be found adumbrations of survival states? For religion there must be a reality of its own order which these supernormal phenomena adumbrate.

To normal consciousness a common objective world is presented which is not influenced by our thoughts and indeed responds very inadequately to our thoughts concerning it. In certain psychical states, on the contrary, thought seems almost the chief factor in conditioning and determining the environment. Within the scope of the individual's limitations, if he think of a place he is there, if he think of a person that person is present with him. Space and time there seem to behave differently from the spacial and temporal limitations of our physical world. For those who have such psychical experience in the physical body it is very natural and reasonable for them to conclude that after-death states include similar experiences; that what is abnormal and supernormal now will be the normal of certain states then.

In such an elastic mode of existence provision can be made for every sort and condition of life in appropriate surroundings according to individual tastes and proclivities, virtues and vices. Elaborate schemes of its divisions or grades, its regions or states, from manifold points of view, have been put forward, from conditions of utter gloom and misery to those of the greatest felicity and glory. For long the map-work done on the invisible was of an exceedingly material nature. Heaven was high up in the sky and hell

beneath the earth; psychics was an extension of physics and virtue and rarity of atmosphere were thought to go together. But if the more complex the organism the higher the grade of intellect it can manifest, and the richer the nature the higher the power of virtue it can show forth, psychical gradations should presumably be estimated by quality of life rather than by simplicity of mind-structure or abstraction from content. If then in our more stable world of sense it is no easy task to bring passion and emotion within the control of reason and the discipline of a virtuous will, much more difficult is it to do so in psychical states where sensation can be indefinitely extended up to the highest pitch of unimaginable ecstasy. A reason strong enough to cope with the passions aroused by the excitements of this world or a will purified enough to transmute them sanely, may easily fail and be swamped by the intensification of the passions the psychical world can arouse. Here the dangers of extravagance, delusion and delirium are enormously increased for the undisciplined and unprepared. On the other hand, there would be no fulfilment of our whole nature unless every possibility of sense could be sanely employed and enjoyed; and this faith holds to be the case only when the harmonizing and consummating spirit is immediately at work in the heart of one rapt into psychical ecstasy.

But setting aside those high mystical states which are held to be thus spiritually conditioned, it seems reasonable to conclude that psychical experiences of the order we are considering, while they do not reveal, nevertheless in their manifold degrees proportionately adumbrate, conditions of the soul when freed from the physical body. They are always as it were shadows

of the conditions as they really are in their native objectivity. In the corresponding psychical states these shadows are cast on the ever-changing ground of the complex imagery of the percipient's earthly experience, welling up from memory's subliminal storehouse. Corresponding conformations and qualities of this stuff of experience clothe and interpret and body forth for us immaterial and dynamic influences and presences. On the other hand, souls after the death of the physical body may so cling to its memory, its habits and interests, that they interpret their new life solely in terms of the old. Contact between such discarnate souls and the incarnate may thus produce the very strong impression that there is a well-nigh unbroken continuation of earthly conditions in the after-life.

If this way of looking at the age-long enigma on the one hand deprecates the naïve acceptance of such lower psychical phenomena at their face value, on the other it does not tolerate the wholesale judgment that they are utterly empty fictions, but allows us to assign to them a certain life-value, and this in the higher orders of psychical experience is capable of being extended indefinitely.

Such considerations, I am well aware, at first sight give the impression that life after death must be of a very unstable nature and a poor exchange for what we consider to be the concrete realities of earth-life. On the other hand psychical ecstasy is frequently marked by an extraordinary intensification of life, and in it the presentations to sense, however occasioned, are vastly more impressive than in the concrete world. We here seem to be dealing with a state of existence in which life and mind can energize more freely than under physical conditions, and where in some strange way

environment seems more adaptable to the individual than the individual to the environment. Otherwise we should get consistent reports of a world of genuinely valid objectivity comparable with the common assent given here to the sensible facts of earthly existence. But this is notoriously not the case. The meanings and relationships of its objectivity must be of another order.

But even so the nature of reality and truth, of meaning and value, is not to be found ready-made in the objectivity of any world. All worlds presumably must have their own proper objectivity, which validates them in the scale of existence and brings those immediately conscious of them into a certain measure of agreement as to fact; but psychical fact, I am convinced, is not of the same nature as physical fact. And so I would conclude that the apprehension of genuine psychical objectivity, as distinguished from the subjective physical interpretation of the percipient, is a rare achievement for incarnate minds and impossible for any but a pure nature. It is, in my belief, one of the powers of spiritual self-consciousness, and in spiritual self-consciousness we have the beginning of that human perfection the end of which is God.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE COSMIC IMAGINATION.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY, M.A.

PHILOSOPHY and metaphysics are reputed to make heavy, not to say dull, reading. But no one interested in the great problems that pervade human life who peruses Mr. E. D. Fawcett's *The World as Imagination*,¹ will find it either dull or heavy.

Mr. Fawcett writes with a vivacity and vividness which carry the reader along; so much so that one is apt to lose sight of the closeness of thought, depth of reasoning and insight which light up his pages, and forget the toil involved in making easy their perusal. The book is indeed eminently readable and even fascinating, reminding one of the work of the late Professor William James.

But it is just these qualities, coupled with lucidity and terseness of style, that make the volume very difficult to describe in moderate compass. It would be easy to lavish epithets, to pick out special topics or features for discussion, to give a list of the chapter-headings. These, by the way, are the only dull and monotonous feature in the book. But to give a clear, fair and in some measure adequate idea of its contents, is a very different matter. An attempt, however, must be made at this no easy task.

¹ London (Macmillan), pp., xlii.+623; 15s. net.

The problem which lies at the root of all philosophy, of all metaphysics, concerns the ultimate nature of reality. The works of the great philosophers, the systems they have sketched or elaborated, have all been concerned with this question. The history of philosophy has these for its landmarks, from the religio-mystical systems of India down to the present. Speaking very broadly, each great system may be said to propound, or set out from, an hypothesis with regard to the nature of ultimate reality; and the history of philosophy exhibits the testing and trial, the verification or rejection, in whole or part, of these hypotheses. This process is accomplished by the working-out of the implications involved in the original hypothesis with its concomitants, through discussion and criticism, by testing the results to which it leads in reference to human experience and knowledge as a whole.

Even a brief enumeration of the fundamental hypotheses proffered is here impracticable; we must rest content with saying that, at present, while forms of Idealistic Absolutism mainly hold the field, they are assailed by Pragmatism, by Neo-realism, by the Vitalistic philosophy of Bergson, and by others from various sides. But it is long since a really new fundamental hypothesis has been put forward in a systematic and competent form; so that, if on that account alone, Mr. Fawcett's book should receive a hearty welcome from all students and lovers of philosophy.

The general outcome of philosophical effort in the past may not unfairly be described as an ever-strengthening conviction that ultimate reality is of the nature of experience, is akin in fact to that which lives and knows in ourselves. Mr. Fawcett puts his own position thus: The ultimate Ground of all reality is

that *universal psychical life* which at once transcends and is immanent in Nature and conscious individuals ; and the new fundamental hypothesis which he advances is that this Ground is Imagination.

He contends that the Ground (*i.e.* that ultimate all-inclusive reality of which Nature and all that falls within the history of sentients is the finite expression or show) is least inadequately characterised as Imagination ; Imagination which, in the time-process, reveals itself in the flowing of the protean transformations themselves.

Part I. is devoted to considering various prior hypotheses as to the character of the ground or grounds of appearances which other philosophers have propounded. But first some important introductory pages are given to considering the question of hypothesis in general, its relation to inductive enquiry, to imagination, to 'representative' fictions and the like ; and we have also some illuminative and helpful sections on what the author calls 'command propositions' and 'command concepts,' *i.e.* such propositions and concepts as we make or assume to be real, actual, for any purpose that for the moment engages our interest. There follow admirable critical examinations of Materialism and allied hypotheses, such as Force, Energy and so forth. Then come Theism, Agnosticism, Herbert Spencer's Unknowable, and the recent forms of Pluralistic Realism, Idealism of various types, Leibnizian Monadism, Clifford's Mindstuff, Will and the like, followed by the treatment of Hegel and the hypothesis of the Logical Idea or Reason, which underlies so very much of recent Idealistic thinking. For this reason Hegel and the chief contributories to his system come in for fuller treatment than others.

In the hundred pages covered by this enumeration, Mr. Fawcett not merely brings out in a few lucid sentences the weakest points of each hypothesis, but also indicates how, in many cases, both in regard to Idealism and to Materialism, his own hypothesis makes good their most obvious defects. It is very difficult for any reader to realise the amount of labour, thought and condensation which must have gone to the writing of these pages. But despite condensation they are remarkably readable.

Part II. sets forth the nature of the Imaginal Ground or Cosmic Imagination, and considers separately some of its important aspects. But terseness of expression and condensation continue as before and make further compression most difficult. The endeavour that will now be made to give an outline of Mr. Fawcett's hypothesis and its leading features will therefore as far as possible utilize his own phrases.

Contrasting his own with Hegel's fundamental hypothesis, he observes that the Logical Idea is Ultimate Reality interpreted on the analogy of abstract reason; whereas the Cosmic Imagination is Ultimate Reality interpreted on the analogy of what exists, and what is done, not when we reason abstractly, but when we imagine. *Thought as Imaginal* is the basic reality which takes on the 'disguises' spoken of by Hegel in the time-order; among these 'disguises' being those self-same rational aspects of experience which Hegel exalted into Godhead.

In two respects, however, the Cosmic Imagination resembles the Absolute of Hegel and later Idealists: it has all its conditions within itself and also it is spiritual. It must not be labelled either One or Many; it is neither a Neo-platonic unity excluding all plurality,

nor again even a name for a 'noëtic pluralism,' such as James conceived.

The Cosmic Imagination includes no 'notions' save in so far as it includes finite sentient who use such. For that which, in imagining, creates, has reality present to it and needs no conceptual make-shifts; the Cosmic Imagination imagines and the fact is so. It is conditioned, not from the outside, but only by its own prior imagining; whereas our creative imagining flowers on a stem of acquisition or experience, starts from what has been thrust upon us from the outside, and cannot always issue in what we desire. But, like human imagining, this cosmic imagining is conceived as saturated with emotion throughout, and it is free; for freedom is native to a Power imaginal in character—spontaneity is of the essence of the supreme conscious life as thus conceived.

The Cosmic Imagination creates freely; firstly because it includes all its conditions within itself, and secondly because it has no necessarily fixed or pre-ordained directions, such as an iron dialectic might be supposed to enforce.

The two most important aspects of the Cosmic Imagination are Consciousness and Contents.

Consciousness is not a reality which is the Ground of everything else. It is a basic aspect of the Ground—the Cosmic Imagination; the other basic aspect being content. Consciousness does not circumscribe and own content (or contents) as its 'modifications'; it awares together (*con-scire*) and lights a Many as radical as itself. Consciousness thus lights content (anything that is or can be awared, from a simple quality to a quantity, relation, symphony, sunset, emotion, system of philosophy, or cosmos), but it does

not own that content as a phase *of itself*, though it may *modify* it. The content, on its side, determines or makes definite consciousness.

We are obliged to consider these aspects, consciousness and content, separately, but they are together in and as the Cosmic Imagination; and it is only together that they conspire to creation.

Consciousness is *unique*. You cannot make a statement about it which implies that it is or resembles *something else*. Negatively, however, you can say that it is *not* unconsciousness and contrast it with this. But this negative does not suffice. The positive character of consciousness must be sought in its living eternal contrast with the content present to it. Here is evinced the superiority of the direct intuition over the secondary concept; for here the intuition and the alleged intuited are not sundered but are one and the same thing.

Consciousness shines in its own light. It is not an 'existence' in the sense in which a quality or a mountain exists; nor is it a relation. Consciousness (awaring *together*) is the ultimate continuum of the content, which, regarded abstractly, is discrete and many. That is, the Cosmic Imagination has two basic aspects, of which all its other features are sub-aspects—consciousness and content.

Thus the Cosmic Imagination is conscious through and through. Consciousness does not, however, arise out of Nature, if by Nature we mean a system of content, imaginal in character, within the Cosmic Imagination; nor is it ever 'evolved.' There are various levels of 'sciousness,' but they are all, as it were, the same sun shining through cloud.

Consciousness is a 'universal' in the strictest

sense of the term, in that in all its instances, and despite all content-differences, it is always the same. All differences, such as are said to determine consciousness, lie in content, in that *of which* there is awareness.

The Cosmic Imagination is conscious, but is not a person; for to be a person is *not* to be an indefinite number of other persons, and is thus to be incurably limited. Indeed concrete conscious life is not yet known to us persons; it is rather an ideal towards which our narrow and weak personalities tend. *Consciousness*, in the eminent sense in which it is assertible of the concrete life of the Cosmic Imagination, is not ours at all. For the ideally perfect standard of *consciousness*—the continuity for which *all* things hang together—is furnished only by the Cosmic Imagination which ‘knows together’ the contents of a universe.

So far consciousness—the *con*-scious—has been considered as the continuum or continuum-aspect of the Cosmic Imagination. It must now be considered further as a *power*. Consciousness, as that which *awares* in all sentient, does not change. But regarded in its alliance with content, it is more than a mirror in which the Many show together. It is no merely passive continuum; it is what Fichte called ‘infinite activity.’ Fichte indeed regarded this activity as the *condition* of consciousness; but such ‘activity’ lacks that very essential which consciousness emphatically is. *Failing an ultimate continuity, there is no common ultimate reality to be ‘active’ at all.* There is no conscious togetherness—only a ‘multiverse,’ the elements of which lie hopelessly apart.

Consciousness, then, in concrete alliance with

content, is *active*; a real power, underlying conservation and creation, including the transformations of 'energy' so-called.

There is thus free infinite activity, but the activity does not 'condition' the universal consciousness; it is this consciousness itself. Activity is *whole* just because it is this consciousness—the cosmic consciousness which *com*-prises its content, not passively, but as self-identical power.

We are considering the Cosmic Imagination as concrete, as an alliance of consciousness and content. This alliance is expressed in its two ways of activity: the *conservative* and the *creative*—the latter including dissolution as well as evolution, destruction and construction, for both these forms of change imply imaginal novelty.

It has been contended by Bradley and others that activity implies succession in time; but this is true only of the *creative side* of Cosmic Imagining. The Cosmic Imagination, regarded on its purely *conservative* side, as the ocean of the infinite, is an activity of *conservative* awaring static or changeless contents—the *ἐνέργεια ἀκίνησις*. For there is *an activity of rest* as well as an activity of change.

The Cosmic Imagination is super-logical; in so far as it is conservative and awares static content, it is above reasoning. As James said, "all conceptual knowledge stands for intuitive knowledge," and the Cosmic Imagination may be described generally as self-intuited, imaginal reality having the immediacy of feeling and being itself its own object. Enjoying thus its own and all content, the Cosmic Imagination is above the level of those conceptual devices by which we *supplement* our meagre direct experiences. Reason-

ing originates in the world of change, in the service of sentient beings with a narrow direct experience. Reason as constituting the essence of the Ground has already been discussed and rejected. But the Cosmic Imagination, though as a whole it does not reason, may *conserve* reasoning as a feature of the past whose moments are now all together for it as reality *that has been made*.

But while the Cosmic Imagination is super-rational, super-logical, it is also, as creative activity, 'reasonable' in that *it fulfills the immanent purpose of reality*, namely, the evolution of novel conscious life, awaring contents in rich and harmonious variety.

As active on the great scale, the Cosmic Imagination is its own *immanent* purpose or end. Imagination is essentially teleologic and it uses the achievement of one æon as a departure for that of the next. The making of novelty cannot cease, so far as creative eras are concerned. But all creative world-processes, we surmise, last for a finite time and have their consummations. In these latter creative improvisation is eclipsed by the vision of achievement, the travail of *becoming* is swallowed up in the *being* of successionless duration.

Only concrete imagining can hold the detail of a world-order; only imagining *overlaps* all phenomena to the required degree. Any kind of psychical activity can be derived, at any rate plausibly, from active imagination ('will,' 'impulse,' 'instinct,' 'memory,' 'perception,' 'conception,' 'reasoning,' 'emotional moods,' etc); but no one can attempt the reverse kind of operation with any show of success.

In the Cosmic Imagination there is no stereotyped, unalterable plan to be realised; there will be a flood of imaginal novelty multiplying in all directions—a

witness not to the poverty, but to the *fecundity*, of the creative Idea. This world-system of changing aspects will contain lavish experiment or 'fortuitous variation' (so-called) from the moment of the primæval appulse onward. And, because there is imaginal experiment, there will be elimination on the great scale: a process of Natural Selection which will scavenge Nature and History of the failures which this trial and error procedure involves.

But though there is no mere realisation of a *fixed* plan, there must be a very definite initial imagining of the field in which further creations are to occur. The plan is 'reasonable,' not in a 'logical' way, but because it embodies a purpose. It is a plan moreover that *grows*, and its last stage could no more be 'deduced' from the first than a smile could be 'deduced' from Hegel's category of 'Being.'

The Cosmic Imagination also has an 'affective' side. A merely dry, unemotional, cognitive life would be one of the most utterly undesirable things. Indeed a merely cognitive ultimate Ground, devoid of emotion, would be a sheer scarecrow of thought. Hence the Cosmic Imagination, as imaginal activity, must be emotional in an eminent sense; and, regarded on its harmonious conservative side as the ocean of the infinite, it is an unimpeded and surely happy activity.

The Cosmic Imagination is not active, because it enjoys; it enjoys as an accompaniment of its activity. In the activity of rest, or its contemplative, conservative harmony, the ecstasy is commensurate with the activity; and the Cosmic Imagination does not suffer the pangs of desire when it creates, for the Idea imagines and facts are so: there is no obstacle to the Becoming of a world-process regarded *as a whole*. The

Idea is no solemn 'thinking of thought'; the Idea is an artist whose poem, in so far as he is not enjoying accomplished beauty, but creates—is evolution. He creates too as one who must leave no source of inspiration untapped. Hence his work is complicated by the world-imagining, which runs amok; and hence arises 'evil' and all the train of suffering, as will be seen later.

The Cosmic Imagination, by supposition, does not exist 'in' time and space. It exhausts reality; hence any alleged 'other' existence is, in truth, part of its content, *i.e.* part of that which it awares. Time and space, therefore, are to be understood as, in some manner, aspects of this content.

In strictness time and space implicate the general topic of 'relations'; but they are so important, as forcing a philosophy to declare itself, that some further indications must be given in regard to them, if even this bare outline of Mr. Fawcett's fundamental hypothesis is to be clearly presented. He elucidates his position, as indeed he does throughout the book, by full and frequent critical references to, and comparisons with, other leading views; but we can only summarise briefly his own statements, again as far as possible in his own words.

The Cosmic Imagination (or as it is also termed the Imaginal Idea or Ground) has been spoken of as active in two main ways—namely as contemplative or conservative and as creative or evolutionary. To facilitate the consideration of time, suppose the Cosmic Imagination in a *complete* rest-phase, *i.e.* in activity which is rest in respect of its content which does not change. What standing, if any, has time in the Cosmic Imagination as statically active in this manner?

'Timelessness' has been rejected already as a command-concept to which there is *no answering experience*.

The main aspects of time as actually perceived and fancied by us finites are duration, change and simultaneity. Stated more accurately, this means that there are contents which we aware as enduring or lasting, existing one after the other and existing together. For the reality awared is never in experience bare time, but has always a filling of protean forms—colours, tastes, pleasures, pains, resolutions verbal symbols or what not—which are said to be determined in time. *Bare* time is never intuited as an 'infinite necessary continuum' according to an old philosophical superstition. Both popular and mathematical-conceptual inventions about an entity 'time' are subsequent to first perceptions; they are a novel addition to experience as it came originally. Hence these human inventions must not influence our account of *time-content* as it obtains on a level where conceptions are not required. Thus the Cosmic Imagination is not 'in,' nor does it aware, an abstract form or entity 'time'; it awares filled time.

This filling, as present to the static or conservative activity of the Cosmic Imagination, is not timeless but *endures*, is awared without suffering change. This duration, of course, has 'heterogeneous moments' of content which 'interpenetrate' (Bergson); that is, the continuity of the Cosmic Imagination, which is *consciousness*, overrules and includes a manifold content. These *enduring* contents are thus *together*—but only through the *consciousness* in which they are *co-awared*. They endure simultaneously, because their plurality is grasped by the continuity or consciousness of the

Cosmic Imagination. Hence consciousness is, to this extent, the source of the fundamental form of time—a simultaneity or togetherness of contents that simply endure. More briefly, the grasp of plural contents by consciousness is static time. Simultaneity or static time is thus a manner in which contents are awared by the Cosmic Imagination.

We have now to consider the second kind of time-order, that of *succession*. To do so we must pass from the contemplative or conservative activity of the Cosmic Imagination to its creative activity. For *time-succession is the 'form' of creation*—of that imaginal cosmic activity by which new reality is *being made*. It therefore naturally belongs to the reality of an imaginal universe.

But time-succession does not show unity in its perfect form; it obtains in that sphere where the many almost break away from their ground. Contents occurring one after the other mark undeniably a descent from that level of changeless being which is enjoyed as a '*totum simul*' by the contemplative or conservative Idea. We must say with Dr. F. C. S. Schiller: "Time [succession] must be called a Corruption of Eternity, just as Becoming is a Corruption of Being. . . . Time [succession] is but the measure of the impermanence of the imperfect."

There is much else here discussed, such as the 'now' or 'specious present,' the 'genuine present,' the question of whether the time-process is finite or infinite, change, memory, the past and its alterability, as also absolute time,—all of which will amply repay perusal. But we must pass on to say a word about space.

Concrete cosmic space is not a receptacle; a 'void

immense' which could persist, were all other reality annihilated; a void in which existents, also conceived somehow as spatial, spread themselves out so as to occupy positions, have relations of size, shape, direction, distance and room to move. It is not a supersensible *entity*; it is not an active substance *sui generis* which could warp honest parallel lines or kink respectable figures. It consists of qualitative imaginal *contents*, like colours and sounds, present together, *i.e.* related, in a certain *order*. The whole comprising these contents, and quite inseparable from them, is 'public' or cosmic space.

Space is thus a manner in which qualitative contents appear in the Cosmic Imagination during that swing to particularity and 'looseness' in which the many assert themselves and bring about the self-externality and discords of Nature. Later on we shall see that cosmic space is an imaginal triumph or invention to cope with conflict. At any rate the reality of cosmic space is presupposed by any attempt to understand experience in a way fully adequate to the facts; for neither science nor common sense is able to make anything of the world without belief in a spatial order independent of the private experience of finite sentient.

Various questions, such as the 'infinity' of space, its 'infinite' divisibility, absolute space, absolute motion, etc., are also considered with references to discussions of the leading views now in the field. But these important discussions cannot be summarized for lack of space; and for the same reason the remainder of Part II., dealing with numerous problems and puzzles, the failure to solve which satisfactorily has long been a standing reproach to philosophy, must be outlined in a sadly bare and skeleton-like fashion.

Difficulties about the 'Infinite' in its various aspects are dealt with in some detail, and a longish section is devoted to the 'law' or 'principle' of contradiction, with the result that this much over-rated 'principle' is reduced to its proper place and function, that of a maxim or injunction, and is deposed from the proud pre-eminence wrongly assigned to it. The ground is cleared, the difficulties removed, and it is shown how and why 'things' are not 'contradictory,' in Bradley's sense, neither are they unreal because they reach out beyond themselves and interpenetrate other 'things.'

In Chapter IV. a long section is devoted to a telling detailed criticism of the mechanistic hypothesis, so popular in science. It is a brilliant piece of writing and condensation. First the fundamental meaning of mechanistic thinking is made clear, then its historical rise is briefly traced, its attractiveness explained and its general positions critically examined in contrast with the insight given by the hypothesis of the Cosmic Imagination and Psychical Reality. Next the fundamental concepts involved in various forms of mechanistic thinking are examined. Matter, force, mass, impact, energy, the ether and finally the electrical theory of matter all come in for careful critical examination and—what is best and most helpful—their attractive and telling features find explanation, while their true status and usefulness are made clear.

The view taken of 'things' in relation to the Cosmic Imagination is that they are efforts towards stability amid the flux of change; attempts of reality to crystallise and harden into fixity in the very heart of change. The laws of natural causation are relatively stable habits of relatively stable related 'things' of

this sort. The qualities of 'things' are not merely private possessions of the 'things,' but like the 'things' themselves depend largely upon other 'things,' i.e. environment in its wide sense. And this brings up the important question of continuity and 'looseness,' which is carefully discussed, leading on to quantity, which it is held concerns the manner in which qualities occupy the field of the Cosmic Imagination, and then to a consideration of relations in general and causation in particular which is very thoroughly dealt with.

For the student, the solutions of these problems yielded by the hypothesis of the Cosmic Imagination are among the most important, original and illuminative points in the book; but to make them clear in brief summary is out of the question:

It must suffice to say that Causation is a way of explaining change; change is real and time-succession, which is the order of changes, is the *form of creation*, as we have seen. Causation is thus part of the *creative imaginal process* which wears the form of time-succession. But the mere 'concurrence of conditions' does not suffice to explain causation. In the production of every 'effect' there concurs, in addition to the 'concurrence of conditions,' a fresh stroke of Creative Imagining and this it is which is truly the '*causa causans*,' the active 'cause.'

This imaginal view of causation can be tested by directly awared psychical fact—and it must be remembered that *all reality is psychical*. What is the cause of the production of *Hamlet*? The 'totality of conditions' comprises, besides a poet's education, vicissitudes and thoughts about life, an old story picked up somewhere, a desire to profit by fame, love of art for its own sake, etc. But tabulate the 'conditions'

as you will, 'Hamlet' will not be present in any one or all of them together. It is useless to say with Bradley or Taylor that when conditions *a*, *b*, *c*, . . . are complete and present, 'Hamlet' is present as well. For you know perfectly well that this is to say that, when the 'condition' of *having been imagined* is present, 'Hamlet' is present too. But it is just *this* stroke which is entirely new to the universe; the appearing of a creative construction which has never been thought before. The supreme causal *act* (just as in the case of a chemical process) is not the meeting or interpenetration, in the experience of a poet, of innumerable psychical data. It is the *making* of the play that transforms and brings new harmony into the data.

In explaining causation on imaginal lines, it must not be overlooked, however, that imagination is *not merely productive but is also conservative*. Hence any given case of causation comprises features of stability or psychical habit—which we call 'laws'—as well as of creative novelty.

In contrast with the systematic block-universe, the Cosmic Imagination admits of 'chance' in the sense of a real spontaneity, or free creation; for the distinctive character of novelty is that, in the respects in which it is novel, *it has no forerunner*, even though it may and does have 'prior conditions.' But these 'conditions' neither explain nor account for the *new* result, in so far as it is new, and, since time and change have been accepted as real, it follows that there must be also *real* novelties in the time-process.

There are thus 'surprises' in the world-process—surprises which are not features of a mere unitary development, but are the spontaneous and relatively

free creations of finite sentients involved in the process. Chance is thus born when spontaneous creative initiative shows within the *detail* of the world-order.

After further discussion of 'conditions' and causation, Part II. of the book closes with some additional remarks on 'laws' and 'universals,' in which these two very difficult topics are, I venture to think, at least made clear and intelligible.

It is hardly necessary to say that the matter so briefly summarized in these last few paragraphs involves many points around which almost endless controversy has raged without any definitive decision being reached. It is then a striking testimony to the value of Mr. Fawcett's new Imaginal Hypothesis to say that it seems, at least to an old student of philosophy, to lead, directly and naturally, to views on these topics which appear to come nearer to definite and valid solutions than any hitherto put forward. So far, however, only the general outline of Mr. Fawcett's hypothesis in its main aspects has been put before the reader. Part III. of his book, in which the basic idea is worked out into the skeleton framework of a system, still remains to be dealt with.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

THE FUNCTION OF EVIL.

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THE problem of evil is the cornerstone of both religion and ethics. Its possible solution must thus lie in the proper definition of religion and ethics. We have therefore to attempt to elucidate the origin, character and intrinsic reason of religious belief and of ethical principles in correlation with the conception of evil.

To ward off evil, humanity has tried to propitiate and conciliate the higher powers by different kinds of religious rites, from the crude forms of animistic cults, such as totemism and fetishism, to the most highly evolved forms of worship of the ideal the human mind has been able to conceive. The consciousness of its own weakness over against the unbreakable laws of nature, the impossibility of foreseeing the unknown and unintelligible future, has produced in mankind the impression of being surrounded by secret powers exercising an influence over the affairs of men, leaving nothing to the initiative of the individual. Incomprehensible events for which the human mind could find no causal nexus with other happenings, so-called miracles, seemed to be the visible manifestation of the Divine. The less the laws of nature were known, the more this world seemed to be the playground of 'supernatural' powers which, owing to a purely anthropomorphic religious conception, had to be cajoled, besought, courted, to be won over. This form of worship of the Divine is still inherent, in a greater

or less degree, even in some of the more advanced religions.

With the development of the human mind, however, the notion of the nature of evil and the means of avoiding it as far as possible has been necessarily changing. Thus to-day miracle as an agency for avoiding evil has lost much of its power and ascendancy. With the progress of science the limits within which men were ready to accept the possibility of miracle have been steadily narrowed down so that its philosophic significance has vanished. Scientific men are loth to admit it even in principle. Events of which we still do not realise the causes, have ceased to be recognised as a paramount manifestation of the Divine. Such events appear now-a-days simply as the result of natural laws hitherto unperceived and perhaps even not yet perceivable by man.

On the other hand pure pantheism, or the identification of God with Nature, denies the personality of God and therefore cannot satisfy the requirements of religious worship. Worship demands a more concrete revelation of the Divine than the mere appreciation of Nature without attributing a religious significance to good and evil. Religion necessarily means a personal relationship with the object of worship. It seems therefore a postulate of reason itself to admit God as a personality.

In its infancy, however, worship stood quite apart from ethical principles and indeed often opposed them. In the course of evolution humanity incorporated ethics in its religion. Both religion and ethics gained from the union; to the former a more practical value of life was given, and to the latter a spiritual significance was imparted which it had not possessed before.

The full assimilation of religion with ethics will be brought about when the former has been purged of those relics of the past which are worthless and from an ethical point of view even destructive. It is, indeed, quite possible to base religion on the very nature of man without resorting to the so-called supernatural as a foundation. We look forward therefore to a future when religious dogma will no longer be in contradiction to reason, knowledge and science, much less concerned with merely one particular denomination. Religious exclusiveness, with its narrow intellectual horizon, will give place to a new and infinitely more satisfactory and consoling religious conception embracing the best in all religious creeds, while leaving a broad margin for the differences of the individual peculiarities. Religion in future will not be based on so-called inspired teachings and scriptures which are liable to lose their significance with the progress of human knowledge and science. It will have its foundation in the higher realities of human nature.

This does not exclude the dogma of the Divine presence. Orthodox religious belief has tried to prove that God reveals His presence by yielding to the invocation of specific prayers, and that He manifests Himself by overriding natural law. The Divine presence has thus been supposed to reveal itself by incomprehensible and so-called supernatural occurrences. If an occurrence were supernatural, it could not enter into our consciousness; but if it has entered it, then it must be natural. The very idea of the supernatural is therefore a contradiction in terms.

There was a time when humanity was only too ready to take everything on authority without demanding proof of its causal nexus. Now-a-days we recognise

that professed belief in what is known to be untrue inevitably leads to hypocrisy. Knowledge and belief exclude each other. Belief can only have an existence in so far as it is not possible to prove the contrary. Nobody can believe that the earth is not a sphere, because the fact can be proved. Religious belief must therefore, if it is not to be discarded as impossible, adapt itself to the state of human knowledge.

The history of mankind teaches that religion is constantly changing. Its form is necessarily the corollary of the state of knowledge and enlightenment at a given period of time. Its cosmogony, eschatology and ethics are moulded on the state of intellectual and cultural aspirations of the time. Consequently the conception of the Divine presence must necessarily change, and especially in the present day, when knowledge and science are progressing so rapidly.

No longer can God be conceived as a being with a form, a person of human appearance as He is described in Genesis. Even in the Old Testament it is stated that "no man hath seen God at any time." The New Testament declares that God is Spirit and that those who worship Him, must worship Him "in spirit and in truth." According to Christian teaching God is therefore not a circumscribed person, for if He were, He could not be omnipresent; but rather He is thought to be an all-permeating reality beyond the limitations of space and time. Hence the conception of the Divine begins to lose the fetters of anthropomorphism and to ascend to a more elevated plane of thought. Nevertheless religious thought, even when freed from anthropomorphism, must be still necessarily only relatively true. Nothing is absolute. Even the highest idea we form of God cannot be absolute, as all

religious thought is still necessarily conditioned by the limitations of human understanding. The existence of God, as far as men are concerned, is evidently only that which can be felt and grasped by them. It seems then that the 'to be or not to be' of religion at present lies in the answer to the question: Can the presence of God be perceived otherwise than by miracles?

Pantheism, as already mentioned, is not capable of producing a conviction of the existence of God, as it does not admit the existence of an agency in nature which would be an entity of itself. It cannot then be conscious of the presence of God. God must be discernible in nature by Himself.

The same may be said of the deistic theory, according to which God, after creating the world and equipping it with all its inherent forces and laws, took no further active part in its life and existence. Deism and pantheism are both the negation of practical religion.

The supposed proofs of the existence of God again are no proofs whatever. To conclude from the existence of the creation to the existence of a Creator is begging the principle. We do not know anything of the act of creating; but we do know something of a 'substance' pervading the universe and always taking new forms in an apparently ceaseless evolution. We are not, however, aware of a beginning or of an end of the changes taking place in the universe. Eternity is then nearer to our understanding and more in accordance with our powers of thought than incalculable speculations about the beginning and the end of the world. Of course we know that we ourselves and everything around us have had a beginning and will

have an end, but at the same time we realise that each individual case of life and all that we perceive cannot be taken apart from the whole, as if having a reason and purpose only of itself without relation to other individual cases and occurrences. On the contrary, we can so far trace their interconnection as to convince ourselves that there must be one uninterrupted course and organic system throughout the universe, appearing in a series of distinct phenomena linked together in one endless chain of progress. One link cannot be considered as detached from the other links of the chain. The existence of the world cannot then serve as a proof of the existence of God.

Another proof of the existence of God is assumed in the belief that moral good has been directly implanted in man by Divinity. Ahuramazda is believed to manifest himself by doing good in men, while Ahriman works for evil. The Christian conception of good and evil is similar. The Zoroastrian and the Mosaic and Christian religions teach that moral law has been revealed to humanity by the Deity. If this is so, then the existence of God can indeed be proved with the same logical irrefutability as the existence of a source is proved by the waters flowing from it. But this conclusion can carry conviction only if what is considered morally good possesses a sufficiently firm and immutable basis. Unfortunately this is not so. The principles underlying morality have no permanent stability but change in the course of time. One epoch of civilisation is often diametrically opposed to another as regards its code of ethical values. Ethical principles, being of a changeable nature, cannot then serve as an argument for the existence of the Divine. As a whole morals are of a far too inconsistent and changeable

nature to afford any possibility of discerning in them a direct manifestation of God. They are the outward sign of the manifold and heterogeneous requirements of public and private life, bearing the traces of human inefficiency, struggle and imperfection. Under these circumstances even the Categorical Imperative of Kant is of no avail, for conscience, even as ethics, is constantly changing its object, being nothing else than the empirical residue of rules which at a certain epoch are considered binding on the conduct of men.

We owe to Anselm of Canterbury the ontological proof of the existence of God. It is, he thought, peculiar to man to represent God as perfect. The idea of perfection involves His existence; *ergo*—God exists. The fact that men are prone to give to the Deity the attribute of perfection, however, seems to prove only that the human mind is struck by the existence of powers which exercise an uncontrollable influence in the world, and is inclined to invest them with the highest degree of efficiency because no one is aware of the limits of these powers.

It adds to the difficulty of the argument that such thoughts about God are not common to all men. The '*consensus omnium gentium*,' which is used for the teleological proof of the existence of God, is a myth which has been recognised long ago. Races exist in the world which do not believe in a God and have no religion whatever; and even in the midst of believers of the higher forms of religion there is a host of materialists and agnostics to whom religion as a living relationship to a God conceived as a personality has no meaning. The teleological proof for the existence of God does not bring us further than the ontological.

Every attempt to prove the existence of God is

bound to fail because religion cannot be treated by logical and scientific methods. The idea of the existence of God does not lie within the realm of human reason, but in an inward certitude not based on any logical proofs. Therefore the question is still where to find Him, how to perceive Him, and how to prove that He is a discernible, practical factor in our lives.

Our very existence is the result of the will-to-live and the power of procreation of those living beings from whom we are descended. From time immemorial the primary instinct of self-preservation has been the principal factor which has assured life upon this planet. Without a ruthless egotism capable of overcoming aggression on the part of the surrounding world, men and animals could not exist. Even in the vegetable kingdom the passionate will to live at all costs and to perpetuate its own species is the predominant characteristic. Self-preservation is therefore one of the fundamental laws of life. Any impulse in a living being which is opposed to the preservation of life and which works towards self-destruction, would then seem to be incomprehensible. Nevertheless such an impulse diametrically opposed to egotism exists, and is a most potent and decisive factor in human life.

This impulse reveals itself in sympathy, charity, goodwill, love, unselfishness, self-denial and self-sacrifice. It is inexplicable to rationalism and to a purely mechanical conception of the world. Natural law, which is believed to be the only determining factor of all that exists, proves to be incapable of bringing this 'impulse' within its scope.

The 'laws of nature' are, after all, an abstraction from those natural phenomena which man can explain only so far as his strictly circumscribed senses allow

him to do so, and in the light of progressive research and discovery they often prove to be false. For instance, the discovery of radium overthrew the unquestioned axioms of the immutability of energy and of the unchangeableness of the elements. Our knowledge of nature then can hardly be considered sufficiently trustworthy to yield a final and satisfactory explanation.

By the 'laws of nature' nobody can explain, or will ever be able to explain, the higher forms of unselfishness. Friendship, family ties, patriotism, may still find a remote root in the practical interests of the individual, and may be called enlightened egotism; but it is entirely beyond the bounds of rationalistic thought to explain why men act against their own interests, nay, even at the very risk of their lives, for the sake of pure sympathy, charity and love. This impulse acts with such force that it reduces to nought all other considerations which elementary egotism may throw in its path. In just appreciation of its nature this has been recognised in all the higher forms of religion as the revelation of the Divine Spirit in man. Saint Paul bases his teaching chiefly on love. "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." According to the New Testament Christian ethics are above all humanitarian, akin in spirit to the ethics of the great ancient religions of Iran, of India and of China. Hierarchical considerations and the lust of power soon brought about the exclusiveness of dogma, narrow-minded fanaticism triumphing over broad-minded serenity. The old broad majestic lines of humanitarian love without hope of any reward, expressing itself alone for the sake of its moral beauty and for the achievement of inward

satisfaction, were obscured and nearly obliterated. Thus the history of the Christian religion includes the sad story of ruthless struggling for power, of cruel persecution, murders and atrocities all committed '*ad majorem Dei gloriam.*' The practical philanthropic movement of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, based on social ideals of equality and fraternity, has sought to bring us back to the ancient fundamental religious principles which prevailed in the first century of the Christian era. It is in ourselves that God reveals His presence, guiding us by impulses which are of a higher order than those which are in the interests of the individual. Unselfish love is Divine Love.

But if we postulate the Godhead as the real source of goodwill and love in men, is not the presence of evil in flagrant negation? It must be admitted that belief in an omnipotent, omnipresent Deity who, according to the teaching of Christianity, guides the destinies of men in a spirit of supreme goodness, seems to stand in logical contradiction to the existence of evil. But everything depends upon the *signification* we give to evil. From time immemorial humanity has been prone to a belief in the direct interference of a personified Evil Power. Whether it was an eclipse of the sun, or disaster through storm, whirlwind, earthquake, fire or flood, or any other calamity resulting from the overwhelming forces of nature, or whether the wicked doings of men resulted in inflicting sorrow and suffering, humanity has always inclined to believe in an external and personal agency responsible for all these ills. This belief in a foreign Inimical Power in nature directing its deadly attacks against humanity stood of course in logical contradiction to the other

belief in an *omnipotent* Deity identified with goodwill. The hopeless confusion of believing at one and the same time in the existence of a personified Enemy of humanity working for evil, and a supreme God, the source of all things existing, working for the benefit of humanity, was overcome, to a certain extent, by throwing all the responsibility for the existence of evil upon humanity itself for having disobeyed God. But humanity was thus credited with the power to withstand the will-for-good of the Supreme Being; which again seemed to make the position more hopelessly illogical than ever.

Evidently our idea of the nature of evil needs revising. The view of evil as a foreign element in nature and in the life of men is no longer acceptable to science, and clashes with the idea of permanent evolution and progress in the universe. Our planet is undergoing a series of changes and perturbations by which life is constantly being destroyed as well as born anew. The *bellum omnium contra omnes* is Nature's own law by which the decline of the one means the ascendancy of the other. A stream of lava breaking forth from a volcano in eruption, destroying all that comes in its way, and involving the most luxurious vegetation in death and desolation, soon cools down, begins to decompose by contact with the air, and forms fertile stretches of land upon which new life appears more persistent than ever. Interruptions of peaceful development are followed by new growths, and by the adaptation of living beings to new conditions and changed surroundings. In Nature's changes evil befalls the weaker and those less capable of the prolongation and procreation of life, for there are different degrees of adaptability of living beings to changes in

conditions of existence. But although this process is attended with much pain and suffering, yet in the end it does not result in evil. On the contrary, this difference between the strong and the weak, the more capable and the less capable, the more adaptable and the less adaptable, the more intelligent and the less intelligent, conditions evolution and is the chief condition of progress.

In ethics we find the same evolution as in nature. The morally bad is that which is inferior to the morally good from the point of view of practical existence. From an ethical standpoint, evil is that which is not conducive to the welfare of the individual and to the community at large; while that which is beneficial to the individual and the community constitutes the conception of ethical good. Evil therefore is precisely that agency which makes evolution and progress possible; ethically speaking, it is the primary condition for the conception of good. Humanity fights against evil in its innumerable forms; but this does not prevent us from realising the nature and signification of evil as an essential factor in the progressing evolution of humanity.

Evil in its direct consequence often works for good and good for evil. Both are strangely interwoven with each other; often that which seems to be evil is beneficial from a higher point of view, thus proving the relative nature of the 'conception' of evil. Moral judgment is passed against the accumulation of too much rather than the possession of too little wealth, although wealth is considered to be good and poverty to be evil. Enjoyment and comfort often result in deterioration and make man physically and mentally lazy and unproductive. We see the same result in the

animal world when conditions of life make it easy for them to get food and to keep themselves safe from enemies; degeneration is often brought about by diminishing the struggle for existence. Adversity often deepens the human soul and develops its faculties to the highest degree, while the enjoyment of wealth is often the surest means of hampering the full possibilities of human nature and character. It is remarkable that nearly all inventors and most men who have done great things for humanity have risen from poor and straitened circumstances; and it has often been observed that wealth is detrimental and poverty beneficial to the development of the creative faculty of artists and scientists. It is a fact that the amount of work done in the world bears but a small proportion to the material means that produced it. We often see that those who have excelled by their knowledge have had to fight against the greatest difficulties in order to obtain the necessary text-books for their studies. Thus privation and adversity can, from a higher point of view, often be regarded as the real source of good and happiness. A state of mind without doubts and fears, and therefore also without hope, would be unbearable. Schopenhauer very aptly says: "Just as our bodies would explode if the weight of the atmosphere were lifted from them, so if the burden of misery, disappointment and failure of endeavour were eliminated from life, men would reach a condition of self-conceit bordering upon unrestrained folly and mania. Everyone stands in need of a certain amount of trouble and pain, just as a ship needs ballast in order to sail straight." Again, he who is replete with life's luxuries and has always lived in comfortable circumstances, does not enjoy ease and

comfort in the same degree as those who know hunger and need. We know by experience that many good things we enjoy come to our consciousness only when we have had to do without them. We appreciate the advantages of culture and civilisation more fully when we have known what it is like to live in a desert. In these circumstances evil appears in the light of good, and good in the light of evil.

In the phantasmagoria of human life evil forms one of its constructive parts. Being a part of it, if we would stand in the right perspective to it, it must be considered in its organic conjunction with the rest of that which appertains to human life. For this purpose let us try to imagine that evil does not exist. Let us assume that nothing hampers humanity in its existence, that everything happens exclusively for its welfare and benefit. In such a case, unblemished by sin and failure, humanity would be living in a state of idiotic innocence and in a fool's paradise. This would mean stagnation, petrification, the end of moral responsibility and of all that makes man a being possessing his own free will, discernment and resolution. Judgment is the result of comparison with two or more factors of different value. If there were only one value, *i.e.* perfection in everything, there would be no possibility of intellectual endeavour. It would involve the annihilation of all moral life. An existence without physical and moral evil could not bring happiness, for happiness can only be felt by contrast with unhappiness. The supposed bliss of a sinless paradise is a myth without any ethical meaning. Just as the higher altitudes wherein human imagination located heaven, prove to be cold and unattractive, so human life without evil is barren of any beauty and sense.

Consciousness of good is impossible without the notion of evil. If the idea of good is necessary for everything that makes life beautiful, enjoyable and worth living, then that which makes that idea possible should also be considered as necessary for giving life its meaning.

This aspect of evil as the indissoluble component of human life reveals it in its true character, just as the night reveals the stars and the shadow proves that the sun shines. Therefore the existence of evil needs no explanation of itself, separately; it is part and parcel of evolution in nature and forms the basis of the moral sense of humanity. A new-born child is supposed to be as pure and spotless as the angels. Why? Because it has done no wrong; better still, because it has not had the possibility of doing wrong, having had no notion of that which is forbidden. Without any such knowledge it cannot form a decision either way. Being unconscious of the existence of evil, it finds itself in a state of moral incapacity for judging right or wrong. The same attitude of mind would apply to all humanity, were it to be deprived of the notion of evil. According to Genesis, the first man in the beginning did not know evil; death was unknown to him, his actions were all good. But doing good exclusively is a condition of perfection which can be ascribed to God alone, and excludes all possibility of religious relationship with God. Without the existence of evil, there can be no religion. The lack of moral resistance to evil is a characteristic feature of man, which brings to his consciousness his own weakness and imperfection. Although conscious of principles to which he himself subscribes, he has not the power to carry them out in practice, and this moral weakness engenders in him the desire to appeal to God for

pardon, praying to him for strength and assistance in doing good and avoiding evil.

But if it is just evil which makes man religious and establishes a religious relationship with God, then it is hardly conceivable and consistent with reason that God should be described as vindictive as to the existence of that evil in man. Moreover the supposed goodness of Adam before he knew any temptation to do wrong could not have any moral value. Virtue without temptation is no virtue. Only by the prohibition of wrong does the conception of evil become possible. "Because the law worketh wrath: for where no law is, there is no transgression" (*Romans* iv. 15). Only by the transgression of the law did Adam gain the possibility of conceiving the idea of the morally good. If Yahve had not given command to Adam, the latter would not have acquired the knowledge of that which was morally wrong; so long as none of his actions were forbidden, he could do no wrong. If Adam had not eaten the fruit, he would have proved that his nature was faultless; and if he had not lost his state of innocence, he would never have been capable of doing good, because he would not have been endowed with the ability of doing wrong. It is precisely this possibility of being able to decide in favour of evil which renders men capable of moral responsibility. The transgression of Yahve's command was at the same time the moral birth of Adam. Evil is then nothing less than the primary cause and condition of religion and morality. It exists as a natural necessity. It cannot be questioned; it belongs to the whole of nature as an indispensable component part of it, and cannot be separated from the rest of nature and considered as an entity in itself.

As far back as we can trace the history of evolution it has always included evil as a condition of that evolution, as one of the immutable laws of nature itself. Good and evil in nature as well as in the sphere of ethics are necessary complements of each other.

The definition of evil as a necessary factor in evolution does not, however, interfere with the living relationship of man with God. Even if recognised as unavoidable in a general sense, evil can and ought to be resisted by each individual as far as possible, and the best means of so doing is by proper prayer to God. The object of such prayer is to put human life in tune with the Supreme Source of Goodness—God. The endeavour to do good is immensely strengthened by prayer; and he who has felt the intense consolation and power which lies in earnest communication with God will not underrate its efficacy. But it is futile to attempt to influence Providence by suggesting to the Almighty a course of events according to the opinion and wish of the suppliant. "Thy will be done" is the only prayer worthy of an enlightened form of religion. All other objects of prayer, whether for a fertile harvest, good weather, success in work and business, victory in battle, and so forth, are incompatible with Christian ethics and with reason. In the present time of tremendous struggle for supremacy in the world, men offer up intercessory prayers without realising what is really meant by addressing such requests to God. Victory and success are dazzling advantages which in the long run have often in the past spelt ruin, while disaster and misfortune have often been the means of regeneration, improvement and eventual happiness.

We have seen that evil is not a thing in itself but

a necessary element in the world's evolution. Let us therefore give up the fabulous and exploded idea of its origin, a conception no longer compatible with our modern state of knowledge. Let us face evil with equanimity as an unquestionably necessary part of nature and as a mystical factor purifying and leading us up to a higher level of efficiency and of understanding. Life cannot bring joy only ; it must contain an element which produces a struggle to overcome obstacles and difficulties, developing the physical and moral power of men and directing human thought towards the expectation of a higher form of existence. Such ethical idealism is of a mystic nature and opposed to rationalistic materialism.

The right or wrong of either side will be decided by that explanation of the universe which more completely satisfies the needs of the human soul. If it be deemed reasonable and satisfactory to regard human life merely as a kaleidoscope with the ever-changing combinations of circumstances brought about by material forces, then rationalistic materialism will contain the explanation desired. If, on the other hand, in the course of obeying the fundamental laws of our being, we find ourselves seeking by never-ending conscientious endeavour to discover in the phenomena of nature higher driving forces which relate to a spiritual entity through a deeper means of sympathy than the medium of our physical senses, then mysticism with its wider perspective is more adequate than materialism. It brings us nearer to a higher conception of nature, lifts us to nobler aspirations and opens up for us new avenues towards the Divine.

A. HEYKING.

THE REDEMPTION OF TRAGEDY.

By CHARLES GARDNER, B.A.

ONE effect of the present war has been to bring pain and suffering into a lurid light. It thus gives opportunity while the tragic element in life is in clear relief to consider it afresh, to see what is the true Christian attitude and how far it is possible to overcome the pain which seems bound up with existence.

We may take it as axiomatic that Christianity does not promise to remove the burden of life altogether. When Christ invited the weary and heavy-laden to come unto Him and put on His yoke, it was that the burden might be made light enough to be borne as the yoke round the oxen's neck; they were not to shirk their burden but bear it. Christ is imagined too exclusively as the Man of Sorrows acquainted with grief; but He testified that His burden was light, and on the eve of His passion He spoke much of His joy, and of its being fulfilled in His disciples.

There is no suffering caused by even this greatest of all wars that cannot be matched by suffering in a time of peace. It is the colossal scale of the War that seizes and oppresses the imagination. In ordinary times we do not "hear the roar that is on the other side of silence"; now the most apathetic cannot shut their ears to the long, continuous, thunderous blast which proclaims that the world is out of joint and

human lives are being helplessly mangled in the whirring wheels of the social machinery.

If Christian salvation consisted in the saving of individual souls we might be quite happy. But since we are no longer interested in that species of selfishness, and have come to realize that the soul of the individual can only be saved as the soul of the community in which he lives is saved, we have reserved for ourselves a measure of pain which will serve an invaluable part in the individual organism.

Let us consider briefly some methods of dealing with pain.

SELF-OBLATION.

The Catholic and most Christian treatment of pain covers every case. It is included in the supreme and central act of the soul when it gives itself to God. This romantic self-oblation is the beginning of a love-drama which imperiously demands as food an element of pain. It is the secret of the Saints. But it is a secret that half whispers itself in every passionate love-affair; for the lover not only delights in self-offering to the beloved, but glories in pain which sets a finite and restful bound to the throb of a quenchless desire. And herein is reflected that other and deeper romance of the soul which gives itself in loving response to God, and glories in the tribulations which relieve the feelings that ache through excess. The pains of this world are light fuel to a lover of God. When the love of God is really kindled in a soul there will come pains in its 'dark night' beside which the incidental pains of living are negligible. Whatsoever is laid on the altar by the soul that has first given itself is accepted and changed. The fire of God transmutes pain into the

highest energy of the new man which is born when the soul has lost itself for Christ's sake.

Thus the soul that has offered itself and its pains to God is able to face all the pains of life. Many of these pains are physical, as the pangs of childbirth, of operations, of horrible wounds received on the battlefield, which if prolonged could not be endured. When to such we seek to bring spiritual help, we find ourselves working hand in hand with the doctor, who through the swift advance of medical science is able to do much to alleviate the suffering.

It is certain that medical science will accomplish still more, but we do not think it will have the last word. For we are learning that we cannot receive of the life of God without our bodies being quickened. At the same time we are gaining more instant mental control of our bodies, and it appears likely that the mind of the spirit will prove more effectual than any anæsthetic.

Perhaps the most wearing pain caused by war is the anguish of mothers and wives who have given their sons and husbands to the battle. Christianity bids them include the offering of their men among their other offerings to God. Where the offering is complete, "one deep love to God will supersede all other." When "all loves in higher love endure," then the pang of parting will ache but not kill, and the consecrated soul realizing the continuity of life in Christ will find a secret balm for the nagging pain of bereavement.

ETERNAL LIFE AND PAIN.

The new divine life of the soul grows out of its self-oblation to God. This life has its source in God and is rich, full and boundless. When the soul is

wholly given there is no check to the abounding life which flows in, and the more abundant life, while transmuting all it touches, also shifts the lights and sets life in a major key. A despairing and pessimistic view of life is a symptom of waning life-forces. Buddhism and Christianity both recognize the pain in life. Schopenhauer, whose philosophy is Buddhism in Western guise, gives the old-world advice: Kill the will to live, and so reach the peace of Nirvana. Christianity, tracing pain to imperfect life, says: Live more abundantly, and your pain will vanish in the fuller life. Nietzsche, who has been shamefully abused and mis-quoted since the War broke out, began at the feet of Schopenhauer. The magnificent achievement of his life was to transcend his teacher by taking his will to live and, instead of denying it, affirming it with all his might and main. When there is a passionate yea to life, then the incidental pains are willingly borne, as the creative artist bears the drudgery involved in accomplishing his purpose. Nietzsche's yea to life was really Christian without his knowing it. When the soul enters on the more abundant life in Christ, his pains are absorbed in the fuller life like water in the wine of the sacramental Cup. Herein lie glad-tidings for the destitute, homeless, hungry exiles. The Son of Man was all these; yet He testified that life was more than meat and the body than raiment. When the Kingdom of God is sought first, as it was by S. Francis, then Poverty may be wooed as a Bride, but Joy will be the Bridegroom.

COMEDY AND PAIN.

The Christian life is rooted in romantic self-oblation to God, and consequently places the feelings before

the intellect. But it does not ignore the intellect, since it demands that God shall be loved by the mind as well as by the heart. Among other things the intellect has an extremely important part in the sanctification of the self-offered soul. It is the intellect which detects the comic element in life. When it works alone, it results in mordant wit; but allied with the purified feelings it is almost indistinguishable from humour, which sees the incongruities and laughs with understanding. Many see the comic element in others, few in themselves. When a man casts an oblique light on himself, and laughs at himself for the first time, his progress is almost like a new birth. "Comedy and laughter reveal without emotionalism, and cleanse without bitterness." The Christ saw the comedy in His life when He said with quiet wit: "If I have done evil bear witness of the evil, but if good why smitest thou me?" Gethsemane, with its bitter cry: "If this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, thy will be done," was unrelieved tragedy; but the culmination of the tragedy on the Cross was also its redemption, when He said quite simply: "It is finished"—a phrase in which comedy and tragedy are mystically made one. The man whose comic spirit is awake cannot indulge in self-pity or strike tragic attitudes or speak of himself as a victim. His laughter has cleansed his heart and his intellect. He will go forward remembering that though God takes him seriously the universe does not; and while his life is rooted in God he will not spoil it by taking it more seriously than the universe takes him. The Gospel of the Comic Spirit is for all those suffering from painful psychic and physical anomalies which may be typified by the hunched-back or the club-foot.

THE IMAGINATIVE LIFE.

The intellect in co-operation with the cleansed emotions contributes to the gaiety of life. But the intellect pushed to the fore and regnant can only cackle with malignant laughter; like knowledge, it increaseth sorrow. Imagination is our joyous faculty, intellect our sad. It is not until the intellect is winged with imagination that a man enters into his birthright of joy. Religious people frequently have extraordinarily sluggish imaginations. Hitherto they have scarcely recognised the supreme importance of the imagination. Instead of training it as their divinest gift, they have suspected it, and smothered it whenever it threatened to burst their bonds and lead them into a place of liberty. For this reason religious people and artists have too often been in opposing camps. The unimaginative religious man becomes cramped in his sympathies, fanatical and persecuting. The imaginative man develops manifold human sympathies; and, since human sympathy is the test of a spiritual life, he is far nearer the Kingdom than his dour adversary. Religion without imagination is the direct road to Pharisaism. The conflict of Christ's public life with the Pharisees is the supreme drama of the man of imagination resisting unto blood the cruel spirit engendered in religious people. It was imagination that taught Christ to see infinite possibilities in Mary Magdalene, to keep company with publicans and sinners, to break the law, defy conventions and set aside authority. It was imagination that taught Him to trust His deepest instinct, to follow His impulses till His life unfolded in simple beauty like the lilies of the field. It was imagination that came

to His rescue in the dark agony of Gethsemane, and led Him calmly to the Cross where He reviewed His life and, seizing its inmost significance, committed His soul into the Father's hands like a child falling asleep on its mother's breast.

Imagination is real; imagination is eternal; imagination transmutes, transfigures, creates. Christ's testimony to His inward joy is the testimony of one who was poor, lonely, misunderstood, scorned, despised, persecuted; of one who was the victim of the wanton sins of the world, yet of one who overcame all those things that make for misery and wretchedness, because His imagination captured them and made them minister to His joy.

Imagination is creative and manifests itself in art, music, literature, sculpture. The artist's joy in creation covers the pangs of birth. But all cannot create works of art. True. But all can be artists in character. Art is always the outcome of a pulsing life. Christianity begins with new life; and its new life is open to all. When a man gives himself to the abounding life within, the life takes him and transforms him from glory to glory, till a new image is produced which is not a dead imitation of a past type, but the projection of the impulsive life which he received at his new birth. The greatest work of art a man can leave the race, is the legend of a beautiful character. The Marriage at Cana in Galilee is the fitting symbol of the imaginative life; for wheresoever the Christ comes and sets free the imagination, immediately the water of life is turned into the wine of eternity and, when sorrowful men and women drink of this wine, it heals their wounds and gives to them the supreme secret of a joyous life.

As said at the beginning, Christ did not promise to remove altogether the burden of life. We cannot nor would we wish to be quite happy while our brother suffers. There is much suffering in the world arising from social injustice and the careless cruelty of selfish people, and the present war is the hideous unveiling of man's evil passions. It is then a call to us to seize our Christian swords, and to go forth and do battle till the kingdoms of the world become the Kingdom of God and His Christ, and we enter on perfect happiness in the great Communion of Saints.

CHARLES GARDNER.

DEATH, IMMORTALITY AND THE GODHEAD.

(AFTER READING BENCHARA BRANFORD'S
'JANUS AND VESTA.')

SLOWLY our days decay and the Life that flung wide
its portals
Closes them one by one. Age blocks out the light
from its windows,
Walling them up, shutting down the myriad chambers
of memory,
Breaking each sensitive nerve's connection. The
shuddering heart-strings
Quake with the jangling tocsin of Death or, hardly
perceptible,
Tick with a muffled beat—the passing bell of existence.
Sudden the tolling stops. Like a ruined temple the
body
Crumbles to formless dust. But the germinal soul,
like a hallowed
Sacrament, incorruptible, sits in the midst of
corruption,
Into itself withdrawn—its present cycle completed—
Ready again to return to the Earth at the will of the
Sower.

Such is the law of Ingrowing, that governs all things
created.

But the law of growth is this, that the germinal seed
or monad

Takes as it were to itself other monads, whose bodily
vesture

Is to the ions no more than an atom is to the universe;
And by this very kinship reveals the kinship of all
things,

Seeing that like can alone coalesce with like. So each
monad,

Being akin to all others, contains in its innermost
essence

A picture and likeness of all that the universe holds in
its potency,

Even albeit they differ in brilliance and pitch of
reflection.

So that the universe, seeing its own similitude imaged
Ever the same in each mirror, knows that *it* also is
single,

Single and multiple, e'en as the monad is single and
multiple,

Single because it reflects and multiple through its
reflections.

Thus is the saying fulfilled that as the Divinity ponders
So is the World unfolded—a never-ending processus.

And since each is the image of God and framed in His
likeness,

Even as God in His turn is the archetype of each image,
So would the World, could it into itself in endless
regression

Withdraw, in its ultimate phase unveil itself as the
Godhead.

Again, if each monad were not of its fellows the image
and mirror,

Then were it formless and void, as crystal were hidden
from crystal

Did not the light from the one fall full on the form of
 the other,
 Or its own light were not from the other backward
 refracted,
 Or as the sun would be nought if its rays did not find
 a beholder,
 Since 'tis the eye that helps to body forth its existence ;
 E'en as the eye creates in the blue of the sky or the
 verdure
 Of Mother Earth what time she carpets the fields in
 the spring-tide.
 Equal are monads, for each is beholden to all for its
 being,
 Equal as men in a state in franchise and liberty equal ;
 Yet, as with men in a state, there be infinite orders
 among them,
 From the infinitesimal up to the Monad of monads.
 So that we stand at last before the triplicate mystery :
 The Godhead at once is a spirit for ever and ever
 proceeding,
 Yet equally absolute Being and equally absolute
 Nothing,
 When as a monad He looks on Himself apart from the
 monads,
 Viewing Himself as Himself, and not, as we mortals,
 as Other,
 E'en as a monad were nought, if emptied of every
 reflection.
 For just as a naked flame, if directly aware of its
 brightness,
 Would by its very brightness be blinded to things
 external,
 And to its own light also, to itself appearing as
 darkness,

Since, by its self-interference, the light by itself would
be cancelled,
Nought would be left and the flame would appear to
itself as its opposite;
So in Himself doth the Godhead realise absolute
Nothing;
Yet none the less is for ever existing and ever
proceeding;
I AM THAT I AM of old, and Paraclete of Creation.

Thus can He by His infinite Will transcend the abysses
Of Darkness and Light; of whom is written: 'To Him
the Darkness
Is no Darkness at all,' being Lord and Master of either,
Lord alike of each contrast and Overlord of each
opposite.

CLAUDESLEY BRERETON.

THE BURIAL.

·(RUPERT BROOKE.)

WE bore him quietly at close of day
Far up the valley from the sea ;
And fitful gleams from many lanterns lit
The path we trod.
On Greece's isle, beneath an olive tree,
Wrapped in a flowering shroud,
We buried him.
Upon the cloistered calm the volleys broke,
And through the night rang out the bugle-call ;
And scudding clouds, before a silver moon,
Seemed giant birds above a still lagoon,
Wailing—to fancies overwrought—
A requiem.
Within a pillared glade,
Star-canopied,
In the great silence of a southern night
We left him dead ;
Dead—for Deliverance and Liberty ;
Silent and dead—for Faith and Liberty

Upon the homeward journey, echoing,
Stray notes from heaven's open windows came
To us who stood without :
“ Look up, look up !
This is not all—
This pain, this parting, and this burial.
Death is a port of embarkation Death

A starting point, no goal.
Who dies for Faith
Has but embarked for Immortality.
Death is a Prelude, not a Symphony.
Look up, look up !
Be satisfied ;
Rejoice, he has attained—
Who died."

LILIAN HOLMES.

LEAVE.

Is this the dream?—this flower-scented room,
These windows open on the long spring dusk
Whose chill is vanquished by a fire of logs?
This sea of peace, of green, thrush-lyric peace
Still folding the old house—Is *this* the dream?

And this one face before me—is it real?
Once, surely, it was what I lived with here,
Loved, shared my thoughts with (had I thoughts
then?) . . . Once!

And now this face, grown shadowy as the dusk,
Is turned towards me in a sudden hush.
Our babble of talk dies down—the questionings,
The ‘Give me news of this one and of that’;
And now the thought behind her eyes is voiced
In this tense ‘*Tell me—tell me!*’

Oh, I know
Well enough what it is she asks to hear!
Because she loves me she would walk with me
Into the very jaws of every hell
That I have faced . . . shall face again.

And I?—

God knows that I, because I love her, too,
(Or did long since—last year—when she was real)
I’d tell her all . . . if only there were words.

But—what can link this present to that past?
They don’t connect; the thing’s unthinkable!
Either this heaven or that hell’s a dream.

So much is platitudinously plain :
 But *which* ?—The trouble is not knowing which . . .
 She's felt the thought!—for now within my arms
 (Arms may still open though the soul be locked)
 She lies unmoving—like a captive bird
 Who at the hopeless last relinquishes
 Even the very struggles of despair.
 O pitiful stillness ! How she has been swift
 To know that telling is not in my power ;
 That this vile fog which still—though eyes meet eyes,
 Lips cling to lips—hangs its blind pall between
 Our groping souls, is none of *my* invention ;
 And that the branding agony of hells
 Is just this pathless solitude of theirs . . .
 She knows—she knows without a word from me.
 (That's heaven, at least.)

So now we two may lie
 Quiet awhile, heart beating still on heart,
 Nor fret again to break the bars of speech.
 Hell . . . heaven . . . I don't know which.
 Eight days—eight days . . .
 God, till I've lived and tasted every one,
 Let me be certain *this* is not the dream !

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE DORIS CASE OF MULTIPLE PERSONALITY.

IT is only comparatively recently that the science of abnormal psychology has been enriched by the methodical study of those puzzling and disconcerting mental phenomena which are generally referred to as the disassociation, disintegration or disaggregation of personality. Two or more apparently distinct persons are found to alternate in one and the same organism; they are to all seeming as distinct from one another as people in different bodies, and treat one another as independent entities. These cases present some features which are similar to and some which differ from the more transient phenomena of mediumship, in which many apparently distinct *personæ* may manifest by speaking or writing through the same organism. The patient of multiple personality has no control over these invasive changes of identity, whereas the medium can refrain from submitting to the mediumistic state, and when not in it retains his or her self-identity like normal folk. As to how these phenomena are to be explained is a matter of very great difficulty, and the more the subject is studied the more complex it seems to become. If psychical research, in its analysis of this class of mediumistic phenomena, is being compelled slowly to admit that in some cases the spiritistic hypothesis is the simpler to account for part of the evidence, the pandits of abnormal psychology will have nothing to do with such a 'superstition' and are violently opposed to the 'multiplication of entities' in dealing with the phenomena of mind. Psychiatry would explain all such without exception as due to the subjective activity of the mind set going solely by external physical stimuli. It accounts for dissociated personalities by conceiving them as split-off groups of psychical states of one and the same mind. They are for it groups of memories, ideas and emotions dissociated from the main stream of consciousness, or the primary memory or subject. It admits that in all cases they are organised groups

and generally highly organised. It is, however, difficult to believe that such a purely mechanical theory is adequate fully to explain the strong unity of consciousness displayed by the majority of such personalities.

The fullest studies of the subject hitherto available have been the Hanna Case (Drs. Sidis and Goodhart) and the Beauchamp Case (Dr. Morton Prince); the former of two alternating personalities, the latter of four. There is on record a number of other cases, but not so detailed and thorough. We have now before us by far the longest and most detailed record and elaborate study that has been made, in 'The Doris Case of Multiple Personality,' which is described in the sub-title as 'A Biography of Five Personalities in connection with One Body and a Daily Record of a Therapeutic Process ending in the Restoration of the Primary Member to Integrity and Continuity of Consciousness.'

It was Dr. W. F. Prince, a graduate of Yale, an enlightened episcopalian clergyman and student of psychology, who first detected in the suffering Doris a case of multiple personality. With extraordinary generosity and good nature he and his wife adopted the girl so as to give her every care and protection. For three and a half years Dr. Prince devoted himself assiduously to the cure of his patient, so whole-heartedly that he did not allow himself to be away from her for a single day during the cure. The record throughout undesignedly testifies to the exercise of immense patience, affectionate solicitude and self-sacrifice. As to the therapeutic method, it is noteworthy that in the process of cure hypnosis was not employed but only normal suggestion. The case so interested Dr. Hyslop, the experienced, hard-working and courageous Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, that he determined to publish it. He suspected, however, that there might be other factors in the background than psychiatry would be inclined to recognize, and felt that the matter should not be allowed to rest where it was, with a description solely of what might be possibly found to be secondary phenomena only. He therefore determined

¹ *Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research*, Vols. ix. and x. (Parts i. and ii., pp. 1419), by Walter Franklin Prince, Ph.D.; Vol. xi. (Part iii., pp. 816), by James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., LL.D., New York, 44, East 23rd Street; price \$20.

to experiment with the case through a medium, as he had done before successfully in two or three simpler instances. The record and analysis of this extraordinary investigation are appended in the third fat volume.

The history of the Doris case in barest outline is as follows. Doris Fischer (a pseudonym) was born March 31, 1889, of German stock settled in the U.S.A. Her father was a man of poor character and a confirmed drunkard; her mother was of better social standing, refined, hard-working, conscientious, highly affectionate and of an exceedingly imaginative temperament. When the child was about three years old the father, in a drunken fit, tore her from the mother's arms and dashed her violently on the floor. This was the first dissociating shock and gave rise to the development of the main secondary personality, who called herself Bridget or the Imp, but was named Margaret by Doris, and is so called in the record. She had been in existence nineteen years before the scientific study of the case began. The chief peculiarity of Margaret was that she had never grown up—or rather that her development was arrested at a certain point. Mentally and emotionally she seemed a child of about ten years at most with at times still more juvenile characteristics. Mischievous, impish and irresponsible, she involved Doris in her girlhood in all sorts of difficulties and escapades which when returned to control she (D.) could not explain and of which she had to bear the consequences. Dr. Prince describes Margaret later on, when under his direct observation, somewhat leniently, as mischievous, roguish, witty, a consummate mimic, ingratiating, winsome and altogether loveable as a rule. Though she had direct access to all the thoughts of Doris, many of them were incomprehensible to her. She believed in fairies and thought doctors found babies on river banks. She fibbed and romanced for the fun of it. She remained throughout a little pagan; it was a mystery to her why Real Doris and another personality called Sick Doris cared for church and bible study; to her religion was all 'dumm stuff.' She was subject at times to fits of sullenness and rage, in which she lost recollection of friends and was even in deadly fear of them. At times she harried and tortured Sick Doris so that one would think she was a fiend incarnate. Still Dr. Prince would have us remember that "these were emotionally automatic reactions, and ceased with the cessa-

tion of over-work." Margaret seems in many respects to have had the temperament of an a-moral nature-creature, and in others may be compared with the Sally of the Beauchamp Case.

At the age of 17 (May 6, 1906) Doris suffered the second great shock of her life. This was mental and emotional and not physical like the first. Her idolized mother and protectress from the cruelty of her father, of whom she lived in constant terror, suddenly died in her arms. The utterly inexperienced Doris, who had never seen death before, had unaided to prepare and lay out her mother's dead body on the same bed on which the father lay in a drunken stupor. This cruel shock gave rise to the appearance of another secondary personality; it left Margaret apparently unaffected, but almost entirely suppressed Real Doris. In fact during the five years which elapsed before the case was taken in hand, the true primary personality, we are told, had not in all summed up as much as three days of conscious living. A physiological result of the shock was that certain natural functions ceased and were not resumed until Sick Doris, as this new phase was called, because of her liability to inward pains and aches, was finally reabsorbed in the process of cure. Sick Doris began *de novo*, as with the secondary personality in the Hanna Case. At first she had "no memory of events or even language, no recognition of persons or knowledge of the use of objects—in fact with a mind as void of factual and mental content as that of a newborn infant." Under the tuition of Margaret, however, she developed in mental equipment with extraordinary rapidity, soon outstripping Margaret in many ways and especially in character. Sick Doris, as distinguished from Real Doris, was always characterized by a wooden expression and a monotonous and metallic voice; she was reserved and serious, with no capacity for affection, but capable of doglike fidelity, and without a trace of sex-feeling. She was a slave to a narrow conception of duty, religiously inclined, and with no sense of humour. In some directions, however, her manual skill was the greatest of the group. Her embroidery, for instance, in which Margaret was rather clumsy and Real Doris had some degree of ability, was exquisite. "Not only did she embroider with artistic dexterity, but this and some other species of work she was capable of performing with phenomenal speed with no impairment of quality."

This occurred when she passed into an abstracted or automatic state, in which somehow or other Margaret was compelled most unwillingly to co-operate, and this subsequently brought upon Sick Doris revengeful reprisals from M. In fact Margaret seems to have on the whole greatly resented having to look after Sick Doris. As Dr. Hyslop says: "One of the characters in the drama—one might term it tragedy—(Margaret) was at war with another (Sick Doris), attempting to afflict her by bodily tortures, destroying her possessions, undoing her tasks, and irritating her with impish derision, though there were brief times when pity replaced malice." Moreover for nineteen years, up to the beginning of the treatment, Doris, Real or Sick, or let us say at any rate the common body, had little or no natural sleep. At bedtime Margaret always took charge till the morning, and it was her habit to keep the common body awake nearly all night, talking to herself, playing with her dolls and passing the time in other distractions. It is a wonder that the body ever stood the strain, for Doris from a very early age worked most industriously and Sick Doris had to work all day from very early in the morning till very late at night to earn money and keep the 'home' going.

At the age of eighteen (Sept. 1907) another shock occurred. Sick Doris fell down stairs and head and back were injured. This third disaster gave rise to a somnambulic and imperfectly developed personality known as Sleeping Real Doris. "She had no knowledge, properly speaking, of any of the others; she was simply an automatic phonograph to preserve and from time to time repeat utterances originally delivered by Real Doris or Sick Doris, anywhere from a few hours to many years previously." Repeated tests however showed that she had also memories which were exclusively her own, and these could have been developed into a strong personality had it been thought advisable.

The remaining member of the group is in some respects the chief puzzle in the piece. She was revealed only to Dr. Prince, and the other personalities knew nothing of her. She is somewhat misleadingly called Sleeping Margaret. But she was neither Margaret asleep nor did she in any way resemble Margaret. She talked only when the body was asleep and the eyes closed. She professed that she herself never slept, but was always there, neither 'in' nor 'out,' terms used to signify what might be called

by analogy the subliminal and supraliminal states of the several personalities. The reason why she was called Sleeping Margaret was that she talked only when Margaret was 'out,' that is to say, "there was no question that Margaret was supraliminally there and sleeping in her curious fashion, for, though mysteriously inhibited from hearing Sleeping Margaret talking with the same lips, she often made remarks in her own very different tones, sometimes cutting a sentence or even word of Sleeping Margaret's in half, and performed her characteristic acts unconscious that she was interfering with another." Sleeping Margaret was mentally by far the maturest of all the personalities and gave Dr. Prince the impression of being a woman of about forty. She was his chief coadjutor in the case and gave valuable information. She never wandered in speech or oscillated in clearness of understanding; indeed she is said to have possessed 'a highly analytical and philosophical mind.' Though giving reasonable consideration to criticism, she was firmly tenacious of her own views, declaring always, 'I only tell what I see.' She seemed to have knowledge of the mind and memories of all the other personalities, and underwent herself no essential psychical alteration during the whole case. Her own account of herself was that she came a few minutes earlier than Margaret when the father threw the child Doris on the floor; but could tell nothing of a previous existence. She was always grown up. She claimed to be the 'guard' of Doris; at first she denied she was a spirit, but afterwards resolutely maintained that she was one, explaining the contradiction by saying that at first she considered it was no one's business to know but her own. When subsequently Dr. Hyslop experimented with Sleeping Margaret, he was unable, in spite of repeated and very ingenious attempts to entrap her, to shake her self-reliant and consistent attitude.

When Dr. Prince first diagnosed the central fact of dissociation, most grave and disquieting symptoms were in full play. The alternations from one personality to another were as many as forty in one day. The cure began only when Dr. Prince after much difficulty succeeded in removing the patient from her exceedingly unfavourable home surroundings (Mar. 20, 1911). Sick Doris was the first personality to yield to the treatment; her memories began to fade and she gradually passed back into an

infantile stage, and sinking further into a state of rudimentary sensations disappeared on June 28, 1911, a period of some three months. The next phase to go was that of the 'phonographic' Sleeping Real Doris. As Real Doris became stronger, the 'conversation recitals' and 'soliloquies' became less frequent, and this inchoate psychical entity gradually weakened and finally departed Ap. 15, 1912. Meantime the process had been involving Margaret; but this was a much longer business. The change was very gradual; she passed slowly to the mental state of a child of five and finally sank back like Sick Doris into a rudimentary consciousness, successively losing her powers of sensation till she finally disappeared on April 19, 1914. Such were the secondary psychical phenomena connected with the withdrawal or re-absorption of these three personalities. There was every degree of weakening in their power of control over and sensation in the body; but it was all psychical, psychical loss of taste, psychical blindness and paralysis, etc., for the body itself retained all its functions unimpaired for the use of Doris. And thus after twenty-two long years of dissociation, Doris again "stood on the firm ground of mental integrity"; but not altogether, for there were still appearances of Sleeping Margaret as a co-consciousness, and as strong as ever. Sleeping Margaret remains the chief riddle of the case. She declared that 'proof' would be given as to her assertions about herself; these, however, have not been forthcoming. Dr. Prince says: "She will continue to come, is her declaration, until the evidence is given, and then will permanently depart, unless particular reasons should induce her to make a future call. But she adds, 'I am willing to go now, if you wish.' Why should I wish it? Part of the subliminal self, or not, she does no harm, and at least formerly she was a decided benefactor. Let matters take their course."

Such in barest outline are the main features of the Doris Case of Multiple Personality as reported by Dr. Prince. This, however, can give the reader but the faintest idea of the wealth of detail of the narrative, and the dramatic nature of many of the incidents. It includes, apart from the prior history of the case, a daily record extending over no less than three years. It is thus far more complete than those of the Beauchamp and Hanna cases, and supplies a veritable mine of abnormal psychical phenomena

faithfully recorded. Dr. Prince makes no attempt at speculative interpretation or explanation; he records the facts, and all students of psychiatry will be under a deep debt of gratitude to him for the thoroughness and completeness of the record.

But this is not all. We have a voluminous Part III. before us. As we have seen, Dr. Hyslop was so interested in the case that he determined to try whether it was possible to obtain any elucidation of it by means of a medium, whom he had for long had under observation and training, on psychical research lines. This lady is known as Mrs. Chenoweth, and plays in the Proceedings of the American Society as prominent a rôle as Mrs. Piper in those of the English Society. Nothing had been published about the case, nor had it in any way been exploited so as to give it publicity. It originated in one of the Middle States, some 800 miles from Boston, where the medium resided, and after the case began Dr. Prince had removed to California. The experiments were made subsequently to the cure of Doris. "At no time during the several months' experiments while the subject was present did Mrs. C. either in her normal state or in trance see her. Both her personality and her history were absolutely concealed from Mrs. C." The scientifically recorded details of these experiments introduce us to a very extensive psychical complex of controls and communicators, a few familiar to students of the Chenoweth script, but many others. The whole is elaborately introduced and commented upon from many sides by Dr. Hyslop, who has devoted many years to psychical studies and is fully conversant with every twist and turn of the heated controversies waged round the spiritistic hypothesis. If it is difficult to give in brief a sufficient idea of the main features of the Doris case as reported by Dr. Prince, it is still more difficult to give any adequate notion of the complexity of the mediumistic experiment as recorded by Dr. Hyslop. We must be content with a few generalisations only.

As to the *dramatis personæ* in the Doris Case, the outcome of the investigation went to show that Margaret did communicate and Sleeping Margaret did not. Sick Doris did not communicate in any way to prove identity, but it was claimed that numerous spirits had influenced that state. 'Margaret,' the communicator, however was not quite the Margaret personality of Doris, in so far as she had some characteristics which were not always apparent

in the latter; but "incidents common to the two were plentifully told" both by 'Margaret' and by other personalities. There is much in the record of a new personality, an Indian girl, who claimed frequently to have impressed Margaret. This personality knew much about the life of Doris—incidents concerning more than one of the other personalities and incidents common to all of them. At first there were the usual vague hints of the presence of deceased relatives; among them the personality of Doris' deceased mother stood prominently out and gave a mass of evidence as to identity. She claimed to have been looking after Doris from the spirit point of view since her death. There were two others who claimed to have a benevolent interest in Doris or, in spiritist terms, to act as 'guides.' This was complicated enough, but the controls made it still more so "by bringing personality after personality said to be influences upon the case." Among these presentations was a complex of obsessing influences of a most objectionable nature, and in this connection we are introduced to a far-reaching dramatic contest. On the one side we have the benevolent controls, purporting to be the Imperator group or complex, as in the Stainton Moses writings and Piper script, and now for the first time manifesting through Mrs. Chenoweth's mediumship; on the other a mixed gang of wretched or inimical entities, mostly blasphemous 'earth-bound spirits,' souls in 'hell,' as they themselves declared, headed by a somewhat astute intelligence who professed to be Cagliostro and reflected some of the facts and characteristics of the life of Joseph Balsamo. There is also mixed up in this play of opposed tendencies bitter strife between orthodox and heretic, and we move in a mediæval atmosphere. At times these influences were so dramatically represented through the medium that it must have been distressing to witness. The effort of the controls was to get these earth-bound spirits to 'confess' and so free them from their bondage, at any rate to some extent. They even got the better of the obdurate leader. In addition to all these entrances and exits, alarms and excursions, on the psychic stage there were other communicators who professed to be deeply interested in the case and its psychical extensions and implications, and who are familiar names in other records published in the Proceedings either of the American or English Society. All, especially the controls, claimed

that the elucidation of the case was of great importance, that the obsession possibility and its complex and wide-spread nature should be better understood, for as a rule spiritist propaganda completely ignores this side of the subject or keeps it well in the background.

With all this welter of puzzling psychical phenomena Dr. Hyslop deals at great length, reviewing the material and hypotheses, and endeavouring to unravel from the tangle some threads of fact and meaning. In spite of his caution and of his stringent view of what should be required of evidence for the supernormal before it is accepted, he is clearly at heart convinced that the spirit theory is the only hypothesis that works in a number of cases and that therefore obsession also has to be reckoned with. He concludes in regard to his elaborate experiment with the Doris Case that "some sort of influence of a foreign type is clear," whatever it is called, and after a full discussion of the pros and cons decides that this influence was of an obsessional nature—not however as the cause of the split-off personalities but as at times influencing one or other of the phases in certain moods. The obsessional influence was moreover of the kind he calls instigational and not of the transmissive type.

What remains without explanation, either from the standpoint of psychiatry or from the spiritistic point of view, is Sleeping Margaret. The controls call her the spirit of Doris, but this is incompatible with her account of herself. Sleeping Margaret avers she can leave Doris for good,—that is integrated Doris, who is *ex hypothesi* for psychiatry the primary unitary personality. For complete integration Doris, on this theory, should absorb Sleeping Margaret. On the contrary, Sleeping Margaret is throughout a more stably integrated and more experienced and knowing entity than Doris, and should therefore absorb Doris. It seems on the face of it that the views of both psychiatry and spiritism here break down, and it should be of the utmost importance to keep in touch with Sleeping Margaret and, if possible, learn more about her, and this we hope Dr. Hyslop and Dr. Prince will succeed in doing. For this reason and others we are very pleased to learn that they will in future be colleagues in the work of the American Society for Psychical Research. In a recent number of its *Journal* appears the announcement that the

services of Dr. Prince have been secured as Assistant in connection with the work of the Society.

There are hundreds of other points in these three tightly-packed volumes on which we should like to dwell, but sufficient has been said to call the attention of students to the wealth of material they contain and the exceedingly important psychical problems they force into the open. The enigma of personality is the riddle *par excellence* of the psychical sphinx. In our own belief, however, there is no true integration of personality into a genuine person short of the attainment of a spiritual self-consciousness; and here 'spiritual' is used in a philosophical and religious sense and is not to be construed in terms of the phenomenal shows and shadows that are popularly taken for it.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

WOMEN IN THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH.

A Critical Study of the Evidence in the New Testament for the Prominence of Women in Early Christianity. By T. B. Allworthy, M.A., B.D. Cambridge (Heffer); pp. 147; 3s. net.

THE emancipation of woman may be said with confidence to be already politically and economically an assured feature of the new order of things that is so painfully being brought to birth. Will she also in the religious sphere obtain that equality of treatment which has been so long denied her? The practice of organised Christendom has consistently denied her the right to exercise the higher functions of the ministry; in the very realm where there should be no material distinctions, woman has been disqualified and outcasted. What authority has Christendom for this treatment of the half of its fellowship? Certainly not the authority of its Founder, who consistently recognised the spiritual equality of women with men and singled them out for special attention on many occasions. Only quite recently, however, has this burning question come forward in religious circles and we look forward with keen interest to the development of the movement that is beginning. There are few books which treat of the prominent part played by women in the primitive Christian communities, and none in English in which a connected and critical account of the evidence is set forth. We therefore welcome Mr. Allworthy's handy, useful and opportune volume and hope that it will be widely read. In it he gives the evidence so plentifully found in the New Testament that but for the women the Early Church would have been in a sorry way. His difficulty is, of course, to explain Paul's attitude; here he has to be apologetic and make the best he can of an exceedingly poor case full of inconsistencies and contradictions. What is certain is that in the beginning the liberty and prominence of the women were very great. When, however, the feverish expectation of the imminent Parousia

quieted down and the Church began to live a more normal existence and adapt itself to secular requirements, the male element assumed control and arrogated to itself the exclusive enjoyment of all the higher offices. We find even that the inconvenient texts which bore witness to the prominence and dignity of women in the Early Church were in some cases deliberately altered, as for instance in that tradition of the text for which the Codex Bezae stands. In the days of the Ministry there was of course no Church but only a group of disciples, men and women. The ministry of the Church in the Apostolic age was of the loosest description; the quite general term *diaconos*, minister, deacon, was used for men and women indiscriminately, and did not bear a precise significance. But in the New Testament documents there is nothing to show that there was ever a woman bishop, and 'Catholic' practice saw to it that there never was one later on. There were, however, in heretical circles who claimed to derive from most primitive customs women bishops. Mr. Allworthy does not deal with the subject outside the pages of the New Testament, but we hope he will follow up his present instructive study with a development of his theme during the first three centuries. One thing is certain, that in our day the question will not be left to the decision of the confused utterances of the Pauline Letters. The woman of the twentieth century will appeal from the injustice of the ecclesiastical courts based on Pauline precedent to the higher tribunal of that Spiritual Truth which was manifested nineteen centuries ago in the behaviour towards their sisters of one who knew them better than Paul.

THE CABALA IN THE COPTIC Gnostic BOOKS.

A Preliminary Investigation of the Cabala in the Coptic Gnostic Books and of a Similar Gematria in the Greek Text of the New Testament. Shewing the Presence of a System of Teaching by means of the Doctrinal Significance of Numbers, by which the Holy Names are clearly seen to represent Æonial Relationships which can be conceived in a Geometric Sense and are capable of a Typical Expression of that Order. By Frederick Bligh Bond, F.R.I.B.A., and Thomas Simcox Lea, D.D., Vicar of St. Austell. Oxford (Blackwell); pp. 96; 3s. 6d. net.

WE have already (Oct. 1914) noticed Dr. Lea's pamphlet, *A Plea for the Study of the Bruce Gnostic Papyrus*, and pointed out the

insufficiency of the key he thought he had discovered to some of the mystic numbers in one of the two documents contained in the Bodleian Codex. The present attempt, in co-operation with our old friend Mr. Bligh Bond, is of a far more ambitious and suggestive nature. It plainly represents much hard work and a high degree of ingenuity. We do not, however, think the Gnostic Neo-pythagoreans knew quite so much mathematics as our authors give them credit for, and feel sure that were Marcus still in incarnation he would have been proud to make them both arch-hierophants of his conventicle. Let us first see how the matter of this letter-numbering or psephology stands generally. The authors think that both the Greek and Hebrew method derive from a common source. But there is no proof of this; indeed the weak point in the whole of this exposition is that they entirely neglect the historical side of the matter and give no references. Most scholars are of opinion that the Pythagoreans were the inventors of this number-word device and that the later Hebrew Kabbalah took it over from the Greeks. There can be no doubt but that the values of the numbers assigned to the letters are quite arbitrary: there is no natural correspondence between the sound and number values in Greek and Hebrew; equally so in Arabic. Recently we have had an attempt to make a 'craft alphabet' on the same lines in English, and with equally wonderful results. Further by reducing the numerical word-values to digits—thus suppose a word equals 2964; then $2+9+6+4=21$ and $2+1=3$ —we can classify all the words found in a dictionary under nine headings. All words of the same class then being numerically equal and like-numbered words being supposed to convey substitute meanings, we have thus a dodge which permits those who care for the diversion, to indulge in a game of free association of ideas which have no natural or logical connection. We are glad to see that our authors do not waste their time on this particular puerility. Nevertheless they are not sufficiently alive to the fact that in Greek (the only number-alphabet they deal with) there is no scientific basis whatever for the number-values assigned to the letters of the alphabet. In the first place, there were three signs (for 6, 90 and 900) not found in the perfected Greek alphabet, though still used in numbering apart from mystic Pythagorean psephology. In the second, and this should settle the matter, there were two utterly different methods used in this word-numbering business. The older method, the more distinctly Pythagorean, differed *toto cælo* from the so-called Milesian or

common Greek system of expressing numbers by letters. Long ago Carl Robert pointed out that there existed among the Greeks another system of number-writing besides the decimal mode, as used for instance on the inscribed tablets of the Dodonean oracle-priests. It is quite familiar to every reader of Homer, who finds the twenty-four Books of both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* numbered from *alpha* to *omega*, that is with the twenty-four sequent letters of the Greek alphabet. Recently Wolfgang Schultz and Robert Eisler have shown by innumerable examples that this was the method the Orphic and Pythagorean mystics used to conceal some of their mystery-secrets. Our authors work on the Milesian system; we would suggest that they should try the older method as well and mark the outcome. Judging by Eisler's ingenious applications of the method in his *Weltenmantel* and in a number of papers in our own pages, they will obtain equally marvellous results. For instance, they have attempted the solution of the number-puzzle 153 in the miraculous draught of fishes story; so has Eisler, who can further summon Philo and Augustine into court to support his solution on the old Pythagorean basis, not to mention a similar story from the traditional Life of Pythagoras. Their solution is very ingenious, but seemstoo elaborate, for it is based on the proportion $56 : 97$ ($56 + 97 = 153$) which is an approximation to the ratio $1 : \sqrt{3}$ —and an illustration of how the Greeks overcame the difficulty of irrational numbers or incommensurables. Eisler shows that Philo assigns 10 to the Decalogue, *i.e.* the Law, and 7 to the Holy Spirit, *i.e.* Grace. Thus 17 stands for the fulfilment of the Law by Grace. Now the 'fulfilment' of a number is the sum of the series of numbers up to its value; thus the fulfilment of 4 is 10, namely $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10$. The fulfilment of $17 = 1 + 2 + 3 + \dots + 17 = 153$. Here Eisler's solution is supported by external evidence, whereas our authors' far more difficult one, neither in this instance nor elsewhere in others of a similar nature, has any support from history. Again, when Dr. Lea tries to recover the original Greek of a Coptic phrase in one of the finest passages in the *Pistis Sophia*, concerning the triple robe of glory of the triumphant Christ, we are not convinced that he has succeeded, although the number-value is pat enough to his purpose. *Pente-rēma*, for 'five words' or a 'group of five words,' is an impossible form in Greek. This is also the case with *panarchia*, in which Dr. Lea would find the Greek original of the Coptic which Schwartz renders by *egressio omnis* and Schmidt by *der gesamte Ausgang*.

On the other hand it is very probable that some of the Gnostic schools did attempt, as the authors contend, to apply geometrical and arithmetical notions to the ordering of the ideal world or *plērōma* of the æons as they called it. We know that the Pythagorean and Platonic tradition held that the whole end of *mathēsis* was the contemplation of the properties and relations of the five regular solids. In this direction our authors have made some suggestive contributions. The mathematical knowledge of the day was not sufficiently developed to deal with irrational numbers, surds or incommensurables, as we do. But we know that it was specially interested in prime numbers, and it is very probable that some of these were found in ratios empirically to approximate very closely to proportions in which we now use irrationals and so were used as substitutes. The symbolic representation of cubes in perspective outlined by points, is also a good idea, for it suggests a schematic device for 'cubic' numbers, in continuation of what we know to have been the case for what the Pythagoreans called 'triangular' and 'square' numbers.

That the Pythagoreans and Platonists did use psephology and were fascinated with the curious results they obtained out of this artificial letter-number play is a historical fact; but that there is a buried cypher in the text of the New Testament on the scale our authors contend, we do not believe. Here and there an instance may be found, as in the 153 fishes and the 666 of the Apocalypse; but the long lists of names, words and phrases so industriously decoded in the text and appendixes of this monograph are, in our opinion, plainly devoid of intention on the part of the writers of the gospels and epistles. It is true that the results have all the appearance of being most startling and confirmatory of a scheme, but that is owing to selection and also to a certain amount of unconscious 'fudging,' for if a word or phrase does not work out satisfactorily it is easy to add or delete an article or change the case-endings. When one remembers the ingenuity of Skinner's *Source of Measures*, in which the Kabalistic devices of gematria, temura and notaricon were applied to the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, and some other similar attempts, one is persuaded that by such methods any name or phrase almost can be permuted into some other or many others. On these lines we should be able to find the most esoteric number-values in the text of 'Old Mother Hubbard' or 'Alice in Wonderland.' Our point is that there is no *natural* correspondence between letters and numbers, and that one would be able to get surprising results out of well-nigh any

artificial scheme of letter-numbering in any alphabet. We are therefore not able to share in the enthusiasm of our authors that they have discovered the key to a deliberately hidden mystery in the text of the New Testament, and that in their labours the reader may see "the operation of Law, not Chance, and that no casual or superstitious fancy, but a high degree of Knowledge and Intelligence, laid within the Sacred Books this unseen foundation."

MANUAL OF A MYSTIC.

Being a translation from the Pali and Sinhalese work entitled 'The Yogāvachara's Manual.' By F. L. Woodward, M.A. Edited, with an Introductory Essay, by Mrs. Rhys Davids. London (Milford), The Pali Text Society; pp. 159; 5s. net.

IT is somewhat surprising that, though 'contemplation' is the method *par excellence* of mental discipline in the Buddhist Way, we find so little of the literature devoted to a *systematic* exposition of its practice. Indeed, in her Preface to the Manual under notice, Mrs. Rhys Davids states squarely: "We have no other work in Buddhist literature, either Pali or Sanskrit, devoted to the details of Jhāna and Samādhi." We bow to Mrs. Rhys Davids' authority, but had always previously been under the impression that some of the Mahāyāna schools possessed treatises of this nature. Our Manual, which has no title, is very late; it was most probably compiled about the middle of the eighteenth century, when there was a religious revival in Ceylon due to a Siamese Mission after a period of great decadence. The present title was given by Prof. Rhys Davids when he published the text from a copy of the unique MS. in the Bambara-galla Monastery at Teldeniya, sixteen miles from Kandy. We remember accompanying H. Dhammapala when in 1892 he took the copy to the Professor, who was recovering from a serious accident at a little village on the South Coast. We have now before us a careful translation of a text bristling with difficulties and made possible only by the valuable vocabulary-work recently done on the technicalities of Pali Buddhist psychology by Mrs. Rhys Davids and Mr. Shwe Zan Aung. The difference between Buddhist and Western mysticism is admirably brought out in the Editor's Preface as follows:

"The Western mystic, less confident than the Indian, has

believed in cultivating a general predisposition for the fortunate, if formidable, 'conjuncture' bringing about these liftings of the veil. But his faith in the infinite plasticity and wieldiness and potency of mind is less thorough-going than that of the Indian. The latter expects no 'supernatural' results to the training of such an instrument. But he believes that, as the abnormally developed left hand of a great violinist can be converted into a voice, saying, not words, but things literally ineffable, so his own mental apparatus working, after severe, unfaltering training, in an abnormal way, can achieve an uprush of penetration, or comprehensive understanding, and resultant bliss. But the better understanding will not yield a new set of ideas. These, whether of 'inward properties of things,' or what not, remain such as the discursive intellect has hammered out in judgments verified, or in hypotheses unverifiable. But aspects, values, relations, may become modified—can more be claimed? Is it not enough?"

We have read this Dhyāna Manual carefully through twice and are bound to say that it required some effort to stick to the task. It is done in the best Buddhist monkish manner of wearisome reiteration and mechanical systematization. It is quite impossible to believe that any Bikkhu has had the inexhaustible patience and grim determination to verify in conscious experience all the painfully detailed processes of this elaborate scheme of devices for mechanizing the mind for yoga-practice, and we are not surprised to learn that the last attempt to follow out the recipes ended disastrously (p. xix). There is, however, a good deal to be learned by the discriminating student of the nature of the theory of the practices which led up to the experience of *samādhi*, which does not mean trance or ecstasy so much as the 'right placing of consciousness on object.' Literally it signifies 'collective or continual fitting together' and conveys the idea of a synthetic awareness, its chief equivalent being 'one-pointedness of consciousness.' Both these states are described as 'steadfastness, continual and downright, of consciousness, absence of distraction, mental balance, imperturbability, calm' (p. xiii).

It is very certain that the Buddhist Jhāna or Dhyāna practice derives originally from and is a modification of the yoga-system, with its control of breath and the rest. The Preamble of the Manual shows this conclusively. Not only so, but a *mantra* is used, namely '*Arahan*,' comparable with the triple analysis of the *Om* in the Upanishad-yoga. It is, however, naturally adapted to Buddhist requirements, namely the remembering of the 'three

treasures'; for *A* is taken to mean the Law (*Dhamma*), *ra* the Buddha and *han* the Brotherhood (*Samgha*).

Although there is strangely little spiritual nourishment to be got out of this *Manual of a Mystic*, we are glad to have Mr. Woodward's translation of it so carefully edited by Mrs. Rhys Davids, for it supplements our knowledge of detail on many points and explains certain difficulties met with in less systematic references to the subject in general Buddhist literature. We do not, however, understand why Mr. Woodward has introduced into his notes some very hazardous and quite unsupported psychic speculations on the 'six centres' which play so prominent a part in Tāntrik practices.

THE WAY TO NIRVĀṆA.

Six Lectures on Ancient Buddhism as a Discipline of Salvation.

Hibbert Lectures, Manchester College, Oxford, February—April, 1916. By L. de la Vallée Poussin, Professeur à l'Université de Gand. Cambridge (University Press); pp. 172; 4s. 6d. net.

WE are exceedingly glad to have these instructive and eminently readable lectures by Prof. de la Vallée Poussin, who is perhaps our best authority in the West on what may be called Sanskrit Buddhism. He here leaves his special domain to review the chief positions of Pāli Buddhism, impartially setting them forth according to the texts and at the same time considering them critically. The lectures however are not technically 'academic,' not a mass of learned quotations, but of a more intimate and vivid nature. As the Author says, in his French Préface (the rest of the matter being in excellently idiomatic English), he accepted Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter's invitation with pleasure for: "*C'était une bonne occasion de faire une sorte d'examen de conscience et d'exposer brièvement et clairement ce que je pense d'un des aspects du Bouddhisme, le vieux Bouddhisme monastique et ses théories sur le salut.*"

We have read the result with the greatest pleasure and with no little profit. It is, in our opinion, one of the most useful and instructive volumes on early Buddhism that has yet appeared. The main themes of these lectures are: I. 'Origin of the Indian Disciplines of Salvation'; II. 'The Buddhist Soul'; III. 'Buddhist Definition of Karman'; IV. 'The Doctrine of Karman

and Transmigration, Cosmogony, Theogony'; V. 'Nirvāṇa'; VI 'The Path to Nirvāṇa.'

Professor de la Vallée Poussin has many interesting things to say on the Disciplines of Salvation which arose in India about the seventh century B.C.; but while he doubts whether they can be exactly described either as philosophies or religions, we should be inclined to say they were the fruitage of both. They were in all cases preceded by and took their origin in a general religious life of less exalted aims. They did not replace the religion of the mass, but sought to transcend it; assuredly they were religious in the deepest sense and could arise in no other ground than that of an essentially religious consciousness. The Lecturer admits that they are 'something more than philosophies, theories or scholasticisms,' but he hesitates to call them 'religions,' and this because of their strongly ascetic element, which he holds is purely personal and individualistic, and therefore 'unsocial and often anti-social.' There is some truth in this criticism, but it does not put these disciplines outside the category of religion. If "they are not concerned with mundane ends at all," that also is essentially characteristic of certain phases of religion; whether we approve the attitude is quite a separate question. When again we read: "Either the Indian ascetic does not believe in God [i.e. a Personal God]; or, when he believes in God, he says, as the outspoken Sūfi or as Spinoza: 'There is nothing but God. I am God'"—this is, we hold, far too wide a generalization. There is also every shade of belief in God in Indian asceticism and the almost solitary instance of such a Sūfi declaration, when the ecstatic was 'out of himself,' has proved a subject of much subtle controversy. The chief characteristic of the Indian Disciplines of Salvation, however, is well stated as follows: "Man migrates from existence to existence, driven by the wind of his actions. There must be a Path to deliverance from rebirth and death. This Path must be a certain knowledge or esoteric wisdom, or a certain sacrifice, or a certain asceticism, or a certain ecstatic meditation. . . . By this Path, through this Ford . . . , the ascetic will cross the ocean of transmigration, as well as the worlds of the gods or paradises. The ascetic believes in such worlds—for he is not a sceptic, he willingly admits the whole of the traditional or popular mythology—but he despises them; he despises, as a philosopher would say, every 'contingent' existence; he aims at something that is beyond the worlds, that is 'hyper-cosmical' . . . a mysterious somewhere, a somewhere that is

eternal and 'free from sorrow,' and which is called sometimes 'deliverance' (*mokṣa*, *mukti*, *apavarga*), sometimes 'happiness' (*nirvṛti*, *naiḥsreyasa*), sometimes Nirvāṇa, that is 'refreshment' or 'peace'" (pp. 6 and 7).

But already we have let our pen run away with us beyond the limits which the present severe restrictions of space impose. Otherwise we should be only too pleased to call attention to many other points of great importance with which Prof. de la Vallée Poussin deals with a freshness and insight that are generally admirable. For though he is not prepared to say he is a Buddhist (he is a Roman Catholic) he has assuredly, as he claims, "spared no pains as far as possible to think and to feel as did the 'yellow-robed monks' who have rendered so eminent services, not to mankind as a whole, but to India, to China, to the Far East."

THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGION IN CHINA.

By W. J. Clennell, H.M. Consular Service. London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 260; 6s. net.

WE do not recollect having come across any of Mr. Clennell's work before, but we hope it will not be long before we have the pleasure of reading some more of it. For the volume under notice is exceedingly well written and well informed; it is a direct and straightforward account of the development of religion in China up to our own day, entirely free from pedantry, yet bearing marks of a wide acquaintance with the literature and of a personal experience of many years' residence in the country. Mr. Clennell has, moreover, the true genius of an historian and can move easily amid the vast masses of material he has to survey, with a keen eye for essentials and a sane and discriminating judgment, without any trace of dogmatism. But above all he possesses a rare insight into the true spirit of religion, and has some illuminating things to say on the spiritual needs of the present, and especially on the way in which the religious culture of the West may blend harmoniously with the rich religious heritage of the East. China, like India, is in the melting pot, and what will come out of the crucible is fraught with the gravest consequences for the future world-state. The angle from which our author views the general religious world-problem brings the spiritual values into such just perspective that he deserves to be widely read. That this is not a partial judgment will be made clear, at least for readers of **THE**

QUEST, by the following quotations. For instance, with regard to what we may call the spiritual translation from one religious language into another, he writes :

"When we think of it, can we doubt in what spirit Jesus Himself would have lived and suffered had He appeared among men in Chinese instead of Syrian surroundings? Might He not have quoted the Odes as He quoted the Psalms? Might not the Book of Rites have stood for the 'Law'; the Lun-yü, the Tao-Tê Ching, Mencius, for the 'Prophets'? Might He not have found a similar field for similar parables among the villages and cypress groves that nestle under the shadow of T'ai-shan as among the hills and along the lake-shores of Galilee?" (pp. 225, 226).

Just as with ourselves in the West, so "the great need of China is a convincing and satisfying restatement of Religion, a restatement in harmony with the requirements and the knowledge of the present day. Such a restatement, like all reformations, may very likely—nay, it must certainly—comprise a return to the true, underlying principles of older expressions of religious inspiration. It must study, understand, and take into account the whole past. It cannot be wholly destructive, nor wholly exotic.

"Nor is such a reformation from within illogical or inconsistent with devotion to abstract truth, for the root principles of religion are eternal and catholic, not confined to any age or people, or any Church, or any body of tradition. Just as Christianity, by widening, generalizing, and 'depolarizing' the earlier, transitory system of the Jews, expanded into a restatement of religious principles adequate to the needs and hopes of the entire Western world, may not the present or the next age, as a time wherein—in spite of temporary whirlwinds of reaction—all national and racial distinctions are visibly softening to effacement in an intricacy of mutual intercourse and mutual obligations embracing all mankind, such as no earlier period of history has witnessed or imagined, give birth to a widening, generalizing, or 'depolarizing' of all local faiths, before which the transitory elements of all will be winnowed out from whatever each contains of abiding and indestructible spiritual strength?" (pp. 250, 251).

This hopeful suggestion is crowned by the following fine outburst, which goes to the root of the whole matter :

"The revelation of God is a continuing revelation, manifested in each generation to the living, not to the dead, given to the East as well as to the West. What is required of all men is to do justly, to love mercy, to walk modestly, and under whatever forms

of worship they shall ascend into the hill of the Lord and stand in His holy place, who are of clean hands and a pure heart, who do not lift their souls to vanity nor swear deceitfully. That is the only condition of membership of the one universal Church, the catholicity which extends to all men, everywhere and always, the protestantism that protests against everything that is insincere and unreal, every substitution of the letter that kills for the spirit which gives life" (p. 251).

That is, we believe, the creed of a vast number of truly religious laymen of to-day, and so long as the clergy refuse adherence to its spirit, so long will they remain outside the inner religious life of the new age that is already dawning.

PATIENCE WORTH.

A Psychic Mystery. By Casper S. Yost. New York (Holt); pp. 285; [7s. 6d. net.].

THIS arresting volume presents a psychical problem that will prove a very hard nut to crack for the ultra-superior but generally ill-informed critic who disdainfully dismisses all psychical communications as a medley of balderdash and vapid sentimentalism, to which any writer of literary ability would be ashamed to put his name. The last link in the chain of transmission was the simple device known as the 'ouija' board. On it are marked the letters of the alphabet, the numerals and 'yes' and 'no'; and the 'pointer' consists of a three-legged disk on which the hands are placed. In this way words and sentences can be spelled out. Two ladies of culture and refinement, wives of public men at St. Louis, had been experimenting with the board, when suddenly it was made the means of communicating thoughts and literary compositions of a high order and unique form. For years these communications have been spelled out and now make a very considerable mass of type-copied documents faithfully preserving every peculiarity of wording and spelling. It is the form and nature of the contents of these documents that constitute the *crux* for the sceptic. In the volume under notice we have a selection made by what the Americans call a 'newspaper man,' who however fortunately does not indulge in journalese and puts forward no theories. He simply selects and describes, and supplies connecting links and remarks on the most obvious points of interest. 'Patience Worth' is—well, that is just what she will

not say. The reader must make his own deductions from the contents and from the writings. There is nothing of a biographical nature to slake the thirst of curiosity; there are no claims, no pretensions, no 'occult information,' nothing of a charlatanesque, cheap and tawdry order. Yet is 'Patience Worth' a very distinct and capable person, and knowledgeable with wit and wisdom. She has a purpose too and a very noble one. It is to give spiritual 'bread' to the hungry; to set forth the beauties of the love of God and how they are to be found in all the sweet natural things and in the common ways of life. You would say that 'Patience Worth' was of the Puritan period, yet is she no prude or averse from laughter; she is 'merrie.' She seems to have an intimate knowledge of English life of those days and earlier, of the countryside and the skill of the careful housewife; every thing she causes to be written is simple and homely, in good old English, Anglo-Saxon-Norman. Much of her vocabulary indeed consists of words of one syllable; her diction is replete with ancient forms, and many words that early English or dialect dictionaries alone preserve. She writes dramas, legends, stories and parables, and poems in many forms and metres, but only on rare occasions is it rhymed. Her 'conversations' are intensely interesting and are frequently pungent with wit. Behind and underneath all is a most serious and holy purpose. We say this deliberately; for used as we are to studying and analysing similar writings of all kinds, it is rarely that one comes across untainted scrip; generally it is considerably tainted, and sometimes most vile. We do not mean to say that we acclaim in the writings of 'Patience Worth' a new gospel; by no means, it is very old. It is just what is simplest and best in Christianity, without all the dogmas and man-made conceits of the schools. Love of God and love of man, and love of the sweet things of nature; simplicity and homely virtues. And these with a rare gift of good writing and good taste, and all in the very direct common tongue of early English dialect. We shall be interested to hear what the philologists as well as the abnormal psychologists and psychiatrists have to say to it: meantime we can recommend it to the lovers of fair things. It should be noted that only one of the two ladies is indispensable as a link in transmission. This lady is a skilful musician; but she has never attempted to write, is quite unversed in Early English literature and has never been in England.

THE SPIRITUAL ASCENT OF MAN.

By W. Tudor Jones, D. Phil. With an Introduction by A. L. Smith, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford. London (University of London Press, Hodder & Stoughton); pp. 241; 5s. net.

THIS is an able volume, instructive as to the past and present tendencies of thought and suggestive for the future development of a religion of genuine spiritual values. Dr. Tudor Jones is exceedingly well read in philosophy and psychology; his religious sympathies are truly catholic and his chief aim is to insist on a spiritual synthesis of all man's powers and activities as the chief characteristic of the religious development of the future. This, he concludes, was also the underlying spirit of the earliest exponents of the Christian faith. Speaking of the writers of the New Testament, he says: "Religion to them all was the activity of the whole nature in the direction of what was beyond and above itself" (p. 223). If this statement is open to criticism in some respects, especially on the ground that the strong eschatological expectation of the Apostolic age militated against a genuinely out-rounded activity of the whole nature, experience has corrected this extravagance and developed a truer view of the ideal. Thus in the twentieth century, Dr. Tudor Jones, in his appreciation of the nature of the spiritual reality that underlies what is best in the historical development of Christian religion, can write: "It must not be forgotten that Christianity is something to be *done*—it is a perpetual *deed*—and not merely intellectual notions of the past. Neither is it, on the other hand, intellectual notions of the present; the essence of the Christian religion lies in its realisation of the truth that the union of the Human and the Divine is possible. It proclaims that God and Man may have communion with each other. This fact is not a theory or a speculation, but an experience that was perpetually exhibited in the soul of its Founder, and to which we are asked perpetually to look, and which can happen in the depth of every soul. This has to be believed before any great change can come over mankind or over the affairs of the world" (p. 226). Spiritual realisation, he thus rightly insists in his concluding remarks, includes the proper activities of the whole nature. "The body is . . . seen not as an enemy but as a servant of the mind. The natural life . . .

includes something more than mechanism, and even points in the direction of spirit. We must not then dare to condemn our bodies; we must rather use them for the further development of the life of the spirit. . . . But the body and what appertains to it are not self-sufficing. They point towards mind as the interpreter of what they should do and how they should behave. Emphasis, then, is not only to be placed upon the body but upon what is higher in the scale of being than itself—mind. And to all that mind can mean man must somehow rise. There cannot be two opinions that the need of mounting to the higher meaning of mind, the need for its unceasing ever further development, should form the urgent text of every message to the present generation" (pp. 281, 282). And so he concludes: "Knowing and being are inseparably connected. Our knowledge is meant to become intuition; our intuition, in its turn, gives us a taste of reality which cannot be obtained by knowledge alone" (p. 228). The reader must be referred to the book itself to learn what Dr. Tudor Jones means by knowledge and intuition, when he will find that he is well read in the latest literature and well versed in the subtleties of the subject.

PSYCHICAL INVESTIGATIONS.

Some Personally-observed Proofs of Survival. By J. Arthur Hill,
Author of 'New Evidences in Psychical Research,' etc.
London (Cassell); pp. 288; 6s. net.

MR. HILL'S careful, straightforward and impartial account of his personal investigations, together with his useful introductory chapters and his moderate and well-considered chapters in conclusion, constitute an opportune contribution to the literature of psychical research. It may safely be recommended as an introduction to those who desire to be informed on the subject by a competent guide. Mr. Hill is by no means a credulous believer; he approached the subject a dozen years ago in a very sceptical spirit, but was compelled slowly to change his mind and at last frankly to admit he was satisfied with the super-normal nature of a not inconsiderable part of the evidence he had investigated. The main part of the experimental record consists of full stenographic reports of sittings with a medium, Mr. Wilkinson, who gave clairvoyant descriptions without passing into trance. The detailed reports fulfil all the conditions of scientific research; hits and misses are impartially recorded and analysed, and the reader,

owing to the fulness of the record, is in a position to follow every detail and link in the argument.

When Mr. Hill proceeds to treat generally of psychical phenomena he is also worth reading, for he is fairly well read in science, philosophy and religion; he takes an idealistic view of the nature of things and envisages the nature of survival states in spiritual terms. Thus he writes (p. 259): "Quite probably there is a sense in which our present life is indeed a dream—a very bad dream sometimes, in our times of suffering and sorrow—and when we wake into the real stage we may find it so radically different that our present experience does not enable us to form any true conception of it." But here also Mr. Hill carefully guards himself from being dogmatic, for he adds later on (p. 261): "It occurs to me . . . that some readers may be disappointed with the vagueness of my suggestions regarding the nature of the after-death life, and may wish for something concrete and exact. I believe that we survive death, that we are met by friends when we go over, and that progress continues on the other side; and for me, this is enough at present. As to the exact nature of the progress and of the life there—whether we shall live in houses, go to concerts, wear clothes, etc.—I simply do not know. As Plato says, 'Something of the kind may be true,' and it is certainly desirable to link up the next stage with this as closely as possible. For myself, I do not yet see how a spiritual world can safely be regarded as only a material world of a finer kind; it reminds me of 'weighing the soul,' brain secreting thought as liver secretes bile, and other materialistic confusions. However, I may be wrong." We should say it depends entirely on the quality of the soul and the nature of its interests how it will be with it in the hereafter.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF MYSTICAL VERSE.

Chosen by D. H. S. Nicholson and A. H. E. Lee. Oxford
(Clarendon Press); pp. 644; 6s. net.

HERE is a veritable feast from which to pick and choose for lovers of mystical verse, with an abundance of good things to suit all appetites and tastes. We are surprised that our friends the editors have been able to find so much in the later periods, and doubt not that in many cases they spent weary hours of searching before they came across a suitable piece for their general purpose.

They were confronted in the first place with the very difficult problem of deciding within what limits to confine the term mystical, and have wisely decided to make these limits large and ample. Knowing how difficult it is to draw a hard and fast line and how arbitrary is the standard of taste in such matters, we do not propose to ask why they have omitted this and why they have included that, as for instance the pretentious kabalistic extravagance of a writer of evil reputation on pp. 520, 521, nor do we regret that the Early and Elizabethan periods are so sparsely represented; for the former especially is a difficult tongue for the modern reader, and should be kept to a volume apart. What seems fairly evident, however, is that much which is popularly quoted *ad nauseam* as typical mystical verse is not infrequently somewhat poor stuff in comparison with no little that has escaped notice; the editors have done good service by calling attention to many neglected flowers of mystical poesy, and to many from the pens of modern poets. Among the latter we note the names of some of the contributors to THE QUEST, and one or two poems that appeared first in our own pages. We cannot profess to have studied the volume properly, as the time at our disposal has served simply for a single perusal, and therefore have not made any notes of detail; we noticed, however, as might be expected, the continuing influence of *Canticles* on some modern poems, even to the extent of verbal quotation. Thus a piece called 'The Beloved,' by May Probyn (no date), ends with the lines (p. 406):

"When His Left Hand is under my head,
And His Right Hand doth embrace me."

In the 'Assumpta Maria' of Francis Thompson (1859-1907), we again read (p. 421):

"His left hand beneath my head is.
His right hand embraceth me!"

THE CYCLE OF SPRING.

By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. London (Macmillan); pp. 184;
3s. 6d. net.

THIS quaint elusive dramatic phantasy has been translated from the Bengali by Mr. C. F. Andrews and Prof. Nishikanta Sen and revised by the poet himself. The theme is the triumph of youth and life that takes no thought for the morrow, over calcula-

tion, pedantry and death. The moralizing philosophaster is said to have no single touch of Spring in his whole body and is dubbed "our cargo boat of moral maxims towed against the current of his own pen and ink."

With him is contrasted the power of perpetual resurrection and newness of life. This is the message of Spring, the message that man's fight is not yet over. "Those, who have been made immortal by death, have sent their message in these fresh leaves of Spring. It said: 'We never doubted the way. We never counted the cost: we rushed out: we blossomed. If we had sat down to debate, then where would be the Spring?'"

It is an airy faëry conceit in the form of a mask within a play, and we should imagine somewhat difficult to stage and act. There is gentle humour in it and wise reflection and the spontaneity of bubbling life, but it is not altogether easy to follow the scheme of the poet's phantasy. Nor is it easy to say anything fresh about Sir Rabindranath's work in general, for the publishers pelt the reviewer so persistently with flowers from the poet's garden that he has hardly time to pick up a handful and admire them before another falls at his feet.

THE INNER LIFE.

By Rufus M. Jones, A.M., Litt.D., Professor of Philosophy in Haverford College, U.S.A. New York & London (Macmillan); pp. 194 ; 8s. 6d. net.

DR. RUFUS JONES is already well known to students of mysticism in this country by his *Studies in Mystical Religion* and *Spiritual Reformers*, in which he showed that there had been far more widely spread mystical endeavours within the borders of the Reformed Churches and their derivations than had been previously supposed. The little volume before us on the Inner Life is not historical, but an earnest endeavour to present a balanced view of this great matter and to evaluate some of the highest modes of the spiritual life. Its fundamental point of view is immediately apparent with its first words: "There is no inner life that is not also an outer life. To withdraw from the stress and strain of practical action and from the complication of problems into the quiet call of the inner life in order to build its domain undisturbed is the sure way to lose the inner life." It is the inner life in Christianity especially that interests the writer. But what our

generation needs above everything to help i to appreciate the deeper life of the soul is "a clearer interpretation of the spiritual capacities and the unseen compulsions of the ordinary human soul; that is to say a more authoritative and so more compelling psychological account of the actual and potential nature of our human self, with its amazing depths and its infinite relationships." The theology of the future should be built upon a penetrating psychology of man's inner nature in the present so as to throw light on the deeds and words of those on whom the revelation of God has clearly shone in the past. In referring to that feeling of the integration or unifying of the self which, both in mystical and high æsthetic experience, seems to take the soul out into a light that 'never was on land or sea,' and yet which for the moment seems the only world, Dr. Jones contends that we have here a form of experience which implies one of two things: "Either there is far greater depth and complexity in the inmost nature of personal self-consciousness than we usually take into account, that is, we ourselves are bottomless and inwardly exhaustless in range or scope; or the fragmentary thing we call ourself is continuous inwardly with a wider spiritual world with which we have some sort of contact-relationship and from which vitalizing energy comes." Psychology is beginning to study this 'submerged life' within ourselves, but we must know vastly more about it before we can distinguish "what comes from its own depths and what comes from beyond its farthest margins."

But in all this the mystic in his higher moments has no doubt as to the reality of his experience, however others may strive to determine its nature and value from outer signs. He "feels himself to be and believes himself to be in vital fellowship with Another than himself—and what is more, some power to live by does come in from somewhere." This way of stating the matter is of course a cautious minimum and would include the possibility of vital fellowship with beings far less exalted than the Supreme. This, however, does not seem to be what Dr. Jones means; by 'Another' he means God as the Supreme Person. However we strive to interpret these most sublime moments of human consciousness, their value to the individual is abundantly witnessed; they "not only permanently integrate the self but also bring an added and heightened moral and spiritual quality and a greatly increased dynamic effect." The book is of an introductory nature and marked with great sobriety of treatment and statement.

THE SOUL AND ITS STORY.

A Sketch. By Norman Pearson, Author of 'Some Problems of Existence,' etc. London (Arnold); pp. 816; 10s. 6d. net.

THE standpoint of this thoughtful and cautious yet adventurous volume is that mind and matter have a common origin in spirit, soul being regarded as a higher form of mind. There is further a real solidarity between all things that form part of the scheme of our universe; hence "motion, matter, mind, life, soul, are linked together, and from any one of them we may learn something about the others." In any attempt to catch a glimpse of the story of the soul's evolution we must first keep a watchful eye on the evolution of matter, and then of life and mind; all these point the course of the soul's development, though it itself outstrips them all. The author thus begins with a consideration of the prevalent views on matter and mind, reviews the physical conditions of life and discusses theories as to its origin. As all quality, physical and mental, depends on structure, mind-structure is postulated as the link between soul and body. It is regarded as the root or basis of the soul, but not the soul itself; it gives rise to consciousness, whereas the characteristic of the soul is self-consciousness.

There follows a consideration of the difficulty that between man and the higher anthropoids there is a great mental gap which conflicts with the idea of continuous evolution; and hence we pass to a chapter on speech—the 'mark of man'—the sign of self-consciousness. Next we have an enquiry into sub-human consciousness. This leads to the speculation that the human soul may appropriate many sub-human consciousnesses, and these may exist in discarnate conditions. One of the features of Mr. Pearson's expositions is a plea to reconsider the theory of reincarnation not only for man but also on a far more extended scale for 'minds' of lower grade. In this connection he urges a reconsideration of the mind-stuff theory. The soul being a higher grade of being than mind-stuff structure advances through the experiences of its selves (? successive mind-structures) till all the lessons of experience are learned. The question of heredity is next dealt with at great length; no less than three chapters being devoted to a close examination of Weismann's theory, which is finally rejected in favour of those which allow for the transmission of

acquired variations or qualities. This is followed by an interesting chapter on sex. We then pass to psychological and philosophical problems: personal identity and the unity of the soul and the puzzles of multiple personality; theories of the Absolute which rest on a basis of reintegration; creation as a principle of orderly disintegration, and therewith the idea of spirit as conscious volitional energy. The last chapter treats of religion, and towards the end there is a speculation as to the lofty possibilities that may lie before the soul as one of God's agents, how that a spirit "may possibly become itself a centre of creative power, privileged not only to administer, but even to call into existence the system which its special faculties peculiarly qualify it to control."

The *Story of the Soul* covers an immense ground and deals with a multiplicity of subjects, and throughout Mr. Pearson shows that he is well read in science and philosophy. If he is strongly attracted by some ideas that are mainly of Oriental provenance he is very cautious in his way of stating them, and can never be accused of dogmatism.

AUTHORITY, LIBERTY AND FUNCTION IN THE LIGHT OF THE WAR.

A Critique of Authority and Liberty as the Foundations of the Modern State and an attempt to base Societies on the Principle of Function. By Ramiro de Maeztu. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 282; 4s. 6d. net.

IN this book a solution is suggested of the world-old dilemma between the need of individual freedom, with its tendency to anarchy, and the need of a restraining authority, with its tendency to tyranny. The book is divided into three parts, of which the first traces the rise of the unitary State, which the author derives from the discovery of human personality at the time of the Renaissance and the resulting disappearance of the corporations of the Middle Ages. The State, however, was only a passing necessity; thinkers had already ceased to believe in it, and it was on the point of disappearing from Western Europe when the war broke out. The Germans alone maintained their belief in it because they regarded it not only as a necessity, but as a good in itself. And the German aggression may be regarded as the last effort made on behalf of the State. The second part of the book deals with the failure of the democratic ideals, as presented by

modern Liberalism; a failure due to the conception of the indefinite expansion of the individual. Hence results lack of discipline, and finally the war of each upon all. The failure of both systems is said to be due to the definition of 'the good' as the self-realisation of the ego, whether as individual, or as head of the State. The third part contains the author's solution of the difficulty in the principle of a balance of powers, to be realised in a revival of the guilds of the Middle Ages, in which limits were prescribed to the ambitions of individuals, and in which at the same time, by the system of subdivision into classes of workers, the humblest found his function and his living. Human personality is a *bête noire* to Sñr. de Maeztu, and subjectivity appears in his view to be the source of all evil, whether that of the State regarded as a 'super-individual'—the German organic theory—or that involved in the Liberal conception of the sovereignty of the individual man. The functional theory on the other hand involves that principle of objectivity in which the author finds salvation. Laws are created by social necessity arising from the interdependence of men. No individual or body of persons has a subjective right to impose them. Order is not based on authority, but authority on the necessity for order. Law is a discipline of fact. The foundation of ethics is not in man, but in the good of the good things man has done. There are no other rights than those which belong to the social function of each. "In function of the good . . . rights arise. Every right is functional." The object of morality is the preservation of goods. Here however we seem to arrive at a weak point in the argument. Where are the values to be found? What is the standard of 'good'? We seem to be perilously near subjectivity itself in the form of that pragmatism which in a later chapter the author assails as the enemy of truth. There is doubtless an attraction in the theory of a social system based on function and in the picture of the guilds with their elastic structure adapting itself to the natural growth and decay of forces. But that, as Sñr. de Maeztu suggests, the horrors of the present war can be directly traced to the absence of the functional principle in European politics, seems as doubtful as that the human consciousness will ever consent to reduce itself to a function-fulfilling instrument, or give up, for the sake of becoming a merely social entity, its deep instinct for self-realisation.

THE PROBLEM OF HUMAN PEACE.

Studied from the Standpoint of a Scientific Catholicism. By
Malcolm Quin. London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 275 ; 7s. 6d.

"THE establishment of a Human Peace demands a profound and lasting change in the mind of man," says Mr. Quin in his Preface. Then he goes on to write : " This is the natural task of the Catholic Church, with the Pope at its head, risen out of a sectarian exclusiveness into a right realisation of its own universality, boldly freeing itself from the trammels of nationality, class and party, and understanding its doctrine and its human mission in the light of science and the fully developed Modern Mind." That is what the author means by 'Scientific Catholicism.' But the Church will answer that the Modern Mind must take its light from her, and she will point out that every generation in its turn has claimed, and will claim, to have this Modern Mind, and to be the only true teacher of Truth. Yet have all these teachings passed away and the Church still stands out alone !

The bases of this book are the twin terms 'Human Peace' and 'Modern Mind,' so printed throughout. But it is really a continuation of Mr. Quin's earlier, and better, book called *Catholicism and the Modern Mind* (Edward Arnold, 1912), with application to the Peace which will, some day, close the War. It seems to us in this way rather a practical and, we may say, a topical exposition of his former work. A Human Peace means, if it means anything, Peace between and amongst all peoples : Peace throughout humanity ; Peace as the prevailing virtue of every individual. But this would indeed be the Golden Age or Utopia ! Christianity, summarised as the Love of God and Man, has, after twenty centuries, failed to bring about such a Peace on Earth. To-day, with all our freedom and fine phrases, we are fighting more fiercely and in a wider area than was ever seen in ancient history. In the Middle Ages the Papacy did for a time hold States in check and compel a sort of peace amongst certain nations. But all this was really based upon the one faith of their peoples, which is now split quite asunder. To restore such a rule to Rome or any other power is impossible, and may best be dismissed as a hopeless ideal or a dream.

Many people will think and say that Mr. Quin's queer combination 'Scientific Catholicism' is nothing more than a phrase. It is in fact neither Science nor Catholicism. Science, even Physical

Science, changes from day to day; the discoveries of one generation are disowned by the next. Theology may not be what we now call an exact science, but its principles are at least as permanent as many of those passing hypotheses we name sciences. By 'Catholicism' as here used Mr. Quin seems to us to mean Universalism—which is another matter. Certainly his wide views may come within the word Catholicity; but they cannot claim shelter in any meaning of Catholicism. The book is in fact the most modern expression of Modernism, but its modernity does not prove its principles, or afford any real or lasting basis upon which to found a great theory of Human Peace, or indeed of any other world-wide peace that is possible.

F. W.

THE WITNESS OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, K.C.V.O., D.D., D.C.L.,
D.Litt. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 111; 2s. 6d. net.

"HE that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." These few words from St. John's Epistle are the text of the Donnellan Lectures delivered in Dublin in 1914, and again at Westminster Abbey in 1916, and since published. Can we take them as the final message of this successful scholar and ecclesiastic, now 75 years of age? From this point of view the book is noteworthy and remarkable. Born in 1841, the Right Rev. author has passed a long life in Universities and Churches, being Bishop of Ripon for 17 years down to 1911. Looking back over his career, we find his Hulsean Lectures (1879) were entitled *Witness of the Heart to Christ*, which looks like an earlier idea of his latest book now written on a broader and bolder basis.

There is, and there can be, nothing new in this little volume by Dr. Boyd Carpenter. It is, indeed, elementary Mystical Religion simply and sincerely explained. But the strange thing about it is the omission of the Church and of all ecclesiastical dogma and doctrine. It might have been written by a Quaker; most of it even by a Modernist Freethinker. The Bishop has always been a great student of Dante Literature, and in 1914 published *The Spiritual Message of Dante*. It is indeed these facts and dates that make his present book so widely interesting. In his old age he has come to regard man's Religious Experience as the true guide, and he here tells every individual soul that he "hath the witness in himself."

F. W.

THE HEART OF BUDDHISM.

Being an Anthology of Buddhist Verse. Translated and edited by
K. J. Saunders, M.A., Literary Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. of
India, Burma and Ceylon. London (Oxford University
Press) ; pp. 96 ; 1s. 6d. net.

THIS is the first small volume of 'The Heritage of India' series, edited by the Rt. Rev. V. S. Azariah, Bishop of Dornkal, and Mr. J. N. Farquhar, M.A., who is also the editor of 'The Religious Quest of India' series of more substantial volumes. The programme sets forth the titles of no less than forty volumes. It is an excellent idea and inaugurates an auspicious step forward in the direction of that religious comity which should recommend itself to all men of liberal views and good will. The scheme as set forth in the Editorial Preface could not easily be bettered, and it is all the more to be praised because it has been planned by "a group of Christian men," not for apologetic purposes, but with the truly humanistic object and excellent intent that not only "every educated Indian, whether rich or poor, may be able to find his way into the treasures of India's past," but also that many Europeans may be able to avail themselves of this opportunity of higher culture.

The chief duty of the editors is to see that in the volumes everything is not only scholarly but also sympathetic; and the purpose of the whole series is the lofty aim of bringing "the best out of the ancient treasures, so that it may be known, enjoyed and used." What a splendid change for the better is here! We welcome it with all our hearts. The first volume is very well printed, and Mr. Saunders' translations are not only well selected but excellently rendered.

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