THE QUEST

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Edited by G. R. S. Mead.

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THE QUEST.

THE QUEST welcomes contributions which 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 the love of wisdom which stimulates all efforts to formulate a practical philosophy of life, and to emphasise the need of a vital science to crown and complete the discoveries of physical research. It also invites contributions which treat of the purpose of art and the expression of the ideal in forms of beauty; and in literature interests itself in works of inspiration and of the creative imagination. THE QUEST will endeavour, as far as possible, to avoid technicalities, so as to meet the requirements of the more general public seriously interested in such matters. Space will be given to suitable correspondence, queries, notes and discussions.

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THE QUEST

A SPANIARD'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.[1]

Rev. Prof. A. CALDECOTT, D.D., D.Litt.

IT is a pleasure to offer an English greeting to this eloquent voice from Spain. Fallen out of the front line in the march of Europe, any sign of its old vitality being still in the Peninsula should evoke a welcome from the nations now in advance; and such a sign we assuredly have in the vigorous personality whose book is before us.

Señor Unamono is a philosopher; it is no abstract metaphysician, however, who is addressing us, but a man of wide reading and independent power of judgment. Our philosopher again is a Spaniard emphatically, and yet not from the select Castilian circle, but from the more primitive raciality of the Basques, with the culture of the Castilian and the Catholic worked into the structure of his mind.

His standpoint is what we call *Personalism*: his constant appeal is to the whole man, even to the

[1] *The Tragic Sense of Life, in Men and in Peoples.* By Miguel de Unamono. Translation by J. E. C. Fitch. London (Macmillan).

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inclusion of his flesh and bones. His claim for the rights of the Individual is startlingly emphatic for our day; yet it is grounded on the perception of the Universal in the Individual. "It is not I myself alone, it is the whole human race that is involved . . . I am but one, but all men are I's" (p. 123); "we wish that of all the other individual things each one should also be an I" (p. 146). He is therefore able to make a consistent place for Society and the Church: he can even declare Reason to be a social product, and Theology to be necessarily collective.

His reading is very wide and varied; he exhibits a faculty of insight into the very core of the great philosophers and other principal spokesmen of humanity, and he values them according to their innermost aims and methods by the standard of his own philosophy.

And what is his own philosophy? It is, briefly, that we must acquiesce in our knowledge being limited to an area of definite and certain truths surrounded by a much larger area of irrationality; reminding us frequently of the general position of Lord Balfour. It is this dualism that Unamono designates in his title, the *Tragic Sense*. We seek, and ought to seek, consistencies and harmonies in our highest thoughts and values; but we can never obtain them. In the most important of our needs complete satisfaction can never be ours.

Hence the pretensions of philosophers who claim completeness must be exposed, whether in making those claims they are deceiving themselves, or are hiding failures of which they themselves are aware. For example, Unamono has a profound admiration for Spinoza, but he is full of pity for him as wistfully yearning to escape from the circumscriptions which he

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has wound around himself by intellectual notions: the 'tragic Jew' knew well that the effort whereby we tend to persist indefinitely is our very essence; but his failure to rationalize it issues in 'a despairing elegiac poem.' Similarly, he regards Kant as breaking forth, with violence, from the antimonies of the pure Reason working upon sense-data, into the open area of self-asserting freedom of Spirit. Herbert Spencer he dismisses as too hopelessly self-complacent in his intellectual fetters to deserve the pity due to tragedy. As for Nietzsche, made desperate by his untenable pretence of strength, he propounds a philosophy for weaklings; and so he and Tolstoi stand as 'the two greatest victims of the critical century.' And they also are not entitled to the honour of the tragic: they exhibit only tragi-comedy. An example of the true tragic mind is the Dane Kierkegaard—for whom this Spaniard has the greatest respect—for he sees what Truth would be, but cannot establish it as against the surrounding irrationality.

The 'tragedy' Unamono finds, then, in his tenet that Reason cannot give us satisfying proofs. Reason has its necessities, but it cannot establish them. "The most tragic problem of philosophy is to reconcile intellectual necessities with the necessities of the heart and the will. It is on this rock that every philosophy that pretends to reconcile the eternal and tragic contradiction, the basis of our existence, breaks to pieces" (p. 15). Our pity, our sense of pathos, is called out not by those who have no Rationality to lament over, but by those who have a strong Rationality but are stirred to distress by its failure in face of imperative propulsions of insatiable hopes and desires. Hear the pathetic cry of Henry Sidgwick: "Oh, how

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I sympathize with Kant! with his passionate yearning for synthesis and condemned by his reason to criticism."

Into Unamono's philosophy we cannot enter: indeed, in this volume he does not offer an exposition of it. His standing upon Reason surrounded by an area of irrationality, and his consequent placing of philosophy nearer to poetry than to science, and his fundamental Individualistic Personalism must suffice us here.

What is his characteristic in Religion? It is an extension of his Individualism, for its most salient feature is his taking the hope of Immortality to be the foundation-stone of Religion. For him as for the Germans Biedermann and Haering, for our Tennyson and Browning, Religion will be an edifice in the air if the highest spiritual beings we know are all passing one by one over a precipice into non-existence: only by continuance of personality can there be a really human interest in a heaven, or even in Deity himself.

He claims Butler as on his side; and Kant and William James also. And his appeal can be commended to those of us who have been drawn by Schleiermacher, and perhaps we must acknowledge by Idealists in general, towards assigning a secondary place in Religion to the hope of personal Immortality. The contrast in valuation is strikingly exemplified in the Dogmatic of the Ritschlian Kaftan assigning to it only a couple of pages at the end of his 'system,' while the Dogmatic of Haering is animated by the conviction that it is in Eschatology that "the innermost character of a theological system comes out most clearly." Similar contrasts could be pointed out in recent philosophies of Religion, and systems of Dogmatics (if there are any of any great account) in Britain. There is no small interest, therefore, in the appearance of so emphatic

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a choice of sides on the part of this thinker from another nation weaving another set of traditional influences upon the woof of his own independent mentality.

But readers of THE QUEST will be asking, how does Unamono stand as to Mysticism ?

As a Spaniard Señor Unamono could not fail to be well informed as to what Mysticism has claimed, and we are not surprised at the ease and firmness with which he deals with John of the Cross and Teresa and Molinos as occasion requires. His affinity with Mysticism is close, and he considers that in this he represents the Spanish mind, which is averse from the hardening of thoughts into systems, and prefers the liquescent, diffused, concrete flowing into literature and life, and above all, ' into our Mysticism.'

But he is strongly opposed, as our statement of his Individualism will have led our readers to suppose, to the Mysticism which finds its goal in absorption. He states the extreme position of Molinos in order to repudiate it (p. 219), and declares for Teresa, who " never excludes the sensitive element, the element of delight—that is to say, the element of personal consciousness " (p. 228). In Chapter X., which he entitles ' Mythology of the Beyond,' he disallows the intellectual beatitude of Aristotle, Aquinas and Spinoza alike. He is all for the acquiring and intensifying of Consciousness in all its modes, even those most closely attached to our bodily life, and he is for a perpetual moving forward, and not for an arrest. Indeed he is content, for us men, with an eternal purgatory rather than a heaven of glory : an eternal ascent (p. 256). And he means by this a happiness which is only attainable when we feel ourselves distinct (even) from

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God. But he is far from approving the Mysticism which leaves us solitary amongst our fellow men: the true mystics have been eager to tell others, to socialize themselves.

The setting forth of such a life beyond in terms that will satisfy reason and leave us no eschatological problems is beyond our powers, according to his fundamental standpoint. Not Reason but Faith, not pure philosophy but mythology, are in place here. From the confines of Reason we must, like the Knight of La Mancha, make sorties and sally forth on adventures. *Our* Mysticism, he says, is our hold upon a beyond under the impulsion of our hearts—and thus we never yield up the sense of the distinctness of our personality.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when Unamono in his conclusion comes to select for us the highest manifestation of the mind of Spain, he is content to acquiesce in the absence of rivals to French Cartesianism, British Empiricism, or German Idealism, and to present to the world the immortal romance of Don Quixote: 'Quixotism, the national religion of Spain.' His last Chapter is 'Don Quixote in the Contemporary European Tragi-comedy,' and we feel sure that none will read it unmoved.

He parallels the quest of Cervantes' Knight with those of John of the Cross and Jacob Boehme and of Bruno; all of them daring to face the ridicule of 'the world,' including both its science and its philosophy as well as its mundane practical wisdom. They embark upon a course of life which is a daughter of 'the madness of the Cross.' It may have been, Unamono thinks, that Don Quixote himself discerned the futility of his actual knight-errantry—we have a vague recollection of hints that Cervantes so presents him at

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times—but it is certain that he had no doubt whatever of the consummate value of his essential purpose: namely, to make the life of the Spirit prevail amongst all the lower forms of human activity and thought.

If, then, it is asked: Does Unamono make a ground-principle of such a clinging to life as Milton assigns to Belial?—let Don Quixote stand as the answer Unamono makes. "The truth is that my work—I was going to say my mission—is to shatter the faith of men here, there, and everywhere; faith in affirmation, faith in negation, and faith in abstention from faith; and this for the sake of faith in faith itself: it is to war against all those who submit, whether it be to Catholicism, or to rationalism, or to agnosticism: it is to make all men like the life of inquietude and passionate desire." And again, "For what did Don Quixote fight? For Dulcinea, for glory, for life, for survival. Not for Iseult, who is the eternal flesh; not for Beatrice, who is theology; not for Margaret, who is the people; not for Helen, who is culture. He fought for Dulcinea, and he won her, for he lives" (p. 325).

And we should not fail to note the wide humanism of Unamono as he draws into his view not only the culture of the Knight but the common sense and the simple feelings of the plain man by claiming for Sancho Panza his share in the Quixotism of his master. His also was a heroic faith, for it also was based upon incertitude: "Sancho Panza was indeed a man, a whole and a true man; and he was not stupid, for only if he had been stupid would he have believed, without a shadow of doubt, in the follies of his master." "The peasant stands with the knight as exemplars of every man whose Soul is the battle-ground of reason and immortal desire" (p. 120).

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There are a hundred details in Señor Unamono's edifice which we should like to set out, but we must refer the reader to Unamono's own way of expressing them. It is scarcely venturesome to say that no single volume in recent literature is richer than this in flashes of suggestive thought or more attractive in tone. We may well rejoice to be assured by Señor De Madariaga in his valuable introductory essay, and from other quarters, that Señor Unamono's writings are exercising wide influence and contributing to form the views of the youth of Spain to-day.

A word should be added of appreciation of Mr. Fitch's translation: it attains the success of being itself more than readable; it has a fluency and lucidity and dignity of its own.

A. CALDECOTT.

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THE CITY OF SARRAS: A QUEST.

Capt. L. CRANMER-BYNG.

THOSE who have read the *Morte d'Arthur* and *The Quest of the Holy Grail* will remember that the Grail was brought by Joseph of Arimathea to White Britain from the City of Sarras and eventually returned to Sarras, when the Quest was achieved, in the guardianship of Galahad and Percival and Bors. Galahad became king and ruler of a purely Eastern race in a city bordering on Egypt. From the kings of Sarras, converted and baptized, come the race from which Galahad is ninth in descent. Even the blood of Persian kings is added to his strain. It is not my purpose to elaborate any theory concerning the meaning of the City of Sarras and the strange intermingling of East and West, but to point out the salient facts which alone justify my use of the title 'The City of Sarras: A Quest.' The Grail is the highest conception of Christian Union with the Deity through the fellowship of communicants, through the entry of Christ into the individual by means of the bread and wine and lastly through spiritual re-birth. It has its origin in the East, its achievement in the West, and returns at length to that meeting place of East and West—the City of Sarras. Finally, as Miss Weston points out, "the Grail is received up into Heaven and never seen again of man." Is this the end? I think not. It is the end of a cycle and no more. Spiritual inspiration

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is a great wind that blows on this tiny atom of cosmic dust, once in a thousand years perchance in its passing to a million worlds beyond. The great wind of March before the blossoming of April heralds the long-delayed recurrent springtide of the human soul. As I write it is Easter week and the thorn-tree of Joseph of Arimathea is beginning to bud in sheltered places. And in the restless heart of man there is premonition of a greener age of re-birth and renewal. No cast-iron system of economics can produce the Universal Spring, no mechanical religion of man-worship in the mass, with its duty towards God on the scrap-heap and its duty towards man beaten on brazen gongs. The machine-made man of 1848 and 1917 will never look into the brooding eyes of Asia and find therein—not his neighbour, but himself.

"It is true," says Tagore, "that they [East and West] are not yet showing any real sign of meeting. But the reason is because the West has not sent out its humanity to meet the man in the East, but only its machine. Therefore the poet's line has to be changed into something like this:

"'Man is man, machine is machine,
And never the twain shall wed.'

"Earnestly I ask the poet of the Western world to realize, and sing to you with all the great power of music which he has, that the East and West are ever in search of each other, and that they must meet, not merely in the fulness of physical strength, but in the fulness of truth, that the right hand which wields the sword has need of the left which holds the shield of safety."

Yet if the Westerner should ride forth upon the

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Quest armed with the sword of accumulated experience sharpened to practical purpose, what is to be the goal of his great adventure for the spiritual place in the City of Sarras? And of what rare metal is wrought the shield of safety which hangs in the hidden temple? And is the achievement of the shield the ultimate issue of all things temporal and spiritual? For me there is but one answer. It is only the beginning. The Quest will never be achieved by East or West alone, but by the fellowship of both. But the dawn of the Grail-day is too far remote for me to speak of. It belongs to the realms of prophecy. I can only apprehend it dimly, even as old Robert de Borron and his peers dimly apprehended the reign of Galahad in the City of Sarras. A glimpse, a vision 'transitional as the lightning flash,' the brushing of bright wings, and it is gone. But the Quest immediately before us, the finding of the shield, is clear. And because it is clear and is concerned with the every-day things of our common life it will cause disappointment. When the young enthusiastic disciple came to the Master expecting to be admitted to the hidden mysteries, disappointment awaited him. He was set some menial task—to sweep the paths and clean the steps leading to the temple. And if the West is really sincere in its search for Universal Brotherhood and the City of God on Earth it must cast aside its garments of intellectual pride, of fine-spun notions of Social Deity, the jewelled girdle of state-serfdom, the gaudy emblems of mediæval guilds, and begin in sackcloth to sweep the leaves from the upward path.

This is the beginning of the way of renunciation. The Christian Socialist is always clamouring for renunciation; but whereas Socialism merely calls

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upon the individual to renounce appetites and desires for the earthly benefit of his contemporaries, the call of the Quest is for the renunciation of all preconceived ideas. If life is indeed a Quest for the Holy City, what are we doing with this long procession of ready-made buildings, and on what unhappy race are we going to inflict these stucco environments? Even for those of us who would stay at home content with what *is* rather than what *should be* there is no permanent abiding place.

"In the sphere of social organization," says G. D. H. Cole, "it is profoundly true that

> "'Each age is a dream that is dying
> And one that is coming to birth.'

"For the associations, customs, laws and conventions among which we live are a queer mixture of obsolete and obsolescent survivals from the past, with other social forms in the prime of life, and yet others which are only beginning to assume the true social shape of their maturity. The social prophet is not he who builds Utopias out of his own imagination, but he who can see in these rising associations, in these laws which are 'precedents,' and these forming habits the signs of the future, and can rightly say whither they are tending or what social functions they can be made to serve."

All this is undoubtedly true and well put. But a sane view of associations, customs, laws and conventions will simply lead to a sharpening of the sword of accumulated experience for practical purpose; it will lead us no further in quest of the shield of safety without which we are defenceless in a world of communal selfishness with none other God than ourselves.

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In his masterly analysis of social organization Mr. Cole limits himself to the purely Western communities and would "hesitate to apply even to Russia generalizations based on West European study and experience," and still less would he "venture to apply them to the civilizations of the East." There is no bridging here of the gulf set between East and West; rather it is more clearly defined. It is a confession of failure, on the part of a brilliant thinker, to find the necessary links which shall bind them to each other. The reason is that such links can be forged neither in the East nor in the West, but that each must supply material which welded together will endure. Some communities possess certain qualities in abundance while others are neglected and lie dormant. Broadly speaking the West has been supreme in the realm of reason, and the East in that of religion. From a purely geocentric point of view the tendency of the West of recent years has been in a social direction while the tendency of the East has always been in a racial direction. The unit of society is the individual, the unit of the race is the family. The social unit, in spite of all religion *ad hoc* and the supposititious attributes of a limited deity, must always remain secular; the racial unit coming from an infinite past to link up with an infinite future has always been a sacred one. The Western outlook on daily life is secular for six days in the week and conventionally religious on the seventh; while in the East every day is a day of worship, every act within the circle of the family has its religious significance. Social adjustment is the goal of the West, spiritual adjustment that of the East. "My duty towards my neighbour is my duty towards God" sums up all Western Socialism. "My duty towards God includes

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my duty towards my neighbour" is the answer of the East. And here we pass from the limited space of contemporary godhead to seek adjustment with the illimitable. This is the beginning of adventure in quest of the City of Sarras.

No living writer has expressed this need for a wider sphere better than Mr. Edmond Holmes. And if I quote at length from *All is One*, it is because this divine urge that sweeps us forward, that forbids us to make long tarrying in any habitation made by human hands, will bring the widening horizon before us better than any words of mine. "Beyond the Human Commonwealth, the as yet unorganized City of man, beyond this and embracing it and finding an appropriate place for it in its own infinite life, is the Cosmic Commonwealth, the City of God. The pan-human self is higher than the patriotic self. The pan-cosmic self is the highest of all. Whatever may be the community to which we give loyalty and service, and with which we identify self, we must realize that it has its meaning and its purpose by reference to a community which is wider than itself; and that the same law holds good of the wider community, and so on, till we come at last to the community which transcends and includes all the rest."

Self-sacrifice with one's eyes on the ideal end of all self-sacrifice,—this is the way of salvation for the mass of mankind, and this is the way which the Christ-ideal challenges us to enter. It is always the individual who is called upon both to give and give up. But if he sacrifice to the Social God alone, then as Mr. Holmes points out we are no better than the tribesman in the troublous dawn of civilization. For "the community claimed the whole of what is poten-

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tially infinite, man's capacity for self-sacrifice; and in making this claim upon it, it directed it towards a finite end. This was the capital offence of tribalism, and it was because of this that it perished." And because of this all systems of Socialism which seek to enclose that which is infinite in that which is limited and circumscribed, are foredoomed. The way of sacrifice is the only way by which the individual soul can attain and receive the freedom of the City of God. But there are two gates, and not one, through which all must pass: one the gate of the Ever-present—the social gate, and one the gate of the Infinite Beyond—the racial gate. And if the Past is "a pathway which the feet of spirits have trodden and made luminous," the same is true of the Future. The greater the cosmic vision the further we shall adventure into the formless dusk ahead, leaving a bright trail for the feet of the unborn. Those who work for their age alone will perish with the age. Those who appeal to their age alone will call unheard by the generations that have marched beyond them. Of those who loitered with their contemporaries nothing but the fading inscriptions of a deserted cemetery remain. Is it nothing to us to feel that when we have utterly vanished from sight and hearing, we may still join issue in great events, still take part in the battle, still help to turn defeat into victory; that a light that has once shone may still cause men to glorify the source of all light? Here is the legitimate will to immortality on earth that needs no dark room and unscrupulous medium for its message.

'An age of unrest,'—this is our label for the passing age; and unrest begets impatience, and impatience invents short cuts. Socialism by bloody revolution is the short cut to the solution of human suffering. And

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so we are presented with the figure of Christ in red tie and cloth cap, his features distorted with hatred, preaching the doctrine of class-warfare from the street-corner. And to this Rachel of the ages weeping for her children comes the dope doctor of Spiritualism with his Palladino pharmacopœia and twilight trickery. It is easy and not hard, as some pretend, to become a Socialist. If you lose your friend for the sake of an opinion, then you have never had that friend. But the torture of striving with the apparently insoluble problem of poverty and hunger and the stunting of human growth is no longer yours; you have come out of the stormy waters of competition into the eternal doldrums of no competition. You have surrendered to counsels of despair on the one hand, and prophecies of perfection on the other. Human nature being what it is, no amount of individual initiative can avail. As for voluntary co-operation,—it is the devil's trump card, since more than anything it raises false hopes and retards the great good day of communism by law, of equality by compulsion. Fall in by associations, by guilds, by crafts starting in line, running abreast in the no-prize race. And when the daily task is done and the daily portion is distributed, off to your neighbour's back garden to take in his washing surreptitiously and blush to find it bleached. To the dominant leaders of modern crusades and revolutionary zealots who are never happy unless they are punching plastic clay into their own images, such a state of things would be hell. But every externalist is moved to action by the conviction that to him and to his friends alone will be given the task of ordering the race. In imposing their will from without, to use their own words, they are but 'interpreting the latent will of the people.' But to

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me the people are children who have never been allowed to grow up—children with the stature and desires of men and women and the mentality of their thirteen years of desultory schooling. Who can interpret the latent will of a child? This is the grand game of the politicians which has been played since the French Revolution, the pastime of those whose belief in themselves and their man-made systems, whose desire to realize the Millennium in their time and through them, outweighs their love for those they profess to lead. In their impatience to administer the estate of an infant by laying it in ruins and rebuilding it according to plans drawn up in 1848, they appeal to the latent will of a child. And how thickly is the bread buttered, the pill coated. "My little man, my little god, without whom nothing is made, whose labour is the sole source of value, give me the title-deeds of your inheritance and I will build you paradise. Only believe in me and all things shall be accomplished." Truly the modern Anti-Christ differs but little from the Satan of old. He is never a deep thinker; for the deeper we delve, the wider we range, the more we shed the personal, the preconceived, the prejudged. His is not the diffusion of personality for love, but the concentration of personality for power. And so, "again, the Devil taketh Christ up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Adopt my method, conquer through force of arms, achieve your victory not through the hearts but over the bodies of men, and I will give you the moulding of this sorry scheme of things to your desire. And the answer of Christ, the Contemporary of all generations, is the same to-day as

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it was yesterday and will be to-morrow: "Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

But the service which is perfect freedom will never be rendered in the international Babel of the West, but only in the central City, in the spiritual place of the City of Sarras. And before we set foot on the road there is much to accomplish. If any of us go on a long journey to a distant country involving months of absence, we have first to set our own house and affairs in order. This is the beginning of Eastern wisdom. The home is the central spiritual place from which love radiates outwards into the world. No earthly ceremony performed by priest can be more than a simple symbol of the revelation that God has joined two people together and a warning to the world to come not between them. "All love," says H. G. Wells, "is a sacrament, and all lovers are priests to each other." No man is honoured who fails in his duty to the race, whose right to survival and worshipful remembrance must be fulfilled through him alone. Lastly the greatest of all God's laws—unity in variety—starts with the union of opposite sexes. For "he that made them at the beginning made them male and female," both seeking the essential complement in each other until they are no more twain but one flesh, until the primal unity of life has been accomplished. Man attains not by himself, nor woman by herself; but, like the one-winged birds of the Chinese legend, they must join wing to wing and soar together. From the centre to the circumference is the law, and not from any arbitrary point of association, guild, craft, sect or nationality. The centre is the point where alone the crowning miracle of life is wrought, whence life radiates

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to the North and to the South, to the East and to the West. All other ties and fellowships and fraternities are but enlargements of the divine microcosm. The head of the family (and here we part company for a time with the East) is not the father nor, as some modern feminists would have it, the mother, but the twain who have become one flesh. This is the high priest in the sacred calling of every-day life where every act reflects with infinite tenderness upon the past and challenges with infinite hope the future. Here at last the West outstrips the East in the tardy recognition of a woman's soul. Through the unique teaching of Christ recognized from the very first in the early Christian Church, thrown afterwards to the wolves of militarism and trampled under in the bull-rule of battle, conquest and possession, woman takes her place, co-worker, co-equal, co-partner of man. Strange as it may seem, this recognition so universally denied by Buddhist, Brahmin and Mahommedan is the first step in the direction of the City of Sarras, a step which only the West can take. Yet once again must the caravan set out across the stony deserts of Kismet over the cold glaciers of caste and the barren peaks of sex-isolation to lay myrrh and frankincense at the cradle of a child reborn.

"O spiritual pilgrim rise: the night has grown her single horn,
The voices of the souls unborn are half adream with Paradise.

"To Mecca thou hast turned in prayer with aching heart and eyes that burn:
Ah Hajji, whither wilt thou turn when thou art there, when thou art there?

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"God be thy guide from camp to camp: God be thy shade from well to well;
God grant beneath the desert stars thou hear the Prophet's camel-bell.

"And, son of Islam, it may be that thou shalt learn at journey's end
Who walks thy garden eve on eve, and bows his head, and calls thee Friend."

Yet if the challenge is to the East to pass beyond Mecca on its pilgrimage to a City more enduring, the challenge is equally to the West to pass beyond the guarded walls of an iron-girdered brick-and-mortar millennium from which there is no escape. To us the danger that in our haste to exact the brotherhood of man we repudiate the fatherhood of God through whom alone we can claim kinship with all men. Surely it is not to those who boast of their conglomerate deity, but to the meek, that the promise of inheritance was made. For the moment power is passing into the hands of the former, these Sinn Feiners of the universe, these spiritual gunmen with their personalities loaded with egoism and hair-trigger brains pointing in their brother's direction. And all around us the cry is "Hands up"—and, as an afterthought—"in the name of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth." Never was an age more self-conscious both of its virtues and defects. Social reformers following the commercial tendencies of their day have become monopolists. Truth is now a patent pill for pale penitents. Man having eaten of the fruit of social knowledge has become conscious of his neighbour's nakedness. I picture my unhappy neighbour as a haggard fugitive bare as birth gave him, pursued by a frantic mob of well-doers and good-intentioners

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elbowing each other jealously from the panting prize. Out of all doors and through all windows leaps this unlocked medley of benevolent peeping Toms. Men in linen ephods, women in sandals, men with no hats and long hair streaming, and women clad as men, people with red ties and no ties. And far away in the rear of this surge and multitude and the ardours of the social chase are little neglected homes where those left behind eat out their hearts in silence, and children's eyes asking the unanswered 'where' grow dull with questioning. Always the desire is to project oneself into others, to force upon them the nostrums of one's own compounding and call it the Elixir of Christianity or of Life. But this so-called forgetfulness of self is nothing more than a supreme form of selfishness,—the desire to see oneself repeated to the *n*th degree in others. At its highest it is a purely emotional state and, as a gifted author has pointed out, "however potent emotion may be, however full of tenderness and winning sweetness it undoubtedly often is, yet emotion in its nature is necessarily short-lived, and, where the understanding does not give lasting support and approval, a broken reed to lean upon. The theosophy of the Upanishads, on the other hand, while teaching exactly the same doctrine, that a man shall love his neighbour as himself, sanctions it by an appeal to the understanding. The Self is one; the individual selves are really one in the supreme Self. 'He who realizes self in all beings, and all beings in self, thenceforth grieves not any more; what cause for sorrow can there be for him, thus beholding oneness only?'" The whole difference between Christ and the forceful personalities professing to speak in his name is that Christ made room for all men within himself, whereas they expect all men to make room for

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them. If any man has attained the peace which passeth all understanding, has found the garden of Paradise planted within himself, he has only to leave all doors and gates undone and his neighbour will come in of his own accord. Who made him a gardener of other people's gardens to cut out and uproot and plant at will? Conrad Noel in his recently published book, *The Battle of the Flags*, tells us that the real objective of personal reformation is "to get heaven for other people while you live." To me this is sheer vain-glorious individualism. I am not here to-day or there another day to get heaven for anyone of you whose own vision must be infinitely clearer to him than any mirage I could project. There can be only one reason for my presence to-day or the presence of another to-morrow—to share the experience of the Quest with the fellowship of the Quest. No true quest can ever be solitary or of no avail save to the individual seeker. It may begin in utter loneliness, but it must end in fellowship; for as the adventure grows we overtake and are overtaken. With some we but pass the time-of-day, with some we linger for an hour or so. Others have been our fellow-travellers for many a long mile, have shared all things with us, dangers and difficulties and delights. But for each one of us the crossroads of parting loom ahead and "*Ave atque Vale*" are the last words spoken between us. Then comes the rendezvous of the Quest. This is our night to tell the story of these years of wandering. Perhaps after all the tale is one that has been often told, the way is one that has been trodden many times before us. Yet no one has seen it twice alike. It is the new experience of the old, the tiny contribution of the individual experience to the common fund. And although the experience of one man may be greater

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and richer and more varied than that of another, what traveller has ever returned to say: I have found the Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth. It lies in such and such a direction. I have cleared a path in the jungle up to its very walls. It only remains for you men and women of my time to follow me and enter into possession. "A man's religion," says Tolstoi, "is the relation which he believes himself to bear to the endless universe." But only by exploration can that relationship be defined or at least apprehended. Revelation meets us at a bend in the road, in the converging of a track that melts into ours. And perhaps the greatest and most illuminating of experiences to me is to find myself both fellow-traveller and comrade with those I deemed to be opponents heading in the same and not the opposite direction to myself. "Religion and Revelation," says Conrad Noel, "are sometimes, perhaps always, the intensifying of what is most natural and human; and this is because the origin of the natural and human is God, and because God in coming into the human world was coming 'unto his own' to rediscover among men their proper nature, infusing humanity with a new life." But the natural and human begins with the genesis of man and woman and attains fulfillment only in the divine City of Revelations. Therefore if we seek the Commonwealth of Universal Love, the brotherhood of man, we must begin with the opening paragraph of God's greatest law of unity in diversity. "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." In the hidden life, in the guarded life of the Garden of Eden, lies the germ of all the gospel. The tiny life which is the very symbol of unity must be established in joy and wonder; the years of preparation must be

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garden-years before the bread of toil is eaten in the sweat of the face. From this unfailing source of happiness alone can social happiness broaden out into the dim horizons of the race. If the thousand sources of the social stream are polluted and trodden in, how shall the stream escape defilement and silting up?

If the West desires to know what real communism is, let it sit down at its family table and learn. Lenin cannot teach you, neither can Conrad Noel nor any other adherent of 'The Third International' with or without 'critical reservations.' It is only in the absolute communism of the sacred unit where all share in the common meal, in the common joy, the passing shadow and the grief that lingers, that we can serve our apprenticeship for the greater fellowship to come.

Acknowledging with all my understanding the fellowship of man, I utterly abjure and deny the 'Social God' who would circumscribe that fellowship. And yet I neither acknowledge my neighbour nor my duty towards my neighbour. For my neighbour is myself. In seeing my neighbour I see myself, in hearing my neighbour I hear myself. The sun fires one drop of water with all the colours of the rainbow, another is dimmed in shadow, one falls on the topmost leaf of the tallest tree, another is hidden in humble grass. But all are drawn from the same cloud-system, and the clouds from the sea; and from the clouds, brooding over the face of the waters, to the sea all will return. Who then is my neighbour and where am I in the obliterating unity of God?

And be not deceived by this most self-conscious of all words 'duty.' "Why," says the greatest of the Chinese mystics, "these vain struggles after charity and duty towards one's neighbour as though beating

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a drum in search of a fugitive." I return with delight to an hour of complete accord spent with my opponent and remember with Conrad Noel that "the origin of the natural and human is God." Unless therefore I can put myself in a natural and human relationship with my brother, the drum of duty will beat in vain. He is my elder—I look up to him, my younger—I protect him, my equal—I share with him these toys, these school-books, these pastimes and pleasures, not mine nor his but ours; and if we quarrel and fall out, who shall compose our difference? "Whom," says Chuang Tzŭ, "shall I employ as arbiter between us? If I employ someone who takes your view, he will side with you. How can such a one arbitrate between us? If I employ someone who takes my view, he will side with me. . . . And if I employ someone who either differs from or agrees with both of us, he will be equally unable to decide between us. Since then you, and I and man, cannot decide, must we not depend upon Another. Such dependence is as though it were not dependence. We are embraced in the obliterating unity of God." Thus falling back upon the natural and human, which is also the divine within ourselves, all differences and quarrels and enmities will melt as mists before the sun. If humanity could but understand the divine origin of humanity, there would be no place for evil in this clamouring controversial world.

It is from within that the answer must come, from within that the supreme decision must be taken. It is from within that the Kingdom of Heaven will awake, from the memory of a dreaming soul to the reality of life. Rigid externalist and rigidly logical to his creed of violence from without, the author of *The Battle of the Flags* will have nothing to do with the Kingdom of

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God 'within.' For him 'among you' or 'upon you' or 'in the midst of you'; anything in fact rather than 'within' must be substituted. And yet if the Kingdom is not within us, it is nowhere nor ever will be anywhere. There is nothing without me, not Conrad Noel nor Karl Marx nor my neighbour nor the grass, the trees and the flowers; nothing but the overflow of God. He it is who fills up this tiny cell and brims into the universe, who plenishes the dawn of man with his chrism and pours upon the ebbing twilight the glory of his unction. Conscious of this we shall be unconscious of all else, of politics and parties and missions and duties, the changing *camouflage* of self-righteousness woven by every age to its own fashion. What we give is nothing, what we give back is everything—life to the source of life, growth to the nourisher of growth, visions of beauty to the master of colour and line and form, dreams of love to the reality of love, the God whose very essence is love, our diversity to his unity. Those who have first sought the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness will find all things added which man in his blindness seeks to take by violence.

L. CRANMER-BYNG.

(Read at an Open Meeting of the Quest Society, June, 1922.)

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THE BROKEN BREAD SYMBOLISM OF THE LAST SUPPER.

ROBERT EISLER, Ph.D.

Was ist heilig? Das ist's, was viele Menschen zusammenbindet,
Bänd es auch nur leicht, wie die Binse den Kranz.
GOETHE, *The Four Seasons.*

IN the July number of THE QUEST for 1921, p. 472, the Rev. Dr. Anderson quotes from Loisy the thesis that: "The idea and form of the 'Lord's Supper' were suggested by Paul, who conceived them in a vision on the model of the Pagan mysteries." Similarly Dr. Preserved Smith (*The Monist*, April, 1908) avers that: "The account of the 'Last Supper' is an etiological cult-story, designed to authorise a custom otherwise established in the early community," holding it as undoubted that "the Eucharist was borrowed from the Mystery-religions."

This theory, which is neither new nor confined to these authors, may be stated in the form of the following three correlative propositions:

That the Eucharist must be of Pagan origin, because the Jews themselves are ignorant of the very idea of a theophagic rite; that therefore it must be an institution, not of Jesus, the purely Jewish prophet, but of Paul, the father of the *ecclesia ex gentibus;* and that consequently the synoptic accounts of the Last Supper, far from being original independent traditions

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of the earliest Jewish Christian Church, must on the contrary be derived from Paul's in this case purely visionary description of it in I. Cor. 11_{23}.

I was myself for years under the influence of the first of these theses, as stated by Eichhorn in his essay *Das Abendmahl* (1899), where he says that we must look out for a Pagan, Oriental prototype of the Eucharist, seeing that a sacramental, not to speak of a theophagic, rite was absolutely foreign to the Jewish cult-system. I even imagined for a certain time that I had discovered this Pagan prototype, and read a paper on the subject before the IIIrd International Congress for the History of Religions in Oxford (1908).

If I mention this youthful scientific peccadillo, it is only to assure the reader that it is not theological prejudice against the application of the comparative method to the history of Christian origins which is at the bottom of my present conviction that all three above-quoted propositions are to be reckoned among the most misleading errors in the whole history of New Testament research.

There was—and what is more, there still exists, almost unchanged in the course of nineteen hundred years, and easily witnessed wherever old Ahasver still clings to his ancestral customs in spite of his world-embracing wanderings—a peculiar ceremony in the regular orthodox Jewish Passover-meal ritual which accounts for every single word or idea that has ever contributed to the formation of the peculiar communion-rite of the Christian Church. Viewed on the background of this ceremony and of its (since then most significantly obliterated) eschatological meaning, the 'enigmatic words' of the so-called institution of the Eucharist become perfectly clear and intelligible, and

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a flood of light also falls on the different aspects of the rite in its subsequent development. The following account of this peculiar feature of the Pascal meal, is taken from the article 'Mazzah' (=Unleavened Bread) in the American *Jewish Encyclopedia* (p. 395b):

"The three *mazzoth* used at the Seder-service on Passover eve are placed one on the other in a plate or in a threefold cover made especially for the occasion. The three *mazzoth*-cakes are distinguished as Kohen, Levi and Israel. The 4th order of the Seder is *Yaḥaz*, in which the middle *mazzah* (Levi) is broken into two parts, the larger being put aside as *'afiqomen*, with which the meal is finished, the smaller part is left between Kohen and Israel. When the *haggada* is recited, the *mazzoth* are uncovered and exposed to view. The 8th order of the Seder is *Mazzah;* in it a piece of the Kohen and a piece of the Levi is eaten after the benediction *Ha-Mozi* and *Mazzah*. The Israel is eaten during the 10th order (*Korek*) with the bitter herbs as practised by Hillel."

Here we have the eating in common of a loaf of unleavened bread, which is apparently understood to represent somehow Jewry in its even now ritually recognized three classes—Priests, Levites and People. This symbolism—if one may provisionally call it so—is neither quite unprecedented nor difficult to explain; for as early as in Hosea 7_8 we find the prophetic utterance: "Ephraim [the northern tribes] has become a half-burnt loaf of ash-bread,[1] which has not been turned over in time," owing to the neglect of the bakers, and which is "eaten up by foreign Barbarians."

The idea of a people becoming 'bread' or 'food'

[1] Hebrew '*uggah* (='round') bread, the very term applied to the *mazzoth*-cakes in Ex. 12_{39}; Vulgate *panis subcinerarius*.

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(the more general meaning of *lehem*) for an oppressor or conqueror is met with in Num. 14_9, when Joshuah declares that the people of Canaan "will be our 'bread,'" and also in the present text of a twice-recurring song in the Psalter (14_4, 53_5, Anc. Vers.): "Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people (as) they eat bread and call not upon the Lord?" But most probably Duhm's commentary is right in assuming that this rhythmically defective and grammatically awkward verse should be supplemented by a repetition of the divine name and read: "Have the evildoers no sense, eating up my people? They eat the bread of the Lord; (but) to the Lord they do not pray." Here the evildoers would be the unbelieving priesthood, who 'eat up' the people; they 'eat the bread of God,' but do not really worship him.

The 'food of God,' eaten vicariously by the priests, refers to the sacrifices in general (thus Lev. 21_6, $_{8, 17}$), the 'bread of God,' more especially to the twelve loaves of the so-called shew-bread, the number of which indicates that they were meant as representative offerings of the twelve tribes, the idea being that God would eat of the bread of each tribe and thereby enter into the sacred relation of food-communion with each. The 'people of thy bread' (Ob. 7), or 'the men of thy bread' (Sir. 9_{16}), is an expression equivalent to 'thy confederates,' thy 'blood-' or more literally 'bread-brothers,' thy *com-panions* (mediæval French *com-paigns*, modern *co-pains*, ancient German *gi-leibo*, ancient Gothic *ga-hlaiba* = 'loaf-sharers'). This is assuredly the idea underlying the Pascal eating of the three loaves. The participants of this meal celebrate the bread-covenant of the individual or rather of the individual household with the whole nation.

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The three loaves on the Passover-table, corresponding to the three classes of the post-exilic theocracy (Kohen, the priestly aristocracy, Levi, the temple officers and cult-servants, and Israel, the rank and file of the people), *may* have superseded an original *single* loaf representative of Israel and its tribal unity, for the Hebrew word for 'bread' (*leḥem*) is derived from a root LḤM, meaning 'to unite closely,' as it were 'to knead together,' and has therefore a very appropriate connotation for this purpose; or they *may* correspond to the *twelve* loaves on the table of the sanctuary which are representative of the old pre-exilic tribal system. But in either case they were originally understood as the 'bread *of* Israel, *of* Kohen, *of* Levi,' which is ceremonially eaten in order to emphasize the 'companionship' or bread-communion existing between the individual household and the whole nation. The loaves *are* not Israel, neither are they *symbolic of* Israel, Kohen and Levi, but they represent simply the 'bread *of* Israel,' *of* its priesthood, and finally (as in the shew-bread rite) of its God—the 'food' of them all, of which the individual partakes in the Passover ritual. But of course our quotations show how easily the Oriental mind evolved on a different basis figurative expressions of the type 'they eat up my people.' Jewish exegetes would not, in the manner of a Greek logician or philosophizing Church-father, split hairs about what 'is' and what 'signifies' or even symbolizes a given thing.

In the light of this still-existing rite of eating a *mazzah* Israel the reader is invited to consider the following thanksgiving to be said over the 'broken bread' according to *The Teaching of the Apostles* (9[3]), a Palestinian Jewish-Christian document, redis-

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covered in 1883 by the Patriarch of Jerusalem Manuel Bryennios, which may well be contemporary with Luke and Acts or at least with John:

"We thank thee, our Father, for the life and the gnosis, which thou hast revealed to us through Jesus thy servant. Praise be to thee in all eternity.

"As this broken bread was once winnowed asunder on top of the mountains and then brought together into one, even so may thy assembly [*ekklesia*, the Jewish *qahal*] be brought together from the ends of the earth into thy realm. For thine is the glory and the power through Jesus the Anointed One in all eternity."

I for one do not see the slightest reason why the tradition that this eschatological Messianist prayer goes back to a saying of Jesus[1] should be less trustworthy than the synoptic traditions about the teaching of the more familiar 'Lord's prayer.' The scriptural basis of the little oration is obviously Is. 4_4: "Thou shalt fan them and the wind shall carry them away, the whirlwind shall scatter them"; and 27_{12}: "It shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall thrash out [corn, beginning] from the ear of the River [=Euphrates] unto the stream of Egypt; and ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel!"

The gathering of the dispersed corn as a figurative expression of the *qibbuz galioth* (*Pes.* 88a)—the in-gathering of the Diaspora—which is to precede the Messianic Kingdom,[2] corresponds perfectly with the

[1] Cyprian, *Epist.* 69, 5 (ed. Hartel, ii. 574): "When our Lord calls his body a bread brought together through the uniting of many grains."

[2] It is prayed for also in the after-dinner blessing of the *Didachē* (10_5): "Lead thy holy assembly from all the four winds together into thy realm"; also in the regular Jewish prayer before meals: "Unite us dispersed ones from amidst the nations, us exiles from all parts of the world and unite us in Zion thy city."

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Jesus-saying about the Lord's harvest and his harvesters (Mt.9$_{37}$, Lk. 10$_{2}$ Q) as also with the parable of the wheat and the tares (Mt. 13$_{24\text{-}30}$; cp. Mk. 4$_{26\text{-}29}$). It is a figure which occurs already in the sermons of John the Baptist (Mt. 3$_{12}$, Lk. 3$_{17}$). But the distinctive feature that the formerly scattered corn,[1] thrashed and gathered by God, grain by grain, is brought together into one loaf, symbolizing the re-united people of Israel, is quite evidently an allusion to the *mazzah* Israel, which is broken and eaten in the 10th order of the Passover-service.

That indeed, as the Eucharistic prayer in the *Teaching of the Apostles* implies, a peculiar form of blessing and a teaching about the bread Israel did form part of 'the gnosis, revealed by God through Jesus' during the Last Supper's 10th order, is confirmed by the well-known cautions against the 'leaven of the Pharisees,' the 'leaven of the Sadducees' and the 'leaven of Herod,' which circulated first as an isolated saying (Lk. 12$_{1}$) and was later on clumsily tacked on to the bread-story of the miraculous feeding of the multitude. Its original connection with the doctrine about the unleavened dough of the Passover-service is preserved by Paul (I. Cor. 5$_{6\text{-}8}$).

I have never come across a really satisfactory explanation why a heretical doctrine or impious example should be called a 'leaven' of which to beware. The figurative description of the sacred teaching or the 'word of God' as 'bread from heaven' cannot really explain it, for this spiritual bread (Deut. 8$_{12}$) is never called unleavened; on the contrary the 'kingdom of heaven' itself is likened to a leaven

[1] Cp. Ignatius, Rom. 4$_{1}$: "I am the corn of God, ground by the teeth of the wild beasts, so that I might be proved to be a pure grain of the Messiah."

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(Mt. 13[33]).[1] Indeed in itself leavened bread is by no means bad bread, or even worse or less pure bread than the unleavened, quite the contrary. This difficulty vanishes if we remember the loaf Israel in the Passover-service, which is and must be a *mazzah*. It is the loaf Israel which may become leavened, that is to say unfit for the service of God (on whose shew-bread table hieratic conservatism would not allow the new-fangled leavened bread) by the contact with the 'leaven' of Pharisees, Sadducees or Herodian Hellenists. The saying is simply an adaptation of the Rabbinic notion (*Chullin* 4a; *J. Shebi.* viii. 38b) that the Jewish Passah may be defiled by contact with the 'leaven of the transgressors of the Law' or the 'leaven of the Samaritans.'

It should also be observed, that according to the Talmud (*Berakhot*, f. 48) Joshuah—the Jesus of the Septuagint—instituted the *birkat ha'arez*, the 'blessing of the land' and of the food derived from it (the second clause of the grace before meals, which is said also before the Passover supper), when he entered the Land of Promise, at the Passover in Gilgal. Consequently as a second Joshuah who is to lead his people into the Kingdom of Promise, Jesus would be expected to institute a new form of grace for meals at the first Passover of the Messianic age.

Still more instructive than the rite of eating the loaf Israel is the ceremonial connected with that of the Levi, when in the 4th order of the ceremony this is 'broken into two parts,' the larger

[1] Cp. with this what is said about the unleavened bread in the Passover-rite: "This *mazzah*, why do we eat it? Because the dough of our fathers could not ferment (develop its qualities) before the King of kings, blessed be He, revealed Himself and redeemed them." The Messianic application of the sentence is obvious.

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part of it is set aside as *'afiqomen*, with which the meal—the real supper included in the *seder*—is finished. 'Set aside' means that the celebrating householder—be it the father of the family or whatever elder or honoured guest leads the function in his stead—starts as it were a game of hide-and-seek by tucking this piece of bread away as secretly as possible among the cushions upon which he is leaning according to the time-honoured custom of the Passover meal. It is left to the youngest and cleverest present to find it, and the president has to redeem it from the lucky finder with a gift of some kind before it is broken, distributed and eaten at the end of the ceremony (*Pesach.* 109a), while the Kohen, the other half of the Levi and the Israel are eaten immediately before the supper. The meaning of this rite is not easily established, because the Rabbinic tradition apparently does not favour it; it seems to have been forgotten—or perhaps purposely obscured—at an early date.

The Tosephta (=Additional Explanation) to *Pes.* x.8 explains the *'afiqomen* as (including) sweet fruit, nuts, dates and the like. Ugolini[1] quotes from the treatise *Lewush Hachur* of R. Mordechai as follows: "Because *'afiqomen* is a reminiscence of the Passover lamb which they used to eat after having satiated themselves; therefore they were wont to eat nothing more, not even fruit, after the *'afiqomen*, in order that the taste of the *'afiqomen* should remain in their mouths, even as our fathers used to do in former times with the Passover lamb." Similarly Elias Levita[2] says that *'afiqomen* is eaten instead of the Passah lamb at the end of the meal, when "this piece of unleavened bread is conse-

[1] *Diss. de Ritibus in Coena Domini* (*Thes. Antiqq. Sacr.*, xvii. 1176ff.).

[2] Ap. Buxtorf, *Synagoge Judaica* (1603), p. 106b.

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crated." We have also two proverbial sayings that sound like jokes: (1) "To eat much *'afiqomen* makes for a long life"; and (2) concerning a man who dies in extreme old age: "He has eaten too much *'afiqomen*" —the point being that a man cannot possibly get more than a single bit once a year. A piece of *'afiqomen* carried in the ritual 'four-cornered underwear' (*'arbā' kanfoth*) was believed to be a protection against the evil eye; a similar superstition clung to the *pain béni* wafers in the Christian Middle Ages.

That is about all we know of the *'afiqomen;* and it would not be of much use for the purpose of this paper, were it not that the name itself has a story of its own to tell about the meaning of the quaint hide-and-seek ceremony connected with it. The current explanation is that it is a Greek loan-word and should be read *epikomon*[1] or *epikomion* from *epikomizō* 'to bring along something,' or it is derived from *epikōmion*, 'belonging to the revelry,' 'to the feast.' The word *is* obviously Greek, but its traditional vowels and the aspirated *pi* do not tally with a word beginning with *epi*.

On the other hand, without abandoning the traditional vowels and consonantal pronunciation, we obtain a very good Greek word, namely *aphikomen(os)*, the 'arriving,' 'arrived' or 'coming one.' It would also correspond to a Hebrew phrase *leḥem habā*, Aramaic *laḥma 'athē*, lit. 'the coming,' the 'future bread,' this being a shorter form of '*leḥem shel 'ōlam habā*,' 'bread of the coming,' *i.e.* future, 'world or age.'

If we adopt this eschatological or Messianic sense for the enigmatic word *'afiqomen*, the whole meaning

[1] Levy, *N.Hbr.Wb.*, i. 142b.

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of the rite becomes transparent. If the three loaves, Israel, Kohen and Levi, have been evolved from an original single *mazzah* Israel, then the larger part which is broken from it, hidden away, recovered, redeemed and at last 'enjoyed' at the end of the meal under the significant name of 'the coming,' 'the arriving' or 'the arrived one,' would seem a very appropriate symbolism for the lost ten tribes, whose happy return was expected for the beginning of the Messianic age. The *'afiqomen*, '*lcḥem habbā*' or '*laḥmā 'athē*,' would thus typify the 'coming' reunited Israel which is now scattered over the mountains or hidden away in an unknown land. In this form the rite would correspond very closely with the above-quoted prayer in the *Didachē*, for there a broken bread represents the reunited Diaspora, whereas in the extant form of the rite the Israel is a whole, unbroken *mazzah*, so that the 'broken' bread of the prayer would have to be explained as the anticipation of its subsequent division among the participants.

In the present form of the Passover ritual the *'afiqomen* broken off at the beginning of the meal from the *mazzah* Levi cannot of course typify the bread of the lost and returning tribes, the 'future' or 'coming' Israel. Yet we have not to look very far for a satisfactory explanation of this *'afiqomen* broken off from Levi. Whoever is conversant with the Greek original of the New Testament, will notice at once that '*ho aphikomenos*' (Heb. *habbā;* Aram. *'athē*) is an exact synonym of the well-known covert expression '*ho erchomenos*' ('he who comes,' 'the future one') for the Messiah. "Art thou *ho erchomenos*—he that is to come? Or do we look for another?" The Baptist is here questioning Jesus (Mt. 11_3, Lk. 7_{19} Q). And

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Jesus himself says (Mt. 23^{39}, Lk. 13^{35} Q): "Ye shall not see me henceforth till ye shall say: Blessed be 'he that cometh' in the name of God" (*Barukh habbā beshem Adonai*). At the triumphal entry into Jerusalem Jesus is hailed by the people as '*ho erchomenos*,' 'he that cometh' in the name of the Lord, that is 'the future' vice-gerent of God, the Messiah. Still more characteristic for the word being a standing term of Messianic hope we have Heb. 10^{37}: "'He that shall come' will come and will not tarry," and a number of other passages. In all these cases '*ho aphikomenos*' could be substituted for '*ho erchomenos*' with hardly any difference of meaning. Moreover, in the benedictions of the *Didachē* (10^{6}), which are the starting point of this disquisition, as in the Epistles (1 Cor. 16^{22}), we have the Messianic formula of confession '*Maran atha*' —'Our Lord *has come*' (Jud. v. 14).

This explains why the loaf '*aphiqomen*' is broken off from the *mazzah* Levi. For we have good and ample evidence that, notwithstanding the tradition of a Messiah *ben David* descended from Judah and of an Ephraimite Messiah *ben Josef*, the Messiah was also expected by a certain school of Jewish eschatologists to be *a scion of Levi*, that is a priest, born of priestly race. The underlying idea is that the Messiah will be a second Moses (Deut. 18^{18}), a second 'redeemer' (*go'el*) like the first one,[1] therefore of course even as Moses (Ex. 2^{4}, 6$^{6\text{-}20}$) of Levitic descent; perhaps also the hope that in the ideal state of things the functions of the king and the high priest, of the secular and spiritual rule over a nation which was destined

[1] Midrash Ruth rabba 41a.; Exod. r. §26: *go'el harishon—go'el haaḥaron*, 'the first like the last redeemer.' See below on the manna-miracle of the second Moses and cp. the chapter on Moses as a prototype of the Messiah in G. Klein, *Essäismus und Christentum*.

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originally to become 'a kingdom of priests' (Ex. 19$_6$), would melt into one.

If thus the *'afiqomen* broken off from the *mazzah* Levi signified 'the coming one' out of the clan Levi, the expected priestly Messiah and second Moses, it follows that the hiding of it, the search for it, and its subsequent finding and being presented to the assembly at the end of the meal was meant to typify the hidden existence of the pre-existing Messiah in the present age and his triumphal revelation at the end of times. As the book of Enoch says (62$_7$): "The Messiah is *in hiding* from the beginning of ages"; his present dwelling is under the wings of the Lord of the Spirits (36$_{6-7}$). In IV. Ezra (13, 52) he is supposed to be hidden in the deepest ocean. In Justin's Dialogue with the Jewish Rabbi Tryphon (ch. 8) the Jew says: "If the Messiah is born by now and dwells somewhere, it is impossible to find him; not even he himself knows of his dignity." Even so the Jews say in the Gospel of John (7$_{27}$): "No man knows whence the Christ cometh"; the Talmud of Jerusalem fables that the Messiah was born in Bethlehem on the day of the (first) destruction of the temple, but was carried away from his mother shortly afterwards by a thunderstorm. He remains in his heavenly hiding place until 'he comes' again to be revealed by the Prophet Elijah.

What more appropriate symbol for this Messiah born in the 'house of bread' (Beth-leḥem), hidden away and finally revealed and enjoyed, could be imagined than our *'afiqomen*, the 'coming one'? And this especially if we remember that the second *ge'ulah*, the Messianic redemption, was expected to correspond in every respect with the first, the deliverance from the bondage of Egypt. The Passover

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evening, which commemorates the Exodus from Egypt, is therefore the day when the Jewish mind most fervently prays for and most confidently expects the 'coming' and 'revelation' of the final redeemer and the end of this world of bondage.

The reader who has followed so far, will long have anticipated the gist of our argument. Even as in the Eucharistic prayer over the bread of the *Didachē* we have an echo of the words that Jesus spoke, *when he broke and divided the loaf Israel*, so his impressive 'enigmatic words': "Take (eat);[1] this (is) my body[2]" must have been pronounced when he 'took' the *'afiqomen*, blessed the bread and brake and gave to the disciples.

The quoted words are, as Jülicher[3] has well explained them, part of an 'acted parable,' such as we find frequently in the prophetic writings. The earliest and quite evident explanation of the words 'this (is) my body' is to be found in Paul (1 Cor. 11_{24}) —'which is broken on your behalf.' This is currently understood to mean: As this bread is broken and bruised for you (on your behalf), even so my body will be broken (or bruised) for you.

But the 'acted parable'—the action in the given situation—means more than this. The words 'this'—pointing to the *'afiqomen*—(is) 'my body,' 'my self,' are

[1] Mk. 14_{22}, Mt. 26_{26}. The bracketed word is wanting in Mk.

[2] The original Aramean '*hā-gufi*' (corresponding to the ritual-words '*hā laḥma 'anyā*'—'this is the bread of misery'—of the Passover *kiddush*)—literally 'this—my body,' is of course asyndetic; therefore I have bracketed the *is* of the Greek texts. Some Haggadoth read '*kehā laḥma*,' 'as this bread (is) the bread of misery,' and there are great Midrashic discussions about this variant. If Jesus said '*kehā-gufi*,' 'as this (bread) (is) my body,' a translator of the original Aramean gospel could easily read this '*kāh, hā gufi*,' 'here, this —my body.'

[3] *Zur Geschichte d. Abendmahls, Theol. Abh. f. C. v. Weizsäcker*, Freiburg, 1892.

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equivalent to saying: The *'afiqomen*, 'he that is to come'—that is myself. I am the future Messiah. But —I know it well—I am the 'suffering Messiah'; even as this loaf is broken for you, so shall I myself, my body, be broken and bruised for you. The words are meant to convey to the disciples the final, decisive revelation, that they are now and then eating, 'consuming' or 'having the Messiah,' as a strange but well-authenticated Jewish figurative expression phrases the idea of a given generation having experienced or enjoyed the presence of the Anointed One.[1]

Having once got hold of this clue, we can easily unravel the complicated theory of Paul on the meaning of the Lord's Supper (*kyriakon deipnon*). As is well known, the apostle identifies the eucharistic bread on the one hand with the 'corporation,' the '*corpus*,' the 'body' of the Church, and on the other hand with the body of the Messiah, arriving thereby at the idea of the Church being itself the mystic body of the Messiah. Nothing can be clearer now than the two passages in (I. Cor. 10_{17} and 5_6): "For we (although being) many, are *one bread* [see above the bread-prayer of the *Didachē*], *one body*, for we are partakers of that one bread. Behold, *Israel* after the flesh." And "Purge out the old leaven that ye may be *a new loaf* (dough), as ye are *unleavened*." Paul here uses the symbolic explanation given by Jesus for the united *mazzah* Israel, on the basis of his usual equation of the New Church with the 'Israel of God,' the 'spiritual Israel'; while in the corresponding verse (10_{16})—"The bread, which we break, is it not the communion of the body of the Messiah?"—he alludes to the *mazzah 'afiqomen*,

[1] Cp. *Sanhedrin* 99a, where R. Hillel says: "There is no Messiah to come for Israel, for long ago they have eaten him (*'akaluhu*) in the time of King Hiskiah."

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the bread typifying the Messiah. This unity of the loaf Israel and the *mazzah 'afiqomen* would be best explained if we could assume that in Paul's age there existed a simpler form of the rite, where one loaf stood for the present three, and when consequently the *'afiqomen* was broken off from the Israel loaf. But even with the three loaves' rite there is no great difficulty to overcome; for the Christian 'Israel of God,' the 'new Israel,' is (according to Rev. 1_6, 5_{10}, 20_6; Ex. 19_6), a nation and a kingdom *of priests only*, so that its 'communion' (*koinōnia*) with the bread of the *aphikomenos* could be symbolized by the latter's being part of the *mazzah* Levi.

But the trend of these ideas leads even further than this right up to the fourth evangelist's eucharistic doctrines, which we find severed from the account of the Last Supper—because of the author's Paulinist (I. Cor. 5_7) intention to identify Jesus himself with the slain Passover lamb—and tacked on to the bread-parable of the feeding of the multitude. The main feature of his sixth chapter is Jesus being asked as a second Moses (v. 31) to repeat the manna-miracle and his answer to the dumbfounded Jews (vv. 33, 50 f.): "The bread of God is he who cometh down from heaven. . . . This is the bread from heaven. . . . *I am the* living *bread* come down *from heaven*. . . . The bread that I will give is my flesh, which I shall give for the life of the world." In the present context, these words are so unintelligible that the reader whose commonsense is not obscured by a habit of unquestioning acceptance of whatever he finds in the scriptures, feels inclined to ask with the Jews (v. 52) what 'this man' can mean when he offers his 'flesh' to be eaten by them that they may live for ever. The words

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however become perfectly clear if they are taken as a midrashic development of Jesus' above-analysed saying about the '*afiqomen*-loaf and his being indeed the expected and sought-for one, who is 'coming' to suffer and to die for all of them that they may live. Even the worst 'stone of scandal' for the Jews (6_{52})—'the bread that I will give is *my flesh*,'—vanishes as a cloud before our eyes, if the saying is translated back into the original Aramean (by the by a conclusive proof of its authenticity). For the word *bisra*, 'flesh,' is indistinguishable from *bisra*, 'glad tidings,' the Greek *evangelion;* so that 'the bread I give you is *bisri*' can mean 'the bread I give you is my gospel, my good message' as well as 'my flesh.' The necessary explanation of the word-play, which is unintelligible in the Greek translation, is given in v. 63: "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh (*bisra*) profiteth nothing: *the words that I speak unto you* (=*bisri*, my message to you), they are spirit and they are life." There can be no doubt that the fourth evangelist knew perfectly well the intimate connection of this peculiar Messianic manna-doctrine with the Passover teaching of Jesus, for he says in v. 4, immediately before the multiplication of the five loaves, 'the Passover was nigh,' and interposes—most artificially—another day (v. 22) in order to convey the hint that the manna-sermon is a midrash for the Passover feast.

As a matter of fact, the manna-miracle of the Messiah was always closely connected with the Passover feast, in the liturgy of which it is twice mentioned and elaborately commented upon. For according to Ex. $16_{17\text{-}35}$, Josh. $5_{10\text{-}12}$, the manna ceased to fall on the Passover eve (14th of Nisan) at the arrival in the Land of Promise and was believed (*Chag.* 12b., *Tan.*

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Beshallah, 22) to have been thereafter reserved as the food of the righteous in the Messianic age (which is again to begin on a Passover eve); it is being ground in the third heaven, that of *Sheḥaqim* (=clouds, lit. mill-dust), thence to be rained down upon humanity, even as the Messiah, the 'just one,' whom the clouds will 'drop down' (Is. 45$_8$).

There is no doubt that certain remarkable Jewish speculations about the 'bread from heaven' can be traced with certainty in the earliest Christian doctrine of the eucharistic bread. Ps. 78$_{23f.}$ runs: "He hath commanded the clouds from above and opened the doors of heaven, and hath rained down manna upon them to eat and given them the corn of heaven. Man did eat angels' food (*leḥem 'abirim*)." This gave rise to the objection that angels (lit. 'mighty ones,' or better 'winged ones,' *'abirim*) did not eat. Therefore certain Rabbis[1] preferred to vocalize the text as *leḥem 'ebarim*, 'bread of limbs,' 'food for the limbs,' 'food to be absorbed completely by the 248 limbs of man.' This midrash is obviously known to Paul when, in his sermon on the Church being the unleavened bread, he equates the body of the sacrificed Messiah and the bodies of the participants of this Messianic bread with '*the limbs* of the Messiah' (I. Cor. 6$_{13}$). Another midrash goes so far as to say that the 'man' (*'ish*) eating this 'bread of limbs' was Joshuah. For the manna "fell down *upon his limbs and from his limbs* he was taking and eating it," while the manna for the other people fell down to the ground of the desert, whence they had to gather it up. This is a most remarkable fragment of tradition, for

[1] *Baraitha Yoma* 75b, *Mechilta Beshallah* 3 to Ex. 16$_{15}$, *Sifrē* to Num. 11$_6$, §88, *Midr. Shem Tob. ad. loc.*

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no other reason can be imagined for the preference of Joshuah—the Jesus of the Greek version—than his being a prototype of the Messiah.[1] The mention of the 'limbs of the Messiah' in Paul's exposition of the bread-allegory makes it highly probable that the second Jesus, who was to lead men into the final Kingdom, as the first had led the Jews into the Land of Promise, was also believed to have received from above and offered again to his disciples '*leḥem ebarav*,' the 'bread of his limbs.'

In any case the Jewish manna-doctrine offers the long-looked-for solution of an ancient difficulty in the interpretation of the singular expression concerning the bread in the beautiful, entirely Messianist, that is 'Christian,' or eschatological oration, the 'Lord's Prayer.'

"Our Father, which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.[2]
Thy kingdom[3] come,
Thy will be done on earth[4]
As it is in heaven.
Our[5] bread of the coming day (*arton epiousion*)

[1] See my *Orpheus the Fisher*, London, 1921, p. 171₁, 253₁.

[2] That is by a morally spotless life of Israel. This is technically called '*kiddush hashem*,' 'hallowing the name.' See the *Jewish Encyclopedia* under this heading. A pure life of men is the condition for the coming of the kingdom.

[3] This is the technically called 'kingdom of heaven,' the Messianic age.

[4] Where presently Satan and the 'angels of the nations' rule by divine consent and self-limitation. There is an exact parallel to this petition in the Messianic *Rachem*-prayer preceding the third Passover cup: "May the merciful one favour us with the 'days of the Messiah' and the 'life of the coming world.' May he grant his grace to David his anointed one. He who makes peace in his heights (=in heaven) may he make peace with us and in all Israel."

[5] Marcion read '*thy* bread' in his copy of Luke 11₃, meaning the bread of God. This is certainly a very good and ancient reading, not necessarily a Marcionite alteration.

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Give us to-day (*sēmeron*).[1]
And forgive us our debts
As we forgive our debtors,
And lead us not into the Trial[2]
But deliver us (straightway) from the Evil."[3]

The word '*epiousios*' occurs nowhere else; but *hē epiousa*, 'the coming one,' is a regular word for 'the next day,' 'to-morrow.' So *epiousios artos* is 'the bread for to-morrow,' as the word is translated in the Arabian, Æthiopic and Coptic versions; the *laḫma di maḥar*, 'bread of to-morrow,' as it was read by St. Jerome in the Aramean original of Matthew. But to pray for the material 'bread of to-morrow' always one day in advance is in utter contradiction to Jesus' command not to take thought for the coming day (Mt. 6$_{34}$). The Sahidic version and Cyril (in Lk. 26$_5$) have 'the coming bread' (*laḫma habbā*) which is equivalent to the above-discussed *'afiqomen*. This is a correct explanation, although not a literal translation. As a matter of fact, the phrase is a manifest allusion to the manna-story

[1] Mt. 6$_{12}$, Lk. 11$_3$, has *kat' hēmeran*='daily.' See Midrash R. to Canticles (12c.) *ge'ula maḥar*, 'the redemption of to-morrow,' for the Messianic age; and cp. Midrash Gen. r.s. (97 fol. 94a): "The daily redemption (*ge'ula bekal jom*) is like the *daily* feeding (*parnosa*), but the latter is more important than the first, the redemption being worked through a messenger, while man is fed by God Himself" (allusion to Deut. 8$_{12}$).

[2] This has originally nothing to do with individual 'temptations' to sin. *Peirasmos* is equivalent to the Heb. *massah*, pl. *massoth*, in the Septuagint (of Deut. 4$_{34}$, 7$_{19}$, 29$_2$), where it is applied to the seven plagues of Egypt. As these preceded the liberation from Egypt, so the 'delivery from the evil one' or from the present evil world will be preceded by fearful trials (*Apoc. Baruch* 27)—deluges of water, wind and fire, world-wars, famines and pestilences—by means of which God will 'try' humanity and separate the purified remnant from the wicked ones. Not everyone has to pass through these fearful sufferings; cp. Sanhedr. 98b.: "What is man to do in order to be spared the Messianic trials? He must study the law and practise loving kindness." And in the same place: "May he (the Messiah) come, but may I not see him," that is, suffer the *ḥebelêh Meshiaḥ*, the miseries of the Messianic age. Jesus' advice is to exercise forgiveness, so that God may forgive us sinners and spare us the terrible 'Trial.'

[3] In the Messianic age God will destroy the 'Evil Impulse' in man (*jezer ra'*) in the presence of the just and the wicked (*Sukka* 52a, b, after Ez. 36$_{26}$).

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in Ex. 16$^{22.29}$, where it is said that God gives of this 'bread from heaven' a 'double portion' (*leḥem mishneh*, 'double bread,' or *leḥem jomaim*, 'bread of two days'). This is quoted in the Mechilta to explain why the sabbatic and festival bread-benediction must be pronounced over two loaves of bread, the second being the 'bread for to-morrow,' *i.e.* the bread prepared for the sabbath or the respective feast-day. Since the Messianic millennium was thought of as the world's sabbath, the present age lasting 6,000 years, the 'bread of to-morrow' is equivalent to the 'bread of the world to come,' and to pray for its being given '*to-day*'—as the *Shemone' esre*-prayer and the Passover *haggada* say: "*Speedily*, O Lord, *in our days* rebuild Jerusalem thy city"—means nothing else but to pray for the immediate advent of the 'eternal' Messianic bread, the bread of the age when man will 'not hunger any more but for the word of God' (Amos 8$^{10ff.}$). This spiritual explanation is the one which was taught by Marcion and many expositors since his time, and it is manifest now that it is the only one which is consistent with a thoroughgoing comparative analysis of our documents. The 'coming' future bread which the disciples were taught to pray for, is the same which was finally revealed and given to them by their teacher during the Last Supper. This is the reason why the 'Our Father' with the prayer for the 'bread of to-morrow' is given in the *Didachē* immediately before the above-analysed thanksgiving words for the cup and the bread, and why it is still now an essential part of the mass-liturgy.

ROBERT EISLER.

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PRAGMATIC ENERGISM.

DOUGLAS AINSLIE, B.A., M.R.A.S.

WHEN I was asked to read a paper to the Quest Society, I made a mental decision in accepting: It must not be on Croce. Wherever I go I am met with the enquiry: How is Croce? Where is Croce? When shall we have another Croce book? I know I am to blame for this: I *have* brought forth in English many of his works. The mouse is in labour and gives birth to the mountain—*parturiunt mures nascitur vastissimus mons.*

Why have I selected Professor Boodin's work as my theme? Because of a postcard enquiring what was to be the subject of my discourse, and that precisely on the day of its arrival there also came to hand from New York Boodin's *Realistic Universe*, which its author had sent me as a souvenir of pleasant evenings spent together at the last Congress of Philosophy at Oxford and in London. Why is my copy apparently the only one existent in these islands?[1] Because the work is published by the Macmillan Co. of New York and is naturally therefore unobtainable in Great Britain. You can perhaps obtain it from America in six weeks or two months. Publishers like even greater beings move in a mysterious way. Do not of course dream of asking for it from the London firm of the same name. It's *not* done! Why is it not done? Being merely an atom, an author, I cannot tell

[1] I understand that Prof. Boodin's book is now obtainable in London, but it was not obtainable when this lecture was given.

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what are the reasons for the courses of those great planetary bodies known as publishing firms.

Having now shewn appropriately, since I am dealing with a pragmatist, that I probably cannot be refuted in any statements I may choose to make about Boodin owing to lack of documentary evidence on the part of the audience, I shall proceed to make a number of statements about him with perfect confidence. First then, he is of Swedish origin but an American citizen, Professor of Philosophy at Carleton College. He may be broadly described as being one of the American school of New Realists, though his thought runs upon independent lines, and he might more closely be termed a pragmatic energist. Physically Professor Boodin is of medium height with dark bright eyes and a pleasant smile. He had one of the rarest and most terrible experiences which it is possible to survive: he was struck by lightning on a mountain's side. Of this hazard of life he has been able to remember and to record all his sensations and thoughts as he gradually regained consciousness of himself and of the external world. These experiences have been used by him here and there in the development of his system.

And what is this system? To what does it amount? To nothing less than an attempt to explain the universe of Being, and I think a gallant attempt. His feet are in physiology, his body is in psychology and his head in metaphysical heights. Boodin holds that there is a divine fivefold truth. These categories are irreducible to one another, and are as follows: 1. Being or the stuff-character of Reality; 2. Time or the flux-aspect of Reality; 3. Space, which is more than a conceptual limit; 4. Consciousness, regarded

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as 'neutral' light which does not create distance or meaning and is always an aspect of the situation which we call interest; 5. Form or direction, which raises the question of validity and must somehow condition the survival of structures.

The first of these truths is that of Being, not static but *energetic*. This energy exists everywhere. Thoughts and things are parts of *one* divine content. Being, however, is not the only door to Reality. The Eleatics were right in their claim that there must be stuff, thickness. But this need not be absolute in constancy. We can and do get along with relative constancy—what *serves* us by use. (You see the pragmatist already taking off his coat for the fight.) What makes a difference to other facts is Being, stuff or energy. To form a system we must abstract from Reality; but this does not make our abstractions false; these aspects of ours genuinely reflect Reality. They may also be termed attributes: they are means of evaluating our world.

I have said above that for Boodin thoughts and things are not separate in reality; but that part which we know as mind-stuff or meaning-stuff is what serves our reflective purposes. It divides up into similarity, difference, causality, which are the general categories of its functioning. But the physical energy is never far off. Thoughts and things are interdependent. Stuff can be observed directly, but the other four aspects of truth—Space, Time, Consciousness and Form—can be observed only in their effects upon this stuff.

First as regards Time; Boodin holds that the true character of time is not *serial* either in Bergson's sense of duration or in the sense of clock-time. That, in other words, is not its *essence*. Its true character is

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to be found in Reality, which is not itself serial, but furnishes the *rationale* of serial construction.

Now what is the relation of Time to our purposes? Energy we know includes the old concept of matter—it is a more or less stable type of predication. But Time seems to be the opposite of this. Time is fleeting; growth and decay are everywhere. If there were nothing but duration we should have no concept of Time at all, any more than of the unit chronology of clock-time. What makes Time real to us is that it necessitates new *judgments*. You can conceive the stuff of the world as you like for this purpose—atomistic or otherwise—but it will always slip away from you; *that* is its characteristic. Whether you conceive the stuff of Reality as atoms or electrons or as purposive systems, the question remains: *Why should it run away?* Why should there be a running up or a running down process? Neither process can be absolute, as the world has no beginning, for in that case it would ages ago have run its course. Spencer's theory that the world tends to an equilibrium, presupposes a finite creation of the world. If it is answered that the present rearrangement is the result of a previous one, why should there be rearrangement at all? Why should not all things remain as they are? What is it that creeps into our equations and falsifies them? If it is replied that Reality remains fixed, there remains the appearance of rearrangement, and that must be met. Now if you take Time as a real character of the world, this falsifying, this changing of position, can be accounted for. We should not say that things move in Time, but things and values are transformed. Time simply furnishes the limiting value of certain serial constructions such as

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past and future. Things do not pass in and out of Time, from one moment to another. What really takes place is that some contents remain constant or relatively constant, while others disappear.

A friend of mine with high psychic powers has herself seen the twentieth century addition to an eighteenth century gateway fading away, while the original eighteenth century stonework remained stationary. This and the accompanying change of scenery was the prelude to the dramatization of certain episodes of eighteenth century life which are in some way apparently still present, yet only able to become manifest to specially endowed observers at special times. This is entirely outside the domain of the will.

To return to Boodin: he instances the earth-clock and our time-pieces based upon it; here a certain constancy of outline remains upon which we base our calculations. Some of the fleeting contents observe a certain rhythm, which we have socialized and stabilized, relative though it is to the process. Then we *invert*, applying this fleeting rhythm to the measurement of the enduring contents. These intervals are then divided and we suppose that the various contents run through their artificial divisions. We here simply put the cart before the horse, for our clock-time has no effect on the real change which takes place.

So much for the natural history of Time. Now a word as to Space. Time makes an intrinsic difference to our world, Space an external difference. Space is that which does not interfere with movement. Otherwise geometry would be impossible, for that is based on *free mobility*. A more concrete quality of Space is externality or distance—externality of

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energetic centres. Our thoughts and purposes do not occupy Space but their *realization* does. We may by means of such devices as telegraphs and telephones in their modern modifications do much to annihilate Space, as the journalists say, but the realization of the social purpose remains different *because of the distance.* Things in fact cannot move in an ideal system, though thoughts can. *Serial* Space as we know it is a construction which *symbolizes* the relations of things in zero space. You may ask here what is this zero space? It has been invented as a limit in conceiving Newton's first law of motion. In a sense of course it is an abstraction, but is yet to a certain extent empirically applicable. That is, the abstraction is not merely ideal. Space is more than *series* in Space, for free mobility is of its essence. Distance transferred to mental process is only a figure of speech. We must have space-distance as our *real* distance. No stick or yard measurements have anything to do with real Space. Such qualitative Space is merely a matter of convenience. Space-distance may be defined as that which prevents our visible world from coalescing—merging in a single undifferentiated and undifferentiable whole. In the social world we may say that what makes other people independent of us is their real space-distance from us. Space then is the condition of the externality of egos, as well as of things.

Turning now for convenience of exposition to Boodin's last attribute of Reality, we find it to consist of what he calls Form. Form with Boodin has a special signification, altogether different from the purely æsthetic in which we have of late years been accustomed to understand it. For him it is heavily charged with ethical meaning, big with the solution

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of the world's great problem: Why are we here? Neither of the categories of Space or Time will answer this; the first because it is simply a condition of meaning, but does not make this valid; the second because Time has been defined as simply transformation—we are not told whether towards chaos or towards unity. Yet the sense of the merely relative fails to satisfy us. What are the bases of *valid* relations? They are distinct from consciousness which may appear associated with illusion. These valid relations in Boodin's view may exist without our being aware of them. We do not originate Euclidian geometry when we realize that its axioms are valid. Validity of the past is often superior to validity of the present. The norm of Boodin's judgment—and here I think we touch the originality of his thought—is the will to attempt the establishment of the *ought* in what *is*—to give it Form, purpose. The whole problem hinges on the question: *Can we attribute* ontological *reality to what we all recognize as regulatively valuable?—namely, the idea of direction?* If Form is to do this, it must be *selective*. He denies that this implies predetermination in the sense of final cause or Idea, but holds rather that in the mutations of life certain ideals of clearness and distinctness are enforced by the Universe, which accomplishes on the *grand* scale what our selective will accomplishes on the small scale. Formal selection is an important element in our life of every day. Human beings are socially approved, not so much for their weight and strength, as for their capacity to satisfy certain ethical, æsthetic and intellectual standards. Boodin ingeniously applies his criticisms of Form to the plant and animal worlds, and even maintains that the configuration of certain

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hills and valleys within our control is thus regulated. Here he differs from Spinoza, whose attributes run parallel to the creative purposes of man, whereas Boodin's share in them. He shows a tendency to monistic immanentism in stressing their overlapping, that is, I presume, their ultimate identity. On the whole, therefore, the notion of Form would for him be reducible to that of immanent creative purpose or direction, which he would accept as ontologically real.

I turn now to Consciousness, the last of the 'attributes,' and here I am sensible of Professor Boodin's debt to what I call the realism of the Vedānta. At any rate he describes Consciousness, in words which could be paralleled in several Vedāntic passages, as awareness or neutral light which appears under certain conditions to illuminate our conations. It is independent of them, for they may develop quite perfectly without its intermixture. I do not think it adds much to the description to say that it may be an awareness of meaning or of sensation, although this *does* describe fairly accurately the empirical situation, which may be of any sort of relation, the contemplation or meditation on any form of energy. Here Boodin is far from Kant, for he declares that we do not create the objects that we perceive any more than we make the distance between the earth and the moon when we calculate it. In one particular he appears, however, to differ from Vedānta, for he claims *conative* tendency as necessary for the appearance of Consciousness, whereas for Vedānta Consciousness is quite independent. Vedānta has no need for interest in the object contemplated, whereas for Boodin Consciousness is always an aspect of what we call being interested. It may be added that Boodin has done good work in clearing Conscious-

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ness of its association with what *conditions* but does not *create* it. It is emphatically *not* a product of chemico-biological causes either in the view of Boodin or of Vedānta. For the former it must be looked upon as a *gift*—he nearly says of the gods! He also sounds a warning note against taking Consciousness as a species of its own content.

We have then these five metaphysical attributes of Space, Time, Form, Consciousness and Being. Boodin's definition of energy refers of course to the last and is needed to complete his scheme of the universe. Here he frankly shews himself a pragmatist, declaring that we must describe energy to *be* what it *does*. Energy has two sides, work and inertia, which are really but two modes of distributing energy. Instead of supposing the various physical phenomena to be constituted of *matter* and *force* in combination, he finds that energy or capacity to effect modifications is common to all sorts of matter. Thus the pillars supporting a building are an instance of energy equally with the change of mood of the poet or philosopher. Life is not something different from the rest of reality, but a function of the peculiar qualities of the compound, much as the qualities of water may be described as something more than the sum of certain proportions of hydrogen and oxygen.

Yet there is not a water element present in the moment of fusion of these two gases. Though we have not hitherto been able to manufacture protoplasm this is due solely to the fact that we have not succeeded in reproducing the unique conditions of temperature, pressure, etc., which were present when life originated. Life remains a mystery, a mystery due to the vast number of properties which it unites, all of them found

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in nature in a discrete state. Boodin accepts the modern view that Consciousness is not necessary for the continuation of thought or any other process: our æsthetic and volitional activities may perfectly continue when we are unconscious of them. Their *value* for cognition arises with our consciousness, but not their existence or meaning. We do not make our own minds by knowing them any more than the mind of the author we are reading.

As regards the energetic theory of Boodin—the existence of a thing as its capacity for action—as expressed in his early chapters, this has a remarkable analogy with some schools of Buddhistic thought, which held that the existence of a thing was its capacity for fulfilling our purposes. His general energetics are exactly paralleled in one of the extra-Vedāntic or Tāntric philosophical schools, and here again may be conveniently stressed his approach to some Indian thinkers in negating Bradley's and Hegel's notions of Consciousness as composed of a collection of heterogeneous elements. For him as for Vedānta Consciousness cannot be described either as absolute or subjective or objective. But where Boodin fails, and this I think is the weak point of his system, is in not supplying a *fundamental principle* of union between his energetics and this consciousness. For the Vedānta God is the ultimate Reality. This Reality is self-luminous, by which is meant that it is never a content of consciousness, but is at all times direct and immediate. When we analyse what forms the content of our consciousness at any time, the first thing of which we are conscious is awareness itself or consciousness, that *apriori* reality which gives all their colour to the different contents of consciousness. The

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Vedānta's view is that although this awareness is one, it is yet able to appear as many in relation to the different conditions appearing in different persons.

A word as regards qualities and values arising from them. Boodin denies the view of the Platonic Socrates and of Bentham that values are but of two kinds: pleasant and unpleasant. He will not consent to identify them with sense-qualities, but holds that they give us the inwardness of reality, the sense of *participation* in activities, rather than of being a mere spectator like the Purusha or Soul of the Sāṃkhya. But things have no value of their own independent of their value for us. Man is the measure of things. And here one thinks of Croce's view that all judgments are judgments of value. The purpose we have decides the value of things. Qualities are always active: they are the reaction of a thing in such and such a context. Energetic interpenetration is the law of our world. Boodin applies a pragmatic criterion to qualities when he declares that they must be considered objective if they enable us to identify and predict the things with which we must deal. The only way we can talk of qualities as subjective is in that of 'having qualities' being itself a quality—the sky has the quality of being blue. Qualities are therefore certain permanent expectancies which we can have with reference to things under certain conditions. All qualities therefore must be taken as real. Things are not to be regarded as mere flux in the Heraclitean or Bergsonian sense. A thing is what it can *do more* than being a thing. This is a pragmatic and social definition, but our American friends are mostly social in their speculation. Boodin makes a distinction between value and worth: the former is subjective, the latter objective; but in

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order to do this, value must be made possible by Consciousness. But if this is done, we find the so-called 'neutrality' of Consciousness rather inclined to 'take sides'!

The simplest unit of reality is an energy system. As to energy, *inertia* is its universal characteristic. We cannot move a body till we have conquered its inertia. Postulates for energy systems are Form, or the organizing relation of the system, and *recurrence*, which in Boodin's view is equivalent to what used to be called Substance.

The reason why things produce such different results is that everything contains a portion of everything—as the Hindoos say.

For pragmatic energism three types of systems stand out: the material system with its gravitational mass and molecular motion, the electrical with the electron as its energy unit, and the mental type where conative tendency is fundamental.

Matter is not *degraded* mind: material systems are as unique as mental. Here again we touch upon the pluralism inherent in Boodin's conception of energetics. How is he going to link these energy-systems with consciousness? He has a pretty figure to express the universe in its various systems of creationism. It is like the Chinese swallow which gives us our edible nests. First it gives a nest of external material containing but little of its substance. Deprived of this it gives more of itself. In the *third* nest, in the pain of frustration, it yields up its life blood and colours the nest crimson. So the universe in the stress of conflict gives birth to new values.

DOUGLAS AINSLIE.

(Read at an Open Meeting of the Quest Society, Oct., 1921.)

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THE GOSPELS AND THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.

THE EDITOR.

ONE of the profoundest longings of the human heart has ever been to have some assurance as to the state of the departed, some indication of what lies before us when we pass from this brief span of earthly existence. Religion claims to have given us an answer, but how unsatisfying is its reply is notorious on all sides. Perhaps at no time has greater interest in this great question been aroused than to-day, when the foundations of a new psychology are being so industriously laid and the nature of the human psyche is being probed into more deeply than ever before. One of the most striking outcomes of this industry is that the claim is now being put forward by an ever-increasing number that some knowledge of the proximate states of the hither hereafter are being acquired from a study of a vast complex of psychical phenomena which throw a much needed light on the genesis and development of all such beliefs in the past. This claim is violently contested by both dogmatic science and dogmatic religion. While very large numbers reject the belief in survival in any sense, traditionalists hold that nothing can possibly be known directly by us in our present state of the mystery of death. We must be content, it is urged, either to rest our hope of immortality on philosophical considerations or accept

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in faith the revelation of religion, a revelation that has long been closed and to which nothing can be added.

A vast complex of dogma has been developed out of the heterogeneous and contradictory biblical indications touching the fate of man in the hereafter and of his final destiny. How dim are the indications in the Old Testament is well known. The New Testament is predominantly concerned with the final end: an eternal heaven for the righteous and an eternal hell for the unrighteous. But how little is to be found which justifies or mitigates the rigour of this absolute doctrine! The highest authority in these documents, that of Jesus himself, even if no question is raised as to the authenticity of the records, can be invoked for astonishingly little concerning the intermediate state of the departed. The main burden of his message, as depicted by the gospels, concerns the eternal kingdom and its antipodes, contrasted in the most absolute manner. In the first days of the faith and in the earliest communities the attention of all was concentrated exclusively, with a vividness we can no longer conjure up, on the very near and awful approach of the end of the age, when there was to be a miraculous resurrection of the dead in the bodies they had worn on earth and a final absolute eternal judgment, a once for all supreme event. The end of the age was in no wise conceived as that of a time-period which was to be succeeded by another time-period. This world and the world to come were absolutely contrasted, as time and eternity. There was to be almost immediately a universal judgment of the whole world-process, a supreme world-crisis, an absolute and eternal separation, whereby the righteous would be assigned to the unending bliss of the kingdom, the face to face

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communion with God, and sinners to everlasting damnation and perdition. It is the most terrible doctrine the human mind has ever conceived. With the picture of this dread consummation ever before their eyes, there seems to have been little interest for the faithful in any intermediate state of the departed, no anxiety to know whether there would be a chance of purification after death, any possibility of repentance then, any hope for the man who had died in his sins, any prospects of progress for the little righteous to greater righteousness. The general impression gleaned from the New Covenant documents is that once dead a man's fate was practically settled eternally; it would be, so to say, officially confirmed at the Great Assize, when the dead would rise in their physical bodies for judgment, but once he had left his body a man could do nothing to alter his lot. Certain efforts have been made throughout the centuries to modify somewhat the rigour of this cruel doctrine, but it is no easy matter to find clear scriptural authority to offset it.

Many fundamental questions were put directly to Jesus, but the great question of how it has fared, how it is faring, with the countless souls in the unseen awaiting the dread event, is not found among them. Clear reference to the intermediate state in the gospels is confined to one allusion and a single passage. But before dealing with these a word may be said on an utterance that is thought by some to enunciate the doctrine of intermediary grades or stages. It is the declaration in the fourth gospel (Jn. 14_2) so familiar to English ears in the wording: "In my Father's house are many mansions." These mansions are of course not palatial dwellings, as a certain hymn would persuade us, but places of rest, abiding places as the

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R.V. has it. Our familiar wording is mediated by the Latin *mansiones*, which renders the Greek *monai* correctly enough. The special meaning of this technical term was a stage or stopping-place on the great imperial post-routes, first organized by the administrative ability of the Persians. It is, however, difficult to see how such a term can be made to convey the meaning of graded stages in the after-life. No stopping-place was necessarily any better than another on the Grande Route. 'My Father's house' can mean here nothing but the Kingdom. A special region is being got ready for the disciples by the Master in the eternal Inheritance of the Kingdom; it will be theirs when he returns in glory 'in the resurrection,' as it is said when the question of marriage 'in the resurrection' is elsewhere raised. But of what will betide them meanwhile nothing is said.

It must never be forgotten that there is a fundamental difference between the general Jewish expectation of the conditions of the age to come and the Greek philosophical doctrine of immortality. For the latter the only part of us that was expected to perdure was so to say the apex of the intelligence, the spiritual life of the mind proper; of the body and lower or sensible soul immortality was never believed to be possible; they were ever subject to the changes of becoming. The Jew on the contrary desired perfection for the whole man as he is on earth; this included the immortality not only of the soul in its fullest sense but also of the body. For him, as he gradually refined upon originally very crude and gross notions, the kingdom of heaven was in the consummation to include the delights of a transfigured body and transformed world; the sensible would not be lacking

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in that perfect life. The 'place' or region which the Incarnate Logos of the fourth gospel was going to prepare for his beloved ones evidently refers to some special privilege or blessing of the Kingdom of the End; the gospel is speaking of the fulness of heaven and not of a stage in attainment or a place of comfort for those awaiting that End.

Of an intermediate state between an everlasting hell and an eternal heaven the only clear indications, as we have said, are to be found in a brief reference and a single passage, both in Luke alone. The reference (23$_{43}$) is in the solemnly asseverated word from the cross to the repentant malefactor: "Amēn I say unto thee: To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." Here, then, for those who regard these words as the utterance of the Incarnate Wisdom of God, is divine authority for belief in an intermediate state of joy or at least well-being comparable with the primitive state of innocency and obedience before the Fall, and that too for one who can scarcely be classified as righteous. The act of repentance suffices for this boon. The repentant thief not only acknowledges the justice of his punishment, but in the agony of his sufferings defends the innocent and reveals a heart of sympathy. It is this which counts, this which brings forth the assurance of the great compassion that knows it will be well for such an one. No faith in any dogma is exacted of him; no penal purgatory with its fires of hell is envisaged. He goes to a state where he continues to live in comparative well-being. There is doubtless there a process of purification by appropriate educative means, a drawing onwards and upwards by love. This is, however, all left to conjecture from the single word 'Paradise.' But, whatever state it may be,

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there is not punishment in a theologically conceived purgatory preceding it; he goes there directly.

We now come to what has been called the *locus classicus* on the subject in the gospels. It is again to be found in Luke alone (16$^{19-31}$) in the form of the terse parable-story of the Rich Man and Lazarus. As few realize how much hangs on this familiar narrative, it may be as well, greatly daring, to attempt a close translation that varies somewhat from the phrasing of the Revised Version.

"Now there was a certain rich man, and he was clothed in purple and fine linen, feasting splendidly every day: and a certain beggar named Lazarus had been laid at his gate, covered with sores, and longing (only) to be filled with the fallings from the rich man's table; yea, even the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died, and that he was borne away by the angels into Abraham's bosom: and the rich man also died and was buried. And lifting up his eyes in Hades, abiding in torment, he seeth Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried out and said: Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am in anguish in this flame. But Abraham said: Son, remember thou receivedst thy good things in thy life, and Lazarus in like manner his evil things: but now here he is comforted and thou art in anguish. And in all these [? regions] between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they who would pass hence to you may not be able, and that they may not come across thence to us. And he said: I pray thee, then, Father, to send him to my father's house, for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this region of torment. But Abraham saith: They have Moses and the Prophets; let them listen to them. And he said: Nay, Father Abraham; but if one go from the dead to them they will repent. But he said unto him: If they listen not to Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded if one rise from the dead.

The rich and the poor man are most strongly

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contrasted. The former is sketched in a few bold strokes as one of the idle rich. His sole idea was self-indulgence, selfish enjoyment, having a 'good time,' as the modern cant phrase has it. The poor man is an equally powerful picture of utter misery, foul with disease, starving and helpless, for he had been 'laid' at the Gate of Dives. This might be rendered 'had thrown himself down'—in despair; but it comes to the same thing. He craved for so little—simply for the scraps which would otherwise have been thrown away, presumably to the dogs. So miserable was he that even the very dogs were moved with compassion and came and licked his sores. Both pass from the body. The special indication that the rich man was buried may legitimately suggest that his body was honourably disposed of with the solemn rites of a sumptuous burial and laid in a memorial tomb. Though nothing is said *per contra* of the poor man's burial, we are equally legitimately allowed to conjure up the picture of the pauper's outworn and diseased body being hurried away without rite or ceremony and thrown into some unhonoured common grave.

The unforgiveable sin here is the selfishness which is utterly callous to the sufferings of others; for even the constant sight of the most conspicuous misery which was thrust upon the rich man's sight every time he went out of doors, made not the slightest impression upon him. Though nothing is said of the moral character of Lazarus, we get the impression that he bore his sufferings with resignation, craving only a few scraps to keep life in his wretched body. The sketching of the picture is here too dim; it would have been a gain to have had some clearer indication. It should surely not be taken simply as an illustration

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of the unqualified declaration: "Blessed are the poor" (Lk.).

The addition 'in spirit' (Mt.) makes nonsense of the saying. This, we may well suppose, was originally a gloss or marginal note, indicating that the saying was to be understood 'spiritually' and not taken literally, which was subsequently copied into the text itself by an unintelligent scribe. Such an absolute pronouncement is only comprehensible if we can be persuaded that the saying originally was applied to and circulated among the members of some pious community who had abandoned their earthly possessions to live a life of voluntary poverty and so devote themselves whole-heartedly to righteousness, or, it may be, as a sign of utter repentance, as we said in our last paper on John the Baptizer. Now the ministry of Jesus was pre-eminently for the poor and ignorant and sinners; the benefits hitherto thought to be reserved for the righteous were thrown open to all. The early Christians adopted a communistic form of life probably based on the customs of such pious associations as those of the Essenes. They may very probably in the earliest days have adopted the title of the Poor; and indeed remnants of the Palestinian Jewish-Christian Church subsequently judged heretical by the 'Catholic' majority, were known as the Ebiōnīm,—*i.e.* the Poor. In any case the spirit of the gospel-teaching insisted on a new scale of values. Poverty was no longer to be considered a hindrance, much less a curse; it was a blessing in disguise. The poor, the long-suffering, the down-trodden, the ignorant, were encouraged to hope that they were in a far better position for entering into the blessings of the Kingdom than the fortunate of this world, the rich and the learned. The

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best of good things might well be—nay, would be—theirs when the great change came and the divinely righteous rule of the Kingdom was established on a transformed earth. Little wonder that such unqualified statements about the poor were taken literally by many, corroborated as they were by the terribly hard pronouncements about the rich, who as it were only by a special miracle of God's grace could be saved.

The mythic parable continues, eschewing all detail and sketching only the main moments of the drama. The angels who conduct the departed, are of course thought of as divine messengers and not as of the human order. To-day many believe this kindly service is entrusted to excarnate human agency. The figurative expression Abraham's Bosom doubtlessly sounded appropriately and pleasingly enough to Jewish ears; but it is out of keeping with more universal notions and not so alluring to the taste of other races. The Jew naturally spoke of the righteous departed of the race as being gathered to their fathers, and Abraham was the original ancestor, the forefather of the departed fathers and of the living race; all were his sons. Thus the figure stands for the state of the honoured in the invisible world—the ancestors. Here the blood-bond, the racial and family tie, is a fundamental determining factor. But just as among the Hindus the Way of the Fathers is straitly distinguished from the Way of the Gods — from the one there is return, from the other no return—so here a distinction is to be drawn between Father Abraham's Bosom and Heaven proper, 'my Father's House'; the one is temporal, the other eternal. Abraham's Bosom is generally thought to be identical with Paradise. But Paradise may be a special region in the general

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fortunate state of the departed. There were presumably grades of some kind. And indeed, without laying too much stress upon it, it is to be noted that in the second use of the figure the term is found in the plural, when the more literal rendering would be 'folds of Abraham's robe.' This might allow us to imagine a picture of some sort of intermediate cosmic man as it were, a symbolism well known in the apocalyptic and mystical literature of the day and well adapted to convey the idea of a great living being embracing subordinate grades of life or existence.

The rich man, we are left to suppose, was carried off by demons into, it may be, the Jaws of the Dragon, if we would parallel one figurative expression with another. He is taken to Hades, a term of rare occurrence in the gospels, but quite clearly here the equivalent of Gehenna or Hell, as in Mt. 16^{18} where we have reference to the 'gates of Hades.' Dives is in the torments of hell, below in the underworld, for he lifts up thence his eyes. It is useless to ask how he recognizes Abraham, afar off or not, for we are dealing with a mythic setting and not with an historic narrative. He now in his turn begs for the smallest favour from the one to whom on earth he refused the meagerest charity. But not the slightest hope is given him. He asks for an utter impossibility; it needs must be that he should continue in torment; there is no alleviation, much less escape, possible.

Our two Versions then continue 'and besides all this'—an absurdity which has nothing to do with the context or sequence of ideas. The R. V. gives as a marginal alternative 'and in all these things,' which, though closer to the original, conveys very little sense. I venture to think that the true meaning is 'in all

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these (regions),' as the 'region of torment' later on suggests. This calls up the world-wide familiar picturing in such a connection of stages or levels of regions ranged one above the other. If I am right in my conjecture, it is legitimate to conclude that the picture in the mind of the writer was of many, or at least a number, of regions of well-being separated eternally from the region of torment; for between the two there was an absolutely impassable gulf. The righteous and unrighteous are separated out for ever after death. Even those who in compassion would be only too glad to descend from Paradise to alleviate the sufferings of the tormented are not allowed to do so. The general idea of the parable is said to embody and endorse contemporary popular Jewish conceptions (cp. Art. 'State of the Dead,' *E.R.E.*); but the great gulf is a novelty, for the Rabbinical view held that the unrighteous and the righteous in the after-death state were separated by 'a hand's breadth.' Compassion would fain believe that there are grades in hell as well as in paradise, and that the separation can be reduced not only to a hand's breadth, but in due course entirely removed. And indeed the narrative itself clearly indicates that Dives is already repentant, is beginning to show a change of nature, and this should surely lead to some change of state. He is beginning to be anxious for others; if, at any rate, he seems to argue, —accepting his punishment, even as did the repentant malefactor—nothing can be done for him personally, at least something might be done for those near and dear to him. His hopes are still fixed on Lazarus; Lazarus is now the rich man and he a beggar. Surely, there is no impassable gulf to prevent passage from the home of the righteous departed of the race to the

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unrighteous on the earth who would repent if they only could have direct evidence? But even this boon is refused. "They have the Law and the Prophets"—the scriptures; that must suffice. But the sufferer still urges that if Lazarus, whom presumably his brethren had known on earth, was to return from the dead, his personal testimony would have far greater weight than the precepts of the ancient books. He evidently believes that such return is quite possible, and Abraham does not deny the possibility. The latter bases his refusal on the ground that the scriptures contain all that is necessary for salvation.

Luke leaves us with a grave problem when he refers on the second occasion to the return of Lazarus as a 'rising from the dead.' It is then difficult to see how 'rising from the dead' in the case of Lazarus can mean a shadowy or visionary appearance, it can only mean appearing again in a physical body; this at any rate is the only meaning given to the term in the gospels elsewhere. It is true it was very generally believed possible; Elijah was expected thus to return, indeed John the Baptist was thought to be such a returner.

But Christian dogma has in and out of season laid all its emphasis on the faith that the resurrection from the dead of Jesus was the supreme miracle of his life, an absolutely unique event in human history. The only possible ground on which this dogma can be held in this sense is bound up with faith in a final resurrection in the physical body. Such a conception has nothing to do with the survival of the soul with or without a subtle embodiment after death. With the exception of the Sadducees all the Jews believed in the latter kind of continuance in some fashion,

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and indeed it has always been the commonest persuasion of mankind. The resurrection of Jesus can be held to be unique only on the ground that it was an anticipation of the general miracle of the End, when all would have their once-worn physical bodies restored to them; he was the 'first-fruits of them that slept,' as a familiar phrase has it. Luke is thus very confusing in using the term in connection with Lazarus, and indeed provides orthodox christology with a considerable 'stumbling block.' It also cuts across the argument, for this special anticipation of the conditions of the age to come by Jesus, this 'rising from the dead,' so far from failing to persuade, has been the main means used for persuasion, directly and indirectly, in Christendom.

It must be confessed that our parable leaves us in much obscurity; and this is all the more to be regretted if it is to be ascribed to Jesus. It is practically all we have to go upon concerning the middle state in the gospels. But can we to-day accept it as indubitably one of his utterances? Traditionally of course it has always been accepted as unquestionably his; and therefore it must be received in faith by the orthodox in all respects as a divinely inspired utterance of an absolutely binding nature,—together, be it said, with the rest of the utterances concerning eternal hell. Most modern theological students of the documents reject the dogma of eternal retribution; yet nothing has better documentary evidence than the sayings on which it is based. Such being the case, the only way out of this dilemma is to ascribe such sayings to the human limitations of Jesus. The doctrine of plenary inspiration is of course intolerable now-a-days to most thinking people;

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it is a relic of magical belief. But what of the quality of the inspiration of our parable judged by any more reasonable standard? Is it so lofty; is it so illuminating, that it can be appropriately ascribed to the inspiration of the Spirit of Truth itself clearly mediated through the purest vehicle the earth has ever known?

No evangelist knows of it but Luke. It is not recorded in Mark or Q., our earliest sources; Matthew and John equally ignore it. But it is hardly to be classed with Luke's otherwise unknown great parables such as those of the Prodigal and Good Samaritan, and nothing is lost by questioning its authenticity. But this is not all; the main *motif* of the parable-story is identical with that of one of the most popular ancient Egyptian folk-tales. As, however, this is very little known, it will perhaps be of service here to reproduce the most salient or pertinent features of the old story as they were handed on to Demotic days. It has been called

THE TALE OF KHAMUAS AND HIS SON SI-OSIRI.[1]

Setme Khamuas was a famous high-priest of Ptah. He flourished about 1250 B.C., was head of the whole Theban hierarchy and of royal descent, being a son of Ramesses II. He lived and died in Memphis. 'Setme' was apparently originally a title, but has become a fore-name in the tale.

Setme and his wife have no children. The wife has a dream in which she is told how to procure a wonderful magical medicine that will cause her to bear the longed-for son. The husband also

[1] F. Ll. Griffith, M.A., *Stories of the High-Priests of Memphis: The Sethon of Herodotus and the Demotic Tales of Khamuas* (Oxford, 1900). The parallels are not pointed out by Griffith, nevertheless they jump to the eye. The insertions in square brackets, replacing *lacunæ* in the text, are either conjectures or filled in from a subsequent part of the narrative where the text is more perfect.

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has a dream; he is told that his wife will bear a son and that his name shall be called Si-Osiri; he will be divinely wise and do great wonders in the land of Egypt.

"It came to pass that when the child [was in his first year, one] would have said, 'he is two years old,' and when he was in his second [year], one would have said, 'he is three years old.' . . .

"The child grew big, he grew strong, he was sent to the school (?). . . . He rivalled the scribe that had been appointed to teach him. The child began to speak . . . with the scribes of the House of Life, in [the temple of Ptah (?); all who heard him were] lost in wonder at him."

In the *Gospel of the Infancy* Jesus is said to have known more than his teacher when learning his letters. The story of the Disputing with the Doctors in the Temple is told by Luke and Luke alone (2_{46-47}) in words very similar to those of our folk-tale: "They found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the teachers, both hearing them and asking them questions: and all that heard him were amazed at his understanding and his answers." We now come to our main parallel, which runs as follows:

"[At a] certain moment behold! Setme heard the voice of a wailing . . . and he looked [from the upper chambers] of his dwelling [and behold! he saw a rich man] whom they were carrying out to the desert-necropolis, the wailing being [loud exceedingly] . . . [his condition] being more glorious than his own (?). He gazed [again], he looked at his feet (?), behold! he saw [a poor man being carried out from Memphis to the cemetery] . . . he being wrapped in a mat, there being . . . and [none] walking [after him].

"[Said] Setme: 'By [Ptah, the great god, how much better it shall be in Amenti for great men (?)] for whom [they make glory (?) with] the voice of [wailing] than for poor men whom they take to the desert-necropolis [without glory of funeral]!'

"[But Si-Osiri said: 'There shall be done unto thee in Amenti] like [that which] shall be done to this poor man in

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Amenti; [there shall not be done to thee that which shall be done to the rich man in Amenti]. Thou shalt [go (?)] into Amenti [and thou shalt see].'"

The next thirteen lines are so broken that hardly anything can be made out of them. There however clearly follows a Visit to Hades. Si-Osiri leads his father through six halls to the mystic entrance of the Tê or Dat where the souls are judged. Here in the seventh hall they behold Osiris, the great god, presiding over the weighing of the deeds the souls have done on earth.

"And Setme saw (there) a great man clothed in raiment of byssus,[1] near to the place in which Osiris was, he being of exceeding high position.

"Setme marvelled at those things which he saw in Amenti. And Si-Osiri walked out in front of (?) him; and he said to him: 'My father Setme, didst thou not see this great man who is clothed in raiment of royal linen, standing near to the place in which Osiris is? He is that poor man whom thou sawest being carried out from Memphis, with no man following him, and wrapped in a mat. He was brought to the Tê, and his evil deeds were weighed against his good deeds that he did upon earth; and it was found that his good deeds were more numerous than his evil deeds, considering (?) the life-destiny which Thoth had written for him . . . considering his magnanimity (? station) on earth. And it was commanded before Osiris that the burial outfit of the rich man, whom thou sawest carried forth from Memphis with great laudation, should be given to this same poor man, and that he should be taken among the noble spirits as a man of God who follows Sokaris Osiris, his place being near the person of Osiris. (But) that great man whom thou didst see, he was taken to the Tê, his evil deeds were weighed against his good deeds, and his evil deeds were found more numerous than his good deeds that he did upon earth. It was commanded that he

[1] Precisely the same term as used in the Greek of Luke and rendered 'fine linen.' Compare 'royal linen' a few lines further on, reminding us of the 'purple' of Luke.

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should be requited in Amenti, and he [is that man] whom [thou didst see], in whose right eye the pivot (?) of the gate of Amenti was fixed, shutting and opening upon it,[1] and whose mouth was opened in great lamentation. By Osiris, the great god, lord of Amenti, behold! I spake to thee on earth [saying: "There shall be done] unto thee even as is done to this poor man; there shall not be done unto thee that which is done to that great man," for I knew that which would become of him.' "

A form of this well-known popular tale might very well have been known in early Christian circles; indeed it might reasonably be argued that it was known to Luke, not only because of the completeness of its parallel with the parable found in his gospel alone, but also because of the similarities between the infancy-stories of the two wondrous children, the most striking incident of which is again peculiar to Luke alone. In any case it deprives the Dives and Lazarus story of originality of conception as far as its main features are concerned, and indeed is by no means inferior to it in stating the moral case for the rich man and poor man respectively; it moves in a more reasonable atmosphere. Assuredly the impartial comparison of the two presentations does not warrant the judgment that the one is to be ascribed to the inerrancy of a divine revelation and the other set aside as a worthless figment of naïve folk-consciousness.

Apart from the gospels, it might be contended that the famous passage in the First Epistle of Peter (3_{19})—"He went and preached to the spirits in prison"—is a very clear indication of a more merciful dealing with the unrighteous. It might easily be combined

[1] And so, presumably, giving him excruciating and frequent pain every time the door was opened to admit a sinner. But whether this is the meaning or not I am not sure. We find a similar phrase in the Talmud Mary (Miriam) Stories—"The hinge of hell's gate was fastened in her ear" (*Pal. Chagiga*, 77d). See my *Did Jesus Live 100 B.C.?*—(1903), pp. 163f.

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with the purgatory conception. I do not, however, find that it has been so used by theologians. But the gravest doubts have been thrown on the authenticity of the Epistle; it cannot be reasonably claimed as a certain utterance of the Apostle. In any case the idea is not even an original conception; the invoking of divine inspiration to account for it is thus quite unnecessary. As Professor Sayce has pointed out (*Journal R.A.S.*, July, 1921) a cuneiform tablet translated by Dr. Pinches (*Proc. Soc. Bib. Archæol.*, 1908) tells us how Bel Marduk, the dying and rising Saviour-God of ancient Babylon, "descended into hell," and "the spirits who are in prison rejoiced to see him." He continues: "The words of St. Peter (I. Pet. 3_{19}), which have been quoted from some apocryphal writing, are a literal translation of the cuneiform text, and the preaching to the spirits is explained in the address of Merodach . . . which follows his entrance into Hades."

The conclusion we venture to draw is that not only have we the greatest difficulty to find in the New Testament any clear statement as to the intermediate state, even if we regard all the documents as being genuinely what they purport to be, but that the two indications we do find are both in high probability taken over from other religions and are not original to Christian revelation.

The dogma of an eternal heaven and an eternal hell dominated the whole situation. As the centuries passed, however, something had to be done to mitigate its rigorous absoluteness; but the attempts were halting, for indeed it was very difficult to find authority in scripture for what love and compassion so deeply desiderated for erring mortals. The faithful

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prayed for the dead; it became a widespread custom. Views were gradually developed to approve this prompting of the heart and became more and more defined until at last they were clearly formulated in the West in the doctrine of purgatory. But, mark well, it was purgatory—an intermediate state mitigating the full rigours of hell—and not paradise, that was the subject of definition. Hell held the upper hand; man's eyes were fixed on punishment, not on redeeming love. The Eastern Church, however, would not accept even this minimum alleviation; indeed it was officially formulated even in the West only at the Council of Florence (1429). To call it, therefore, the 'sound doctrine of the Fathers in Council,' as does the writer in the latest Catholic encyclopædia, is a considerable strain on fact. The majority of Christians seem to have well-nigh doted on the everlasting hell doctrine, judging by their opposition to any attempt to mitigate its terrors. As the Eastern Church before them, so also the Churches of the Reform universally rejected the doctrine of purgatory. Nor did they make the slightest attempt to put anything better in its place; they unanimously threw back to the absolute dualistic standpoint of the earliest days. If vast numbers of Christians of the Reformed Church now-a-days repudiate this terrible dogma individually, none of its great denominations has officially done so; some, however, have tolerated certain omissions in their catechisms. Many also now believe in a 'middle state,' but how it differs from the Roman view we are never told. It is at present a blind groping; creeds and catechisms know nothing of it. This is indeed a nebulous state of affairs in the twentieth century; just where religion should prove itself man's greatest help and most potent fortifier of

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his legitimate hope, it shows itself poverty-stricken, if not completely bankrupt.

The hope of a hereafter where genuine progress is possible, the prospect of the gradual realization of all that is best in us, full opportunity for development of all our powers and faculties, is the only belief that can preserve faith in divine justice. Purification there needs must be; but why should it be penal through and through as the purgatory doctrine seems to hold? For purgatory is hell, not indeed the lowest absolute hell, but still hell, a penal state of suffering. It is defined as "a place or condition of temporal punishment for those who, departing this life in God's grace, are not entirely free from venial faults, and have not fully paid the satisfaction due to their transgressions." But if God is not 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' judge and a pitiless jailor, but is the loving father of all his children, then 'to-day thou shalt be with me in paradise' and the parable of the prodigal son should be our guides as to the more generous conditions of the after-life for the average mortal.

Under the extended category of 'hell' Roman theologians classify two 'border'-states called Limbo. I suppose they do so under the conviction that so long as there is any separation from the absolutely supernal heavenly state, the face to face consciousness of the divine presence, the soul is in an 'infernal' condition. The Limbo of the Fathers is said to be "the temporary place or state of the souls of the just who, although purified from sin, were excluded from the beatific vision until Christ's triumphant ascent into heaven." It seems to be a way of rescuing the Jewish patriarchs and prophets from Sheōl, and is therefore a thing of the past. Of the rest of the righteous of mankind

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then and thereafter nothing is said. It is an appendix to a dogmatically conditioned hereafter. An even more distressing conception is the Limbo of the Children; this is said to be "the permanent place or state of those unbaptized children or others who, dying without grievous present guilt, are excluded from the beatific vision on account of original sin alone." It is said to be a happy natural state; but the little ones are excluded for ever from the chance of entering heaven, for the state is 'permanent.' It is a horrible doctrine, and is an outrage on the beautiful gospel-passage which depicts Jesus as taking up the little ones in his arms and blessing them, declaring that of such was the kingdom, and certainly those children were not baptized. Abraham's Bosom and Paradise are supposed to authenticate the first Limbo; but for the second there is no warrant of any kind in scripture. The theologians are indeed also hard put to it to find in holy writ any confirmation of the main doctrine of purgatory itself. Here it is of interest to note that no passage dealt with above is quoted in confirmation of the purgatory-notion, and this corroborates the view we have taken of them. As far as I can discover, three texts only are cited to validate the purgatory-doctrine. If one of them may be made to cover the point with the help of a strained mystical exegesis, the other two seem to be quite beside it.

The first is the 'Agree with thine adversary' passage (Mt. 5^{25-26}), which ends with the words: "Amēn I say unto thee: Thou shalt by no means come out thence (out of prison), till thou hast paid the last farthing." But if this utterance is read with its context in the group of similar sayings in which it is found, it is difficult to believe that the general inten-

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tion has any reference whatever to the after-state. The sayings all refer to matters here and now. It certainly has been mystically interpreted, and one would like to think it has a hidden meaning in spite of its hardness, but the probabilities are all against it.

The second passage (Mt. 12_{32}) reads: "But whosoever shall speak against the Holy Spirit, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world (or age), nor in that which is to come." It is hence inferred that there is forgiveness for lesser offences. But where in the New Testament does the 'world to come' ever mean an intermediary state?

The third (I. Cor. $3_{11\text{-}15}$) is a lengthy Pauline eschatological utterance leading up to the final words 'yet so as through fire.' It runs: "For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ. But if any man buildeth on the foundation gold, silver, costly stones, wood, hay, stubble; each man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it is revealed in fire; and each man's work, of what sort it is, the fire shall prove it. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as through fire."

Paul is here indubitably speaking of 'the Day'—the last Day, the great and terrible Day of the Lord of the prophets—and of no intermediate state of purification after death.

It may therefore again be said in general that, whatever beliefs have been held on the intermediate state, whatever doctrines have been invented as to an immediate particular judgment of the soul after death followed by a process of purgation, they can claim no clear confirmation from scripture. Christian scripture is explicit only on ultimates; its interest is in an

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eschatology that is absolutely final, a once for all supreme event which is to occur at a definite moment of time for all and to decide for ever the fate of the living and the dead according to their deeds on earth.

To-day this terrible dogma is utterly repugnant to the vast majority, and if they are consistent they are bound to reject the bibliolatry which authenticates it. The condemnation of a human soul to an eternity of torment shocks the moral sense; it is intolerable even to our purely human notions of social justice and violates all the ideals of mercy and forgiveness held up before us to strive after and imitate in the greatest ethical sayings and doings in the gospels.

But if a man's faith in a God of love flings aside the cruel doctrine of an eternal hell, it cannot rest there. His notions of the after-death states must be conceived in terms of the same faith. Indubitably we must be purged and purified; but such purgation must be envisaged in terms of loving purpose. We therefore find that in our own day there are many indications of a wide-spread tendency to welcome humaner views on this great question,—to replace the whole notion of hell by that of a beneficent purgatory, in which even the most intractable, savage and selfish natures can be effectively freed from the bonds of the grossest earthly lusts and passions by appropriate educative means, thence to pass on to a stage where they may begin to tread the first rungs of the ladder of ascent of comparative well-being, encouraged by the helpful sympathy of those who now know of a surety that unselfish service alone can carry them forward and is the only sure basis on which a stable human society can be constituted, and the souls composing it fitted for the joys and responsibilities of a still larger life and deeper

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knowledge of spiritual reality. In such a hereafter like attracts like and is the elementary principle of segregation; but there are no impassable gulfs, and those in a more fortunate state of spiritual development can help those who are less fortunate to rise, and indeed consider it the highest privilege to do so. Sympathy is the 'open sesame' to the heart of the unhappy, and he who has it may count on help from above to bring about what he of his own knowledge and power would be unable to effect. And if a common objective spiritual life depends on breaking down by love the walls of separation between human souls, and humanity is one in reality, whether 'here' or 'there,' surely a day must dawn when there will be communion and co-operation between the death-divided. If the desired consummation is that heaven should be brought down to earth and earth raised to heaven, and this is not to be brought about by miracle, but by evolution and orderly development, then, it may be said that in some ways the above views on the intermediate state may forecast the future more sensibly than those which obtain among the learned doctors of traditional theology.

The whole body of Christian dogmatics is crippled by the heredity of a cruel mythological and miraculous eschatology, and the faith will never enjoy the full sanity of true spiritual health until the poison is driven out of its system. The only antidote that will effect the cure is the healing spirit of mercy and compassion, of love and self-sacrifice, manifested in such excellence by the Holy Spirit through the great prophet-founder of the faith in the beneficent acts recorded of him. As for the sayings,—they must be tested by the spirit of the acts, and those of them which fail to pass this test may safely be set aside.

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Living religion is first and foremost a question of experience; man's commerce with unseen reality is of its essence. If there is ever to be a science of religion worthy of the name, it might well begin with the most patient and unprejudiced enquiry into the means of coming to know the nature of life after death, and so rescue the subject from the dead hand of the past that would bury it in the grave of religious antiquities.

G. R. S. MEAD.

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PAST AND FUTURE.

MAUD JOYNT, M.A.

THE reader who turns to Bergson's philosophy from the study of idealism and who finds in it much that is helpful and stimulating, much that throws new light on old problems and opens up new avenues to thought, cannot but feel a disagreeable shock when he is called upon to renounce that comfortable doctrine of eternity, so dear to idealistic philosophy, which Bergson declares to be a logical abstraction, and to accept in its stead the views of contingency set forth in the pages of *Creative Evolution*.

"If succession . . . has no real efficacy, if time is not a kind of force, why does the universe unfold its successive states with a speed which, from the standpoint of my consciousness, is a veritable absolute? why with this determined speed rather than any other? why not with an infinite speed? In other words, whence comes it that all is not given at once? . . . If the future is condemned to *succeed* the present instead of being given along with it, the reason is that the future is not wholly determined at the present moment; and if the time occupied by this succession is something more than a mere number, if for the consciousness installed in it it has an absolute value and reality, it is because in the concrete whole something unforeseeable and new is being ceaselessly created."[1]

[1] *L'Évolution Créatrice*, p. 367.

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I do not think that the concept of eternity as it has been held by certain philosophers—Spinoza, for instance—and by many of the mystics, is a pure logical abstraction, and I believe that, however they may have stated it, they did not arrive at it by any process of deduction, but by intuition and personal experience. However, it is not my present object to discuss that point; I wish only to suggest that the absolute contingency of the future is not a *necessary* sequence from Bergson's own premisses and that, even adopting Bergson's views of the nature of reality,[1] of absolute time and *durée*, we might reach a different conclusion, and possibly even arrive at a concept of eternity, though of a different kind from that of idealism. The doctrine of pure memory, in particular, seems to me a starting-point for such a conclusion.

Our past, according to Bergson, has for us a real existence—psychological, not spatial. Pure memory—as distinguished from actualized memory or recollection (*souvenir*), which belongs to the present and is of the nature of representation or incipient sensation—does not belong to the body, it is our real self.

"Our character, always present in all our decisions, is the actual synthesis of all our past psychological states. In this condensed form our antecedent psychological life exists for us even more than the external world, for of that we never perceive more than a very small part, whereas on the contrary we utilise the whole amount of the experience we have lived."[2]

Even those experiences which have lapsed utterly beyond the reach of recollection so that we can no

[1] The terms *real* and *reality* are used in the Bergsonian sense in this essay.

[2] *Matière et Mémoire*, p. 158.

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longer actualise them, those which in common parlance we have completely forgotten, exist in pure memory ranged in the order of their happening.

"We think only with a small part of our past; but it is with our entire past, including the original bent of our soul (*notre courbure d'âme originelle*) that we desire and will and act."[1]

Bergson goes to some pains to prove, in *Matter and Memory*, that a psychological state may exist, even though we are no longer conscious of it, just as things may exist apart from our representation of them.

This theory of Bergson's I hold to be profoundly true, though it requires to be developed and supplemented; for our psychological state at any given moment includes a great deal more than the state of which we are actually conscious, and Bergson does not make it clear whether pure memory is the synthesis of conscious states only or something more. But is it only in the human soul that the past is thus preserved? Apparently not, but in all organized beings.

"Like the universe in its totality, like every conscious being considered apart, a living organism is a thing which has *durée*. Its entire past is prolonged in its present and is preserved in it, actual and acting. . . . Wherever anything lives, there is opened a register on which time inscribes its records."[2]

The universe itself as a whole may be compared to the living individual, as Bergson says in the passage from which I have just quoted; the universe has *durée*. Either you must suppose, he says elsewhere, that this universe perishes and is reborn in truly miraculous fashion at every moment of its duration (*durée*), or you

[1] *L'Évol. Créat.*, p. 6.
[2] *L'Évol. Créat.*, p. 16-17.

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must grant it a continuity of existence analogous to that of consciousness and make of its past a reality which survives and is prolonged in its present.[1] The force, in fact, which is ceaselessly creating this universe is of psychological essence and therefore the creation in its entirety is subject to the same psychological laws as the individual. In pure matter, indeed, which has no memory, the past vanishes leaving no trace but certain material effects from which we may deduce its action; but in psychological existence the past is alive and acts itself apart from material changes. There is such a thing as a world-memory.[2] There is such a thing as the memory of a nation, which is something far wider and deeper than the sum-total of the knowledge of its past contained in the minds of its people; it is the entire past itself of the nation, shaping the national character, prolonging itself into the present and helping to determine every new phase of the national history.

Experiments in psychometry go to show that there is really such an impersonal memory of the past, and that under certain conditions fragments of it may be actualized and brought back into the domain of present consciousness, just as we can recall and actualize fragments of our own individual past in the form of representations. But owing to the extreme difficulty of verifying any vision of a past which lies beyond the knowledge of the living generation, such experiments must be received with caution.

But if the past may thus be allowed to exist, why not the future also?

There is a vast amount of evidence drawn from

[1] *Mat. et Mém.*, p. 162.

[2] The 'astral light' of the alchemistical 'philosophers' implied such a world-memory.

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widely different sources, belonging to all ages and countries, which goes to prove that prevision of the future is possible, that under certain circumstances, when the attention to the outer world is for the moment relaxed, the individual may have a distinct perception of some event or situation of his destiny which is not yet realized. A classic instance is that related by Goethe in his autobiography, where he tells us how as a young man, riding away from Sesenheim, where he had paid his last visit, as he thought, to Friedrike Brion, he suddenly beheld himself, "not with the eyes of the body but of the mind," riding the same way but in opposite direction, dressed in a grey suit trimmed with gold; and how eight years later, when he went to see Friedrike again, he found himself on horseback on the same path and in the dress of his dream, which he had put on by chance rather than of definite choice.[1] Such prevision, however, generally takes place in dreams, when the senses are laid asleep and the attention is wholly withdrawn from outer realities. Probably many of us have heard of experiences of this nature, if we have not had them ourselves. I know two persons, of whose good faith I have no doubt and who have their full share of robust common-sense, who have had dreams in which they saw, with great precision of detail, a situation which was afterwards realized, in the one case a few weeks later, in the other after the lapse of a year; in both cases the circumstances foreseen included some which did not yet exist at the time of the vision and were outside all the previous experience of the dreamer. The annals of Psychical Research contain many well-attested dreams of this nature. In his latest book, *La Mort et son Mystère*,

[1] *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, book xi.

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M. Camille Flammarion, the eminent astronomer, has devoted a chapter to the subject and gives some very interesting examples.

A typical instance is that of the Abbé Garnier, who, when preparing for the priesthood at the seminary of Langres in France, had a vivid dream, in which he found himself travelling through an unknown landscape, every detail of which impressed itself clearly on his mind; a house was by the roadside; he had a distinct view of the interior and the inmates—two women, three men, some children and a dog—and noted their various attitudes and occupations; he also saw the field beyond and the animals in it. Three years later, when travelling for the first time in Italy, he found himself to his astonishment in the surroundings and before the house of his dream, and looking in he found every detail of his dream reproduced—people and animals, in the same position, engaged in the same occupations as he had seen them.[1]

Now, a case like this has that element of *concreteness* which Bergson, in his address to the London Society for Psychical Research,[2] declares sufficient to establish the truth of a record of telepathic vision. If the Abbé Garnier had merely dreamt that he would be in Italy at some future time, there would have been nothing surprising in such a dream being realized (as a matter of fact he did not dream that he was in Italy); but that a complex situation, involving a large number of figures and details, should afterwards have been reproduced with precisely the same arrangement as in his dream, cannot be set down to chance or coincidence. In our

[1] *La Mort*, p. 277; for other cases of the same kind, see Flammarion's *L'Inconnu et les Problèmes Psychiques*, vol. ii., ch. 9.

[2] *L'Énergie Spirituelle*, p. 72.

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waking life no situation ever repeats itself in exactly the same way. The only hypothesis by which we can account satisfactorily for a dream of the type described, if we grant that such dreams do occur, is to suppose that it corresponds to a reality, that is to say, to something which is not a pure contingency, but has a real, though not material, existence; in other words, that the future exists in the same sense that the past exists in pure memory, independently of the body; and that just as a fragment of the past may detach itself from its surroundings and come into the field of our representation, taking form and colour and actualizing itself as an image or picture, even so a fragment of the future may detach itself from the rest and become for the moment an actual representation. That cases of the latter kind are comparatively rare is easily to be explained if we bear in mind Bergson's theory that the brain, the organ by which representation is effected, is above all things the instrument of attention to life, whose function is to narrow down our field of consciousness to the needs of the present moment imposed on us by the material world. The brain is not merely the instrument of memory; in an even truer sense it might be called the instrument of forgetfulness, since it excludes from our representation all memories that are not wanted for action. In discussing telepathy Bergson throws out the very plausible conjecture that we all have latent telepathic powers, but that the brain in virtue of its office prevents them from coming into play and thus preserves us from the dangers which beset the exercise of the telepathic function.[1] Even more is it likely to shut out from us prevision of the future, which might very often have

[1] *L'Énergie Spirituelle*, p. 88.

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a hurtful effect, and to confine us to that fringe of the future which is needful in determining our present action, and which indeed in experience is hardly to be distinguished from the pure present.

Dreams and visions of the kind we have been speaking of occur capriciously and, though as a rule, I think, they will be found to relate to some important event which is going to take place in the seer's outer life, it is a curious fact that they often seem to be concerned rather with trivial and apparently unessential details connected with that event than with its real significance. Perhaps the reason is that these details are the only traces transmitted to the brain, and thus handed over to the normal consciousness, of a fuller vision which has been received on some higher level of consciousness. Anticipation of the future does not, however, always take the form of distinct representation; more commonly it occurs as an instinct, passing through all degrees of intensity from vague presentiment to strong conviction.

But it is not only through prevision, whether representative or instinctive, that our future acts upon our present. In the decisions of the present moment it is not only our whole past, what we have been, summed up in our character, which steps in to determine our action; our future, what we are going to be, is very probably at work too. Hence it often happens that only afterwards, when we are reviewing our action, we become aware of the real motives which prompted it—motives perhaps far different from those we were conscious of when acting. Many of us who have reached middle age and can look back on a good stretch of the road we have travelled, may see that the force which at some crisis of our life determined our

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conduct was a force unknown to us at the time, because it lay ahead of us, so to speak, and rather drew us on than impelled us. As Bergson says, in the series of psychological phenomena which precede a decision, there are often some which are really effects going before their cause[1]; and perhaps one of the main distinctions between causality in the material world and in the psychological world is that, whereas material causes always precede their effects, psychological causes, without necessarily being what are called final causes, may follow their effects.

If the past exists not alone for the individual but also for the totality of things which we call the universe or creation, there is some ground for believing that the future exists for the universe too. This is implied indeed in many of the records of prophetic vision which we possess, in which the prevision includes events and circumstances not wholly dependent on, indeed, in some cases quite unconnected with, the seer's personal destiny. History furnishes us with numerous records of predictions which have been fulfilled long after the time of their utterance. Such predictions, it is true, are often vague and symbolical in form, like the sayings of the ancient oracles, and even where they are definite it is not always possible to establish their authenticity and be sure that subsequent tradition, in the light of the event, has not altered their original character. But leaving prophecy aside, I think experience shows that there is such a thing as intuition of the future which extends beyond the individual destiny and is distinct from and of a higher order than actual prevision. To intelligence (I use the word in the Bergsonian sense) only the present seems to have

[1] *Données de la Conscience*, p. 121.

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reality. For the man of common sense, providence spells itself prudence; his action is limited by the needs of the near future and seldom goes beyond pulling down his barns to build greater. The man of genius, be he poet, leader, prophet or saint, often seems irrational and erratic to the judgment of common sense, because he turns from the present and works for a future which is not yet unfolded in experience, but which he grasps by a kind of divination, wholly different from the deductions of reason. Genius in certain of its forms might be called intuition of the future. The faith which braves all dangers and surmounts all obstacles is essentially such an intuition. The man of genius and the man of faith do not, as their contemporaries and critics suppose, turn away from reality; they are inspired by a vision of a reality which does not present itself to them in sharply defined images or pictures like those of the clairvoyant—it is too vast and too complex for that—but rather as a formless content or value, felt, not adumbrated. And the lapse of time justifies their vision.

Perhaps an explanation of prevision of the future may be found in Bergson's theory of the tension of *durée*. Consciousness, he tells us, consists in the power of binding together by means of memory a less or greater number of the successive instants of matter into a continuous whole, a perception or sensation. The more highly developed the consciousness, the greater the sum of the moments of matter which it can thus fuse into a single moment of its own *durée*. There is no unique and fixed rhythm of *durée;* there must be infinite degrees of it, from the lowest organism which vibrates almost in unison with the vibrations of matter, up to our own consciousness which condenses

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into a single intuition vast periods of the inner history of things. Even our consciousness admits different degrees of tension, *e.g.* in sleep and in abnormal conditions, and we can conceive of consciousnesses of a higher tension than ours which could condense into a short time whole cycles of human history.[1] But our present is not only a perception of the immediate past, prolonged sensation; it is also an anticipation of the immediate future, a preparation for action, though this element of it does not exist for our consciousness, inasmuch as realization follows so instantaneously on anticipation that both seem one and the present is continually merged in the future. But to a consciousness of lower tension than ours, whose present covered a far smaller period of world-time, could it take a peep into our minds, it might seem that our perception actually embraced part of the future as well as of the past; and on the other hand a consciousness of higher tension would be able to see simultaneously much that is still future to us as well as much that is left behind in our past. Possibly the power of foreseeing the future which occurs in certain privileged or abnormal states may be due to a change of *durée*, a higher tension for the moment of the consciousness, whereby its outlook is extended beyond the present of the normal state.

It is really not more difficult to conceive of the future as existing already than of the past as existing still; rather, the one belief involves the other. To me, at any rate, there seem to be only two alternative views which may be held with regard to present, past and future. There is the common-sense view which holds that the present only is real and that past and future are alike unreal, though in different ways—the past

[1] *Mat. et Mém*, p. 231.

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that which has ceased to be, the future that which as yet is not. Like many of our common-sense beliefs which are framed in the interests of our action, this notion seems to dissolve away upon reflection. Or else—past and future are two realities of different kind, the past being that existence which is no longer in representation, the future that which has not yet come into representation; while the present is representation itself, the narrow threshold across which the future is ever pressing to image itself in the past. The present is, in a word, materiality.[1] But my imagination grows dizzy when I contemplate a real Past ever rushing on towards the brink of a precipice beyond which yawns an abyss of Nothingness, even though I know that the brink is momently advancing to save it from a leap into the void.

But if the future exists, then it cannot be absolutely contingent. To us, indeed, it must appear contingent; to any being which has a future distinct from a past, that future must be contingent. We can at the utmost discern only tendencies in way of realization, but by no process of reasoning can we foretell what is going to be, for as I have said, psychological causes often follow their effects, and therefore our methods of deduction come short in dealing with vital and spiritual phenomena. The future is not contained in the present in the sense in which a conclusion is contained in its premisses; it is contained in the present in the way that an oak-tree is contained in the seed or the adult personality in the indetermination of the infant. For us, indeed, "time is invention"[2]; but perhaps to

[1] "*Notre présent est la matérialité même de notre existence.*"—*Mat. et Mém.*, p. 150

[2] *L'Évol. Créat.*, p. 369.

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a consciousness of higher order surveying our life, what we call invention might appear rather as discovery.

In conclusion, I fail to see why a belief in the reality of the future should involve fatalism or the denial of human liberty. If I walk along a road on which I have never been before, every step I take is due to my own action and opens up to me some entirely new and unexpected feature in the surrounding landscape. Only, the part of the road in front of me is there all the time, as well as the part I have traversed. But even the most determined champion of liberty must admit that I receive my life and also the original bent of character, the *courbure d'âme originelle*, which determines its main trend. Liberty lies not in the choice of the road but in the action of walking, and we do not really attain it until we find out as we go along, that the way, lead it whither it may, is the best for us. *Solvitur ambulando.*

M. JOYNT.

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THE AFTERMATH OF RELATIVITY: SUBSTRATES OF SCIENCE.

HUGH C. MCALLISTER.

THE popular acceptance of Relativity may awaken hitherto unsuspecting eyes to a taint of neo-scholasticism inherent in the scientist—especially of recent decades. It has been fashionable to associate prejudice with ignorance and superstition, to confine it to the worlds of romance and religion. The vogue will soon perhaps be to detect prejudice also at the base of scientific dogma, to recognize consistency as a supreme criterion, to discover the hall-mark of Truth in a pragmatist justification. Three lessons may perchance before long be forced upon the thinking world,—lessons which it has so far been very unwilling to learn. That Space and Time are homologous; that all precise science is home-made, dependent, that is, upon self-appointed, factitious ends; that the attitude of the great perennial thinkers has been negative;—here are three important truths which it will do the world no harm to discover. The conception of causal sequence is a simple illustration of prejudice in science. As a limiting notion, the causal category is enlightening; but, dressed up as a Goddess Necessity, it shrouds Reality from any light that might be thrown upon it. The human mind likes to believe that the things it thinks are the things it is thinking about, to make its thoughts identical with the experience

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it attempts to interpret. Signor Ruggiero arraigns Agnosticism on the charge of 'laziness.' Many pretend that, if man does not think Reality as it really is, he cannot think at all. Others maintain that he has no other channels but the cognitive by which to approach Reality.

Let us then point out at the start that the cognitive processes are *not* the whole of human experience; that they declare their own bankruptcy in face of many familiar situations; that they imply abstraction from the content of conscious experience; but that the fact of their being bad machinery and of man's being doomed to use them, is no excuse either for giving up thinking or for belittling the results which are obtained from thought. What is wanted is a more honest grappling with the problem of getting a synoptic view of experience and an effort to calculate the value of dogma in whatever field it be found.

First, as to Space and Time, the present vogue of Einsteinism will show that these strangely hypostasized categories are complemental forms or phases of experience. 'Change' was familiar to the ancients as a degradation of 'Being'; and they expressed the changing state very properly by the term 'non-being.' Our word 'Continuity,' however, is more expressive of the struggle going on in consciousness to assert the unity, simultaneity of experience. The mind discovers separate data in experience, and from its efforts to re-establish simultaneity issues the series. In the series Space bespeaks Time. The line may be regarded as a series-in-time of points; the plane, a series-in-time of lines; the solid, a series-in-time of planes; and so, to the limit, which may be regarded as a series-in-

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time of solid bodies. This explains in a measure the difficulty of conceiving an event in two places at one time. It is the nature of the mind to behold a variety of times attached to varying positions of a (presumably) single object; but the mind finds the simultaneity of events unnatural. It can picture them only as a series by the use of lines; and doubtless it is owing to this bondage to the successiveness of events that the causal habit of mind persists.

Secondly, if Relativity succeeds in convincing the world of anything, it will probably teach it that Consistency is the criterion of scientific truth. Even the concurrence of opinion on familiar topics may be traced to the superlative claims of consistency. Scientific truth is relative in so far as consistency is relative. We are unfortunately without a definition of such scientific truth. It is common to suppose as 'given' a universe in which events take place in a scientific way, and that science is scientific because it has succeeded in 'describing' such events properly, noticing their connections and summarizing them in 'laws.' Such an outlook upon Reality is just as scholastic in its own way as the pseudo-Aristotelian physics. What is it then that constitutes the 'exactness' of facts? It is vain to refer to axioms, and disclaim, with Newton, the manufacture of 'hypotheses.' The only way to examine knowledge is to proceed genetically. Remembering that "*noēsis* is *noēsis* of *noēsis*," and that conceptual thought selects from the entirety of experience its favoured ingredients to impress upon them that factitious unity which constitutes its system, we must frankly confess that we *are* acquainted with experience deeper, richer and simpler than anything the thought-process can

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entertain. We find that the mind, in what Bergson calls its 'virginal' experience, has a tendency to inspect the data of perception which it finds (somehow) an already decomposed manifold, and reduce them (somehow) to an order of its own. It impresses upon them its own *étiquette*. Hence the simple world of the somnolent rustic, the simple syllogism of the pseudo-Dionysius and the simple principles of Herbert Spencer. This process appears in every activity of intelligent man—business, games, meals, amusements, arts of peace and war. It is the conflict of internal visions which is the *differentia* of mankind. Man seems born to unify manifolds with varying success. Anything that will ease his mind of this duty, has attractions for him. The two poles of distraction are aimless diversion,—such as characterizes physical exertion and enjoyment,—and abstract reasoning.

We might classify the degrees of exactness attributable to various sciences by the degrees of abstraction with which they treat their matter. Self-consistency varies with the abstractness of the data. In mathematics, not concrete experience but symbols are used, specially designed with consummate ingenuity so as to admit of a complete typification of the particular. The numbers of arithmetic are perfectly elastic; they represent a progressive series in time of units which, though formally distinct, are absolutely identical. This sounds paradoxical; but nobody doubts that 'three threes are nine.' Passing now to the other pole of the sciences, let us enter the school-room and treat children as symbols. Experiments of this kind have been made. In the child we find a concrete content which will not resist such abstraction. We may turn boys into boy-scouts, dress them alike and amalgamate

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them in squads; but if we deal with them too rigorously, they will cease to be boys.

It follows that the relative values of sciences must depend on some consideration other than consistency. Mathematics, pure and disinterested, pursues consistency for consistency's sake; and Logic used to pretend to do the same. But neither would last long if they had not numerous applications to practical purposes. *It is the Purpose—the 'End' as constituting the focus of symmetry of a body of knowledge—that de-termines or de-fines the value of its machinery.* Here knowledge betrays an emotional or volitional admixture even where one would least expect it. It is this Purpose that lends colour and gives cohesion to the data brought within the intellect's sphere of influence. An astronomer might conceive order without God; a poet might even possibly get along better without stars. The idea of universal encyclopedic knowledge, ensuring a synopsis of life-interests, itself involves a paradox; for its 'end' would suggest worship rather than the mastering of facts for use. Such a view goes far to explain why knowledge is approximative; why metaphysics talks of insoluble antitheses—*e.g.* Freedom and Determinism—in the thinking subject; why there is no accounting for tastes, no reasoning about morals; why people are so sure they say what they mean, but are so often misunderstood; why the world walks by faith, when it could on this hypothesis so certainly predict the future; why science has least to say upon the most important topics; and, finally, why self-interest appears the deadly 'law of life.'

Now for the negative attitude of the world's perennial thinkers. It is after all the Platos and Plotinuses, Augustines and Eriugenas, Eckeharts and

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Spinozas, that come to us constantly to tell the truth about concrete situations. Like the great dramatists, they are known as poets rather than as systematizers. Critics criticize their paradox, misuse of terms, obscurity; but they persist in telling the world that comes after them its needs. One lesson which the doctrine of Relativity should teach, is the value of that negative attitude which these seers have maintained in their interpretations of experience. Yet often the expositor speaks of Plato's 'auto-horse' as though he were an archetypal entity, existing apart in perfection, in which the time-and-sense-horses only participate. They are partial realizations of an imaginary type standing in his lonely grandeur outside the gates of sense. This may have been Plato's meaning; but it is hard to believe. The Platonic 'auto-horse' is surely the projection, in illustrative terms, of that profound humour in which the ancients seem to have so far excelled. It is a convenient, indeed the only, way of resuming all we look for and *miss* in the object we call a 'horse': permanence, beauty, strength—in a word harmony complete—which, if we ever know them, we must ever guess at dimly as 'desiderates,'—these unnameables are packed neatly into the ideal auto-horse. And so on of all the 'ideal' world. Plato could hardly have woven that magic web of destructive criticism, which his works spontaneously produce, in the naïve belief that he was dealing with photographs of a higher reality—'given,' existing apart. The professed mystics proverbially talked little. A thinker of another kind, who is credited with a positive outlook in the construction of his argument, is Kant. He is sometimes represented as positing a three-dimensional Space—like a cupboard to put things in—and a clock-

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like Time—a sort of mental cash-register,—when, as a fact, Kant never thought of these strange entities except as unaccounted-for *residua* of decomposed experience. Much might be said to similar effect of many great writers.

The question emerges: How far is Relativity in this larger sense a *new* idea? To the Moderns the theory is a revolution, an impertinence, but to the Ancients such a view of human knowledge could not have been very strange. The Literature of Greece was an 'Altar to the Unknown God.'

HUGH MCALLISTER.

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THE WIND IN THE PINES.

A. R. Horwood, F.L.S.

Wind Force and Power.

"Blow Boreas foe to human kind!
Blow blustering, freezing, piercing wind!
Blow, that thy force I may rehearse,
While all my thoughts congeal to verse."

John Banks.

Stand on a high hill and listen to the wind in the pines. Remark its force, its power. Coming from the ends of the earth, it goes, whither? We know not. Passing over our heads with all the intensity, all the terribleness of human wrath, with wayward wantonness, how it speaks to us of vigour, of strength! The stupendous driving force of the gale, whether at sea or on the mountain-top, dwarfs all the puny attempts of man to achieve something of surpassing magnitude. It drives the ships on the rocks and no man can stay it. This external uncontrollable force of Nature is full of the poetry of the Universe. It is the fanfare of the elements, heralding the approach of the Unknown. So there is something of the ideal in the loud music of the wind, the storm wind, the hurricane wind, revealing powers beyond our ken, a nature-picture of our origin and destiny, telling the whence and whither of each one of us. The soul is stirred by the voice of the tempest, and something in the human heart quickens and responds to the impressive message of the spheres. Go, then, wanderer on the earth, and listen to the

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music of the pines, when wild winds blow, and learn thy fate, thy destiny!

"Loud wind, strong wind, sweeping o'er the mountains;
Fresh wind, free wind, blowing from the sea,
Pour forth thy vials like streams from airy fountains,
Draughts of life to me."—D. M. MULOCK.

THE STORM'S AFTERMATH.

BESIDES these effects of the high winds on the human mind, winds bring us rain, they help to purify the earth, stamping out plagues, and bringing health in their train. Nor is this all, for the wind itself helps Nature to change her aspect, transforms the rich clad autumn into leafless winter.

"O wild west wind, thou breath of autumn's being;
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes."—SHELLEY.

So woods and forests clothed with a canopy of multicoloured leaves are by the storms stripped of their robery, and the leaves falling also on the forest floor are strewn and blown all over the fields, enriching the soil. The whole aspect of scenery is changed in a day or a week by the wind. Another service is rendered also by the winds. For some trees and other flowering plants, the pine and other conifers, have their flowers pollinated, and later their fruits or seeds disseminated by the wind. So in its train too the wind brings wealth and increase.

SCATTERER OF PERFUMES.

STANDING beneath the shelter of the pines, with their dark rugged outlines of foliage, what rich odour

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of terebinth, of fragrant turpentine reaches us! The stormy tempest blows the healthful perfumes over the earth.

"Where hast thou wandered, gentle gale, to find
The perfumes thou dost bring?"—BRYANT.

All the summer long the soft breezes have brought the scents of a thousand flowers from afar and have cooled the atmosphere. How one delights to recall the memory of a day when, wandering amidst Nature's flower-garden, the open fields, the whole atmosphere seemed saturated with the delicious, heavy, frankincense of the eglantine, the sweet breath of the lovely honeysuckle. However far we rambled, still with us ever lingered the same voluptuous scent. To the wind we owe these benefits, and the wind too blows away all the smoke, and malodorous fumes and gases that issue from the hives of human industry. How little do we remember this or any of the other benefits that the forces of Nature hourly confer on us! Like the seasons, they are expected and that is all.

THE WANDERING WIND.

"The wind, the wandering wind,
Of the golden summer eves—
Whence is the thrilling magic
Of its tunes amongst the leaves?
Oh, is it from the waters
Or from the long tall grass?
Or is it from the hollow rocks
Through which its breathings pass?"—HEMANS.

THE river runs its course, the sea is bound by its shores, against which its waves ceaselessly wage war. But the wind blows whither it listeth. It is true there

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are its main pathways in the heavens, but like the seasons whose vagaries are unbounded, the highway of the storm or hurricane is never twice the same. This straying of the trackless wind whence and whither, to us a mystery, is a great source of its charm. Now it blows across the ocean, now over the plains, and with regular rhythm bends the cornstalks low, rippling their surface as the sea-waves. Now it sweeps through the tall grasses in the meadows, adding its burden to the song of the rivulet and the birds. Anon sighing as it causes the leaves in the aspens to rustle, it adds a note of melancholy to temper the gaiety of summer radiance.

The Song of the Wind.

"There is a strong music in the stirring wind."

Bowles.

It is not alone the force of the wind that inspires, but also its own peculiar music. The song of the tempest in the pinewoods is fine melody. Listening to it one is reminded of no earthly music, unless it be some strains of the organ that move by their insistent appeal to the finer chords of human intellect. They tell their story too. For as the fierce blasts of autumn winds rush through the leafless woods they wail in harmony with the sadness of the season. Nature's glory has fled. The joy-time of summer has passed.

"Perhaps the wind
Wails so in winter for the summer's dead,
And all sad sounds are Nature's funeral cries
For what has been and is not."—George Eliot.

A. R. Horwood.

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THE VISION AND ORACLE OF THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

I.

OVER vast areas of the night-ringed lists
And hiving tracts of life,
Where death and birth,
Moving like storms upon a leafy wilderness,
Wage their perennial strife,
I see your wraiths drift heavenward like mists
That suck from earth,
When the slant streamers of the sun caress
The frosted furrows and the steaming marshes
And phantom phalanxes evolve on stealthy marches.

I see your wraiths drift heavenward like smoke
That swirls aloft
In ashen whorls
And tortuous trunks of vapour like the twisted oak
And writhing torsos of pale flame,
As oft
When conflagration that no craft can tame
And running prairie-fires past control
Consume whole provinces and char a countryside;
Far and wide
The floating scrolls unroll
And swaying curtains lazily unfurl
And o'er the blackened belt the drifting palls abide.

I see your wraiths tower up in dizzy rush.
So, when the tempests shroud

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The heavens and the hurricane is loud
And ocean shouts
Between the silence of the depths and the sidereal hush,
The whirling pillars of the water-spouts
By harrying currents chased
Lift from the rolling waste
In travelling vortices that feed the clouds.

Now as your laggard wraiths are blown
Vista on vista of the blasted zone
Is momently revealed,
Vision on vision of the visitation.
The invisible flame of famine, fiercely fanned,
Consumes the land.
Starvation
Feeds on all flesh, a spirit-conflagration,
Leaving the human stubble charred on every hand.

Far as the eye can see, outside the village bounds,
The dead lie heaped in mounds
Awaiting burial like the slaughtered hordes
Upon some vaster battle-field.
The refuse wagons make their daily rounds;
The bodies rattle on the boards—
Young forms yet apt for living's daily strife,
Lithe weapons still for eager soul to wield,
And children's bodies swift to play,
Yet unworn vestures strangers to decay,
Shrivelled beneath the unregarded sun,
Copies of God, obscene as carrion.

The steppes are littered with the unnumbered slain
As though great nature by some hideous birth,
Some foul abortion,

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Had piled the earth
With countless still-born progeny,
By some untoward miscarriage suddenly
Heaped dead in life's domain,
Blasted with malformation and distortion.

Or as if in the sun
Hell had disgorged its bloodless multitude
And, dreaming the Millennium begun,
The tombs of time cast up their dead too soon,
Fleshed but unquickened,
Only to swoon,
As once Protesilàus who reviewed
The human scene in more than human mood
And breathless in our upper kingdom sickened
And the old pilgrimage of death renewed.

Or as if Hell-escaping dæmons thickened
In countless legions
Like locusts darkening these devoted regions,
Leaving their desert haunts untenanted,
Hungry for habitation, to possess
With madness an uncounted populace
And hurl them down, and tear, and leave them dead.

As though whole peoples erred and wandered unaware
Past the frontiers of Providence
Beyond the vital air
To alien elements
To suffocate beyond God's atmosphere of care,
Hordes that in far migrations overpassed
The universe's habitable zone;
Or some entire population gassed
By man-devisèd poisons yet unknown,
Or foul contagion sown,
Or liquid fires from the hostile heavens cast.

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Corruption taints the world, plunged in the noisome
night
Of some ill-starred eclipse,
The sun-devouring dragon casts his shade,
The isles take fright,
The peoples are dismayed,
A jaundiced blight
Has fallen on the luxuriant globe.
The moth of death is in the many-stranded robe
That mortals weave against the Apocalypse.
Its travailed woof that time transmutes
To stuff of gold
Crumbles to mould.
A blight has fallen on the fecund globe,
A dew of poison on the human hive;
And on the swarming ant-hill, where men drive
Their myriad pursuits,
Some god as though to harass
Their labour turns his flaming burning glass.
The withering blasts of some Olympian curse
The teeming clans disperse,
And breed an ill in nature; a consuming rust
Mildews the wholesome grain; a cankerous spot
Is in earth's globèd fruit,
A leprosy that eats the planet's crust,
A gangrene and a rot.

II.

How can we walk the same earth, undisturbed,
Breathe the identical air, indifferent,
And gaze on the same stars with alien thought?
How, unperturbed,
Gather the fruits the impartial seasons pour,

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Nor share impartially the general store?
Will strangers from another planet sent
Succour the kin that we ignore?
Will other worlds supply the need that we neglect?
Shall we expect
Some heavenly Samaritan to do aught
If we of the terrestrial clan
And holy nation, Man,
Avert our eyes
With sophistries
And flee the scene nor call it into mind?

Lo these co-heritors with us of life,
Than which all else is surmise, these who share
This one indubitable fact,—to be aware,
To drink the light, to feel, to breathe the air,
This one indubitable fact outlined
Upon the enveloping dark.

With us back untold periods they trace
The issuing of the common race,
And one with us to-day, they too embark
With each new moment as upon the crest
Of time's great tidal wave
Down the amazing venture of each next
Invisible moment, even as we, perplexed,
With us still humanly brave
To affront the unimagined, self-possessed.

The fellowship of mystery is ours,
A confraternity of nakedness,—
Huddling together in the cosmic cold,
No bond we hold
Like that of earth's duress

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And common awe before the blank that lowers,
The mute Before and the unanswering After,
The fiendish laughter
Of all the mindless powers
And wild insensate storms that with their lulls and swellings
Rave 'round our human dwellings.
Illiterate or scholar, Celt or Slav,
No tie we have
As when we stand before the enigmatic grave.

Their ill is ours;
Life in all creatures suffers violence,
Existence is attainted in the scourge,
Night gains upon the light-redeemèd hours.
Our lives so merge
With all who share the dower of sentience;
Their pain reverberates through the universal sense
And wakes far-prompted spasms
Of unaccountable pain,
Even as their distant triumphs move obscure enthusiasms;
The swift contagion of their spiritual plague
Breeds in us nostalgias vague
That give intelligence
Of far calamities, and wars, and myriads slain.

Our life is one with theirs;
We may not fling them down the blood-stained stairs
And grades of being brutally
And break away and all unhindered mount.
They cling about our hems tenaciously,
Their cries unnerve our ardour;
We needs must take account

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That to earth's farthest cape man is his brother's warder.
Man has one soul, and where aught human's ill
Its far contagion blasts each member still;
Yet he will die
Who his own self with all will not identify,
Scorning to know life else than at its worst,
With the disdained, disdained, with the accursed, accursed;
Dreading the most, in his full misery,
The accusing eyes of those who suffered more than he.

Therefore that One
Who most was man, shrank from the shame
Of any lot less shameful than another's,
Fearing the ignominy of a name
Less ignominious than some human brother's,
That none
Might claim before him to know well
The trancèd tortures of some deeper hell,
Or cast reproachful glances from a fiercer cross,
Asking in vain for faith in some more hopeless loss,
And hope for some more desperate enterprise,
And love for some more utter sacrifice.
Therefore rejecting the cerulean bliss
He sought the corrupt abyss;
Revolted by the wrongs
Of those whose loathed immunities he shared,
Dreading the direr fate of isolation
And gradual alienation
From man and his millennial exultation,
Driven by a divine bitterness,
Impatiently he bared
His body to the thongs,

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As if a lover of his kind could not agree
In such a world as this
To any form of death save by the abhorrèd tree,
And by deliberate will
United love to man's extremest ill.

III.

O Thou whom men call Father, who dost taste
An infinite pain in infinite ways, and share
Each pang we bear,
Pierced through with sorrow at the abysmal waste
Wherewith the creature
Gropes his way on in age-long strife with nature,
How shall these know of Thee
Whose years were circled with malignancy?
How shall they know Thee father save Thou prove
To the uttermost Thy love?

They heard no tale of Thee;
Earth's frozen landscapes, unrelenting storms,
Let no sign through of that great hearth that warms
Eternity.
Cast from the void upon the atrocious years
A lifeless world they trod
As some dark outworn earth forgotten even by God,
Ruled by the powers of darkness and a brood
Of Terrors and gaunt Fears,
Born to make hope their spiritual food
They found no trace of good,
Born to breathe God they found no God to breathe
And they are gone
With no report of mercy to pass on,
No record of compassion to bequeathe,
Nor token of Thy grace to testify.

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Eternal Vindicator, grant, O grant
Thy love remain not unto these a lie!
So at their coming move the nether realm,
That from beyond the grave
The vast disorder
And far commotion in the unseen order
Shall overwhelm
Even death's dim sea-walls of adamant
(Whose ramparts looming since the primæval Act
Immur our days from those beleaguering ocean tracts
And blot the stars from their wide-ranging cataracts),
And raise a wave
To roll back on the hearts of those that live
And rouse reverberations on the oceans of the day
And wake responding passions in the living far away.
Give, O give
To these whose futile cry
Found no reply,
Starving beneath a mocking sky,
To speak in trumpet tones by those who live,
Deep answering deep, and soul to distant soul,
As gong wakes gong and when long tremors roll
From ocean far abandoned belfries toll.

There is no ebb in nature without answering flow.
When summer's tide of green
Retreats to depths unseen
And earth is bare beneath the usurping snow,
None doubt that from its unplumbed levels deep
The tides of spring will creep
To submerge the world again in emerald seas.
So shall life's flood retire from its estuaries.
The satellites that from the unseen preside
Over the flux and reflux of the spirit's tide

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May now withdraw
Its floods to depths beyond our curious awe,
Then, by majestic and unfailing law,
To cast them on earth's coasts in varied play
Of colour and of movement and display.
Ay, and the life that ebbed from these uncounted slain
Shall from its hidden cisterns flow again.
The light that faded from their eyes,
The strength that left their limbs,
Gathers somewhere again to pour
Upon earth's conscious shore.
The oil whose flame now dims
Comes flooding back from reservoirs beyond our awed surmise.

There shall be resurrection for the crucified!
And those who died
Clutching with bony fingers the cadaverous earth
Shall wake the eternal bounty past the gates of death
And rise again upborne on some insurgent breath,
Some outburst of celestial mirth
Commensurate to this dearth;
Their passion groping at the doors of life
And feeling up the ways of day
Shall find its utterance once again in clay;
And we who still conduct earth's play and strife
Under the sun
Shall be upborne on tempests from their oblivion,
And through us they shall speak
In tones stentorian now where they before were weak,

Saying: Let no soul stand aloof;
But cords of love bind human heart to heart
Across all barriers lest the warp and woof
Of mortal life in time

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Disjoin, and the woven fabric fall apart,
Marring the pattern of the timeless art,
The hieroglyph sublime.
Yet all its strands,
Even those that run out to the great unknown,
Are gathered in His hands
To whom all depths and distances are known;
And in the latter day
The tissue of the centuries, that we
In part survey
But lose there where it falls
Beyond the world's horizons and the walls
And parapets of sense,
That panorama'd tapestry in all magnificence
One day all souls shall see
Perfected, from their stand in immortality.

IV.

Inscrutable Love, how Thy millennial plan
Escapes the momentary glimpse of man
That in the span
Of Thy o'erarching care such havoc finds a place!
'Tis past believing
That Thy beneficent ends
So great a holocaust can yet embrace.
Surely Thy way transcends
All our aghast conceiving,
If it have guerdons that can make amends
For such terrestrial cataclysm;
Indifferent to the wrack of worlds, and schism
In the set frame of things,
The extinction of the suns and systems' vanishings.

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What unimagined solace waits the sons of men
  Flung from the wheel of time to fall on sleep
In green oblivious coverts past our ken
  Far from the roar of suns and heaven's azure steep.

What realms of colour, what demesnes of rainbow-light,
  What vista'd slopes purpureal and shimmering to their gaze,
What gauze-like prospects rare, what iris'd cloud-lands bright,
  Will make atonement for the outrageous days.

What sudden sloughing of the universe,
  Blissful annihilation of the stars,
In what restoring depths will death immerse
  These sons of God that bear creation's scars.

Buoyant with what new grace of wingèd feet,
  Moving with what new ecstasy of sense,
Will they explore in heady courses fleet,
  Untrammelled, these aerial continents.

How will they cry aloud in poignant joy,
  And how aspire unweighted by despair,
And intercede in love without alloy,
  And plead with God in crystalline, sweet prayer.

O dear and pitiable multitude
  So travailing on the very brink of Life,
Expect the chrysalis-change whereof the prophetic mood
  Speaks with appalling sweetness here amid the ephemeral strife!

AMOS NIVEN WILDER.

Oxford, February, 1922.

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ILLUMINATION.

Love called my soul to tread a winding path
Through light and dark, where pleasures blend with pain.
Over the rough-hewn road my wounded feet,
Ever obedient to the call of love,
Have stumbled, weary, bleeding, in the night;
Till at the solemn silence of the dawn
My faring soul has passed from death to life.
  Behind her as she stands she sees the road
Whereon she learnt to taste, to drink, to love
Purgation's Holy Grail of blood-red wine.
Beyond her stretch the lofty mountain-tops,
The goal of all her travail—Love's abode.
Light spreads its golden carpet at her feet,
On all the common clay of daily life
Setting the seal of Heaven; beauty-tinged
The symbol-world of nature stands unveiled
To eyes new-washen from the dust of earth.
  Old things made new; old voices heard again
Set to the deepest thunder-tones of God,
Chanting the melody of earth renewed;
Now plunging to the deeps of human pain,
Now straining to the viewless heights of love.
Old scenes transformed; life's mystery made plain,
Its arrows of experience tipped with gold
Shot from the bow of life, now winging swift
Straight to the target in the heart of God.
All this and more my eager soul has known
Standing amazèd in the silent dawn.

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Wonder of wonders! . . . God Himself draws near,
Stoops to my cross-marked brow; and deeper still
My cross-pressed spirit knows His tender kiss,
Hears His sweet voice and yields herself anew
To those strong hands scarred with His passion-wounds.
Eager she casts aside those garments stained
That wrap her still, and all-desireless stands,
Waiting the mystic marriage with her God,
The royal bridegroom with the beggar-maid.

* * * * *

The silent dawn of wonderment has passed;
My naked soul steps out upon the way
That leads her to the lonely mountain-peaks
Where Love awaits her coming at the last.
Each step she takes she knows a fearful joy,
Winning a trembling foothold on the slopes,
Changing the very fashion of herself.
Slowly she feels her naked body clothed
With vestments fair and glistering in the sun;
Till chancing on some clear-lit mountain pool
She views her mirrored image in its deeps.
And lo! . . . the miracle has come to pass.
She sees no more herself, but only God. . . .
Illumination passed, they twain are one.

H. L. HUBBARD.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE THEORY OF MIND AS PURE ACT.

By Giovanni Gentile, Professor in the University of Rome. Translated from the Third Edition with an Introduction by H. Wildon Carr, D.Litt., Professor in the University of London. London (Macmillan); pp. 277; 18s. net.

THIS well-translated volume makes accessible to English readers Gentile's most important contribution to philosophic thinking. It requires close reading and deserves much pondering over. It is a remarkable attempt to pourtray reality as the life of the mind. There is no object outside the mind, nothing that need be presupposed to it. The mind's activity is the conception of itself; both its identity and differentiation are equally of itself. It posits its own object, becomes object to itself as subject, yet is that very object itself. The whole trouble hitherto, it is contended, has been in the failure to grasp the essential nature of mind. Mind is *thinking*—not thought or thinker—an eternal activity, the only actual reality. To conceive of mind as subject or object abstracted from one another is to kill both and turn them into 'facts,' things done with, thought out. The life of mind is a perpetual *fieri*, never a *factum*. This is a very crude presentation of a master-notion which Gentile formulates with great acumen and works out its implications with insight and subtlety. He will have nothing to do with abstractionism, and urges that his view ever envisages the most concrete reality of the life of the mind—mind as it is lived, mind ever in act. You cannot really arrest this life, this eternal act; if you try to do so, you find yourself dealing with dead things and dead concepts. Gentile takes us into the depths of mind—mind in the highest and profoundest meaning of the word, what we should call, though he would not agree, the Plotinian *nous* or the spirit of reality in man. For he has much to say in criticism of Plato, and indeed of the great philosophical minds of the centuries, because they fail to set forth the true nature of the indissoluble unity of the concrete-universal which is the very life of the mind. Mind is not only the self, but the

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self and not-self simultaneously in concrete self-realization. Gentile is no transcendental idealist; transcendence he will have nothing to do with. If a name is to be given his way of thinking he would prefer that of Actual Idealism.

As we read these pages we seem to feel that somehow Gentile has thought himself into close touch with the reality of the spiritual depth in man. Personally we should prefer 'spirit' to 'mind' and 'spiritual life' to 'thinking' as terms that would better help to keep us from being taken out of the life of the mind and stranded on the shore of past misconceptions; but Gentile's exposition leaves us in no doubt as to how he would have us think with him. Reading the book with care to the last chapter of the second edition, we could not help remarking how frequently the thought came to us that in much he says Gentile calls up in our minds associations with the great intuitions of the best mysticism. We were therefore pleased to find that to this third edition he has added a concluding chapter entitled 'Idealism or Mysticism?'—beginning with the words:

"The conception to which I have tried to give expression, a conception which resolves the world into spiritual act or act of thought, in unifying the infinite variety of man and nature in an absolute one, in which the human is divine and the divine is human, may appear, and has been pronounced, a mystical conception."

It will be of interest for our readers then to learn how Gentile answers this question. He does so, not by surveying the typical forms of mysticism the world over, but by confining himself to Christian mysticism of the classical type. The good side of mysticism consists in its courageous affirmation that there is no true reality but God only. Its serious defect is that "it cancels all distinctions in the 'soul's dark night.'" But surely this is a misconception of the nature and grade of this terrible experience? Gentile then continues: Mysticism "thereby makes the soul abnegate itself in the infinite, where not only all vision of finite things, but even its own personality is lost. For its personality, as a concrete personality, is defined precisely in the function of all finite things. . . . To live is to be limited. The mystic ignores the limit."

Actual Idealism accords with mysticism in its positive merit, but avoids its defect; for, Gentile insists in italics: "Idealism reconciles all distinctions, but does not, like mysticism, cancel them, and it affirms the finite no less resolutely than it affirms the

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infinite, difference no less than identity." This is a good point—reconciliation *versus* cancelling of distinctions—but we thought that 'distinction' in unity was a master-notion of some mystics, as opposed to the 'difference' of mutual exclusiveness, and that that was the secret of Plotinus' life of the mind—a social super-personality. Gentile, however, concludes: "The mystical conception, despite appearances, is to be regarded as essentially an intellectualist doctrine, and therefore clearly anterior to Christianity: the idealistic conception is an essentially anti-intellectualist doctrine, and perhaps even the maturest form of modern Christian philosophy."

The volume deserves close study; it is crammed with arresting thoughts and deep thinking.

An Introduction to Philosophy.

By Wilhelm Windelband. Translated by Joseph McCabe. London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 365; 21s. net.

It is good to have translated into English this instructive *Introduction to Philosophy* by Professor Windelband, whose decease we have had recently to lament. Few in this country, save readers of German, are acquainted with the fruitful labours for philosophy of the late Professor of Philosophy at Heidelberg, and in particular with his contribution to Kantian studies. Our own readers have been more fortunate, for they have been able to peruse for themselves Windelband's judicious paper on 'Present-day Mysticism' in our January number for 1918. The Introduction before us is not a history of philosophy, not one of those ponderous and dull tomes of this genus with which we have been not infrequently inflicted, but a systematic sketch of the main problems of philosophy and the development of their attempted solutions. In the original German Windelband has tried to eschew technicalities and to write crisply for the general intelligent reader interested in the greatest of the disciplines; in the English rendering he has at times been flattened out somewhat by the introduction of 'shop' terms. The scheme of the work is clear and good and is worth summarizing; namely: I. Theoretical Problems (Questions of Knowledge)—1. Ontic, 2. Genetic, 3. Noetic Problems; II. Axiological Problems (Questions of Value)—1. Ethical, 2. Æsthetic, 3. Religious Problems. The whole Introduction works up to this final division of Part II., which in its turn is subdivided into: a. The Sacred; b. The Truth of Religion; c. Reality and Value.

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These last three sections of the volume cannot fail to interest all our readers, and not only those devoted to philosophical studies. To show Windelband's quality, we cannot refrain quoting from the conclusion of his whole matter. After stating impartially, as he does in all other cases, the fundamental and inescapable problem of evil and some of the always unsatisfactory attempts that have been made to lessen its painful nature, Windelband continues:

"This is the point at which the desire of a unified understanding of the world breaks down before an insoluble problem. The world of values and the world of realities, the provinces of 'ought' and 'must,' are not foreign to each other. They are in mutual relation everywhere. But they are certainly not the same thing. There is a rent in the fabric of reality. Besides the values which are realised in it there is a dark power of something indifferent to or opposed to value. If we mean by God a single principle in which all that can be experienced has a common being and a common origin, we can never understand how it divides into a duality that contradicts itself. Ancient philosophy on that account stopped short at the antithesis of God and matter, or form and matter. At a later date theosophic and theogonic speculations, such as those of Jacob Boehme, tried to do away with this 'division' or 'otherness'; but they had to be content with obscure figures of speech and assumptions that were little more than aspirations. We cannot get over the contradiction. The dualism is the most certain of all facts, yet Henism is the most solid of all the assumptions of our philosophy of reality. For the dialectic which would try to evade the difficulty the only logical means seemed to be the contradictory disjunction, and the only metaphysical escape the recognition of negativity; and it has therefore, from Proclus to Hegel, attempted the impossible with its thesis, antithesis and synthesis. But when it attempts to show how, in the words of Heraclitus, the one divides itself into two and then returns to itself, it merely succeeds with the dialectical process in defining and describing, but never in understanding and explaining.

"From the very nature of the case this final problem is insoluble. It is the sacred mystery, marking the limits of our nature and our knowledge. We must be content to remain there and to recognise that here, at this inmost point of life, our knowledge and understanding can reach no further than the other side of our being, the will. For the will the duality of value and reality is the indispensable condition of its activity. If value and reality were identical, there would be no will and no event. All would

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remain motionless in a state of eternal completion. The innermost meaning of time is the inalienable difference between what is and what ought to be; and because this difference, which reveals itself in our will, constitutes the fundamental condition of human life, our knowledge can never get beyond it to a comprehension of its origin. Hence we human beings find a dispassionate joy, not in the unrest of the will, which drags us into the transitory turmoil of the world of appearances, but in the tranquil province of pure thought and contemplation in which the values of eternity are revealed: *ἡ θεωρία τὸ ἡδιστον καὶ ἄριστον*"—that is to say, "the highest bliss and highest good is contemplation."

A Religion for the New Day.

By Charles F. Dole. New York (Huebsch); pp. xiv. + 297; $2.

Two great facts are emerging from the chaos of to-day. The first is that many people are becoming aware for the first time in their lives that they profess a religion which they do not believe; and the second is that religion, rightly so-called, is passing out of the fire of criticism, a finer because a freer thing than ever before.

The aim of this book is "to set forth a mode of religion, already dawning upon many minds, which the author believes must, under various forms, serve now and henceforth, not for Christendom alone, but for all mankind." The author takes up no antagonistic attitude towards any individuals or Churches sincere in their adherence to an orthodox or traditional expression of religious experience, and the tolerance which he extends to others he rightly expects for his own opinions. Throughout his book run two ideas: the paramount importance of sincerity, and the real need for a unifying conception of religion. Religion as Mr. Dole conceives it is a burning reality, which must find its outward expression not so much in individual piety as in social unity. The five sections in this book deal respectively with: 'The Signs of the Times,' 'The Course of Spiritual Evolution,' 'The Victorious Goodness,' 'The New Civilization,' 'The Religion Within.'

The forward-looking mind is the greatest need of mankind to-day. We must pass out of our present chaos towards an ordered future. Mr. Dole is a prophet of the Kingdom of Heaven, which he believes to be no chimera, but a reality which can come to pass soon if only men can rise superior to their inherited prejudices. We are afraid Mr. Dole will suffer mentally and spiritually at the hands of reactionary thinkers; but we are grateful to him for the vision which he has given us. H. L. H.

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ALCHEMY: ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Being a brief Account of the Alchemistical Doctrines and their Relation to Mysticism on the one hand and recent Discoveries in Physical Science on the other hand; together with some Particulars regarding the Lives and Teachings of the most noted Alchemists. By H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc. (Lond.), F.C.S. With 16 full-paged Illustrations. London (Rider); pp. 141; 7s. 6d. net.

THE first edition of this useful and informative exposition appeared in 1911 and Mr. Redgrove has found little to alter in the second, the call for which is a testimony to the appreciation of his labours. His survey throughout is marked with good judgment and that is much to say when so puzzling and evasive a subject-matter has to be dealt with. Our author steers a middle course between the transcendental and physical theories. His interest in mystical and allied subjects enables him to recognise that in part of the literature implications of this nature are involved. And indeed it is very difficult to make anything out of a certain type of alchemical exposition if it does not point beyond physical experiment to the inner processes of psychical and spiritual regeneration. This, however, by no means applies to the general run of the literature, which is devoted to purely material concerns. Even the most pious and philosophical of its adepts seem to have been devoted to the physical side of the art, while at the same time they had an interest in a deeper and more recondite aspect of it, otherwise they would not be classed as alchemists. Alchemy rejoiced in secrecy, delighted in fantastic disguises and invariably wrapped its final processes in mystery. Whether physical transmutation was ever really effected is thus incapable of being tested by any data it affords. Men of high character and accomplishments, however, assert that they had witnessed it and their evidence cannot be lightly dismissed. Here Mr. Redgrove is too cautious to pronounce a decided negative and prefers to keep an open mind. For to-day we can no longer with an easy conscience deny outright the possibility, as was so recently the case when scientific theory was bound to consider the main feature of alchemy as the pursuit of a vain dream. The latest discoveries of science in the subtle domain of radio-active phenomena is fast removing boundaries that were once thought to be permanent and leading more and

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more towards the rehabilitation of some such synthetic notion as that from which the leading doctrines of alchemy were deduced. In two instructive chapters Mr. Redgrove sets forth clearly for the layman how this has come about, and in conclusion ventures to think that a certain aspect of the latest research might not inaptly be referred to as 'modern alchemy.' The book is finished off with an apposite quotation from Sir William Ramsay which is worth repeating: "If these hypotheses [concerning the possibility of causing the atoms of ordinary elements to absorb energy] are just, then the transmutation of the elements no longer appears an idle dream. The philosopher's stone will have been discovered, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that it may lead to that other goal of the philosophers of the dark ages—the *elixir vitæ*. For the action of living cells is also dependent on the nature and direction of the energy which they contain; and who can say that it will be impossible to control their action, when the means of imparting and controlling energy shall have been investigated?"

THE MASTERY OF DESTINY.

By James Allen. London (Putnam's); pp. vii.+120; 3s. net.

MR. ALLEN has written an eminently practical little book dealing with man's control of his destiny. He tells us that "the will in man which is conquering the knowledge of natural law will conquer the knowledge of spiritual law." It is his endeavour to give some guidance to all those who would achieve their destiny by the pathways of the interior life, and his treatise combines both mystical and ascetical practices. The author is concerned with the training of the will and with the building up of the mind and character; this on the side of asceticism. On the mystical life he writes of concentration and meditation. Remove the Christian presuppositions and background from any standard work of mystical theology, and you have Mr. Allen's book. That is to say, there is nothing very new or interesting in it save the angle from which he approaches his subject. He is immensely practical, and quite clear in his elucidation of his subject. The book raises the old question: "What is Mysticism?" Is it an 'acquired' or always an 'infused' experience? Mr. Allen contends that man can by his own effort acquire control over his own destiny. He may be a Pelagian but that is better than being a Quietist.

H. L. H.

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INDIAN COSMOGRAPHY ACCORDING TO THE NATIVE DOCUMENTS.

By Dr. W. Kirfel, Librarian and Assistant Professor of the University of Bonn. With xviii. Plates. Bonn & Leipzig (Kurt Schroeder); pp. 36* and 401, folio; about 30s.

THE fundamental importance of cosmologic ideas—the so-called 'world-view'—and of their development for the history of religion and philosophy is more and more realized by the modern student of this fascinating subject, and Dr. Kirfel's recent work (1920) is certainly a most important contribution towards a future general history of cosmology. In a magnificent volume the author has collected an abundant, well-arranged and (according to competent critics) very reliable compendium of the different Indian ideas about the configuration and constitution of the universe, supplementing his extracts from literary texts with an excellent selection of reproductions from scarcely known and otherwise inaccessible manuscript illustrations. This descriptive part of the book leaves scarcely anything to be desired, and I believe even Indian pundits would welcome the book, if they could read it in German. It might even pay to publish an English translation. This would give the author an opportunity of supplementing and revising to a certain extent his general conclusions. He has indeed given in the 36 astericized pages at the beginning of the book a very welcome historic analysis and condensation of the whole material; but it is in this part of his work that the author fails conspicuously in some respects. He has duly noticed and expounded the decisive influence of Babylonian cosmology on Indian thought, but unhappily on the basis of a partly antiquated, partly incompetent literature. Every Assyriologist would have told him that Jensen's fundamental book on Babylonian cosmology (1891) is badly in need of a new revised edition. As things stand, it is not a matter of great consequence that K. has adopted from Jensen some antiquated theories and even some antiquated readings of proper names from the time when some values of the cuneiform signs were not fully recognized. But it is a real pity that K. should not have known better than to quote such an exploded bubble as A. Jeremias' Handbook of Old-Oriental 'Geisteskultur,' a thing which has never existed in the peculiar shape which the so-called 'Panbabylonists' have tried to foist with such a noisy and insistent propaganda

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upon the non-specialist public. Twelve years ago I was myself fascinated for a short spell by the seduction of Hugo Winckler's theories. But now-a-days it ought to be easy to see through the pedantic cobwebs of this great magister Faustus' philistine Wagner! It is a pity that the lamented Morris Jastrow has not been able to fulfil his promise of adding an appendix on Babylonian cosmology to the large German edition of his standard work on the history of Babylonian and Assyrian religion. This would have been the proper authority to quote from in such comparative research. As things are, even the twelve years' old collection of cosmological documents in the present reviewer's *Weltenmantel und Himmelszelt* (pp. 620ff.), compared *e.g.* with Kiessling's essay on the 'Ripæan Mountains' in Pauly-Wissowa's Encyclopedia (both overlooked by K.), would have afforded a good basis for a sounder comparative treatment of the 'Mount Meru' idea than the author has been able to achieve by leaning on the broken reed of Jeremias' Handbook. But even in Jensen (p. 162) K. could have found, *e.g.*, the Babylonian model for the Jainist comparison of the universe to a gigantic 'spindle,' an idea which Plato too has taken over—through the intermediary of the Iranian Er-apocalypse—into his marvellous description of the 'spindle of Necessity.' The theory about a dark and a bright side of the sun, which are alternately turned towards the earth by night and by day (K., p. 25) is an adaption of a Babylonian theory of the phases of the moon, which we know through Berossus. The localization of the gold in the North (p. 93) is well known from the book of Job—the author of which cannot have it from an Indian, but easily from a Babylonian source. The Gangā-myth (p. 109) compares with the parallels collected in *Weltenmantel*, p. 205₄. The division of the Nakshatras into a northern, middle and southern way (p. 140) corresponds to the Babylonian ways of Anu, Bel and Ea on the sky. The notion of a universal monarch (*chakravartin*) is obviously derived from the Babylonian *shar kishatu*, 'lord of the all' (Greek *kosmokratōr*), since as early as 2800 B.C. there was a Babylonian conqueror of the world bearing this title, while the Indian *chakravartins* were never any more real 'rulers of the world' than the Indian *mahārājas* ever were real 'kings of kings.'

A fundamental error of K.'s is his idea that the 'spheric' world-view—a comparatively late achievement of astral science—is primitive and derived from the visible aspect of the sky. A look into the cosmography of Cosmas Indikopleustes and of the Syrian Church-fathers should be sufficient to undeceive the

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author, who but too often forgets the first principle a student of primitive ideas should always bear in mind: Do not judge others by yourself! I have no doubt that K. sees the sky as a blue hollow sphere, but children and primitive men most certainly do not see with the eyes of a modern professor.

R. E.

THE INFLUENCE OF THOUGHT.

On Health, Wealth and Happiness. By H. Ernest Hunt. London (Rider); pp. viii. + 238; 5s. net.

So many books have been written in recent years dealing with the processes and functions of thought that it might be imagined that mankind had at last stumbled upon the ultimate solution to the problem of right living. In the Preface to his present book Mr. Hunt writes: "His [*i.e.* the man-in-the-street's] salvation surely lies in his capacity to order his individual thinking, and certainly not in Government Departments." It is a little difficult to trace the connection between the two terms in this apothegm, and certainly one would scarcely expect to find salvation in a Government Department. It is equally open to argument that thought, unless the word be used to include much that is not usually covered by it, is incapable of producing by itself the salvation of man, since it is concerned with only one aspect of his complex personality. We cannot deny that pure thought is one of the strongest forces for the moulding of character and the determination of destiny; but it is not the only force. Mr. Hunt contents himself with tracing the influence of thought upon happiness, and upon the acquisition of such practical and utilitarian rewards as physical health and material wealth. In all these spheres thought has a great part to play. We do not deny a single proposition to that end which Mr. Hunt makes. But he nevertheless exaggerates the function of thought, as for instance when he writes: "In this simple process of thought-accumulation the formation of character lies."

Mr. Hunt writes in a simple and attractive way, and if he had something fresher and more original to say his book would be valuable. As it is he repeats truths that have become platitudinous and, instead of giving an altruistic bias to his philosophy, starts with an egocentric conception from which he never wholly escapes.

H. L. H.

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THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Part I. The Acts of the Apostles, Vol. II.. Prolegomena II.—Criticism. Edited by F. J. Foakes Jackson, D.D., and Kirsopp Lake, D.D. London (Macmillan); pp. 589: 24s. net.

THIS is the second volume of a great undertaking. The treatment of the Acts alone will run into no less than 4 volumes. What is to follow we are not yet told, but we hope it will be Mark. The first volume dealt mainly with backgrounds and in it many things were treated with such freshness and vigour that the contributions of the courageous editors in particular have produced no little controversy and their views were directly or indirectly a topic of frequent discussion and lively criticism at last year's Cambridge Conference of Modern Churchmen. The topics of the present volume are again assigned to a number of distinguished scholars, including of course the editors themselves. We have in it a thorough-going attempt to deal with the difficult problems of the composition and authorship of the Acts and an able setting forth of the history of the prior treatment of this very important document by continental scholars and of the work done on it in this country and America. The impartiality of the method is best shown in the Part dealing with 'The Identity of the Editor of Luke and Acts.' Here after an Introduction by the editors, the history of the tradition is set forth by Prof. Cadbury, who has collected the chief testimonies and discussed their value. Thereafter comes a statement of the case for the identity of the author of the Acts with Luke, the companion of Paul, by Mr. Emmet, followed by the arguments in favour of the contrary view by Prof. Windisch, and ending up with some subsidiary points by the editors. The reader is left to decide for himself. Much attention is paid to language, and there is a very able contribution by Prof. Burkitt on the use made of Mark in the Gospel according to Luke, with a view to discovering similar phenomena in Acts, in carrying out the programme of enquiry into 'The Composition and Purpose of the Acts' which began the volume as Part I. In a lengthy appendix two Literary Analogies are discussed,—the Story of St. Francis of Assisi and, with a descent to far lower levels, the Story of Margaret Catchpole, which nevertheless affords help in comparing the little with the great. These later analogies are set forth in connection with the method of cognate history writing in

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the past to which the Lukan documents belong. In a final appendix of a score of pages Prof. Cadbury deals minutely, indeed word by word, with the Preface of Luke. Though at times the various writers overlap, this is no disadvantage, for it allows the reader to view common matter in different perspectives. Above all else the volume is informing and instructive, and faithfully marshals the different points of view. The main outcome of these prolegomena is by no means negative. The editors at the end of their Preface are able to say that "Acts is history," though they are constrained to add, "history compiled with a purpose and a moral"—in brief pragmatic history. The purpose suggested is put in the form of a query: "Are not the Lukan writings an apology for Christianity to the heathen as well as a manual of instruction for the Christian" (p. 177)? The editors think that that is so, and indeed their illuminating suggestion does seem to be borne out by the discussion of the Internal Evidence. There is certainly no more competent Introduction to Acts than these two tightly-packed volumes. No scholar can neglect them: and though it requires a knowledge of Greek and Latin to follow throughout, there is much in them which the general reader can study to his profit.

The Classical Texts concerning the History of Persian Religion.

Collected by C. Clemen. Bonn (Marcus & Weber); pp. 116: about 2s.

A VERY welcome supplement to the native Iranian religious texts, as they are translated *e.g.* in the collection of the Sacred Books of the East, is offered to the student of comparative religion by the author of the above-named book. It is well known that especially in the history of Iranian religion a number of the most interesting features—*e.g.* the Zrvanistic ideas—are attested far earlier in the classical than in the native texts. Prof. Clemen's collection is very careful, well arranged and on the whole fairly complete. I have only noticed two regrettable omissions. The one is the best part of the highly interesting Zrvanistic passage about the cosmic wain of God, the four horses of which are the four elements, in the Greek paraphrase of Dio Chrysostomus of Prusa, which is essentially incomplete in Clemen's extract. The other is the article 'Antisthenes' from Suidas' dictionary, which treats of the doubtful authorship of the lost Pseudo-Aristotelian

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treatise *Magikon* (on Magian Religion), attributed by some authorities to Antisthenes of Rhodes—a contemporary of Polybius (200 B.C.)—but by others to the disciple of Socrates Antisthenes of Athens. I am very much inclined to accept the latter opinion, connecting it with the occurrence of the Iranian Er-apocalypse in Plato's *Republic* with the Iranian elements in Prodikos, the Gobryas-fragment in the Ps. Platonian Axiochos and the statement of Plato's disciple Philip of Opus about the great philosopher's Chaldean guest. It is highly probable that the sojourn in Athens of this mage—the precursor of the later Berossos'es, Sudines, Kidenas, and similar Eastern pundits—is responsible for a great part of our earliest Greek traditions about Zoroaster, and that even the traditions about the Mage Ostanes, who came to Greece with Xerxes (Pliny, xxx. 8), are not totally devoid of an historic kernel. Theopompus' notice (Gellius, xv. 20) of Euripides' father consulting a 'Chaldean' about the fate of his son born on the day of the battle of Salamis is quite trustworthy. Indeed what could be more probable than that at that time one of the 'army-chaplains' of Xerxes came to Athens as a prisoner of war? And could such a man do anything better to alleviate his fate than show off his science to influential citizens of Athens? Who would have been more curious to learn such things than the always *novarum rerum cupidi* of Athens in that glorious age? I know an Austrian Lieutenant of the reserve, an astronomer of no little competence and renown, who would never have returned from his Siberian captivity if he had not been able to 'prophesy from the stars' to Russians of all ranks, until he found his way back to a small post in the service of the Pultawa observatory. Quite lately I have discovered a group of good old traditions which allow us to trace a still earlier, perhaps the first, Oriental wandering sage in the West. Pindar (Frag. 270) and after him Herodotus and a number of other authors know of an 'Hyperborean,' a man who had come from 'beyond the mountains' separating the Greek peninsula from the mainland of Europe, named Abāris, who travelled in the time of Crœsus and after the fall of Sardis through the Greek cities, predicting earthquakes and other catastrophes, working cathartic cures, giving oracles, instituting peculiar cults in Athens and Sparta, fasting ostentatiously and *wearing an arrow* wherever he went. Now *bārū* is the well-known Babylonian word for 'seer,' 'observer,' 'oracle-priest'—which occurs also in Hebrew in a hitherto wrongly vocalized verse of Isaiah (47$_{13}$), *ha-barej-shamaim ha-ḥosim bakōkabim*, translated 'the astrologers of the

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sky, the star-gazers,' in the LXX. This word is written in cuneiform with the ideographs 'man'+'arrow,' *amel KHAL*, obviously because of the well-known practice of divination by means of arrows. The initial *A* of the name A-baris is the peculiar Punic —that is West-Phenician—pronunciation *'a* of the Hebrew and Cananean article *ha* (Lidzbarski, Hdb. 257), a detail which shows clearly that the seer used in Athens and Sparta Phenician settlers of the Piræus and Gythion as interpreters, and that the Greek heard from these people the name, or rather title, they gave to the prophet. The dating of his wandering life after Crœsus and the fall of Sardis explains the reason why this man was travelling about far from his native soil. He may have been an exile from Sardis as well as from Babylon itself, which fell into the hands of Cyrus shortly after Sardis; the whole situation comparing well with the appearance of Byzantine scholars in the West after the fall of Constantinople in 1451. If there is any truth in the late statement of Himerios (4th cent. B.C.), who calls Abaris a Scythian, he may have been a Kassite by birth, for Gandish, the founder of the Kassite dynasty in Babylon, is called 'Jandyses the Scythian' by Arrian.

R. E.

Our Infinite Life.

By William Kingsland. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 200; 6s. 6d. net.

THIS thoughtful and suggestive exposition is as it were a *liaison* book between Mr. Kingsland's larger and well-received volume, *Scientific Idealism* (1909), and a complementary work of considerable dimensions, to be entitled *Rational Mysticism*, of which we are told the MS. is already complete, but which unfortunately the unfavourable times in the publishing trade do not at present permit of printing. In it the author has rewritten in a condensed and simpler form the main contentions he advanced in *Scientific Idealism*, and has also indicated shortly the further development of his theme, that deeper side of the subject which *Rational Mysticism* is designed to set forth at length. The titles well indicate the lines on which Mr. Kingsland's thought works; he is very anxious to ground his superstructure on ascertainable fact and go as far as he can hand in hand with physical science, the latest theories of which he contends demand an idealistic interpretation of the universe. Starting thence he proceeds to set forth the great problems of life and consciousness, and links up

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his appreciation and understanding of them with the spiritual doctrine of the Self as set forth, for instance, in the Upanishads and Gītā, pointing out its consonance with the fundamental features of high mystical experience in the great world-faiths. The main points of the exposition are very conveniently summed up in a set of forty propositions or principles, the first being that "the universe is a unitary rational whole," and the last the famous *dictum* of the Vedānta "That art thou." Though the main ideas advanced by Mr. Kingsland are not unfamiliar to many of our readers, his review of them in orderly sequence is permeated with a praiseworthy endeavour to avoid the obscurity of abstractionism, and so clarify the path along which he would carry his readers with him to a point where intellect is compelled by reason to acknowledge its own limitations, and reason embraces the doctrine of the Self as supplying both the link between and the synthetic principle of the universe, man and God. Mr. Kingsland is very anxious to avoid all metaphysics. But every 'world-view' necessarily involves philosophy; and metaphysics and philosophy are one of another, if not identical.

THE GOLIGHER CIRCLE—MAY TO AUGUST, 1921.

Experiences of E. E. Fournier d'Albe, D.Sc. (Lond. & Birm.) and Extracts from the Correspondence of the late W. J. Crawford, D.Sc., and others. Six Photographs, five half-tone Illustrations. London (Watkins); pp. 85; 7s. 6d. net.

THE painstaking, scientifically controlled researches of the late Dr. Crawford into the physical mediumistic phenomena produced in the 'Goligher Circle' of Belfast are familiar to our readers. The three works detailing these ingeniously tested psychical happenings have been reviewed in our pages as they successively appeared. The facts recorded in *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena*, *Experiments in Psychical Science* and *Psychic Structures at the Goligher Circle* (all published by Mr. Watkins) have enjoyed a wide publicity and obtained in general a very favourable reception at the hands of critics who are by no means easily satisfied in such matters. Dr. Crawford's methodical and continuous experiments extended over six years (1914-1920). The three works mentioned cover mainly the first four years' researches. During this period the medium and her family, consisting of six members, gave their services gratuitously. On July 30, 1920, Dr. Crawford died by his own hand. A friend, who had become his literary executor, offered a sum of money in order that

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a scientist of reputation might have the leisure to continue Dr. Crawford's work or at least re-test the results he had already announced. Accordingly Dr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe went to Belfast and between the dates May 1 and Aug. 29 of last year had 20 sittings with the Circle. His report on the results of his three months' experiments is distinctly unfavourable. He finds that no definite evidence in favour of the psychic origin of the numerous phenomena he witnessed has been furnished. Not only so, but on two occasions, as he asserts, he detected trickery on the part of the medium and her father. The phenomenon in question purposed to be the 'levitation' of an object without contact, (1) "On bending down head towards A's (one of the daughters) knees, I saw against the dim red background of the wall the stool held by K G's (the medium's) foot and portion of leg. Attached a 'locator' to the stool. The phenomenon was repeated. Again I saw the procedure, but the stool was abruptly dropped and foot withdrawn." (2) "I knelt down on the floor and placed the forefinger of my right hand against K G's left thigh, and the forefinger of my left hand against G's (the father's) right thigh, taking care not to exert any pressure, but keeping always in light contact with the cloth of their garments. I felt distinct movements of both their thighs in unison with movements of the table."

Dr. Fournier d'Albe was not prejudiced against the phenomena at the start; on the contrary he was already convinced that genuine psychical phenomena of a similar nature—especially ectoplasmic—had occurred with any other medium. He distinctly wishes it to be understood that "nothing I saw in Belfast has changed my conviction of the genuineness of the phenomena described by Madame Bisson, which were obtained under much stricter conditions." Dr. Fournier d'Albe is the translator of Baron von Schrenck-Notzing's now famous work, *Phenomena of Materialisation*, in which this scientist minutely investigated the phenomena of 'Eva C,' Mme. Bisson's medium. Indeed he shows every desire to be impartial, for in an Appendix he includes extracts from Dr. Crawford's correspondence and from reports of others who have been present at sittings of the Goligher Circle. He further admits that he has "no reason to doubt the conscientious and accurate character of Dr. Crawford's observations and records."

What then are we to say who have studied Dr. Crawford's books and these altogether favourable reports of other competent witnesses? Apart from the effusion of the ectoplasm of which

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there are numerous photographs, the most notable features of the phenomena were the (at times) tremendous force of the knocks and the fact that the levitated table could resist the most strenuous efforts of strong men to hold it down or to move it when at rest on the floor. The evidence as to these facts is overwhelming. Dr. Crawford's devices to detect trickery were most ingenious, and yet he found none. For four years there was no question of money; thereafter there was payment. Dr. Fournier d'Albe is now of opinion that Dr. Crawford did not "make sufficient allowance for the possibilities of co-operation and practice on the part of the medium and the circle, especially the latter, should such have existed, and where miraculous claims are made even unconscious fraud must be allowed for. I cannot specify a single result of Dr. Crawford's which I could regard as definitely evidential." In plain language this is tantamount to a charge that for these four years the Goligher Circle carried on an elaborate conspiracy, and with such success that they deceived a man of science who has hitherto been held generally to be one of the most mechanically accurate observers who have devoted themselves to psychical research. It is possible that a hysteriac might keep up a deception of sorts for a time to feed her vanity; but it is not credible that a whole hard-working family should conspire together for years and devote so many hours of their spare time without remuneration to an elaborate series of tricks that would gain for them a considerable income as an exhibition of 'sleight of hand.' Miss Kathleen Goligher, however, is not an hysteriac and the Golighers seem to be a pious family. Dr. Fournier d'Albe admits 'unconscious fraud.' If his unchecked observation in the two instances cited is accurate, it might be that in the first case his disappointment and change of attitude after the first six sittings, when his suspicions were aroused, became a strong suggestion that influenced the sensitive to the 'unconscious fraud'; and in the second it might be that the synchronous movements of the table and the thighs of both the medium and her father were due sympathetically to an ectoplasmic connection or 'psychic structure.' The phenomena are confessedly physical or psycho-physical. 'Eva C' is never still when the phenomena are produced; on the contrary she is 'in throes' all the time. If the testimony for genuine phenomena in the Goligher Circle were not so abundant, we should hesitate to make these suggestions; but the evidence is too strong to be set aside by the unfavourable report of one investigator.

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THE BOOK OF THE KINDRED SAYINGS.

Part II. The Nidāna Book. Translated by Mrs. Rhys Davids, M.A., Fellow of University College, London, assisted by F. H. Woodward, M.A. London (Oxford University Press); pp. 205; 10s. 6d. net..

THIS is vol. x of the Pali Text Society's Translation Series and the concluding Part of the Sanyutta Nikāya or Grouped Suttas, that is Sermons grouped under topics. The most important of these deal with the scheme of the Nidānas or causal bases, the successive conditions in the causal law of happening: if this comes to be, then that comes to be. It is one of the most important topics in the doctrine and very familiar from its graphic representation as the Bhavachakra or Wheel of Becoming. Here is an example of its setting forth: "Conditioned by ignorance activities come to pass; conditioned by activities consciousness, conditioned by consciousness name-and-shape, conditioned by name-and-shape sense, conditioned by sense contact, conditioned by contact feeling, conditioned by feeling craving, conditioned by craving grasping, conditioned by grasping becoming, conditioned by becoming birth, conditioned by birth old age-and-death, grief, lamenting, suffering, sorrow, despair come to pass. Such is the uprising of the entire mass of ill. This, brethren, is called [causal] happening." It is then through the utter fading away of ignorance that there comes ceasing from this mass of ill. It is a depressing concatenation to contemplate; but scholastic Buddhism in general seems to have been content to confine the nidāna-notion to this scheme of causal sequence of ill; it is therefore a pleasant surprise to find in this book, and in it alone, and here once only, an appendix working out the causal sequence in terms of happiness. "Conditioned by suffering [comes to pass] faith"; and so on to successive conditionings of more hopeful becoming leading to knowledge. These stages are given as: joy, rapture, serenity, happiness, concentration, knowledge and insight into things as they really are. This is the knowledge (*aññā*) that makes ignorance to cease. The difficulty in finding appropriate English for the technical Buddhist terms is naturally very great; but Mrs. Rhys Davids has done yeoman service in this as in other respects in her careful and dignified rendering. From her editorial notes which preface the volume, there is much to be learned; here as in her more recent work generally she throws

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new and much-needed light on some of the great *cruces* for the West of Buddhist doctrine. From them we may select the following concerning the idea of 'continuous identity': "The Græco-European law of identity: A=A, banishes all relativity and leaves—nonentity. The Buddhist statement is that of life: A=A—becoming—A_1, A_1=A_1—becoming—A_2 and so on to A_n. There *is* individuality, personality. But individuality is not something immutably, absolutely identical. *We* change, *we* grow, with whatever name-and-shape happens to be the presentation of us."

RAYMUND LULLY.

Illuminated Doctor, Alchemist and Christian Mystic. By Arthur Edward Waite.

DR. JOHN DEE.

Elizabethan Mystic and Astrologer. By G. M. Hort.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

The 'Troubadour of God.' By Edith K. Harper.

London (Rider); pp. 75, 72, 78; 2s. net each.

THESE three little volumes belong to the 'Mystics and Occultists' series published by Messrs. Rider & Son and edited by the Hon. Ralph Shirley. They are in general useful summaries for the general reader, but occasionally give us first-hand research. This is notably the case with Mr. Waite's study of Raymund Lully, which is a distinct contribution towards the solution of the literary problem which the large complex of heterogeneous works assigned to this famous name sets the critic. It has long been agreed by students that the scholastic doctor who devised the famous, but mechanically formal, *Ars Magna Sciendi*, or *Ars Lulliana*, who tried to persuade the Pope to establish schools for the training of scholars in Oriental tongues so that the Muslims might be converted, and who went himself as a missionary to Morocco and finally suffered a martyr's death at Tunis in about 1315, is not the Alchemist (or his imitators) of the same name, though they have for long been confounded. But in addition to the scholastic and alchemical writings contained in the very extensive *Opera Omnia Lulliana* Mr. Waite calls attention to certain mystical treatises which he considers of value, and thinks they may possibly be ascribed to yet another author. "Whether

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or not he was distinct from him of the *Ars Magna*, he is most certainly to be separated with the latter from the dubious *Doctor Hermeticus*, and is the only one öf the three who has vestiges of living interest for us this day." This is well judged; our colleague's instinct is always sound where the heart of mysticism is concerned. But in addition he knows his Lullian subject-matter and is a good 'guide to the perplexed.'

Mr. Hort's sketch of Dee should persuade some of his readers to turn to Miss Fell-Smith's *Life* of this considerable mathematician and unfortunate 'psychical researcher,' as we should say to-day. His *actiones* with the 'skryer' Kelly closely resemble the procedure and communications of some modern spiritistic *séances*. Dee sacrificed his worldly career through his credulity in the *bona fides* of Kelly's 'controls,' and was saved from spiritual disaster only by his honesty and piety. Mr. Hort would have been better advised if he had not punctured his narrative and remarks with such frequent notes of exclamation; shouting is not a convincing argument.

Miss Harper's short sketch of the Poverello of Assisi is written with taste; it is a pleasing account of the most lovable of the Saints.

THE FAITH THAT ENQUIRES.

The Gifford Lectures delivered in the University of Glasgow in the years 1920 and 1921. By Sir Henry Jones. London (Macmillan); pp. 361; 18s. net.

THESE thoughtful lectures were bravely delivered in the cruel grip of a fatal disease, testifying to the unconquerable spirit of the moral philosopher who succeeded to the chair of Edward Caird. Sir Henry Jones is fully persuaded that if a man seeks God by the way of pure reason, he will find him, and that the enquiry which makes the fullest use of severe intellectual methods is the best support of a religion worth having. A somewhat stoical atmosphere pervades the volume, and its conclusions in last resort all flow from the faith that the only human activity which has a final, unlimited and absolute value is the moral life. What is meant by this we are told quite clearly: "By moral life I mean the *process* of forming a good character; by good character I mean a way of living which, in all its details, is dedicated to the service of the best, and is therefore the fulfilment, at one and the same time, of the moral law and of the will of God. From the

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absoluteness and finality of the value of the process of learning goodness it follows, that everything that furthers that process is good in the most unqualified sense, and that everything that hinders it is evil. Moral progress is our principle of evaluation and our only authoritative measuring rod."

The moral life is thus the truly spiritual life. This assumption is claimed to throw a new light on the problem of evil. The argument is as follows: "If the spiritual process of learning to recognize and realize the best has the supreme value which we attribute to it, then the world that makes that process possible is the best world. It is a better world, be it noted, than the so-called 'perfect world' of ordinary opinion. That so-called perfect world obviously stands in no need of improvement, and has no room or call for change. There is nothing in it that '*ought*' to be done; there are no unrealized ideals: on the contrary, to do anything were to introduce change, and a change for the worse; for the real and ideal already coincide. Morality is not possible. No duty calls. Spiritual enterprise is extinguished. If we choose the good (as we would), we should find that it is already there, accomplished; so that we can but stand with idle and empty hands. It is never a *moral* good."

Thus it follows that for Sir Henry the highest idea of God is the perfect in process—"as a movement from splendour to splendour in the spiritual world, as an eternal achievement and never-resting realization of the ideals of goodness in human history." One of the guiding notions of the volume is that a thing is what it does—so formulated first of all by Nettleship.

COSMIC ANATOMY.

And the Structure of the Ego. By M. B. Oxon. London (Watkins); pp. 270; 6s. 6d. net.

THIS is a difficult book to notice, not to speak of reviewing. The writer is persuaded that the underlying ideas of some of the greater cosmologies of the ancients and cognate oracular utterances of the great world-scriptures can furnish us with deeper insights into the structure of the living universe and of ourselves as mirrors of that universe than more modern views. Highly critical for the most part with regard to the latter as being over-intellectualized, he extends a catholic sympathy to the former, and plunges into a sea of comparative symbolism, figurative and verbal, moving with such rapidity from thought to thought and image to image

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that it is difficult even for one who is not a stranger to the subject and to the play of free associationism in the indeterminate flux of mythical representations and unco-ordinated flashes of insight to keep pace with him. Some of the technical terms of Indian tradition, especially as used in the Vishṇu Purāṇa, have been chosen by the author as the most suitable nomenclature to express the basic notions on which he would lay stress. This by no means makes matters easier for the ordinary reader, and we fear that the linguistic excursions indulged in when trying to establish what the author regards as root-meanings will leave the philologist unsatisfied. The vast vistas of cosmic possibility in space and time and transcending them, which are so dear to Indian thinkers, are thus continually to the fore, and the value of postulating an ever-shifting point of view varying with the changing consciousness of the observer so as to obtain an all-round apprehension, is strongly insisted on. M. B. Oxon, moreover, has a tentative scheme which he reduces to graphic form, and declares he has found to work well for himself in matters where least he expected to find it operative. We have unfortunately failed to possess ourselves of this key to his complex dance of suggestion and his gay adventures into many lands of difficult survey and obscure topography. Doubtless there is a spiritual reality in-working in all things and all lives, in minds and imaginings of every grade, of which if we possessed a sure grasp, we should be able to recognize its energizing in the most apparently irrational happenings, conceits and inversions. To point out this is of service; but the perusal of so tightly packed a volume of guesses, speculations and suggestions leaves us with the impression of a too great facility in jumping from subject to subject. If M. B. Oxon had made a selection of his over-many themes and dealt with each as well as, for instance, he has treated the subject of psychoanalysis and his own dream-experience, the book would have been more readable and helpful. As it is, unless the reader not only has had prior access to the same world of ideas in which the mind of the author is steeped, but is also well read in relevant subject-matter, we fear that he will be unable to follow, even where the author is most suggestive.

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THE QUEST

AMONG THE WORSHIPPERS OF SATAN: THE RELIGION OF THE YEZĪDĪ KURDS.

Rev. Robert Newton Flew, M.A.

The Great War sent British soldiers into many unlikely places. But surely Fortune's merriest vagary was to give to Englishmen a temporary suzerainty over the folk that worship Satan under the name of Angel Peacock. After the Armistice the Yezīdī Kurds exchanged Turkish persecution for the mild oversight of British Political Officers. But few even of these were able to visit the king in his palace at Ba'adri, and go on pilgrimage to Sheikh Adi, the chief shrine of the faith.[1] It was the privilege of the present writer, attracted by this, surely the strangest medley of beliefs

[1] These places are in the mountains to the north of Mosul. The Yezīdīs are a scattered people, and it is impossible to estimate their numbers with any accuracy. The chief accounts, in English, of this strange survival are those of Layard, Badger and Wigram (in *The Cradle of Mankind*, 1914). The two sacred books of the Yezīdīs were translated and published in The Quest for October, 1913, by Count Arrigo Manza de' Neri. The account of Carnoy (*Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, art. 'Yezidis') is second-hand and in parts inaccurate. Mr. G. R. Driver, in the *Bulletin* (Jan. 1922), of the School of Oriental Studies, gives an excellent summary and translates one of the chief documents, the Petition of 1873.

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that ever coalesced in any religion, to make such a journey, and some of his gleanings by the way are presented here.

I. A Journey to the Shrine.

The Yezīdīs are not ashamed to admit that the Being in control of this world, the object of their worship, is identical with Shaitān. They are despised for it. They have been more cruelly persecuted for it than the adherents of any other faith, perhaps, in that fanatical storm-centre, the Middle East. But they are feared. My Arab servant, Nasr, would not come with me. He would have gone anywhere else in the world —but not there. He tried to dissuade me from putting my life into the power of the Evil One, and yet was half-amused at the English obstinacy. But what could one expect of a Sahib who refused to believe in the reality of the jinns? Had not he, Nasr, seen a jinn only a week or two before, riding on the back of a black cat who was walking round the roof of the Y.M.C.A.? And the Sahib had only laughed.

But the Political Officers in Mosul had no such fears. They knew the Yezīdīs as peaceable and law-abiding folk, easier for governmental purposes than the Christians of those parts. They had not visited the Yezīdīs themselves, but they offered to provide me with a recruit in the Arab levies, who had lived among them for some years, and who though a Moslem was not in any particular fear of the realm of the Angel Peacock. As we rode out past the mounds of Nineveh, we instinctively fell to examining one another in the words that must not be used in the presence of a Yezīdī.

You may not say 'Shaitān' in the hearing of

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a Yezīdī. If you do, he is bound either to kill you or to kill himself. He usually kills you. For this reason these Kurds were excused service in the Turkish army, for Moslems every morning take refuge in Allah from the evil of Shaitān, the Stoned.

You must not say *shatt* (river) for that is half 'Shaitān.' You must not say *keitan* (thread); it is like in sound to 'Shaitān.' You must not say the words for malediction, because they are usually applied to Shaitān. You must not say *khess* (lettuce), for once Melek Taūs came down to earth in human form to see how his flock went on, and even he found the climate of N. Mesopotamia rather too warm. He sought to take shelter with the lettuces, presumably under their leaves, that being the only available shade. On their refusal he cursed all lettuces, and his obedient followers do not eat lettuces, nor plant lettuces, nor take the name of lettuce on their lips.

Mahmud and I were bound for the palace of the king at the village of Ba'adri, and after that for the shrine of Sheikh Adi, in the mountains beyond. The king is an absolute monarch over the Yezīdī race, and is called 'Mīra' (*i.e.* Amīr). He may kill any man, and nobody objects. He may take any woman, and who is to say him nay? But this absolutism is tempered by fear of assassination. The natural death for the Mīra is assassination. When we arrived at the palace I was told the story of the death of the previous monarch not once nor twice, and always in the same terms.

"Ali Beg was a great tall man and was very strong, and he was killed when he was asleep. He was sleeping, and by his side was the present Mīra, then a little boy, and it was the sixth hour of the night.

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And the assassin came with his gun, and crept on his belly, and raised his gun so (the narrator imitated the motion) and fired; and lo, the shot entered in at his stomach, and passed through his body, and came out at the back of his neck.

"And it was night, and there was no moon, and the murderer escaped, and no man saw him."

In the palace I was welcomed with great heartiness. The English are rulers better loved than the Turk. The Turk, so the members of the Royal family assured me, had an uncomfortable habit of descending without notice and carrying off cattle and women; whereas no guest came from the English without letters of introduction. My letter contained one happy mistake. I was described in flattering terms as a priest of the highest degree in my own country. My hosts interpreted this as a Bishop, and a Bishop I became for my stay in the country of the Devil.

I must pass over interesting details of the visit, and describe my private interview with Shewass the Scribe. He was a Christian, but had been in that employment many years. The faithful are forbidden by the laws of their religion to read or write; so the Mīra keeps a Christian scribe to transact his business for him.

"Think of it, your Excellency," said the Scribe. "They worship Shaitān!" He got up apprehensively and made sure that the door of the audience-chamber was shut, and the windows closed, and then resumed. "Yes, Shaitān! They bow down to the peacock and say it is Shaitān. Here in this house are four peacocks kept shut up in a dark room beneath. Myself I have never seen them. I do not know where they are. No Christian eye has ever seen them. Before each peacock

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a lamp is perpetually burning. Those Sheikhs that you have seen in this room, who paid their respects to you, went out and visited their peacock straightway, and prostrated themselves, and then would leave money before it for Shaitān."

According to their belief, Satan is the first of the seven great spirits who emanated from Yazdan. Yazdan is the Supreme Being, but they pay him no worship. He takes no account of earth. It is probably from his name (a Persian name for deity) that they derive their own.

Shaitān or Melek Taūs (Angel Peacock) has the governance of the world for 10,000 years; 6,000 have already gone. Apparently in popular belief he is an evil and a fallen spirit, but not fallen past redemption. One story says that Melek Isa (Angel Jesus) will dethrone him after 4,000 years and send him to hell. But there he will repent and weep and the tears of his weeping will ultimately put out the fires of hell.

Melek Taūs is banished now from the immediate presence of Yazdan. But a white bearded Yezīdī[1] in the Caucasus region explained once that he would certainly be restored.

"Was not Melek Taūs the best loved of all the archangels? And will not God take pity on him who has been exiled for so many thousands of years, and restore to him the dominion over the world he created? Will not Melek Taūs then reward the poor Yezīdīs who have never spoken evil of him, and have suffered so much for him?"

The chief shrine of the religion is Sheikh Adi, some hours' riding beyond Ba'adri. The temple is situated in a narrow and tortuous glen, and the pale

[1] Haxthausen, *Transcaucasia*, pp. 260-261 (Eng. Tr.).

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cone of the temple-tower rises conspicuous. All around, on the gloomy hillside, are little oratories in a ruinous condition. The founder of such a chantry acquires merit by its erection, and a lamp is lit in each of them by the temple-priests in the evening.

On the day of my arrival there was a minor festival. The musicians were playing a dirge to Melek Taûs. One of the images of the peacock is said to be kept in the big chest inside the shrine, which Dr. Wigram[1] aptly compares to the ark in the shrine of St. Alban's Abbey. There were lamps burning before the ark and before the tomb of the saint. Sheikh Adi, who gives his name to the shrine, was probably an historical personage. Some traditions regard him as divine, and one actually says that at the Last Judgment all the Yezīdī souls will be safely carried into heaven in a tray on his head, while the adherents of less fortunate religions are undergoing individual scrutiny.

There was one corner in the shrine which attracted me, for Dr. Wigram had told me of the small door from which a steep stone staircase plunges down into the bowels of the rock. But the faqīr in charge assured me that it was nothing, absolutely nothing. Anyhow I could not go down. This was, however, nothing less than the chief secret of Sheikh Adi, and down into it no one must go. Dr. Wigram is probably the only living man who has made his way down. It happened in this wise.

In the last persecution of the sect, which ended in 1908, they were driven from their shrine. Sheikh Adi had hitherto been immune from such visitations but now was placed in charge of a Moslem Mullah. Dr. Wigram visited it in 1907, and the Mullah allowed him

[1] *The Cradle of Mankind*, p. 97.

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to pass through that inviolable doorway. The Mullah scoffed at Yezīdī superstitions; but afterwards admitted that *down there* he had never ventured, and had never in the least expected to see his visitor come up again alive! So completely did even an unbeliever believe that the dark place was tenanted by the foul fiend.

"Unfortunately at the time the searcher failed to realize the unique nature of his opportunity, and consequently did not push his explorations as thoroughly as he otherwise would. It was very dark down the staircase, and he was provided only with matches. But it seemed to him that he had penetrated into a vast natural cavern, teeming with rills of trickling water—the birthplace of the sacred spring which feeds the temple tanks, and forms the main source of the rivulet which flows down the glen below.

"And here, perhaps, we have the key to the time-honoured sanctity of Sheikh Adi. It was primarily a seat of that fountain-worship which is one of the earliest of all known cults. Melek Taūs himself was but a later accretion, though now he has usurped pre-eminence, and even yet his worshippers are half-conscious of a god behind their god."[1]

II. Religious Beliefs and Practices.

The chief objects of reverence in the faith are the four *sanājiq* or *standards* (the plural form of *sanjaq*).[2] These *sanājiq* are images of the peacock, made in brass or copper. The bird is a rude image, and resembles a toy bird fashioned by a child rather than a peacock.

[1] *The Cradle of Mankind*, p. 100.

[2] There are various accounts given of the number of *sanājiq*, but my information, gathered from many believers, accords entirely with that of Layard, *Nineveh and Babylon*. On page 48 of this work there is a diagram which accords exactly with an unauthorized photograph in my possession.

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The faithful are usually careful to explain that it is regarded as a symbol, not as an idol. The images are taken regularly on pilgrimage, three times a year. The Yezīdīs are parcelled out into four divisions and one *sanjaq* goes to each quarter of their world; to the Aleppo district, to the villages in N. Armenia and the Russian territory, to the Sinjar, and to the area north of Mosul.

In each case the idol is washed before leaving Ba'adri; the dirty water is poured into a vessel, and the attendant takes it with him and gives to the faithful to drink; a couple of grammes being allowed to each person till the water is exhausted. Those thus favoured will bathe, change into their best clothes and feast and make holiday for the remainder of the day.

Any believer who entertains the idol makes a considerable gift. Animals are killed, and the banquet is eaten in the room where the *sanjaq* remains. The room is gorgeously decorated; three circles will be formed round the *sanjaq:* the first will be the various priests—Qauwāls, Sheikhs, Pīrs; the second the laymen; and the third the women and children. The Qauwāls will take their instruments and play, and the women will sing.[1] It is said that after the meal six circles are formed in honour of the six other spirits, and there will be half-an-hour's silence to implore pardon for all sins. At the end of the tour the representative of the Mīra takes the offerings back to Ba'adri and the Qauwāls take the *sanjaq* to Sheikh Adi and dip it in the sacred water Zem-Zem.

The Yezīdīs reverence the sun, Sheikh Shams-ed-din. They daily kiss the ground at the exact spot where his rays first rest, and they sacrifice white oxen

[1] See *Monte Sinjar, Storia di un Popolo Ignoto* (Rome, 1900).

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at his shrine. For the small spire, whitewashed repeatedly and built so that the first rays of the sun that illuminate that dark valley should as often as possible fall upon it, is called the sanctuary of the sun.[1] The inscriptions in the shrine are all addressed to Sheikh Shams.

They believe firmly in the transmigration of souls. At a funeral a piece of sacred earth from Sheikh Adi, mixed with the water of the Zem-Zem, is placed by a priest in the mouth of the dead person, on his face, and on the breast. At the bier, before the corpse is buried, two of the *kūjaks* (*i.e.* one of the chief orders, under the control of the chief priest) pray to Sheikh Adi or to Yazid or to some saint, that they may learn if the soul of the corpse has been born again. The two *kūjaks* go into a trance; they fall on the ground, they shake like paralytics—and at last hear a voice speaking from the bier. So realistic is the scene that a Christian priest who witnessed it says that a demon seems to speak from the corpse. The *kūjak* is silent after the voice is heard and sleeps for about half-an-hour. When he wakes up the relatives of the dead kiss his hands and the women bring him something to eat. If the deceased person was a virtuous man he says: "Lament no more, I have seen him born again in the body of one of our nation." If the deceased was a bad man, he says: "He is born again, but his soul is entered into the body of a dog"—ass, horse, or some other animal. In this case the relatives offer sacrifices, so that the animal may come to dwell among them and at death may be born again in a Yezīdī body.

The chief Sheikh was once angry with a Sheikh of inferior rank, who had answered him impertinently.

[1] Layard, *Nineveh and its Remains*, i. 288.

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He dismissed the subordinate with the words: "Within ten days your soul will leave your body." The doomed man went out in terror, promptly took to his bed, and died. After three years the chief Sheikh went to collect his tribute according to rule. He entered a certain village and was received with musical honours and the ceremony befitting his rank. The notables met him. The women prepared the most exquisite food. When it was served the ecclesiastic looked to the door, and saw a dog with a disease of the eyes, weeping unpicturesque tears. He paused. He ordered the servants to take the food to the dog. The dog devoured it ravenously. Nobody spoke. Nobody dared. At last the master of the house in utter humiliation asked pardon of the chief Sheikh for the unsuitable viands. The chief Sheikh answered: "Your food was more than I deserve, better than I desire. Bring me to-day just what you usually eat." Another table of food was prepared and eaten without any interruption. Then the notables took courage and asked why the best food had been given to the dog. The answer was: "You do not know. You did not recognize the spirit of that dog. It was that of the Sheikh whom I dismissed, and who died. I sent his spirit into this distant country, and I made it enter into that dog, so that no one should know it, and come to supplicate for him. Did you not see him weep, that I might liberate him from his hell? So I have made his spirit return to our country and I have made it to be born again in the body of one of our own people."

It may be gathered that their ecclesiastics love to exalt their office as within other religions of the world. But their priests have also medical uses. They practise faith-healing, and in their dreams and trances do battle

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against the hosts of death that are fighting for any particular Yezīdī life at the time. For the various diseases, however, there is only one medicinal remedy —and that is the application of the sacred earth of Sheikh Adi, either externally or internally. The earth is mixed with the water of the Zem-Zem and the paste is made up into balls, and the balls are distributed regularly to all the villages. This sacred earth is also eaten by the contracting parties to a marriage in the absence of a Sheikh to marry them. There is no other ceremony in that case. But if a Sheikh is available the marriage is more pleasing to the palate. He divides a piece of bread into two parts, and the bride and the groom eat the two parts.

III. Stories of the Creation and of the Origin of Man.

The story of creation has various forms. But most accounts agree that the world came from a white pearl, created by God; that the pearl broke into four or more parts, and that the elements issued from it. The heavens are a solid vault. I asked the cousin of the Mīra where Melek Taūs was. He answered that he was sitting on the heavens, which were solid, like that—pointing to my cigarette-case which was lying on the *diwān*. This conception of the firmament is also Babylonian and Hebrew.

There is also a story of creation to this effect. After the creation of the elements out of the pearl, the supreme being (or else Melek Taūs) created six other gods from his own essence and light, just as one lights his own candle from the candle of another. Then the first god said to the second: "I have created the

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heavens. Do thou create." So the second created the sun. The second spoke to the third and the third created the moon. So in turn were also created air, the morning star, and the stars and the planets together by the sixth god. The seventh god did not create anything. The seven of them then created their own seats in the sky.

One popular account says that concerning the origin of man, the Christians, Jews, and Moslems are all in error. There was not one Adam only, but seventy-one, created successively. The first Adam and his descendants remained for 10,000 years. Then the earth remained deserted for another 10,000 years. And so on alternately a new Adam with his descendants, and then an æon of chaos, during which æon demons inhabited the earth, eating, drinking and marrying. Then came our Adam, the Adam of whom the Christians speak, the seventy-first. Now the Yezīdīs are descended from Adam without the co-operation of Eve. Christians, Jews, and Moslems come from Adam and Eve. When Adam and Eve saw the animals mating, and offspring being born, they disputed. Adam said that he was the cause of birth, and Eve claimed the honour for herself. A bargain was made. Two earthern vessels were made by Adam, each shaped like a cone. The disputants each spat into one of these, and then sealed up the jar for nine months. Eve found in her jar at the end of that time only worms and horrible reptiles. Adam discovered two beautiful new-born babes, one a boy and the other a girl. This of course settled the question of the inferiority of women. There has been no feminist question among the Kurds. But the discovery did not settle the dispute for at least two years. Eve was most

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angry and declined to look after the children. So God caused breasts to grow on Adam, whereat the children were to be suckled, and his male descendants still carry the vestiges of these breasts. So nobly did Adam carry out his duty that the result was the noblest and best of all mankind, the Yezīdī race, descended from Adam alone. After two years Adam and Eve were reconciled and the result was two children, from whom the adherents of less interesting religions derive their descent.

IV. The Discovery and Decipherment of the Sacred Books.

In 1911 the Carmelite Father Anastase Marie of Baghdad published in *Anthropos* (Vienna) a facsimile edition of the texts he had procured by tracings made of the uncouth characters in which the MSS. were written. Already the Rev. O. H. Parry had printed a translation of an Arabic version, but Father Anastase was unaware of this former version; and not unnaturally was proud of his priority in introducing the Kurdish originals to the Western world. But I cannot resist the pleasure of giving the good Father's own account of his doings. There is an engaging candour which almost disarms the inevitable moral strictures.

In the month of May, 1898, a handsome young man came to him in Baghdad, admitted that he was a Yezīdī and asked to be made a Christian.

"I was a servant, and at the same time librarian to the religious chief of my sect, for seven years. I was tired of the life and offered my services to the Chaldean monks who live near us. When I got to know them well, I found that their life was far better than ours."

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"Why did you not become a Christian there, and why did you come so far?"

"I could not do so in my own country; I should be exposed to an immediate death."

There was another motive. Habīb was reluctant to tell it, but Father Anastase is a persuasive man. The language is perhaps adorned by the confessor, and I have cut out many poetic flourishes; but there is no reason for rejecting the story.

"You Christians do not think highly of dreams. I was struggling in my soul and fell into a deep sleep. I saw myself in a splendid garden, with plentiful water flowing around it; the trees were weighed down with fruit; flowers of every kind and of every colour adorned the face of this paradise.

"I sat down under an ancient tree. There came a man with a written scroll, and on his head were two rays of light. 'Look,' he said. 'This book need exist no longer. All its laws are abolished. I destroy the scroll. It has had its day.' After him came a beautiful youth, his raiment radiant with light, and he said: 'It is in Me that you will find the Way, the Truth, the Life. So long as you remain in your errors you will have no peace of mind. As soon as you renounce them you will find an ineffable peace within. Take the fruit of this tree and it will give you a foretaste of heaven.'

"He plucked the fruit of a neighbouring tree and gave it to me, and delicious did I find it to be. 'From henceforth,' he said, 'you will find no pleasure apart from the fruit of this tree of life. You have lived thirty years, and you have only a year to live. If you remain in your errors you will only harm yourself in this world and the next.'

"He withdrew. A third person came with a turban

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on his head and sandals on his feet. He bade me follow —but after a few steps I awoke.

"I think that Jesus has invited me to profess His religion."

Father Anastase gave Habīb excellent counsel, and added: "But above all, I wish you to give me a sure and certain proof that you renounce the teachings of your fathers, by disclosing to me all the secrets and all the ceremonies of your religion."

Habīb was afraid. He feared the assassin. Father Anastase re-assured him by promising that his name would not be revealed so long as he lived. But only after seven months could Habīb bring himself to tell the names of the sacred books, *Ktebi Jalweh* and *Mashaf Ras*, *The Book of Enlightenment* and *The Black Book*. These were hidden in such a way that only three persons knew their whereabouts. They were in a box of walnut-wood. On the cover in the centre was the silver peacock, on the right the sun, on the left the moon; above the peacock the morning star, and below, the earth. In the top corner on the right, two zigzag lines (perhaps the Tigris and the Euphrates). Opposite, in the left corner, three rays of fire. The other corners contained a round figure (perhaps representing air), and a few silver grains of sand, arranged as if it were a turnip (perhaps representing the earth).

Habīb became a Christian with the name of Abd-el Mesīh. He was baptized on Christmas Eve, 1898, and died on October 9, 1899. He was convinced that he would die a year after his baptism and he succumbed to an attack of hemorrhoids. Before he died he told Father Anastase that there were translations into Arabic of the sacred books. But all Yezīdīs are bound

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to deny, absolutely, and with the most binding oaths, the existence of any sacred book.

In June 1904, Father Anastase went to Rome *viâ* the Sinjar. On his way he visited the religious chief of the religion, interviewed the librarian, and bribed him to trace the characters of the two books on transparent paper. This task took two years. The librarian had few opportunities of seeing the books in private. But at last the work was completed and the money paid, and with the hint of Massignon to look for the proper names and to use the Arabic translation, Father Anastase deciphered the unknown script. The result has already appeared in THE QUEST.[1] Doubt has been thrown on the authenticity of these MSS. in the unknown script, and on the genuineness of the script itself. So far no decisive reasons have been adduced for dismissing the story of the Baghdad monk as a fabrication.

IV. THE ORIGIN OF THE RELIGION.

In any case, the religious ideas of the two books do not afford any clue as to the origin of the religion. *The Book of Enlightenment* reads like a Gnostic text; *The Black Book* is a medley of confused and childish traditions, similar to some of the stories already given. No final conclusion can be reached. It is suggestive to note the eagerness of scholars to claim the origin of Yezīdīsm for their own particular field of research. Thus Carnoy, whose delight is in Iranian research, speaks as if this cult were already proved to be an offshoot of the Zoroastrian faith. G. R. Driver says that the underlying creed on which it is based is

[1] October 1913.

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undoubtedly Islam. Neither of these hypotheses can claim finality; for nothing more decisive can be said than that the religion contains some Zoroastrian beliefs and some Mohammedan practices. But the religion also contains Gnostic ideas, Sabæan, Babylonian and Christian elements. And no hypothesis can yet explain the 'bad eminence' of Shaitān, nor the presence of that ominous bird the peacock in the centre of the ritual of the religion.

There seems little evidence to connect the Yezīdīs with any ancient literary religion. But the evidence is slightly stronger for connection with some early form of Christianity, or some Gnostic sect. But if so, they have forgotten the doctrines of their ancestors, Their books are no more explicit than their traditions. According to the tradition of the Christians in Northern Mesopotamia, the Shaitānists were at one time Christians. The mere existence of this tradition is significant. The Yezīdīs are despised and persecuted. There is no reason why the Christians should claim kinship with the worshippers of Shaitān. Both Christians and Yezīdīs agree in a confused and complicated tradition about the shrine at Sheikh Adi. They say that originally it was a church or monastery built when St. Thaddeus or Addaī evangelized this part of the world. He was one of the Seventy-two Disciples sent abroad after the Ascension of Christ. The church was dedicated to the Apostle. In the monastery were many holy monks, but Melek Taūs in the time of Sheikh Adi inspired them to forsake their vows by writing repeated messages and leaving them suspended on a tree. The structure of the shrine supports the tradition that it was once a Christian monastery.

There are also vestiges of Christian practices in

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the cult. As, however, the religion has proved itself almost the last word in syncretism, these observances cannot prove a Christian origin for the faith. But some are significant.

The Eucharist is celebrated, but only in one part of the Yezīdī world,—in Halitiyeh, a dependency of Diarbekr. There the partakers sit round a table. The chief of them says: "*Ave chia* (What is this)?"—holding up a cup of wine.

He himself answers: "*Ave kasie Isaya* (This is the cup of Jesus)."

Then he continues: "*Ave Isa naf rounishtiya* (Jesus is sitting and present in it)."

First he himself partakes, and then passes the cup round. The last person drinks all that is left in the cup.

Among the Russian Yezīdīs wine is regarded as the blood of Christ and is therefore sacred. They always hold the cup in both hands to avoid spilling. If but a drop fall on the ground they immediately suck it up with the mouth, swallowing the dust with which it has mingled.[1] So too the Yezīdīs in N. Mesopotamia often receive the Eucharist from the hands of the priests in Mardin.

One of the 'fourteen points,' on which the chiefs of the sect in their Petition of 1873 based their protest against service in the Turkish Army, concerns Fasting.

"Every member of our sect, if he wishes to fast, must fast at home, not abroad; for every single day of the fast he must go in the morning to the house of his Sheikh and his Pīr and begin to fast; then at the time of breakfast also he must go to the house of his

[1] Haxthausen, *Transcaucasia*, p. 259.

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Sheikh or Pīr; and if he drink not two or three glasses of that wine, his fast is not accepted, and he becomes an unbeliever."

This would seem to be connected with the Christian observance of the Eucharist.

Baptism is a binding obligation. All the children are brought if possible to Sheikh Adi and there immersed in the stream called Zem-Zem. There is a threefold immersion. The baptismal formula is:

"*Hol, hola, soultanie Azid, tou bonia berhe Azid, saraka rea Azid.* (Hol, hola, Yezid is a sultan; thou hast become a lamb of Yezid; thou mayst be a martyr for the religion of Yezid.)"

On the strength of these vestiges of Christian belief and practice it is tempting to regard the religion as an obscured, disfigured Christianity, which in course of time has become solidified into a separate religious system. In the opinion of the present writer they are not a Mohammedan sect, for they despise Mohammed. All the Moslem traits in the religion can be readily explained by the age-long supremacy of Islam in the Middle East. There is no trace of polytheism amongst them. It is difficult to maintain a Manichæan or Mazdæan origin, for with them Satan is not like Ahriman a personification of the evil principle.

It is tempting to go further, and suggest that they were originally a Gnostic sect, which at an early age was separated from the Christian Church. Readers of Irenæus will remember the Ophites and their complicated Gnostic mythology. Just as Ialdabaoth for the Ophites is the First-born of the Hebdomad, or group of seven planetary powers, so Melek Taūs in *The Black Book* is the Prince of the seven planetary spirits. In both systems Jesus plays a conspicuous part, and

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in both there is a conception of a Supreme Being above all the Spirits who takes no account of earth save at rare intervals. Tempting it is to point to the ominous emblem of the snake, the most conspicuous feature of the sacred courtyard in Sheikh Adi. The Yezīdīs give no satisfactory account of the prominence of this emblem carved in relief at the door of their shrine. But they keep it carefully blacked and revere it to this day. Can it claim for ancestor that mysterious persuasive Snake begotten by Ialdabaoth, that gave the Ophites their name? These enticing speculations, however, should not blind us to the extreme difficulty of linking this strange cult with any of the literary religions of the past. It must suffice to say that it is more natural to look to Gnosticism for its origin than to Zoroastrianism or to Islam.

But the Peacock? That elusive bird gives the last touch of mystery to this mysterious faith. Whence does he come, with his ill-omened cry, and take the supreme position in the cultus? Bird sacred to Hera, revered by the Indians round Muttra, it is often surrounded in folklore with malign influences. A Moslem legend tells how the gates of Eden were opened by the Peacock to the Serpent. According to the laws of Manu, anyone who steals vegetables will be born again as a peacock.[1] And the Mori clan of the Bhils in Central India worship the peacock as their totem and make offerings of grain to it. Yet members of the clan believe that in spite of their adoration, were they even to set foot on the tracks of a peacock, they would afterwards be smitten with disease; and if a woman sees a peacock she must veil her face and look away.[2] Primitive man fears the peacock with

[1] *Golden Bough*, viii. 299. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 29.

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those myriad eyes, suggestive of evil, on his far-spreading plumes. But even after this incursion into the domain of Shaitān the Yezīdī faith preserves its mystery still. What else could we expect? One can only ask the pardon of the Peacock for this temerarious endeavour to put salt upon his tail!

R. Newton Flew.

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CHURCH.—A PSYCHOLOGICAL FACT.

S. Elizabeth Hall.

The biblical account of the creation of the world ends with the words: "And God saw everything that he had made and behold it was very good." The history of the life of man upon this planet amounts to a bitter contradiction of these words. The desire for escape, the hope of a deliverer to come, at best resignation to a temporary burial in the 'grave' of the body with the anticipation of a future and better life, are characteristic features of all civilized religions. The keynote of this prolonged mourning seems to be a sense of bondage, embittered by a persistent belief in a right to freedom. From time to time the human mind has proudly declared its independence of hampering circumstance. Many a Diogenes of greater or less fame has professed himself untrammelled by the requirements of ordinary life and sufficient in himself to his own needs. A still greater hold has been obtained over men's minds by the sentiment—put by Milton in the mouth of the arch-fiend—"The mind is its own place and in itself Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven," words which express indeed an important Satanic truth, but which with the majority of human beings fail to pass the ultimate test of experience. But in spite of such sporadic assertions of freedom the fetters under which mankind has groaned from the beginning show no signs of falling

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off, nor submit to be loosed by any process devised by philosophy, science or religion.

At a certain period in the history of the race a conception arose which by adding the sanction of all three to its bondage made it yet more hopeless than before. His observation of the working of law in the external world, while his own life appeared to be at the mercy of a force whose nature he knew not, led man to seek the key to the enigma of his life in the changeless processes of the celestial spheres. He stayed himself on the thought of a divine immutable law, which not only guided the courses of the stars, but also held the secret of his own fate. By the adherents of the great sidereal religion happenings and achievements on earth were regarded as shadows or symbols of heavenly events; and the destiny of man was read, as in a chart, in the movements of the starry hosts. But in admitting the supremacy of the divine law thus revealed, he found himself a slave. He could not alter the elements of his character. He could not change his fate. Law he desired, but freedom too was a necessity to him. The choice between reckless chance on the one hand and ruthless destiny on the other was a hard one.

But the reign of astrology had an end. The new life that was poured into the world at the time of the Renaissance once more awakened the sense of an inherent right to liberty. Galileo's mathematics dealt a blow at the very heart of the sidereal religion; more and more, as the intellect was trained on scientific lines, the spirit of materialism gained sway over the hearts and lives of men; effort was concentrated more and more on the objects of earthly life, and the prisoner of fate proceeded strenuously, if half-unconsciously, to

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assert what he called his free will, while haunted by an uneasy doubt as to whether he actually possessed it.

Meanwhile, in connection with the alternative human desires for law and for freedom, it is to be noted that in most of the highly developed religions of the world there is found the conception either of a conflict or of a division of power in the heavens. From the two contrasted gods of the Sumerians—figures dimly discerned in the twilight of history—one the god of light and beneficence who restored the dead to life, and taught the arts and sciences, and who was worshipped in the sea-port of Eridu, the other, lord of the world below, giver of magical spells and incantations, king rather of the dead than of the living, who held sway over the inland cities; from the antagonistic powers of good and evil in the Persian religion; down through the historic period of Greece and Rome, with its gods of the under-world and of Olympus and its divergent ritual of hope and of fear, to the present-day religion of the Western world, with its two covenants and its doctrine of the propitiation of one Divine Power by another, we see the reflection of this dilemma of the human mind. Compromise has been attempted. In Æschylus' representation of the tragedy of the House of Agamemnon impious murder, appearing as an act of duty enjoined by Apollo the light-giver, meets with its inevitable penalty, but guilt finally receives divine protection, and the avenging powers are transmuted into beneficent deities. The moral is: "Thy sin shall be forgiven." Sophocles offers the same solution of the problem in the picture of Œdipus at Colonus, where after a life of tragic crime he found peace in the sanctuary of the propitiated Eumenides. The legend of Apollo is essentially the history of

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a rising of light out of darkness, the figuring forth of a power to heal and to save.

Compromise, however, was too dim-sighted a reader of the riddle. Ere long we find another line of thought presenting itself—of probably Phœnician or at any rate Oriental origin—which substitutes for the conception of a change in the Divine Government of the world, the idea of a change initiated in the human soul—of a soul-process, set in motion by its own upward striving. According to this doctrine the laws of nature are not the last word to be said about the life of man. These laws can be changed. By a certain course of discipline, or by a certain kind of knowledge, man, or at any rate some men, can, it is believed, put off one nature and put on another. There is possible a transmutation, not only of soul, but of substance. As the soul can become divine, so the body can become cosmic, and the man can be translated from the state of birth-and-death to a "generation that is free from death." A conception such as this is the main characteristic of those esoteric religions that developed with the advance of civilization in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean and formed the soil out of which Christianity grew and developed. It is essentially individualist, and parts company with, sometimes shows contempt for, the ceremonial side of religion that belongs to public and national worship. Its experience is inward, and it is apt to turn the cold shoulder to ritual. Its goal is nothing less than perfection, its promise is infinite, and its standpoint is not time but eternity. It claims for man the power to set his foot on the Wheel of Fate and arrest its motion. At a time when the Stoic doctrine of Heimarmenē on the one hand, and the fatalism of

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popular astrology on the other, held in bondage the minds of both learned and unlearned, it countered the fatalist view by such teachings as that of the Hermetic doctrine in which the cosmic man is figured as breaking through the spheres of the Seven Rulers and depriving them of their power. It lifted its voice against the doom of humankind, by which all men had been declared mortal. It preached the resurrection of the dead. Mysteries concerning the death and resurrection of a God appear in the religions of Isis and of Mithra (to mention only these) as well as in Christianity, and victory over death is the key-note of the wide-spread Orphic doctrine, according to which the soul can escape from the contamination of the gross material vesture it now wears, and return at death to its former abode of bliss. This doctrine of immortality (not the after-death existence of a shade, as in the Homeric mythology, but the immortality of a being who shares in the Divine Life) carried with it a contempt for the life of the body and for the joys of earth. Matter, if existent at all, was either evil, or under the dominion of evil. The nature of man, like the constitution of the world, was dual—the higher part (*nous*) that apprehended wisdom was outside and above the soul. Plutarch says that without knowledge and wisdom immortality would not be life, but only length of time and that the reminiscence of sacred things was a more religious work than ritual purgation or the care of temples.

This idealism received its extreme form in the philosophy of Plotinus. To him spirit alone is real. A great gulf divides the wise man, who lives the spiritual life, from the 'vile crowd' consisting of ordinary and earthly persons, who are 'only machines.'

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The wise man cares not for earthly possessions and desires only the life of the spiritual world. The ultimate goal of the practice of virtue is contemplation. Just as spirit is the only reality, so that activity alone is real which is spiritual. This lofty philosophy, in one form or another, has proved acceptable to many seekers after truth; it supplies one main element in the religion of the West, and is in harmony with more than one Oriental religion. Nevertheless, involving as it does the isolation of the individual and the erection of a barrier between different classes of human beings, segregated according to difference of temperament, it bears within it that element of limitation that marks the products of the human mind. It is essentially individualistic. The Dean of St. Paul's, its most recent exponent, observed not long since at a meeting of the Women's University Settlement in Southwark, that it was impossible to deal with people in the mass —that attempting to do so was like trying to fill a row of narrow-necked bottles with water splashed from a bucket, for that human beings were all narrow-necked bottles: a remark which brings into prominence just that feature in the philosophy of Plotinus which prevents it from satisfying the needs of humanity. We are so dependent on each other on the physical and emotional levels, that to be completely individualized would involve the atrophy of life in these modes. But is individualism really essential to spirituality? Are we indeed capable of a common life on two levels only, while that which we call our higher self must remain shut off by an insuperable barrier from communion with others, self-sufficing, self-enjoyed, a spiritual hermit? shall that which claims to be nearest to the divine remain furthest removed

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from the human? Michelangelo, in one of his sonnets on the death of Vittoria Colonna, says, "Dying alone, I cannot rise to God." What has philosophy or religion to say to this cry of the human heart? Solipsism is the basis of intellectual apprehension of truth, which never wholly discards this original element, and the fact of the interdependence of human individuals in the world of thought is but grudgingly recognized. Nearly all psychologists, however, now admit that awareness of self only exists together with awareness of other selves, and that even the processes of thought involve the recognition of other minds. Some sociologists go so far as to derive the religious instinct from a source in collective life: they recognize, in the words of Émile Durkheim, "an impersonal God, without name or history, immanent in the world, and diffused in an innumerable multitude of things." The belief in a force such as this has been held by so-called primitive peoples only. The Red Indians, whose mysticism is so profound that the stanchest adherent of modern intellectualism would hardly venture to discount it as the product of undeveloped minds, believe in "a mysterious life-power permeating all natural forms and forces and all phases of man's conscious life." (Miss A. Fletcher, quoted by Miss Carta Sturge in 'Some Red Indian Rites,' QUEST, July, 1918.) In their belief the solidarity of human nature can, in certain states of spiritual exaltation, be realized as an actual fact.

But against the theory that the religious impulse springs from the common life of the group or tribe, the idealist and the Western religionist stand as uncompromising antagonists. They still cling to individual experience as the only true way, and prefer the galling

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of the ancient burdens—the helplessness of man in the grasp of an inscrutable fate, and the isolation of the inner life—to the surrender of that individuality which is at once their strength and their undoing. It was along this line of thought that was developed the Gnostic conception of the 'Unknown Father,' the Unnameable One, unbegotten, existing in complete separation from mortal and created things—a figure which probably stood for the 'Good Power' of Persian dualism, and which involved the Hermetic position that as God is the pleroma of good, and the cosmos the pleroma of evil, therefore the good can never be in the world. In this doctrine the Gnostic found escape from the necessity of recognizing the power of what is called 'evil'; by this he was able to leave it out of account in his adjustment of life to its environment. And it is the most natural escape. The manifested world is generally admitted to be full of ills; why not fly therefore to another sphere, where dwells the changeless, eternal One, whom evil cannot touch? Yet it is to be noted that with those Gnostic sects in whose doctrine the Persian tradition was most clearly reflected, the world of sense and matter was not wholly evil. To put it in a figure, the Persian doctrine draws the line between good and evil in a perpendicular direction, Gnosticism—at any rate as worked over by Hellenistic thought—draws the line in a horizontal direction. For the former the principles of good and evil shared the different worlds between them; for the latter, all good was above, all evil below. This latter view has so permeated the religious thought of the West that to many the basis of religion seems shaken by the admission that change and plurality may be as divine as the eternal One; and the most patent facts

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of inner and outer experience seem to be ignored in the assertion that it is not by the presence of evil within it that earth is differentiated from heaven. But if we disentangle our minds from the toils of tradition and consider the matter with detachment, a fatal defect in the horizontal line view becomes apparent. From the belief that spirit alone is real, must there not follow inevitably a loosening of the external, and also of the psychic links that unite us to our fellow-beings as such? Those only are felt to be mother, sister and brother, that do the will of Him who is the object of worship. In its firm grasp of this side of the truth Christianity has almost entirely neglected the opposite. From religion individualism has spread to the spheres of politics and morals. It is at the present time rampant in almost every department of the national life.

Meanwhile will anyone venture to assert that this product of Hellenistic gnosticism—this gospel of isolation—has solved the problem, unless for a limited number of specially constituted minds? How does it fare with the general run of men? Is there no possible solution of the difficulty which will enlighten and bring conviction to the human being as such? Are we to be left for ever on the horns of a dilemma between individualist abstraction on the one hand, and mere animal existence on the other? Or is it possible that in a misdirected search we have overlooked, or in heedlessness have forgotten, some third thing, which may be a natural link between the other two, justifying and realizing the true nature of both?

Let the imagination picture a visitant from some other sphere, equally detached from physical, psychic and spiritual interests on this planet, descending (say)

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into the midst of a clerical conference engaged in discussing the possibility of an exchange of pulpits between preachers of different denominations, or into a conclave of philosophers seeking an answer to the question how one 'windowless monad' can enter into relation with another, and setting before their astonished eyes a picture drawn in a different perspective from that employed on earth; a picture that suggested an extraordinarily simple solution of the crux, not in the form of a logical demonstration, nor yet of a religious dogma, but consisting mainly in *statement of fact.* Such a solution would be given not in words only, but also by appeal to experience and to intuition; spirit, mind and soul acting together, unconscious that they were three. It would be like the hitherto neglected corner-stone of the building; it would be like the key-note of the melody. It would be as free from the secrecy which (necessarily) conditions the teaching of esoteric truth, as from the spiritual deadness involved in the performance of uncomprehended ritual. It would be recognized as *natural.* There is one important element in life to which we are not accustomed to look for aid to the soul. Yet it is universal, ever present, ever operative, and if we look closely, it appears to be essential. The first impression received by the infant's gradually developing consciousness is that of the presence of its mother, which seems to enfold it like the atmosphere it breathes. As time passes on, the growing life becomes exposed to the influence of other presences, which help to shape and characterize it. Through youth and manhood the one permanent condition of existence is still the sense of other lives which permeate it, of the vibrations of other souls, now in harmony, now in disharmony

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with it, which go to make what is called 'the world.' Man's very individuality requires that there should be others from whom he is distinguished, and with whom he can enter into relations. Just as, if there were but one race of people on earth, that people would not be a nation; so, but for the environment of other selves, the self would not be evolved. May not that which is the condition of life on earth, be also the condition of the evolution of life on other levels? To confine our consciousness to the limited communion of separated selves, may be to shut the door upon a communion even more vital. Why keep untenanted that part of our minds in which we might be joined with fellow-beings in a sympathy deeper than is possible in outward life? Why not fill that empty chamber with the holy presence ever waiting without the closed door and accept the joy of an intercourse with kindred selves such as the gate of death cannot bar? Why not let the breath of a kindred life pass into our own with nourishing and sustaining power, even as the blood of the race courses through the veins of our bodies?

The necessity for individuals to combine for certain religious purposes is, and has always been, universally recognized, as is shown in the custom of public worship, and specially in the habit of the family joining in such worship together, a habit which seems to have a source beyond custom, and to spring from some instinctive need. There is, moreover, one religious organization, that of the Catholic Church, which aims more consciously and definitely at union in religious life, attaching to the word 'union' a deeper, mystical sense; whose theory is based on the conception of an actual living Body of the Christ, with which individual souls by yielding up their personal identity

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are gathered into union, each member becoming an integral part of the whole. But it is noteworthy in the first place that the exponents of this theory continue to speak of the One Life into which the many lives are drawn, not as the wholeness of these lives, but in personal terms, as one who "gathers others into union with Himself." The resultant Person is pre-supposed, and even takes an active part in promoting His own evolution. It seems as though the form of personality—the personality recognizable in ordinary daily life—had become such an obsession of the mind, that things divine as well as human had to be forced, whether possible or not, into the familiar vehicle of thought. In the second place, and as the natural consequence of the personal point of view, the Body of the Christ is held to be identical with a particular human organization or society, consisting of individual souls capable of such assimilation. We need a theory based on a wider conception than this. We seek something that will interpret the facts of human life. We want by patient unprejudiced psychological enquiry humbly to learn the natural conditions of soul-communion.

What is the nature of the constituent elements in a common life? Are they complete personalities, rounded off as in outward life, detached, but bound together, like faggots in a bundle? Or are they so merged into the community as to be no longer individual at all? To say that they lose individuality in one sense, but preserve it in another, is only to play with words, unless the statement is explained by facts of psychology. Since the entry of what is called the 'unconscious' into recognition, a little, a very little, more light has been thrown on the nature of the soul.

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Does that little help to elucidate the meaning of a common life? One or two suggestive points, small in themselves, may perhaps be brought forward. Straws show the way of the wind. Difficulty has sometimes been found in explaining the recognition of one person by another. How do we know our friends? It cannot be denied, I think, that it is neither by figure nor feature that at any rate intimate friends know each other. These indications may help in a case of slight acquaintance; but the closer the intimacy the less does recognition depend on externals. Again, is it not the case that many young children would be at a loss to describe the features of their mother, though they would never fail to recognize her? But if, as both mysticism and psychology tell us, that the part of ourselves of which we are conscious is but a small fraction of the whole, if the roots of our being are out of sight, does not the thought suggest itself that in those invisible roots we may be much more closely connected with each other than we are in our conscious life—that in those roots may lie our knowledge of each other? Again, why is it that the account perhaps seen in a newspaper of some horrible torture inflicted on an unknown fellow-being causes us suffering so acute that we can scarcely read it? This spontaneous sympathy is not due to altruistic morality. Does it not suggest the existence of some other sphere of being in which union is so close that we might be said in a sense to *be* each other? Is it possible that morality may partly consist in the effort to realise our existence in that other sphere with all that it involves—that sphere in which surrender of the individuality is *natural*, while the will is still freely exercised in the physical world? This suggestion has nothing novel in it. The inter-

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mediate power has a place in most ancient cosmologies, and in the philosophy of Plotinus appears as the creative power, which looking upwards to the spiritual world casts down upon matter the reflections of the forms it beholds above. But Christian dualism has cast the intermediate power out of its universe. It recognizes only God the creator, and the world of human beings, his creation. It has indeed its Trinity, but that Trinity is not cosmic, but theological only; a Trinity of names, out of touch with concrete fact. Suppose that much of the bewilderment and despair of the Christian inquirer is due to the omission of the third Person in the cosmic Trinity; suppose that the natural way to the realization of spiritual life, a way open to all without need of a special temperament or special knowledge, lies through the intermediate world of soul-communion. Suppose that there is neither a supernatural revelation to be believed in, nor a logical conclusion to be demonstrated, but a fact to be experienced. If so, we may be very near the solution of our problem; we may after all hope to find a way of escape both from the egoism of the idealist and from the helplessness of the 'procession of fate.'

It will perhaps be asked by what practical method the result desired is to be brought about. The answer remains with the higher psychology. But even to the lay mind one or two points suggest themselves. Though psychism, in the sense of intercourse with discarnate beings, cannot (unless incidentally) aid us in this effort, yet it is doubtless on the psychic or vital side of things that the effort must be made. Moreover, not only the psychic but the physical must be pressed into the service. The inferiority which aspirants to the spiritual life have attributed to the body, will not

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from the intermediate point of view be so attributed. Its natural divinity will be recognized and its purification will appear as necessary as that of soul or spirit. It may even be that the purification and discipline of the body will appear as the first step (if there is a first step—at any rate, as an indispensable step) in the realization of the higher life. Another point also seems clear. One result of consciously recognizing the intermediate sphere, would be to draw off from our life here some of that weight of personal consciousness which causes an unnatural strain, both internal and external; which by over-emphasis makes personal relationships unnecessarily difficult; and which hampering our work and distorting the true perspective of things helps to deprive us of natural freedom and joy.

Lastly, is it not possible that in the roots of that common consciousness may lie the beginning of an understanding from which the separated mind is shut off—an understanding of that law which from the personal point of view appears to be incompatible with freedom; that to the mind made whole the truth in its wholeness may be known?

The world in which we live has been declared by a great metaphysician to be 'evermore at variance with the divine form.' Suppose it were the fact that by recognition of the Third Power of the Cosmic Trinity, by calling on that power to do its appointed work, and cast down on the sphere below the reflection of what it beholds forever above, our world might yet bear the imprint of the form divine; its conformation thereto having been brought about by the aid of that common psychic life which constitutes the universal church.

S. ELIZABETH HALL.

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THE PRESENT PHASE OF THE SURVIVAL CONTROVERSY.

THE EDITOR.

IN earlier days it was a ding-dong battle about the very existence of the supernormal psychical phenomena cited in defence of the claim that contact with those who have passed from this life can be established; they were denied on *à priori* grounds as impossible and all condemned as *ipso facto* fraudulent and unworthy therefore of any serious consideration. To-day this old-fashioned materialistic theoretic negationism has been practically abandoned by all progressive thought. The new sceptical attitude is far more subtle. It admits in general that the phenomena occur, that they are genuine as such; but it maintains that the very best cases that are put in as evidence prove nothing for survival, seeing that all can be explained as due entirely to causes in the living themselves.

Its procedure is merciless, ruling out the reasons of the heart as the most misleading of all, and demanding their absolute silence at the bar of its judgment. For instance, I know personally several cases of mothers, ladies of excellent intelligence, who lost their sons in the War—boys of outstanding promise. Through their own mediumship they have, they declare when setting forth their evidence, been in closer touch with their sons than when these were on earth; they are impressive that the union between them has been

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more intimate than ever before, more vital, more soul-satisfying. Love *knows* in many ways no cold intellect can gauge. Personally, when the evidence in other respects is good, I should consider the corroborative testimony of the affections in such matters as not lightly to be set aside. But for rigorously depersonalized scientific purposes this must go for naught; indeed we are told that in the very nature of the case it must be held to be the most tainted of all witnesses.

The controversy revolves round profound and intricate problems concerning the nature and powers of that greater psychical self or life, the activities of which fall outside the area of our normal conscious apprehension and volition. It is generally called the unconscious or subconscious or subliminal; but transliminal or ultraliminal is occasionally used to designate it, and is perhaps a happier term than subliminal, for it signifies across the 'threshold' or beyond the area of the normal, and can include the idea of a supraconscious as well as of a subconscious. In supranormal states of consciousness there is a shifting of the threshold for the individual; if you are clairvoyant your normal threshold or limit of sight is shifted to the extent of your clairvoyant ability; what was previously transliminal has entered into the cisliminal sphere. All supernormal psychical powers and phenomena might thus be conveniently called transliminal, and without prejudice to those who believe that by such means contact with the discarnate has been effected, we might call the question at issue one concerning transliminal humanity.

There is a large body of evidence which in any other circumstances would be accepted as sufficient proof of personal identity. To resist this the opponents

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of survival contend that the transliminal self even of the most ignorant medium normally, has at its disposal the powers of a master magician so to say. Every detail of the memory-impressions stored in it, it can vividly reeall in a way no normal power of recollection can accomplish; not only so, but it can get at the material stored in the transliminals of others, and most deftly select from these images, and then by means of astonishing powers of fantasy and imagination, romance and dramatization, impersonation and personification, construct and in various ways project hallucinations of deceased persons which play their parts with such skill and vividness that they appear to be quite real people.

We know that in hypnotic states lost memory-impressions may be recovered with well-nigh microscopic fidelity, and indeed past incidents in the life of the subject fallen entirely out of normal recollection may be lived through again with the emotional vividness that characterized them when first experienced. These are all recognized as familiar, as 'had before'; they had come within the area of conscious attention. But it is said that this by no means exhausts the memory-deposit; that there is not only a fringe of impressions outside the attentive area that is recorded, but also that everything in our sensible surround is retained, so that if it ever emerges it appears as quite strange and novel. The first test of supranormal knowledge, as it is called, applied by an investigator is to assure himself that the medium has not derived the information from memory. But if memory-deposits are thus extended, he is faced with a new world of possibilities that can never be checked. We want far more definite proof of this than has ever been advanced in psychical

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research; so far I know only two cases and they do not necessarily exclude the possibility of the alternative hypothesis. One case contained very full information about a deceased person whom the medium averred she had never physically seen or heard of, but who had come to her psychically and conversed with her on several occasions. She was known to be perfectly truthful; and the details were all carefully verified. It was subsequently discovered that an account of the man's death had been published in a paper which the lady usually read. Confronted with a copy of the issue containing the notice, she stoutly maintained that she had certainly never seen the paragraph, but recollected an item of news in an adjoining column. From this it was conjectured that she had unconsciously registered the whole page.

But, further, by taking the various kinds of what may generally be called waking telepathic sensitivity as proved, the possibilities of obtaining information are indefinitely increased and may be theoretically universalized, seeing that any transliminal may be supposed capable of contact with any other among the living. Thought-reading, psychometry, clairvoyance, are all means of getting at the content of another mind. A good sensitive, and that too not in trance, can frequently tell a person whom he has never seen before or heard of, details of his life that are not at the time in his mind, and sometimes even sense or see things that he would try to conceal at any price. The sitter's memory-deposit must also therefore be ruled out; even the most private and intimate matter, a secret known only to yourself and one who has passed away, cannot be advanced as evidence of non-simulation.

But further still. A sensitive may get into close

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sympathetic contact with me and say, for instance, that I have a brother living, and give an accurate account of him, his appearance and general character and peculiarities. This is obtained, it is presumed, out of my knowledge of my brother, even though the estimate of character may differ from my own and prove subsequently to be more correct. But by means of this psychic link the seer may be switched on to my brother himself and tell me of things in his mind or happening to him of which I have no knowledge. Here then is a definite link. But there are many cases where no one present has any knowledge of the 'communicator,' nor can any traceable connections even of the most indirect kind be imagined, and yet indications of identity are given which are verified in all particulars. Occasionally it has been found that this person is alive, but quite ignorant of what has taken place. In a few instances it has been found that the individual has some recollection of what has occurred. It is therefore contended that in every case the information is derived from the memories of living people who have known the deceased, or if too remote in time for living memory, then from records, for clairvoyance can read closed books, for instance, or books or papers at a distance. And if this does not suffice there is brought in the collective memory-record of Great Nature. This means that the power of clairvoyance and memory-reading is so enormously extended, and moreover credited also to mediums who frequently possess not the faintest sign of such ability in the waking state, that on any showing we are face to face with a marvel far greater than that of the more economic hypothesis, that in good evidential cases we have not simply the unaided transliminal of the

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medium fishing out information but the conscious stimulus of another mind. True there is muddle, confusion, mistake, dream-stuff immixture, floating thought-images, failures, fabrications and falsities of every kind to contend with; but there is also so much that is precise and apposite that the question keeps ever recurring: Why, if the transliminal is so highly endowed, does it use its talents to devise the most cunning form of deception the world has ever heard of? The answer given is that in itself the transliminal is an unmoral entity; it responds to our hopes and fears and does its best to make our unconscious wishes, emotional desires or will to believe come true in imagination. Those who are satisfied with this, should remember that it can be made to apply to the highest experiences of religion as well as to border-land matters which raise the question only of its minimum pre-supposition.

Not to speak of the rarer manifestations of materialization where sometimes a living figure, acting and speaking exactly like one of ourselves, is projected, there are innumerable cases when the body of the medium is taken possession of by what is to all appearance an entirely independent entity, who frequently plays the part in a way the most consummate actor might well envy. This is of course only when the control is properly adjusted or established, for it often happens that a new character can do little at first, and excuses itself on the ground that it has never tried before. There are many indications which produce a strong impression that some substantial entity so to speak enters and departs. But the fictionist interpretation will have it that we are witnessing simply the physical impersonation of

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mental personifications already built up by the trans-liminal of the medium. No matter how consistent and life-like they may be, they are at best splittings or dissociations of the medium's personality or mind or psychical self.

Science has studied the phenomena of dissociation and multiple personality in a number of pathological cases and succeeded in reintegrating the mind of the patient. A medium, it is thus contended, is a patho-logical subject and should be cured and not allowed to remain in a dissociated state. But mediums do not remain in such a state. Most of them at any rate live their normal lives like the rest of us. It is optional for them to go into trance or semi-trance, and only then do such phenomena occur. This is a very distinct difference. Again there is no physical accident or mental shock, no slow building up or development of another personality or phase: they come ready made and fully developed as it were out of the blue. They do not depend on memories acquired by normal experience through one and the same body as in the cases of multiple personality. In two cases of multiple personality three or four secondary entities have been distinguished from the primary, but there is always, even when it is the simplest case of dual personality or bifurcation, the most serious conflict and distress in the life of the individual, and the sex is always the same. In mediumship we have to deal with scores and hundreds of entities of both sexes, different nation-alities, and so on, a regular population, and yet the primary personality remains unconfused and stable in everyday life. If the two sets of phenomena are due to precisely the same causes, we should expect to find the medium a raving lunatic. Now, as far as I am aware,

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none of those who have studied the pathological phenomena of multiple personality, assume that the elements of the different streams of memory come from any source outside the patient's experience, so that unless they are persuaded of the elaborate theory outlined above, they at any rate are debarred from explaining such a case as the following. I once had a number of sittings with a medium who had previously been employed by several medical men in Australia as an aid in diagnosis. She was a frail little woman of English descent, of no education and a very negative type. From the time of seven years old she had been wont to be controlled by a very vigorous entity speaking broad Scots in a deep voice, purporting to be an old doctor who had died a century ago, and recommending old-fashioned recipes. It had been verified that there had been a doctor of the name he gave in Edinburgh, and also by the discovery of his tombstone in the churchyard he had indicated. It is impossible to believe on the accepted theory of multiple personality that a child of seven could possess a mind-content out of which such an entity could be manufactured. You have to push even the extended theory to the last limits of absurdity in supposing that an infant's transliminal can unaided accomplish such an amazing product.

But further: these strange constructs have frequently strong wills and sometimes very intelligent views of their own on the subject. You cannot argue them into accepting the proffered sceptical description of their genesis and consenting to their own abolition. At any rate on several occasions I have heard the matter discussed by the manifestations and rediculed from their point of view. It will be said that this is

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simply the transliminal of the medium defending its own interests; if the medium's normal intelligence were decidedly of the contrary opinion, the transliminal would not be able to sustain itself in the face of this opposition. But there are numerous cases where the sensitive has at first been exceedingly sceptical and only after long resistance has yielded to the simpler hypothesis as the better explanation of at any rate what he has so intimately experienced himself.

No, there is some fire of reality under all this smoke of appearance; it is not all such stuff as dreams are made of. The transliminal problem is one of body as well as of mind. The more concrete phenomena of control of the body in trance or semi-trance raise the fundamental question of the existence of a subtle body or inner embodiment. Whatever high mysticism may aver, or the theories of mystical philosophy declare, what is generally called spiritualism knows nothing in any of its phases of bodiless intelligences, naked spirits, pure essences. It does not contend that you survive as a mental entity simply, but as an embodied life, an embodiment capable of indefinite development, purification and finally glorification. The first stage is simply the shedding off of that phase of it which is perceived by the physical senses. You do not get a new body but continue in an inner embodiment which is already an integral part of your constitution. It is a very ancient doctrine in East and West—this subtle-body notion, and by no means a modern idea. This has first to be established as a fact among the living before it can be used otherwise. Personally I hold that there is an abundance of evidence to prove that it is possible to be conscious just as one other-

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wise normally is, apart from the physical body. It is a very common experience among mediums and sensitives, and also occurs sometimes with people under the influence of drugs or anæsthetics. This simple experience of being out of the body may be kept apart from states of exaltation, rapture and ecstasy. In the experience you function in thought just as you do normally and have the feeling of still possessing a body, which is not the physical (for you know you are out of that, and frequently can see it), yet with nothing new or strange about it, but as a something of which you have long had the use. Why I cannot accept the hallucination theory of this experience is because I had once the opportunity of studying critically one of its many phases in my own person. On one occasion many years ago I chanced to faint in a room full of people. Instead of returning after the blank to consciousness in the body with all its disagreeables, I found myself fully conscious, indeed remarkably clear-headed so to say, but quite unable to get back into my body. (I must speak of the experience as I felt it.) This at first I was very anxious to do, for I naturally wished to put an end to the unfortunate contretemps as soon as possible. I saw my body lying in a chair, saw everybody and everything in the room quite clearly, heard all they were saying. There was no distinction whatever between this and my normal sense-awareness, no blurring, no far-awayness, nothing of that kind. My centre of consciousness or point of observation seemed to be situated about six feet immediately over my body. It suddenly occurred to me to make the best of a bad business, and in the very experience itself to experiment and endeavour to reason out the case for and against the theory that

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consciousness is solely the function of the physical brain and indeed its product. I tried to displace my centre of consciousness and get another point of view, in other words to move about, but this I could not do, though it seems to be the common experience. I had all the feeling of being in a body as usual; but in spite of all efforts I could see no double, as is said to be generally the case. I nevertheless felt as though I was standing upright. Theory said the state was purely mental, and seeing doubles a play of the imagination. I then tried to imagine myself in a duplicate body; but in spite of strenuous efforts, my subconscious declined to project a line of it. Was I really in my physical body all the time and mind and sense conspiring to play me false and inducing me to believe the very opposite? I tried my best to realize it from that point of view, think myself back into my body; but I could not succeed. I was somehow dislocated and stuck, and found myself up against facts I could not make budge. A little after, suddenly I got back. Now if I had taken the experience as it came and reasoned about it afterwards on recalling it, I might have dismissed it as a delusion or hallucination. It was the experimenting and arguing it out at the time in the experience itself that is the point of importance for myself; it convinced me, and I have thus been enabled to accept as a general fact of psychology that consciousness can act independently of the physical brain. From this it follows that its survival of the dissolution of the physical organism at death is possible.

Moreover I am confident that in studying cases of trance and semi-trance control a non-mental factor has to be taken into account; it is not purely a mental problem. In full trance the medium can recall nothing;

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all is a blank. In semi-trance it varies somewhat, for the deep and intermediate states may alternate to some extent; but sometimes every detail can be remembered. Here is an instance which exemplifies the immixture of the physical, of the non-mental but non-physical, and of the mental factors in a case of control and gives us a glimpse of one stage or phase of underworking in the subliminal problem.

The sensitive in question never lost consciousness when the body was controlled. She averred that she always made way for such control quite voluntarily, and then found herself standing alongside of her physical body in her double, hearing and seeing everything just as usual. Of her sincerity and truthfulness I have a high opinion. On the particular occasion I have in mind out of others when there were many and varied control-manifestations, the communicating intelligence, though for the first time of appearing, was fully on the spot from the start. We were discussing a psychical point when he came in. (I describe as it appeared.) He said he had been listening and that it interested him; though he did not know much about it, he would do his best to tell us as accurately as he could what had come under his own notice, presumably on the other side. He was to every appearance quite honest and modest and very anxious not to go beyond his own experience. After speaking quite fluently for some time, he suddenly broke off, saying he judged it better to stop, as he was beginning to feel the thought of the medium and feared he might get some immixture of it and so cause confusion. Very shortly he left with a word of farewell and the medium returned. We asked what she had been thinking about. She said she had heard everything, was much interested in

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what he was saying, and was following it closely all the time, not thinking of anything else or questioning anything. With the subconscious theory fully in mind at the time, I found it very difficult to persuade myself that it was all due to that elusive entity. The presumed subconscious as communicator held the normal field of physical activity, while the medium in her subtle body was still in possession of all her faculties. There were two co-consciousnesses going on, each regarding the other as a distinct personality separate in both body and mind. The communicator by no means appeared less intelligent than the medium to say the least of it; he was to all appearances thinking for himself, held his own line of thought and argument consistently and succeeded in interesting the medium with what seemed to her matter novel to herself. It may be that the 'thought' of the medium referred to was not what she was consciously thinking, but the stream of association-images welling up from *ex hypothesi* the common subconscious into her preconscious, but not yet emerging into the clear field, and that this stream was inappropriate to the selection which the subconscious as communicator was making use of. The communicator-personality was a new appearance, not an *habitué* who might be supposed to have already ear-marked a stream of memory as his own by means of contact with the medium's organism, as in pathological cases of multiple personality. One might also suppose that if it were all the subconscious, it might have easily damped down the association-stream of the medium and not allowed it to interfere with its purpose. The more one thinks about the case the more puzzling it becomes, if it has all to be taken as a pure invention of the subconscious—communicator,

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exposition and breaking off to avoid confusion as a subtle touch to persuade one of honest intention. Though there was nothing in the case evidential for identity, nothing to lay hold of for verification, there was no wild imagining, no high claims, nothing of a suspicious character; it was a sober and modest performance, leaving one with the feeling that it did not shock either the reason or the moral sense.

But the question of identity is the prime testing point. I repeat then that there is an abundance of cases where the communicator who is quite unknown to the medium or sitters, gives details as to who he was—name, age, place of residence, date of decease, cause of death, and so on—and all these are subsequently verified. Sometimes the investigator in this way comes into touch with a relative or friend who knew the communicator intimately, and succeeds in getting him to a sitting with the medium. If then this intimate after contact and conversation with the communicator, not once but on a number of occasions, avers that everything goes to show it is his friend or relative, it should be held within reason to be a valuable corroboration, as in ordinary circumstances it would be an indubitable proof. But we are asked to believe that in these psychical matters this way of procedure is utterly valueless in the light of the extended subconscious theory. For by this hypothesis the transliminal is held to be able to get more readily at the memory-content of a person present than at that of one absent and victimize him all the more easily.

Sometimes then the combination of evidence is so subtly apposite and humanly appropriate that its acceptance seems to me to move within the measures

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of a reasonable belief that justifies one in refusing to gallop along with a theoretic incredulity, which demands so great credulity, all the way to its logical goal of extinctionism. I am considering of course only the best kind of evidence for identification, and of that I think there is sufficient in its cumulative weight, all things taken into consideration, to justify the conviction of many serious thinkers and careful investigators that contact with the departed may be held to have been established on reasonable grounds. In any case the admission of the phenomena and the attribution of such extraordinary powers to the transliminal must be mind-staggering to the old-fashioned critic.

I have stressed the importance of the identity-problem—the question, is such and such a manifestation so and so?—because it is controllable by earth-memories that can be brought into the court of common-sense appeal. This I think is as far as the scientific worker who has nothing to depend on but his normal senses and faculties is competent to go. He cannot check communications purporting to describe even the most proximate state of things after death; he may analyze and compare, but he cannot control the material. That can be attempted only by seers whose competence with regard to physical facts has been first tested and who are imbued with the spirit of exact research themselves. Now if a number of these, isolated from one another, were to investigate a case of automatist communication,—writing or trance-speaking,—purporting to set forth the incidents experienced by some quite ordinary person after death, incidents of which of course they were not previously told, it might constitute the beginning of a new phase of psychic science.

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But I am very doubtful whether anything that is not confined to the experience of one seeing and sensing very similarly to the way he did on earth and therefore in a state very resemblant to physical conditions, could be accurately described. When we are told that other modes of sense, such as seeing so to say all round an object at once (experienced also by living clairvoyants), become a common possession at by no means an advanced stage, and that the time and space factors almost immediately begin to vary, it follows that the descriptions of ascending levels of an earthly paradise all in terms of normal imagery are at best accommodations or translations. This is insisted on in numerous communications, and warning given that it is really far otherwise than the physical picturing to which recourse has to be made. Indeed nothing is more difficult than to discover what I may call the factor of common objectivity in such states; it is presumably primarily the operation of similar modes of consciousness.

I have touched only on the fringe of an enormous subject which links up with profound human interests and ramifies in all directions. The psychical phenomena that raise the question of survival pertain to the borderland where the interests of religious faith and those of empirical science meet; it is here where they begin to overlap. Empirical science has no concern with morals and values, but religion has. Belief in survival is absolutely necessary to religion; survival is its basic postulate. Now the Christian Church has been accustomed from the beginning to regard communication hitherward between the dead and the living as unlawful; accordingly in general it believes that the dead are not allowed to return, and that therefore any

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attempt to prove that they do is, not only foredoomed to failure, but a sin against the divine mandate. Only saints and sages, men and women of deep mystical insight and inspired genius, can realize that survival is a fact, and this only in spirit. The consequence is that the modern attempt to prove survival is looked upon by traditional orthodoxy with deep repugnance; in its most extreme form this dogmatism will have it that all psychical manifestations purporting to be caused by the departed are the masqueradings of agents of the Prince of Darkness, the brood of the Father of lies. Though the language is theological, the idea is twin to the extreme fictionist subconscious theory. Thus the bitterest old-time foes became companions in arms against the disturber of their common peace; a powerful combination of this kind is surely not directed against a futile and feeble and contemptible striving in human nature. Whatever may be the degree of prejudice of Judaism and Mohammedanism in this regard, other great faiths have no such doctrinal taboo, for somewhat of that ancestor-cult which is perhaps the most universal element of pious practice in the past, enters into them in one form or another, and even to-day Shintoism, which specializes on preserving the link between the living and the dead, is a no inconsiderable religion in spite of our Western contempt for it.

To conclude: quite apart from the question whether or not there can be any sensible proof of survival, I believe in the immortality of the human spirit. Without this faith the world-process would be for me utterly impossible of ever becoming intelligible; I should have to regard all this so mighty and marvellous a work as incapable of preserving its highest products and as lunatically hurrying all to

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a purposeless and meaningless extinction. Moreover, I cannot persuade myself that the greater humanity in the beyond and the humanity here are really intended to be kept in water-tight compartments. Mankind is one, and if it has a common task to perform, the sooner its outer and inner come to common consciousness of how it is to be accomplished hand in hand the better. Humanity there and humanity here, it seems to me, should some day begin to co-operate all down the line. The calling attention in the West to this need by means of the relevant phenomena is a matter of great moment; if it is done crudely—that is because all beginnings are inchoate and embryonic. To my mind this widespread popular stirring and striving is a legitimate and natural protest of the many against being kept muddling on with heart and head antagonized, held in a state of dissociation by listening to the contradictory assertions of rival voices who claim to speak dogmatically in the name of religion on the one hand or of science on the other.

G. R. S. MEAD.

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LOVE AND THE SURVIVAL QUEST.

By the kindness of the EDITOR I have been permitted to see his article published in this number in proof, and to contribute a few words on one of the points he raises, namely, on the so-called scientific view that love is as misleading as a will-o'-the-wisp to progress in our knowledge of the conditions of survival.

With the sagacity we look for in all Mr. Mead's views, he sees in the bereaved mother's love a power making rather for insight than for obfuscation. But he stops at giving her the benefit of the doubt. In my judgment, if the love-power were better understood, it would be accepted as the very torch-bearer and pioneer in all research into questions of the after-life. And this is what I mean:

Love, in its noblest sense,—not the flitting fancy of the butterfly, not the mild affection born of propinquity and amiability, not the fevered obsession of a week, a month, a year, but the holy passion of the spirit for the eternally kindred spirit, or spirits—is not felt by everyone in any one life-span. It may, in this earth-life, be realized between lovers, whether they pass to marriage or not, or between parent and child, or between friends. When death severs such kindred spirits, there is, till reunion comes, but one attitude, but one prepossession, in the one left behind. As in a cage, shrouded by a veil, the bereaved maintains an incessant watching, listening, pondering, yearning. Where are you? how are you? what are you? can I bear to be without you till I too pass? are you near? do you still love me? Here is no 'passing by on the

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other side.' Here is not anything else that can make good. Here is the watchman on the tower, and who, so soon as he, can make reply to our 'Watchman, what of the night?' So also I dare to think it is with the kindred spirit who has gone over. Else there is no true kinship, and I speak only of such. Beyond, there is also a watching and a waiting, a listening and a yearning; though in his case there is only a cage, a veil if the one left on earth is—as most of us are—deaf, blind, incapable. But if the earth-lover can come to find a rift in the veil, a way of communicating, response would necessarily come more swiftly to her or him than to one who is no such lover. For the next-world lover is stirring with might and main, day and night, to respond. They who seek to communicate without love cannot be *sure* that their call is listened to. They are as steel without a magnet.

Now let us conceive a great increase in the number of such kindred spirits on earth. Death is ever busy—let us imagine three-quarters of the population of England, from fourteen years and upwards, listening, watching for knowledge of kindred spirits severed from them by death, intent mainly on this, that the 'great gulf fixed' shall *not* keep them and their lost beloved in what Mr. Mead, adapting Boutroux's phrase, calls water-tight compartments. Can we believe for a moment that, what earth would so greatly, so strongly desire, would so incessantly, fired and sustained by holy passion, seek to learn, earth would not get? For is not this how all great discoveries are made? The discoverer's whole life is bent, curved, concentrated on what he with a passionate patience, during days, months, years, in a holy passion to find something that is true, is seeking. Would

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he plead guilty to being only the 'cool intellect' that revises, but finds out nothing, that weighs evidence, then puts the matter aside and goes forth to treat of many other things? Would he not bear about in him a quest that gives him no peace, that has kindled a sacred fire in his imagination—not the imagination that is just fantasy, but the constructive, re-creating power of the mind to divine on and beyond the as yet too scanty data? Here is where the inventor's fervour and intuition and unfaltering effort make him akin to that great discoverer 'he, she who loves.'

We do not mean that the seeking love is always wise, makes no mistakes. We mean that it is an essential, a positive, an effective, a *divining* factor in the quest. Its work is in a way like that of the monastery hound seeking the forlorn traveller on the snowbound pass. It finds, while more substantial help is bringing up the rear. We can go yet further: to increase our knowledge of the true is, *ultimately*, a work of love; to love is, *ultimately*, to discover the true nature of the self, of spirit, of God. And if we had each of us that profound love that has lost and cannot stay a loser, if we felt that to seek this true thing—the way of the after-life—is not apart from our love, but is demanded by the very nature of that love, if we felt that the Source and End of all love were beckoning to us just to use this severed yearning love to find out the Truth, the Way, the Life of the world, why then how soon would this mystery of survival be solved! Surely it is not love that must stand down in this quest. Surely it is love that must take the lead. Surely it is love that will solve this question.

C. A. F. RHYS DAVIDS, D.Litt.

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AN ANALYSIS OF MIND.

F. C. CONSTABLE, M.A.

ON page 288 of his recent Lectures, *The Analysis of Mind*, Mr. Bertrand Russell declares: "The first thing to notice is that consciousness must be *of* something." His philosophy throughout is based on this assumption. He treats the assumption as a sound metaphysical hypothesis, for he offers what he has written as a philosophy. I try to show that, starting with his assumption, all that he has written must be held as purely empirical.

Prof. James Ward in his *Principles of Psychology* considers what is the ego,—the real proper self, to use Kant's term. He holds that psychology *as a science* can deal only with the ego *coupled with human experience*. He thus believes that psychology, considered as a science, cannot deal with the pure ego, the real proper self. For he says: "Psychology is not called upon to transcend the relation of subject to object or, as we may call it, the fact of presentation. On the other hand, as has been said, the attempt to ignore one term of the relation is hopeless; and equally hopeless, even futile, is the attempt by means of phrases such as consciousness, or the unity of consciousness, to dispense with the recognition of a conscious subject." Psychology, *as a science*, then cannot and must not trespass on the realm of metaphysics. But Prof. Ward contends also that

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metaphysics, in holding that the pure ego exists, is making an assertion the correctness of which must be admitted even by the sciences.

Riehl says: "Every possible explanation of consciousness must evidently presuppose consciousness itself." Coleridge says: "Consciousness [self-consciousness, I think, is meant] is groundless because it is the ground of all other activity." Sankara and Huxley agree also as to the existence of the self-conscious subject, quite apart from any question of the content of consciousness (cp. *Myself and Dreams*, p. 16).

Prof. Ward, I think, has proved that psychology, so long as it is scientific, *must* be empirical. Any conclusions resulting from reasoning which *starts with* an ego *coupled with human experience*, must be empirical. Mr. Russell would appear to start his reasoning thus.

Now if we assume that consciousness cannot exist unless it is consciousness *of* something, then we assume consciousness cannot exist without content. We deny the existence of the pure ego, the self-conscious subject. We hold that it cannot exist unless conscious *of* something. This is what Mr. Russell holds and, admirable as his work may be empirically, it cannot, I submit, be regarded as offering a philosophy.

The Lecturer himself offers us an explanation of what consciousness is. He does not offer this explanation from the *Ewigkeit*. He offers it from *himself*. If he were not *precedently* a conscious subject, how could he have offered this explanation? Surely he wrote his book *successively*? I know no other way of writing anything. His consciousness, then, of what

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he was writing changed successively as he wrote. Did his consciousness change with this change in what he was conscious *of*? Would he deny what Prof. Alexander affirms in his *Space, Time and Deity* (p. 29), —that "we enjoy [are conscious of?] ourselves as permanent amid our changes?"[1] Was he not the same Bertrand Russell *in consciousness* in spite of the changes in the content of his consciousness? We are apt to confuse consciousness with consciousness *of* something.

But let us criticize directly the statement that consciousness cannot exist unless it is consciousness *of* something. In the first place let us note that Mr. Russell denies that consciousness *of self* exists. He holds that consciousness is a complex. His 'something' is something empirical; it is a content of consciousness itself, apart from any question of personality.

How could consciousness with content come into existence? Bear in mind what we mean by coming into existence. We mean coming into existence *for us* as human beings.

After nine months a child comes into our world. It has no human experience of any kind. So, as it has nothing to be conscious *of*, it has no self-consciousness. It has no memory, no belief and it cannot exercise any power of judgment.

Now memory is something which is stored up in us in time.[2] Our memory, as we grow older, increases in volume. Belief, too, evolves as we grow older. The

[1] Though how I can enjoy myself as permanent amid all my changes of body, brain and thought, if I am, as Prof. Alexander asserts, 'an incomplete finite existence' in a constantly evolving universe, I am unable to understand.

[2] Cp. the theory of memory given in *Personality and Telepathy*, a theory which, I think, is tending to general acceptance.

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belief (or beliefs) of a child are not the same as those of an old man. Our power of judgment (or our power to use judgment) evolves, for the most part, as we grow older. Certainly, to speak generally, our human experience, as years pass, evolves and so changes progressively in volume and complexity.

If then consciousness cannot exist unless it is consciousness *of* something, the consciousness of each one of us is, generally speaking, a function of human experience. For as there can be no consciousness unless it be *of* something, this 'something' must exist before consciousness can exist.[1] But human experience is subject to change, to evolution. So, from the cradle to the grave, no *permanent self* can exist.

Without this 'permanent self' all that the Lecturer has established, admirable as it may be as an empirical work of art, exists without any foundation in philosophy. Mr. Russell *himself* is not the same Bertrand Russell who came into existence years ago as an infant. His self-consciousness is a complex, changing from moment to moment as his consciousness *of* something changes.

The man, then, of seventy who believes (thinks, is aware or intuits) that he is the same *self* that he was at the age of three, is in error. He does not exist as a permanent self. Prof. Ward made a great advance when he pointed out the confusion that has arisen from science trespassing on the realm of metaphysics Science can deal only with the ego *coupled with human experience*. But science is built up without any foundation unless it *starts* with an assumption of the existence of the pure ego, the real proper self. Any

[1] Or would Mr. Russell stand by Huxley's Epiphenomenalism? If so, he must bear in mind that Huxley simply suggested an hypothesis; he held that consciousness is a thing-in-itself! (Cp. *Myself and Dreams*, p. 16.)

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consideration of the pure ego can take place only within the realm of metaphysics.

Again, Mr. Russell uses the term 'introspection' for what Kant calls 'the inner sense' or for what is sometimes called 'consciousness of self.' As to introspection he says:

"It is common among certain schools to regard the knowledge of our mental processes as incomparably more certain than our knowledge of the 'external' world; this view is to be found in British philosophy which descends from Hume, and is at present somewhat veiled in Kant[1] and his followers. There seems no reason whatever to accept this view" (p. 122).

To support this rejection the Lecturer adduces many instances of the defective nature of our knowledge of mental processes. But this has nothing to do with the question raised. The real question is of the *relative* value of our knowledge of mental processes as against our knowledge (?) of the external world. However defective the former may be, the latter may be still more defective.

We sense images and objects. For thought we *use* what we sense as content for thought. But *not* as direct content.[2] For in many, if not all, cases we correct by thought the evidence of our senses. Innumerable instances might be given; two will suffice: We sense the sun as going round the earth, and we sense objects as growing smaller the greater their distance from us. In both cases we correct the evidence of our senses by thought. And we hold "our

[1] It is quite definite in Kant.

[2] We do not sense time or space, and yet our concepts of them are bound up with all our sense-experience. All thought, then, is not built up of sensation. (Cp. p. 121, and *The General Theory of Relativity*, by Prof. Wildon Carr, p. 17.)

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knowledge of our mental processes as incomparably more certain than our knowledge of the 'external world.'" In fact we have *no knowledge* of the external world. We merely *sense it.* We do not trust even to what we sense, we correct it by thought.

What is above stated may be made more easily understandable by a reference to relativity.

All knowledge is relative and exists between limits of contradiction,—a schoolboy tag from the time of Kant.[1] We sense images and objects. But we do not think them: we think *about them.* Why is this? Because images and objects do not constitute content for thought. What is the content of thought? *Ideas* of images and objects.

The ideas we use for thought are not the same as the 'things' they are related to. As to images or objects, ideas give us information only of their likenesses and unlikenesses to other images or objects. Knowledge is relative and so can have for content no more than relations. It can give no information as to the thing-in-itself. Knowledge can deal only with relative reality, not real reality. Kant distinguishes even between empirical unity and the unity of reason.

If the above argument be sound then the reply to Mr. Russell's question: "Does introspection [consciousness of self] give us materials for the knowledge of relations other than those arrived at by reflecting upon external perception"—must be in the affirmative. For introspection gives nothing more than material for the knowledge of relations and we cannot 'reflect' upon external perception; all we can do is to 'reflect' upon the relations which exist, for us, in thought between images and objects,—the subject of external

[1] The Lecturer apprehends this difficulty in his way (cp. p. 123).

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perception. When we 'reflect' we use ideas, and ideas give us only the *relations* between images, not between things-in-themselves.

I submit that *I* must be, precedently, a self, conscious of self, before I can have the potentiality of being conscious *of* anything.[1] A box must exist with the capacity of having something put into it before anything can be put into it: its content cannot create the box. If I am asked: Where and what is your box?—that raises an altogether separate question which cannot now be considered. For, before the question can arise, we must have the hypothesis that the reason of man transcends thought, and the very hypothesis carries us far beyond the purview of Mr. Bertrand Russell's philosophy.

F. C. CONSTABLE.

[1] Perhaps, as Prof. Sonnenschein suggests to me, we may speak of consciousnes as an inalienable quality of the self

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ON WITCHES' SABBATHS.

H. C. Foxcroft.

The subject of Magic has fascinated many, whether votaries of the weird and mysterious or devotees of the macabre. To yet others it offers the attraction of problems which may prove amenable to the methods of scientific and historical research. Some forms of sorcery, such as crystal-gazing, have already yielded up their secrets to investigation. What facts—some of us have asked—underlie the widespread traditions of a dwarf race, armed with uncanny powers, and of midnight convocations in honour of the Spirit of Evil?

To these questions an answer is offered in a book of curious interest (*The Witch-cult in Western Europe*[1]), which will no doubt engage the attention, and arouse the controversial fervour, of experts in the study of Folklore and Primitive Religion. Upon the peculiar province of these specialists we do not presume to intrude. We leave it to them to investigate how far the evidence on which its author relies (evidence which rests mainly on a literal and physical interpretation of confessions extracted from 'witches') harmonizes with facts culled from other fields of research, and how far it justifies her conclusions. Our aim is more humble: we propose simply to summarize these conclusions, and to point out their importance, if substantiated, for the general historian.

[1] *A Study in Anthropology.* By Margaret Alice Murray. Oxford, The Clarendon Press.

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To some of us its hypotheses, if far-reaching, will hardly appear revolutionary. The present writer, for instance, has always appreciated the plausibility of theories which have suspected a basis of historical truth underlying the often fantastic legends of dwarf mound-dwellers and of secret assemblies held in remote places for the practice of pagan rites. The interest of Miss Murray's book lies in the evidence she adduces for these presuppositions, and in the connection which she traces between them. For not only does she appear to accept the idea that the 'little people,' 'good neighbours,' 'men of peace,' 'dwarfs' and 'trolls' of Celtic, Teutonic and Scandinavian tradition represent the residue of a short-built race, having perhaps affinities with Lapps, Basques and Finns, and supposed to have preceded the Aryan invaders of the West. Not only does she presume that small communities of the race, in unfrequented districts, may have survived the destruction or absorption which had long since overtaken the majority of their brethren; she goes further, and seems to assume that the witch-*cult* (which she carefully distinguishes from the practice of witch-*craft* or operative magic) may have been the religion of this primitive people. It would thus have overlived, as an actual and eventually a proselytizing organization, the race which gave it birth; succumbing, as an institution, only to the persecutions of the seventeenth century.

An association between witches and elves is obvious to all lovers of our older legends. The distinction between witch-cult and witch-craft is as equally integral to Miss Murray's theory, which without it must fall to the ground. For it is clear that operative magic, as practised in the Middle Ages, was

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an olla-podrida of rites drawn from many dead religions. Therein lay imbedded isolated details from the forgotten faiths of Babylonia and Persia, of Arabia, Syria and Egypt, of Greece and Rome; scraps from Celtic, Teutonic, Scandinavian and Gypsy tradition. It must have borrowed, if we accept her theories, from the ritual witch-cult itself; and finally it had annexed the first fruits of that nascent physical science which the Ages of Faith could not differentiate from magic.

As regards the witch-cult, on the other hand, her hypothesis (put more briefly and with rather more coherence than her own method allows) seems to be as follows. She supposes that the hypothetical dwarf race, at the time the cult arose, had reached the pastoral but not the agricultural stage[1]; that the underlying object of worship was the procreative energy of human and animal life; and that its aim was to enhance the reproductive powers of the tribe and of its domestic animals.

This cult she credits with two great original festivals: May Eve (subsequently renamed in Germany St. Walpurga's Eve[2]) and November Eve (christened Hallow E'en). These she connects with breeding seasons. The 'cross-quarters' days February 2 (transformed into Candlemas) and August 1 (known later as Loaf-mass or Lammas) she regards as subsequent and subsidiary festivals. Two other minor feasts—Yule or Midwinter (Christmas) and Midsummer Eve (St. John's Day)—she considers borrowed from 'solstitial' conquerors; while the spring festival of

[1] It is rather interesting to hear that 'flint arrow heads' and 'celts' were regarded as 'magic weapons'—*i.e.* as the natural weapons of the dwarf race; and to remember that 'cold iron' was regarded as a protective against both witches and elves.

In Scotland the festival seems to have been eventually confused with Rood Mass (May 3).

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Easter was adopted either from the Saxons or from the Paschal Feast of the Christians.

The four great festivals alone were, she considers, properly denominated 'Sabbaths.' This word she derives from the French term Les Esbats ('The Gambols'), a form long retained in France to designate the smaller and purely festive meetings of the cult.

The greater Sabbath meetings, she believes, drew their votaries from a whole district or area. They were held at midnight, in waste places, usually round a conspicuous landmark, notably some huge boulder or standing stone.[1] Many of the devotees, it is clear, rode to the meetings; and we suggest that the noise, the fitful glimpses of night-riding cavalcades may possibly account for the legends of Wild Huntsmen, of hag-ridden horses, and fairy processions at Hallowe'en. As an instance, we venture to suggest a possible local interpretation.

The path called King Arthur's Hunting Causeway (along which he and his men were said to ride at night) draws its *name* from the Celtic legends which surround the neighbouring 'Camelot' or Cadbury Castle. But the traditions which regard this great out-jutting height as hollow, as inhabited, and as magic, and which speak of a silver horse-shoe found therein, suggest the probability of Sabbath assemblies, whose frequenters—the neighbourhood was a stronghold of witches—may have ridden thither along the Causeway.

The stories of witches riding through the air to these meetings Miss Murray explains in a very interesting way. Recipes for 'flying ointments,' used to

[1] The legend of Stanton Drew Stone Circle connects it with 'Dancing on Sunday.'

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anoint the body beforehand, still exist; and Professor Clark, to whom she submitted them, finds in them vegetable poisons, which rubbed into the vermin-riddled skin of a mediæval witch, might produce sensations of falling and delirious dreams. We may add that under such circumstances it would not, according to the investigations of modern Psychical Research, appear at all astonishing that hallucinatory wraiths of such persons should occasionally appear at the Sabbaths on which their thoughts were fixed. For tales of their flying 'on broom-sticks' she suggests two contributing sources. Adherents of the cult when absent at the Sabbath, signified this by leaving a staff on the bed; and in certain of the ritual dances the dancers careered on staves employed as hobby-horses.

The object of adoration at these Festivals (who is often described as seated on a central boulder) was, so she avers, the chief officer or grand master of a district; representing apparently an aboriginal priest-king. He was identified with, and disguised in, the pelts and mask of some domestic animal (ass or horse, dog or cat, and in France sheep or goat)[1] but showed a human face either behind its head or under its tail. Originally, we may presume, the man-god crouched with his back to the worshippers, the animal head on the lower part of the back, and his own head under the tail; but in historic times motives of convenience seem to have placed the animal's head over the man's, and inserted a human mask under the tail. A lighted torch or candle was sometimes affixed to the horns, from which the assistants lighted their own candles or torches; whence the expression 'to hold a candle

[1] The stag (very rare) may represent domestic reindeer; the bear, once mentioned, is edible.

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to the devil.' The lights, owing perhaps to some peculiarity in the composition of the candles, are said to have 'burnt blue.'

These facts, if verified, might explain not only the Faun, Pan and Satyr legends of antiquity, but also the bestial aspect and very human characteristics of the mediæval Satan. Rumours of the Sabbath-ceremonies were evidently rife: the presiding man-god would be very naturally identified with the Adversary of the scriptures, and the worship of the Devil is a main charge against witches. Moreover it would appear that except on ceremonial occasions the man-god rarely donned his animal trappings, but mingled among his fellows in ordinary dark (rarely white) attire, only known to the initiated by the symbol of a *divided foot-covering*. Thus it would be easy for any wayfarer to meet the devil, converse with him, undergo the battery of unholy allurements, and catch sight of the 'cloven hoof.' A hundred such tales of encounters, ludicrous or terrible, fantastic or lewd, found in mediæval sources, might, we may suggest, originate in fact; and many a village Faustus may have been most literally seduced by a local and very substantial Lucifer.

The man-god was sometimes accompanied by a female, usually called in Scotland the Queen of Elphname (Elfdom) or Queen of Faëry.

Here an interesting question arises which Miss Murray ignores. Why was the Romance title 'fairy' applied to the 'little people'? Fairy—more properly faëry—means appropriate to a fay or fays; and fay or *fée* is derived by the etymologists from a late Latin Fata, a Parca or Goddess of Fate. The term, as applied to the 'little people' and their cult, could only

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mean a female fortune-teller or sorceress—*i.e.* a witch. But we suggest another possible interpretation even more consonant to Miss Murray's theories. Latin colonists in Provence will have identified a goat-god, said to haunt the wastes, with the Faunus of whom, as suggested above, he may have been really a variant; and Longinus, a late Latin writer, tells us that Faunus had a wife named Fatua—so called because she prophesied, from the verb *fatuari*. As we may presume the man-god to have shewn good taste in the choice of his consort, who never seems to have assumed the bestial livery, the definition of a *fée* as a fair woman of alien race who tells and influences the future, would be very apt; and the title would have gradually spread from her to all the women of her race, regarded as possessing supernatural powers.

But other mythological identifications seem to have arisen among Roman provincials or mediæval clerks. As a patroness of night, of sorcery, of cross-roads,[1] of birth and fertility, she approximated to the Hecate[2] = Diana[3], who as Lucina was goddess of child-bearing, and who is herself, as Diana, identified by some with Fauna-Fatua.

The Queen, however, under whatever title, seems to have played a very subordinate part at the great Assemblies of the cult-fraternity, where she was completely over-shadowed by the representative of the male principle.

The original rites preserved by the cult seem to have been of a phallic nature, designed to secure

[1] Where the meetings were often held.

[2] See *Macbeth*. Shakespeare's Hecate is not by any means, as some have said, superfluous. She appears in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as Titania.

[3] So called by King James.

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fertility in the members of the tribe and their domestic animals; the ceremonies connected with the fertility of crops Miss Murray regards as a later addition. The 'Black Mass' and other parodies of Christian ritual may be reasonably ascribed to a late mediæval period; when the cult, originally pre-Christian and un-Christian, had become definitely anti-Christian. We may perhaps refer them to the unholy imagination of some renegade priest.

That other rites of an even darker nature were occasionally practised Miss Murray fully believes. The legends of the 'little people' speak of their owing, at stated intervals, a 'teind,' 'kain' or decimatory sacrifice, 'to hell.' Originally, we may suppose, the priest-king=man-god may have been himself the victim; and French instances are found in which a goat-man-god, or more probably his goat-skin, was ceremonially burnt. But it would also seem that victims were required at the hands of the adherents of the cult. In historical times these would appear to have been usually children, either born of worshippers, or stolen while yet unbaptized (*i.e.* while not yet members of the Christian community) from the cradles of Christian parents. These will have been dedicated for eventual sacrifice at fixed terms; and the weird legends of 'Tamlane' and 'True Thomas' may suggest that destined victims occasionally succeeded in escaping. If we may further suppose that only healthy victims were acceptable—an almost inevitable pre-supposition—we can easily understand that such as became sickly, diseased or undersized would be frequently substituted in human cradles for healthy new-born babes, as a means of delaying detection; and we should thus have a simple explanation of

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the widespread belief in changelings, and the terror inspired by it. The curious tales of compacts with the devil suggest the possibility that victims may sometimes have been actually *purchased* by the promise of pleasure or power for so many years. The actual sacrifice—involving of course the legal guilt of murder—was consummated in secret, and no details are available; but rumour and known later developments suggest the possibility that the bodies formed the material of a ritual feast. The sacrifice of a cat or cock, sometimes said to have been performed by individual witches, may point to a gradual process of substitution.

The initiation of new members seems to have been accompanied by the shedding of their blood, through a wound made for the purpose, which appears also to have been regarded as sacrificial. The signing of a regular contract in this blood, the formal renunciation of Christianity, the parody of Christian baptism, the giving of a new name, and the infliction of an identifying mark—possibly by means of tattooing—were in all probability later additions. The study of operative magic, which was a main feature of the cult in its later stages, played probably a smaller part in the original rites; but the Sabbaths seem always to have ended with conviviality. The dances, which were of a ceremonial nature, were danced 'widdershins' and back to back; various forms are mentioned, some of which are said still to exist in remote parts of the continent. Ambling on a staff we have already mentioned. *Speed* was a necessity; laggards were chastized, whence perhaps 'the devil take the hindermost.' A feast followed at which, so far as France is concerned, salt was taboo. Promiscuous intercourse

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between men and women concluded the proceedings and gave origin perhaps to legends of Succubæ and Incubi.

Locally the adherents of the cult appear to have been organized in small associations, which in Scotland were known as 'Covens' and consisted of an officer and twelve subordinates. The prejudice against a party of thirteen and against rising first—a privilege probably exercised by the most conspicuous and therefore most obnoxious of the party—might thus be explained. The meetings of these local associations were held at irregular times and places—sometimes in the village church or churchyard—and were mainly for purposes of jollity.

Such seems to be Miss Murray's view of the original witch-cult; and on the whole it is suggestive and probable. But her object precludes her from considering a point which must not be ignored: namely the temperaments likely to be attracted or created by illicit nocturnal rites and the orgies which followed these. On the moral point of view we do not now dwell; but such arcana are known to have a malign fascination for the mentally unstable, while they are equally likely to affect the nerves of those practising them. The existence of anæsthetic zones (frequently alleged in witch-craft trials as a witch-token) is really a sign of the hysterical diathesis; and this circumstance cannot be without its influence on our estimate of the confessions. Again we cannot easily accept her contention that the execution of witches at the stake was regarded by the adherents of the cult, or by its adversaries, in the light of a *ritual sacrifice*. Burning was the punishment appropriate to heretics of both sexes, and to women guilty of any particularly heinous

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crime. Moreover we think she greatly exaggerates the prevalence and universality of the cult. On her own theory, it must have become, even in Celtic days, the cult of subject and remote minorities, and have escaped the downfall which overtook the recognized Celtic, Teutonic and Scandinavian cults solely by virtue of its obscurity. Yet in her reference to the case of Joan of Arc (the least convincing part of her book)[1] she appears to regard the witch-cult as the real creed of the populace, French or English, as late as the first quarter of the fifteenth century—a few years after Agincourt! No doubt with the gradual dying out, as a distinct race, of the communities from which it sprang, the witch-cult, in order to prolong its existence, must have become a proselytizing creed; and to such proselytizing witch-trials bear ample evidence. The persecutions of the Middle Ages and the Post-Reformation period may have been partly due to this, partly to the growing power of the Christian hierarchy and partly to the increasing infamy of the witch-organization itself. For the primitive cult of fertility, if gross and sordid, if sensual and even cruel, as regards its rites, must have been beneficent in intention; and its survival will have been due to the great importance of fertility in the eyes of the herdsman and the cultivator, and the connivance likely to be extended by them, even when non-adherents of the cult, to those who claimed to control it. But as time went on, the fraternity by mere force of circumstances will have changed its character, and become, as respects the outer world, a purely malefic institution.

[1] The theory that Joan was charged as an adherent of a pagan cult would throw much light on the story; but Miss Murray's view that she actually was an adherent is supported by very insufficient argument.

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Originally simply un-Christian, it became definitely anti-Christian; originally the exponent of a low and primitive morality, it became defiantly immoral; originally the expression of a race ideal, it became the enemy of the higher culture which surrounded it—the explicit foe of every outsider who failed to conciliate or purchase its favours, a dangerous and insidious secret society, the subterranean antagonist of the existing Church and State. Expedients originally intended to secure fertility, human, animal or vegetable, were systematically inverted into contrivances for destroying it. The human sacrifices of the cult degenerated, if we may apply such a word, into still more horrible practices. The profession of midwife seems to have been at one time largely and very naturally monopolized by women adherents of the cult; and it would appear that they made it, at least occasionally, a practice to murder new-born infants, by means of a needle driven into the brain, with the object of employing the fat, entrails, etc., in the preparation of magic ointments, hell-broths, and potions. The Sabbaths became veritable centres of malpractice. The secrets of the countryside were poured out at the foot of the president, thus securing to him knowledge which, when reproduced, appeared preternatural; instruction was given in the arts of abortion, poison, etc., and the resources of operative magic and of mediæval chemistry were ransacked for new expedients of mischief. Simple-minded proselytes might indeed be allured by promise of gain and lust of sensual pleasure, the ill-balanced by a love of the occult and the obscene, the weak by the fascinations of a local 'Devil'; Miss Murray gives instances of extreme enthusiasm among members of the cult. But

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the inner circle must have been largely recruited from those conscious of aims and designs directly obnoxious to all the higher forms of religion and morality. Those who joined it with their eyes open must have been willing, for the sake of revenge or the lust of gain and power, to traffic with powers whom they knew to be malign, even if they did not suppose them to be infernal.

That the Law fell foul of such an institution (theological considerations apart) is not surprising. Special light is thrown on James VI.'s attitude towards demonology and witch-craft by Miss Murray's analysis of the North Berwick trials. This makes it fairly certain that the King's cousin, Francis, Earl of Bothwell (who, had James died childless, might have claimed the succession) was the patron, if not the 'Devil'-god, of the North Berwick 'Coven' which attempted to secure by operative magic the death of James and his Consort; and was presumably responsible for the murder in prison of an accomplice who had 'peached.' This grim intrigue again throws light on the composition of *Macbeth*, which is very obviously designed to propitiate the newly arrived King, and which selects as the theme of its execration a nobleman who, inspired by witches, assassinates his cousin and sovereign. Much that seems trivial or sordid in the 'make-up' of Shakespeare's witches, regarded merely as personifications of evil, or as the product of poetic or popular imagination, assumes under the ægis of such an interpretation the features of a rather terrible realism.

As in the case of the Jews and Moors in Spain, many of the sect outwardly conformed and were even 'professors.' The horrible story of Major Weir and

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his sister becomes explicable on these lines. He will have been the 'Devil' of a local Coven who, under the strain of a double life, broke down and denounced himself.

From this point of view, again, the prosecutions and persecutions of the witch-fraternity take on a different aspect. That these partook of the brutality characteristic of the age; that innumerable innocent were involved in the fate of the guilty; that horrible scenes took place at illicit lynchings, is abundantly clear. But Miss Murray maintains that, taken as a whole, the witch-trials were fairly conducted and the convictions just. We should compare them to the proceedings by which at a later date the Magistrates of India succeeded in stamping out the malign fraternity of the Thugs.

H. C. FOXCROFT.

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SOME IMPRESSIONS OF BOEHME AND MADAME GUYON.

E. T. Harrison.

It was summer when I received an invitation to read a paper in the autumn at one of the Members' Meetings of the Quest Society. Being in the country I had to choose from the very few books I had taken with me.

These notes then in no way presume to be a detailed examination of the mysticism of Jacob Boehme and Madam Guyon as a whole, and I fear the only title I can think of may prove somewhat misleading. All I attempt to give is a few of the impressions I gathered from Boehme's *Supersensual Dialogues* and a few other scattered studies which I happened to have with me. And so also of Madame Guyon—I have in mind chiefly her autobiography and her work entitled *Spiritual Torrents*, which is supposed to be purely inspirational, for she wrote it under great mental pressure in a few days and never re-wrote one word. I thought it might be helpful in these days when M. Bergson's Philosophy of Change has engaged the thoughts of so many of us, to turn our minds back for a few moments to these two illuminates of the past, as examples of mystic apprehension, and hear what they have to tell us of Reality.

Their story seems on the surface strangely different from that of the great French thinker; instead of keeping their eyes fixed on the eternal flux of the

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Becoming, and affirming this constant change and movement to be the only Reality, they both assert that behind the world of Becoming is the world of Being, silent, invisible, but perfect, stable, sure, the source and the goal of all activity. It is true that M. Bergson acknowledges an interior life of spiritual activity different from matter and its mechanism; but in this inner life there still seem to be the same indefiniteness and lack of purpose that he claims to find in the activities of life on the physical plane. Boehme and Madame Guyon on the contrary trained their minds to look still more deeply within for the world of reality, and both exhort us to put on one side the whirl of Becoming, both inner and outer; for so only shall we be masters of our own soul.

In *The Supersensual Dialogues* the master exhorts his pupil to shut the eyes to all the impressions that come through the senses. He should strive to gather up all the forces of his soul to a point (the point "where no creature dwelleth"), and there in the very ground of his being, the mystic centre of his soul, he shall hear God speak, he shall behold the light of His presence, he shall know Reality.

This indeed is the fundamental method of their way; it might fitly be called the 'law of development by withdrawal.' And here at the beginning I cannot do better than quote those words attributed by Vaughan, in *Hours with the Mystics*, to Plotinus. He supposes them to have been written in a letter to a disciple called Flaccus.

"The wise man recognizes the idea of the Good within him. This he developes by withdrawal into the holy place of his own soul. He who does not understand how the soul contains the Beautiful within

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itself, seeks to realize beauty without by laborious production. His aim should rather be to concentrate and simplify, and so to expand his being, instead of going out into the Manifold; to forsake it for the One, and so to float upwards towards the Divine Fount of Being whose stream flows within him."

Here we notice two seeming paradoxes: first, *development by withdrawal;* and secondly, *expansion by concentration and simplification.* Naturally we should be inclined to think that we develop by going out and expand by giving out; and so we do in a sense. But on the mystic path these seeming paradoxes are constantly recurring, for there this withdrawal from the outer is not a withdrawal into a state of lethargy; it is withdrawal into a higher state of activity, not another order of development. The inner life is quite as much an active life as the life which expends its energies on the outer; but it attains its end, which is none other than union with God, the Ultimate Reality, by concentrating the will and the desire, not on the outgoing manifestations of life, but on the Reality which is its source, where, as Boehme puts it, "no creature dwelleth." He assures us that if we could do this only for one moment, could really withdraw, we should hear God speak, and he gives us his reason for this assertion. He says that when the soul is quiet and silent, when it is free from the thinking of self and the willing of self, 'winged up' above that which is temporal, then the soul is in the same state as God was before Nature and Creature came forth; thus being in the same state, it comes into direct contact with Him—"it hears Him speak."

Let us now consider briefly the essence of Boehme's mysticism as shewn forth in *The Supersensual Dialogues*

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and then try to compare it with that of Madame Guyon.

According to Boehme the soul is a Magic Fire—'Lumen de Lumine,' as he calls it, Light from Light—but imprisoned at present in darkness in its own self-prison. The central motives of its being are will and desire, which indeed constitute its essence. The fundamental desire of its being is to return to the Centre of Light from which it proceeded, and this is none other than the Heart of God. Till it attains to this end it is a Fire of Anguish; for it is only when it has broken the bonds of its self-prison that it burns freely and fully in union with the Divine Love. God then comes as Light into the soul, changing all the hungry restlessness into sweetness and peace. This is called the New Birth. Boehme likens the soul to a woman who can choose the husband to whom she yields herself. As her essence is will and desire, she can choose whether to throw herself into all the distractions of the Manifold, or turn herself inward and yield herself to the 'one and only Fair,' the Eternal Source of Life and Light and Love. We see then that with Boehme as with Plotinus the soul occupies a middle position between Spirit and Matter. Partaking of Spirit which is its principle, the more the soul lives in the light of the Spirit, turned towards that which is above itself, the more creative it becomes. Its essential joy and misery depend, not upon the happenings in the outer conditions of its life, but on how far it is purified and tranquillized by communion with the Centre of Light and Fountain of Love. As Dean Inge says in his Introduction to *The Philosophy of Plotinus*: "No losses or misfortunes, whether public or private, can hurt the hidden man of the heart, our

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real self, still less can they impair the welfare of the universal life in which our little lives are included. The real or spiritual world is a kingdom of values and all that has value in the sight of the Creator is safe for evermore."

The whole of Boehme's teaching is bound up with the symbolism of Fire and Light; in this he is followed closely by his great exponent William Law, who always speaks of the Divine Light within the soul of man, which, he says, has a strong desire to get back to the Light-Centre. As it came out of God and partakes of the Divine Nature, so does it long to return thither; but it cannot do this till it has broken the bars of its self-hood in which the soul is imprisoned. Boehme calls it the 'I-hood' and Goethe the '*verdammter Ich*.'

If we study Nature, we find that the whole of the vegetable kingdom is due to two attractions: the desire of the seed buried in the earth to get into the kingdom of light and air, which is mysteriously enclosed within it; and the desire of the sun to unite and communicate with its own offspring hid in the earth. This union cannot take place till the seed, putting off the outer husk, forces its way up through the earth to gain access to the kingdom of air and sunlight. In the same manner the soul of man, shaking off the husk of evil habits and earthly desires, pushes its way up through the nourishing but imprisoning environment of earth, to live in communion with the true source of its being, and rejoice in the spiritual air and sunlight of God's presence.

We must remember that Boehme was deeply imbued with Nature-mysticism. All Nature was to him the symbol of the Divine; the sun to him was, not only the emblem of the Divine Light, but its

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actual manifestation on the physical plane. Perhaps we speak more truly than we know when we speak of a 'heavenly day.' Just as the physical sun then longs to get into union with its imprisoned offspring in the earth, so does the Divine Spirit ever long to draw our souls back into perfect union with itself.

Truly we shall never understand the ultimate truth of our Being by studying the swirl of the Becoming, if all that philosophy can tell us about that ultimate is that it must be sought in Life as the sole original impulse of all things, which arises unoriginated, thereafter taking directions without aiming at ends. It is this 'motiveless diversity,' this capricious energy, which is the disappointing feature in Bergson's philosophy. If we ask: What started the Life-impulse; what is the purpose of this endless flux of Becoming; to what end are we working; what is our ultimate goal?—we get no answer. "The one far-off Divine Event to which the whole Creation moves," seems held to be but a poetic imagination which has no value in the scheme of things. What need is there of more than Movement and Change? This is Reality enough, the only Reality we seem to behold. Reality, in Bergsonian words, is "movement, indivisible duration, universal becoming." Time, according to this philosophy, is the very stuff of life; but according to the mystics, Time is an illusion produced by the succession of our states of consciousness as we travel through Eternal Duration. To them nothing on earth can be said to have real Duration; nothing is permanent except the Absolute Existence, and for that there is no Time, past, present and future being transcended in Eternity. For such the greatest of ills in this world is that all things change, decay and die. The nature of

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God spells at very least immortality; for the Greeks the gods were by their nature deathless and superior to change. If matter was associated with evil by some of their more mystical thinkers, it was not because it is corporeal, but because it is in a state of flux and change.

The mystic then and the great French thinker look at Reality from two different angles. One sees only Motion and Change and cries joyfully: "This is Reality"; the other has his eye fixed on the supreme Source of this Motion and says: "This alone is Reality." This, too, is the Goal to which all Movement tends. Perhaps the truth is to be found in a union of the two points of view. The mystic asserts that the soul came from the perfection of the One to the limited action of the Many, and that when the lessons of the Many have been learned, it passes back again to the Unity.

We come now to another point of difference between the philosopher and the mystic; it is with regard to Beauty. The modern Philosophy of Change seems to suggest no explanation of the mysterious Beauty of Nature or any reason why it should be beautiful at all. To our mystics the Beauty of Nature is due to the fact that it is the Vesture of God, the Veil through which He reveals Himself. As a Persian Poet has said: "Wherever thou seest a Veil, beneath that Veil He hides; whatever heart doth yield to Love, He claims it. In His Love the heart has life. Longing for Him the soul has Victory." Thus Man is regarded as a part of God, a fragment of the whole, and Creation an 'output' of the All-Beautiful. The visible world and all that therein is, is a reflection of the Divine and though imperfect and broken an ever-changing scene full of the Spirit of God.

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For Boehme also the whole of Nature was a series of outbirths of God; the natural world came out of the Spiritual World, out of Light and the Great Darkness from which the Light came forth, for we must not forget that the Divine Darkness is the Parent, Light the Son. Boehme's whole philosophy is, as has been said, full of the symbolism of Light and Fire. Fire to him is the most perfect reflection on earth of the One Flame. As he says: "It is life and death, the origin and end of all." This Fire of Light, spiritual, behind all earthly light, is the same Light that St. Augustine speaks of in his *Confessions*. He calls it the Light Unchangeable; he explains that when he enters into himself, God being his 'Guide,' he finds this Light Unchangeable which is not as the common light, but different, and "not even as if it were greater than the other." This is none other than the Light of the Divine Presence, which knows no shadow caused by turning. Again, it is the same Light, of which we are told in *The Acts of John*. "And the Lord stood in the Cave and filled it with Light." It is to this Cave, the ground of one's being, that the master in these *Supersensual Dialogues* is always urging the disciple to turn his will and desire. Keep to the Centre, is the constant appeal, and stir not from the Presence of God revealed within you. For when the soul has shed its 'I-hood' and the will has been wholly yielded to the Divine, then in the silence that follows, the soul may hear God speak, and in the darkness which comes when all material things are put away, the great Light, the Light Unchangeable, shines. Again he says: "No life can stand in certainty unless it continues in its Centre out of which it sprung.

When the Voice of God is heard and His Presence

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made known as the Light Unchangeable, then the soul learns that the law of that inner kingdom is Love, for with the death of the self-hood Love cometh into her kingdom, and the soul knows its oneness with all, and no longer thinks of herself as an isolated being. At the end of Dialogue I. a curious distinction is drawn between God and Love. Boehme shows that if God were not Love, then Love would be greater than God, for Love can enter into all places, however foul, and transmute the foulness into beauty. Love, like the light, transmutes the darkness, not by fighting it, but by gradually interpenetrating it. Browning has also the same view, when he says: "The loving worm within his clod, were diviner than a loveless God." Boehme says of Love that whoever finds it, finds 'Nothing and All Things'—Nothing, for there is no other thing to which you can compare it, and All Things, because Love is the beginning of all things. God being unable to rest content in His own Being, manifests Himself through the Universe, that the Many may share the bliss which is the essence of His own Nature.

In Dialogue II., where Boehme developes the thesis that God is to be found within, there is an analogy drawn between the two 'eyes' and the two 'wills.' The disciple is told, if he wants to realize the Heavenly Light, how he ought to deal with the inferior Light of Nature. The master tells him that in the soul are two wills: the inferior will, which drives to things without, and the superior will, which is turned towards God and drawn to things within. There are also two eyes, whereby the two wills are directed. These eyes look contrary ways: the 'left' eye looks into the manifold things of Time and

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Nature, but the 'right' eye looks into Eternity and Unity. The disciple is shewn that he can never attain to the Vision of Eternity, of the Supreme Unity, unless the left eye, which looks into the things of Time, is brought into subjection to the eye of the Spirit, that looks into Eternity. When this is done, the will will prevent the soul from slipping into subjection to the Manifold; and then the soul will be capable of enjoying both Lights, the Light of God in the Spirit and the Natural Light of the World.

These two eyes and two wills are somewhat puzzling, but we understand them better, when we realize that, according to Boehme, we have two bodies: the one external with its five senses and composed of the four elements; and the other the mystical body, composed of the one pure element, which is at present in the hiddenness. Boehme's theory is that Man, when originally created in the image of God, was in this mystical body composed of the one pure element, and that by false imagination he lost the spiritual body, which went into the hiddenness, whilst the lower body of the four elements became manifested. The whole theory of alchemist transmutation is inmixed with this idea, for our work here is by true will and 'imaging' to concentrate our consciousness into that state of being where the one pure element is manifested.

Thus the whole point of Boehme's teaching seems to be that we are not to let our will and desire go forth into matter and so become subjected to it. Whilst fulfilling all our duties in the world, we must hold fast to the Divine within, that He may wholly unite Himself to us. "Let the head and hands labour," he says, in one passage, "but the heart must always rest in God."

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On this point both he and Madame Guyon are absolutely one, for she says, in her book *Spiritual Torrents*, speaking of those souls which have attained to this realization of union with God: "The senses may suffer their sorrows, but at the 'Centre' there is always the same calm tranquillity, because he who possesses it is immutable." Here she uses the same idea as is constantly found in Boehme—'the Centre,' in French '*le Fond*.' Perhaps the latter is better translated by Central Depth, meaning doubtless as it does the inmost essence of Spirit, for like Boehme Madame Guyon always worked on the threefold division: Spirit, Soul, Body.

Our two mystics, though so widely different in their social position and general outlook on life, living in different centuries, speak in the same tones of the essential oneness of the human soul with God, and maintain that that fact is the basis of all true religion.

Madame Guyon declares: "The soul having proceeded from God has a continual propensity to return to Him, because as He is its Origin, He is also its final Goal." "Oh poor souls," she exclaims, "who are seeking rest in this life, you will never find it out of God." This reminds us at once of St. Augustine's famous saying: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is ever restless till it rests in Thee." Boehme's words, as we have seen, are identical in meaning. "The soul is a Magic Fire derived from God the Father's Essence, Lumen de Lumine, but imprisoned in the darkness of its self-prison. It longs to return to its Light-Centre, whence it originally came, that is to the Heart of God." We see thus that the essence of mysticism is always *unitive*, a longing to return to the One; and the force that urges it on

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its course is always Love. No other power can help, for Love has no other desire than union with the Beloved. Mr. A. E. Waite, in his admirable article on 'Lamps of Christian Mysticism' in one of the numbers of THE QUEST (Oct. 1919), quotes St. Thomas' definition that "Contemplation is Love." This is indeed, as he says, the '*key* of the Inward Life,' and no practices of Meditation, however elaborate, possess, apart from Love, any power to bring the soul to its mystic goal of Union.

In this spiritual development another important point to be noticed is that the first result of the soul's desire to return to the Divine Unity is a feeling of distance from it. The soul now realizes its own sinfulness and knows itself far off from God. This, of course, is the becoming conscious of being in the 'far country' of the Prodigal, and all Christian mystics seem to go through the same experience. St. Augustine in his *Confessions*, in giving the history of the day when he became converted, tells us: "I trembled with love and awe and found that I was far off from Thee in a region all unlike to Thine." Again he says: "When first I knew Thee, Thou didst make me to see there was that which I *might* see and that I was not yet such as to see it." Madame Guyon corroborates this experience and tells us that, as God's design for the soul is that it should be lost in Himself, He begins His work by imparting to it a sense of distance from Him; for as soon as it has perceived the distance it has a natural inclination to return. This is the first real step towards God; for as long as the soul is satisfied with the manifold things of sense, it does not feel the distance from God. It is only when the soul turns back towards the One that it realizes how far away it is.

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and that the manifold things of this world, instead of being a luminous cloud or vesture through which the Divine glory shines, have become for it a thick dark cloud shutting it off from the Light of God.

In the slow return journey of the soul to God, according to both our mystics, there is one special obstacle to be overcome. It is that at certain stages the soul is apt to be filled with pride and self-esteem at its own progress and to rest contented in its own achievement. This is the most fatal of all dangers, for the moment the soul begins to contemplate its own state with a favourable eye, it automatically ceases to make any further progress. Its self-esteem, as the Parable of the Pharisee and the Publican teaches, is a worse condition for the soul than that of being in sins which it cannot but acknowledge and deplore. For this reason is it that a 'dark night' so often follows a time of illumination, so that the soul may learn through bitter experience not to depend on always possessing the assured sense of God's presence.

Comparing Boehme and Madame Guyon, even within the covers of *The Supersensual Dialogues* and *Spiritual Torrents*, it is at once apparent that the former is the more philosophical temperament of the two. Boehme's mysticism is largely a mystic philosophy of the soul. The soul stretching out to perfection with tireless arms and realizing that at the ground of its being there is the Divine Spark, which is in essence one with the Divine Fire, feels that its only chance of blessedness and happiness is to sink itself into the mystic Centre of its own being, give up its own willing and in a supreme act of self-surrender pray that the Divine Perfection and the Divine Will may be fulfilled through it. Madame Guyon also recognizes this basic

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fact, and is ever speaking of the one Centre where there is peace and joy; but in her book, where she symbolizes the return of the soul under the imagery of torrents rushing down over all sorts of declivities and obstacles to reach their source in the sea, she is far more 'anthropomorphic' than Boehme. She constantly pictures the Divine Being as a human lover, and seems to impute to Him all those jealousies and exactions which remind one of the lower and unbeautiful side of love, of the selfishness and exclusiveness of human passion. The desire that the loved one shall not look at or think of anyone else but himself, is really a refined form of egoism, and we cannot impute this to perfect Love. True love of God in the human soul is the love of that which is immutable, stable, perfect, and can never be soiled by the pettiness, the envy and jealousy which so often ruin the mutual love between human beings. For the more a soul loves God, the more it desires to bring all creatures into the same realization of blessedness. It is impossible really to love 'out of God,' for in Him all live and He is the hidden life in everything. According to the mystic the fault lies not in loving creatures or human beings too much, but of dissociating them in our minds from God and making them an end in themselves, thus putting up a barrier between our souls and Him. Could we but recognize with Browning that in all we love, "still is God," we could not go wrong. But if, as Miss Underhill says, the one essential of all mysticism is the longing of the soul for union with the One Source of all being, then certainly Boehme and Madame Guyon both answer to this test. Both were filled with a supreme longing for union with the Divine and, though they

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sought it in different ways, they both partially attained.

Boehme's first vision was outwardly occasioned by his chance looking at a burnished pot which reflected the sunshine with dazzling splendour: falling thereon into a deep but waking ecstasy, he found himself looking into the principles and deepest foundation of things. Thinking it might be fancy, he got up and went out into the garden, but found there too that he gazed into the very heart of things. The hidden life of the trees and grass harmonized with what he had already seen of the inner principle of things. It was the response of God to the God-lover in Boehme; for as Law, following Boehme, says: "God has but one design and intent towards all mankind, and that is to introduce or generate his own Life, Light and Spirit in them. There is but one possible way for man to attain the Salvation or Life of God in the soul, and that is the desire of the soul turned to God." As the soul becomes more highly developed and turns its gaze and desire away from the Manifold back to the Unity, it becomes more and more capable of expressing the Divine Spirit, till at the end the individual spirit is at-oned with the Divine Source of its being.

Then the torrent, to use Madame Guyon's metaphor, is lost in the sea, and thereafter bears all merchandise entrusted to it, not in its own strength, but in the strength of the great ocean. To quote her own words: "It bears on its bosom the largest vessels, it is the sea which bears them, not the river, and yet it is the river, because the river being lost in the sea has become one with it." In another place, comparing this final state of at-onement with the Divine with the stage preceding it, Madame Guyon uses the

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simile of the sun. The one, she says, is like a person sitting in the sunshine and feeling its warmth; the other, like a person who has become one with the sun itself and partakes of its warmth and life without apprehending it with the senses.

Madame Guyon further says of a soul in this final stage that even in hell, it would suffer all tortures in complete contentment because of the beatitude of the transformed Centre; its inward peace make it indifferent to outward conditions. This state once attained is permanent, and the only vicissitude so far as the Centre is concerned is a greater advance in God. Madame Guyon's autobiography makes it seem as if she had herself attained at times a wonderful state of self-forgetfulness in spiritual union. In one place she says that when she looked within herself to find herself she could not do so; she found only God. That this was not due to hysteria, is shewn by the high serenity of soul to which she attained during the latter part of her life. The bitterest persecutions, the vilest calumnies against her honour and that of Father la Combe, her confessor, terrible illnesses, some appalling dangers in travelling—all these passed over her, and left her as they found her, absolutely dignified, calm, serene, courteous and patient even with her enemies, because, as she says, her inmost Centre, her *Fond*, was fixed and firm in abandonment to God. Surely she attained to that soothfastness or *satta* as the Buddhists call it.

Jealous of the wonderful power she had in guiding souls and utterly incapable of understanding the purity of the union between her own soul and that of her confessor Father la Combe, her enemies circulated the vilest calumnies against them. Four times she

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was thrown into prison and kept in the closest confinement; she escaped finally only to be exiled. Father la Combe, one of the noblest of men, died in prison. Yet on one occasion when a friend condoled with her on her sad experience, she replied: "It seemed to me that, though shut up in a close prison, my soul had its former liberty larger than the whole earth, which appeared to me but a point in comparison with the vastness I experienced, and my contentment was in God alone, without contentment for myself, above my own interest."

The curious differences in the lives of our two mystics bring out only more clearly the wonderful likeness of their mystical experience. Boehme, the son of poor parents, was a shoemaker all his life; Madame Guyon belonged to the first ranks of the French Noblesse, and by her beauty and accomplishments, her grace and dignity, she shone as a star even in that society which always prided itself on distinction of manner.

Both suffered persecution from the Orthodox. The Lutheran Church, to which Boehme belonged, horrified at the mystic tendency of his first book, forbade him to write anything more and he was assailed from all its pulpits as a most dangerous heretic. He obeyed this injunction of silence for seven years, but at last the fire within could no longer be contained, and he was compelled to pour forth privately all his stored up thoughts in writing. Madame Guyon, as we have seen, suffered persecution, calumnies and imprisonment.

Yet both these great souls lived so entirely in the spiritual world, that world in which Plotinus tells us there is always comprehension and interpenetration

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and love and sympathy, instead of the mutual exclusion and strife and opposition of this world of appearance, that they seemed incapable of feeling hatred or bitterness toward their enemies. The vilest calumnies, the cruellest persecution, were incapable of disturbing their serenity;—they stood serene in their own sense of innocence, full of love and consideration for others.

Such is the effect on the character of true mysticism; and it seems to me that here chiefly lies the benefit of its study and that of the lives of its great exponents.

According to the seers we all must tread the mystic path eventually, and those who have attained beckon us on to tread it. Cheered by their example, let us be encouraged to begin to strive towards their serenity of soul, their contempt of outer conditions, and to hope that we also can learn something of that love, that hidden fire, which alone can draw our souls into union with the Divine Perfection.

E. T. HARRISON.

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ELROY FLECKER: THE GHOST POET.

HERBERT E. PALMER.

ELROY FLECKER has chiefly been known as a cunning master of phrases, a weaver of melodious rhythms. But it is sometimes a bad thing to gain a good reputation; and his achievement has been used as an argument against him. We have not infrequently been told that he had no mental 'guts,' was a mere juggler with verbs, substantives, and epithets. It is not at all true; Elroy Flecker was an earnest and vigorous singer. But he has more in common with a Coleridge and his 'wizard twilight' than with a poet like Wordsworth or William Davies. Few modern lyrists have escaped his glamorous touch. Even John Masefield, a greater man, evidently owes something to his refining and magical influence. He seems to me a 'poet's poet,' speaking more frequently to the sub-conscious mind than to the active intelligence. And it is he, rather than any other, who has hypnotized me into believing in the probable existence of a Hell after Death. Elroy Flecker was afraid of Death, anxiously afraid—and of something unpleasant on the other side, of which too many people would taste the bitterness. His 'underworld' in such a weird poem as 'The Town without a Market' is almost Virgilian in tone. One notes, too, in consternation, that all the *bored* and unhappy ghosts were in life pleasant materialists (even the Dreamers are included). His

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imagination is unpleasantly haunted by the moonlit towers of Hell.

It is true that he also wrote a poem ('No Coward's Cry') denying all possibility of continuance of existence after this life; but the lines are so redolent of terror as to betoken quite something else:

"I know dead men are blind and cannot see
The friend that shuts in horror their big eyes.
And they are witless—O, I'd rather be
A living mouse than dead as a man dies."

Some of us never trap a mouse to-day without saying to ourselves, "I hope it isn't poor Elroy Flecker—his reincarnation." For he, assuredly, came to believe in reincarnation. When he was beginning to die he wrote 'The Gates of Damascus'; and they hold these lines:

"O spiritual pilgrim, rise: the night has grown her single horn:
The voices of the souls unborn are half adream with Paradise."

They are also interesting as containing one of those rare mistakes that Flecker sometimes made—'voices' instead of 'faces.'

The same poem also holds these lines:

"And God shall make thy body pure, and give thee knowledge to endure
This ghost-life's piercing phantom-pain, and bring thee out to Life again."

But it isn't quite clear to the reader which is the *ghost-life*—this, or the other. Was he dreaming of the Millennium upon Earth. He manifestly believed in some desolating End, or some magnificent New

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Beginning; for in the Prologue to 'The Golden Journey to Samarkand' and 'The Gates of Damascus' he wrote:

"When the great markets to the sea shut fast
All that calm Sunday that goes on and on:
When even lovers find their peace at last,
And Earth is but a star, that once had shone."

His ghostly touch is emphasized in a poem like 'Stillness.' Again he is writing of Death; but not as one who believes in the cessation of existence.

"When from the clock's last chime to the next chime
Silence beats his drum,
And Space with gaunt grey eyes and her brother Time
Wheeling and whispering come,
She with the mould of form and he with the loom of rhyme."

Probably one of the poems he is best known by is the short 'Tenebris Interlucentem,' of which this is the second and last stanza:

"At last they knew that they had died
When they heard music in that land,
And some one there stole forth a hand
To draw a brother to his side."

A frequent characteristic of Flecker's poetry is the brotherly note. He believed, too, that dead poets clasped the hands of living ones. In the last lines of 'The Gates of Damascus' he says:

"And, son of Islam, it may be that thou shalt learn at journey's end
Who walks thy garden eve on eve, and bows his head, and calls thee Friend."

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The *second* line is particularly interesting because it contains a cipher, possibly a deliberate one. Edgar Allen Poe would have exulted at it; for the initial letters of the names 'Elroy Flecker, William Blake' are contained in the initial letters of words. Also *all* the letters of those two names (Christian and surname) are contained in the same line. Of course his first name was James, and that is missing, but in the world of literature most people seem to drop the 'James.' Those of us who are well informed as to his private life at Uppingham and Oxford know that he must have cultivated Blake assiduously during the early part of his career. At any rate his strange conversations at Oxford bear it out. Moreover Elroy Flecker in his more spiritual and mystical moments is quite closely on the side of Blake, that is when the latter chose to be formal and fairly obvious. They both delighted in the same kind of short ringing lines. (The stanza of 'The Gates of Damascus' is only *four* short lines written as *two*.) It is true he called himself a Parnassian and confessed French influences,[1] writing quite a cunning essay about it too. But he was a notorious leg-puller; and I, who have lived quite a long time in France as well as in Germany, have discovered French influences in only about an eighth part of his work. Perhaps they are present in 'Light are your eyes,' from which here are four lines:

"I can make you reign with the song-wreathed women,
Cynthia the Roman, or grave Isolde—
Reign as they reign, though they and those that loved them
Are faded and frozen, a hundred ages cold."

[1] Undisguisedly, though he owed very much to the Greeks. The Future may come to regard him as the most Greek-like of our poets.

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It is one of the most beautiful of Flecker's poems; but I cannot find it in either his 'collected' or 'selected' works. It was originally published by Mr. Douglas Goldring in his fine *Tramp Magazine;* and there it seems to have stayed.

Elroy Flecker like Robert Bridges possessed the great artist's conscience. But he was cut off untimely (early in 1915) shortly after the finest fulfilment of himself had begun. He found it on the threshold of Death. Perhaps his disease of consumption was hastened by his faithful devotion to his lyrical gift—for he had, as well, other tasks to perform, and overwork destroys the body. But he is still spiritually alive, for did he not write?

"Since I can never see your face
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you. You will understand."

And I will close with that, and a reiteration of his prose statement: "It is not the poet's business to save man's soul, but to make it worth saving."

HERBERT E. PALMER.

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THE SMILE OF THE SEVEN BUDDHAS.

SMOKE is rising blue-spiralling to the low-hanging ceiling, mist-like descending, twisting and turning.

Around in a circle the Buddhas hover, sitting or standing, hands folded, outstretched or imploring—golden and silver and bronze 'gainst deepest black; and through the mist quivers their smile.

Smile?—threatening, mocking, triumphant or gracious? Who fathoms its meaning?

The bamboo-pipe slips slowly from the fingers and wearily the heavy eyelids droop. Vanished and dead is the world and its turmoil. The seven Buddhas smile through the mist.

I.

And the Golden Buddha raised his voice:
"The moist heat of Siam's swamps fans my face;
Dark eyes behold me in their fevered dreamings.
Slender brown fingers fashioned my image.
High and steep towers my throne, golden and decked with sparkling jewels of many a colour.
Golden flames surround me; they mount to the distant skies.
On my breast a heavy weight, and gold upon my limbs—bracelets and chains and clasps and rings of gold.
A heavy golden casque my hair.
Tense and straight I rest upon my throne—golden and merciless.

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My limbs lie hid beneath the weight of splendour;
incense and gold have robbed me of my soul.
Behold! I am a pyramid.
Watch it arising ever higher, ever expanding, filling all
space with gold.
Deep down below, in dreamings of fever and vapours
of swamp, thy place, O puny mortal!
Through the clouds that enwrap the high tops of the
mountains shines faintly my luminous face.
But my smile threatens darkly.
Darkness and fear and trembling round thee—
Who bids thee solve my secret?

II.

Sharp as the cracking of glass, piercing as sirens' far
call, thin laughter sounds shrilly through space.
The Silver Buddha laughs.
"At pomp I laugh, at grandeur and at pride.
Why flames ascending, chains and gold and jewels?
Why heap mount on mount to frighten children,
What need of rocks for killing worms?
Tiny am I, fragile, weak and thin; ever diminishing,
smaller and smaller becoming, and vanishing.—
Yet am I smiling.
Behold me vanishing and ever vanishing, and tremble.
Sharp as the cutting of knives my mockery pierces
through space.
Low and shrill is my laugh.
At thee I am laughing, O man!"
And the laughter dissolves in blue spirals.

III.

Deep as the thunder of the avalanche rolls forth the
voice of the Buddha of Tibet.

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"Far from the world, in cold and desert mountains,
trod seldom by foot of man, do I repose on gold.
I too am rich and am golden, adorned and bedecked.
Slim and smooth is my body of glittering gold.
Cloud-bands move round me, blood-red.
Deep-blue my dream-hair and deep-blue my eyes, long and slanting.
Heavy ear-rings of gold, inset with sparkling jewels, drag down my ears.
Splendour of stones on arms and on neck and on shoulders.
Upright behind me rises my screen, blue and red, golden and white—
Blue as the ice of the heavens, red as the death-bed of sun,
White as the snows eternal, golden—as I. 'Tis covered with signs and with letters.
Upon my folded hands I gaze and I smile.
Dost thou love me or fear me? To me it is one.
I smile not mockingly, nor smile I darkly.
Worlds arise and dissolve: I remain.
And all is as one to my smile."

IV.

Cool and still, darkly outstretched lies space.
The Buddha stood erect and tall and slim, his long thin right hand warding off approach. In one straight line his toes;
Towering, straight and stiff his youthful body, plain, simple and severe.
As breezes of the dawn sounded his speech:
"I love thee not, nor hate thee, nor despise thee.
Stay afar!

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I want not love, nor hate, nor gold and jewels.
My feet rest on gold and precious stones and treasures,
but I am unadorned.
I am perfection; therefore am I simple.
I am not male, nor female. I am eternal youth.
Without desire am I.
My hands with their slim fingers are raised towards
the skies.
My golden casque points towards eternity.
My pallor is coolly radiant.
Coolness surrounds me and my lids are closed.
I do not know if I am smiling.
Is it a smile?
Do not disturb my peace,
Do not approach me.
Stay afar!

V.

From his black shining shrine the Buddha of Japan is
whispering:
"Graceful and small the people of my isles;
Most graceful and most small of all my image.
Delicate fingers grasp most daintily the tiny and
swaying blossoms,
Faintly moved by the shadow of a breath.
Above my head trembles my trellised halo.
See! I am smiling.
I am graciousness.
Touch it not! It would vanish.
Light be thy breath—lest it fade.
Close carefully the polished black shrine with its clasp
of shimmering silver.
Rare, rare and but brief be thy approach.

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Fleeting and passing away the scent of the blossoms the winds waft towards thee.
Fleeting and passing away the ray of the sun on the dance of the waves.
Fleeting and passing away my smiling glance mildly rests on thee."
Whispers die down into silence.

VI.

Heavily hangs the scorching silence,
Hotly hammers blood against temples.
Gravely spoke the Brown Buddha:
"Naked am I and brown, and my cloth barely covers my loins.
All round me the land is parched and dies in the heat of the sun.
Man turned his face unto strange gods, and alone I remained.
All alone am I; and I smile.
At the folly of man clinging to life and deception,
At the folly of man am I smiling.
Riches he seeketh and gold, flowers and music and dance; but to the Sublime he is blind.
Truth he perceiveth not, wholly deceived—and I smile.
All alone am I, and I smile.
Swiftly their life is extinguished by death—one illusion in chase of another.
Joy is illusion, and pain; love is illusion, and hate.
Neither their love nor their hate reacheth me.
Vanity, vanity—all that is human is vanity.
All alone am I, naked and brown, and I smile.
And beyond vanity, folly, delusion stretcheth my smile."

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VII.

Deep as the tones of an organ sound the Bronze,
Golden and Brown;
And the Great Buddha spoke:
"Mine is the Realm of the Centre.
Endless its spread and countless the tale of its busy in-dwellers.
Most rich are my garments, but unnoticed alike by both them and by me.
Precious my crown, my sceptre and regalia. What matters? I smile!
Not menacing my smile, nor mocking; neither cold, nor distant; neither fleeting, nor passing away.
Wide open are my eyes and rest on thee.
I am concerned with the life and the death of all that doth move; ever near to thee.
Life is delusion and vanity; but my smile comprehendeth.
Hatred and love, sin and repentance, ever throng round the smile of my pardon.
I smile at the restless and they find rest.
The wearied draw new strength from my smile.
At children gathering sweet flowers do I smile,
And filled with joy they lift their little arms.
I smile at flowers crushed by children's careless steps;
And dying they reflect all radiant my smile.
I smile at the despairing, and the tears behind my smile are balm unto their wounds.
The dying see my smile, and smilingly depart.
To all I give my smile, for within me resteth the All.
I am quite close, yet very far removed.
I am the All, yet am I imperceptible.
The circle's centre am I, its end and beginning.

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Why wouldst thou then seek further?
Behold! The skies and water, sun and flowers, all show my smile, and thy love's eyes.
All the world is my smile; and as you look on me the other will appear.
Close thy eyes and find rest.
Remaining yet passing-away is my smile, for it is endless motion and rest eternal at once.
Pierce through delusion.
See! I am thou.
See! thou art ever becoming myself.
Dream not but see."

Not darkness, nor light.
Not quiet, nor sound.
Life not, nor death.
Time stops its course—
And the Buddha smileth.

PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM.

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A MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE.

ONE day, without warning, came the experience which gave me a glimpse of reality, and which has ever since proved, not only a source of faith, but a rock of certitude and knowledge. It happened midway in the decade between thirty and forty years of age. Its vivid clearness and above all its intense actuality can never fade. I was alone and wide awake in broad daylight, when I suddenly found myself as though it were outside of my body. All sense of bodily shape had vanished; I felt formless, a pure consciousness of life. But what consciousness! It flooded through me, radiating, flashing and flaming outwards from the inmost centre of my being with no apparent confining circumference. I was a luminous field of scintillating, sparkling, outraying light. It looked at first more white than golden, and felt shot through from centre outwards with radiant, rapturous bliss. Its brilliancy then seemed to be a-flash with all the colours of the rainbow yet was it at the same time intensely clear—a sparkling white.

It was not as though my soul had touched this living reality as something outside and apart from me. There was neither inside nor outside. The two were absolutely one and I was it. It was not as though I were getting understanding of something outside myself; but I *was* myself the very knowledge of reality, beyond all reasoning. There was no space, but the fullness of self-consciousness. There was no time, but the duration of the ever-present reality, this being for ever

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true, as certain as that two times two make four. The absolute certainty of it was one with the absolute ecstasy of it. To describe it as a flood of flaming soul-feeding fire in which I was immersed, yet not apart from, is no symbolic use of words. It is literal. I was this essence of flaming bliss and knowledge of life and light, resolved into a oneness like nothing I had ever dreamed of as being possible.

There is no way of trying to describe the blending unity of all these notions of luminosity, of actual being, of realness, of I-ness and all-ness, of certitude and bliss. They were all equally present in one simultaneous glorious perfect wholeness of soul-filling peace and power and bliss.

Never had I conceived such intensity of the reality of myself, of my identity as a spiritual being. It was as though the thought or voice of God himself were singing through me: "I am that I am," or "I am because I am"—the Real that is ever real and must ever be. It does not seem sacrilegious to name God, who is nameless, as the author or source of this experience. In attempting to describe it, I know not what other word to use for that which was most sacred, holy and divine.

Its vividness was that of waking vision raised to the *n*th power. The supreme glory was the realization that this was to come to every human being, and that this ocean of bliss was the fullness overarching, underlying and interpenetrating the whole creation, both immanent and transcendent. With it came the desire to share the knowledge with others. The very essence of that state of consciousness seemed a bursting forth so as to give for ever of itself. To give was to live.

The thought of two small children came; and at

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once without any sense of going down, back or in, I suddenly was myself again in the body as though nothing had happened.

Yet what a miracle it was to me! All the old limitations dropped off like a discarded mantle and carried away the despairing ache of futility never again to befuddle and confuse me. While I had learned no detail of futurity, had seen no vision of the past, had received no understanding of future glories, I knew that this glimpse was some field of absolute reality and an earnest of divine purpose; indwelling and surrounding the world.

With it came the understanding that everything from atom to man has this living fire at the centre of its being, smouldering and smoking as it were, in fitful flames perhaps, until the climbing, struggling centre of consciousness becomes a self-conscious 'ego-sun' aflame with the ecstatic bliss of being sensible of true reality.

Who can guess what future possibilities lie before us—perhaps of becoming co-workers with the Divine in some vast scheme of creation? Never before had I conceived of the meaning of eternity. It was not something with a beginning, never to end. It was the eternally real, eternally true, without beginning or end.

ENNIS H. EDINEL.

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SPIRIT.

OUT of the birthless and deathless world,
  Timeless and spaceless,
Out of the womb of the infinite,
Into the world of beginning and end,
Into the regions of time and space,
  I who am spirit, not flesh,
  I who am born not, nor die,
  I who dwell in Eternity,
Own to no parentage,
Own no beginning nor end,
  Came, yet came not, coming,
  Here and such as you see.

All that you see of me here is but seeming;
  Moving and changing
I change not nor move,
In the motionless depths of my Being.
  Spirit, full-filling all fulness,
  Ineffable bliss of ineffable Love,
Thinking the thoughts that no thought can attain,
Loving the Love that no life can express,
I, limitless, limit myself, appear but remain,
  Ever and ever forth-giving myself,
  Inexhaustible, fathomless, endless;
And the thoughts that I think,
Are the warp and the woof of the garment I wear,
  And the Love
Is the beat of my passionate Heart,
The incomprehensible secret of ALL.

W. KINGSLAND.

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AN 'IRANIAN' REDEMPTION-MYSTERY.[1]

THE indefatigable author of *Poimandres*, the well-known investigator of Hermetism, who has since contributed a number of other books and shorter papers to the history of Hellenistic religion and of its influence on Christian origins (see the 2nd ed. of his *Hellenistische Mysterien-religionen*, 1919), has followed up his recent essays on 'The Goddess Psyche in Hellenistic and Early Christian Literature' (Heidelberg, 1917) and on 'The Mandæan Book of the Lord of Greatness' (Heidelberg, 1919) with the present volume.

The new work discusses—in the same somewhat meandering, at times highly speculative way, which makes the reading of all the author's works a none too easy task—a number of what are in themselves very interesting new Manichæan texts from the Turfan finds and certain Mandæan parallels which have recently been made accessible through Lidzbarski's translations. We have first a fragment from a pseudo-Zoroastrian song (p. 2), another fragment which Reitzenstein calls somewhat strangely a 'Shortened Funeral Mass'—it may indeed be the *ordo* of a Manichæan *officium pro defunctis* (pp. 13-16)—and then the 'Great Redemption-Mystery,' an obviously very popular, much used text, as it has been preserved in seven different manuscripts (pp. 22-25). These he compares with the hitherto incompletely explained accounts of Mani's ideas about the ascent of the soul in the *Fihrist* (pp. 22ff), and collects a number of parallel ideas and locutions from Mandæan texts. The undoubted success of these comparisons is very important, because there is a Manichæan tradition in the *Fihrist* that Mani, born an 'idolater' devoted to the cult of a sanctuary near Ktesiphon, later joined the sect of the Mughtasila, 'those who practise ablutions,'—that is obviously the Mandæans.

[1] *Das iranische Erlösungs-mysterium.* (Researches in Comparative Religion.) By R. Reitzenstein. Bonn (Marcus & Weber); pp. xii. + 272; about 10s.

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R. has overlooked this important biographical fact, which seems to go very far towards explaining whatever coincidences of religious doctrine and terminology may be found between Mandæans and Manichæans, and should warn the reader against accepting too willingly the author's frequent generalizations of given Mandæo-Manichæan doctrines into features of Iranian religion in general.

The main subject of R.'s texts is the idea that the 'soul' of man, or the 'inner man,' is a divine being of light—the 'world-soul,' the 'original man'—sent down and imprisoned in the realm of matter, in the 'stinking' body, and thence liberated again and re-admitted into its original home of celestial light by means of a divine revelation concerning the soul's nature, primeval fate and final destination at the end of times. One of the Manichæan songs—the sixth lay of the 'Redemption-mystery'—(p. 22) calls the imprisoned soul (*monuhmed*), or spark of light, 'the pearl,' a term which is frequent also in Mandæan, and by-the-by also in Yezīdī texts.

THE MYSTIC PEARL.

Neither Reitzenstein nor H. Usener, whose monograph on the myth of the pearl he quotes in a postscript (p. xi.), has noticed that this is a feature, the origin of which can easily and surely be localized; for the fishing of pearls was in antiquity as now-a-days practised almost exclusively on the shore of the Persian Gulf (some of it also to the south of the Red Sea, but never on the Syrian coast), mostly on the shore of Maskat down to the Bahrein islands.[1] The very word for 'pearl'—Greek *margaritis*, Syr., Aram. and Arab. *margalith(a)*—has been happily explained by H. Winckler (*A. Or.* iii. 2/3², 58₁) as Babylonian *mar galitti*, child of the 'ocean' (lit. 'of the terrible one,' *tamti galitti*, the 'terrible sea,' the 'raging Tihamat'). This agrees very well with the fact that Sudines, the Chaldean astrologist at the court of Attalos I., and Isidor, a native of Charax in the 'sea-land' between Chaldæa and Susiana, are quoted as authorities for the myth that the pearl is a spark of divine light—moonlight or lightning fire[2]—fallen

[1] The Talmud (*Rosh. Hash.* 23a) has an interesting statement about a great Persian fleet fishing there for pearls, while the coral-fishing trade is said to be in the hands of the Roman, *i.e.* Byzantine, fleet.

[2] On lightning falling down from the moon, cp. *Sibyll.* v. 513.

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into the dark water (p. 51) of the ocean, which is itself personified as the terrible (*galittu*) dragon (p. 51) of the watery depth, Tihamat, 'the stinking one.' On the other hand a glance into Levy's dictionary (iii. 240a) would have shown R. that 'pearl' is a familiar Rabbinic term for man's soul or life. In the Jerusalem Talmud—not as we should expect in the Babylonian—one of the doctors says: "I should lose my soul (lit. my pearl, *margalithi*) on unholy soil, if I died outside of Palestine" (*Kil.* ix. 32c, towards the end). By drinking from uncovered vessels which may be poisoned one takes a grave risk: "If you win, you win a coal, if you lose, you lose 'the pearl' (=your life)" (*J. Ter.* viii. 45d above) Even as in the gospel-parable of the pearl (*Matth.* 13$_{45}$) eternal life is called 'the pearl,' so in the Midrash (*Exod. r.* sect. 42, 187a): "Would a man, who has the choice between a coal and a pearl (*margalith*), leave the pearl and take the coal? They however let go God, the eternal life, and take to the lifeless idol."

THE DRINK OF OBLIVION.

The one passage quoted from the Yasht (xxviii. 4) does *not* contain the special idea of an awakening of the soul *from the slumber of intoxication;* Zarathustra indeed condemns (in Yasna xxxii. 14) the intoxicating *haoma duraosha* sacrifice. So it *may* be possible to find this peculiar feature in some Persian text, but till now R. has certainly not given the slightest proof of Iranian origin for an idea with which we are well acquainted from classical texts.[1] The drink of oblivion, which the soul receives before its descent and which makes it forget its heavenly home and origin (Plato), is described in Macrobius[2] as an intoxicating draught from the '*Crater*' or 'Cup of Dionysos'—a constellation which the soul has to pass on its way through the sign of 'Cancer,' through that one of the three doors of heaven[3] by which the souls have to descend[4] in the vicinity of the constellation of the 'Vine Dresser' (the *Provindemiator, Protrygētēr*, Arab. *Al Ketaf*) in the sign of the 'Virgin,' a constellation which occurs first in Democritus'

[1] J. Kroll's collection of passages (*Hermes*, pp. 376-79) from Empedocles upwards has not emphasized the most characteristic feature.

[2] *Somn. Scip.* i. 12, 8 (XI. ii. 66); cp. the Orphic tradition in Procl. *in Plat. Tim.* v. 316, Taylor's Trs.; Mead, *Thrice-greatest Hermes*, i. 451f.

[3] Empedotimos, according to Varro, in Serv. *Georg.* i. 34.

[4] Porphyr. *de A. Nymph.* 22, p. 71.

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astronomical lists[1] and is therefore probably a translation of the Babylonian star-name Gishtin-anna, the Goddess of the 'Heavenly Vine.' Similarly in the vision of Aridæus,[2] the place of oblivion, through which the souls have to pass, the way through which Dionysos ascended to the gods, is described as a Bacchic cave resounding with drunken revelry and the intoxicating sweet fumes of wine. This place is probably identical with the constellation of the 'Vine' or the 'Vineyard' (*chōrion tōn ampolōn*) in the neighbourhood of Capricorn, at the opposite tropical point of the zodiac.[3] These sidereal features of the dogma as well as the insistence on the 'wakeness' of the soul—the ideal which is so characteristic of the astrologist watching the eternal lights through the nocturnal hours, which the *profanum vulgus* devotes to dumb sleep or sensuous revelry, in enthusiastic 'abstemious drunkenness' (*nēphalios methē*, Philo)—are sure characteristics of its being part of the astral-mystic eschatology culminating in the teaching of Posidonios, the growth of which has been well set forth by F. Cumont (*Astrology and Religion*, London, 1912, Lect. vi.).

Another feature of this peculiar doctrine of the *au delà* is Mani's theory of the '*three* ways,' for which R. knows no better comparison (p. 29$_2$) than the trite and banal Jewish and Christian moral doctrine of the 'two ways' (Kroll, 381$_1$). It is in reality the system of the three doors of heaven and the three ways in heaven of Empedotimos[4] and of Pindar,[5] the system symbolized by the '*trivium*' of the '*Y Pythagoricum*.'

THE VIRGIN OF LIGHT.

Still another kindred feature of astral mysticism in the Manichæan system is the appearance of the 'Virgin of Light,' 'similar to the soul of the just one,' who comes to meet him at the gate of heaven. This figure is first met with as the Goddess Themis or Dikē, encountered by Parmenides at the border-line of day and night, when he ascends to heaven on the chariot of the

[1] Varro ap. Vitruv. ix. 4, p. 225, Rose.
[2] Plut. *De Sera Num. Vind.* xxii.; Mead, *ibid.* p. 453.
[3] Cp. Cornificius ap. Macrob. i. 17, 63, *Somn. Scip.* i. 12, 1.
[4] In Herakleides Ponticus, Serv. *Georg.* i. 34.
[5] Plutarch, *De Occ. Viv.* 7.

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Sun-god "following the famed path of the God, which stretches and carries over all the all-knowing lights,[1] the sun and the moon." Cp. the parallel from the apocalypse of Crates[2]: "I felt carried into the air along *the path of sun and moon.*" A 'Virgin of Light,' representing 'law and justice,' met on the path of sun and moon, that is *in the zodiac* at the door of day and night, that is at the equinoctial point,[3] is of course the constellation of the Virgin, represented—as usual (Boll, *Sphæra*, 470)—as the holder of the balance. If in the Manichæan text she 'assumes the shape of the wise *psychopompos*,' this accords perfectly with the fact that the scales of heaven are placed as often as not (*ib.* 301, 441) in the hands of a male divinity—the wise Hermes-Nebo, the Abathur of the scales in the Mandæan, the Angel Michael in Christian (original Coptic) tradition. The unexplained 'three gods' coming with the Virgin correspond to the constellation 'three heroes' or 'three boys' or 'three dancers' in the sign of the Balance (*ib.* 249, 251, 433, 517$_6$).

According to an Indian tradition in Abu-Mashar (Boll, 517) the holder of the scales carries a pail; this is the 'vessel of water' for the '*refrigerium animæ*' which is brought to the soul in the Manichæan text. The 'crown and wreath of light' given to the elect is the 'wreath of Ariadne' which rises in the third decan of the Balance (*ib.* 99, 520). The third present, the 'robe,' may correspond to the constellation of the 'red chest full of silk and brocade' (*ib.* 519) in the second decan of the Balance.

The Persian name of this personified *Parthenos Dikē* or *Themis* (in Yasht xxii., 1-36 '*Daēnā*')[4] is the Sumerian word for 'justice, judgment, law,' especially sacred law, that is 'religion,' which has also passed into all the Semitic languages. A man's *daēnā* (R. translates his 'self') is simply his 'judgment.' The *daēnā*, 'justice,' 'right,' 'resembles the soul of this righteous one': she appears as a beauty to the righteous, while—naturally—'justice' appears as a fearful old hag to the unrighteous (R. p. 32). These two figures, reflecting the soul of man, 'as it were appearing in a mirror' (Turfan text, R. p. 33), occur already

[1] = *phōta*, pl. not sing. 'the knowing man.'

[2] Reitz. *Poimandres*, 268, n.l.

[3] Macrob. *Sat.* i. 21, 1f.

[4] See Haupt, *Zeitschr. d. Morgenl. Gesellschaft*, 63, 506.

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in the well-known 'Herakles at the cross-ways' allegory of Prodikos as personifications of 'Virtue' and 'Vice.' If Welcker (*Kl. Schriften*, 497ff.) is right in assigning the bulk of the Ps.-Platonic dialogue *Axiochos*—which contains in § 19 a small apocalypse of one Gobryas the Mage—to Prodikos, this would show that the reputed teacher of Socrates was no more unacquainted with Persian eschatology than Plato, who uses an Iranian apocalypse of Er in the concluding eschatologio passage of the *Republic* and who had received—according to his disciple Philip of Opus (Cumont *l.c.* p. 49)—the instructions of a Chaldean sage in his old age.

THE ÆON-CULT.

To the analysis of these soul-redemption texts R. has added a long appendix of more than 100 pp. about the cult of the Æon and the notion of eternity applied to the Hellenistic city. As far as the idea of the 'eternal city'—'*Roma Æterna*' for example—and its connection with the Æon-cult is concerned, there is a wealth of new and interesting detail brought forward in these essays. But it must be said that its principal part, the chapter on the Oriental cult of Eternity ('The God Eternity in the Orient,' pp. 171-188) is a complete failure. R. ignores the whole material which has accumulated since F. Cumont first outlined—and quite correctly, as every new find proves—in his great work on the Mithra-mysteries (p. 372) the Babylonian astro-mystic origin of the Iranian cult of Endless Time and Space and of the very notion of Eternity, and since the present reviewer first endeavoured, twelve years ago, in *Weltenmantel und Himmelszelt* to show that 'Zrvanism,' far from being a late unimportant sect of Zoroastrianism, was spread in the 7th century B.C. as the first great world-religion, together with the Persian empire, eastward to India, where the fatalistic Time (*Kāla*)-cult prepared the way for the pessimistic fatalism underlying the Buddha's redemptionist gnosis, and eastwards to Greece, where Ionian philosophy and the reformed Pythagoreic Orphism, with its craving 'to step outside of the circle,' developed under the influence of Iranian Zrvanism. Yet R. seems to wonder (p. 210_3) that Cumont's ideas on the subject still dominate the whole subsequent literature. He still sticks obstinately to the two leading ideas of his old paper (Basel,

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1905) on the Alexandrian Æon-cult: first that there was an Egyptian god of Eternity *Ḥeḥ*, and that consequently the Egyptians had developed the notion of eternity at a very early age (pp. 177, 193[1]); and secondly that the Greek God Aiōn first appears in Alexandria in the Hellenistic age. As to the first thesis there is no doubt—as I have pointed out in the book quoted—that the philosophic notion of boundlessness—the mathematical ∞—and consequently the idea of eternity, was unknown to the unphilosophical, unabstractive, mathematically undeveloped mind of the Eygptians. *Ḥeḥ*, from *ḥ ḥ* 'to seek,' is a sitting figure raising its arms in helpless amazement about the unthinkably high figure of 100,000, according to native Egyptian arithmetic. On its head it carries the hieroglyph 'year.' It represents simply a god of 'unimaginably long time,' '100,000 years' or so, the gesture and name of which could be translated into the Greek epithet *akatalēptos*, 'incomprehensible,' 'that which is (vainly) sought for.' The feminine form *Ḥeḥ-t* is indeed translated as *Myria* by the Greeks, who take it as a feature of Isis, called *Isis Myriōnymos* 'Isis named the ten-thousands (of years),' or—in terms of Greek philosophy—*Isis Aiōn*. For *Ḥeḥ* himself we find '*Myrios*' as a synonym for God or Æon (*Weltenmantel*, p. 745[5]). Is a people for whom 100,000 is an 'incomprehensible' number, the highest limit in the scale of numbers,[1] likely to conceive the notion of 'Endless Time and Space'? To put the question is to answer it in the negative. The people who borrowed their astral lore from their Babylonian and Persian conquerors, who never dreamt of calculating an eclipse in advance, the universe of which rested on four pillars which a sorcerer could attempt to shake, have no share in the development of the astro-mystic notion of a God of Boundless 'Space and Time.' On the other hand, nothing could be more false than the assertion that the Greek Aiōn appears first in Alexandria. Nobody has ever dared to doubt the authenticity of Fragm. 52 (Diels) of the Ephesian Heraclitus, which says: "Æon is a sporting child playing at dice; the realm (of the world) is a child's game."

Now I have shown (*l.c.* p. 507[1]) that this is an exact parallel

[1] Contrast this, *e.g.*, with the fantastically high super-trillion numerals of Indian or Greek number-lore (Archimedes' 'sand-reckoning'), or with the Babylonian arithmetical tablet published by Hilprecht.

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—one of those parallels which nobody could dream of attributing to chance or to an independent parallel development of thought—to the Indian doctrine that *Kāla*, deified Time,[1] "sports like a playful boy." Kāla is figured as a chess- or backgammon-player[2]; note especially the phrase: "Kāla with Kālī plays, a skilful gamester with the living for pieces."[3] "Kāla plays as Time and Fate," the names of the throws, *tretā*, *dvāpara*, etc., being also those of the subsequent æons of the world. I have shown, moreover, that even as the above fragment of Heraclitus corresponds so significantly with this striking feature of the Indian Kāla-doctrine, so every other element of this system—which Deussen admitted to have no basis in previous Indian speculation—can be paralleled in early Ionian cosmology and Chronos-mysticism; Irano-Babylonian Zrvanism and astral mysticism being the common source of both (p. 496). The Babylonian share in the origin of the cult of deified Eternal Time and Boundless Space is even more decisive than either Cumont in 1899 or the present reviewer in 1910 could prove; for in 1913 Hehn[4] called attention to a long Babylonian list of divine names, where 21 'father-mothers' (*abi-ummi*; cp. the Homeric *mētropatōr*, old Indian *pitṛmatara*, Tocharic *pacar-macar*) of the Sky-god Anu are enumerated. Among these 'parents'—we should say 'constitutional characteristics,' for they are all equated with *Anu-Antum*, Heaven and She-Heaven, God and Goddess *par excellence*—we find IB and NIN-IB, Space and Lady Space, and ^{il}DU-ER ^{il}DA-ER, that is deified *dāru* and *dūru* $=^{god}$ Eternity; *dāru* and *dūru* (Hebr. *dōr*, Aram. *dār*, Arab. *dahr*) meaning literally 'circle,' 'cyclus,' 'revolution,' and metaphorically 'rotation of the sky,' *æon*—the Persian *gardish-i-āçmān* (*Shah-Nameh* iii. 112),'rotation of the sky,' *i.e.* Fate. This list is manifestly a product of learned Babylonian theology, unconnected with popular beliefs. It shows that 'Heaven' was considered as the universe consisting of all the single astral phenomena, consequently the God of Gods, the 'All' in its two

[1] Neither the word nor the notion has anything to do with Greek *Kairos*, the fatal 'moment,' as R. believes, p. 205.

[2] *Harṣa-Carita*, p. 10, ll. 10-12, ed. Bombay, *Vāsavadatta*, p. 284, ed. Hall.

[3] Bhartṛhari, *Vairāgya-Sataka* 38; Macdonell, 'Origin and Early History of Chess,' Jan. No. *Journal*, Roy. As. Soc., 1898; *ZDMG.* 53, 365.

[4] *Bibl. u. Babyl. Gottesidee*, pp. 2 and 20.

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aspects AN-SHAR-GAL and KI-SHAR-GAL, the 'Great All above' and the 'Great All below' (cp. the Latin *Juppiter Summanus*, the 'sky underneath'), or 'She-Heaven' (ANTUM). 'Heaven' was thus explained abstractly as 'Space' (IB) and 'Time' (DU-ER, DA-ER='Eternity').

The Time-Space Deity.

This proto-Einsteinian explanation of the universe as Time-Space is essentially connected with the marvellous system of Babylonian metrology which is fundamentally *spatio-temporal*; paces, feet, spans being used also as measures of heavenly rotation, and consequently also of Time. Under these influences we still speak with Ps. 39$_6$ of 'short spans of time,' as the Ionian Alcæus spoke of a 'finger breath' (*daktylos*) or 'inch' of time, as the Germans say '*alle Daumen lang*,' 'every thumb's length,' for every minute. C. F. Lehmann-Haupt—applauded by Helmholz—long ago called attention to the fact that the length of the Babylonian cubit coincides exactly with the length of the second's pendulum. It is this Babylonian celestial pan-divinity which Aristotle's pupil Eudemus of Rhodes envisages, when he says that "the Mages and all the Aryan race consider Space or Time as the one still united universe, out of which the Good God and the Bad Demon differentiated." It is this theory which Aristoxenus (Diels, *Dox.* 557, 10) attributes to 'Zaratas' (Zarathustra). In it the two primary forces are said to be described as male (light) and female (darkness), just as the Babylonian text takes the 'universe below' as the 'She-Heaven' and the 'universe above' as the 'He-Sky,' just as the Pythagorean dualism opposes a bad female to a good male part of the universe, and just as, according to Moulton's acute observation, Greek Ariman is a feminine form of Ahraman (*Weltenmantel*, 420$_1$, 729$_8$).

The spreading of this Babylonian theological notion can be exactly followed. The Babylonian ^{god} DAER is the Arabian *al-Dahr* (Time) worshipped by the ante- and post-Islamic *Dahrīas* (Time-worshippers). The notion appears once even, accidentally, in the Koran, where Mohammed says: "Do not curse *al-Dahr*, Time (=Fate), for *Dahr* is *Allah*"—"Fate is God." The Babylonian synonym *adi*=æon, *dāru*, appears as a divinity *'Aud*=Time with an East-Arabian border tribe of Babylonia, and as *Gad 'Aud*,

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'Destiny' or 'Luck of Time,' in Ṣafathenian inscriptions, side by side with the pre-Islamic '*Allah*. We find the Æon-god with the Nabatæans as *Zeman*. This is late Persian for *Zrvan*, 'Time.' So also the Aramean and Arabic *zeman* (=Time) is a loan-word either from the Persian or from Babylonian *simanu*, 'appointed time.' The Nabatæans celebrate the 'Feast of the Nativity of Zeman' in Petra, the model of the similar Alexandrian celebration;[1] as *Zavanas*, a God of Sidon, he is mentioned—and that with the characteristic Babylonian pronunciation *zawan* for *zaman*—in Hesychios. The Babylonian word *ulammu*, Heb. *'olam*, 'eternity,' 'world' or 'æon,' has recently been traced as *Eulamō* in a Greek magical papyrus. It will finally be interesting for R., who ignores not only so much of the previous work on the subject but also all the more recent literature on Zrvanism, that the above quoted Babylonian document calls this Space-Time-Deity and Eternity-God, in its male and female shape, EN-ÚRU-ULLA, the 'Lord of the City of Light,' *i.e.* of Heaven, which explains the Æon-cult and its relation with the 'Eternity' of Hellenistic cities, and NIN-URU-ULLA, the 'Lady of the Light-city', which is the Greek Tychē (Destiny) of Alexandria or whatever other city of this age. So there is no doubt that the propagation of the Æon-cult, that is of Irano-Babylonian astrology and astral fatalism, is due to the wandering 'Chaldeans,' to those sages and 'mages,' who first spread the worship of 'Fate,' conceived as boundless 'Time-and-Space,' eastwards to India, and westwards to early Ionia, in the age when the overthrow of Babylon by Cyrus had driven the first batch of unemployed or discontented 'mages' on their Ahasueric wanderings, and later on when Alexander's conquest had again the same effects throughout the Hellenistic world. In so far as a quantity of such astral lore came to Rome through Alexandria, there is a spark of truth in R.'s theory on the subject, but certainly no more.

ROBERT EISLER, Ph.D.

[1] R. has completely overlooked the Arabian native account of the subject I published in *Arch. für Religions-Wissenschaft*, xv. 628; he still prints (p. 1962) *Chalmu*, the name of a goddess, who has long been recognised as *Kha'abu*, the *Ka'ba*.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Some New Evidence for Human Survival.

By the Rev. Charles Drayton Thomas. With an Introduction by Sir William F. Barrett, F.R.S. London (Collins); pp. 261; 10s. 6d. net.

This stout volume, by Mr. Drayton Thomas, is a very careful record of experiments, conducted by himself over several years and carried out on scientific lines, dealing with a special type of psychical phenomenon which has developed through the mediumship of Mrs. Leonard. Lady Glenconner (Viscountess Grey) in her recent volume, *The Earthen Vessel*, gives some instances of these 'Book Tests,' as they are called, and the critics admitted that they were a most promising and satisfactory line of psychical research. A Book Test consists briefly in the 'control'-side of the medium selecting a volume from the shelves of a book-case in a room which she has never entered, giving the page and indicating what may be found in the chosen paragraph. Out of 348 cases in two years Mr. Drayton Thomas records 242 successes, 46 indefinite results and 60 failures. As the experiments proceeded the most elaborate precautions were taken to guard against any direct or indirect acquaintance with the books on the part of the sitter. Books, for instance, were chosen haphazard by a bookseller without looking at the titles, and they were wrapped up in a parcel and sealed and placed in an iron deed-box by a friend of Mr. Thomas'. Four such experiments showed that there was continued success even under circumstances precluding the slightest possibility of trickery or collusion; they also showed, it is claimed, that telepathy from the sitter or his friends could not be supposed. On these experiments there followed a still more remarkable series of what are known as 'Newspaper Tests.' These consisted of references to items which were to be found in newspapers and other periodicals before their publication—generally to items in the announcements on the first page of *The Times* for the following day. Out of 104 cases 73 were successes, 12 incon-

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clusive and 19 failed. In the numerous *Times* cases the information was invariably given before the advertisements were made up in forme in the composing room ; this introduces the very puzzling problem of pre-cognition. The record was always posted to the Secretary of the Psychical Research Society immediately after the sitting. Mr. Drayton Thomas deals faithfully with the evidence he brings forward and discusses it in all its aspects. It requires great courage for a Wesleyan minister to come forward in the field of psychical research and aver that he has been convinced that telepathy and clairvoyance and reading the memory of the sitter by the medium will not meet the facts, and that he has been compelled to believe that the chief agent throughout, as it purported to be from the start, has been his own father. The Rev. John Drayton Thomas was also a Wesleyan minister, who passed away in 1908; he claimed that he was being helped by those more able than himself to devise this novel method of procedure in the hope that it might prove more convincing than the more familiar forms of communication. The author is convinced that neither Mrs. Leonard nor her control 'Feda' was competent unaided to do what was accomplished; and they of course scouted the idea. To maintain the contrary, it is necessary to endow some elusive part of Mrs. Leonard's personality with the following astonishing abilities :

"1. Such degree of clairvoyance as would permit the making of minute observations in distant places and retaining memory of things there seen.

"2. Ability to extract the general meaning from printed pages in distant houses.

"3. And do this despite the fact that the books concerned are not open at the time.

"4. Ability to obtain knowledge of happenings in the writer's home and private life relating both to the present and to the distant past.

"5. An intelligence which knows how to select from among other hosts of memories the suitable items for association with the book-passage, or conversely, of finding a suitable passage for the particular memory fished from the deeps of our mind.

"6. Power to obtain information as to names which are to appear in the morrow's Press.

"7. And a knowledge of their approximate positions on the page.

"8. Power to ascertain many details of my father's earth

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life, including some which were unknown to me, and only verifiable by inspecting his diaries, or by questioning relatives."

It is a formidable list; and if Mrs. Leonard's subconscious can do all this unaided, the subconscious is distinctly the most potent part of our make-up, and it baffles the imagination to conjure up the state of affairs when it will be let loose generally to take a hand in human life. The volume under notice is distinctly a very valuable contribution to psychical research, and Mr. Drayton Thomas is to be congratulated not only on the scientific way in which he has recorded and marshalled his evidence, but also on his self-sacrificing courage in placing before the public so much of an intimately private nature.

THE MEANING OF MASONRY.

By W. L. Wilmshurst, P.M. 275, Past Provincial Grand Registrar (West Yorks.). London (Lund, Humphries); pp. 216; 10s. 6d. net.

IN this well-written book Mr. Wilmshurst pleads eloquently for the recognition of the spiritual reality hidden in the symbols of speculative Masonry. He does not claim that the present system comes from remote antiquity, that it has any direct continuity with the ancient Egyptian or ancient Hebrew temple-lore; but he does assert that the spiritual doctrine concealed within the architectural phraseology is extremely ancient; in other words, that "Masonry offers us, in dramatic form and by means of dramatic ceremonial, a philosophy of the spiritual life of man and a diagram of the process of regeneration." The Lodge, its furniture, officers and rites, all have reference to inner constituents, faculties and processes in man and the way of his rebirth from above; everything in Masonry is figurative of *man* and his human constitution and spiritual evolution. This mystical standpoint enables Mr. Wilmshurst to co-ordinate much that appears to be inarticulate in the ritual and to infuse life into the dry bones. His long studies in comparative mysticism give him insight into the heart of the matter and make him apt to seize on symbolic associations which bridge over missing links and carry him to the term for which he believes the whole Craft is really intended. It certainly is a praiseworthy attempt to spiritualize Masonry, and we hope that many of the Brethren who regard the Craft simply as a sort of respectable bourgeois mutual benefit society, may be persuaded by

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Mr. Wilmshurst's labours and his lofty interpretation of their mystery, to see eye to eye with him in most things and work to regenerate the Order. Whether they will go all the way is very doubtful; for Masonry is open to all nationalities and Masons are not all Christians. Indeed one of the great attractions of the Craft for many (apart from the Grand Orient schism) has been its simple Theistic basis. Mr. Wilmshurst would make one of its most characteristic features essentially Christian when he insists that "the Grand Master and Exemplar of Masonry, Hiram Abiff, is but a figure of the Great Master and Exemplar and Saviour of the world, the Divine Architect by whom all things were made, without whom is nothing that hath been made, and whose life is the light of men." It is difficult to see this in the rite of the Third Degree, which has been dubbed by a high authority on both Masonry and mysticism as an unfinished operation rather than a proper completion—as *une initiation manquée*. There are Christian completions among the numerous fancy degrees, but the 'ancient and accepted' Craft knows nothing of these.

One thing we could wish is that Mr. Wilmshurst would not weaken his work by his love for word-play; it adds nothing to his argument and it shocks the student of language. What good purpose, for instance, is served by telling us that Sanskrit means Holy Writ or '*Sanctum Scriptum*'? *Sans-kṛitam* means language formed by accurate grammatical rules, refined or polished or highly wrought speech,—perfectly (*sans*)-made (*kṛit*).

THE BARN.

By Edward Lewis. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 315; 8s. 6d. net.

THE author is known to readers of THE QUEST chiefly as an enthusiastic student of Nietzsche and a fervent admirer of the works of Edward Carpenter. Our contributor is a man of high ideals who has sacrificed much for them; and this, if we are not mistaken, is his first novel. It is distinctly a novel with a purpose, bringing out in sharp contrast the conflict between the secular and ecclesiastical modes of religion, the extreme modern and the traditional views, the contrasted modes of good-doing on both sides, portrayed in the characters of a hero and heroine who are of these opposite tendencies in training and environment. The tragedy is staged in an out-of-the-way English village, and the contrast is well depicted. Mr. Lewis forges bravely ahead and

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paints the picture of the two chief *dramatis personæ* of the fight between heart and head in different proportions on both sides. The two fall in love,—the saint of the Church and the good man of nature, the self-donating bride of Christ and the lover of his fellows whose theology is so theoretically vague. All goes merrily or poignantly, and the climax is well led up to. The problem is now there crying aloud for solution. But the writer at the critical moment becomes hopeless of a solution; he can no more. He must end—but how? He can do no more than kill off the two, and leave the unravelling of the tangled skein to the Beyond.

HINDU GODS AND HEROES.

Studies in the History of the Religion of India. By Lionel D. Barnett, M.A., Litt.D. London (Murray); pp. 120; 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is the most recent little volume of the Wisdom of the East series, edited by L. Cranmer-Byng, which worthily continues to promote goodwill and understanding between East and West. Professor Barnett here gives us in summary form the gist of his Forlong Bequest lectures recently delivered at the School of Oriental Studies. The pages before us are marked with that ripe scholarship and critical judgment which he has taught us to expect from him; it is an instructive survey. The general view set forth is that "the religion of the Aryans of India was essentially a worship of spirits—sometimes spirits of real persons, sometimes imaginary spirits—and that, although in early days it provisionally found room for personification of natural forces, it could not digest them into Great Gods, and therefore they have disappeared or, if surviving, remain as mere Struldbrugs." The most striking feature of the exposition is the endeavour to show that a number of the higher gods were originally heroic human figures, and that the metamorphosis from a saint to an incarnation of the god worshipped by him frequently occurs in Indian religious history. This Euhemerist proposition is proved by cases of the apotheosis of the guru in modern and mediæval times, and this leads to the remarkable assumption "that it took place no less regularly in ancient ages, and brought about most of the surprising changes in the character of the gods" to which notice is directed. It bears out the ancient Vedic saying: "In the beginning the gods were mortal."

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THE MYSTERIES AND CHRISTIANITY.

By the Rev. John Glasse, M.A., D.D., Minister Emeritus, Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh. Edinburgh (Oliver & Boyd); pp. 296; 10s. 6d. net.

THE subject, we are told, specially engaged the attention of Dr. Glasse for many years, but it was only at the end of his life that he wrote out his views; indeed the last four chapters were jotted down in pencil just before the author breathed his last. It is a fair and well-informed statement on a difficult subject. Occupied mainly with the Mysteries, it has comparatively little to say about their relation to Christianity. In the latter connection the controversy turns mainly round the writings of Paul. Some insist strongly that not only the language but also the ideas of the Mystery-institutions and of Hellenistic theology influenced Paul; others contend that in no way was his thought tinctured with these notions, but that he only used some of their terms to accommodate his quite independent views to the understanding of his Greek-speaking audiences. It is quite true that the special doctrines of Paul are strongly imbued with Jewish eschatological and Messianic beliefs and that these are foreign to the contemporary Hellenistic Mystery-cults proper. But the enquiry must be pushed further back, we think, and made to include those syncretic pre-Christian gnostic and mystical movements that had points of contact with Jewish prophetical and apocalyptic traditions and Messianic speculations. Dr. Glasse does not bring this out clearly. He is more occupied with the studies of Reitzenstein and Loisy: and for the more primitive notions he is much influenced by the group-theory of religion developed by Durkheim, of the sufficiency of which we have never been able to persuade ourselves. Doubtless it is pleasing for those who consider Christianity in all its main moments as unique in an exclusive sense though developed on a Jewish background, to regard Paul as entirely independent of any environment but a strongly Jewish one; but it is difficult to believe that he who wrought so powerfully among those who were familiar with Hellenistic Mystery-notions, could have here stood entirely apart from all of them, and not have seen that, if, as he believed, the Law was a servant to lead souls to the school of Christ, proportionately so was the lore of the saviour-cults a like servant.

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If from within the national tradition of Judaism there had come to Paul the vision of a new spiritual freedom, so likewise to the Gentile world of personal religion there was a similar consummation to be preached. If prophecy and apocalyptic and eschatology in Jewry had bridged the way to that freedom, so the doctrines of purification, rebirth and salvation of the Mystery-cults also bridged the way to the Christ of his vision. If he was influenced by the one line of heredity, as he is so clearly, surely he was not utterly indifferent to the spiritual doctrines of traditions, the technical terms of which he employs. Paul revolted against the Jewish particularism; that is held to his credit by his Christian exegetes. Is it to his credit then that he should be thought to have held so exclusive and particularistic an attitude towards the dearest convictions of the Gentiles whom he laboured to bring to Christ? Was it not rather that he thus laboured among them precisely because they had already some knowledge of matters possessing deep spiritual significance? In any case, as eschatological expectations gradually dropped into the background of developing Christianity, more stress was laid on Mystery-doctrines which were not dependent on this special dogma.

THE ROMANCE OF ETERNAL LIFE.

By Charles Gardner. London (Dent); pp. 196; 5s. net.

MR. GARDNER is perhaps best known for his studies of Blake. The volume before us, however, is theological rather than mystical; and yet, as the title suggests, it strives to deepen theology and make it vital. The exposition is inspired entirely by the fourth gospel, which is accepted as history throughout and as written by John the Apostle himself. The author found he could not combine the modernist and catholic standpoints, as he attempted to do in a former book, *The Redemption of Religion*; so he has decided for the traditional and orthodox position, thinking that behind it it is possible to hold a deeper view; and not only so, but "when," says Mr. Gardner, "we thus stand behind the great dogmas of the Church, we can accept whatever is true in modern thought without sacrificing one grain of our priceless heritage." We frankly confess that we are unable to see how this can be achieved in the way Mr. Gardner suggests; it seems a case of water-tight compartments. The Bishop of London recommends the book for Lenten reading.

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THE MISUSE OF MIND.

A Study of Bergson's Attack on Intellectualism. By Karim Stephens, formerly Fellow of Newnham College, Cambridge. With a Prefatory Letter by Henri Bergson. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 107; 6s. 6d. net.

THIS is a distinct contribution to Bergson's philosophy and is highly praised by the philosopher himself. Its object is to set forth the relation between intellectual explanations and the actual experienced sensible facts they try to explain. The distinction which Mrs. Stephens draws between 'fact' and 'matter' is of prime importance. Matter is an abstraction; the only actual reality is the changing fact itself. The spirit of Bergson's philosophizing with regard to space and matter is admirably brought out in Mrs. Stephen's elucidation of his thought. The quotation of two paragraphs will make this clear. First as to space:

"Bergson gives the name 'Space' to the form which belongs to abstractions but not to actual facts: abstractions, he says, are 'spatial,' but facts are not. This use of the word 'space' is peculiar and perhaps unfortunate. . . . When Bergson speaks of 'space' . . . he means an *à priori* form imposed by intellectual activity upon its object. This resembles Kant's use of the word, but Bergson's 'space' is not, like Kant's, the *à priori* form of sense acquaintance, but of thought, in other words logical form. For Bergson 'spatial' means 'logical,' and since so much misunderstanding seems to have been caused by his using the word 'space' in this peculiar sense we shall perhaps do better . . . to use the word 'logical' instead."

Then as to matter: "Matter, for Bergson, is an exaggeration of the tendency in reality (that is in the actual changing fact directly known) towards logical distinction, what he calls 'spatiality.' His use of the word 'matter' in this sense is again, perhaps, like his use of the word 'space,' rather misleading. Actual reality, according to him, is never purely material, the only purely material things are abstractions, and those are not real at all but simply fictions. Bergson really means the same thing by 'matter' as by 'space,' and that is simply mutual distinction of parts and externality of relations, in a word logical complexity. Matter, according to this definition of the word, has no duration and so cannot last through any period of time or change: it simply *is* in the present, it does not endure but is perpetually destroyed and recreated."

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The authoress contends that the vital view Bergson takes of reality is such that he *must* use self-contradictory terms in attempting to set it forth; common-sense folk and trained logicians are thus bound to find great difficulty in getting at his meaning, for he is in the diametically opposite camp, contending that: "The two fundamental errors into which common-sense leads us about the facts are the assumptions that they have the logical form, that is contain mutually exclusive parts in external relations, and that these parts can be repeated over and over again. These two false assumptions are summed up in the common-sense view that the fact which we know directly actually consists of events, things, states, qualities." Bergson contends that once we have realized that this is not the case, we may expect to know the old facts in a new way, face to face as it were, and not through the intermediary of an intellectual interpretation; it is then that we begin really to be philosophers. As to the thorny question of Intuition—it is an act of synthesis, the very same act by which we perceive and remember. The effort of intuition is the reversal of the intellectual effort to abstract and explain. "Intuition (or, to give it a more familiar name, direct knowledge) reveals fact: intellectual attention analyses and classifies this fact in order to explain it in general terms, that is to explain it by substituting abstractions for the actual fact."

THE HUMAN TOUCH.

With Fantasy and Poems. By L. A. Compton-Rickett. London (Routledge); pp. xii.+227; 5s. net.

WHATEVER may or may not be our views on the subject of vivisection, we cannot but admire the courage of Mr. Compton-Rickett in using the drama for the propagation of his anti-vivisectionist opinions. His play was produced for two *matinées* at the 'Ambassadors' and met with a measure of success. But propaganda-plays are rarely true art: and the other play included in this volume is much more artistic both in conception and execution. It is called 'The King of Hearts' and depicts a City Company on the verge of failure and its redemption by learning to do its business. Mr. Compton-Rickett's poems, of which a number is given in this volume, attain a very high level of achievement, both artistic and technical.

H. L. H.

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THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT AND THE LIFE OF TO-DAY.

By Evelyn Underhill. London (Methuen); pp. 241; 7s. 6d. net.

THIS thoughtful and well-balanced volume has grown out of an inaugural course of lectures delivered at Manchester College, Oxford, in the Autumn of 1921, under the will of the late Professor Upton. Miss Underhill is heartily to be congratulated on being the first woman lecturer in religion on the University list and under the auspices of the Oxford Faculty of Theology. The study before us is her most mature deliverance; in it she ably makes use of the most recent work in psychology and shows how it may be so treated as to throw light on the standard problem of the religious consciousness. Above all, she is anxious to strike a balance or elicit a right harmony between the contemplative and active sides of the religious life, and to find a sober synthesis in which the intellectual, mystical and institutional elements in spiritual religion are all duly allowed for and co-ordinated, in this following the high example of Baron F. von Hügel. Especially as to mysticism, of which she is so ripe a scholar and lucid exponent, she insists, as she has in all her later work, that the abiding substance of spirituality in it is the heart of the matter. This should be the chief object of quest and the attention should not be allowed to be diverted by the lure of abnormal experiences and supranormal states of consciousness, which she would agree with other leading authorities in regarding as 'unfortunate accidents.' We are rather inclined to think that her over-anxiety to stress the terrifically energetic, strenuous and objective side of the spiritual life makes the ideal too difficult to be attractive to any but the most heroic natures. The most pleasing feature of her work is its truly 'catholic' outlook,—a wide sympathy that embraces all forms of Christian mysticism and the spiritual experience of the illuminates of the other great faiths. Her study, however, is not confined to the highest examples which are first discussed as justifying the fundamentals of the spiritual life. The chief subject of exposition is "the normal life of the Spirit, as it may be and is lived here-and-now," and the light that the latest analysis of mind may be made to throw on its nature. This part of the book is exceedingly well done and shows not only wide reading but a healthy digestion and assimilation of the recent work on the psychology of autistic thought (a phrase adopted from Varendonck) and of suggestion. In the last two chapters Evelyn Underhill puts forward many

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suggestions for making the life of the Spirit fundamental in the education of the young and bringing it into relation with the social order. She is well aware that many of these may at first sight savour of being counsels of perfection; but if only as much attention were paid to the culture of the regenerating power of the Spirit in man as is given to a thousand and one matters of infinitely less moment, the beneficent results would speedily persuade the general that there is no safer security in which to invest their energies.

ASIEN ALS ERZIEHER.

By Paul Cohen-Portheim. Leipzig (Klinkhardt & Biermann); pp. 241.

IN this finely and enthusiastically written work, *Asia as Teacher*, Paul Cohen-Portheim sets forth his conviction that the East has teaching for the West, indeed can be a tutor in spiritual universalism. It is not the study of a scholar, but the appreciation of an artist and poet, and is suffused with high æsthetic and emotional values. Salvation is a transcending of the I-feeling, and the author regards the work that is now being done to elucidate the nature of the 'unconscious' as preliminary to an age of realization of the present over-conscious in many grades of consciousness and feeling. For him individualism is the separative exclusive principle in the world, and is rooted in our understanding, or intellect. The West rejoices in an active, individual, intellectual ideal; the East is characterized by passivity, universality and intuition. A reaction in the West is already apparent, and the art of the immediate future will find expression in dance, simple music without orchestral complexity, classical architecture and architectonic sculpture, and beauty in formal drawing. The future he believes will know no religions, but faith only. It will be faith in the one Spirit as the cause of all manifestations; and worship will be the showing forth of that faith as the true art. Imagination is the power of dissociation, the ability to overpass the limitations of individuality, to expand the 'I,' to forget or transcend it and the phenomenal world. The power of dissociation is the faculty to transcend the I-consciousness. Genius, especially artistic genius, has the power of this self-dissociating at will and returning again to the I-consciousness or control of the understanding. All sympathy, all love, is possible and explicable only by dissociation, the I-feeling only by association.

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The now is but an artificially made rest-point between the past and the future, between remembering and anticipation. Mankind is an illusory transition between Nature and God. Past, Present and Future, Nature, Man and 'God'—that is God. "Become what thou art." Man is ever God, but he knows it not. The book ends with a pæan in praise of Unity. One are the religions and the peoples; one East and West and North and South; one art and science and nature. One are body and mind, male and female, good and evil, life and death, mankind and God. One is the I and the not-I. Living is becoming and dying is becoming; mankind is a becoming towards God, but God is the becoming which is also the being that mirrors itself in the becoming. God is wakefulness, equilibrium, harmony, the rest that holds all motion in itself, spaceless, timeless, eternal being.

THE LETTERS OF ST. TERESA.

A Complete Edition translated from the Spanish and annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. Vol. 3. London (Thomas Baker); pp. 328; 10s. net.

WE have here the third volume of a learned and valuable work of much interest to students of monastic history. It will be completed by the fourth, when we hope a good Index will be added. The Letters of the Saint now printed range from December, 1577, to February, 1580, and cover a somewhat stormy time in the Carmelite Order. A continual state of warfare seems to have gone on between the Calced and Discalced Friars, between the Reformed and the Mitigated members. The earlier Letters here given deal with the seizure and imprisonment of St. John of the Cross by some of the opposing monks. St. Teresa was greatly upset at this cruel treatment of her friend and director, the master-mind of Spanish mysticism, who was shut up for nine months in a small cell with only a hole in the roof for light and air, and badly fed on salt fish. She wrote to Philip II. about it and, later, the Inquisition let him go. Some curious side-lights are thrown upon the naïve beliefs and abuses in monastic circles. For instance, when St. Teresa broke an arm falling down stairs it was declared and believed that this had been done personally by the Devil, and in one Letter the Saint decides that the black veil shall not be given to Novices who cannot read and write or who are not sixteen years old.

F. W.

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TABOO AND GENETICS.

A Study of the Biological, Sociological and Psychological Foundation of the Family. By M. M. Knight, Ph.D., Iva Lowther Peters, Ph.D., and Phyllis Blanchard, Ph.D. New York (Moffat), London (Kegan Paul); pp. 255; 10s. 6d. net.

THE three authors of this work of collaboration treat severally of 'The New Biology and the Sex Problem in Society,' 'The Institutionalized Sex Taboo' and 'The Sex Problem in the Light of Modern Psychology.' The subject, which bristles with difficulties of every kind, is set forth instructively on scientific lines and from a moderately conceived eugenic point of view. The hope is that "a more rational form of social control, freed from the long ages of taboo restrictions, and based upon accurate biological and psychological knowledge, will solve the disharmony between the individual and the group to a great extent. Such a rationalization will take into account the value of a new ideal of love which shall be built up from a sane relationship between the sexes and in accordance with eugenic standards. It will also grant a great deal of personal autonomy in the determination of sexual relationships in so far as this can be correlated with the welfare of the children of the race. Last of all, it will attempt to condition the emotional reactions to respond to stimuli which shall insure eugenic mating naturally and without the intervention of legislation."

But how?—we wonder. It is doubtless a pious wish of eugenics; but can sex ever be rationalized? It is its spiritualization rather which will prove the salvation of the race. But it is well to know the facts first.

COMMUNION AND FELLOWSHIP.

A Manual dedicated to those who have passed beyond The Veil. With an Introduction by Sir William F. Barrett, F.R.S. Compiled by H. A. Dallas. London (Rider); pp. 76; 2s. net.

PART I. of this little collection of prayers and aspirations is heartily to be commended, Part II. is stimulating to those who find their prayers defective, but Part III. seems to us to be altogether inferior, even inept. In a new edition we would recommend revision of this and Part IV. The book is worth it.

A. A. C.

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

By James Elliotson Symes, M.A., sometime Principal of University College, Nottingham. London (Murray); pp. 353; 18s. net.

IT is exceedingly difficult to write a satisfactory book on this very difficult theme, bristling as it does throughout with thorny points of controversy. This posthumous volume shows signs of wide reading, and the author for the most part states candidly the opposing views of moderate research. Though Mr. Symes' labours are informative in this respect, his judgment on many crucial points is always in one direction. Indeed the author is what would now-a-days be deemed as a very conservative critic. When so wide a field is covered as the history of the development of the New Testament documents, it cannot be expected that students should agree unless they view the whole subject not only from a very similar angle, but with a cognate mentality. In the present case we could view many matters from a different angle, and accordingly our 'probables' and 'possibles' would lie in a different perspective. For instance, Mr. Symes would have us believe that Mk. was used by Mt. and Lk. almost as soon as it was written, and a similar bias is manifest throughout the volume in all major concerns.

THE DEPTHS OF THE SOUL.

Psycho-Analytical Studies. By Dr. W. Stekel. Translated by Dr. S. A. Tannenbaum. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 216; 6s. 6d. net.

IN his Preface to the English translation the author (Dr. Stekel) describes this book as his 'ugly duckling' and his favourite of all his works. It was written, he tells us, "in the beautiful years in which the first rays of analytic psychognosis penetrated the darkness of the human soul." There is certainly a freshness about these twenty-four short studies which the more recent works on psychology lack. They may not be of such high value from a scientific standpoint, but they certainly are not wholly unscientific, and they should appeal to a wide circle of readers who would never have the time, the ability or the patience to master the works of Freud, Coriat, Jung, Goddard and the like.

Dr. Stekel is not obsessed by sex. Less than a quarter of these studies has any direct reference to the recrudescence of suppressed sexual desires. There are other forces at work in the

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life and conduct of man, and Dr. Stekel gives them due weight in this book. Hate, personal vanity, megalomania, greed, jealousy, are among some of the most powerful incentives to human action which are dealt with in the volume. In his treatment of sexual development the author maintains that these instincts already exist in infancy, and that to lavish undue affection on small children is to awaken these impulses and possibly to develop them abnormally.

The studies in psychology in *The Depths of the Soul* are written in a style that almost resembles that of the short story. But this device of the learned author makes it at least possible that his main theme may appeal to many to whom the analysis of human conduct and its motives is at present a closed book. It is, without doubt an attempt to popularize a somewhat advanced and obscure science. For his courage in attempting so bold a task Dr. Stekel deserves commendation. How far he has succeeded is doubtful, not so much from the popular point of view as from the scientific.

H. L. H.

THROUGH JEWELLED WINDOWS.

Or Spiritualism in the Church. By Frank C. Raynor. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 102; 2s. 6d. net.

THE author begins by insisting on the trite theme of 'one-ness' of the race. We all act and re-act on one another through the power of thought, which he calls 'radiant energy.' Salvation is not for a few perfected souls, but is within the reach of all, and can be attained through faith in Christian doctrines, and the development of 'super-conscious' powers, which exist potentially in every man. Mr. Raynor divides the activities of the soul into three modes; the conscious, which deals with the material world; the sub-conscious, which deals with the psychical world, and the super-conscious, through which we touch the spiritual world. It is, he holds, the Church's duty to investigate Spiritistic phenomena; for the higher manifestations are the means of communion and communication with excarnate minds of an advanced order. The secret of such higher communion, he believes, is not scientific, but moral and spiritual; he therefore would have it that it is not revealed to knowledge, but to love and purity. We are ourselves inclined to think that the bird requires two wings for its flight.

O. S.

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THE FOUNDATIONS OF ÆSTHETICS.

By C. K. Ogden, M.A., I. A. Richards, M.A., and James Wood, M.A. With seventeen Illustrations. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 95; 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is a short introduction to Æsthetics setting forth the numerous divergent theories. The aim of the authors is to show that there may be many possible theories of Beauty, each with its appropriate sphere of validity, and all helping to a deeper appreciation of Art. It is an attitude of tolerance, and perhaps the best position to assume in the present state of conflicting judgments. As the outcome of their discussion, however, the authors think that the theory of Synæsthesis holds a special place in the inquiry. This is the name they give to cover the two experiences suggested by Confucius in his *Doctrine of Equilibrium and Harmony*. The gist of the matter is to be seen in the Sage's declaration:

"When anger, sorrow, joy, pleasure are in being but are not manifested, the mind may be said to be in a state of Equilibrium; when the feelings are stirred and co-operate in due degree the mind may be said to be in a state of Harmony. Equilibrium is the great principle.

"If both Equilibrium and Harmony exist everything will occupy its proper place and all things will be nourished and flourish."

It is remarkable that we have to go back 2,400 years for what is held by these well-equipped modern students of the theory of Beauty to be the best-laid stone in the theoretical foundation of Æsthetics.

MYSTICS AND HERETICS OF ITALY AT THE END OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

By Émile Gebhart. Translated with an Introduction by Edward Maslin Hulme. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 283; 12s. 6d. net.

ÉMILE GEBHART lived a tranquil life devoted to teaching, history and letters. In 1904 he was elected a Member of the Academy, and died in 1908. He is little known in this country and hardly reckoned in the first rank either as historian or writer in his own. Mr. Hulme thinks that he has not been sufficiently appreciated and hopes that this translation will make him better known

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to Englishmen. *L'Italie Mystique: Histoire de la Renaissance Religieuse au Moyen Âge* is generally considered his masterpiece and was published as long ago as 1890. Gebhart treats his subject with sympathy and the history of the times with insight; he is, however, very neglectful of documentation. His chief sketches are of Arnold of Brescia, Joachim of Flora, the Emperor Frederic II., Francis of Assisi, John of Parma, Frà Salimbene, Jacapone da Todi and Dante. So much solid work has been done on these subjects and some of them treated so eloquently since Gebhart's book appeared over thirty years ago that we seek for some distinction to justify its translation at this late date. This is not very apparent as far as the substance is concerned and much of the form is naturally lost in translation. Students of mysticism, however, will read him with pleasure because of his sympathetic treatment of this topic, while sensible of numerous shortcomings in the light of the more recent literature.

CREATIVE UNITY.

By Rabindranath Tagore. London (Macmillan); pp. 203; 7s. 6d. net.

THIS most recent volume of the renowned Bengalī poet, nature-mystic, educationalist and reformer contains ten pieces: 'The Poet's Religion,' 'The Creative Ideal,' 'The Religion of the Forest,' 'An Indian Folk Religion,' 'East and West,' 'The Modern Age,' 'The Spirit of Freedom,' 'The Nation,' 'Woman and Home,' and 'An Eastern University.' They are all characteristic utterances which permit us of the West an insight into a spiritual quality of mind and contact with a tone of feeling which have their own peculiar charm. Rabindranath discourses of many topics which it is well for all who have the true welfare of India at heart to bear in mind, if they would understand the deeper issues of the conflict between East and West in these days of grave political turmoil and general upheaval in that ancient land. The poet brings to eloquent expression the guiding spiritual ideal that has brought out the best in India proper in the past and must continue to inspire her, if she is to develop further along the lines of her innate religious genius. "The one abiding ideal in the religious life of India," he writes, "has been *mukti*, the deliverance of man's soul from the grip of self, its communion with the Infinite Soul through its union in *ānanda* [love, as he elsewhere translates] with the universe. This religion of spiritual harmony is not

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a theological doctrine to be taught, as a subject in the class, for half an hour each day. It is the spiritual truth and beauty of our attitude towards our surroundings, our conscious relationship with the Infinite, and the lasting power of the Eternal in the passing moments of life." This is from the concluding paper in which the outlines of 'An Eastern University'—should we not rather say Hindu?—are suggestively sketched, and the germ of the idea of which has been already planted by the poet's well-known school at Bolpur called Shānti Niketam. It seeks to adapt the best features of the Brahmāchārin discipline of the ancient Forest Schools to modern conditions and requirements. The pupils live in close touch with nature, arts and crafts are cultivated and the spirit of co-operation and self-sacrifice enthusiastically encouraged in that atmosphere so dear to the founder's heart. From this *āshram* many young men have already gone forth to teach and carry with them the spirit of this high educational endeavour.

A Mind that Found Itself.

An Autobiography. By Clifford Whittingham Beers. London (Longmans); pp. 368; 7s. 6d. net.

This is a revised edition (the fifth) of Mr. Beer's autobiography. Since its first appearance in 1908 it has been recognized as a most remarkable and ably written description by the patient himself of a mental breakdown and recovery and a powerful indictment and exposure of the abuses of the State and private asylum systems in the U.S.A. Mr. Beers was a Yale man and the detailed account of his graphically recorded experiences is an outstanding achievement and deserves the attention not only of all interested in the reform of alienism but also of students of psychical research. To this edition is added supplementary matter telling the story, still in autobiographical form, of the Mental Hygiene Movement, of which Mr. Beers has been the chief inspirer and organiser. This Movement has grown to national proportions and played a very important part in the War in helping to organize hospitals for mental cases and their better treatment. Not only so but it is becoming international. There is a Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene and also a French League. Much improvement has taken place also among ourselves in the matter of neurology and mental therapeutics, but we are still in need of drastic asylum reforms, and Mr. Beer's book provides valuable suggestions as to how these may be effected.

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A History of English Philosophy.

By W. R. Sorley. London (The Cambridge University Press); pp. 301; 20s. net.

"The purpose of this book," writes Professor Sorley in his preface, "is to trace the history of philosophy in Great Britain from the time when it began to be written in the English language until the end of the Victorian era.

"There are two ways of writing the history of philosophy. One of them sets out from the standpoint of philosophy as conceived by the writer; the other from that of the philosophers themselves."

Both methods have their place in literature. For a short historical survey of this kind Professor Sorley is right in choosing the latter. Criticism cannot be dispensed with altogether, but must be subordinated, as in this volume, to the main purpose, which is to bring out the principal features of successive or rival philosophies in such a way that their common assumptions or differences become clear, and thus they effectively criticize each other. The history of their opinions appears thus, not as a series of isolated standpoints, but as a connected and living whole. The period which best lends itself to such treatment, in the history of English philosophy, and which therefore commands the greatest interest, is that which begins with Locke's writings, and the question arises whether it would not have been better to have given a fuller account of this, together with the barest summary of the earlier period, without increasing the present convenient size of the volume. Another question, which might be raised, is the propriety of including in a history of philosophy the consideration of works which treat of theology, economics and political theory.

Professor Sorley anticipates, in his preface, these and other possible objections, showing that such method of treatment formed part of his original plan, which was to give a summary of the complete history of English philosophy, not only of its most important period, and to show the general trend of thought in all its manifestations, not only in philosophy proper. Such a plan is justified or otherwise by the way it is carried out; by the observance of due proportion, the subordination of less to greater interests, emphasizing briefly yet clearly the salient ideas of the several writers. And it cannot be denied that, judged by this standard,

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Professor Sorley has successfully accomplished the task he set out to perform. Considering "the difficulties of the plan," of which he is "fully aware," he may well be congratulated upon the achievement. H. C. C.

THE DOGFISH.

And other Fairy Tales. By E. P. Larken. London (Selwyn & Blount); pp. 178; 6s. net.

THIS small volume of fairy-tales contains three complete stories: 'The Dogfish,' 'King Jasper's Lesson' and 'Prince Ash Stick.' The author is a naturalist with a gift for romantic writing, and the combination of these two gifts has produced the present volume. Far be it from us to despise the fairy-tale, the lineal descendant of the old-time myth and fable. It seems as if the high standard set by Andrew Lang for the craft of fairy-tales is not likely to be maintained. The appeal of Mr. Larken's stories is to children rather than to the adult. The book is illustrated by six line-drawings by M. R. Peacock. H. L. H.

A SHORT HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN THEOPHAGY.

By Preserved Smith, Ph.D. Chicago and London (The Open Court); pp. 228; 10s. net.

THE author first deals with the very early notion of the god sacrificed to himself in order that his flesh might be eaten by his worshippers, who were thus assured of partaking in his divinity. This notion was revived and heightened by the Hellenistic mystic cults. Thence, Dr. Smith contends, it was taken over by Paul and implanted deep in the soil of the early church. The major part of the study deals with the history of the mediæval theories of trans-substantiation and consubstantiation and the sacramentarian controversies of the Reformation. The later history of the eucharist is largely that of attempts to rationalize a doctrine which no longer seemed as natural as it appeared in the early centuries. Dr. Smith's view is that "the dogma of the sacrifice of the mass, repudiated by nearly all the Reformers, and the dogma of the Real Presence, repudiated by some of them," go back to the teachings of the primitive church. The study is put forward as "a purely objective history, written by one who has no propaganda to spread, and no cause to serve save that of knowledge for its own sake." The masterly way in which the eucharistic controversies of the Reformation are set forth deserves all praise;

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and later developments are also sketched, but the author thinks that after the sixteenth century little that was really new or important was brought forward.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY SINCE 1800.

A Critical Survey. By Arthur Kenyon Rogers. New York (Macmillan); pp. 468; 16s. net.

As the sub-title states, this substantial volume is not a history but a critical survey—from the standpoint of a critical realist. It does not deal with the output of the individual thinker as a whole, but only "with those central and illuminating points of view which constitute a man's 'philosophy' in the distinctive sense." The amount of close reading and painstaking analysis that has gone to the making of the book is astonishing. What has sustained Mr. Rogers in his arduous labours is that the result is indirectly a piece of propaganda for his own view of philosophy. This he sets forth as follows: "Typically two conceptions have been predominant in the history of thought—the psychological, and the logical. For the one, reality is to be interpreted as experience, beyond which the philosopher should not attempt to pry, 'experience' standing for the actual stuff of human living, to the exclusion of any more ultimate or 'metaphysical' source in the nature of things. For the other, the traditional demands of the dialectician are supreme, with the result that reality itself tends to turn into a system of logical relations such as will satisfy these demands. As against both these ideals of method, I have assumed constantly that the business of philosophy is to clarify and bring into harmony, but also in the end to justify substantially the fundamental beliefs that are implicated in our normal human interests; and that this reference to the needs of living, in a wide and generous interpretation, furnishes the touchstone by which alone the sanity of philosophical reasonings and conclusions can be tested." This practical common-sense criterion is kept in view throughout. It is, however, not unduly stressed; and the presentation of the chief characteristics of the philosophizing of the hundred and more distinguished thinkers, of whom Mr. Rogers treats, is urbane, penetrating and discriminating. His survey is a most useful piece of work and an instructive synopsis of the distinctive standpoints of all the schools of philosophic thought that have flourished from 1800 to the present day in England and the United States.

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The Resurrection of the Flesh.

By the Rev. John T. Darragh, D.D. London (S.P.C.K.); pp. xi. + 324; 18s. net.

"*Credo in Resurrectionem Carnis*" is a phrase in the so-called Apostles' Creed which has long called for a type of scientific and philosophic treatment which Dr. Darragh has not sufficiently given to it in this treatise. Translated in the Book of Common Prayer as "the resurrection of the body" (except in the Baptismal Office where the literal translation "resurrection of the flesh" is retained) it is a standing witness to the changing and developing content of a word. What did the early Christians understand by the phrase? and is the same interpretation possible after the lapse of so many centuries? Probably the vast majority of men to-day are agreed as to the *fact* of the resurrection of the dead. It is the *mode* of the resurrection that is our difficulty, and the nature of the resurrection-body.

Dr. Darragh has approached his task historically. He has brought together a review of the Christian methods of explaining this doctrine to contemporary believers during eighteen hundred years. Perhaps some of the most useful work is contained in the appendices which attempt to define the word 'flesh' as used in the Hebrew Bible, the Septuagint, the Deutero-Canonical Books and the New Testament. The Greek words for 'resurrection' are also patiently reviewed and evaluated in an appendix. In all this, as well as in the book itself, Dr. Darragh shews himself to be a careful and painstaking scholar. He is not so skilful at drawing conclusions and is too apt to leave the reader at the point where he most needs help. Thus, in writing of the Modernist attempt to restate this doctrine in the English Church, he concludes: "As English Churchmen . . . realise in communion His risen Body as the spiritual food of their souls, cavils about the resurrection of the body will die out completely" (p. 229). That is nothing more or less than avoiding the issue. Much as we value the patient historical research which has gone to the making of this book, we feel that Dr. Darragh fails us as a guide in matters philosophical or theological. We do not insist on the all-importance of intellectual apprehension; we believe with St. Thomas Aquinas that faith has a part to play ("*praestet fides supplementum sensuum defectui*"); but we could never subscribe to any standpoint which shrinks, as Dr. Darragh does, from the intellectual issues involved.

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THE QUEST

ERNST TROELTSCH.

HUGH QUIGLEY, M.A.

THE death of Ernst Troeltsch has deprived modern German philosophy of one of its noblest and most original thinkers. Troeltsch belonged to that small band of idealists who strove to guide German ideas before and during the War away from the absolutism of Nietzsche towards a broader and more universal conception of national purposes, towards a more international perception of consequences attendant on political and economic motive. From his first essay on *Vernunft und Offenbarung bei Johann Gerhard und Melanchthon* to his final work *Der Historismus und seine Probleme*, interrupted, in many essentials, by his death, he preserved a unity of thought which was never broken, even during his excursions into politics. Philosophy meant for him something more religious and more intuitive than Neo-Kantianism, something more intimate and more directly in touch with life.

Sharing in the mental impulses and movements of his time, he was able to conciliate what was for others, notably Weber and Rickert, a logical impossibility—

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the individual force of religious belief and the exact method imposed on speculation through the revival of the Kantian principles. This leaning towards a philosophy of religion distinguished him early in his work from his contemporaries, Simmel, Rickert and Weber, and allowed him to complete what was lacking in the theories of the latter. At the end of the last century we find him sharing whole-heartedly in the new enthusiasm for Kant and the form this revival took in Wilhelm Windelband; but the conviction, which bound him closely at that time to Rickert and Weber, and brought his conception of the mind into intimate relation with the theories promulgated by the Southern German School, changed almost to antagonism when Rickert elaborated his conception of the natural sciences and Weber penetrated more and more deeply into sociology and social economics. For Troeltsch the only way towards the final explanation of human life and activity lay through a finer and more intuitive knowledge of the force vibrant through religion in its development from the old Jewish prophets to modern times. He approached through religion what Rickert approached through a logic of the natural sciences and Weber through sociology. The doctrine of Windelband received a new significance through this; philosophy became conception by life of its own living power, the action of the mind in conceiving its own reality and in bringing the facts of experience into this initial act of conception. Life was not the sum of successive moments but an entity formed from experience after experience and itself an experience. The main value of philosophy would lie in history, the history of this life developing and always expanding, the spirit spreading out eternally and eternally one.

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It is difficult to reduce the essentials of Troeltsch's philosophy to a few clear ideas since the whole tendency of his work was, not completion of one idea before attacking another, but rather retention of all ideas in a state of flux until a final expression could be reached. This feeling of something developing, something vital with purpose, gave to the most fragmentary statements a deeper significance than they actually possessed; the growth of the work of art was always vividly suggested without reaching completion at any time. The unity of purpose remained unbroken, but the purpose itself never assumed any definite contours. The real meaning of thought for him lay not in the fabrication of a beautiful texture of idealisms abstractly conceived, but in the close and passionate knowledge of everything that gives to life its unique strength and, to that greater life which comes before and after our present life, its power to progress and expand through the future.

It is possible to view the work of Troeltsch from two aspects: the religious and the purely philosophical. In the series of essays contributed to *Logos* from its foundation in 1910, notably '*Die Zukunftsmöglichkeiten des Christentums*,' '*Das Ethos der hebraischen Propheten*' and '*Logos und Mythos in Theologie und Religionsphilosophie*,' and in longer works, *Die Absolutheit des Christentums und die Religionsgeschichte*, he strove to illustrate through the history of religion the dualism within the religious ideal itself. This dualism lay in the reduction of religion in the hands of the Stoics and Latin philosophers to a science of social development and in the essentially individual nature of the Christian, and especially Protestant, belief. Religion in Greece coincided with philosophy

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and this identity persisted throughout the Middle Ages, even in the heavenly kingdom visualized by St. Augustine. Only with the eighteenth century, with the separation of Church and State and the sudden development of the natural sciences, did this identity of religion, philosophy and State end and the knowledge of pure religion begin.

This dualism can be further elaborated. The value of the history of religion lay, not in what it could teach us, but in the forces it showed at play in its formation. These forces contributed, on the one hand, to the conservation of the Christian religion as shown in the evolution of the Early Church from a number of small groups to an immense organization centred in Rome, to the ultimate separation of Church and State as organizations similarly constituted, and on the other, to the individualist theory of spiritual strength radiating from one personality, the idea of a spiritual growth through history founded on the individual strength of religious belief. It was the reduction of spiritual forces to legislation, real or implied, consonant with the doctrine of equality, contrasted with the historical evolution of religion as expressed in individuals and at definite periods.

The main problem for Troeltsch was, not so much the historical study of the Early Church and its tenets, in the search for an explanation of the historical expansion of religion and, through this, of the nature of religion, as the conciliation of conflicting philosophical theories in a higher philosophy which could ensure for religious speculation a future of intense spiritual development. The school of religious philosophy which strove to found the reality of the Christian world on revelation and the direct intervention of God,

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was forced to retire before the discoveries of historical research and gave way to the school which saw in the Christian idea something to be included in a scientific explanation of the world. The Christian idea could either be conceived as a single direct evolution from the doctrines of Jesus or as part of the human spirit developing through history. On the one hand, Troeltsch had before him the work of thinkers like Adolf Harnack and, on the other, the idealism of Hegel and the intuitionism of Bergson. Could he possibly conciliate the theories contained in them with a new philosophy of religion?

Troeltsch was never entirely successful in this effort. As he said himself: "We shall not experience a second 'Divina Commedia' or a second 'Faust' which, as those earlier works, will illuminate and inspire the problem of life from the depth of a new religion." The activities of reason as self-justifying and self-explanatory, a necessity imposed on reason by its very nature, could be carried over into religion. The basis of religious belief was the necessity of belief felt in every stage of thought, the force of a transcendental reality, a life beyond life, entering into every spiritual movement. Every stage in development was a living expression of this inner force in its relation to time and place; a single, self-sufficing moment in the stream of action, an approach to the final good. Every epoch was directly in communion with God and yet was only a moment in this eternal progression.

The Crocian theory of history enters into this conception, but there is a difference: The reality of history is an ethical and not an æsthetic reality; the individual achievement is only the reflection of

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a higher motive in us which joins our endeavour to the endeavour of the past and, in the act of junction, raises the present into a higher plane of being.

The contribution of Troeltsch to contemporary European thought has never been fully evaluated. In the enthusiasm for the more picturesque figures, Croce, Bergson and Eucken, the more penetrating and more directly constructive thinkers have been neglected. It may be that, in the inevitable reshuffling which takes place after a number of years when the work of a century comes up for review, the positions may be reversed. For Troeltsch, as for Boutroux, the work of the philosophic mind "did not lie in examination of one unity from which a certain number of lines radiated, but in creating harmonious and reasonable relations between beings. Philosophy was not the science of the absolute, but of reconciliation and harmony."

H. QUIGLEY.

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THE CONFLICT OF SCIENCE WITH RELIGION.

Thomas Browne.

In Draper's well-known book the Conflict between Science and Religion is presented as the struggle between knowledge and ignorance, enlightenment and superstition. He reviews the history of some two thousand years, and draws a striking contrast between the dark and bigoted rule of the priest and the benignant reign of Science. The one was an epoch of folly, crime, and cruelty; the other is an age of wisdom, freedom, and prosperity. The magic wand of knowledge has emancipated man from ecclesiastical thraldom, and has led him forth into the bright clear atmosphere of modern thought. It all seems so very convincing, and at the time when it was written the work must have commanded wide assent.

But the subject was one on which Draper's generation was not very well informed. In mid-Victorian days views that now seem almost barbarous prevailed regarding the antiquity of man and civilization. The Churches then believed that the world was created six thousand years ago, and ascribed the origin of all our culture to Noah and his children, some sixteen or seventeen hundred years later. Men of science, on the other hand, were persuaded that no very great period had elapsed since man, newly risen out of apedom, was in a state of primæval savagery, while as for civilization, the scientific view was at one

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with the pietistic. Draper's conception was necessarily adapted to the opinion of his time. Man, he supposed, was ape-like about fifty thousand years ago, savage for the succeeding thirty-five thousand, and barbarian for the next ten thousand; after which the more advanced races began to rise into civilization, passing gradually from the jungles of superstition into the deserts of speculation, until at length they won their way into the fields and pastures of exact knowledge. Save for a few premature spasms of common-sense during the classical era, the old delusions continued to cling about us till the sixteenth century, when with the birth of Galileo and Newton the sun of Science rose upon the earth, and for the first time man learnt to assert his dignity as a rational being.

Later discoveries and fuller knowledge have destroyed this conception. Not only has it been proved that the ape is not the ancestor of humanity, but we know now that man even of the modern European type is not less than half a million years old, and that the art of writing, once supposed to be unknown to Homer's world, was familiar to prehistoric Babylon and Egypt, to the ancestors of the Polynesian savage, and even perhaps to palæolithic man. Archæological research in Mesopotamia, the Nilotic valley, and other regions has proved that long before the date to which Draper and his contemporaries ascribed the origin of civilization many splendid empires arose, flourished, and passed into oblivion. In a word, where the Victorian saw a simple straight line gradually ascending from the gorilla to the European, we see a vast series of curves and spirals, sometimes rising, sometimes falling, and not necessarily attaining their highest elevation during the nineteenth century.

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Now there is one detail of the Conflict between Science and Religion which Draper overlooked, but from the ethnological standpoint it possesses considerable importance. Let us grant that all science in the true sense of the term is a modern invention. It is even more certain that all religion is an ancient invention. Chemistry, biology, higher mathematics, and so forth, are all of recent date, but Judaism is perhaps 3,500 years old, Buddhism 2,500, Christianity 2,000 and even Mahomedanism, the newest of them all, 1,300; while the faiths of India, China, Mesopotamia, Egypt, and other ancient countries date back far beyond the dawn of history. Not one religion worthy of the name —not one religious theory or discovery—has been conceived since the days of the Hejira; the modern world has accomplished nothing in this sphere but travesties of the older creeds or substitutes to which no one pays serious attention. The ancient world knew nothing of motor-cars or X-rays; nevertheless, antiquity was capable of no mean civilization. It follows that Science in the modern sense is by no means indispensable to human progress. The total absence of what we call exact knowledge was not incompatible with organization even of a very high order, and we cannot help suspecting therefore that the claims of Science have been somewhat overrated. But history knows no instance of any stable polity without Religion. The world got on very well without steam-engines, power-looms, and wireless telegrams for 30,000 years or more. It invented language, agriculture, and fire-use, the three greatest scientific achievements of all time; in literature, philosophy, architecture, sculpture and poetry it attained a level we have vainly sought to surpass. All this was accomplished without

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the aid of inductive Science; but for how long could any society endure without the aid and sustenance of Religion? Draper, to whom Religion was synonymous with superstition, could not suspect this feature of the conflict, for in his time the study of ethnology was in its infancy, nor were the wise men then prepared to grant that society, and therefore civilization and Science, are founded on Religion. The greater minds indeed—by which I mean philosophers such as Hegel and Schelling—never felt any doubt on the point; but the Victorians, convinced that savagery was only a step beyond apedom, naturally regarded Religion as quite a recent acquisition, and indeed put faith in tales of peoples who not only had no supernatural beliefs but had not even learnt to speak. The older opinion however has now been restored to favour. In their earliest beginnings all the races of which we have any record—the Vedic people, the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Toltecs, the Peruvians—were intensely religious. Robertson Smith's picture of the primitive Semitic community is that of a society held together by a common worship—a picture exactly reproduced by modern savagery. F. B. Jevons acknowledges that the earliest form of society was the religious community. Even Sir J. G. Frazer, the chief survivor of the older school, is fain to admit that social organization has made the greatest advance in those parts of Australia which exhibit the germs of Religion; and inasmuch as the remains of Neanderthal man assure us that even that degraded being, a lower type by far than any extant savage, believed in the survival of the soul after death, we may safely say that Religion is coeval with humanity.

Similarly, the once universally received opinion

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that Religion is derived solely from fear has also been abandoned, it now being generally agreed that love also was a motive-force of ancient faiths. A closer acquaintance with the archaic creeds of savagery shews that they depend on a theory of degeneration similar to that of orthodox Christianity. The Creator, it is supposed, has always been kind and loving, but sin has driven his children into exile, where they have fallen under the dominion of evil powers whom it is only prudent to propitiate. In the same way, the belief prevalent in Tylor's time that Religion and Morality sprang from different roots and were only brought together by chance or cunning, has now been given up, and it is recognized that the two have always been inseparably united. Indeed, the moral law derives all its sanctions from Religion.

Draper therefore must be convicted of that superficiality of judgment which distinguished the scientific writers of his time. He did not and could not suspect that that which he so scathingly condemned was the very foundation and condition precedent of that which he so fervently admired. For if society cannot exist without Religion, much less can Science. Man, in short, can very well dispense with wireless, aeroplanes and higher mathematics, but without the creeds and moral codes he must go headlong to the dogs.

Now we may arrive at a clearer understanding of the Conflict between Science and Religion if we begin by reviewing some of the distinctive unlikenesses between these two great rivals for human favour. Some of these distinctions lie on the surface. Science is non-moral, Religion is moral. Conscience and man's duty towards his fellows are of paramount importance in Religion; but Science—although her own existence

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depends on the moral duty of truthfulness—cares nothing for morality as such, so little indeed that the admired scientific philosopher of the day regards the intrusion of moral values into thought as an actual hindrance to the attainment of abstract truth. For Science is quantitative, seeking to reduce everything to exact measurement; but Religion is qualitative, caring nothing at all whether a^2 is greater than b^2, but caring a great deal whether a is better than b. Science reasons inductively from observation, but Religion deductively from principles supposed to be inherent in the mind. Religion accordingly discerns design throughout the universe, but Science is conscious of nothing but blind mechanical law. The one therefore is voluntarist, holding that man's free will is more real than the earth beneath his feet; the other is determinist, persuaded that there is no cause in Nature that is not the effect of antecedent causes. Science again relies entirely on sense-evidence, but Religion appeals to a subjective conviction which may often seem to defy the testimony of our eyes and ears. This brings us to a distinction which calls for more extended consideration.

Resting entirely on sense-evidence, Science abhors authority. The opinions of those whom she calls experts are based on materials available to every inquirer, or they would carry no weight. Religion on the other hand does not submit to objective verification. Her dogmas rest on the authority of men who for various reasons are supposed to have had access to regions impervious to ordinary inquiry, and except for their assurance the believer has no extrinsic reason for accepting their statements. Authority therefore is as essential to Religion as it is incompatible with Science.

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At this point it is necessary to clear up a common misunderstanding. Not only the so-called revealed religions but *all* religions have this authoritative origin, and to suppose after the careless manner of some theorists that they or any of them can have been the spontaneous product of the mass is to misconceive their very nature. With rare exceptions every man who holds a religious belief has acquired it from some other person, living or dead, of whose authority he feels assured; with no exceptions at all, the history of a religion, wherever it is known, leads always back to personal authority. Reason and analogy therefore require us to predicate a similar origin of those cases in which it is unknown; and when Sir J. G. Frazer writes that the great religious movements that have stirred humanity to its depths spring ultimately from the conscious and deliberate efforts of extraordinary minds, and not from the blind unconscious co-operation of the multitude, he is stating no more than the truth, except in so far as his words imply a fallacious antithesis. What religious movement, great or small, has ever been known to spring from the blind unconscious co-operation of the multitude? History records not one example, experience can suggest none. The religious leader, the moral reformer, is always indispensable. A faith however humble connotes a founder as surely as a picture or a poem an artist or a poet; and why indeed should we suppose that the inspiration which taught the Arunta to believe in Daramulun or the Fuegian in Yerri Yupon was any less authoritative than that which revealed Jehovah to the Jew or God the Father to the Christian? *All* religions have sprung from extraordinary minds, and the logic which finds proof to the contrary in the fact that sometimes

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no memory of the founder has survived, would equally persuade us that the Assyrian bas-reliefs are natural rock-formations because we do not know the names of their sculptors. As for Morality, although the idea of moral obligation is innate, its precepts come to all men stamped with the hall-mark of authority, and in savagery as in civilization they are and always have been matter of instruction.

Science, then, is non-moral and determinist; she believes in blind law, she relies on sense-evidence, she is quantitative, she reasons inductively from observation, she abhors authority. Religion is moral and voluntarist; she believes in design, she depends on private conviction and has little use for sense-evidence, she reasons deductively from principles, and authority is the breath of her nostrils. In brief, Religion is personal and Science impersonal—naturally so, indeed, for the one deals with the soul and the other with the body. If instead of soul and body we use the more general terms ego and environment, it will become apparent that the Conflict is really an aspect of the eternal antinomy between subject and object—the division of the universe into ego and non-ego which, as Hindu philosophy tells us, is the cause of creation itself. The contrasts we have reviewed all spring from this basic contrariety, and those next to be noticed will also be found to range themselves each under its proper category.

If, for example, a man were asked for an off-hand definition of the chief distinction between Religion and Science, he would probably reply that the one is sacred, the other secular. That sanctity is peculiar to Religion is a truism. There is nothing religious that is not sacred; the quality extends itself even to

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material objects such as ornaments, garments and utensils employed in ritual. But Science knows nothing of sanctity; it is her ambition to reduce everything to its gross elements, to ascertain its chemical or other composition, and to state it in terms of common matter and energy. In relation to such inquiries sanctity is a word without meaning; full public explanation is the scientific ideal, nor is even life itself secure against the prying curiosity of the analyst. This is all familiar, but it has obscured the less generally recognized truth that *secrecy* is equally distinctive of Religion. It is closely akin to sanctity: sacred and secret are words as nearly allied in meaning as in sound, nor is there any intrinsic secrecy elsewhere than in religious matters. In so far as it is realized in consciousness Religion is too intimate a thing for discussion; it lies too near the sensitive core of life to bear exposure to another's gaze. Language may dimly suggest but cannot express the words impossible for a man to utter; they are secret because they are sacred, and in such measure as they cease to be the one, they cease also to be the other. The within of the soul is the one real secret in the universe. No matter how deep the degradation, it is still the Holy of Holies, violable by none but the man himself; nor would even the most objectively minded of our scientists willingly submit his inner self to the scrutiny of the microscope, were it possible that he could do so. When Archbishop Magee refused to discuss Calvary because it was too sacred and Huxley replied that he was willing to discuss anything, the great biologist did himself an injustice. No one will suppose, for example, that he was willing to discuss his private relations with Mrs. Huxley; they were too secret—or too sacred, which is

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the same thing. But secrecy is abhorrent to Science. Sanctity may be nothing to her, but mystery in any deliberate sense is her abomination; for she has no concern save with that which can be made apparent to the senses of the man in the street. But as for Religion, she feels rather than thinks, and her need for secrecy is imperative. "Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy chamber, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret." The very schoolboy is conscious of the need when he shrinks from kneeling down to say his prayers before the whole dormitory. That is why we all dislike religious discussion, even with our most trusted friends; not because we fear they may offend our sentiments, but because we feel that the ground whereon we tread is holy, and even the most cautious footstep may cause distress. The scientific ideal, in short, is publicity, but the religious, secrecy; and you find accordingly that the age of Science resorts instinctively to the lecture-hall, while the age of Religion sought its highest satisfaction in those centres of sanctity-secrecy, the Mysteries.

It is because of this inveterate secrecy that the present has so little understanding of the past. Why did the ancient teacher withhold his doctrine from the multitude and disclose it only to his chosen disciples? What did he conceal, and why did he conceal it? There is no answer. Pythagoras and Plato, Christ and St. Paul—were these men to play at mystery for mystery's sake, keeping back a store of fancied knowledge to gratify a factitious sense of superiority? Again, what explanation has modern scholarship to offer of those three cardinal features of ancient religion, the Mysteries, Magic, and Myth? None whatever.

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We scoff at Magic, we have no conception of what was transacted at the Mysteries, we have not the remotest notion of the meaning of any Myth; and because of our failure to comprehend we cast them all aside with a contemptuous laugh as charlatanry and barbaric ignorance. Morality may be added to the list; for although she acknowledges the validity of the ancient codes, Science cannot explain them. Myth, Magic, and Morality, all are inseparable from Religion, and the modern world cannot understand a syllable of them; all remain as mysterious as the famous ceremonies whose name is still preserved in the Christian scriptures. For these are matters pertaining to the inner self, not to the outer world, and what shall you know of the ego if you study nothing but the environment?

Space does not permit of digression to Magic and the Mysteries, but Myth brings up one of the most striking contrarieties between Science and Religion. This is the contrariety of expression. Science speaks the language of exactitude, for that with which she deals can be measured, weighed, and otherwise quantitatively ascertained. Whenever possible, she couches her doctrine in a conventional symbolism designed to secure accuracy, employing mathematical signs meaningless in themselves and corresponding with nothing in Nature, intentionally colourless and free from all personal connotation. By this she seeks to ensure objectivity. Religion on the contrary speaks the language of suggestion, for her ideas defy definition and her aim is subjectivity. She too has her symbolism, but it differs *toto cœlo* from that of the mathematician. It is drawn from the world about us—the sun, the sea, the rock, the wild beast; even for spirit she has no

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name of her own, but has to speak of it as breath or air. Her symbols are replete with vivid colour, their connotation is intensely personal, and in consecutive statement they blend of their own accord into myth and allegory; not because the similes happen to be apt, but because they are themselves the physical analogues of that for which they stand. Science therefore reaches her ideal in the equation, while Religion gropes vainly after hers in the allegory: on the one hand, the square root of minus 1; on the other, the parable of the Good Samaritan! You may infer perhaps that, as William James has pointed out, it is Religion that deals with the realities of life, and Science only with the shows and conventions; for after all, the consciousness through which alone we are aware of the world of sense, is the one and only thing that can really matter to us. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own psyche? In this, as we may suspect, will be found the explanation of the disparity between the ancient and the modern contributions to human knowledge; for the age that studied realities should certainly have arrived at more valuable results than that which attends only to appearances. It must be noticed moreover that secrecy is forced upon Religion by the medium in which she must express her doctrines. Our languages are all derived from the phenomena of sense-life, our words all describe things that can be seen or heard or handled or smelt, and when therefore they are turned to metaphysical use, they necessarily become metaphorical. Now that which is true of words is true also of the sentences which they compose. A statement of metaphysical truth couched in metaphors drawn from the physical plane may possibly be true in the

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physical sense as well as in the metaphysical; but what can that matter? It is metaphysical in intention, and its physical value, if it have any, can only be symbolical. Religion therefore cannot dispense with symbolism; and it may be remarked in this connexion that one of the two languages in which the Christian scriptures are written has no word for creed, while the other calls it *sumbolon*, a symbol. The immediate point however is this, that in matters of dogma Religion cannot speak plainly even though she would, for as soon as she uses language she is forced into metaphor. Secrecy is inherent in 'her mode of expression, and Christ therefore repeatedly warns his disciples that his meaning is not to be penetrated by the unthinking. "He that hath ears let him hear"—sacred is secret, and the holy the hidden!

The Conflict, as Draper saw it, arose out of this contrariety of expression. The key to the ancient allegories had been lost, submerged beneath the flood of self-righteous ignorance that swept over the world immediately after the Christian revelation had been vouchsafed. Publicity supervened on secrecy, the many foolish usurped the office of the few wise, and thenceforward piety and scholarship alike have not only accepted the allegories in their literal sense, but indignantly deny that they can have been intended to bear any other meaning. But take religious story at its surface intention, and Science—to use the sporting phrase—has a walk-over. Personality reduced to impersonal terms is just as wild an absurdity as if—to take the converse case—we were to substitute Tom, Dick, and Harry for the x, y, z of algebra and say, for example, that Lloyd George squared plus Ethel M. Dell was equal to the cube of Henry Asquith minus the

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Lord Chief Justice! There is no hope for the sacred stories except by reading them in their religious, that is to say, their *personal* meaning. But the Bishop of Ely tells us that "in reality, symbolical interpretation is not interpretation at all," and most modern clergymen are of the same opinion. Yet St. John rebukes the Jews who thought that Christ meant the brick-and-mortar building when he spoke of raising up the Temple within three days, while St. Paul calls the story of Hagar an allegory and deplores the stupidity of those who could not understand the Mosaic mythology. Wiser than the men of Galilee and Judæa, our priests scruple not to laugh at myths held sacred by Christ and his disciples—and in the next breath lament their own unaccountable loss of influence! But if, as they confess, 'things seen'—visible acts, such as the trial before Pontius Pilate and the Crucifixion—are temporal and Religion is concerned only with things eternal, what have Higher Criticism and the Historical Method to do with scripture?

Moral teaching apart, religious doctrines always are and always must be couched in Myth, for the reasons just explained. Plato and Plutarch tell us explicitly that the myths are designed to express facts of psychic, not physical, experience. They are true in a different sense from that in which the word is used of history; they refer, not to something that took place in the past, but to something that is continually recurring in the present. As the Neoplatonist Sallust says: "These things never happened but always are." Surely truth of this order is far higher, and more important than anything historical? It is not what happens to a man that matters, but what he thinks or feels about it—the outer event is nothing to him

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save in so far as it affects his consciousness. You may lose all your money or be endowed with undreamt-of wealth; you may be branded with shame or decked with honours; your nearest and dearest may die or be miraculously rescued from the grave; what does any of these vicissitudes matter to you if you do not know it, or knowing care nothing about it? It is the ego that counts, not the environment, that which happens within you, not that which happens without you, and the myth which foretells or explains the one stands as high above the history which narrates the other as the living organism above the dead body.

Indeed, when we come to examine the credentials of the Historical Method, a curious paradox becomes apparent, in Science as well as in Religion. History is notoriously uncertain, so much so that some have called it a vast Mississippi of falsehood. The tale, whatever it be, depends on the statements of witnesses whose accounts are necessarily biassed by their sympathies or prejudices, and none of whom can report the facts with absolute accuracy. We see the occurrence through their eyes, its value all comes to us through their minds. At the same time, our own judgment is influenced by all sorts of extraneous considerations—our religion, our nationality, the school in which we were educated, and so forth. Even of some notable and quite recent occurrence such as the battle of Waterloo or the naval action off Jutland, it is impossible to discover what really took place; the stories vary, the witnesses contradict one another, the chief actors themselves may consciously or unconsciously misrepresent the sequence of events. What are we to think then when the transaction is one which took place many centuries ago, when the

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witnesses were men stirred by the deepest emotions, and we have nothing to guide us but unchecked statements handed down by a succession of writers of whose competence or veracity we have no assurance? And that is not all. Take a simple historical fact such as that A killed B; what is our concern in it, in what respect does it interest us? A moment's thought will shew that the one question that really matters to us is A's motive—why did he kill B? Was it a crime of passion, a cold-blooded murder for the sake of gain, an act of righteous vengeance, or perhaps a mere accident? The act is meaningless until we know the intention that inspired it. We try to infer the answer from the circumstances, but no matter how clearly the evidence may point to this or that conclusion, the inference is speculation at best. The one vital question can never be determined with certainty, for the motive for the deed must always rest a secret between the doer and his Maker. History therefore is trebly uncertain; the evidence is always suspect, the judgment we pass thereon is always untrustworthy, and the fact on which the meaning of the occurrence depends can never be more than matter of conjecture.

The Historical Method is the last that should be applied to sacred story. It destroys even where it would conserve, for the clay of physical fact is no substitute for the gold of spiritual truth. To discover that the Good Samaritan was a grocer named Abednego, that the traveller whom he succoured was a Greek bagman, and that the inn where he was housed was a well-known hostelry just outside Emmaus—what could worse impoverish the parable? It is in order to avoid this vulgarization that sacred history deals always with times long past and forgotten peoples,

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never with present-day happenings. History must be sublimated into Myth before it can convince, its outlines must be veiled in the dimness and hallowed with the romance of a distant age before it can appeal to the deeper feelings. Our common proverbs, that no man is a hero to his valet, that familiarity breeds contempt, and that a prophet is without honour in his own country, are true before all else of sacred story. Unless it is private—or secret—to him, it is neither sacred nor true to the believer; but physical fact, if it can ever be called true, is never sacred or secret. Acceptance of a religious doctrine as a statement of historical fact therefore is not only wrong but pernicious, because its meaning and value are symbolic, and to turn it into an account of a mundane occurrence is to degrade it from reality to appearance. To be true in any valid sense the doctrine must be true here and now and of the man himself, for nothing matters to him but what he himself feels and is. What real concern has he with what some other man may have done or suffered, save in so far as the story is a parable of his own destiny? He must be actor, not spectator, and the drama must rehearse itself within his own soul, or it is nothing to him.

In Scheffler's beautiful lines:

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee, thy soul is all forlorn;
The Cross on Calvary will never save thy soul,
The Cross in thine own heart alone can make thee whole!"

The Conflict between Religion and Science is no mere incident in the history of civilization; it is an

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aspect of the antinomy between ego and environment, soul and body, decreed from the foundation of the world, and expressing itself day by day, year by year, century by century, in every sphere of human activity. It is therefore a myth, that is to say, an eternal truth. Within the past few years it has received notorious illustration on the battlefields of France and Belgium, where the admired Victorian theory of evolution by brute struggle was put to the experimental test and for ever overthrown. Wisdom is justified of her children, for here as elsewhere, whenever modern knowledge has matched itself against ancient penetration, you shall find that the men who knew things from within are safer guides than those who merely judge of them from without. How does one know things from within? Not by induction from observation, a method indeed which is open to fatal logical objection, but by an older and more philosophical rule. "Know *thyself*," said the ancient seers, "man is the measure of all things"; and Einstein's discoveries are now convincing even the materialist that antiquity was right. Ego and environment, subject and object, are obverse and reverse of the same shield, and the mind can learn nothing certain of its counterpart by gazing at varying reflections of the design engraved upon its outer surface. As Plotinus and all the mystics tell us, to know is to *be*, and the consciousness must therefore learn to extend itself throughout the common substance, until subject is identified with object and the noumenon expressed in the phenomena is understood as a man understands the motives for his own actions. "Who knows himself knows all things," said the Chaldean Oracle—flower in the crannied wall as well as God and the universe; for whatever the truth, physical or meta-

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physical, material or spiritual, scientific or religious, there is only one sure path to its attainment. But the ancient rule is difficult to follow, far more irksome and laborious than any experimenting with X-rays or calculating the speed of light; and he who would practise it must submit himself to the teachers who created society and taught humanity all the arts of life, not to the worshippers of divisive matter who can but perfect the sciences of death.

THOMAS BROWNE.

(Read at a Meeting of the Quest Society, October, 1922.)

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THE ENIGMA OF HUMAN EXISTENCE.

THE EDITOR.

IF we have penetrated far more deeply into the mystery of the How of things than the seekers of the past, the Whence and Why and Whither of our lives is still a profound enigma for our understanding. Science seeks to unveil the How of things as they appear to sense, the way in which events happen in time and space and their mutual relations; it is concerned with becomings, with genesis, and not with origins and ends. Motives, purposes, meanings and values lie beyond its scope. Its knowledge is descriptive of how things act, how they affect the physical senses; and if from this it infers anything about the things, it is content to describe them as being what they do. But lives are not things, not this or that appearance; what they are is more than what they do. And when we come to human lives, they are more even than what they live and what they think. But so enamoured are some of our latest psychologists of the procedure of the science of sensible description, that they have adopted it as the method of their own research. They have abolished not only soul but also consciousness from their subject-matter and make psychology a subtle form of physics. For them thinking is really nothing but silent speaking, purely physical reaction, if only we had instruments delicate enough to test the microscopic movements of the larynx. Thus the out-and-

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out Behaviourists would build up a science of man's nature by inferring that he is precisely what he does and nothing else. Bodily activity, not only reveals, but is actually the stuff of disposition. And yet the simplest facts of our inner experience flatly contradict this crassly mechanistic theory. Who but the morally insensate does not re-echo the cry: "The evil that I would not,—that I do"?

The riddle of our lives is a series of unending contradictions; as soon as reason thinks it has disposed of one, another takes its place. No matter how extensive or how minute our acquaintance with external nature may be, it gives us no knowledge of life itself, much less of its purpose. And if we turn within, the power of self-analyzing reflection which is the distinctive characteristic of a developed human life, finds itself confronted with a host of warring psychic forces—instincts and emotions, lusts and loathings, loves and hates, hopes and fears, strugglings upward and fallings away,—and these, not as they are in life itself, but as they shew in a surface-play of imagings and imaginings, dreams, reveries and drifting thoughts, opinions and beliefs. There then arises in the mind the thought that all this is far other than it should be; that it must needs be changed and set in order, and made to be consistent and concordant with itself. But no power of reflection or of logic can effect this transmutation. Reasoning is incompetent to reconcile the contradictions. As long as it is prisoned in its own antinomies, it cannot harmonize the discords of the life which laughs at the logic of the mind. The ratiocinative process can never solve the enigma. Of itself it can at best define it, bring it into clearer consciousness. This is most certainly no little gain; but

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it is not the solution, it is the beginning of the understanding of what the problem is.

Reason comes to know that it must seek for help from that which is beyond the power of intellect to comprehend. The way of seeking is the way of love. Reason in love turns to contemplation, yearning for revelation of the mystery that lies beyond the scope of intellect to grasp, and yet which, in some incomprehensible fashion, is the very essence of man's life. The preparation for contemplation is a strenuous business. I would regard it as a persistent effort to let all else go and to concentrate the attention of the thinking self upon the feeling self and the desire of the feeling self upon the thinking self in a mutual endeavour for concord, so that the two may be united in one will to become utterly receptive of the beneficent influence of what is highest and is best for both, of that living light of which neither alone can have apprehension. This preparation is the spiritual prayer for grace to realize that self-abandonment and self-transcendence are one of another. It is a venture of faith, faith that a day must surely come when the inner eye of contemplative mind shall be opened to catch sight of the radiance of the good and true and beautiful, and the mystic heart of man shall open so as to feel this whole-making influx astir within its depths. And when the dawn of the great day shines forth, then faith in the ideal and the ought begins to become realized and actualized in human life as spiritual gnosis, and the mystery in man that is greater than man-the-reasoner comes to self-conscious birth. Is this the solution of the riddle? It would seem that even this is not the answer; for birth is a beginning and not an end. There have been many thus twice-born, but who of

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them has revealed the mystery? Spiritual birth is assuredly the beginning of its being known; but the spiritual man must be full-grown and perfected before the end is reached.

Some score of years ago I came across a curious piece of higher alchemistic lore in the form of a *griphus* or riddle, hidden away in an ancient tome lent me by a Spanish friend. Unfortunately I made no note of the title and my friend shortly after passed away. I published the Latin text and a translation, under the heading 'The Riddle of the Sphinx.' It is so apposite to the theme of this paper that I reproduce a revised version here; but it is by no means easy to render correctly and three terms are untranslatable though I have consulted a score of dictionaries.

MAN.

Happy, and wretched,
Death-free, death-destinate—
A riddle.
Wayfarer, stay thy foot!

Here I display a thing on which thou needs must turn thine eyes.
Nor man, nor woman,
But both;
Of different colours, yet having the same colour; two-footed and four-footed.
Thou hast a stage on which one actor plays all parts,—Hector and Hector's wife.
He passes through the changing, tortuous ways beyond the gates, and where he may abide, he knows not,—
Three-wayed [himself], three-headed, and three-souled, yet one.

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Now see thou dost not make assault on Mercury with stones, lest thou shouldst slay thyself.
Whether he linger or he speed, he ever will be there where three ways meet.
O'er all things in the world he rules; to all is he sub-ject,—
The same with sceptre and with hoe, in purple or in sack.
Giant and dwarf alike,
He dares with Jove to strive,—he who is buried underneath a tiny heap of earth.
He measures the immensities, yet hath not power to add a single cubit to his stature.
Daily he lives and dies, he waxes and he wanes,—
A tree which lives and moves with roots spread out in air.
He plants his foot in mud to see if by some chance there may be any hope.
With death's empoisoned shaft he is infected,—
He whom the draught of immortality restores.
Heaven-made, he lives on filth,
A monster, æther-begot, wrought out in divers forms,—
The shape seen by Nabuchodonosor in dream,
Blended together to be a royal work,—
[Above] wrought out of gold and silver,
At bottom made of brass and clay.
He's fed upon by those he feeds;
Set but a little lower than the angels,
Whenever he escapes the demon's ownership.
He who should really have become more brilliant than the sun,
Is meantime clouded over with the darkness of the pit.
As though the bird of Ephraim, with healing in his wings,

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Yet is he snared time and again with error's bonds,—
Spring of justice, outspirting of injustice.
Brought down below to seek for highest truth,
Vain, lying, turn-coat, he.
He who in heaven's seat should have his place,
Poor wretch, lies hid in ditches fouler than the foul.
He who should have his fixed abode 'mid the delights
Of Paradise, lives with the brutes.
But if conversely viewed,—
Though fashioned out of clay, he is adorned with æther's splendours.
One with himself, yet many, same, yet other,
Whether exalted to topmost height of honour,
Or cast down to lowest depth of ignorance,
Small he rises up to grandeurs,
Great he subsides unto the smallest.
If thou wouldst call him the . . . chimæra of Bellerophon,—thou shalt not err.
Nay, rather, thou shalt see the thing more clearly still distinguished by the signs it shows.
For head an eagle shalt thou find, a serpent for the feet,
The volatile and fixed, the vulture and the toad.
. . . . . master and slave.
These, or things better, or things worse again, are bound together with a single tie.
Let this band burst asunder in the midst of pains,
That it may be transformed into the better tie of immortality,—
Out of the bubble he escapes into the heavenly light.
If thou wouldst know the answer of so great a riddle,
Take counsel of the Sphynx,—
But her of Delphi rather than the one of Thessaly.
For the one propounds the puzzles the wayfarers must solve

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At hazard of their lives, the other gives the answer,
As thou dost gaze upon the title of her theme graved
in gold letters to be read:

KNOW THOU THYSELF.

This curious *griphus* is an arresting conceit of spiritual alchemy; it shows beyond all cavil that the true 'great work' was conceived of as a transmutation of the psychical elements within man's nature and their sublimation into spiritual powers and virtues. Most of its paradoxes are plain enough, and the general import is undisguised. But in respect to the spiritual, mental, psychical, vital and physical forces that appear in the regenerative process, we have, as usual, no clear rational indications proffered, but are put off with mysterious substitutes, strange symbols, such as mercury, eagle and serpent, vulture and toad. These may have had a precise meaning for experienced alchemists; but if so, as far as I am aware, none of them has ever been sufficiently emancipated from the traditional conventions of artificial secrecy, so beloved by the craft, as to break free and speak with that whole-hearted sincerity and openness of mind that ungrudgingly gives of the best it knows in faith that the really good cannot but be beneficent. It is this policy of artificial secrecy that made alchemy the happy hunting-ground of charlatanry, quackery and imposture, of the self-seekers and gold-makers, throughout the centuries, and finally brought the art into contempt. It was in vain to proclaim that the mercury and sulphur and salt of the philosophers were not the common things of use but hidden potencies, and not at the same time protest against the gold-making craze

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and make it inescapably clear that the gold they sought was the divine currency of regenerative life.

Yet, strangely enough, it was the busy physical experimentation in gold-making, so jealously concealed in incomprehensible jargon, that, as soon as it passed into the better way of openness, brought to birth the modern science of chemistry; while the quest of the 'elixir of life' fell into neglect and failed to find a parallel or complementary development. And so chemistry and its sister sciences have remained soulless; they tell us nothing of the vital secrets hidden beneath the sense-show which empirical research so patiently describes and so keenly analyses. Much nevertheless has been accomplished in the way of making human action more efficient in the material world. Theory keeps pace with practice, so that to-day the stuff from which the senses would persuade us that all things are made, is conceived of as being dynamic through and through. The seemingly inert is viewed as an equilibrium of dynamic strains; the material is fundamentally an energetic order. Nevertheless it still remains for our understanding a veil that hides life from us, seeing that it is ever found to be constitutive of a state of existence where all entities show as mutually external to one another and all events appear to be determined by mechanical laws. The distinction which was first clearly formulated by Plato between material motion and living movement, still holds. Matter is moved from without by another; soul or life is a principle that has the power of moving itself from within, it has spontaneity. Material existence is found to be an order of discontinuity; and therefore the principle of continuity, without which we could not experience the discontinuous, must first be sought for

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in life. But what then of mind? Is it the unifier of the continuous and the discontinuous? Is it the original of both life and matter? Or is it the product of life evolved to be an instrument whereby life can more efficiently work upon matter? The war of opinion rages furiously over these difficult problems. It would seem that matter, life and mind are complementary energies incapable of being derived from one another in any order we may take them, selecting one as the original. And if an ultimate singularism, whether conceived of as material, vital or mental, will not avail, an irresolvable pluralism leaves us equally discontent. This discontent is not satisfied by contemplating a conjectural ideal unity of being, abstracted from concrete existence; we feel as it were in our very bones that somehow the ideal and the real must be one in the actual. Fulfilling is the converse of abstracting, which is a convenience for the mind only; but for concrete existence, for life, fulfilment spells the fulness of being, in the sense that true being does not exclude becoming, but is its essence and is in need of it to be itself. We have no use for 'being,' if it is simply a cold bare abstract notion devoid of concrete content. We need a vital metaphysic to get away from the chilly 'dance of bloodless categories'; and if logic will not serve, it is better to take refuge in the warm assurances of the mysticly experienced.

I am conscious of my existence as a manifold of resistances, impulses and manifestations, yet as of a single Fact. It would seem that this Fact is presented to me by three agencies which, though distinguishable as resistance, impulse and manifestation, are indiscerptible in my awaring any factor or event of Fact. Each is necessary to the others, each implies

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the others. I would regard them as what might be termed the co-ordinates of my conscious existence, and make them correspond with matter, life and mind. These latter I might then term energies, modes, aspects of reality, to parallel the awareness of them which I distinguish in myself as conations, affections and cognitions, but which are never separable in actuality.

But what of that unitary potency which makes them simultaneously compresent at every moment of consciousness? What of this 'I' that is the very centre of our enigma? How can it *know* itself, when it ever evades scrutiny in the very nature of the knowing process? The inveterate habit of I-thinking is with us whenever we talk of knowing. This mode of I-knowing, however extended it may be, seems naturally incapable of equating with reality. We seek then to conceive of a superior mode of apprehension in which subject and object and their relation become one in an identity of being. We speak of a self-dom beyond the I. We may even indulge in an orgy of monism or solipsism, putting various stresses of emphasis on the word 'self' and setting them forth by type-devices. Let us, instead of shouting 'self' alone, more and more loudly, attempt to get a sequence of emphasis by making a dogmatic statement from the I-standpoint and say: The *self* experiences the self by the Self, so that the SELF may know the *self* by the SELF, in order that the SELF may realize itself. The variety of emphasis on the single term owes its *crescendo* to the progression—experiencing, knowing, realizing. I must have experience, before I can have knowledge of experience; of that I am sure. As to what follows,—I believe that until knowledge and

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experience coincide, embrace each other, are no longer external to each other, there is no realization. Or may be we should rather say that the knowing of experience can in what we may call ecstatic moments pass into an experience of knowing, which is so intimate and immediate that the seeing of the Self in all things and all things in the Self becomes a blissful, doubt-removing fact. Within the I-activity experiencing may be said to make manifest the stuff of consciousness out of the unconscious. Knowing in its analytic mode is a rational or self-conscious activity; it is a recollecting of past moments or events of experience, reflecting on them, comparing and criticizing or judging them—a logical or discoursive process. But in its synthetic mode reason seeks to contemplate what is beyond its power to analyze, the virtues of a state of over-consciousness where the I and the not-I of discoursive knowing are over-passed. The awaring of this transcendental state is what I would call the apperception of Spirit, the eternal creative and whole-making potency of the Divine in universe and man. This is the idea I have in view when I speak of 'realizing.'

As far as I can form any notion of the reports of those who have enjoyed tact with this spiritual over-consciousness, it would seem that it wells up from within the very I itself and enwraps it; it is as it were experience of the Beyond within and without. It is not like the I-experience of itself as object set over against the 'I' as the 'me.' The self-regarding personality is taken up into that self-donating over-personality where the many I's, or rather their essence, are one with another, blended, united in love, and not as they are here in conflict, in a state of bondage and

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ignorance and ill-doing. This is, I think, the meaning of the knot in the heart being unloosed, as an utterance of the ancient wisdom of India phrases it. It is the opening of the way that leads to liberation, enlightenment, salvation. As our *griphus* says: "Let this band be burst asunder in the midst of pains, that it may be transformed into the better tie of immortality." The attempt to imagine an adumbration, however feeble, of the spirit that transcends our I-hood could never be made but for faith in the perfectibility of human life. I have used the term 'realization' to indicate the immediate operation of the spirit; but perfectibility is not perfection, spiritual immediacy is not absolute finality. Perfectibility is our being made perfect. What I have called apperception of the spirit is in its infinite order as it were the beginning and not the consummation of spiritual consciousness or over-consciousness. We may think of it as the immediate intuition of a space-and-time transcending state in which the enigma of our complex and constricted existence is made certain of solution even at the first contact with it. It is made certain of solution, but it is not solved at once. For thereafter there is endless perfectibility; we will not call it growth or evolution or progress or by any term that can be confused with our time-determined notions, much less with our space-conditioned ideas. Spirit, however, is not to be conceived as spaceless and timeless in the sense of being incapacitated in time and space; it is their lord. All temporal and spacial potencies are inherent in it, for it creates them.

If spirit stands behind evolution, it equally stands in front of involution. There must be both push and pull for realization. The great stages or

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moments of biological evolution which we call animal and human are not found, in spite of all our scrutiny, to develope from one into the other without a break. They are different orders energizing on different causative levels, as they have been called; that is, a fundamentally new factor is brought on the scene when the higher level appears. Neither our observational nor our reflective knowledge can bridge the gap. This causality must be referred to something beyond them, to some power that makes and bridges the gap. And what else can this be but the creative spirit? It cannot be a blind life-push. It is rather that which ordains the discrete degrees of life for its own purpose. The animal and the human indeed seem involved in one another, rather than evolved from one another; they are insinuated into one another and compenetrate one another as it were. In man the higher level is ordained to draw up the lower into itself and re-order it. No form of animal life can improve itself and experience the life of reason which is the characteristic mark of man. But every form of rational life inherits or has bequeathed to it a potency that sums up or recapitulates all types of animal existence, modes of instinctual life, lustful and passionate energies, the lower nature of each man's private universe, which his higher nature has to subdue, tame and set in order and adorn—to sublimate and elevate. By the very fact that they are intensified and given immensely wider scope through commerce with the far more potent grade of intellectual life that marks the human order, these lusts and passions may degrade a man below the natural brute and make of him a fiend, an enemy of his kind, a traitor to his order, a monster in human form. It is a terrible fact of experience that

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human cruelty and cunning and self-seeking have no parallel in the rest of nature. What a ceaseless battle is it then to purify and harmonize this mighty potency of animal life so that it may be sublimated, elevated and transmuted into the virtues, graces and capacities that are the means of man's entrance into the spiritual order! It is an enigma indeed: for in some baffling manner the lower, the psyche, has hidden in it an excellency that the higher, the reason, lacks and which it seeks to find and unite with as its spiritual spouse. It is the priceless dragon-guarded pearl or the dragon-threatened maiden of the mystic myths. The will of reason purges the desires, converting them to aspirations, and has no peace till that perfecting love is found to which it can give itself utterly as the means of the fulfilment of its faith and the transmutation of its knowledge into wisdom.

And this will for good must surely be the spirit in man in travail to bring to birth the true Man, the joyous, glorious outcome of all the misery and pain and anguish which constitute the tragedy of human life. It is the mystic theme of the suffering god in all the saving cults. Those who have been blessed with vision of somewhat of the glory of this birth, this great awakening, declare that the joy of it outweighs infinitely the suffering that has to be endured. Inspired utterances will have it that the true Man is the very reason of the whole world-process, that Man is the image and likeness of God and is at once the universal seed and fruit. It is a declaration that utterly eludes the grasp of our comprehension. Our human intelligence craves for light; but if it is not tempered to its natural powers, it fascinates and dazzles or even blinds rather than illumines our understanding. The men of vision

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beyond the mind bring back reports of excellencies they cannot describe; they cannot hand them on to those without the vision. The building of a bridge between such vision and our normal experience is the 'great work' of the future. By normal experience I mean the range of consciousness conditioned by physical sense, the area within whose limits we can have general rational converse with one another and find ourselves at home with facts accessible to all. So far our science has been confined within these limits; but there are now many signs of a great change coming, heralding a new order of development. As an ever increasing number are beginning to be aware, there is a wealth of evidence for powers of sensitivity and apprehension of psychical conditions and states beyond the normal range of sense. These all doubtless fall within the scope of a larger mind than our hitherto restricted psychology has attributed to man. It seems then well-nigh certain that the science of the future will develop in this direction and penetrate to the vital side of things; in other words, as this extension of sensible experience becomes a more general possession, it will afford a new field of inexhaustible possibilities for the exercise of our corporate scientific understanding. It has been the habit of many to call all these states spiritual; they certainly are life-widening. But, however more nearly approaching to spiritual reality the higher may be, they never reach it; they are always asymptotic. Following the greatest of the mystics, I believe that, no matter how sensibly splendid the higher psychic worlds may be, the spiritual state proper is other. It is not limited by the I-mode of consciousness. The self-consciousness of spirit is immediate, whole-making, divinizing, superior to all

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states of process and passage, of time and space, succession and co-existence; it is causative of these and not dependent on them.

Here we are at the beginning of that perfection which, as an ancient wisdom-utterance has it, is the gnosis of Man; the end of which is the gnosis of God. It surely must be the impulse of the spirit that spurs on the human mind to soar to the contemplation of such ultimates and imagine that in some mysterious way Man is the measure of the universe. What courage, what audacity, of the mind thus to think, when it contemplates the vastitude of the world-order now brought within the range of physical sense by the aid of instruments that its intellect has so ingeniously devised! Here indeed we have a revelation of physical fact that no prior speculation of the mind has ever conceived of with any adequacy. Ecstatic utterances, mythological pronouncements, are jejune, and vague and vapoury beside the concrete facts now made accessible to the most unilluminated of us. Here we are, minute bodies on a little speck in space we call the Earth, and yet there are minds among us who dare to think a single human life is of more value than the whole quantitative show of things. The human ideal we try to envisage is qualitative through and through. But this mystic cosmic Man must presumably be far other than any ideal of him which our humanity can formulate. There are doubtless innumerable planetary humanities in the universe; nay, communities of higher grade, of solar dignity, indwelling in the lights of heaven. Where is the limit to the appropriate embodiment of spirit existent in aëry or æthereal grades of nature? Or to types of mind beyond the human grade, superpersonal to it, subsuming a

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manifold of personal minds, just as a human life binds into a unitary organism countless hosts of microscopic lives? Man as spirit, we may believe, will come to know such mysteries face to face; but as it is they are shut from our gaze. We try to pierce the veil of our ignorance, struggling to conceive of what may lie behind our I-hood. Theory wars on theory; and the interminable controversies of our philosophies and our theologies, the conflicting dogmas of the great world-faiths, show that there is a depth of the mind, a need of the heart, that remains unsatisfied with any world-view or God-idea that has been so far devised. Unless faith gives us confidence in some special revelation, our minds remain in a constant state of flux concerning these greatest of all questions. We seem to move in a vicious circle, to be for ever striving to project the little light we have, the little that we know about our own make-up and the show of things within our ken, on to the dark surround of our unknowing. Imagination thus conjures up a very similar constitution for the universe and even conceives of a God made more or less in the image of ourselves, in this most surely misinterpreting the men of vision beyond the mind. With all such conceits there is a love of truth lying deep within the reason of mankind that bids us be discontent. It is the motive power beneath the general movement of self-criticizing thought—a corporate, collective, rectifying impulse. I think that this impulse comes from the spirit equally with those high mystical experiences, which reason cannot originate, but which by the very law of its nature it must ever strive to reconcile and make consistent, not only with themselves, but with the bitter pain and tragedy of human life and the wide-spread suffering of

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living nature known to us. For in spite of all the world-pain, the spirit bids man have faith in a moral all-powerful, all-wise and all-loving God, and to believe that his destiny is at last to know God face to face and no longer to be the slave of ignorance, peering into the dark mirror of appearance, where all things are set forth for him in enigma.

G. R. S. Mead.

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THE CUP OF WINE SYMBOLISM OF THE LAST SUPPER.

ROBERT EISLER, Ph.D.

IN the preceding paper on 'The Broken Bread Symbolism of the Last Supper' (October, 1922) we were able to show that it was a Messianic self-revelation which the Twelve received through the breaking of the Passover *mazzah 'afiqomen* and through Jesus' words about this Messianic 'coming bread' being his body. The following pages are meant to show that the same mystic message was also imparted to them through Jesus' Messianic teaching about the 'vine of David.'

'Concerning the Cup' *The Teaching of the Apostles* (ch. 9) ordains the following prayer:

"We thank Thee, our Father, for the holy vine of David Thy servant, which Thou hast revealed to us though Jesus Thy servant. Glory to Thee in all eternity!"

This prayer—the primitive apostolic origin of which we have no reason to question—differs from the usual Jewish benediction on wine: "Praised be Thou, Lord, our God, King of the world, who createst the fruit of the vine."

It differs by the mention of a particular divine revelation through Jesus, the prophetic 'servant of God,' concerning the 'vine of David.' As we were able to show in the previous paper that the corresponding

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grace for the bread contains a peculiar prayer of Jesus pronounced over the *mazzah* Israel of the Last Passover-Supper, it is a legitimate supposition that the 'revelation' mentioned in the new Messianist grace for the wine was similarly received on the same solemn historical occasion.

Now commentators have never been able to explain satisfactorily what is meant by the 'vine of David,' although they have referred to every canonical and apocryphal text concerning a vine, and among them of course also to the right one.

As a matter of fact the words are simply a reference to the Psalter; 'David' means the Psalter. Among the passages containing a prophetic allegory about a vine, only Psalm 80 fits all requirements of the case. It is indeed very suitable for lection on Passover-eve, since it mentions the deliverance from the bondage of Egypt (v. 8), the 'bread of misery' (v. 5), eaten by the delivered people,—that is the very *laḥma 'ania* which is shown and ceremonially elevated at the beginning of the Passover *seder*, while praying for the reuniting of the lost Northern tribes with Judah (vv. 2, 3). Moreover it invites a Messianic interpretation on account of its superscription which the Greek version renders: '(Pointing) to the End (of Times).'

9 Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt;
Thou hast cast out the heathen and planted it.
10 Thou preparedst (room) for it, and didst cause it to take
deep root, and it filled the land.
11 The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the
boughs thereof (were like) the goodly cedars.
12 She sent out her boughs unto the sea and her branches
unto the river.
13 Why hast thou (then) broken down her hedges, so that all
they which pass by the way do pluck her up,

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17 burn her with fire, cut her down?
17b (Gloss) At the rebuke of Thy countenance may they perish!
14 The boar out of the forest doth waste her,
and the wild beast of the field doth devour her.
15 O Lord of Hosts, turn we pray Thee,
look down from heaven, behold and visit this vine,
16 And the place (or 'trellis,' *kanah*) which Thy right hand hath planted and the sucker (or offshoot, *ben*)
Thou madest strong for Thyself.
18 Let Thy hand be upon the man (*'ish*) of Thy right hand,
upon the son of man (*ben 'adam*) Thou madest strong for Thyself.[1]
20 O Lord, our God, turn thee, and let Thy face shine,
and we shall be saved.

The interpretation which this psalm must have received from Jesus, cannot be in any reasonable doubt. As in other familiar passages, the 'vine' is here clearly meant for the people of Israel, dug out from the soil of Egypt, implanted into the soil of Canaan, which had been cleared from the heathen. This is the vine which in the Solomonic reign had been extending its 'shoots' to the (Red) Sea on the one side and to the (Euphrates) River on the other. Later on the 'fence' of the vine, that is the walls of Jerusalem, is broken down, so that the magnificent growth is laid waste by the wild beasts of the field. In v. 16 God is implored to take care of a last remaining 'provine,' an offshoot[2]—figuratively a 'son' (*ben*) of the great vine—through which the parent destroyed plant, the former Israel, is to be regenerated. The

[1] Verse 19 is to be inserted between the verses of Ps. 78 9 and 10. It has nothing whatever to do with Ps. 80.

[2] This bending down of a vine-shoot into the earth—for convenience into the earth of a gardening pot—until it takes root and the subsequent severing of it from the original stock is the regular method of 'provining,' that is propagating, choice kinds of vine.

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parallel verse 18 shows that this 'son' (*ben*) of the vine is an allegory for the 'man' or 'son of man' (*ben 'adam*), whom God has chosen to restore His people, His 'vine,' as the 'new Israel of God' to its former wide-spreading glory, — an allegory for the Messiah. The authors of the Septuagint found the words 'son of man' already inserted—obviously as an explanatory gloss—in v. 18. This and the literal correspondence of the words suggest that the whole of verse 18 could be an explanatory paraphrase of 16. In any case this Messianic 'provine'—a vine growing out of a vase or bowl, so that it can be conveniently carried about—is frequently represented in early Christian works of art as well as in Jewish Passover-*haggadoth*. Most characteristic of these early Christian illustrations to Ps. $80_{15ff.}$ is a fresco in the Christian necropolis of the famous wine-producing El-Kargeh oasis, where the vine carries alternatively grapes and the ⁎ monogram of Jesus the Christ (IX).[1]

There is moreover, and there certainly was in Jesus' time, a tradition (*Baba Bathra*, 75b) that the wine for the Messianic Banquet of the Last Days has been stored up through the mercy of God since the days of creation, and that King David will then pronounce the blessing over a gigantic cup full of this pre-existent wine. The enormous vine bearing these thousand-grape bunches, thousands of them on its thousand branches, is described in the Syrian *Apocalypse of Baruch* (29_5) and in a corresponding saying of Jesus handed down by the Elder Papias (Iren. V. 33, 3) as a miraculous, but still physical plant,—a pre-existent faëry device, to provide the enormous quantities of wine

[1] C. M. Kaufmann, *Hdb. d. christl. Archeol.* (Paderborn, 1913), 292_2; *Ein altchristliches Pompei*, pp. 48f.

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for the chiliastic revelry of the Messianic Banquet as it was anticipated by the crude popular fancies of the time.

Quite different from these ideas is the 'sacred vine of David' as revealed through 'God's servant' Jesus according to the Eucharistic prayer over the cup in *The Teaching of the Apostles* (9$_{12}$), which I believe to go back to the very first generation of the Church, according to the corresponding passage in Cyprian's Epistle 69$_5$ and according to the words of Jesus pronounced over the cup in the Synoptic and Pauline writings.

In order to understand the original connection of these fragmentary words we must first remember the most important observation of Canon C. H. Box[1] that the wine in the cup, which Jesus bids the disciples 'divide among themselves,' which is 'poured out for them' (Lk. 22$_{19, 20}$), must have been shared somehow by the whole company; whereas now-a-days—and so far back as the testimony of the *haggada*-manuscripts goes—no cup of wine is 'poured out for many' during the Passover-service, and the guests do not 'share among themselves' the wine of any one of the four cups, over which the presiding householder has said the grace. Nobody drinks now-a-days out of the president's consecrated cup or receives any portion of it into his own.

On the other hand, the idea of certain modern expositors (*e.g.* Schmiedel, Schweitzer), that the words of Jesus refer to the pouring out of the wine from the jug or flagon—in Jesus' time and environment possibly the skin-bottle or the mixing-bowl—is totally incon-

[1] 'Jewish Antecedents of the Eucharist,' *Journ. Theol. Stud.*, 1902, pp. 360f.

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sistent with everything we know about Jewish table-manners; for no grace at all is or ever was said over a flagon, jug, skin or cask of wine. The rite of dividing a consecrated cup of wine among all the participants of a meal, which is so obviously presupposed in the gospels, is however still often observed and was observed at the initial consecration (*kiddush*) of wine at each sabbath or feast-day. Then the householder consecrates wine in the 'cup of blessing' (Gk. *potērion eulogias*, Heb. *kōs shel berākha*, Aram. *kusa de birkhta*) —and the whole family shares this 'eucharistic' portion of wine, although not necessarily from one cup. Jews, who object to using one cup in common, will bless wine in the householder's cup and then pour out from this usually very large and stately cup into the smaller cups of all the family members or guests round the table, the 'cup of blessing' being generally placed in the middle of a circle or 'crown' of all the other cups that are on the table.

Pesakh, 106a discusses—with strong disapproval —the case of one man, who drank of the *kiddush*-wine before the president had drunk of the consecrated wine, while the parallel passage in the Talmud of Jerusalem quotes the permission of R. Joshua b. Levi, who allows the guests to drink before the president of the table. The discussion—which has been thought hitherto to imply that each man round the table had his cup filled *before* the presiding elder began to consecrate the wine in his own drinking vessel—may quite as well, nay with more probability, presuppose that, after saying the blessing, the president fills the other until then empty cups with the now consecrated wine from the big *kiddush*-cup, and then only drinks the rest of the wine, so that the question arises, whether or not

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the other participants must be kept waiting till the presiding elder has drunk his portion.

Most probably the immediate participation in the contents of the *kiddush*-cup by drinking from it was restricted at an early date to the very simplest celebration in the narrowest family circle. This is quite natural, the *kiddush* being originally a family rite of each sabbath, when—in primitive circumstances—the family would probably be content to drink a small quantity of wine from one simple vessel of whatever shape. But the more elaborate Passover-banquet, with its four cups and at least ten participants, would soon encourage a more ample display of vessels, and a more ceremonial regard for the feelings of foreign guests, especially as it is the custom to set on the table whatever costly vessels the family possesses in memory of the naïvely amoralist legend about the gold and silver plate 'borrowed' from their Egyptian neighbours before the Exodus.

In the above-quoted traditions about the gigantic cup to be blessed by King David at the beginning of the Messianic Banquet, the cup is of course described as one of fabulous size, because the contents are supposed to be divided among all the righteous participants of this Banquet. On the other hand it would be quite senseless to imagine the Messianic King as using for himself alone such a super-cup, if each of the other guests had his own drinking-bowl filled directly from some cask or skin and not from the Messiah's own vessel.

Luke's "Take this and divide (it) among yourselves" and "This cup . . . . which is poured out for you" obviously imply that Jesus handed the blessed *kiddush*-cup to his disciples, probably for

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themselves to pour out the consecrated wine into their own drinking cups. We must not infer from Matth. 26$_{28}$, "Drink ye all out of it," and Matth. and Mk. 14$_{23}$, "They all drank out of it," that they must have drunk directly from Jesus' cup; for the original Aramean preposition *be* (or *min*) is quite vague and does not convey any other meaning but simply "Drink ye of it"—of the cup, of the wine in it. Indeed in the parallel sentence of Jesus, "I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine," Matth. 26$_{29}$ and Mk. 14$_{25}$ have *ek* (='out of'), while Luke 22$_{18}$ has *apo* (=of), which is more correct; for Jesus meant drink 'of' the product of the vine, not 'out of' any vessel,—both *apo* and *ek* being attempts at translating the vague and indifferent Aramean preposition *be* (or *min*). Had the disciples drunk directly from Jesus' cup, he could not very well have said that the cup had been 'poured out' for them. Finally, by drinking directly from the big *kiddush*-cup of the Master, none of the participants could have known whether he had drunk more or less than his share, an uncertainty which would be quite intolerable for a pious Jew, since the minimal size of the three, or later four cups, which *must* be drunk by each grown-up person on the Passover-eve, is exactly defined in ritual law.

This is probably the main reason why the handing round of the first or *kiddush*-cup is seldom or never practised now-a-days on Passover-eve, and why this custom is not mentioned in any official ritual book of the day, where the custom described is the filling of each cup separately before the president says grace aloud over his cup and drinks of it, together with the whole company who have each silently said the same grace

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over his own cup. But this was not always the case; for in 1839 F. Nork—who was a converted Jew and Talmud scholar—says in his *Rabbinische Quellen und Parallellen zum Neuen Testament* (Leipzig, 1839, cxli.): "The cup of wine which Jesus handed to the apostles is still now handed round on Passover-night by the householder to the members of his household."

In any case there is no intrinsic reason for following Canon Box in his assumption that the ritual of the Last Supper was not that of a Passover-supper, but that of an ordinary Sabbath-*kiddush*. The *kiddush* or consecration of wine is in fact—as Canon Box admits (pp. 362ff.)—an essential feature of each Passover-eve just as of any other holy-day evening service. It is considered so essential that the treatise *Pesakh* (102b f., 105b f.) prescribes that a man who has not more than one cup of wine, must use it for saying the *kiddush* over it: "For the consecration of the day is more important than its celebration." The modern difference between the sharing of the wine of consecration at an ordinary *'erebh shabbath* and the individual simultaneous drinking of it on Passover-eve was probably non-existent in the age of Jesus, who blessed the cup and handed it round to be poured out and its contents divided in the cups of the disciples.

There is no doubt moreover that the Jews expected the Messianic Banquet, itself the consecration of the great World-Sabbath, to be at the same time a Passover-supper. If Jesus blesses the *kiddush*-wine and divides it among his disciples, he acts in this as the *Messiah ben David*, the reborn king David of Messianic prophecy, and conforms to the Jewish expectation of the Messianic Meal being characterized as a Passover-supper by the use of four cups of wine. There is

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a highly interesting passage of *Midrash Rabba* (sect. 88, fol. 85, col. 4) which explains the fourfold mention of the cup in the Egyptian cup-bearer's dream of the marvellous vine (Gen. 40$^{11, 13}$) after mentioning the 'four cups of fury' which God will make Israel swallow, as follows:

"The Lord (blessed be He) will let us drink in the coming time [the Messianic future] *four cups of salvation* (*'arba' kosoth shel jeshu'ah*) as the Psalmist says: (16^{5}) 'The Lord is the portion of my inheritance and *my cup*'; and (23^{5}) 'Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies . . . *my cup* runneth over'; and (116^{13}) 'I will take the *cup of salvation* and call upon the name of the Lord.'"

This last verse certain Jews are wont to recite *sotto voce* before they begin to say the *kiddush* or the ordinary blessing (*berakha*) over a cup of wine. It is generally printed in small letters in the prayer-books. This is very important for our present purpose because *kos jeshu'ah* ('cup of salvation') can equally well be read *kos Jeshu'ah* ('cup of Jesus'), so that the verse offers an excellent point of departure for the discourse (*derashah*) of the Master, who sets out to teach his disciples that he is about to offer them as 'cup of salvation' the cup of his own blood, the '*cup of Jesus*,' the broken body, the blood of which is to be poured out through the Master's death on behalf of many. This symbolic action is performed at the very table of Ps. 23^{5}, which is prepared 'in the presence of his enemies' who have decided his death, in the presence of the one treacherous enemy, whose hand is on the Lord's own table (Matth. 26^{21}). Ps. 116^{13} is all the more appropriate as an opening of Jesus' Passover-discourse since the whole of it is read at the end of

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the Passover-*seder* during the so-called *hallel*, the reading of Pss. 113, 118 and 136—which is the 'hymn' sung according to Mk. 14$_{26}$-Matth. 26$_{30}$—, and since more than verse 13 of it seems to refer to Jesus' immediately imminent fate:

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me? I will take the *cup of Jeshu'ah* and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows now unto the Lord in the presence of all His people. Precious *in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.* O Lord truly I am Thy servant . . . . I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving."

Having blessed this first cup with the prescribed words, "Blessed be Thou, O Lord, our God, who hast created the fruit of the vine," and having thanked God for the deliverance of Israel from the Egyptian bondage in the words prescribed for the *kiddush* of feast-days, Jesus goes on to do what every renowned *rabbi* or *zadaq* even now-a-days would be expected to do on such an occasion;—he 'says *thora*' and adds a *derashah* (exposition) on the 'vine' and on the 'exodus' mentioned in the thanksgiving, quoting and explaining appropriate passages from the scriptures. His text was, according to the testimony of *The Teaching of the Apostles*, the above-analyzed 80th Psalm, the one passage, where both the vine and the exodus occur in close connection; and he must have explained the 'son,' the 'provine' of its v. 16, as being identical with the 'son of man' of v. 18. This Hebrew *ben 'adam*, however, is the Aramean *bar nash* of the Book of Daniel, Jesus' favourite term for the Messiah. And now comes the self-revelation of Jesus: I am the provine (*ben*), I am the 'son of man'—"I am the vine; my father is the husbandman" (Jn.15$_1$).

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I have no doubt whatever that these words of the fourth gospel were pronounced over the *kiddush*-cup of the Last Supper, even as the manna-*midrash* of Jn. 6, as we have seen, is Jesus' *derashah* over the 'bread of blessing' on the same occasion.

As wine was quite usually called the 'blood of the grape' it is with a natural transition of ideas that Jesus goes on to say: The 'vine of David'—we should say, the 'vine in Ps. 80'—being meant for myself, the Messianic 'son of man,' the *kiddush*-wine in this cup is *my blood*, the blood of *the Messiah*. And as I told you before (Mk. 8_{31}, 9_{31}, 10_{33} and parallels), this blood will be poured out—even as this cup of mine has been poured out for you—for the remission of sins, on behalf of many. How so? As it is written (Is. 63_2; Lam. 1_{15}; cp. Rev. 14_{19}), the Lord has said that he is going to tread the wine-press in the 'day of vengeance,' that he will tread down the people in his anger, tread down Judah as in a wine-press, gather the grapes of the earth and cast them into the great wine-press of the wrath of God, so that blood streams out of the wine-press. But the wrath of God will be *atoned* by the self-sacrifice of the Messiah, by the Messiah's shedding of the blood of the 'vine,' the blood of Israel, from his martyred body in the wine-press of the Day of Judgment. For all Israel is not only one *com-panion*-ship, but also one *con-sanguinity*.

"When the Lord calls his blood the wine pressed out from the many grapes and brought together into one, he signifies thereby the flock of our people which is bound together through the mingling of a unified multitude."[1]

[1] Cyprian, Ep. 69_5: "*Sanguinem suum vinum appellat de botruis atque acinis plurimis expressum atque in unum coactum, gregem item nostrum significat commixtione adunatae multitudinis copulatum.*"

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Therefore the bruising of the body of the Messiah in the wine-press of the Last Day, the shedding of the precious juice of his blood, which is 'consanguineous' with the blood of sinful Israel, the blood "*shed for many for the remission of sins*"(Matth. 26$_{28}$), may and surely will appease the wrath of the divine husbandman and wine-dresser.

ROBERT EISLER.

(The conclusion will follow in the next issue. We regret that necessities of space have compelled the omission of a very large number of references and learned notes.—ED.)

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SOME EARLY FEATURES OF ARYAN RELIGION.

K. N. SITARAM, M.A., Ph.D.

THE two great races of antiquity whose thoughts, dreams and speculations have influenced and still colour the religious thought of the major part of mankind were the Semites and the Eastern Aryans. So that the extant great religions of the world can be roughly divided into Semitic and Aryan. Ancient Semitic thought was the tree of which Judaism, Christianity and Islam are the branches; similarly ancient Aryan thought that of which the branches are Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism and Jainism. All these great religions are, if one may venture to speak symbolically, utterances of the Word of God and contain an outpouring of the divine goodness which has sustained them through the centuries and keeps them alive to-day. We might figure the Word of God as gentle drops of rain falling down at the various epochs of the world's history, in various lands, and collecting into streams of religious thought, coloured and modified by the genius of individual thinkers like Moses, Jesus, Mohammad, Zoroaster, Krishna, Gautama and Mahavira, and flowing along channels determined by natural and national characteristics. As all great rivers drain into the ocean and finally lose their individuality, so all great streams of religious thought flow into the ocean of eternal verity and lose themselves therein.

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The subject of this paper deals solely with the Aryan group. In this the chief faiths are Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism and Jainism. As the latter are related to original Hinduism in the same way as, say, Roman Catholicism, the Greek Church and Protestantism stand to Primitive Christianity, we might almost label them as Hinduistic. For among these ancient faiths Hinduism in its Vedic form is the oldest type of Aryan thought, out of which Zoroastrianism, Buddhism and Jainism arose owing to schismatic movements. They are all revolts from the parent faith rather than new developments. The resemblances between the usages, practices and thought of these four pre-eminently Aryan religions are very close, and mark them out clearly from the Semitic faiths.

The earliest ancestors of the Aryans must have lived in some very cold northern country, from which they trekked south, and the Asiatic branch settled on the north-western frontiers of India. Their life was mainly pastoral and nomadic, and the tending of cows and sheep formed their main occupation; their government was patriarchal. Later on they took to husbandry, and practised the simple arts of weaving, basket-making and pottery, and of course the manufacture of weapons of the chase and of war, even of war-chariots when they became acquainted with the horse and its use for battle or sacrifice. Being now more settled and having more to eat and leisure to think, the wise men among them began to sing hymns to the beneficent forces of nature which helped to nourish and keep them in comfort; they also collected their traditions and the experiences of the past. Part of these is still extant in the earlier hymns of the Ṛig Veda and in the Purāṇas. The magic, witchcraft,

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popular superstitions, rudimentary notions of the healing and destroying properties of herbs, plants and minerals, the folk-lore they acquired in passing through the various lands and peoples,—these are witnessed to in the early hymns of the Atharva Veda. At this period also their early notions of sacrifice were formulated and further developed. The technicalities of the sacrifice were reasoned out and elaborated, as may be seen still in the Yajur Veda.

A special class arose: the Ṛik-makers, and the practical conductors of the sacrifices. The sacrifices very soon ceased to be the simple offerings of flesh and grains and milk to the deities laid out on blades of grass (*barhis* or *barsom*) and accompanied by songs of praise composed on the spur of the moment or repeated from tradition, on the tops of high mountains or in the forest-clearings near the tribal settlements. The simple pressing of the juice of the *soma* or *haoma* plant, mixed with milk and offered to the deities, soon ceased also to be a family or domestic function and became an affair of the whole clan. The population began to take to special vocations. The ordinary people who cultivated the land or engaged in small handicrafts or petty trade or reared sheep and cows, became known as the Vesas, or the Vaishyas. Those who did the fighting, kept off the incursions of hostile tribes, and in turn raided their territory for purposes of plunder and cattle-lifting, were called the Kshatriyas. Those who attended to the spiritual welfare of the community, who encouraged the tribes to fight by narrating to them the deeds of their ancestors and singing war-songs, who disabled their opponents by incantations and spells, and brought victory and rain to their own clan by offering sacrifices and otherwise

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praying and propitiating the invisible powers, were called the Brahmans and the Atharvans.

The people of the conquered tribes, if they were non-Aryans, prisoners of war, or those degraded for crimes, and the uncivilized neighbours who did not come within the pale of rites and religion, became the Dasyus or the Shudras. Still the caste-system was not stereotyped in the iron mould which it assumed in latter-day India. A Seer (Ṛishi) could arise from a Kshatriya or a Vaishya family and be even the son of a Shudra mother. Some of the ancient Seers of India were so. Kakshivan, Narada, Satyakama Jabala, the celebrated Vyasa, Vidara and scores of others were the sons of Shudra mothers. We read also in the Purāṇas that several Kshatriya and Brahman families became degraded into Shudras or Vaishyas, and even into Chandalas. So also Kshatriyas like Viswamitra attained to the status of Brahmans. At this stage the sacrifices had come to play so dominant a part in the life of the Aryan community as to be excessive. Kings who had cash to spare and superfluous animals to be slaughtered, like Sudas, Purukutsa and Trasadasyu, engaged in huge sacrifices lasting for several days, and feasted whole tribes. The Brahmans rejoiced at this; for if the other castes got a good feed, they too got good sacrificial fees. The soma-drink excited them as it did their gods, their Indra, Mitra and Varuna, and songs flowed freely. One Seer emulated another: the Brahman caste began to specialize in hymn-making.

Perhaps even from the beginning a certain small but powerful part of the community would have nothing to do with sacrifices and tried to bring into contempt those who practised them. And now, not content with passive resistance, they began active rebellion. In this

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they were joined by the ancient inhabitants of the land, the Dasyus, and others who had no love for the rites or for the civilization of their dispossessors, the Aryans. A part of these, the Asuras or Purva Devas, slowly seceded from the general Aryan community and marched westward towards Iran or Persia; while a few of them still remained with the Aryans and went with them southwards when the latter entered the valley of the Five Rivers (Pancha Ap). In the western lands the revolted portion of the Aryan community came into contact with the civilization of the old Babylonian and other Sumero-Accad tribes, and imbibed from them new ideas, though they detested them as heartily as their own brothers, the Aryans of India. Nevertheless they could not rid themselves entirely of the ideas, thoughts, religious practices, and legends of the common life they had once shared. So they preserved the *soma* or *haoma*, the *barhis* or *barsom*, the *yajna* and the *yasna*, the ancestral worship of the Fire and the Sun, the system of initiation and investiture, as well as some of their common legends, as *e.g.* the story of the Flood, the origin of the world, some theories concerning a future existence, the story of Yama and his dogs, etc. Some among them still had chiefs bearing typical Indo-Aryan names like Dusaratta, and worshipped too the ancestral deities, such as Mitra, Varuna and the Nasatyas. They had now definitely separated themselves from the Indo-Aryans and settled in a country of their own, and their ancestral notions were undergoing rapid transformation. Their aversion from the Vedic sacrifices of their Indian brethren went on increasing, until at last the national wave of reprobation found a voice in one of the greatest of the Aryan Seers—Spitama Zarathushtra.

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This was a revolt by the lower and the productive classes of the community, like the agriculturists, farmers and shepherds, against the lavish waste and wanton plunder of their chiefs and priests. The revolt was voiced forth and headed by one who was an Atharvan or a priest himself, a Mobed. The origin of the revolt is most beautifully described in the Avesta.

Plunder and rapine had become rife in the land; the great oppressed the small and deprived them of their sheep and draught-oxen for the purposes of night revelry and sacrifice. Husbandry became neglected and the cultivator could not enjoy the land which he tilled with the sweat of his brow. Tyrants appeared everywhere and people perished. So the Ox-Soul or Gaush Urvan repaired to where the All-wise God Ahura Mazda sat high in the heavens, surrounded by his Archangels, the embodiment of his own good qualities. There the Ox-Soul told a piteous tale of his oppressors, how the land was plundered and laid waste. The Wise Lord listened to this piteous petition, and seeing the Fravashi or Angelic counterpart of Zoroaster bade him descend into the world, right its wrongs and make it more fit to live in. But Zarathushtra on seeing the condition of the world was very loth to undertake the difficult task. The Ox-Soul too did not wish him to be his protector, and told the Wise Lord that he wanted a strong man, a man who would fight both with his left hand and his right, and not a mere preacher—a holy man whose only weapon was the word. At last it acquiesced in the decision of the All-wise, and Zarathushtra too consented to shoulder the responsibility, and so was born as the son of Spitama Pourushaspa and his wife Dughdovi. At thirty he began his work of reform, after a period of preparation

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on the solitary tops of mountains devoted to fervent prayer and deep thinking. He reformed the ancient Aryan faith, interdicted the unnecessary slaughter of milch cattle and drunkenness, and put a stop to the nocturnal sacrifices. He retained, however, the primitive cult of the worship of Fire, Sun and Soma. Pomegranate twigs as less intoxicating were substituted for Soma, and the ceremonies were simplified to the minimum of detail and expense.

Even after these changes the people still retained the old affection for their time-honoured deities, to propitiate whom was the object of the sacrifices. So Zarathushtra to strike at the root of the evil proceeded to change the names of those deities who were most partial to the sacrifice into the names of devils, and to invent a pantheon of his own to replace the old one which he so ardently hated. The ancient deities were known by the general name of Devas or the Shining ones, derived from a Sanskrit root *div*=to shine. Zoroaster gave 'Deva' an exactly opposite meaning. The name of those who sacrificed to the ancient deities, Deva-yasnians, came to mean Worshippers of evil. Their chief god and leader Indra, or Satakratu, lord of a hundred sacrifices, became the demon Aindra, whose chief purpose in life was to dissuade the Zoroastrians from putting on their *kushti* and *saddar* so as to distinguish themselves from those who worshipped the old gods. Indra's chief title Vritrahan, or the slayer of the demon of drought, was taken from him, and Zarathushtra turned it into Verethragna and made it denote the genius of victory, whose mission was to cheer on the heroes in their fight for right. Verethragna appeared several times to Zarathushtra himself to cheer him in the difficult task he had undertaken.

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Sarva, the most prominent of the storm-gods and of the gods of destruction, to whom invocations are addressed under his other name Rudra in the Ṛig Veda, was converted also into one of the hexad of devils opposed to the good creation. Similarly Zarathushtra changed the meaning of Asura or Ahura, a word derived from *asu* = breath, spirit or life. He combined it with the title All-wise, Mazda, and elevated the term to denote the supreme godship of his pantheon—Ahura Mazda. In the early hymns of the Ṛig Veda, 'Asura' is applied several times not only to Vritra, but also to Indra, Varuna and Agni as denoting life or greatness and magnanimity. To Ahura Mazda were given also several of the attributes of Varuna—attributes which he had shed since he was deposed by Indra and sent to his home in the west. The chief among these was the guardianship of the moral order of things (*ṛita*). In later Hindu literature one can see the old vestiges of his former grandeur still clinging to Varuna. In the ancient story of King Harischandra, he is still the lord of truth and of the pledged word, and it is not a little significant that when the courtiers of the various rulers of the quarters are described in the Sabha Parva of the Mahābhārata, the Asuras of old, the ancestors of the Iranians, are one and all to be found only at the court of Varuna.

So the conception of Ahura Mazda was formed, and Zoroaster in his own characteristic way kept clear of the anthropomorphism of the Deva-yasnians, and described Ahura as one whose soul was truth and his body light. His archangels and helpers in the fight for the right, and those who formed his court, were his own good qualities, the Amesha-Spentas—such as Vohumano and Ashavahista. As opposed to these

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were Angra Mainyu and his evil qualities, personified as his archangels and helpers, who formed his court and were active in frustrating the intentions of the good creator or otherwise harming his creatures. In this Ahrimanic hierarchy were included Sarva and Indra. Angra Mainyu is probably the personification of Anger, the Manyu of the Angirasas. Now we read in the Indian version of the story that Angiras was the father of Bṛihaspati or Brahmanaspati, who is the very personification or the essence of the Vedic sacrifice. Later Bṛihaspati, from being a Vedic deity, an active adviser and helper of Indra in his work of destruction of the Asuras, became the Purohita or Preceptor of the Gods. The clan to which he belonged, the Angirasas, became deified also and it was numbered as one of the seven clans into which the deities became divided with Indra at their head; it was this caste that crowned Indra as lord of the worlds and poured the water of coronation over him. The old traditions preserved in the Brāhmaṇa and the Purāṇa literature lead us to suppose that the primeval Angiras must have been the greatest enemy of the Asuras and of their worship. So the primeval clan of Angiras, to whom probably the cult of Indra and the elaboration of the sacrifices were due, became in the eyes of Zarathushtra the very personification of evil—of night-revelry, sacrifice and the slaughter of milch cattle. Thus 'Deva,' which had originally meant a good and beneficent being, was changed to mean an evil power, and 'Asura' was substituted to connote all that was meant by 'Deva' before. Simultaneously with this change in Iran, the Indian Aryans too gave a bad odour to the word Asura and made it to denote an enemy of the Devas or sacrifices.

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And thus by the time of the Upanishads and the Bhagavad Gītā, Deva and Asura had exactly come to mean the opposite of each other and to assume the same duality of pointed opposition which they had in Iran. In the Gītā all good creation is called Devic and all bad is called Asuric. So one can roughly say that the definite split in the Aryan community took place just before the later hymns of the Ṛig Veda were composed and just after the earlier ones were finished.

Zarathushtra was a native of Rangha, and the nature of the country he lived in, the perennial springs of naphtha and bitumen which could keep a fire burning for long periods, the bitter winters, the scorching summers, had all their effects on a deeply meditative mind like his and left their marks upon the religion he reformed. Fire, the Atar of the Persians and the Agni or Atharvan of the Indians, was an entity to whom divine honours were paid and sacrifices offered even while the Aryans lived as an undivided community. Now the grandeur of the bitumen and naphtha springs, with their natural fires, the usefulness of fire, nay its very indispensableness in the cold Persian winters, made it the symbol of life. Zarathushtra continued to pay it divine honours and endowed it with divine attributes. Fire was holy; he elaborated the rituals of the fire-cult and forbade any unclean thing to be brought near it. Aramaiti or Earth too, was equally holy, and also Water. So he forbade any of these to be polluted. Since death was the work of Angra Mainyu and the most wicked of his actions and since the Druj Nasu was the greatest of all fiends, he ordered that none of the clean elements, fire, water and earth—the seats of life—should be polluted by death. Dead bodies were neither to be

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burnt, nor buried, nor thrown into water. They must be exposed on the tops of mountains and other high places, away from the haunts of men and cattle, left there with their faces turned towards the sun as in the ancient Aryan ritual, to decay from natural causes or to be eaten by carrion birds like vultures or eagles. This was the origin of the Dakkmas, or 'Towers of Silence,' the only method by which even to-day the descendants of the early Zoroastrians, the Parsis of Bombay, dispose of their dead.

Fire was worshipped in the various forms of fires, and the cult developed along similar lines to those it assumed in India; Atar became the most consuming and beneficent of all fiend-smiting agencies. If one reads the hymns dedicated to Fire in the Ṛig and the Atharva Vedas and the statements concerning it in the Zoroastrian Gāthās, one will be surprised to note the close resemblances.

But the crowning glory of the logical mind of Zarathushtra was not the duality of forces governing man and world—the direct result of Iran's climatic conditions—Ahura who creates good and only good, Ahriman who thwarts good and creates only evil, but his conception of a future life and the practical sanity of his system. As in Hindu tradition, so also in the Avesta, Yama was the first of mortals who died. His sister Yami corresponds to the Yimak of the Avesta, and his faithful dogs fulfil the same function in both religions. The bridge over which the dead pass to the other world—the Chinvat—is guarded by these dogs. As soon as a man is dead, his good actions and bad deeds are weighed in the scales by Rashnu. If the balance is on the side of the good, then he is met by his own good actions in the form of a most beautiful

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maiden, who leads him on to where the good fathers live and where Ahura rules. But if the account is on the debit side, then his own wicked actions assume the shape of an ugly, cruel, scolding old hag and drag him down to the world of punishment, where he is dealt with according to his own most savage conception of torture by Ahriman. But if they are equal, then the soul stays in a sort of purgatory till the dissolution of the world, when the Wise Lord pours a flood of molten metal over the creation. On the good this falls as gently and pleasantly as a bath of warm milk, but on the absolutely wicked it pours in all its fury in destruction and consumes them. When the man who has done good actions is brought before the throne of judgment, he may plead before the Wise Lord: My good deeds are so much, my bad actions only so much; the balance is good. Therefore bestow on me a glorious body, according to the contract. So the transaction appears to one when he reads the Avesta. It is all very practical, nay even a little too commercial. No wonder that the present-day followers of such a religion are one of the shrewdest and most practically minded of all the Indian peoples. Bad actions can never be wiped away by repentance or contrition, or by forgiveness of the Lord. If they are to be struck off the balance-sheet at all it is only by a credit of an equal amount of good actions. Of existing religions this conception is peculiar to Zoroastrianism. Hinduism and Christianity know the doctrine of divine forgiveness; but the doctrine of remission of sins is entirely unknown to Zoroastrianism. Man as long as he lives in enjoined to observe Humata, Hukta, Huvarshta—good or right thinking, word and deed—and to shun the opposites. Doing the former he encourages the good

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creation and strengthens the hands of Ahura and his creatures; doing the latter he helps Ahriman. A man is thus considered as living not for himself but for the whole community and creation. Thus of all the various peoples that inhabit India, the spirit of clanship and fellowship is specially strong among the Parsis, with the result that several of the problems which affect other communities, such as pauperism and prostitution, are practically unknown amongst them. In Zoroastrianism there is no celibacy, no monkdom. Idleness is positively discouraged and counted as the work of the devil, and man is enjoined to cultivate the earth with the right hand and with the left, and raise up a family of useful children. Western readers of the sacred literature of the Parsis may lose patience at some of the trivialities and the scruples of ceremonial purity enjoined therein; but none can deny that in the religion which Zarathushtra preached he gave utterance to the very soul of ancient Iran, which made the Persian Empire one of the greatest of antiquity.

The faith exercised a wide influence on surrounding religions. To Mithraism, for instance, one of its later offshoots, the Western world owed much. It was the form of faith which was the most potent rival to early Christianity. It even for a time sat on the throne of Cæsar, and made a bid to become the faith of the major part of Hither Asia and Europe, establishing its Mithræa wherever the Imperial forces were stationed.

A study of the books of the Zoroastrian faith leaves with a student of comparative religion a feeling of freshness and active vigour. Before his mind's eye there stands out as its supreme symbol the purest of all the gifts of God to man—Fire, aglow with work and charity and purity; and he bids a most unwilling

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good-bye to the books with the three words, Humata, Hukta and Huvarshta, ever ringing in his ears.

The Aryan faith which is the parent of all the other Hinduistic faiths, the oldest of all, is what is generally known as Hinduism. It is the religion of the great majority in India to-day and of some of the surrounding islands. One might almost say that Hinduism is still the faith of a fifth of the human race. If Buddhism were also included in Hinduism, as well it may be, for it is only a schism from it, just as is Protestantism from Catholicism, it could claim as adherents well-nigh half the human race. Now let us then see what Hinduism proper is.

Hinduism can be defined only by negatives. It is like the Vedantic conception of the Supreme Spirit or Brahman. If a Vedantic Brahman of modern India were asked to define Brahman, he would say that It can be defined only by negative attributes. He will reply to all your questions: No, no, and finally he will say that It is without any attributes. So also Hinduism can be defined only by negating other forms of belief, and by saying that it is not Animism, not Jainism, not Buddhism, not Zoroastrianism, not Islam, not Christianity. No religion is so difficult to define, and it is the only great faith which has no founder. The primitive Hinduism which one may call Vedism consisted in worshipping and offering sacrifices to the chief manifestations of Nature. This worship of the elemental powers the Aryan forefathers of the modern Hindus brought down with them from their ancestral home, and their religion had much in common with the faiths professed by the ancestors of the present Aryan European races. The European group gave up the faith of their fathers when Christianity conquered

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Europe, while the Indians clung to the main tenets of the faith of their ancestors. Though they changed and spiritualized it much in theory, they have still retained the main principles of their tradition in spite of the ravages of Islam and Christianity, and evidences are not wanting that they will cling to it more firmly than ever. For if any one religion is suited to the climate and nature of the country, and the temper and genius of the race, it is Hinduism. Persecutions, wholesale massacres, ruthless foreign invasions and vandalism, reiterated from century to century, have only driven the roots deeper into the soil. Branches have budded out of the main stem and Buddhism has spread its cooling shade and peace throughout Asia and far into the islands of the Pacific and the Indian Oceans.

Hinduism can be aptly compared to a banyan tree. The parent tree sends down its tender shoots, and these after a time grow into new and vigorous trees. However distant it may be from the parent tree it still is attached to it and draws sap and nutrition from its main source. Even so with Hinduism. The shoots of the parent tree, which developed into vigorous young banyans, are the sects. Some eventually wither, some are cut down, but still others grow to take their place; they all draw their nutriment from their fond parent, and are her children.

The Ṛig Veda is the oldest book of the Aryan race. In it one can see the vigorous Aryan mind tackling the problems that confronted the community, their earliest ideas of mythology, cosmogony and theology, and the story of the deeds and achievements of some of their ancestors. The Ṛig Veda is essentially the book of the priest and the warrior, and in it one can see the early workings of the ancient Hindu mind—

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the mind that gave to the world the Upanishads, the six systems of philosophy, the Gītā and Buddhism, and whose thoughts have brought consolation and peace to teeming millions in Asia. Since the Rig Veda is primarily a religious book, a book of ritual songs, we are able to see clearly only one side of the ancient Aryan mind—namely, the religious.

In it the main outlook on life is one of triumphant cheerful optimism. Indra, Agni, Brahmanaspati, Soma and Vishnu are the deities who claim the largest number of Riks. Varuna, at first the moral guardian of the world, he who binds men with his noose in consequence of their sins, whose eyes, the sun and the stars, watch over men and note their most private deeds, who planned and established the eternal order of Nature, becomes neglected slowly in the later hymns. Probably Varuna represented the setting sun, sinking into the waters after his day's work, as well as the solemn star-spangled sky. Since Varuna's abode was in the West, in the ocean, and as he returned there after travelling over the earth, so the early mind of the Aryans associated the West with death and said that their forefathers went to live in the place where King Varuna lived. But soon his guardianship of the dead was also taken away from Varuna, and entrusted to a new guardian of the quarters, Vivaswan, the son of Yama. This change is definitely complete in the later hymns of the Rig as well as in the Atharva Veda. Yama, the Yima of the Avesta, is, according to both versions, the first man that died—he who formed or laid out the way by which the fathers of the righteous dead travel to join him and rejoice with him.

Just as Varuna symbolized the setting Sun and

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the gorgeous awe-inspiring midnight sky spangled with stars, so Indra symbolized the morning Sun—the Sun who arose in the pride and haughtiness of youth and vigour to conquer the world and smite the Asuras. He was the son, the child of Earth and Sky. His mother, in later tradition, was Aditi, the Earth. He was originally probably a man, an Aryan hero who instituted the sacrifices and performed such a large number of them as to be known as Satakratu. The later Hindu tradition says that anyone who performs a hundred Ashvamedhas or horse-sacrifices without a flaw can hope to become an Indra after the tenure of the present incumbent is over. The Buddhist tradition too, as echoed in the Jatakas, gives a similar human origin to Indra. Now Indra, symbolized as the morning Sun, is the personification of the Élan or the Afflatus of the invading Aryan—the spirit which made them do their deeds of valour and heroism, destroying the castles and the cities of their opponents, the Asuras and the Dasyus. Hence his description is very human. In him one can see reflected as in a mirror all the virtues and vices of a typical Aryan conquering hero. He is the great friend of the Aryan community and cuts off the head of Vritra, the demon of drought. Thus he becomes the lord of the storm-clouds; his helpers are the Maruts, or the Storm-winds, and he pours down the most welcome rain, on a soil parched and cracked with heat, as Parjanya. Anyone who has been in India and witnessed the bursting of the monsoon over the vast plains of Hindustan after months of the most terrific heat, cannot fail to admire the early outpourings of the Vedic Seers concerning the deeds and achievements of Indra.

Agni, or Fire, is praised in both the ancient Aryan

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religions. Though he was considered very important by the Indians, and described as the mouth of the Gods, as being the sacrificial intermediary between them and man, his personal attributes and anthropomorphic description sit very lightly on him.

To the intoxicating beverage *soma*, the *haoma* of the Avesta, the whole of the eighth book of the Rig Veda is dedicated. It was brought down from the Himalayas (Mount Munjavat). Its stalks were soaked in water, then pressed, and the golden yellow juice was mixed with milk, offered to the deities and drunk by the Brahmans. Later on Soma became transformed into the Moon, regarded as the seat of the drink of immortality. That Soma-drinking did not satisfy everybody is clear from the Frog Song of the Rig Veda, in which it is parodied and the intoxicated Brahmans who sing the hymns to it are compared to croaking frogs.

The most beautiful of all are the Dawn-hymns. Dawn is described as a blushing bride, or as a dancer. The priests exhaust their imagination in depicting her loveliness, and naturally enough in a climate like that of India, where the dawns are so intoxicatingly beautiful. There are only a few hymns to Vishnu. But later on he deposes Indra and the rest of the deities of the Vedic pantheon. Taking to himself the attributes of Nārāyana and Krishna, he now rules supreme over the Hindu pantheon, his only serious rival being Shiva. Brahmanaspati, the spirit of prayer, has also a few *suktas*; but he, as well as the later-day Brahmā, was too cold and formal for the warm Indian nature, passionately fond of personalities to whom they can cling and pour out their hearts.

In the Rig Veda we can dimly discern the early

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speculations concerning life, death and after-life, conceptions which were developed to their logical conclusions by the Upanishads, the later Purāṇas, Buddhism and Jainism. In it too are to be found the earliest notions of the Aryans concerning cosmology. But far the most important of the hymns of the Rig Veda, from the point of view of a student of sociology, is the Purusha Sukta, which describes how the world arose from the sacrifice and also for the first time mentions the four castes.

The Brahmans, or the intellectuals, thinkers and priests, arose from the face or the mouth of Brahma; the Kshatriyas, warriors, rulers and politicians, arose from his arms; the Vaishyas, agriculturists, herdsmen and traders, arose from his thighs; and the Shudras, small cultivators, general servants and unskilled craftsmen, rose from his feet. Thus symbolically described, all are the sons of the same creator, and have to practise their own respective *dharmas* or duties, so that the whole Aryan body politic may be happy. Of these the Brahmans were always numerically and financially the least important, but by their intellectual powers they rose sheer above all the others. They were disciplined to lead a very virtuous and austere life, so as to look after and guide the general welfare of the community. They did most of the thinking, prayed and sacrificed to the national gods and heroes, kept alive the national traditions and heroism, and in times of stress and difficulty were the chief advisers not only in spiritual but also in temporal affairs. The chief among them generally lived in scattered dwellings in the midst of the forests or forest-clearings, or on mountain slopes or the banks of the sacred rivers. Here in these retired hermitages, or Ashramas, surrounded by their

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disciples, they thought out and legislated for the welfare of the general Aryan community, evolved their systems of philosophy or the principles of a practical good life, elaborated the rituals of sacrifice and kept the sacred lamp of learning burning steadily. They ordained that just as the community was divided into four castes, so the stages of a man's life should be divided into four. First was the Brahmachārī stage, when the boy was invested with the symbol of a grown Aryan, the sacred thread. In this stage the youth was bidden to keep clear of women and intoxicants and stimulants in any form, and live the plainest and simplest life, sleep on the ground, eat the coarsest food, practise self-control, and devote his time to learning the various arts and sciences. After this period of Spartan discipline he was permitted to marry and settle down to the life of a householder and citizen—Gṛihastha. In this stage he had to perform the daily five sacrifices, see to the welfare of ancestors, parents and relatives, bring forth children, preferably sons, to serve the deities and the invisible powers, and be the mainstay of wandering teachers, students, of the lower classes, the diseased, the infirm, feed the animals and see that even the very devils and goblins did not die of starvation. In fact he was to be charity and humanity personified. After playing this useful *rôle* of citizen and father, he might retire to the forest along with his wife. Here in the forest-dwelling, away from the bustle and the haunts of men, he was enjoined to be strictly ascetic and bid good-bye finally to the riches and the creature comforts of the world, never to think of them again, but spend his life in good deeds and good thoughts, and in the exercises of religion. He was to be the friend of all the forest-creatures, and

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not dream of killing animals even in thought. His food was generally uncooked and strictly vegetarian. He was to burn out of himself by self-control and the practise of yoga, the three passions that lead to hell—namely lust, anger and avarice. When this stage was reached, he might leave his hut of leaves in the forest, and become henceforth a wandering Bhikshu, Sannyasi, Yati, or Muni. In this, the last stage of his earthly career, he bade farewell to the sacred household fire and to his sacred thread. He assumed the yellow robe, made generally out of bark and dipped in madder, plaited his hair smeared with the juice of the banyan tree, and carried the staff and water-pot of a solitary. He was practically dead to the world, and had no longer friends or relatives, sons, daughters or wives. These now all belonged to a former existence (*purva ashrama*). He had become the friend of the whole world of creatures—a Viswamitra—and wandered from place to place, not staying anywhere for more than three days, and was maintained by pious householders or lived on the roots and fruits and herbs of the forest. He preached and taught the people the general principles of abstinence, mercy and charity, emphasized the importance of non-killing (*ahimsa*), and cured the sick and ailing by means of his forest-simples or by his prayers. When the time came for him to depart this life, he united the vital breaths and freed them sitting in the posture of Samādhi. A virtuous and self-disciplined ascetic could die almost at will by this yogic process.

Thus the ancient Hindus invented a system perfectly suited to their genius, a system of life free from cruelty, self-aggression or inhumanity—a system in which there was the least scope or excuse for hypocrisy,

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at least in the early stages of its experiment. Wanton cruelty and rejoicing in the pain and misfortunes of other creatures which Westerners call sport had no place in the system. If the Kshatriyas hunted, it was only for the purposes of food or to keep animals from destroying the crops of the villagers. If the Brahmans offered sacrifices it was only to propitiate their gods, for the requisite rains, or for the general prosperity of the community. They ate the remains of slaughtered victims so as to prevent waste, otherwise there was hardly any meat-eating; the staple food of the people at large consisted of grains, milk and vegetables.

To-day the majority of Hindus acknowledge Vishnu or Shiva in one or other of their numerous manifestations as their God and Saviour, and the modern Indian philosophy of life can be explained in a few sentences. They hold, just like the Buddhists and the Jains, that the present life is not the only life lived by man; it has been preceded by others, and will be followed by others hereafter. This body is the result of Karma or of actions in a previous birth or series of births. If a man has been good and virtuous in the past, he is born in this existence into fortunate conditions. But if he has been wicked, he takes birth as an animal, or is born into a poor or unvirtuous family and suffers from disease and misery. No action can go unpunished. Before he is born again on the earth he spends a period in heaven if he has done good, until his store of good is exhausted; or if he has done evil, he works it out in hell.

The Buddhists and the Jains borrowed their theories of punishment and reward from the Hindus, as well as their notions concerning Karma, transmigration, the various regions into which heaven and

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hell are divided, etc., and also a large part of their ideas concerning cosmogony, geography, and ancient history. Jainism is slightly older than Buddhism, and clings more closely to its parent Hinduism than does the latter. Both arose as revolts against the Hindu theory of caste, of sacrifice, and of the supremacy of the Vedas as the revealed word of God.

I have unfortunately no space to deal even in the briefest manner with their origin and development, but enough has been said to show that all the Hinduistic faiths are the children of the same mother and have distinct characteristics which mark them out from the Semitic faiths.

K. N. SITARAM.

(Read at a Meeting of the Quest Society, November, 1922.)

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BLAKE'S IMAGINATION.

R. M. P. Muir, M.A.

Blake was in frequent communication with the living spirits of the past. He talked with Elijah and Ezekiel. He met ancient Kings of England. He would ask questions about their writings of Milton and Shakespeare. It was not an unusual thing for him in a walk to see a tree full of angels. The means of printing his prophetic books was told him by his deceased brother, Robert Blake. All his writings, he said, were only what he had heard from the folk of another world. There is a large and essential difference, however, to be noted between the connexion of Blake with the transcendent world and the modern attitude. His visions were mental visions, seen not with the eye but through the eye. That was one of his favourite expressions. They appeared to the imagination only, and what Blake meant by the imagination it is a purpose of this paper to examine. The modern attack upon the unseen world is an attempt to imprison it within the five senses.

Sir A. Conan Doyle photographs fairies (surely he must use a Brownie camera). At *séances* spirits materialize. They speak by means of tables. The adventure of spiritualism to-day is the quest to make the spiritual world submit to material proof. To Blake this proceeding would have been contemptible. He saw his spiritual world with the eye of imagination. Once he saw a ghost. He met it on a staircase. He

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ran away from it frightened, and hoped never to see a ghost again. "A ghost," he said, "was a thing seen by the gross bodily eye, a vision, by the mental."

Poetic genius, imagination, mental sight were descriptions by him of the same thing. A child drawing does not copy outward objects. He copies things which he sees in his imagination. As he grows older his imaginative world becomes less real, and the place occupied by the material world grows larger. He has playmates who are very real to him, but they are not seen by the bodily eye. He meets lions. He conquers dragons. He explores cities in which the houses are of gold, the pavements of silver, and the gates ornamented with precious stones. Pirates answer to his call, and he sails away with them on perilous seas. They vanish as he tires of them. His humour changes and he becomes a lion devouring Christians in a Roman circus; or he will be playing at Adam and Eve; or he will be snorting with rage at the stupidity of the world.

The school curriculum deadens this faculty of imagination unless the child is strong enough to survive being educated. The poets were generally miserable at school. Blake never went through a school education. His father allowed him to go his own way.

As Blake's genius develops, a difference between his imaginative faculty and that of most poets becomes marked. Poetic genius more and more came to mean to him the means of receiving ideas and visions from another world. The difference lies not in the faculty itself but in the material with which it is dealing. Out of the world of nature the poets create their shining countries. Watching nature, listening to it,

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entering into its life, is an essential element of their existence. Blake went further away from nature as he grew older. In a note on Wordsworth he wrote: "Natural objects always did and do weaken, deaden, and obliterate imagination in me."

"His forms," writes Mr. Roger Fry, "are the visible counterparts to those words like *the deep*, *many waters*, *firmament*, *the foundations of the earth*, *pit*, and *host*, whose resonant overtones blur and enrich the sense of the Old Testament."

Blake lived with his wife in a many-coloured tent made of the substance of his visions, weaving tapestries which showed, in figures strange and terrible and beautiful, his dreams and prophecies. The psycho-analyst exhorts persons to leave the world of imagination and live among realities. Madame Montessori trains children to tie their bootlaces scientifically rather than to look for the footprints of elves. Blake would have been violent towards them. "He's a blockhead who wants proof of what he can't perceive. And he's a fool who tries to make such a blockhead believe," runs one of his sayings.

Francis Thompson has set forth the poet's experience of the reality of imagination. He distinguishes between the reality of the artist's ideal and the reality of an objective image such as a painting. "The one exists externally and the senses are cognizant of it; the other within his spirit and the senses can take no account of it. Yet both are real, actual. If there be an advantage, it is not on the side of the painting; for in no true sense can the image be more real than the thing imaged."

The sight of an urn, the voice of a skylark, the revisiting the banks of the Wye, arouse the poet's

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mind. There is born within it an idea, and this he expresses in poetry. Colour and light stimulate the artist. There arises within his mind the picture which he expresses in paint. Idea and picture are a new thing. They are not a copy. They are a creation vibrant with life. The painting of the picture defines the reality of the original idea. Now the outward objects which excite the poetical mind are themselves the expression of the Omnipotent Poet. If the conceptions of a poet try to answer to the original conceptions which made the stars flame and the eyes of the tiger burn, if his insight seeks to penetrate to the knowledge of the secret spirit whose life is in the centre of all things, then he is the mystical poet. Blake claimed that the poetic creations which he saw with the imaginative eye were the innermost souls of men and things. He sees an image of the Ancient of Days, and his graver traces huge lines upon the copperplate. Conceptions of time and death light his mind, and his pencil is obedient to his mental motions. A fairy form springs into the air from a laughing and singing valley, and he catches the song within jubilant verse and the shapes within living lines. The outgoings of the morning and the evening march before him, and their spirit designs and colours the white paper in his hands.

A wrong to a child, the sneaking voice of a hypocrite, the sale and profanation of art, the conventional drone and underlying cruelty of reputable people, a great town's daily massacre of innocents, such evils his imaginative mind views against a background of struggle between principalities and powers and spiritual hosts in the heavenly places; and the lightnings of those battles, and the noise of the tumult,

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and the war-cries of the hosts, and the hidden meaning of the fury, take shape in those figures grotesque and terrible, in that language inspired and at intervals light-filled, which compose the prophetic books. And above the wild figures, above the fierce anguish, there keeps occurring the singing voice of a soul clapping its hands as it flies in undulating joy towards the day-spring which is on high.

"The art of painting," wrote a painter, "is the art of imitating solid objects upon a flat surface by means of pigments." Blake would write against those words "liar." "Poetry," he said, "consists in bold, daring and masterly conceptions; and shall painting be confined to the sordid drudgery of facsimile representation of merely mortal and perishing substances, and not be, as poetry and music are, elevated into its own proper sphere of inventive and visionary conception."

"Blake's art," I am quoting from Mr. Roger Fry, "makes the plea for art that it is a language for conveying impassioned thought and feeling which take up the objects of sense as a means to this end, owing them no allegiance and accepting from them only the service that they can render for the purpose."

Blake's drawings, then, are not attempts to represent, accurately, external objects of nature. They aim at presenting a most accurate picture of spiritual truths, of the souls which inhabit material things—a most accurate picture, I wrote deliberately. Every line in his drawings has a meaning. To make a stroke with his graver which had no purpose was with him the worst of sins. If he wished, he could draw the figure of a man correctly, that is according to the standard of the ordinary drawing school. Sir Joshua

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Reynolds in his discourses stated that one must learn to draw correctly what one sees, then one may draw correctly what one imagines: and Blake approves of that saying. "Servile copying is the great merit of copying." "The bad artist seems to copy a great deal, the good one does copy a great deal." These are two of his sayings. This stage in the art corresponds to learning the alphabet and grammar. "Practice and opportunity," he says, "very soon teach the language of art. Its spirit and poetry centred in the imagination alone never can be taught; and these make the artist."

Now it is not easy for us to appreciate Blake's paintings, because we have gone so far from the truth into a false materialism. We have to go back along the wrong road till we reach the point where it left the highway. Blake is right and we are wrong. We must get rid of the realism, as we falsely call it, in which we are caught. Dolls exactly like babies, dolls' houses with gardens the lawns of which are of real grass, the demand for full historical accuracy in stage-plays, the advertisement which lures us to a Shakespeare play by assuring us that at the wreck depicted in the first scene the tossing waves really are salt, the deadening care for correctness in ecclesiastical ritual, portraits whose eyes open, these things are signs of our error: and the extent to which it has gripped us will be the measure of our difficulty in understanding Blake's art.

Your remark on first seeing a Blake drawing—a most poetic occasion—will probably be: "What the deuce is this?" You will see figures of men and trees and sheep and dogs such as never met your eyes before. You must ask yourself what impassioned thought and feeling he is trying to convey by the lines.

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Remember "he takes up the objects of sense as a means to this end, owing them no allegiance and accepting from them only the service that they can render for the purpose." Study his illustrations of the morning stars singing for joy, or of the young man putting the world right. Go to Blair's Grave, and see his drawings of the death of the evil man and the death of the just man, and of the Day of Judgment. Their impassioned thought and feeling communicate themselves at once to the beholder. These will put you in the right way of understanding Blake's pictures. You will find that others of them, which at first baffle you, will begin to declare themselves. Your imagination will awaken and you will escape from the shadows of so-called realism. Art is a symbol, and the only thing that matters in art is that the symbol should fittingly describe the thoughts and emotions of the artist.

Blake's art awakens within one instincts and longings which the ugliness and sordidness of the industrial system have tried to smother. The stupid things that rich people call wealth, and the deadening things which they consider good enough for the poor, have imprisoned the imagination, have degraded the human spirit; but, thank the gods, that spirit is now rebelling. It calls aloud for spiritual truths. It calls for freedom and beauty. It demands life, more life.

Two of Blake's sayings give a clue to the purpose which compelled him to the great labour of producing his prophetic books:

"I must create a system, or be enslaved by another man's. I will not reason and compare. My business is to create." And "grandeur of ideas is founded on precision of ideas."

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Blake's precision is, to most men, bewilderment. It is an imaginative and emotional, not a rational, precision. The prophetic books tell of conflict round a city which is being built by mental effort, by poetry and music and art. "Let it be remembered," he wrote, "that creation is God descending according to the weakness of man." Accordingly man through his artistic faculties must be ever creating; thus he expresses the God within him, and so will build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. "In minute particulars life must be made beautiful and graceful and vital by imaginative significance, and all worthy things, all worthy deeds, all worthy thoughts are works of art or imagination."

The battle between the builders of this city and their enemies is waged with fury and flame. Blake did not believe in a gradual extension of good over evil. He sees the two opposing forces intermixed, and he labours to make clear the distinction. "But still I labour in hope, though still my tears flow down, that he who will not defend truth may be compelled to defend a lie."

The two chief enemies are repression and reason. "Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires." He held it better for men to break all the commandments than to sink into a dead compliance. Better any form of imaginative evil, any lust or hate, rather than an unimaginative good. By reason he meant conclusions which were drawn only from facts known by the five senses. His emphasis upon the imagination was needed in his time, and his face gave light. It is not fair, however, to defend him by arguing that he only despised reason in so far as it confined itself to material supplied by the senses. He

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had no use for logic. One can say in his favour—if it is in his favour—that in this respect he was thoroughly modern. To-day logic does not count. Experience is everything. "Does it appeal?" is the test of truth. Mr. Chesterton has said that what is called the modern desire for freethought really only means the desire to be free from thinking.

There is a splendid saying of his, which shall end this tribute of appreciation; it ought to be hung up in every room where philanthropic committees meet: "He who would do good to another must do it in minute particulars. General good is the plea of the scoundrel, the hypocrite and flatterer."

R. M. P. Muir.

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IKHNATHON AND BOLSHEVISM.

ALEXIS ALADIN.

BY way of an illustration of 'antecedents' and 'consequents' of the feeling of living connection of the individual with the Central Source, I venture to give an interpretation of the life of Amenhotep IV. of Egypt (Eighteenth Dynasty, 1375-1358 B.C.).

Heir to the throne of Imperial Egypt at its maximum of power and brilliancy, Amenhotep was educated in the religion of Amen. The very name shews it, for Amen-hotep = Amen-rests.

Amen, the Hidden One, Father of Gods, had in the conception of his worshippers neither equal, nor second, nor like. Among many other names he was called 'One of oneness.'

The greatest *manifestation* of Amen, visible and present to our senses, was the sun, with its life-giving rays; hence the cult of Amen under the form of Amen-Ra, who "seeth the earth hourly" (words of Thutmose III.).

Amenhotep IV. came to the throne young and inexperienced. A dreamer by nature, he was endowed with high intellectual powers and poetical imagination. Brought up under the influence of his mother, Tiy, and a favourite priest, Eye, he plunged heart and soul, with all the energy of youth, into the intellectual abyss of analyzing the theological conceptions of the creed of his fathers. As is natural with a young man, with a heart still untried by deep feelings and passions, he gave supreme prominence to 'reason,' the *nous*

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pathēticos of Aristotle, limiting in the formula of modern psychology—"from the senses to the imagination and from this to the intellect"—the meaning of the word 'senses' to 'external senses.'

In the light of this formula Amen, the Hidden One, inaccessible to the external senses, disappears altogether; as to the manifested Amen-Ra, of him remains only the visible disc of the sun, accessible to our external senses. The disc of the sun, the material sun, was known to the predecessors of Amenhotep IV. under the name of Athon, and Athon was proclaimed the supreme deity.

But the *nous pathēticos*, the reasoning and philosophizing process, of the young monarch was working on the ground of the deep religious belief of his forefathers. Therefore his own conceptions *appeared to him as a revelation coming from above*: "It was known in my heart, revealed to my face, I understood," says he, instructing his vizier in the new faith.[1]

This 'revelation' was so strong in the soul of the King, that he assumed the office of the High Priest and began the tremendous work of changing the established and highly developed religion of his fathers.

Athon, the name of the new supreme deity, was known before; perhaps even his symbol, "a disc in the heavens, darting earthward numerous diverging rays which terminate in hands, each grasping the symbol of life" (*op. cit.*, p. 361), existed before, at least in its rudimentary form. But the whole of the ceremonial had to be created anew, hymns to be written, music composed, temples and shrines to be built, a priesthood formed and instructed, opposition to the new creed to be met and overcome.

[1] James Henry Breasted, *A History of Egypt* (London, 1921), p. 360.

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The easiest part of the task was 'the hymns.' The originator of the new revelation was a poet himself; and he composed really beautiful hymns, two of which are preserved cut on the walls of the tomb-chapel.

The most difficult part of the task was to meet and to overcome the opposition to the new creed. The King was young, and the struggle was bound to be bitter, as the new religion was a product of the reasoning mind from the external senses, lacking the discerning feelings of the internal 'heart'[1] perceptions, lacking in all-embracing love and mercy.

The King was young, his energy unimpaired, his power almost unlimited.

"He resolved upon radical measures. He would break with the priesthood and make Athon the sole god, not merely in his own thought, but in very fact; and Amen should fare no better than the rest of the time-honoured gods of his fathers. It was no 'Götterdämmerung' (Twilight of the Gods) which the King contemplated, but an immediate annihilation of the gods. As far as their external and material manifestations and equipment were concerned, this could be and was accomplished without delay. The priesthoods, including that of Amen, were dispossessed, the official temple-worship of the various gods throughout the land ceased, and their names were erased wherever they could be found upon the monuments. The persecution of Amen was especially severe. The cemetery of Thebes was visited, and in the tombs of the ancestors the hated name of Amen was hammered out wherever it appeared upon the stone. The rows

[1] "Intep, the Court Herald of Thutmose III., states on his tombstone that he owed his successes to the guidance of his 'heart,' to which he listened implicitly; and he adds that the people said 'Lo! it is of the god which is in every body'" (*op. cit.*, p. 358).

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on rows of statues of the great nobles of the old and glorious days of the Empire, ranged along the walls of the Karnak temple, were not spared, and the god's name was invariably erased. Even the royal statues of his ancestors, including the King's father, were not respected; and, what was worse, as the name of that father, Amenhotep, contained the name of Amen, the young King was placed in the unpleasant predicament of being obliged to cut out his own father's name in order to prevent the name of Amen from appearing 'writ large' on all Temples of Thebes. The splendid stela, erected by his father in his mortuary temple, recording all his great buildings for Amen, was mercilessly hacked and rendered illegible. Even the word 'gods' was not permitted to appear on any of the old monuments, and the walls of the Temples at Thebes were painfully searched that wherever the compromising word appeared it might be blotted out. And then there was the embarrassment of the King's own name, likewise Amenhotep, which could not be spoken or placed on a monument. It was of necessity also banished and the King assumed in its place the name 'Ikhnathon,' which means 'Spirit of Athon'" (*op. cit.*, p. 264).

The 'consequents' of the new form of the King's religious feeling did not stop at that. Having built a new temple to Athon at Thebes, Ikhnathon left the ancient capital altogether and started building a new city, nearly three hundred miles below Thebes, as his new capital, removed from the immediate influence of the old priesthood, and called it Akhet-athon—'Horizon of Athon.' At the royal command temples of Athon arose all over the land. There was the Athon-sanctuary which was first built at Thebes, at least three at Akhet-athon and Gem-athon in Nubia, and others at

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Heliopolis, Memphis, Hermopolis, Hermouthis and in the Fayum.

The struggle between the new and the old went on for more than fifteen years. The 'consequents' of the change became very bitter and very costly in their nature. The court and the administration became servile, the grip on the Empire relaxed, the strength of the realm was sapped, enemies on its borders raised their heads and began to encroach on the land of Egypt. But the King paid no heed to the rising tide of hostility. "He devoted himself to the elaboration of the temple-ritual and the tendency to theologise somewhat dimmed the earlier freshness of the hymns to the god. His name was now changed and the qualifying phrase at the end of it was altered from 'Heat which is in Athon' to 'Fire which comes from Athon'" (*op. cit.*, pp. 389, 390).

Consumed in that fire, he died, worn out by cares, in 1358 B.C.

Slave of the external senses in his conception of the Supreme Deity, Ikhnathon, having imbibed with the milk of his mother the feeling of the living connection with the Creator, preserved that feeling in his new religion. For him Athon was indeed "the father and the mother of all that he had made." Ikhnathon felt this and tried to live up to it. He *believed* in his God and endeavoured to walk in the truth thereof.

"The King always attaches to his name the phrase 'living in truth,' and that this phrase was not meaningless is evident in his daily life. To him it meant an acceptance of the daily facts of living in a simple and unconventional manner. For him, what was, was right and its propriety was evident by its

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very existence. Thus his family life was open and unconcealed before the people. He took the greatest delight in his children and appeared with them and the queen, their mother, on all possible occasions, as if he had been the humblest scribe in the Athon temple. He had himself depicted on the monuments while enjoying the most familiar and unaffected intercourse with his family, and whenever he appeared in the temple to offer sacrifice, the queen and the daughters she had borne him participated in the service. All that was natural was to him true, and he never failed practically to exemplify this belief, however radically he was obliged to disregard tradition" (*op. cit.*, pp. 377, 378).

As all this was 'a real truth' for Ikhnathon, the realization of his feeling of connection with his Father Athon, the way was open to the *nous poiētikos*, the *creative* reason, to operate even through the bitterness of the life-long struggle of the King.

"The artists of his court were taught to make the chisel and the brush tell the story of what they actually saw. The result was a simple and beautiful realisation that saw more clearly than ever any art had seen before. They caught the instantaneous pictures of animal life; the coursing hound, the fleeing game, the wild bull leaping in the swamp; for all these belonged to the 'truth' in which Ikhnathon lived. The King's person was no exception to the law of the new art. The monuments of Egypt bore what they had never borne before, a Pharaoh not frozen in the conventional posture demanded by the traditions of court propriety. The modelling of the human figure at this time was so plastic that at the first glance one is sometimes in doubt whether he has before him a product of the Greek age" (*op. cit.*, p. 378).

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But, "while Ikhnathon . . . recognised clearly the power, and, to a surprising degree, the beneficence of God, *there is not* (in his religion) *a very spiritual conception of the Deity nor any attribution to him of ethical qualities beyond those which Amen had long been supposed to possess.* The King has not perceptibly risen from the beneficence to the righteousness in the character of God, nor to his demand for this in the character of men" (*op. cit.*, p. 377).

Precisely for these very reasons, for having *narrowed* the channels of communication of men with their Father and limited them only to the external senses, there was not much good in the reforms of Ikhnathon and the little of good which was in them could not endure. He had sinned against the Holy Ghost and had to pay the price: to his own nation he was afterwards known as 'The Criminal of Akhetathon.'

The quotations from Prof. Breasted are indeed very long, but they need no excuse, as the case of Ikhnathon is very instructive for our own time. In Russia at the present moment the Bolsheviks are enacting in life, with resources not less great than Ikhnathon had at his disposal, a similar drama of trying to force the people of Russia to accept a supreme deity evolved from the data of the outer senses. They do not even call it God; in their language it is a Social Ideal. But as they intend this Ideal to replace the Father, then it is not wrong to put it on the same level as that on which Ikhnathon kept, in his mind and heart, his Athon, the vivifying heat of the sun.

It is true though that the Bolshevik leaders in their sensuous conception of the Deity-ideal are not a product of the native soil of their country; they have borrowed their theories and ideals from Western

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Europe. Their 'intellectual home,' in the majority of cases, is Germany of the middle of last century. In the 'philosophy' of the German crude materialism of the sixties of last century, reflected in the economical speculations of Marx and Lassal, the foremost leaders of Bolshevism seek a complete satisfaction of the cravings of their minds and hearts.

More indirectly their ideals were influenced by the positivism of Comte and the agnosticism of Spencer. Still more indirectly, but more insidiously, their ideas were moulded by the general agnosticism pervading the whole of the world of scientific thought of Western Europe.

Having embraced the sensuous conception of an Ideal of purely material origin, the Bolshevik leaders have severed almost entirely all connections with the Central Source of the Divine; not only have they narrowed the channels of manifestation of the Divine in the individual, they have *nearly* closed them altogether.

Nearly, because it is not given to any man or group of men to separate themselves in every respect and for ever from the Father. In spite of all the crudeness of the materialistic ideas of the Bolshevik leaders, in nearly all of them, and certainly in the most sincere of them, a deep desire is burning to construe life in such a way as to connect the individual with something greater than his lonely self.

The channels still remain open, but ever so little, infinitely less than at the time of Ikhnathon, in the Empire of Egypt, fifteen centuries before Christ.

And the doom which overtook Ikhnathon is rapidly overtaking the Bolsheviks; the end is already in sight, "it is close, at the door."

The question of narrowing the channels of com-

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munication between the Father and His children is more serious and menacing for Europe than for Russia. Russia has tried the experiment, has paid the price, and is almost out of the wood. Europe, on the other hand, having lived through a short but acute attack of crude materialism in the middle of the last century, is at the present moment in the throes of a subtler aggression of more innocent-looking but more deadly conceptions of the sensuous reason, agnosticism in all its infinite variety of forms and shapes. Now-a-days it is the fashion to be an agnostic for the man of science as well as for the man of the world; even the divines, preaching the Word of God to their congregations, are proud to appear to the circle of their intimates in their true colours as men who really 'do not know' and reserve their judgments. As for our public men and politicians, they still continue to quote from the Bible by inertia of education; but as for connecting their work with the Divine guidance, they would certainly disclaim such an imputation out of sheer fright to be taken by the world for impractical dreamers. There are exceptions, it is true, but how few! And as it is not the exceptions which create the atmosphere in the realm of science, politics, social work, literature, stage and home, it would be foolish to deny that the atmosphere everywhere is deadening and oppressing the human soul. *The channels of communication with our Father are narrowed in Europe* by the subtle insidious work of our sensuous reason, *nous pathētikos*.

But the situation is not so desperate as it seems; it is not even serious. When Ikhnathon came to his conception of Deity and declared war on Amen, he had in his mind and heart a Deity, real to him, that gave him peace of soul, assurance and happiness.

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When the Bolshevik leaders, with their half-digested ideals of European materialism and agnosticism, formed a sensuous Ideal to be their guiding star in life, they cut radically every connection with all deeper conceptions of the Deity, conscious or unconscious. They could do it as they were 'young in civilization' and not even old in age, and as they had to deal with ideas which had not grown up in their own land but were borrowed in all haste from their 'more civilized' neighbours. With the Bolshevik leaders it is this radical cutting off every connection with all deeper conceptions of the Deity which counts and which gives some kind of internal peace to their souls.

In Europe it is entirely different; agnosticism is a fashion, but no more. European agnostics, in all their infinite variety, when alone and by themselves, bared before their own consciousness, *do not find any peace in their souls*. If only they dared to speak from their hearts their confession, in the words of Lermontoff, would be:

"Good men, I am miserable,
Because sky and stars are sky and stars,
While I am a man."

In a vision of genius Francis Thompson has divined the innermost feelings of our fashionable and unfashionable agnostics and described them in his immortal 'Hound of Heaven':

"'Come then, ye other children, Nature's—*share*
With me' (said I) '*your delicate fellowship;*
Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with you caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,

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Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured daïs,
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring.
So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was one—
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
On the wilful face of skies;
I knew how the clouds arise
Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings;
All that's born or dies
Rose and drooped with—*made them shapers*
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—
With them joyed and was bereaven.
I was heavy with the even,
When she lit her glimmering tapers
Round the day's dead sanctities.
I laughed in the morning's eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat
And share commingling heat.
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.
For ah! we know not what each other says,
These things and I; in sound I *speak—*
Their *sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.*
Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
Let her, if she would owe me,

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Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
The breasts o' her tenderness:
Never did any milk of hers once bless
My thirsting mouth."

Neither can she open her 'breasts o' tenderness' to the thirsting souls of our agnostics. Nature, Humanity, Absolute, or any other creation of purely sensuous reason, cannot give *peace* to the soul of their creators, and in the depths of the silence of their hearts they will *always feel* that

"Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;
And past those noisèd feet
A voice comes yet more fleet—
'*Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me.*'"

In that deep internal discontent and distress in the hearts of agnostics and other similar thinkers and doers of Europe lies the sure salvation of the future of our civilization. One can err and deeply sin against the Holy Ghost, but one can never sever all connections between the children and their Father, and chain man to his sensuous reason for ever. *Nous Poiētikos*, Creative Reason, sooner or later must widen the communicating channels and bring to Europe a real peace of mind, heart and soul.

ALEXIS ALADIN.

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A SUBCONSCIOUS ADVENTURE.

HELEN H. ROBBINS.

No startling theory is put forward in the following pages, neither is any claim made to a unique happening. For "there is no new thing under the sun; . . . it hath been already of old time which was before us." All that can be said is that, inasmuch as there are as many ways of life as people to tread them, any vivid personal experience gives a certain freshness of touch to the verities underlying the presentations of every-day existence.

Some eleven years ago (July, 1912) THE QUEST published a paper containing part of a psychic communication received by three intimate friends, who had worked together during a period of eighteen months. This article, entitled 'Three Minds and ——?,' attracted some attention in America, and was subsequently reprinted there with addition of further material under the title 'The Quest Message.'

Psychic communications of this kind are always rather important to their recipients. Though their face-value be sometimes doubtful, they are usually suggestive and interesting from a psychological point of view, and the student may obtain side-lights on human nature and character from the curious mingling of fact and fancy they not unfrequently present. It is possible they may eventually be proved to be almost entirely, if not wholly, the work of what is commonly called the subconscious mind. Even nine-tenths of the best of

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them come into being largely coloured by the psychology of the individuals whose brains they pass through. It may be then that a critic is right, who said there was nothing in 'The Message' which people of cultivated mentality, with a high ideal, could not have produced from their subconscious selves. Nevertheless after twelve years' practical attempt to view the happenings of life in the light of this communication, the writer is of opinion that, though most of it be due to subliminal uprush, there yet remains a residuum of vital push about the whole which cannot be altogether accounted for by the subconsciousness of the three sitters.

The utterances seem to be possessed of a certain rhythmic forcefulness; to be an attempt to enlighten our understanding concerning the universal process, and to foretell, in poetic manner, the present world-convulsion, judging it from a larger standpoint than the purely human one. This convulsion is described as due to the movements of an evolving and, in a measure, finite Deity; the struggles of mankind are as the reflex of the great emotions of this Life "in whom we live and move and have our being." He is omnipresent but not omnipotent, and is aided in His vast labours, not only by evolving humanity, but by Powers beyond our universe; Himself being but one of myriads of deific Beings, of whom we know nothing, and have, as far as regards our human consciousness in becoming, no concern at all.

Without desiring to draw a parallel between 'The Message' and a work of genius, the writer would point out that all inspirational work comes through a special temperament,—one able to push out further than the average, thereby contacting larger rhythm and obtain-

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ing fresh vision of commonplace things. This life-impulse is never born of the mentality, though it must be clothed suitably therefrom. It takes shape of itself, impelling the craftsman of colour, sounds or words to fashion the idea according to its mode and meaning. A driving force comes with it which compels the artist to labour, endeavouring to give form and substance to that which strives within him to get itself expressed.

Our communication purports to originate from an entity, who after completing the necessary cycle of human existence and learning much thereby, left this evolution for another as productive of wider cosmic experience. Now the dramatizing faculty of the mind is strong in us all, and there is a natural tendency to give an individual separateness to unfamiliar impressions. So possibly this contact of our collective sub-conscious dramatized itself as a definite entity, with even a sort of personal relation to the sitters themselves. The fact that this may or may not be the case, does not, however, detract from the inherent value of what was obtained. Nor indeed can it be said to matter much one way or the other; the main thing being that our united minds were able to tap some source of ideas not normally open to them.

The genesis and history of the communication are as follows: On July 14, 1909, one of my colleagues and myself sat for automatic writing. To our surprise unfamiliar script in bold triangular lettering began to appear. The first words to be deciphered were: "We are very anxious." Further effort resulted in our obtaining the information that since the discovery of suitable persons for such an attempt contact was desired, and after two more sittings the presence of a third, definitely designated, was asked for. It

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was stated there must be in all four workers in order to obtain satisfactory results and form 'a square.'

In answer to questions as to what was writing, we received the reply that the control had once been human but, having learnt what was necessary, and because it 'loved the gods,' it had passed out of our evolution. It was now a servant to a higher kingdom, —one on altogether other lines and connected with larger issues than our own. In the course of progress it had given up the touch, but not the thread, and was therefore able occasionally to observe what was going on in the world it used to inhabit in a dense body. We always spoke of the entity as 'it,' for in reply to a query we were given to understand it was what we should term bisexual. The communications had often a touch of dry humour, and an impression was conveyed that human beings were regarded with whimsical toleration and kindliness, though we were considered as a whole peculiarly short-sighted, self-important, and holding a false system of values.

On October 14, 1909, the third member joined the little group, and for several months more or less interesting matter was regularly received. As time passed, however, we felt the writing, though interesting, did not convey all that might be obtained, so decided to alter our method of work. The communicator wrote it was willing to accept the change, but indicated as instrument the least likely of the three friends, and one incapable of writing automatically.

For seven or eight weeks nothing happened. At length the sitter, chosen as mouth-piece, heard words sounding within her head. At first she resisted, fearing it might only be exercise of a too active imagination. But the impulse to speak grew stronger and stronger,

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and at last, on November 29, 1910, words burst forth almost involuntarily. Throughout the sittings they came spasmodically. Some in a rush, then pauses between others. Often it seemed they could not possibly make sense. Yet, despite irregularity of utterance, the words fell into rhythmic prose when read consecutively. The communications had also apparently a definite object in view, and even when a lapse of several weeks occurred the thread was resumed where it had broken off.

The feelings experienced during these sittings were totally different from those in the earlier ones. Contact appeared to have been made with a powerful and invigorating force. There was a thrill of expansion, the every-day world receded, and shrank in significance. Physical and mental stimulation seemed to take place; the former was very marked, as the sense of bodily lightness and energy persisted for many hours after the conclusion of the sittings. The communications also were on an altogether different level from those previously obtained by writing.

The whole burden of the utterances is a cry of joy and life. A virile call to be up and doing, entreating us to accept the coming turmoil from a lofty standpoint; to enter the universal movement with free intelligence, judging upheavals from an unusual outlook, interpreting all with luminous insight and a selfless understanding, stepping outside our egotistical limitations.

The importance of being willing to accept changes working with, not against, the new leaven is insisted upon over and over again. Violent happenings in ourselves and on the earth-plane are shown as breakage of barriers impeding progress. Outworn forms and

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empty thought-husks must fall prone before the inrush of creative life. Resistance is useless. Co-operation is what is necessary. We can ride triumphant on the tidal wave, or be swept aside. The choice is ours; it is not fixed by fate. Humanity must receive the fresh impulse of life-force, but may choose the method of its expression, work out the pattern as it will. For we are actors in the Universal Drama, not helpless spectators nor storm-driven puppets.

The communicator in no way disguises the unpleasantness of this breaking-up and renewal process, —painful, even terrible, to our fixed ideas and our more limited selves. But it cries out for recognition of the ideal. It urges an attempt to visualize the cosmic reality that lies behind the anguish of human travail, as the race grinds its weary way through hideous misery and heart-break towards the dawn of the new era.

The second phase of communication opened with the following words called out sharply: "Life, Vitality, Flux, Movement! Vitality is the thing you need. You can use what is going to happen to break up yourselves and bring things through. The currents are being made to run differently in the atoms. The currents are changing the peoples, the nations, the very lands themselves."

Then after stating "only those who swing true can look out," it added these significant words: "Rising temperature is necessary to melt the old chilled forms. Condensation comes afterwards. . . . When you are swallowed in the great life you will not feel the small one. You are like children looking through peep-holes at the universe. Reality flows by you unheeded while you clutch and clatter with your curtains."

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The control described its habitat as a "raying, flashing, pulsing world alive with light, where all is energy and motion." It further declared that the more we spread ourselves to the joy of life, the easier would be its coming. "When the fires of life burn I am attracted; when the ashes are low I cannot reach you. Joy is the key-note of my existence. Joy is the key-note of my entrance."

We were told several times, that a great effort had to be made to contact us, and received constant reminders that physical-plane language provided a most inadequate instrument for conveyance of cosmic ideas, "strangled and sliced in effort to down-pack them into common speech." Words were described as points on which it sought "to hang a vapour of great meaning" which dissolved in our "thick atmosphere."

It was not exactly dissatisfied with us but encountered difficulties in dealing with human mentality. "I try to touch you but your souls are slow, they drag and she is heavy. . . . The teaching that I seek to give to human mind is difficult. These words I have to do it in, do not convey the essence of it. They sketch with clumsy method striving of living light to focus on your minds. Were they one-pointed they would serve you better." However, a year later one sitting was ended by these words: "My effort has been made and reached you."

No attempt at domination was made, or to obtain an influence other than that of trying to extend our mental horizon. It is simply a rousing messenger that cries:

"Come out, I say! Come out! and spin with me amid the rushing torrent of the universe, and know yourselves as breathers. . . . I seek to lift but

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not to force. I seek to bring fresh life and understanding. . . . In that vast universe, where now I stand free and untrammelled, I seek to make you feel the sweep of pulsing cosmic breath and mighty thronging movement. . . . I lift you into the wide solitary spaces, causing new sense of world-spin and its coiling. . . . I hold the door open, the way of escape—escape from swaddling bands and trammels. It is the way *out* I show you, OUT! OUT! You waste time struggling to pick up shells when the door stands open. Unbar it—and go free!"

The communicator hints that though evolution, as known to us, was a necessity, a more immediate mode of attainment may be ours if we will use it. "Human response is sometimes slow. The world would spin more vastly did humans raise their eyes and understand—for there is choice." Mankind's attitude towards past and future would seem to be a weak one from the cosmic outlook; our aims too often paltry.

"Poor human eyes are frail and shrink from blare of light and crash of hurrying universe. . . . There is no past but what can much enrich the future, if ye stand firm and learn how to reverse it. It is this question of reverse movement that hampers and enfeebles much your world. Could ye reverse with instant speed when call for life is heard, much could ye do. But coiling which on one side gives strength on other side gives hindrance. Hence what I said,—reverse coiling is the mode to set you free. When coils are sheared in every part, coils become points, and points are stars of vision to light you upward. . . . Leave pasts behind and melt them with the future. When past and future swing in balance true account to life is rendered. . . . I stand on past and future

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for my leap through space. It is the point which cuts the circle."

Clearly emancipation from the fate-sphere is implied by this,—shooting forth into conscious realization and activity of free-will, as opposed to treading the bonded round of mechanical reaction. While continually urging us to make efforts and rise to loftier levels of thought and perception, there was no encouragement to withdraw from every-day life. Quite the contrary. Free mingling with it is the surest way to freedom from it.

"The road ye travel by is nothing. The end your heart is set on, that is all. And though I call to you to thrust aside the clinging claims of petty things, despise them not. Holding them well enfolded in your grasp draw out their uses; for all may be avail to mounting souls. Do as you will with life, and spin your platters on the pavement. I have no care for what ye think to do. Things of your earth do not concern me. But have I set myself to melt three minds and churn three souls into a point for comprehension. This is my work. This I will do."

And again: "Fulfil your human side with fullest heart; seek not withdrawal, but open out to me, looking beyond. . . . It aids the coil that some souls stand beyond and spurn it,—spurn it from vision —not by action. Lend yourself to the coil and circulate therein most willingly. Thus easier shall dawn the stars of vision—rifts from the Great Beyond. As rift succeeds to rift the gates unlock. The doors fly open—and the soul stands, looking with wide-eyed vision on the Great Choices, and stays—or goes, into the endless music, stepping its song in rhythm knowingly. . . .

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"Free life can never be until the cords are severed by up-doing. . . . He who goes free spins round upon himself, equal activity for ever showing whatever side comes uppermost. Thus do the ties of days not catch him. For ever does he break apart the changing strands that net him to this universe. So goeth the freed soul upon his pilgrimage. The pivot moves upborne upon the coil that doth contain it. . . . On Life it is upborne by singing wings which cleave the air with pulse-thrusts of deliverance. It needs an effort to lift up the head,—yes, that is true. The eyes did have to be turned earthwards and necessary exercise has built a limitation. I do yet bear within my consciousness an echo of the earth-time; full well can I thus realize the effort of the output."

Individual evolution, however often spoken of, is always touched upon with reference to man's part in the greater evolution of the Whole,—our divine right to be "labourers together with God," moving towards some glorious possibility of creative effort. Thus spiritual freedom, so ardently thrust upon our notice, becomes most necessary preliminary to intellectual advance as conscious co-operators in the Æonian Quest.

Is it not this—as yet dumb and blind—desire which lies at the back of all revolutionary and forward movements, individual and collective, however crudely or perversely expressed? The unconscious drive of every soul is the longing to resolve itself in deity. This is the eternal craving in each child of earth, the mainspring of his search after happiness—though he realize it not—through all the restless experiments and early stages of his pilgrimage. The paradox of liberty accomplished is thus a closer linking of our-

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selves with the great Community of Being, the ultimate object of our struggle towards freedom, the achievement of resurrection into larger rhythm of Infinite Purpose.

"The swing I seek to give is learning. Never go out unless your feet are set upon the way with purpose. . . . . When with unfolded heart and will set firm ye tramp the common way, finding it lightsome—there lies the key—so you get knowledge. For knowledge is no thing of words but substance of the life producing vision. And when this vision spears with thrusts your bonded lives, breaking them outward,—then will ye understand, and something know of all that grand and simple throb of Universal Life that lies behind what you call complex. There is no complex. It is all Great One shivered into the great many. . . . They call it this—they count it that; so ever do I see them. It matters not. For when you know Great Self and all the shapening images fall from It, then shall ye stand in simple nakedness and shorn construction. . . . Sum up my teaching in this one word—Go! . . . . When you can face yourself in comprehension you will know earth and heaven meeting. . . .

"Strip your souls bare. . . . Let your rags go. . . . Heed not discomfort, but uncircle ye. Go straight along the way to larger things, passing beyond the mesh of filmy doings that contains you. . . . When you yourself incarnate in your bands, and fasten and unfold them, you have become those binding bands and burst your way to liberation. For liberation comes as a great tide sweeping you outward; yet tho' it sweep you out, it turns you inward, and so you fold your bands round close, yet in so doing thrust them right away—passing far outward. . . .

"Greatly desire must grow e'er man has strength

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to turn upon himself unravelling bands that hold him backward. It is the law of life that doing and undoing melt in one, finding completion, e'er ye can truly sense the mystery that lies hid beneath this shifting world and persons. When in yourselves ye truly grasp the truth I seek to brush you with,—your world stands still for you. Yet never in past moments has it lived in such a throb of ecstasy as when ye cast it from you."

HELEN H. ROBBINS.

(To be concluded in the July number.)

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NATURE AND BEAUTY IN SPRING.

A. R. Horwood, F.L.S.

Flowers and Beauty.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing."

Keats.

Perception of natural forms is a delight. The Greeks called Nature by a name meaning beauty. In all the forms of Nature the human eye seeks the ideal. The eyes are turned towards the soul of things. Those who see Nature truly see in her the Beautiful. And beauty is ever a source of delight. From early days the nature-lover has immortalized flowers. Flowers are personified as the emblems of nations, the Rose for England and Persia, the Lotus for Egypt. But it is not the idealized flower that charms; it is the fresh flower as it grows and blooms. Nature as a whole appeals to the soul and this is satisfied through the eyes as one looks upon the meadows gilded with buttercups or the wood azure-paved with bluebells. But it needs the eyes of the child to see beauty in its immediate loveliness. How children love flowers! They are to them symbols of the sublime, the infinite. A child's eyes reflect the beauty of Nature. Through them indeed can be observed all

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that is most lasting, most beautiful. The flowers are ever a new joy; once a source of joy they become a perpetual delight. It is the return of the flowers or their awakening that makes them so beloved; they return as old friends or as idyllic days. If one looks on their beauty with child's eyes, the flowers of Spring in the infancy of the year appeal most to us, by way of contrast, coming after the desolation of Winter and before the fullness of Summer. There is a feast of flowers in Spring, a choice of beauty. When Summer comes there is a superfluous host. Choice is impossible. Flowers too are beauteous spirits, fair companions. One cannot be alone amongst the flowers. As we recognize each one by its characteristics they greet us. Each has its memories, its thoughts for us.

RICHNESS OF NATURE.

"But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?"

THOMSON.

THE impulse to grow makes the whole earth in Spring become a new world, a veritable transformation scene: bare fallows become verdant, sere fields put on a mantle of green and gold. By wayside hedges, where the May is bursting into bud, every ditch and bank is overflowing with life. The banks are clothed with Spring-flowers. In the ditches are water-weeds and tadpoles and small lives innumerable. And in the woods, but lately bare and silent, what a change!

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The open sky can no longer be seen above the arching spandrels of the wood-roof and the lofty columns that seem to form for us a grand cathedral, a temple fit for worship, a shrine of perpetual youth. Above them spreads a canopy of green and yellow; beneath is that delightful shade in which so many flowers conspire to hide. A forest is truly like a city. It teems with life. What a host of trees and shrubs, and herbaceous flowers grow within its pale; innumerous are the animals that hide there, the birds that sing in its branches, the crickets that chirp or great moths that fly at dusk. And think then of the river and the riverside, the sibilant music of the babbling brook, the marsh and heath; all full of new flowers, new birds, new colours, new songs. No days are long enough to explore the resources of Nature in Spring; what then of Summer with its fuller life? Nature's riches are inexhaustible. Would we could enjoy them more freely.

Tender Tints.

It is in Spring that the most tender tints delight the eye. Then the leaves of the May are a light green, almost transparent in their tenderness, as though but just laid on from Nature's magic palette. Later, in August, how hard, how harsh a green are they by contrast. Note the almost hyaline or pale translucent colour of the beech leaves as the sunshine filters through them and between them. How dark a green are they later in the year, but now how delicate!—making their sylvan shade a hundred times more welcome, as though, athwart their screen, some health-producing searchlight glow were being turned upon us. It is the yellow light of the sun that is so

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restoring. All the flowers are tinted too with the less deep, more delicate colours, such as the pale primrose or lilac of the Lady's Smocks, the pale pink of the Herb Robert, or the pale blue of the Speedwells and Forget-me-nots. At dawn how tender are the tints, blue, rose or grey, with silver streaks varied with bars of gold. At sunset ofttimes the limpid sky when the golden orb is sinking behind the Western hills, is but a prelude to the pale lustrous light of Dian's borrowed beauty.

"Hast thou left thy blue course in heaven, golden haired son of the sky? The West has opened its gates: the bed of thy repose is there. The waves come to behold thy beauty. They lift their trembling heads. They see thee lovely in thy sleep; they shrink away with fear. Rest in thy shadowy cave, O Sun! let thy return be in joy." OSSIAN.

THE POETRY OF SPRING.

"The Spring is here—the delicate footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
In lovelier scenes to pass these sweeter hours."
WILLIS.

SPRING is indeed a time of splendour. With its fair beauty as of youth or maid it has all the colour and all the freshness of that childlike and virginal loveliness, that delicacy which is not matched by Summer's later maturity. It is the time of the fluttering of wings, of love making, when "a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove." Plato has said that poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history. So too an element of the spiritual runs through Nature, and not least is

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this evident in Spring. Then the whole Earth is renewing its beauty. Each aspect, each flower, each bird, each note, the very breeze, the perfumes borne upon the breeze, prompt us to idealize, to portray as best we may the effect of this emancipation of beauty upon our minds. And as this effect is but a reflex of Nature's own beauty which we seize upon and realize, so there is as actual a poetry in Spring as its evidence prompts in our minds.

Symposium of Beauty, Sunshine and Melody.

"Thus came the lovely Spring with a rush of blossoms
and music.
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with
melodies vernal."

LONGFELLOW.

At no time in the seasons is there so great a wealth of all that charms the eye as in Spring. For then landscape is a creation of the most lovely forms that can be imagined. Each flower too is an immortal symbol of beauty. Then the Sun in all its early magnificence produces upon us the most beneficent effects, prompts all Nature and man to the most joyous activities. There is a perpetual orchestra of song from dawn till dusk, as the voices of the birds in every grove and field hymn their tuneful joy-songs. Their melody is indeed a measure of their joyousness. Later they cease to sing. It is in the Spring that they fill the air most tirelessly with their songs. So there is a symposium of beauty, and sunshine and melody in the Spring, such as one never notes later in the year.

A. R. HORWOOD.

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THE SOMME, 1916.

THE silence broods o'er Maricourt,
And fast departing day
Has tipped with gold the dark'ning woods
Of Trônes and Bernafay.

And as I gaze I see again
The blood-red flashes leap
Over the torn and twisted earth
Where countless heroes sleep.

The air is filled with hideous din,
Crashes of bursting shell,
The crack of rifles, curses, sobs,
The cries of those who fell.

I see again that stricken field,
Its black mud streaked with gore,
The ripping hear of tortured trees,
The dreadful sounds of war.

Silence broods now o'er Maricourt,
Part of that silence deep
With which brave hearts in England grieve
For loved ones here asleep.

Mothers of England in your grief
How proudly did you give
That life more dear than life itself
That England still might live!

C. SAUNDERS.

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THE SECRET OF YOUTH.

PLAN,—scheme,—just for your body's delection,
Cull every fragment of pleasure, each gross, rich confection,
All for self, self,—and your scheming shall end in defection.

Youth,—youth,—swift with each heart-throb is flying;
Clutch at it, strain,—it eludes you, stagnation defying,
Mocking you, knowing each moment that goes you are dying.

Plan,—scheme,—burdens of others to lighten;
Strain all your will, circumstances unhappy to brighten.
Think not of self; thus be heart-young though tresses should whiten.

Give,—give,—freely, brain, muscle and sinew,
Settling not on your lees, trebling the force that is in you,
Light in sleep, spare at the trencher. Denial shall win you

Youth,—youth,—sympathy, love b'yond the telling,
Keener perception, endurance, a deep peace indwelling,
Songs of thanksgiving, pure, freed from earth trammels, high swelling.

SARAH BENSON.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE ALPHABET IN MYSTICISM AND MAGIC.

Das Alphabeth in Mystik und Magie, von Franz Dornseiff. Leipzig-Berlin (B. G. Teubner), 1922; pp. vi.+178; about 5s.

DR. FRANZ DORNSEIFF, of Basel University, who won his spurs with a magnificent book on Pindar's Odes and a very fine German translation of them, has now furnished the student of the mystic elements in ancient religion and philosophy with a most scholarly, reliable and comprehensive collection and a searching criticism of all extant monuments and traditions concerning the Kabbala of Letters and Numbers from the remotest antiquity to our days.

As the readers of THE QUEST are well aware from the Editor's reviews of the books of F. Bligh Bond and Dr. Thomas Simcox Lea, the belief in this peculiar kind of mystic 'correspondences' is by no means extinct to-day even in our own Western civilisation,[1]—not to speak of the immovable East, where it is as flourishing as ever among the more conservative Oriental Jews and especially among the steadily increasing number of peoples who take over the Arabian alphabet together with the Quran and also with a certain amount of elementary magic attached to it.

Dr. Dornseiff classes these 'stoicheiological' and 'arithmomantic' beliefs as features of 'universism,' a world-view which is best known in its Chinese development and which regards everything in this transitory world of the senses as symbolic of something else and as the vehicle of some spiritual truth.

The author first gives a short survey of the ancient ideas about the origin of writing, showing, most significantly, that whereas the Orient believes in a divine origin of its complicated hieratic scripts, the Greeks knew the human historic origins of their Phœnician alphabet. He proceeds to elucidate the

[1] See especially pp. 152f. on interesting practices of this kind taught in 1892 by Gustav Meyrink's *guru*, the esoterically famous illiterate weaver Maylaender of Dreizehnlinden.

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specifically Greek basis of the Pythagorean letter- and number-mysticism,—to wit the fact that the letters were used also as arithmetic figures and as musical notes. He then observes the far-reaching consequences of the coincidence, that the Greek term (*ta stoicheia*) for the alphabet also means the 'elements' (=*eL-eM-eN -T-A*, a Latin word like our *A-Be-Ce*) of the world, the partitions (*gradus*) of the celestial orb, the stars of the zodiac, and then the stars in general. In a chapter on infantile mysticism he collects the contributions of ancient elementary school-routine towards the formation of alphabet-mysticism. Part II. treats of the speculations on single letters (*e.g.* the '*Y Pythagoreum*') and on whole classes of letters,—first of the vowels and their magic use in Egypt and Babylonia, in the magic of names and in glossolaly, then of the consonants, their magico-mathematic systematization, which culminates in a kind of atomistic analysis and synthetic reconstitution of the all-pervading Logos by means of exhausting all possible combinations and permutations of letters in order to cover thus—incidentally at least—the one all-moving Word of gnosis and power. Then follow the monuments illustrating the astromystic combination of the alphabet-*stoicheia* with their celestial namesakes—vowels being mystically connected with the planets, consonants with the signs of the zodiac,—the whole resulting in the well-known widely-spread notion of a celestial script of stars, to be deciphered by the initiate only. Paragraph vii. treats of the so-called *gematria* and *psēphos*-speculation, an almost too fascinating subject at least for the present reviewer, who still believes that psephology and arithmomancy have had an enormous historical importance in the history of ancient mysticism, ancient philosophy and cosmology, both in its first incipient and latest mystico-religious stage, in spite of certain critical reserves of Dr. Dornseiff, the soundness of which I do not challenge for a moment.

It is indeed unanswerable to say with our learned author that the sober historian and philologist will not go beyond collecting and analyzing the various instances where gematric and psephological speculations in our texts are established by the testimonies of our witnesses (*expressis verbis*), and that he who goes beyond this and attempts to reconstruct by his own ingenuity gematric plays in literary works, where they are not expressly testified to exist, is himself a Kabbalist. There is no doubt that E. W. Bullinger, Th. Simcox Lea, F. Bligh Bond and other seekers after 'numbers in scripture' *are* Kabbalists, since they

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consider these isopsephisms as proof of divine inspiration, and not simply as a mystic device of a most painstaking hieratic style of literary composition affected by a certain circle of Pagan and Christian writers. But my friend Dr. D. also includes among modern Kabbalists the present reviewer, who has attempted reconstructions in his *Weltenmantel* book, and again quite lately in his 'Orpheus-isopsephisms in the Mystic Epitaph of Abercius,' in the change of Saulus' name to Paulus, in the enigmatic nicknames Kepha and Ben Regesh for Peter and the Zebedaids, etc., and who has been most emphatically warned by Prof. Doelger, in the recent new volume of IXΘYC, that his persisting in this damnable heresy will seriously endanger his scientific reputation. This seems pretty alarming even for a most unruly member of the sacred guild of *hiero-grammateis*, who has not much reputation. left anyhow, because of his constant trespassing beyond the fences of the reserved hunting grounds of the various specialist disciplines bordering on his own field of research. Yet even so he must continue to face the risk of being labelled a Mystic and Kabbalist, over and above being called by Reitzenstein a polymathic *dilettante*. As a matter of fact he does not resent being so classed. Indeed, who would expect a man to devour every volume of philological and archæological research referring in the slightest degree to the history of Mysticism, if he were not a true lover and *dilettante* of these things? And even as we should expect an historian of Fine Arts to have at least *some* artistic sensibility—I gather that not a few of our specialists have at last succeeded in overcoming this weakness—the investigator of ancient mysticism should not be entirely insensible to the deep and subtle fascination of mystic experience. Dr. D. himself is probably not altogether immune from this fascination, if I may judge from the high degree of æsthetic sensibility displayed in his Pindar studies. Why otherwise should he have been at such pains to collect this enormous *farrago* of things, which are pure nonsense for Drs. Dryasdust & Co., and yet so inexplicably attractive for the other kind of men?

Yet he goes sometimes a little too far in his anxiety not to appear less critically and sceptically disposed than it behoves a German scholar of true respectability: *e.g.* when he attributes (p. 94)—on the faith of a late and stupid expositor of Aristotle—a silly child's play with coloured pebbles (*psēphoi*) to the early Pythagorean Eurytus—in spite of the latter being praised by a mathematician of Archytas' rank for the ripe wisdom he showed

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in the evolution of this very procedure—in order to avoid admitting the plain sense of Archytas' words,—*viz.* that Eurytus was the first to calculate the mathematic *psēphos* of a man's or a race-horse's name for the well-known purposes of the later onomatomantic prognostications. Also when he lightly dismisses (p. 97) the trustworthy tradition that the ancient psephologist could point out three pairs of isopsephic verses in Homer (*Il.* H 264 f., T 306 f., *Od.* Ω 110 f.), on the strength of the fact that the verses in question are in reality *not* isopsephic and do *not* yield the required number—that is in *our* Homer-text! But we know from a celebrated *scholion* that Onomacritus and his Orphic colleagues had dabbled a little in philology by 'editing' Homer for Pisistratus. I even think we can put our finger on what they added, *e.g.*, to Homer's description of the underworld and to the ship's catalogue, where they inserted an Athenian king and ancestor of Pisistratus. And we know also from Herodotus that Onomacritus had been caught 'publishing' certain old oracles—for his own ends. What could be more probable then than that it was in this lost 'edition' of Homer that the relevant verses of the *Iliad* and *Odyssy* were *made* to be isopsephic and *did* yield the required numbers, in order to prove for the faithful that there were indeed certain mystic truths hidden in the national epic, which of course had to be 'pointed out' and exposed to the uninitiated by Onomacritus and his clique? This *is* a case where there is the *external* historic evidence for the existence of conscious isopsephy, required by the author, and it is a methodical mistake to dismiss the case because the *internal* evidence of the *present* text does not confirm the tradition.

On the other hand Dr. Dornseiff is quite right to say (p. 103) that the mere existence of isopsephisms in a text—even if they occur in large numbers—can never be adduced as proof that they ever were noticed by the author, or for the matter of that by anybody else until now. For the trite slogan 'such things cannot be mere coincidences' is quite inappropriate in a field where the theory of probability can easily show that a legion of most suggestive and another host of indifferent or even most absurd isopsephisms *must* occur in every alphabetically written Greek text of a certain length. The difference between Dr. Dornseiff and the reviewer is simply that, while the author does not admit of any Greek isopsephism prior to the influx of Oriental ideas marked by the appearance of 'Berossos' and similar Hellenistic works, I was and am still convinced that these frequent fortuitous

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isopsephisms have been noticed and extensively speculated upon by the Greek number-mystics ever since they had evolved a system of numeric notation from the script they had taken over from their Oriental neighbours,—that is, from the seventh century B.C. onwards. My proofs for this are—quite irrespective of supposed isopsephisms in early texts—Archytas and Aristotle's above-mentioned testimony about Eurytus and the tradition of isopsephic verses in Homer, which must have been interpolated or manipulated in the course of the 'Pisistratean' redaction by Onomacritus & Co., since they are not to be found in the Aristarchean text and since nobody could interpolate into the *textus receptus* or manipulate it in the Hellenistic age of public libraries and standard editions. On the basis of this assumption I believe it possible to explain fully and very simply the rise of the Pythagorean dogma,—that numbers are the essence of things. For if the name or word—as every magician, and the Greek naïve linguist of the Cratylus type with him, firmly believes—is the soul and essence and 'idea' of a thing, and if the '*logos*' can be reduced to a number (the *psēphos* of the name), then number is the ultimate *ratio* or *logos* of things. This esoteric fundamental doctrine of early Pythagorism became exoteric and divulged by means of wandering onomanticists, astrologers and similar quacks in later times; this being a sufficient reason why testimonies as much abound for the Hellenistic age as they are scarce for the classic period. The reverse theory, that Pythagoras and the early Pythagoreans were unaware of the mystic possibilities of the Greek numerical alphabet, which they had to use every day of their lives for their most ordinary calculations, that it took the Greeks four or five centuries to discover such a most striking feature of their script, nay that they needed the help of Hellenized Babylonians such as Berossos in order to find out as much about their own system of writing, seems to me not far from an absurdity. It would never have been put forward, were it not for the still prevalent tendency to minimize the extent of Oriental influences of the classic age of Greek thought, by dating every vestige of it as low as possible and thereby limiting this 'taint' to the Hellenistic age of 'decay'; and perhaps also under the impulse of a certain reluctance to attribute the arithmomantic practices of itinerant prophecy-mongers to the immortal discoverer of $a^2+b^2=c^2$ and the investigator of the harmonic divisions of the monochord. Yet what else than such or similar ideas of the great sage could have induced Heraclitus

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to say of this very Pythagoras that "much knowledge does not teach sense to a man"?

In spite of this difference of opinion about the main issue of the problem I cannot but congratulate the author on his brilliant achievement and ourselves on the possession of this standard work on one of the most interesting questions of the whole history of mystic speculation.

R. E.

THE GLANDS REGULATING PERSONALITY.

By Louis Berman, M.D., Associate in Biological Chemistry, Columbia University. New York (Macmillan); pp. 300; 18s. net.

THIS is a vigorous and lively written study of the glands of internal secretion with the special object of showing that their functions stand in close relation to, indeed are the immediate determinant of, the types of human nature. The author is certainly to be thanked for tracing in a way laymen can understand, the history of this new branch of science and sketching the present state of research into the structure and functions of those ductless glands which for so long baffled the scientific mind. Glands which less than fifty years ago were deemed useless or of no importance, are now found to be indispensable regulators of the machinery of the human body; their secretions prove to be primary agents, not only in regulating the general economy of the human organism, but also, if we follow Dr. Berman, in determining many of the peculiar characteristics of the individual. Our author is an enthusiast of endocrine chemistry, as it is called, and thinks that a thorough grounding in its facts will revolutionize medicine, and its methods become a leading feature of the therapeutic science of the future. For as its facts are objectively and quantitatively verifiable, it is destined to replace the subjectivism of the new psychology, and especially that of the sub-conscious, and so reform drastically 'mental' therapy. Biological chemistry is not only to supersede the old methods, but its analyses will be found to account for all blends of temperament and character and much else. In the future we shall be classified into thyroid, pituitary and adrenal types, and so on; all of which is set forth with much elaboration. It is a remarkable deliverance, and though it is confined entirely to the mechanistic thought-world, Dr. Berman himself from a hint here and there does not seem to

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be fundamentally a materialist. If, however, anyone misconceiving the title, should take up this well-informed, though—as it appears to us as far as no few of its deductions are concerned—highly speculative volume, in quest of 'psychic centres,' he will be disappointed, unless he is content with the unqualified admission that 'mind' is found distributed throughout the organism and is by no means to be confined to the brain. Of centres qualified as psychic Dr. Berman says nothing. Of two of such supposed centres which play a great part in some psychical speculations, it is to be noted that the physiological function of the pineal, which was thought by Descartes to be the seat of the soul, are still largely a puzzle, whereas those of the pituitary are now comparatively well defined. Certainly very great advances have been made in the study of endocrines; new and valuable knowledge has been acquired and a very fruitful line of research for the future opened up. But we doubt whether it will ever be found that human personality depends mainly on the secretions of glands.

SIWA: THE OASIS OF JUPITER AMMON.

By C. Dalrymple Belgrave. London (John Lane); 15*s*. net.

MR. BELGRAVE has a fascinating subject. For it covers the history of a most venerated and venerable shrine and the tale of a people of whom little is known outside certain circles of students. He has well seized his opportunity. In his book Siwa is as old as the origins of the shrine in the Oasis and as young as the Great War. With camera and paint-brush, a pen that is not disobedient to what he has seen, an eye for notable detail—his book is excellent in treatment and first-hand for a good deal of its matter. Even for the history of the shrine the author has tried to seek new sources. "There is also an old Arabic history of Siwa, which appears to have been written some time during the fifteenth century, kept by a family whose members have always held a position corresponding to that of a town clerk, but this old history is so interwoven with curious legends and fables that it is difficult to separate fact from fiction. I used to sit in the garden of the old sheikh who owned the book and listen while he read." Mr. Belgrave has been able to transcribe for us some legends as to the worship of Jupiter Ammon which are valuable for the study of its history. He speaks of other documents in the hands of

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several leading sheikhs: these might yield more knowledge to the discerning investigator. We ought to learn more of the Siwa people and their language. This book and Mr. Gwatkin-Williams' *Prisoners of the Red Desert* ought to inspire British archæologists to undertake the systematic investigation of the site and neighbourhood of Jupiter's temple. These writers, men of the sword, may call more potently to us now than men of the study. Egypt is deeply marked on the remains of the temple which are above the ground; but there should be traces of older lines of idea and worship beneath the ground. What literary and material evidence we have for Jupiter Ammon admits of analysis, so that we discover older strata and cults beneath the superficial Egyptian deposit. The spade should help the analyst. The final results are not unlikely to have influence concerning our knowledge of the rise of religion in the Mediterranean world.

For we must get beneath the resemblances between a pre-Egyptian mode in the Oasis and the cult at Dodona. The identification of an Egyptian god with a ram's head and a Libyan god who had a ram-form is an incident in the history of Siwa. It does not explain the origins of worship there. Just so is it with the oracular side of the religion at Siwa. The Dodonian features of oracles and doves, on the evidence of Herodotus who knew both Libya and Dodona, do point to other forms of worship which preceded the cult of the ram. Coreippus long ago put the latter sequence in a line or two when he said that the ram was the son of Siwa's oracular god. Thus far back, even without the help of the spade, we are on firm ground. The work of Dr. A. B. Cook is an outstanding example of achievement and support in this matter. But there are at least two lines of evidence which lead us further back than the oracles and the doves.

The first is represented by the fragment of Pindar's *Hymn to Zeus Ammon*, and the second by the inscriptions in old Cretan hieroglyphs. The great poet, it will be remembered, celebrates the birth of the so-called 'Garamas' from the Earth who made his offering to the sacred *Tree* in the Libyan Oasis. In Pindar's fragment is clustered the whole of the problems which, if they give their answers, can lay bare the first stratum of cult in the famous shrine. Now when the beginnings of the decipherment of Cretan inscriptions are published, it will be seen that all the answers to Libyan problems in the Oasis are in them. Nearly sixty years ago Dr. Johannes Overbeck declared that Jupiter Ammon was a Greek god who had passed from the Mediterranean

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world into Africa and not from Africa into the Mediterranean world—or more particularly into Greece. This hypothesis has, of course, been much criticized by later scholars. His enclosed view that the Egyptian god, which had been identified with the Libyan ram-god, was not given a ram's head in Egypt, has been shewn to be wrong. Research concerning the god is inclined to stop with this conclusion that he is a ram-god; and that his Graeco-Libyan shape comes from Egypt. A comparatively late identification of two gods can give him final external form; but this identification does not touch the original essence of the god with whom identity is made. It is in this consideration we may find the affirmation of the geography of Overbeck's hypothesis. Since he wrote the riches of Crete have come to light. The view that there was traffic in the things of the spirit between the island and Libya has been amply stated, even before the inscriptions have found a voice. And whence Dodona can be shewn to have drawn her primary inspirations, it ought to be possible as well to shew that thence Siwa drew hers. Thus, in a measure, the intuition of an eminent archæologist will be vindicated. Here again the spade should be made to bear its part in the district of the Oasis. Mr. Belgrave's book will have done remarkable service if it persuades Britain to undertake this very promising piece of archæological work.

The author, however, will have achieved more by his book, since in it he has given us what is the only extant history of the Siwan people during the period of the Great War. As he tells the story they are every bit as interesting as their mediæval ancestors. "Siwa is so absolutely unspoilt, and so entirely Eastern." But the Siwans are dwindling in numbers. They have need to be studied soon. If France can seek the 'City of Brass' in motors devised for desert travel, surely Britain might undertake the very much shorter journey, and by means of motor transport convey to the Oasis men and plant for the excavation of the renowned shrine which actually is there and is no creation of Arab dreamers. One rich person could easily bear the cost. It seems as if Mr. Belgrave would be ready to go on such a worthy pursuit; for he writes: "There is a saying in Egypt that whoever tastes the water of the Nile must some time return there, and I am very sure that he who drinks from the Siwa springs will always wish to go there again." There is no call to remark that the author's bibliography can be enlarged. For the scope of his book his own bibliography is adequate. Nor is there much to be said about the obtrusive

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tyranny of the impersonal pronoun, 'one,' in the opening chapters of his book; since he overthrows that tyranny quite early in his historical and diary-narratives. Mr. Belgrave's book is really worth reading.

V. B.

COMMON-SENSE THEOLOGY.

By C. E. M. Joad, Author of 'Essays in Common-Sense Philosophy,' 'Common-Sense Ethics,' etc. London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 288; 21s. net.

THIS is a brightly, at times brilliantly, written work by one of our younger thinkers. It is cast in dialogue-form and, by eschewing technicalities as far as possible, succeeds in lightening the labour of the general reader and should hold his interest to the end whatever may be his view of Mr. Joad's 'theology.' For indeed there is no theology in the accepted sense of the word in the book. The subject-matter of theology is revelation, but Mr. Joad deals throughout with philosophic speculations independent of this category of religious experience. For the God of theology he substitutes the Life Force, endowing it with the sole attribute of creativeness, as the only one for which there is any evidence in the brute facts of existence. To this creativeness, however, matter does not owe its existence. The Life Force is a unique principle "appearing in a dead world of matter which is hostile to it." Mr. Joad does not shrink from this 'fundamental dualism,' which Bergson's exposition of the *élan vital*, in spite of all his efforts, cannot account for. He holds that the facts of existence as we know them are to be explained in terms of the struggle of the Life Force against matter. The Life Force is not omnipotent, but a limited divinity. Stated thus baldly we seem face to face with a type of Manichæanism; but Mr. Joad has faith that the Life Force is bound eventually to win.

"If the Life Force were all-powerful things would not be so bad: the realisation that we are nothing more than weapons in the grasp of something or somebody which has created us for its purpose is humiliating enough; but it is some compensation to know that the something or somebody is bound to win. But the belief in the Life Force does not give us the certainty of being on the winning side, so that there is little enough to be said for the palatableness of the belief: so much the better for its truth, seeing that we tend to believe palatable truths because they are palatable, and unpalatable truths because they are true."

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So writes Mr. Joad in his Introduction, where he admits that the substitution of the Life Force idea for God automatically lowers the tone of the discussion, and we might add secularizes the whole outlook. It may be possible to whip up an enthusiasm for this *Ersatz*, something superior to the patronizing tolerance of the "don't shoot the fiddler; he's doing his best" attitude, but it is certainly not possible to worship such a divinity. But within the measure of philosophizing with which Mr. Joad deals, he shows himself an able debater, laying bare the insufficiency of mechanistic, materialistic views, and championing the side of vitalistic and voluntaristic conceptions of the world-process. He is thoroughly up-to-date in all the latest competing phases of philosophy, and carries on a lively polemic against all that savours of the 'academic' mind; we have had enough, he says, of resurrecting and commenting on the genial work of the past. "The whole course of human evolution, since first humanity learned to read and write and the arts came to be developed, is strewn with the débris of these disused ideas. The products of past genius are like suits of clothes which humanity has discarded because it has outgrown them. And because their beauty has lost its utility and their thought its message, the Life Force has left them behind." And if it be asked whether Christ has no message for the world to-day, Mr. Joad puts into the mouth of his chief character the answer: "No! for the world will not listen to it: it never would. Christ is an experiment which failed. The Life Force threw Him up too early, that is to say, before the world was ready for Him. And the world which rejected His teaching when it was living now uses it as lumber to block the way to the acceptance of new truth." This is, as much else in the book, reminiscent of G. B. Shaw's matter and manner, and indeed Mr. Joad holds that Shaw is a profound philosopher and that an uncomprehending public have taken him for an amusing rattle when he is most literal and serious.

Our dialogist by no means confines his attention to philosophy; he deals with psychology as well and surveys the work of psycho-analysis and the theories of the unconscious. Here too he selects what is relevant to his own view of the Life Force. In the domain of psychical research also he is greatly taken with the theories of Dr. Geley of Paris, and thinks that his recently translated book, *From the Unconscious to the Conscious*, contains a most valuable contribution to Life Force philosophy. Where Mr. Joad chiefly disagrees with him is that he refuses to admit that

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Geley's dynamo-psychicism, as he calls the Life Force, can produce matter as one of its representations. The World-will (Geley here developes Schopenhauer's philosophy) is primarily unconscious and its purpose is to become conscious; in the case of the individual this is achieved by a reincarnationary process, in which the acquired treasures of the unconscious of one life become the conscious faculties in the next. Ws are not quite certain that Mr. Joad accepts this part of Geley's theorizing; but it looks as if he did. If so, he might have given more attention to developing the implications of this ancient doctrine than he does. The remaining part of the work is devoted to the application that can be made of the Life Force notion to matters of education, literature and art, and a final chapter treats of 'Knowledge and Fact in a World of Change.' In all this Mr. Joad carries on a lively polemic in the interests of a philosophy whose task is to open the mind and not to fill it: he is well aware that his view "tends to an unfashionable dualism and flouts our incurable tendency to postulate a unity." "But," he adds, "the belief that truth must be a unity has no foundation in necessity; truth may be a patch-work, and since a unity requires its upholders to account for error, inconsistency, pain and evil as part of the unity, or else explain them away as delusive appearances, it seems preferable to sacrifice the emotional comfort of the belief that all is One and that the One is good, to the necessity of accounting for the facts as we find them, in the hope that the complications and untidiness of the resultant belief will be ascribed to the perverseness of the facts, and not to any inherent cantankerousness on the part of its author." Mr. Joad is quite frank about the limitations within which his thesis moves; indeed, as he says in his opening words, his book, *Common-sense Theology*, is not about God.

1. PRAYER AS A FORCE.—2. POLITICAL CHRISTIANITY.

By A. Maude Royden. London (Putnam's); 3s. 6d. net each.

ALL great teachers, who have opened out for their contemporaries new vistas in the spiritual world and have so enriched the values of human life, have made disciples of those whose souls have been fired by contact with the teacher's enthusiasm, to the extent that his outlook on life has become their own. In their turn they have influenced others, and successive generations have endeavoured to revive and maintain the freshness and vision of

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the original teacher's 'gospel.' A written gospel may easily become a dead letter, the life lived stiffened into doctrines. The Work of an Evangelist is, through personal influence, to arouse others into personal touch with the spirit of the original teacher. Unity with his spirit in thought and inspiration forms a fellowship of persons that fosters and develops the sanctities of human life.

Christian Evangelicalism has a fine record. It must needs be kept in every age true to its vocation, speaking in the language and meeting the needs of each generation. The author of these two small books seems to us to be the leading representative of the Evangelistic Movement to-day. Most people are 'ordinary,' and how many are walking in darkness, not knowing what life means or whither it tends, conscious only of its perplexities! To all such, Miss Royden addresses herself. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." She is well equipped for her task. She has the gift of clear and forcible speech, strong conviction and an ardent love of truth. She has moreover one advantage which professional preachers lack. After her addresses, time is allowed for any of her hearers freely to discuss the subject in hand. Truth, for her, needs no defences or reservations. Its confirmation rests with the enlightened consciences of men.

The first of these small books deals with various aspects of Prayer, in the light of the Fatherhood of God, as the master-principle in the life of Jesus. A few points may be briefly summarized. Effective prayer must be sincere. Often enough men do not really desire what they formally pray for, nor are they prepared to pay the price that the granting of the gift demands. The gift does not in their eyes out-value all things else. Again, every man inevitably receives 'according to his faith,' and his prayer is answered according to his real desire. This is a spiritual law, self-acting, inviolable. Again, Prayer is co-operation between man and God. An illustration is given in the fact that a swimmer must have complete confidence that the sea can and will support him, before his own activities can be freely put forth. There is no swimming without the sea on the one hand and the swimmer on the other.

The second series of addresses deals with present-day problems of policies, home and foreign. There are incisive indictments of our own methods of action in regard to the unemployed, Ireland, Russia, the treatment of the insane. It does not appear that Jesus took any active part in the control of the policies of his day. His mission was to clarify the moral and spiritual truths

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on which human welfare rests. But principles must be translated into practice, and it is in this translation that differences and antagonisms arise. Miss Royden takes up the mantle of the Hebrew prophets, the statesmen of their day. Fearlessness in utterance of convictions, the facing of facts, compassion for the weak and helpless, link her with the patriots of all ages, and give an arresting and challenging character to her utterances.

C. R. S. S.

SAINT-MARTIN.

The French Mystic and the Story of Modern Martinism. By Arthur Edward Waite.

JOHANNES BAPTISTA VAN HELMONT.

Alchemist, Physician and Philosopher. By H. Stanley Redgrove and I. M. L. Redgrove.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Apostle of the Reformation. By R. B. Ince.

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

And his Occult Teaching. By W. P. Swainson. London (Rider); pp. 78. 86, 96, 68; 2s. net each.

THESE four little volumes belong to the 'Mystics and Occultists' series, which now includes some dozen and a half titles.

In his distinctively new contribution to a subject on which he is already reckoned as an authority, Mr. Waite is at pains to separate Saint-Martin the Mystic from his early Masonic interests and the Rite of the Strict Observance and his association with Martinez de Pasqually and his '*Ordre des Elus Coëns.*' Of the mystical writings of 'Le Philosophe Inconnu' Mr. Waite has a high opinion and he presents us with the gist of them in his usual discriminating manner. The whole study shows an intimate acquaintance with what is known about Saint-Martin and his writings and the material is treated throughout with high critical ability. The history of the inauguration of Modern Martinism by Papus (the late Dr. Gérard Encausse) at Paris some thirty-five years ago and its rapid development for a time is sketched, and doubt thrown on the legitimacy of its derivation. As to this still

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existent *Ordre Martiniste*, Mr. Waite writes: "If ever a time shall come when those who move in its circle and those who rule at its centre will have realised that he left for ever the occult and Masonic sanctuaries for the Christ Mystic of Christian Theosophy, they may find his directing light shining towards the end of true Mysticism."

Mr. and Mrs. Redgrove's account of the elder van Helmont (1577-1644) is well arranged and well written and a credit to the series. Jan van Helmont stood in the tradition of Paracelsus and is the most distinguished of the iatro-chemists; but he went far beyond this, and the large number of his acute and valuable observations and the enlightened views he advocated in both chemistry and medicine did yeoman service in discrediting the vicious traditional methods of the past and laying the foundation of modern science in these respects. Moreover van Helmont was not only a chemist and physician but also a profound thinker and what we may call a mystic. He met with bitter opposition from the obscurantists of the day and may well be reckoned among the martyrs of science. Of special interest is his retention of belief in 'magnetic' healing and what is called 'natural magic.' The following quotation, in its queer 17th century rendering, will give the reader some notion of his thought on the subject: "There doth inhabit in the Soul, a certain Magical Virtue, given her of God, naturally proper and belonging to her, inasmuch as we are his Image and Engravement; that in this respect also, she acts after a peculiar manner, that is, spiritually on an Object at a distance, and that much more powerfully, than by any corporeal helps; because, seeing the Soul is the more principal part of the Body; therefore the Action belonging unto her, is spiritual, magical, and of the greatest Validity: That the Soul doth by the same Virtue which was rendered as it were drowsie through the Knowledge gotten by eating of the Apple, govern and stir her own Body: but that the same Magical Faculty being somewhat awakened, is able to act also out of her Prison, on another distant Object, only by her Beck, conveyed thereunto by mediums: for therein indeed is placed the whole Foundation of natural Magick: but in no wise, in Blessings, Ceremonies and vain Superstitions: but that all these wicked observances were brought in by him, whose endeavour it hath alwayes been, every where to defile all good things with his Tares."

There is little to say of Mr. Ince's sketch of Luther. He is hardly a subject for the series unless treated as a mystic, and this

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has not been attempted. Mr. Swainson's account of Thomas Lake Harris and his voluminous writings is too sympathetic to be sufficiently discriminating. Laurence Oliphant and others had another story to tell after their experience in the Community and this ought to have been at least enquired into. For those, however, who would become acquainted with the views of one who was in any case a considerable seer within the measures of the present-day revival of psychical experience, Mr. Swainson's sketch will serve as a convenient introduction. Lake Harris sets before his readers a vast scheme of things, sometimes suggestive, frequently fantastic, calling up associations now with Swedenborg, anon with Andrew Jackson Davis and again with Neo-theosophy. His most distinctive predilections are for the concept of a male-female deity, the doctrine of twin-souls (sympneumata) and the practice of 'internal breathing.'

In Defence.

Being a Reply to Attacks on the Bible and Evangelical Christianity by Leading Spiritualists. By Walter Wynn. London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 157; 6s. net.

The Rev. **Walter Wynn** is a Baptist minister who is an enthusiastic believer that the phenomena of modern Spiritualism have proved unquestionably the truth of survival and throw great light on innumerable happenings in the scriptures of Christendom, as he has set forth in his book *The Bible and the Afterlife*. As is well known, a considerable number of Spiritualists in this country regard Spiritualism as a religion based on the following seven principles: 1. The Fatherhood of God; 2. The Brotherhood of Man; 3. The Continuity of Life; 4. Communion with the Spirit World; 5. Personal Responsibility; 6. Recompense for Good or Evil; and 7. Eternal Progression. Mr. Wynn thinks that these principles are entirely inadequate as a saving faith, and that "the Spiritualist movement is doomed to failure unless its leaders see clearly that Christ and Christ only has enshrined, manifested, and proved the full-orbed revelation of truth needed by the mind of man, especially that which appertains to His vicarious sacrifice for the sins of the world." This pronouncement has given rise to much controversy in Spiritualistic circles and Mr. Wynn has been severely taken to task for trying to narrow a platform designed by its formulators to supply standing room for theorists of all faiths who believe in 'communion with the spirit world.' Mr. Wynn's

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book is a vigorous reply to his critics from the standpoint of an all or nothing Evangelistic enthusiast. For him the Bible-documents must be true in all respects or false in all respects; he sees no middle ground, and a century of critical work on the documents is laughed aside. He holds the old-fashion illiberal view of the other great faiths of the world. Thus for him: "The religions of India form the intellectual dustbin into which has been thrown all the imaginings of the human mind." And yet Mr. Wynn does not abate one jot his estimate of the work of the Spiritualistic movement: "The day will come when the Churches will see that a great debt of gratitude is due to the Spiritualists. It will not be due to 'Christian evidences' supplied by the Orthodox Churches that the last ramparts of materialism will fall, but to the Spiritualists." This with regard to the phenomena; but as to the 'communications,' they are so contradictory that, unless they endorse the Evangelical interpretation of the Bible, Mr. Wynn would not 'rest the salvation of a cat and its kittens' on them. As a Revelation of Truth the Bible is for him the ultimate appeal, and the dream of a Spiritualism which imagines that it can dispense with its authority in matters of belief and become a world-religion, assimilating whatever is good in all the other religions, is a perverse illusion. It is a question of believing in the Bible as inerrant and final revelation throughout; and if Mr. Wynn so believes, why at the end does he write: "I pray that the pall of a dead and false eschatology may be lifted off the grave"? Whence comes this eschatology, if not from the New Testament documents?

Modern French Philosophy.

A Study of the Development since Comte. By J. Alexander Gunn, M.A., Ph.D., Fellow of the University of Liverpool. With a Foreword by Henri Bergson. London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 358; 21s. net.

THIS is an exceedingly useful and instructive survey of the movement of philosophic thought in France from 1851 up to date. The plan pursued is to take five leading topics or vital problems—namely, Science, Freedom, Progress, Ethics and Religion—and summarize the contributions made to their discussion by the most distinguished thinkers in France during the last seventy years. It is remarkably well done and has earned the eulogy of Bergson. The study brings out in striking fashion the complete revolution

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of thought in France during this period. The chief problem of all has been the reconciliation of *science* and *conscience*, and the author's methodical survey shows with convincing clarity how the pendulum has swung right over from the materialist, determinist, mechanistic phase of the middle of last century to one that seeks a solution on spiritualistic, voluntaristic, vitalistic lines. Dr. Gunn's work is of special value to English students, and an appeal to them to give greater attention to a most instructive development of thought which has been too largely neglected in this country. Of all the thinkers passed under review the works of Bergson are the best known here; but by most of us they are read out of their setting and context, taken apart from the thought-surround of his predecessors and contemporaries. In philosophy, however, there is no isolated thinker. Dr. Gunn's exposition gives us the natural thought-environment of the thinker best known to us and shows his position in the constellation to which he belongs. The most common feature of these French thinkers is their clarity of expression and their intimacy with the sciences. This distinguishes the French mind from much of the philosophy of Germany, "where the majority of philosophers appear to have been theological students in their youth and to have suffered from the effects of their subject for the remainder of their lives." Moreover philosophy in France is not written to appeal to any school or class or academic circle; "it makes its pronouncements to humanity and thus embodies in a real form the principles of *égalité* and *fraternité*. It makes a democratic appeal both by its *clarté* and its belief that *la raison commune* is in some degree present in every human being." There are thus no ambitious systems in it. Dr. Gunn finally warns us against concluding that the present tendency of French thought is in the direction of anti-intellectualism, in spite of the swing of the pendulum from *science* to *conscience*.

"We do wrong to look upon the most recent developments in France as being anti-rational; they are but a revolt against the narrow view of Reason, and they constitute an attempt to present to the modern world a conception akin to that of the Greeks. Human reason is much more than a purely logical faculty, and it is this endeavour to relate all problems to life itself with its pulsing throb, which represents the real attitude of the French mind. There is a realisation expressed throughout that thought, that life is more than logic. . . . To-day France sees that, although a philosophy must endeavour to satisfy the human

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intelligence, a merely intellectual satisfaction is not enough. The will and the feelings play their part, and it was the great fault of the eighteenth century to misunderstand this. The search to-day is for a system of values and of truth in action as well as a doctrine about things in their purely theoretical aspects."

1. INDIA IN THE BALANCE: BRITISH RULE AND THE CALIPHATE.

2. THE HOUSE DIVIDED: ENGLAND, INDIA AND ISLAM.

By Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din, B.A., LL.B., Imam of the Mosque, Woking. Woking ('The Islamic Review'); pp. 172 and 149; 5s. net each.

POLITICAL questions do not fall within the scope of our programme; and indeed they are not usually the concern of the author of these two outspoken and instructive recently published books. His interests are religious and spiritual, and for years he has been with us lecturing and writing on Islam, of which he is a deep student and very capable exponent and propagandist. He is, however, so impressed with the present very grave state of Eastern affairs in the Empire, which numbers among its subjects more Muslims than followers of the Christian faith, that he has at last broken silence in order to let as many of the British public as his words may reach, know what is astir in the minds and the hearts of their fellow-subjects of non-Christian faith in the East. Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din sets forth what he has to say with clarity and moderation and in excellent English. He goes far in telling his readers what every Briton ought to know who has at heart the general welfare of the greatest Oriental Empire the world has known. There is no doubt that if we go muddling on in public ignorance of what is at the bottom of the present most serious unrest and discontent in our greatest dependency it will soon be too late to retrieve the situation. Public opinion in this country is formed by newspaper-men. But how few of them have any real knowledge of Eastern affairs? They would do well to digest such books as the two under notice rather than keep on repeating the habitual formulæ. The stage Oriental of this country is no more the real article than the stage Englishman of France. For readers of THE QUEST these two books are specially instructive, as the religious question, which is perhaps the most important factor in the whole situation, is brought well into the forefront of the exposition.

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THE POETIC MIND.

By Frederick Clarke Prescott, Cornell University. New York (Macmillan); pp. 308; 9s. net.

THE Professor of English at Cornell University has for long been applying the principles of the new psychology as revealed in the study of dreams, reveries and subconscious states to the problems of poetic composition. It is a far more sober study than the characteristic 'erotic' incursions into literature to which the Freudian extremists have accustomed us. It bases itself on the thesis that poetry is the product of associational thinking rather than the outcome of rational thought, and the book is most valuable in its wealth of illustrations and its endeavour to be a description of the poetic mind in the language of the poets themselves. Professor Prescott contends that the poets are in general excellent psychologists and that where the working of their own minds is concerned they are the best. "Many of the poets . . . have been disposed to introspection and self-analysis; and where they have been so disposed they have far surpassed ordinary men in subtlety of discrimination and acuteness and depth of insight."

The use of poetry, as contrasted with its history, is (to use the words of Bacon, in his *Advancement of Learning*) "to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it." Professor Prescott agrees that the poet subjects the shows of things to the desires of the mind, and that this *dictum* of Bacon applies to practically all poetry—at least to all poetic vision. The author of this richly documented volume modestly disclaims the intention of presenting any novel theories of his own; but there is much in what he says that will be found to throw fresh light on some of the ancient problems. His main endeavour is, as he states, "to bring together and systematize views which have long been held in regard to poetry,—which have been expressed, often figuratively and obscurely, by the poets themselves, in various ages and in many books,—which, therefore, have remained scattered and, to have their full value, must be brought together from a wide reading of literature,—which must be interpreted and correlated, often indeed translated from the language of poetry to that of prose." To the carrying out of this task Professor Prescott has made a valuable contribution.

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Vom reichen Mann und armen Lazarus.

Eine literargeschichtliche Studie von Prof. Dr. Hugo Gressmann. Mit ägyptologischen Beiträgen von Prof. Dr. Georg Möller. Berlin (Verlag d. Königl. Akademie d. Wissenschaften); pp. 91.

THE attention of readers who were interested in the Editor's paper on 'The Gospels and the Intermediate State' (Oct. 1922), may be called to this learned literary study on the gospel-story of the Rich Man and Poor Lazarus. At the time of writing, this scholarly monograph was unknown to him, although it appeared in 1918. In it we have not only a new translation by Prof. Möller of the Egyptian Demotic folk-tale with which the Lukan parable was parallelled, but also a tracing of the *motif* through early Rabbinical and Mediæval Jewish literature. The new translation has no essential differences from the pioneer version of Griffith (1900); but the Talmudic and later parallels are highly confirmatory of the fact that the folk-tale was a great favourite and widely known. The Jewish adaptations in general make of the Rich Man a wealthy tax-gatherer and of the Poor Man a pious student of the Torah. For those acquainted with the Talmud Jesus-stories and the Mediæval Toldoth-Jeschu there are some interesting references, but no fresh light is thrown on this exceedingly difficult and painful subject. In any case future commentators on this famous parable, if they would do their work thoroughly, must pay attention to the implications of this in all ways very striking parallel and its Jewish variants.

The Amending of Life.

A Modern English Version of the 'Emendatio Vitæ' of Richard Rolle, of Hampole (Hermit). Translated with an Introduction by Rev. H. L. Hubbard, M.A., Parish Priest of All Saints' Parish, Margate. London (Watkins); pp. 92; 2s. 6d. net.

MR. HUBBARD'S version is modernized from Misyn's translation (1434). Richard Rolle (? 1290-1349) is one of the most distinguished of our Early English contemplatives; he wrote his books in the Yorkshire variety of the Northumbrian dialect. His *Mending of Life* is formal compared with the warmth of his singing in the

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Fire of Love and his other more personal utterances. It is a treatise dealing with the laws of the spiritual life, and many will doubtless be glad to have his survey, drawn up by so experienced a hand, in this modern phrasing and in so convenient a form. Mr. Hubbard's Introduction is well done; he regards the objectivity of the treatise on which he has bestowed such loving pains, as a corrective to the impression that Rolle is "one of the most subjective of the mystics." We think there is too great an anxiety just now by writers on mysticism to insist on the 'objective activity' of their favourite contemplatives. The great value of the true contemplative is that he makes a channel within himself for the outflow of the power of the spirit. He may do nothing sufficiently conspicuous for the world to note, but through his presence in the world much can be wrought of which he may have no personal knowledge, and which no man could refer to him. The Spirit works as it will, and we cannot tell "whence it cometh or whither it goeth."

TYPES OF JEWISH PIETY.

From 70 B.C.E. to 70 C.E. The Ancient Pious Men. By Adolph Büchler, Ph.D. London (Jews' College Publications, No. 8); pp. 264.

FEW scholars are better equipped to treat this subject than the learned Principal of the Jews' College. Dr. Büchler is the foremost of our Talmudic authorities, severely trained in the exact methods of modern scholarship and objective in all his statements and inferences. The study before us is of great importance for those who would acquaint themselves, under most competent guidance, with the nature of Jewish piety in the critical period under review. The subject forms a most important element in the background of Christian origins. The question what was a Ḥasid, and especially so distinguished an exemplar of piety as Hillel, and in general who were the Ḥasidim, is faithfully dealt with by Dr. Büchler. His exposition is a valuable corrective to views based on a narrow interpretation of the 'Scribes, Pharisees, play-actors' indictment of the gospel-writers. One of the most marked characteristics of Dr. Büchler's review is to controvert the view of a number of scholars that the Ḥasidim were largely Essenes. Indeed in no case will our learned Talmudic exegete admit that the pious ancients of whom

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he treats belong to that renowned but sharply differentiated community. They all belong to the general stream of the pious men or righteous of Israel, were "strict Pharisees attached to God with all their heart, and serving their fellow-men with all their soul." If only our esteemed friend would give us a special study on the Essenes and determine their position and status over against the Ḥasidim in general, he would do a valuable and much-needed piece of work.

THE HEART OF THE BHAGAVAD-GĪTĀ.

By Paṇḍit Lingesh Mahābhāgavāt, of Kurtkoti, Ph.D. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 230; 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is not a recent publication; it was published first in 1918, in the Gaekwad Studies Series, by the Baroda College or Seminar under the direction of Prof. A. G. Widgery, but is only now on sale in this country. It was originally accepted by the Oriental University of Washington, U.S.A., as a thesis for the degree of Ph.D. Since then Paṇḍit Mahābhāgavāt has been elevated to the high distinction of presiding over one of the famous Shankarāchārya Maṭhs, and is now His Holiness Shrī Vidyā Shankar Bhārati Swāmī Jagadguru Shankarāchārya of Karvīr and Sankeshvar. The author of *The Heart of the Bhagavad-Gītā* is then not only a scholar who has satisfied the requirements of a Western University, but also one of the most venerated religious figures in India. The study itself is an illuminating exposition on catholic lines of the spirit of the most catholic scripture of India. The author concludes with much insight that the Gītā impartially sets forth the four great types of Yoga—Karma-, Jñāna-, Bhakti- and Dhyāna-Yoga—but does not advocate any one of them specially. "The ideal Yoga is Equanimity and whatever leads up to that Yoga is itself a Yoga." It is certainly a most valuable contribution to Gītā-study and no lover of the Gītā should miss it, for it brings out with great clarity the inwardness of spiritual religion as conceived of by the best minds of India. The book is far from being a dry technical treatise; it is written from the heart. Among other things we have to thank our distinguished exegete for, is a discussion of the usual title, which presents certain grammatical difficulties. The proper title is 'Bhagavad-gītopanishad.' It is assuredly to be reckoned in the Upanishad-class, though not technically counted as Shruti, and indeed is of far more practical spiritual value than most of the Upanishads.

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The intention of the Gītā-author, whoever he was, is to set forth the Philosophy of Brahman and the Science of Yoga, and he has handed on to us a truly inspired manual of practical religion. "The Gītā as a Yoga Shāstra, or Science of Yoga, shows how, in whatever station of life we may be, and whatever may be our intellectual capacity, each of us may understand and live religion to the extent of our capability, and every minute of our life." No one engaged on the comparative study of the mystical element in religion and no one who would seek to reconcile the claims of the contemplative and active lives can afford to ignore this admirable and now world-famous scripture.

BERGSON AND EDUCATION.

By Olive Wheeler, D.Sc., formerly Fellow of the University of Wales; Lecturer in Education in the University of Manchester. Manchester (The University Press); pp. 131; 6s. 6d. net.

THIS is an excellent and suggestive piece of work. Dr. Wheeler gives a very competent sketch of the main principles on which Bergson bases his philosophic thinking, and proceeds to relate them with the new ideals in education that are being put forward on all hands and the new methods of teaching that are being widely experimented with and with which the Lecturer has an intimate acquaintance. Dr. Wheeler urges throughout that the problems of education should be viewed *sub specie durationis*, and everything done to foster the free expression of life in the pupil and prevent mechanicalization. "It is surely no exaggeration to say that this vision of a reality which is always active, creative, wherein the word of power is not *law* but *life*, lights with its splendour the patient discoveries of science. It lifts the awful weight which determinism and universal mechanism had laid upon man's spirit. And, more than all, it frees him from bondage to intellectualist logic. It shows him a more excellent way of seeking truth; and by so doing, it gives him a living spiritual reality instead of a *post-mortem* dissection of the universe." To the working out of this ideal in the practical field of education the second part of the book is devoted and is a valuable exposition for the instruction of those who are the instructors of the coming generation.

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Remembering and Forgetting.

By T. H. Pear, M.A., B.Sc., Professor of Psychology in the University of Manchester. With Nine Diagrams. London (Methuen); pp. 242; 7s. 6d. net.

This informative volume has grown out of a set of lectures delivered during the War to officers of the R.A.M.C. to help them in dealing with 'shock' patients. Professor Pear is one of our younger men who has absorbed the most recent work done in the various fields of psychological research, and not only very usefully applies it to the problems of normal and abnormal memory and its converse, but also discusses mental imagery, the phenomena of dreams and the less familiar ones of 'coloured hearing' and 'number-forms.' Perhaps the most suggestive subject he opens up is that of kinæsthesia. Is there a muscular 'knowledge' or sense? And is there a corresponding thinking modality? Thinkers are divided into visualizers and audiles according to the sensible imagery they make use of. But skill in dancing, games, and so forth, is not gained by sight or hearing. Is there an 'imagery' of the sense of movement; do we retain memory of movements? "The person who describes visual imagery may command all the subtle shades of significance with which centuries of language and literature have provided him; for the recorder of auditory memory the whole notation of music and the vast resources of physics are ready to help him to hammer out as thinly as possible, and then to nail down, the edges of his meanings. But where is the notation of actions; where shall we seek for the grammar, the syntax, and the theory of harmony of bodily movement?" Four out of the thirteen chapters are devoted to the phenomena of dreams; here Professor Pear deals mainly with the psycho-analytic method which he has used himself for years in studying his own dreaming states.

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THE QUEST

THE QUEST IN ISLAM.

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS TO THE QUEST SOCIETY, MAY 10, 1923.

REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON, M.A., Litt.D., LL.D., F.B.A.

MORE than once in past years I have had the pleasure of addressing you on certain aspects of Islamic mysticism, but this is a special occasion, and I propose to mark it, in a way that seems appropriate, by attempting to give you something in the nature of a broad impression of the characteristic features of that territory, which for the most part is still waiting to be surveyed and examined in detail, though a good deal of work has recently been done upon it by European Orientalists, in particular by M. Louis Massignon, whose latest researches in connection with Ḥalláj throw light over a considerable extent of ground hitherto unexplored. 'The Quest in Islam' is a title vague enough to cover a multitude of surveys; it was chosen, I confess, before I had decided what exactly it should mean. Perhaps its present scope has been defined sufficiently. I shall take it as referring in the

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main to Ṣúfism, though the Ṣúfís, of course, are not the only Moslems who have devoted themselves to seeking spiritual values and have found, or failed to find, a reality in which they might rest. It would be strange indeed if in the East, where human existence counts for so little, where poets never tire of singing "All's wrong with the world," and where the sense of life's *un*reality is felt and expressed so strongly—it would be strange if men had not often lifted their eyes beyond the shadows encompassing them towards some ideal in themselves. Even such a sceptic and pessimist as Abu 'l-'Alá al-Ma'arrí, who looked in vain for any certainty except death, was an idealist in so far as he searched after a principle of righteousness. Many a time he despairs of finding it; then he cries out bitterly in verses like these:

"And Falsehood like a star all naked stands,
But Truth still hides her face 'neath hood and veil.
Is there no ship or shore my outstretched hands
May grasp, to save me from this sea of bale?"

He had no prophetic revelation or mystic knowledge to help him out; yet in the end, guided by 'the God-given light' of reason and conscience, he gained the shore. "The one religion," he says, "is that thou be just to all." Ma'arrí, however, was only nominally a Moslem, and in taking a general view of the Islamic Quest we need not concern ourselves with eccentrics who cultivated moral and intellectual ideals, or with philosophers like Averroes who maintain that the highest truth of philosophy is also the essential truth of religion. This view appears in a popular form in the writings of an early group of thinkers—the so-called Brethren of Purity, that is, according to Arabic

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idiom, the 'Sincere Friends'—a sort of Quest Society for the pursuit of holiness, purity and truth, established at Baṣra towards the close of the 10th century. "They believed," says a Mohammedan author, "that the Religious Law was defiled by ignorance and adulterated by error, that it must be cleansed and purified, and that a perfect result would be reached if Greek philosophy were combined with Arabian religion.' The great encyclopædia in which their doctrines are set forth, comprises fifty separate treatises dealing with every branch of science and philosophy, while a concluding tract (the fifty-first) sums up their esoteric teaching. They drew materials from the most diverse sources, but especially from Neoplatonism. Thus it was easy for them to develop a religious philosophy based on the emanation of the soul from God and its ultimate return to the World-soul. There are eight grades of emanation, beginning with the Creative Intellect and ending with the realm of Matter, which together with God, the Absolute and Omnipotent One, form a series corresponding to the nine cardinal numbers—an instance of the fanciful analogies in which this loosely constructed system abounds. At the centre of all is the human soul, the microcosm. It is immeshed in Matter, but its speculative faculties provide it with a means of escape. Asceticism, renunciation of the world and philosophic meditation enable it to spiritualize itself, and its future destiny depends on the degree of enlightenment which it is capable of receiving during its life on earth. While the Brethren pay homage to Revelation and Prophecy, they clearly indicate that in their opinion the dogmas and ordinances of religion are a crude makeshift adapted to vulgar minds, and that it is the

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business of philosophy to extract the spiritual kernel from the literal husk. In the highest stages of initiation positive religion disappears altogether, and its place is filled by astrology, alchemy and magic. Much of this, you will have noticed, bears a resemblance to Ṣúfism; but the resemblances are superficial and the differences profound. The Brethren tell us that "our true essence is the soul, and our supreme aim should be to live, with Socrates, devoted to the Intellect, and with Christ, to the Law of Love. Such love gains in this life serenity of soul, freedom of heart and peace with the whole world, and in the life to come ascension to Eternal Light." Here the cold intellectualism of the system is tempered with feelings of aspiration and longing, but not even here does the Sage lose his equanimity: we have no hint of what the Ṣúfís mean by loving God, no trace of ecstatic self-abandonment, no sign of deep, heart-transforming religious experience. The Brethren, unlike the Ṣúfís in general, kept in touch with the political movements of their time: they were, in fact, closely associated with a famous Shi'ite sect, the Ismá'ilís, and their doctrines supplied a theoretical basis for the methods of secret propaganda by which the power of the Caliphate was insidiously undermined.

It is instructive to contrast the Brethren with the Ṣúfís because in both cases we can study the influence on Islam of the same Hellenistic ideas. In the doctrine which I have just outlined, the foreign elements have won so complete a victory that little of a specifically Islamic character remains. I do not think this can be said of Ṣúfism; and the reason is that Ṣúfism was not, fundamentally, an Islamized form of Neoplatonism or Gnosticism, but from the first was firmly rooted in the Mohammedan religion: the tree

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could never be torn up from its soil, however much it might be grafted and disguised with exotic foliage. Ṣúfism, in short, is the mysticism of *Islam*, and that is the main fact by which its character is determined. It was born, cradled and bred in Islam, and, though the child as it grew up fell into strange company and became alienated from its parent, it still retained the unmistakable features which it had inherited. One of these, and the most distinctive, is the doctrine of Divine Unity—"There is no God but Allah." If you consider the history of Christian mysticism, how it is dominated by the doctrine of the Trinity, you will see at once what a part must have been played by the Unitarian creed in the history of Ṣúfism. The statement that God is One caused no difficulty to Mohammed or to those who heard it from him; but when the time came for building a system of theology on Koranic foundations, some very awkward questions arose. The Koran describes Allah as absolutely transcendent and unique; yet He is also depicted in terms which imply that He is immanent—"nearer to us than the neck-vein,"—while, to make matters worse, He is represented as "sitting on His throne" and behaving in other respects as a man might do. Moreover, the Koran could be quoted by both sides in the argument concerning predestination and freewill, and in various points of controversy which bear directly on any theological and philosophical conception of the unity of Allah. That unity, therefore, had to be guarded from the internal dangers to which it was exposed, as well as secured against external attack. The defenders did their work thoroughly. When they had finished, the simple formula "Allah is One" meant something of this sort: Allah is a pure unity, unchangeable, devoid

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of affections, absolutely different from all created beings. There is no relation between the qualities attributed to Him in the Koran and the qualities in us which we denote by those names. There is no action except His, no agent in existence other than He: all our acts and thoughts, all things good and evil, are created by Him according to His inscrutable Will. "He guides whom He pleaseth and misguides whom He pleaseth": some enter Paradise, and He does not care; some are cast into Hell, and He does not care. Such is the One God of Moslem theology. No Moslem, it is true, has ever worshipped a Deity so remote and inhuman; still, this idea of the Divine Nature was embodied in the creed of the Mohammedan Church and made its influence felt far and wide. The complete scheme, indeed, is a triumph of dialectic, even if its authors have to acknowledge that certain dogmas are incomprehensible and must be accepted *bilá kayfa*, "without asking how."

The Ṣúfís, however, could not accept this demonstration of the transcendence of Allah, since they rejected its logic altogether. They had found what seemed to them a better way of arriving at the truth—not by blindly following authority and tradition, not by reasoning, judging, affirming and denying, but by direct communication with the Unseen. Their method was peculiar to themselves. Being Moslems, they had no personal mediator such as Christians have in Christ, but they had the literal Word of God: the key to the mystery was there. The Koran is not a mystical book on the whole, but it contains the germs of mysticism, and there are many passages which invite a mystical interpretation, while a few others almost demand it. Massignon has done well to emphasize the supreme

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position of the Koran among the sources of Ṣúfism, though in my opinion he is too sceptical as to the influence of non-Islamic ideas upon its development. As he shows, the early Ṣúfís carried the entire Koran, not in their heads, but in their minds and hearts: through incessant recitation and meditation it became the spiritual atmosphere which they breathed, and out of which the hidden meaning of each verse emerged in due order, flashing suddenly into their consciousness, so that the significance of the whole Revelation was unsealed to them. Their own experience, agreeing with the testimony of the Koran, told them that God, transcendent as He is, is not inaccessible. They were not satisfied with knowing Him, like the theologians, *ab extra*: they wanted to know Him from within, and they felt sure that this real knowledge was to be gained from God alone, who gives it of His grace and imprints it on the hearts of those who love Him. The Divine transcendence, in short, is fully realized by the mystic in whom God is immanent. And frequently the Koran—the Eternal Word in which Allah reveals and conceals Himself—was the medium through which the Ṣúfí, as he recited it, was brought into immediate relation with God. Ja'far Ṣádiq said: "I continued to repeat a certain verse of the Koran until I heard it from Him who spoke it (*i.e.* from God Himself), and my body endured not the vision of His Power (*i.e.* I fell into an ecstasy)."

Massignon's latest volumes[1] show that Islamic mystical theology, so far as it is really based on the Koran, is perhaps the most original feature of Ṣúfism; but they also show that the method followed by Ḥalláj,

[1] *Essai sur les Origines du Lexique technique de la Mystique musulmane* and *La Passion d'al-Hosayn ibn Mansour al-Hallaj.*

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and to some extent by his predecessors, in order to attain to union with God, is extraordinarily difficult to grasp and express in words that will not be misleading. I can attempt to give you only a very summary account of it. The method, as Massignon describes it, consists in a process of mental and moral introspection, which uses the Koran and the Koranic vocabulary as a means of recovering and assimilating the experience through which Mohammed must have passed when the Word of God first sounded in his heart. Its object is to find the Reality underlying all the traditional, ritual, legal and other sciences which are contained in the Koran, and to partake everlastingly of that Reality by isolating it from whatever is transient, contingent and thinkable, and by bringing about an inward harmony of intention between the Divine Word and the human heart, so that the Word, received in the heart, may dwell there and rise to the lips and bear true witness to Him from whom it came. The 'heart,' or 'spirit,' is the organ with which God is contemplated; but this contemplation is not possible until the heart has been purified within. There must be, then, a 'science of the heart,' to serve as a basis for the doctrine of purification. The rudiments are given by the Koran. God, the Creator and Provider of all, has furnished the heart with its own allotted portion. He has bestowed on it, for example, memory and knowledge and ignorance, faith and doubt, good and evil suggestions, and so forth. Though, for the most part, these 'interior resources,' which God dispenses and controls absolutely, are in constant flux and change, they include the more or less permanent mystical 'states' and 'stations,' such as patience, trust in God, fear and love, whereby God transforms the heart and makes it pure.

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The mystic has to recognize that all such 'states,' however desirable they may be, are only means, not ends; that they must gradually be stripped off from the heart and discarded; that even the most precious Divine gifts are a 'veil' which hide God who gave them. There remains for the Súfí who has renounced this world and the next world, the final sacrifice—to renounce himself.

The belief that recitation of the Koran can lead to mystical union is implied in the practice of *dhikr*, *i.e.* praise and commemoration of God, which is continued until the praiser becomes unconscious of the words he is reciting and 'passes away' in the Object of his adoration. Ḥalláj explained—I quote from Massignon—that the union is realized "by a sudden transposition, as it were, of the parts played by God and man, by an exchange effected between the tongue and the heart of the mystic. At one moment it is still God who inspires the heart, while the man testifies with his tongue; then the parts are reversed, and it is the man who aspires in his heart, while God testifies by means of his tongue." Mystical union is conceived by Ḥalláj as union with the Divine Word, the Creative Word, *Kun*, 'Be!,' which is the source of every Divine commandment and the principle of all created things. "And the result," says Massignon, "of this permanent acceptance of the Divine Command is the coming into the heart of the mystic of the Divine Spirit, which thenceforth makes every one of his acts truly Divine, and which, in particular, gives to the words of his heart the articulation, enunciation and application that God has willed." Ḥalláj was the first Moslem to construct a system of mystical theology, and the brilliant analysis given by Massignon, not

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only brings out the essentially Islamic character of Súfism in the critical period of its development, but demolishes the view, which has often been held, that full-blown Súfism is necessarily pantheistic. Ḥalláj said *Ana'l-Ḥaqq*, "I am God"; yet he certainly was no pantheist, as you may gather from his doctrine of union, and he asserts the transcendence of God in the strongest terms possible. I have discussed the whole question elsewhere and will not go into it now; but we may say, I think, that, as a rule, pantheism cannot fairly be attributed to the Súfís before the 12th century of our era. After that time, owing to the influence of Ibnu'l-'Arabí and his school, Súfism tends to become, not so much an affair of the heart and conscience, as a speculative theosophy which has lost touch with the intimately moral and religious problems that inspired the earlier mystics. While the God worshipped by Ḥalláj and those who preceded him is still the transcendent God of Islam, who communicates Himself to His worshippers by an inexplicable act of grace which depends on nothing but His personal Will, at this point Súfism takes a new turn: it now begins to move away from Mohammed and towards Plotinus.

This evolution reaches its climax in the system of the great Spanish theosophist Ibnu'l-'Arabí, which absorbed and amalgamated a vast variety of ideas drawn from every source available to medieval culture, and has had a most powerful, but in some respects a dissolvent and devitalizing, influence upon the mysticism of Islam. One unfortunate result of his supremacy is that the writings of Súfís who lived before him or during the same period, have been interpreted by commentators saturated with his

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theories. What that means will be clear to any one who looks at the Neoplatonic commentaries on Aristotle. Ḥalláj, Ibnu'l-Fáriḍ and Jalálu'ddín Rúmí have suffered misrepresentation in this way.

Meanwhile, however, thanks to Ghazálí, who died about fifty years before Ibnu'l-'Arabí was born, a modified form of the older Ṣúfism had established itself in the Moslem Church. Ghazálí teaches that as God created Adam in His own image, there is in man a divine element—the spirit which God breathed into him. "When a man knows it, he knows himself; and when he knows himself, he knows his Lord." Such knowledge is the essence of religion. It cannot be learned from books or received through the intellect, but comes to those who follow the Ṣúfí method of purification and self-discipline, which Ghazálí expounds at great length.

If Ghazálí made Islam a mystical religion, Ibnu 'l-'Arabí did his best to make it a mystical philosophy. In his notion of God, Being is identical with Thought, and Will is altogether subordinate to Knowledge. He divides Being into three categories: (1) Absolute Being, which is God; (2) Limited Being, which is the World and all therein; (3) Something eternally united with God, yet completely manifested in the world, which he calls the Idea of Ideas and describes as that in which all things are contained ideally before they exist objectively. This corresponds to the Logos, which Origen also calls ἰδέα ἰδεῶν: it is the Divine consciousness whence the world is evolved, and Ibnu 'l-'Arabí identifies it with Mohammed, just as the Christian Logos was identified with Christ. God in His essence is unknowable; only negative attributes can be applied to Him. On the other hand, Allah is

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qualified in the Koran by certain positive attributes: He is the Creator, the Merciful, the Avenger, etc. Ibnu 'l-'Arabí reduces these to logical relations in the Essence. Every attribute, he says, must have an object—for example, if there is a Creator, there must be a creature; if there is One who shows mercy, there must be one to whom mercy is shown; and from this necessity it follows that God and the World are correlative aspects of the same Reality: the World could not exist without God, and if the World did not exist as an idea in God, God could not be manifested and made known. There is no question here of creation in time. The existence of this world, as we see it, is merely the actualized aspect of a process already completed potentially in the Divine mind, which contains the ideal archetypes of all things from eternity.

In one of his poems Ibnu'l-'Arabí asks: "What is the rank of the Holy Temple (at Mecca) in comparison with the dignity of Man?" No Mohammedan mystic has pronounced more magnificent eulogies on Humanity, as it is in its real perfection. This doctrine—the conception of Man as the microcosm—is the central point of his theosophy. Not only is there a correspondence in every part, power and faculty between Man and the Greater World, but in the same way as the World is ruled by the Logos, *i.e.* by the Divine Idea which informs it, so is Man ruled and informed by the Divine Spirit breathed into him, which resides in his heart. "Man," says Ibnu'l-'Arabí, "has two perfect relationships. Through one of these he enters the realm of Divinity, while through the other he enters the realm of Nature. He is called a 'slave' in so far as he is subject to the religious law, and in so far as he came into being, like the World, from a state

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of not-being; and he is called a 'lord' in so far as he is God's vicegerent (*Khalífa*) and in respect of his form (which was created in the image of God). Thus he would seem to be a link connecting the world with God and uniting the creatures with the Creator. To him belongs absolute perfection as regards both temporality and eternity, while God has absolute perfection only as regards eternity, since He is too exalted to partake of temporality; and the World has absolute perfection only as regards temporality, since it is too ignoble to partake of eternity." In other words, God, Man and the World are really three different aspects of the One Essence; and Man is the middle term in the Trinity. This is what Jílí says in the famous verses:

"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."

The ideal type of Humanity, the Perfect Man, is the prophet or saint in whom the Divine self-consciousness finds expression, in and through whom God is revealed. The Pure Essence cannot be seen; what the saint sees is not the Essence, but the reflected image of the Essence in himself. He himself is God made visible, for every Divine attribute is manifested and displayed through him; and so he is the mirror wherein God sees Himself. In this sense it may be said of him, and Ibnu'l-'Arabí does not shrink from saying it, that he is "the objectification of God, not other than He."

In such a system as has been described, the inner religious life is of little account, and indeed there is no

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room for it. Everything is determined in advance, all contingency, movement and change is eliminated; God Himself has no freewill, but acts according to the necessity of His nature. One of the most celebrated mystical traditions attributed to the Prophet is that in which God is related to have said to him: "My servant seeks to draw nigh unto Me by voluntary works of devotion, until I love him; and when I love him, I am the hearing with which he hears and the sight with which he sees." As these words imply an active and progressive personal relation between God and the mystic, Ibnu 'l-'Arabí has to explain them away. God, he says, does not *become* the hearing and sight of the mystic who loves Him; on the contrary He is *always* the hearing and sight of all His servants, and the words "I am his hearing and his sight" in the above-quoted tradition mean only that God reveals this eternal and unalterable fact to those who are capable of realizing it. This interpretation illustrates Ibnu'l-'Arabí's monism and also his view of holiness. For him, the saint is not one who has sought God with humble prayer and aspiration, and after sore travail has found Him in the transfiguration of dying to self. The saint, as represented by Ibnu'l-'Arabí, is the complete theosophist, the carrier of Divine Consciousness, the hierophant to whom the knowledge imparted in vision and ecstasy is "a key to unlock the secrets of the spiritual and material universe." All this had been claimed by others before him, but he systematized it and made it typical. The later mysticism of Islam rests, to a very large extent, on his basic doctrine that God is the One Real Being to which everything else is relative, so that God is both the spirit and the form of all that exists. Hence every form of religious belief is a Divine mani-

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festation adapted to the capacity of the believer, and the God of religion is a finite God. But the God of mysticism is absolute, and therefore the mystic's heart is all-receptive: it assumes whatever form God reveals Himself in, as wax takes the impression of the seal. The following verses by Ibnu'l-'Arabí have often been imitated:

"My heart is capable of every form:
A cloister for the monk, a fane for idols,
A pasture for gazelles, the votary's Ka'ba,
The tables of the Torah, the Koran.
Love is the faith I hold: wherever turn
His camels, still the One True Faith is mine."

In the commentary which Ibnu'l-'Arabí wrote on his poems in order to refute the charge that they were erotic compositions of the usual kind, he explains this passage as follows: "That is, I accept willingly and gladly whatever burden God lays upon me. No religion is more sublime than a religion founded on love and longing for Him whom I worship and in whom I have faith. This is the peculiar prerogative of Moslems, for the station of perfect love is appropriated to Mohammed beyond any other prophet, since God took him as His beloved." The description of Mohammed as the Beloved of God *par excellence* may appear surprising, but it represents a view of his person which prevailed in the Middle Ages, especially amongst Ṣúfís, a view resembling in some ways the Christian doctrine of a Mediator: I need only say that he was identified with the Logos whereby God is made manifest, and with the Holy Spirit which imparts every gift of grace. But the language used here by Ibnu'l-'Arabí raises larger and more important questions. What do he

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and other Ṣúfís mean by love of God?—for it is evident that they cannot all mean precisely the same thing. What is the nature and purpose of the symbolism which they have elaborated to such an extraordinary degree, and have employed in their writings so extensively that it is sometimes difficult to think of Ṣúfism except as a picture of innumerable lovers pressing on towards the Loved One?

Love of God, as understood by the Ṣúfís, was defined by the late Prof. Goldzieher as "the concentrated aspiration of the soul to lose its apparent personal existence by absorption in the all-embracing Reality of the Divine Being." This definition, however, assumes that all Súfís are agreed in regarding human personality as an illusion, and also implies a philosophical rather than a religious conception of the nature of God. While it would be endorsed by speculative pantheists like Ibnu 'l-'Arabí and fairly well describes, I think, the attitude of many Persian mystical poets, it is not applicable to the earlier Islamic mystics or to those who, like Ghazálí and the purely religious Ṣúfís in general, look upon the inner life of the mystic as a *personal* intercourse and communion between God and the human soul. These 'lovers' are not concerned with a universal Reality which includes themselves, but with a transcendent God who at times, by a miracle of grace, reveals Himself as dwelling in their hearts. In the former case God is loved intellectually or æsthetically, and though such love may be imbued with "the faith and passion which transmutes speculative thought into religion," yet the difference of tone is unmistakable. It would be interesting to compare the love-poetry of Moslem and Christian mystics. There are some remarkable analogies. You may recollect,

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for instance, that Dante tells us how, as he rose higher and higher in Paradise, his love was made stronger and his spiritual vision more intense by seeing Beatrice grow more and more beautiful. A century before Dante, the same idea occurs in a poem of Ibnu 'l-'Arabí, in which he says:

"Meeting with Him (the Beloved) creates in me what
I never imagined . . .
For I behold a form whose beauty, as often as we
meet, grows in splendour and majesty,
So that there is no escape from a love that increases
in proportion to every increase in His loveliness
according to a predestined scale."[1]

For our present purpose, the points of resemblance are not so instructive as the contrasts. One of these, I suppose, will strike every reader familiar with the Christian mystics as soon as he comes to study the mystical life in Islam. He will find passion, enthusiasm, ecstasy, ardour and exaltation, humility and anguish, lamentation and longing, and triumph and despair; but he will very seldom find any interplay of affection, any tenderness of intimacy, any touch of personal sympathy between God and the soul. No doubt one reason for this is that Islam has nothing that corresponds to the Christian view of the relation between God and Christ and between Christ and Man. The Logos doctrine, which introduces Mohammed as a Mediator, does not bring those relations into the nature of Allah, "who neither begets nor is He begotten." Hence Moslem mystics cannot think of themselves as the

[1] Cp. *Paradiso*, xxi. 7-9:

Chè la bellezza mia, che per le scale
dell' eterno palazzo più s'accende,
Com' hai veduto, quanto più si sale . . . .

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children of God, and all the feelings implied in the Divine Fatherhood are strange to them.

The Beloved of the Ṣúffís is the absolute Will, now opening the mystic's heart to grace and mercy, now shutting it in wrath and vengeance; or the absolute Being, in its essence beyond knowledge but making itself known in the manifestation of its names and attributes; or the absolute Beauty which veils itself in all the forms of existence and appears unveiled, like a bride, only to its lovers who behold it without form. In Ṣúfism, as in other types of mysticism, these three aspects are interfused, but nowhere else has the quest of Reality under the aspect of Beauty been depicted so exquisitely and with such fullness of treatment and opulence of illustration as by the Ṣúffí poets, and particularly by those of Persia. Much of that poetry belongs to world-literature, so that its characteristics are well-known in Europe, although some of them can hardly be reproduced even in the most skilful translation. With poets like Sa'dí and Háfiz the cult of beauty is more artistic than religious, while those who are genuine mystics, such as 'Aṭṭár and Jalálu'ddín Rúmí, are also conscious literary artists of the first rank. The symbolic representation of Reality which they offer us is addressed to the imagination rather than to the intellect or the conscience: it is not meant to be analyzed, deprived of its poetical colouring and rhythm, and interpreted in the terms of a religious philosophy. This is often true, at any rate, of the love-lyrics, the odes which were usually chanted, with or without the accompaniment of music, in order to stimulate enthusiasm and induce ecstasy, and which in some cases were composed with that object. The aim of the writers is, not so much to convey definite

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meanings, as to create by their art a beautiful dream-world capable of suggesting the infinite and inexpressible, of attuning the soul to heavenly harmonies, and of preparing it for the highest mystical experience. In the early period of Ṣúfism, as we have seen, recitation of the Koran was regularly employed to bring about the trance-state, and soon love-poetry (in which at first there was no mystical intention) began to be used for the same purpose. If the Ṣúffí poets in their hymns to the Deity exhausted every resource of language to make the truth and beauty uttered on the tongue a worthy witness to the truth and beauty felt within the heart, they were only giving an æsthetic application to the theory of mystical union set forth by Ḥalláj. The Quest in Islam hangs together from the beginning to the end: it must be studied as a whole, and we shall not understand it rightly unless we can discern and keep in view the historical connection of its ideas.

R. A. Nicholson.

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A GNOSTIC FRAGMENT FROM THE ZOHAR: THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

M. GASTER, Ph.D.

THE title which I have given to this fragment requires some explanation. The word Gnosticism has assumed a very wide application; almost every sect which did not conform strictly to the tenets of the orthodox Church of the first centuries, which used mystical or allegorical terms and evolved an independent system of cosmology, eschatology and soteriology, was indiscriminately described as Gnostic. The persecution of the sects was so ruthless that save for a few texts preserved in Coptic translations, scarcely any remnant has remained of a literature which must have been very rich, and even these have been greatly manipulated and modified; our knowledge of Gnostics and Gnosticism rests, therefore, considerably on the quotations found in the Patristic literature. To what extent it has been distorted can only be guessed, but that it is not a fair representation of these old systems can be safely assumed.

Yet in spite of all the drawbacks and the fragmentary and often unreliable information, it is apparent that all these systems have certain points in common. Modern scholars have brought to bear upon the investigation of these ancient remnants sound judgment and unbiassed appreciation. It is not here

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the place to refer to the huge literature which has arisen since the time of Baur down to Bousset and Cumont. The latter have, each in their several ways, attempted to sum up the leading principles which these Gnostic systems, including Mithraism, have in common. But if our investigation should be more fruitful, the Manichæan as well as the Mandæan doctrines must be drawn within the circle of our research. This last-mentioned is of the utmost importance and I incline to the belief expressed by Lidzbarski, Reitzenstein and Scheftelowitz, that of all the various systems, and especially in their relation to the so-called Iranian and Babylonian sources, the Mandæan has preserved in a purer form the oldest system of Gnosticism. Moreover, as will be mentioned anon, it took its rise neither in Egypt nor in Babylon but on the soil of Palestine, and was intimately connected with the movement whose outstanding protagonist was John the Baptist. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to enlarge the field covered by the name of Gnosticism. So far the fundamental principle was believed to be the existence of the Adam Kadmon, the Protoplastes, the progenitor of the human race; but to a far higher degree has the centre of the movement to be found in the history of the soul. Not only was its origin to be disclosed or discovered, but still more so what happened to it after its departure from the body.

It is sufficiently well known that this Gnostic movement arose at a time of great spiritual upheaval. Unrest and doubt had seized upon the world, and a yearning had grown stronger and stronger to escape the fear of death. It may have been a morbid sentiment, but it was a sign of the decay of an ancient

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civilization, which offered no satisfaction and no stability to the mind and heart of man. The people were anxious to obtain a solution of the problem and the means by which to escape the terrible consequences of complete annihilation. At the same time a moral principle underlay this movement, or rather a sense of justice, seeing that so many suffered innocently whilst others prospered in wickedness and sin. The people had lost their moral balance and it was to be adjusted by the doctrine of punishment and reward meted out to the soul after death. They wanted some assurance to that effect and, if possible, to attain a glimpse of that bliss in this world. The Gnosis offered them the solution, for it promised to obtain everlasting bliss to the purified soul which had been caught by dark matter, but from which the initiate would free themselves step by step, and thus reach that high degree of perfection which consisted in the adequate 'knowledge' of the highest divine power. This was not to be obtained by the exercise of reason, but by meditation on and contemplation of the Divine. Whether complete absorption in the Divine was to be obtained is not quite clear; but this teaching was a kind of revelation, an apocalypse, a mystery, in which the Rescuing Power, the Sotēr, Saviour, became the central figure. He was a Divine power who, for the sake of saving the souls from the bondage of matter, had assumed a corporeal body and had undergone the same trials as every mortal, nay had even submitted to death only to rise again and thus conquer death. He would then take the other souls with him along the same road of trial and death to conquer over it. Mystical names, formulas and prayers were communicated to the initiate, which were the outward

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embodiment of that Gnosis or intuitive knowledge; and by means of these formulas, which served as amulets, the soul in its ascent was freed from the molestations of the evil spirits which barred its way. The wicked, the impure, those to whom Matter clung very strongly, could, of course, not obtain that free passage, that flight to the heights; they were dragged down and remained in the power of Darkness.

I must limit myself to this brief outline and must decline to discuss, or even to touch upon, the dualistic principle so prominent afterwards in the Manichæan teaching and in the Iranian; nor can I speak of the various theories of the origin of the Sotēr, the Fall of the Light—if I may call it so—into the power of Darkness, the rôle ascribed to the Plērōma, Archontes, Yaldabaot and even Achamot, except to point out that the last word is the dialectic pronunciation for Ḥaḥamot, 'Wisdom,' not in the usual meaning of this term, but meaning that intuitive wisdom obtained by contemplation, by which the mysteries of the world stand revealed and whereby the true Gnosis is obtained: in fact, it may be taken as identical with the Greek word 'Gnōsis.' There remains, however, one problem which, as far as I am aware, no one has yet touched, *viz.* what becomes of the body from which the soul has departed? Has this question ever been raised among the Gnostics? Hitherto all the attention has been concentrated upon finding out the fate of the soul; but no one seems to have troubled himself to discover the fate of the body according to Gnostic teaching. If one of the fundamental principles is the fight of Light with Darkness, which, at the end of time, is to end in the complete victory of Light over Darkness, the question remains, what becomes of the dark matter,

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which was only the result of a rebellious action, a deliberate separation from the source of Light? In the beginning all was Light. I am not going back to the obscure Babylonian myths of the fight of the gods with Tiamat, the great serpent, the dark abyss, which also finishes with the victory of Light over Darkness. But there again no answer has been vouchsafed as to what would happen at the end of time. This eschatological problem must have been present in the minds of those who preached the dogma of Light and Darkness, of Soul and Body and, above all, of the final victory of Light over Darkness, of Soul over Matter. Was that body then left to itself, although it had been the vehicle for the soul? In fact, was there a question of the resurrection, of re-uniting the Spirit with the Body, and of granting both such reward as they deserved after they had both undergone a similar state of trial and ultimate purification and perfection as had that Divine Power whose example they followed? Nay, what had become of the body of that Sotēr, in which he clothed himself when descending into this world? Did he or could he abandon it to utter decay and leave it behind as of no consequence, or did it also slowly assume a more spiritual form when he took his ascent to heaven? What could be understood by 'annihilation' of matter unless re-uniting in one form or another with the Divine Origin?

I venture to think that this problem agitated the mind of at least some of the Gnostics and, if we turn to the somewhat incoherent teaching of the Mandæans, very little doubt can be left as to the accuracy of this assumption. At the end of days when Anoš is to be victorious, he evidently will revive Adam and Eve and the whole Creation, which had been destroyed by fire

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and water (end of Book of John). In some of the Liturgies an echo of this belief can be found. But, of course, as so much stress had been laid upon the incompatibility of Matter with Spirit, of the wickedness and sinfulness of Darkness against the glory of the Light, this problem was more and more obliterated. Still, it is impossible to think of a whole system without taking into consideration the possibility, nay the plausibility, that it must have also included a final solution of the fundamental problem involved in the fight between Light and Darkness, between Spirit and Matter, in which the body would also in time be slowly raised to that higher perfection which was the ultimate end of creation. This would be a proper logical solution. It is this principle which is elaborated in the fragment recovered by me from the Book Zohar. The whole phraseology fully agrees with that used in the Mandæan books; even the same expression recurs over and over again, as can easily be seen by anyone who compares it with the teaching of the King of Light or the descent of Hibil-Zīwā to the regions of Hell, published by Brandt from the Genzā, and the similar teachings in the Book of John and the Liturgies published by Lidzbarski. They all breathe the same spirit, even the 'blotting out from the Book of Life' is mentioned.

Before proceeding further, a word must now be said about the Book Zohar. The current ideas about that book are to my mind absolutely erroneous. Those who have studied the book have, I am afraid, not even taken the trouble to read the full title-page. It is ascribed to a certain Rabbi Simeon ben Yochai, a sage who lived in Galilee, in the second century, and it was not difficult for anyone reading the book to point out

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a large number of anachronisms. It was therefore alleged that the book was a spurious writing fabricated by a certain Moses de Leon in Spain at the end of the XIIIth century. The whole Book, which constitutes a huge volume, was treated as a unity and, although many portions have separate titles, they were still considered as forming part and parcel of the original composition.

I have dealt with this question fully elsewhere (Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, vol. xii., pp. 858 ff.), and it suffices here simply to mention that the results of my enquiries have led me to the conclusion that this Book is a compilation made at a later date from very ancient independent documents. The editors or publishers, in the middle of the XVIth century, were intent upon preparing a mystical commentary to the Pentateuch in addition to a book originally called the 'Midrash of Rabbi Simeon ben Yochai'; they gathered their material from every side and joined this material together, reserving however the title of each independent treatise, thus creating out of a mass of incoherent matter what they believed to be a consistent commentary to the Five Books of Moses. It is, therefore, an idle attempt on the part of scholars to formulate a mystical system of the Zohar. There are in that Book not one but many such systems standing side by side, sometimes supplementing one another and sometimes contradicting one another. Every mystical school of thought is represented in one part or another of that book. We have thus in one fragment the principle of permutations and the substitution of the letters of the alphabet, resting on the theory of the Logos; for if the world had been created by the 'Word,' a word consists of

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letters, and probably the most efficacious of these letters must be those used to designate the Name of God. It is by combination of such letters that the creative Word could be re-constituted; hence all this play of letters which fills an ample space, not only in the Zohar and in the so-called practical Kabbalah, but which is already found fully represented in the ancient Magical Papyri and in the phylacteries of the Samaritans (see my publication in *Pro. Soc. Biblical Archæology*).

Side by side with this theory is that of emanations, the descending world of spheres, through which the world became slowly materialized, until it was finally condensed in our Earth. Then there is the purely allegorical interpretation, where to all the incidents of the Bible a totally different meaning is assigned from that found in the text. This allegorical interpretation is very well known through the writings of Philo, who follows therein an older example of Aristobulus. The process however has gone much further: the Biblical names stand for ideas and the whole simple meaning of the text has been sublimated and entirely obliterated. An arbitrary philology takes the place of sound grammar, and free play is allowed to the imagination unchecked apparently by any system of logic or reason. Many more systems could easily be discovered in the various sections of the Zohar. One can see, therefore, how irrational any attempt would be to evolve a uniform system from this complex collection. A further examination reveals the fact that the various treatises hail in all probability from schools which had flourished in Palestine, and especially in Galilee—they are written mostly in the Aramaic vulgar dialect spoken in that province,—and

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that they belong to different ages and different schools of thought. Some of these are undoubtedly very old and it is due to simple chance that they have survived. Mystic speculation was rife among the Jews from very early times, whether it be described as mystical speculations on the Heavenly Throne, mystical speculations on the Cosmogony, or on the ineffable Name of God, and they were known long before the time of John the Baptist. Again, not only Jews but other sects living in Galilee engaged in such mystic speculations. Samaria must have been a very centre; the figure of Simon Magus is sufficiently well known to prove that fact, and many utterances of John the Baptist, of Jesus and the Apostles, can be properly appreciated only if it be assumed that they referred to ideas and tendencies common among the people. Their allusions could easily be understood, for they moved in an atmosphere replete with such notions. The world was at that time seething with mysteries and mysticism, and it would have been a miracle if the Jews alone could have remained immune. But this is not the fact. On the contrary, it is becoming more and more evident that Jews took an important part in influencing and moulding these various systems. Eschatology had already assumed a very definite character, and the common belief in reward and punishment beyond this world was strong; one need only refer to the numerous apocalyptic writings which then saw the light—not least among them to the Revelation of John—to realize how greatly the world at that time was beset with these difficulties and anxious to find a solution of the riddle of Life and Death. No wonder, therefore, that esoteric teachings like these would slowly crystallize

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among various schools, and that traditions transmitted orally in the beginning should then be written down for fear of being forgotten or lost. Such beliefs formed the ingredients of the Zohar, and parallels to Gnostic teachings abound on every page. In a double set of treatises there is found the very central idea of the ascent of the Soul through various Heavens, the gates of which are guarded by angels, whose secret name the Soul has to utter to obtain free passage, and, *vice versa*, the descent to Hell, where the soul has to pass through a similar process of examination by the demons watching at the seven gates corresponding to the seven gates of Heaven. It is fully elaborated, but it goes back to more ancient treatises of a similar kind which link it up with the Book of Enoch and other apocalyptic journeys through Heaven and Hell found in the pseudepigraphic literature.

Among other beliefs current already at that time and shared by Jews and Samaritans alike, as well as by other sects, was that of the Day of Doom and Judgment, to be followed by a period of peace and happiness. The Sibyl is already full of these ideas, and to them was added afterwards, as a necessary corollary, the Resurrection of the Dead; for if there were to be Judgment, then all those who had sinned had to rise and appear to receive Judgment.

At a more primitive stage in the evolution of this belief the idea of Judgment was not so prominently connected with the Resurrection. It was kept rather vague, and it is precisely in this form that the fate of the soul after death and its future re-union with its former body are described in a curious, solitary fragment found in the Zohar. For the reasons here advanced, I have no doubt that this fragment had originally

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formed part of a much larger treatise concerning eschatological problems. Some of the allusions are still obscure, but by comparing others with the existing mystical literature, they can be explained much more easily; so, *e.g.*, the 'great laughter.' It appears in the Magical Papyri and has baffled every interpreter. What is probably meant is the creative Laughter, the Voice which alone suffices to bring the world into existence without speaking a word, a continuous modulated sound without letters and at the same time a source of rejoicing and happiness, a characteristic feature of the New World.

The allusion to Jerusalem, though based on Biblical texts, finds a curious parallel in the Mandæan teaching, where Jerusalem also is the spot for the future revelation of Anoš. The soul is described throughout as filled with Light, fed with Light from the Divine Throne, shining in great lustre, being received by the pious in the Heavenly Paradise, and even more full of Light than the angels. The soul attains the highest form of perfection, inasmuch as it is taught to perceive and understand, to 'know,' the glory of God. This is also reserved for the body, which is to be slowly transformed into a more perfect being through the agency of the Prince of the Presence, Metatron, and becomes more translucent, *i.e.* spiritualized; it must be able to give the soul the 'secret sign' of that highest knowledge which it has also attained, before the soul can be re-united with it. The angel with his ink-horn marks a sign on each one of the bodies which are called to life again, just as we find it in the other Gnostic writings.

But, again, it is a remarkable fact that nothing is said here of the Day of Judgment, which proves the

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extreme antiquity of this fragment. It had been taken over from a special Gnostic school and adapted to the Biblical text in a very deft manner. All the figures and all the incidents were treated allegorically, and references taken from other parts of the Bible and incorporated in this writing were treated in a similar manner. One can, easily, therefore, eliminate, as I have done, all the Biblical passages; nay, it is necessary if we are to reconstruct the old original.

The text which here follows forms an allegorical mystical interpretation of the story of the death of Sarah and of her burial, and then of Abraham sending Eliezer to find a wife for his son among his family and to bring her back to Isaac. Each name which occurs is interpreted almost in the manner of Philo; it no longer represents the human: Abraham stands for the soul, Sarah for the body that is interred in the field of Ephron who is the dust; the Ḥet[1] is the representative of the pious; Eliezer is the servant of the soul and, therefore, the servant of his master, *i.e.* Metatron; and similarly Isaac and Rebecca as well as Keturah are interpreted to mean the soul and body in various stages. Further quotations are adduced from the Song of Songs, equally mystically interpreted, but not corresponding to the interpretation found in the Targum; for the dove here represents the soul and not the House of Israel as in the Targum. This whole section is called, in the Zohar, the 'Midrash Hane'elam,' 'The Hidden or Veiled Midrash.' I am simply joining together the portions which seem to belong to one continuous text referring to death and resurrection, leaving out all the Biblical references which have been adjusted in such manner to the text as to form the

[1] Or Hittite (Gen. xxiii. 3).

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apparent basis for this interpretation which has been placed upon the original.

THE VEILED MIDRASH FROM THE ZOHAR, FOL. 122Bff.

"And Abraham came to mourn over Sarah and to weep over her." That is what we have been taught. The soul of man watches over the body for seven days and mourns over it, as is said above. Abraham means the soul, Sarah the body. When the soul is worthy of it, she rises up and goes to her place: the body rests in peace, and the soul goes straight to the place which has been appointed for it in the Garden of Eden. But when the soul is not worthy and deserves to be punished, then the soul returns desolate and visits the body in the grave every day. And so the soul goes on for twelve months, flitting about in the world and hovering over the grave. . . . But the soul that is meritorious, first protects the body for a while and then rises up to her high place. She also addresses the bodies of the others, the righteous, those who have been oppressed and overwhelmed in the world for the sake of their fear of the Lord, and who are now dwelling in the dust. And why is it necessary that it should be so? Because they are all written down according to their number, and this body is entered into the same account. And this soul says to them with reverence and homage: "A stranger and a sojourner am I among you. For this body now is to be one of you in your company." Before the pious man dies, a Bath-kol proclaims every day to those pious men who are in Paradise: "Prepare a place for So and So who is coming here." And, therefore, they say: "A prince of God art thou in our midst, among the choicest of the pious. Enter him into our list, and none shall refuse him place among us, for we all rejoice and we offer him greetings of peace." And the soul reaches them first and rejoices with them, and then it reaches the angel who is appointed over them; for we have been taught that an angel is appointed over the graves and his name is Dumah, and he proclaims every day among the pious those who are coming to be associated with them. Then the soul meets him, so as to ensure for the body a rest of peace, comfort and satisfaction. His name is mentioned as Ephron, because he is the one who presides over

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those who dwell in the 'Aphar (Dust). And all the registers in which the pious are entered, are handed over to him as well as those of all the company of the pious who dwell in the Dust.

And in the future time he is bound to bring them up according to the record; for in the time to come, when the Lord will decide to quicken the dead, He will call the angel appointed over the dead, whose name is Dumah, and He will ask of him the number of all the dead pious men and the pious proselytes and those who have been martyrs for the sake of His holy Name. And he will bring them forth in the same number as he had received them. But also the souls of the wicked are handed over to the same angel Dumah to carry them down to Gehinom and to judge them. And from the moment they are handed over to him, they are not free until they have been carried into Gehinom.

And the soul afterwards approaches him with the request to enter her own body into the list of the bodies of the other pious men. And the angel anticipates the request and says that the body's destination is to rest in the Dust; but the soul approaches him and requests him to place him in the list of the pious. These have already been entered before in the written record; for it has been decreed that this record should be kept by Dumah of all those that enter into the House of Burial; and by the same record they are in future to be brought out again. He is appointed over all those who dwell in the Dust,—the field which has been placed in his care as a place of great peace and rest. Every pious man is exposed two hundred times to be put to shame, and he also inherits two hundred worlds, for the sake of the study of the Law; for these are considered as if they were martyrs for the sake of His holy Name. . . .

We read in the Pentateuch: "And Abraham was old," and in the Song of Songs: "One is my dove," etc. Both are identical with the soul. The soul is called Abraham, because the soul is associated with the body like a man with the wife, the body representing the woman, whilst the soul which ascends above is like a woman compared to a man, and each one occupies the position accordingly, the soul being superior to the human whilst she is inferior in comparison with the heavenly spirit.

Four times every year drops fall from Eden to the Garden;

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and these drops become a great river which divides up into four parts; and from these, eight-and-forty drops fall which water the trees of Eden. Where is that Eden? Some say it is above the Arabot;[1] others hold it is in the Arabot and that therein are the treasures of good life and of blessing and peace; and there also are the souls of the pious. This is the Upper Eden which is hidden, and to this corresponds the 'Garden' which is upon the earth, and which draws abundance every day from the Upper Eden. Eight-and-forty prophets have arisen and each one has obtained his 'wisdom' (Sophia, Gnosis or Higher Knowledge) by absorbing one of these drops, and through this he reached to the highest station, through the Holy Spirit which he had thus absorbed. Adam had partaken of all these drops, and it is easy to imagine how great was his wisdom. It must again be noted that with each drop which comes from Eden there comes with it the spirit of wisdom; it is this which caused the prophet to reach that high position, for only those who drink of this water become 'wise.' The souls of the pious are in that Eden and, if those who obtain only a drop reach a high state of wisdom, how much more must this be the case with the souls that dwell in Eden itself and partake of all the pleasures of Eden? As soon as the soul reaches the heavenly Jerusalem, the angel Michael meets her and gives her the greetings of peace, and the ministering angels look upon her in wonder and ask: "Who is this that 'rises up from the Desert'? Who is this one that comes up to the Upper World from the body which is like vanity?" Then he answers and says: "This is my 'only dove,' the 'only one to her mother,' which is the Heavenly Throne from which the soul is born and from which it has been separated. And the other souls that are there, which are called the Daughters of Jerusalem, come to see her. And the souls come and praise her and give her the greetings of peace. The Patriarchs, the pious proselytes, all assemble together to praise her, and thus the soul rises up and reaches everlasting life, *i.e.* the days which have no end.

Later on the soul returns to the body. Since the soul in the beginning had entered into a body of low origin, it is also likely that when the time comes the soul will re-enter that same body;

[1] One of the heavenly spheres.

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for that body will then also have reached a very high standard of perfection. And it will be precisely the very same soul which will enter the very same body. Both will then be perfect of that 'perfect knowledge' which they had hitherto not been able to reach when they had been living in this world together.

Metatron, the Prince of the Divine Presence, who is called the Youth, the Servant, is appointed over the soul. He is to provide her daily with that Light which has been set aside for her; and he is the one who in future will take from Dumah the record of those who are buried in the grave, and he will show it to the Lord. He has been appointed to prepare the 'yeast' to rebuild the bones that are under the ground, so as to form the skeleton and to raise the body in a perfect condition, though as yet without the soul. He sends each one to his place, and it is he who in future will also beautify the bodies in the burial places. He is also appointed over all the hosts of the Lord. All these hosts receive the soul and rejoice in her light; for the light of the soul in the other world is greater than the light of the Heavenly Throne itself, although she has been taken from it, but the light of each one is in accordance with her own merits. And when Metatron goes to fulfil the command of God, all the hosts accompany him with his chariot, and they are fed by its lustre. The soul speaks to him and says: "Grant me thy help." And at the same time the soul causes him to take an oath saying: "When thou goest on this mine errand, thou shalt not take another body for this my soul to enter, even a strange body, which is not befitting me; but thou shalt take my very body from which I have departed. That body which had been full of suffering and pain and had no pleasure because of its devotion to the fear of the Lord, that very body shalt thou get for me, to laugh (to rejoice) with the joy of the pious, the joy of the Lord; for then will be the time of laughter in the world."

Then an angel will come with his ink-horn in his girdle and he will make a sign on the forehead of each body; and then the Great Prince, the Metatron, will come and perfect each one so as to make him fit to receive his soul. And that other angel will come before this Prince will start out on his errand. Those who have given their lives to the study of the Law, will be those who will be raised first; and this is sure to happen on the Friday, the eve of the Sabbath, which will be the sixth millennium, at the end

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of the sixth thousand, when the six thousand years of the world's existence will have come to an end. And then the soul will seek her own body; for although a man may have been a scholar, he still stands in need of perfection; but by the higher knowledge which he will then receive, they will be able to recognize one another. And the soul will say to the body: "It is necessary that thou shouldst give me the secret of thy knowledge concerning Him (God)." And then the body will say: "Thou hast also been like unto me, even a servant, and the knowledge which thou didst possess, has not been exalted above my knowledge of the Lord; for thou must realize that thou hast also been created like unto me. I know that where thou hast reached I have not yet reached; but I know also that I have the advantage over thee that I know thou hast been created from the brightness which has been given to thee." If the body give this sign, then the soul will know that the body has been handed over to her in consequence of these words; and then the soul will know that that is the body which belongs to her. And that is the fulfilment of the oath which the soul had caused the angel to take. And this body is holy because he has martyred himself in order to know and to apprehend his Creator, and he now becomes an associate of the intellect, a body joined to the mind and the brother of the soul, and the burden of 'wisdom' is upon him. Then the angel Metraton will run towards him and say: "Give me a token of thy knowledge of thy Creator, as far as thou hast apprehended it in the world from which thou art now coming forth." Then the angel will gather up all the scattered bones and number them one with the other. [Then that body will rise up in the Land of Israel and there the soul will enter into it.] Tunnels are made by the Lord under the ground, and the bones are rolling through them from every part until they reach the Land of Israel. And the angel Gabriel leads them on towards the Land of Israel. And when the body has been completed and carried to the Land of Israel, there he will find the soul waiting to meet him. And then there will be great rejoicing in the world. And the soul will wait forty years for the body, and the place of meeting will be the Temple, because the soul will then love the body and comfort herself with him; and that will be the time of laughter and joy in the world. Now this soul will dwell beside the fountain of everlasting life with the knowledge of Him

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who is living for ever, to know and to apprehend that which she has never been able to apprehend in this world.

In addition to this text, there is also a small fragment of a similar treatise, which seems to refer to one incident only. It evidently belongs to the portion when Metatron goes to call up the dead and it runs as follows:

ZOHAR, I. 121A TOSEFTA.

The text of the Matnita.[1] We gathered together, we heard a Voice, turning from on high and below; there spread through the world a Voice which was breaking the mountains and splitting the mighty rocks. Great storms were raised, our ears were opened and it said: "Those who are resting under the shadow awake! And those who sleep in their deep slumber in their graves (lit. holes) stand up in your status!" The King speaketh, the guardians of the gate, those who are the rulers of the mighty hosts, stand up upright alive. They do not all respond. They do not know that the Book is open, that the name is entered and that the (angel) Dumah stands and takes account of those who dwell in the Dust. They sit outside and he draws near to count those who are not subject to the Turning Wheel (those who are not subjected to the Gilgul), and those who fall and do not rise up, the guilty ones that are to be blotted out from the Book of Dumah, those of whom account will be asked and those who have to render account. Woe unto them! Woe unto their lives! Woe unto their souls! Concerning them it is written: "They shall be blotted out from the Book of Life" (Ps. 69$_{29}$).

M. GASTER.

(Read at a Meeting of the Quest Society, February 8, 1923.)

[1] Name for 'Section' in the Oral Law.

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SOME REMARKS ON THE TRANSCORPORATION DOCTRINE.

THE EDITOR.

THERE are many in these days of scientific discovery who are happy in the thought that we are possessed of great knowledge, and are far wiser than any generation of the past. Well, it depends entirely on what we mean by knowledge, and by being wise. For my part, ever since I began to think seriously, I have been persuaded that the scientific knowledge we possess, valuable as it is within its various frames of reference, deals only as it were with cross-sectionings of reality. It never really gets below the surface of things. The observable activities of the life of a man showing on the surface are a series of dissections or excerpts out of a greater life of which our science can as yet tell us practically nothing. My body originates from a tiny speck of protoplasm, and microscopic research has accomplished wonders in tracing its initial development into the marvellously complex organism that vehicles my life and mind. But as yet no analysis of this primal cell shows us why it should produce the embodiment now of a human, now of an animal and anon of a plantal entity. My body is traced back to a germinal stage of simplicity which is indistinguishable from that of any other animal. What then accounts for the development of what seems to be one and the same order of protoplasm into the body of

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a frog or of a Shakespeare? The multitudinous differences of product from ostensibly one and the same kind of cell must be due to non-physical agencies; in other words, there is an invisible world of life and mind utterly unaccounted for by bio-chemistry and physiological psychology.[1]

Here, then, we have in our very bodies a work of super-human design and execution, the most precious product of the world of Nature known to us; and yet the hidden soul of things we call Nature seems utterly indifferent to the preservation of so great a wonder. She generates and destroys our bodies to all seeming without rhyme or reason. An embodied life of apparently no value, or even distinctly hurtful to the rest, is preserved to long length of days; a life of great value, even to all seeming quite irreplaceable, is cut short. No man can surely count on continuing to live here for another instant; this might well be the last word I write. It is then useless to pretend that our

[1] And this invisible world of inner determination, or conditioning, is assuredly not to be conceived of adequately by the help of any physical analysis or metaphors. Every day incalculable numbers of germ-cells perish; not one in a billion perchance is developed. They are all of them possibles, but few of them are probables. Does then the physical germ *contain* the tree or rabbit or man? This can hardly be the case. It is a centre for the interplay of internal and external forces. The unitary lives, or psychical systems or framings, determining multicellular structures must be conceived of as pertaining to an order of non-physical reality; and if there is any question of 'containing,' then the vital and psychical determinants contain, order and develope the physical organisms, when favourable conditions are found, rather than the contrary.

My embodied life here begins with a cell and ends with the last heart-beat in a body that is a veritable world or universe in itself. For if the electronic constituents of an atom are conceived of by analogy as a solar system in miniature, we may well think of the countless atoms of a human body as ordered into a miniature cosmos in correspondence with the great universe by the marvellous art of a quality of life that cannot be appraised by any quantitative computations. What then of this wise life which furnishes my mind with this world-relational instrument of physical existence, accomplishing for my benefit a wondrous work that is in every way beyond my competence to effect or even understand? Whence and what is this life; whence and what again is this mind of me that wonders at this life as something far wiser than itself?

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present scientific knowledge is of such great value, when it leaves us utterly in the dark on such prime questions as the origin and end of life, its meaning and purpose. It is quite evident that we do not live by the knowledge of what happens to us between the birth and death-moments of our bodies; we, as all other living things, live in spite of what we know of the chances and hazards that attend our bodily existence from instant to instant. Indeed the more I realize what those hazards are, the more I wonder that we men continue to work and labour, to strive and struggle, as though death were a remote contingency. This has always been to me a proof that there is the 'sense' of an innate reality in us of an order superior to all the death-chances of a physical embodiment.

We turn then from the science of things visible to the great over-beliefs of humanity—the doctrines of that religious consciousness, that 'sense' of spiritual things, in which the vast majority of mankind has ever had faith. Here we might expect to find first, and pre-eminently in our own theology, something to throw light on the great problem. But if we question the religious tradition of the Western world, the faith of Christendom, and ask: Whence do we come?—we find ourselves confronted with an answer that practically slams the door in our face. Behind that speck of protoplasm, we are asked to believe, stands the unmediated mystery of an instantaneous creation, a miraculous event, an utterly new factor for ever being inserted into the world-order. God immediately creates the soul of every child born into the world. This soul has no prior history; it was not, and suddenly is—evoked from nowhere and nowhen. It is an absolutely immediate creation flashed forth for existence in the temporal

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material order, bound to a cellular bodily process in one of innumerable possible conditions of favourable or unfavourable heredity and environment.[1] Moreover this inexperienced soul is held to be morally responsible for every deed, though it has had no choice whatever as to the task apportioned to it.[2] But if this immediate creation theory is true, and every soul is accounted equally responsible by God for the conduct of its life in such disparate embodiments and conditions, then, if justice is to obtain, it can hardly be supposed that all souls are created with equal moral capacities. The tasks assigned to them are glaringly unequal; it manifestly requires far more ability and virtue to make music out of an instrument with broken or rotten strings than out of a well-strung one. For justice to obtain,—and none but a moral God can win our worship,

[1] The body may be that of an idiot, or blind or crippled, or rotted with syphilis, or it may be a healthy and most admirable instrument for action and thought; nevertheless, the moral responsibility is generally supposed by theology to be the same in kind in both cases.

[2] The primitive idea of creation is connected with magical procedure, the use of spells and invocations, the summoning out of the invisible into the visible with words of power. With the growth of culture and the deepening of thought this magical conception was sublimated into the notion of an immediate causing-to-be out of non-existence, an incomprehensible act of creation out of nothing, as opposed to fabrication, making or development out of a pre-existing stuff—a spiritual unconditioned act. In Christianity the creative act is conceived of as the *fiat* of a personal God; it is God's good pleasure, and not within the measures of law. It is difficult, in fact impossible, to eliminate from this anthropomorphic perspective the idea of arbitrariness; and the notion of a moral law regulating impartially the coupling of such an immediately created soul with an evolved body is severely handicapped. Any attempt to make a theodicy, or defence of divine justice, on these lines seems indeed doomed to failure. What again becomes of the doctrine of original sin, so dear to the minds of a Paul, an Augustine and a Calvin, if every soul is newly created at the birth of the body? It cannot be created sinful, if God is good; it must be born without sin. And yet, according to Judæo-Christian dogmatics, disease of body and imperfection of ability are held to be due to sin. The sins of the fathers are visited on the children. That is a scriptural way of formulating the inescapable facts of evil heredity. But why should a newly created soul be enmeshed in this? What has it done that it should shoulder the burden of the countless misdeeds of its predecessors in body? Has it volunteered for so vicarious a sacrifice? And if so, what knowledge of experience has it to guide it in choosing so self-sacrificing a task? We might go on piling up question on question to which this theory gives no answer.

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—the souls must be endowed with abilities proportionate to the tasks they are set to perform; it follows logically that the more imperfect the body is, the more unfavourable the environment, the better endowed should be the soul. Souls then cannot be created equal; nor does the theory of traducianism help.[1]

But apart from the enigma of the origin of man's soul as thus formulated by Christian theology, there is the problem of its future state when death claims the body. In this Christianity shares the most common persuasion of all the great religions, and sets forth a doctrine of future rewards and punishments, of happy and unhappy states, determined by the deeds done on earth. Indeed on no other supposition is it possible in any way to attempt a theodicy; for justice is not to be found here in the life-history of any mortal. Christian doctrine further holds that the soul of man, not only survives for a time, but perdures, is indestructible throughout all time.[2]

Now when we talk of the pre-existence and post-

[1] Prof. J. F. Bethune Baker, *Early History of Christian Doctrine*, pp. 302-305, is of opinion that traducianism was 'generally' accepted by the Latin Fathers; though this seems to me somewhat of an exaggeration. This curious theory, bound up with that of original sin, supposes: "The first man bore within him the germ of all mankind; his soul was the fountain-head of all human souls; all varieties of individual human nature were only different modifications of that one original spiritual substance. Creation was finally and completely accomplished on the sixth day. As the body is derived from the bodies of the parents, so the soul is derived from the souls of the parents—body and soul being formed by natural generation."

[2] But if the soul by a certain *fiat* comes into being, and not only is incorporated, at a particular moment of time, it might very well be thought to run the hazard of becoming non-existent at some other moment. The idea of beginning in time and going on for ever in time has been, however, the common Christian persuasion; it is called the sempiternity of the soul, But it is now beginning to be generally possible to distinguish between the notion of true eternity and the concept of endless time; the latter is indeed now referred to as a false infinity. Eternal life transcends all notion of temporal sequence, no matter how quantitatively vast the latter may be conceived to be. Eternity is free of every temporal mode. This freedom, however, does not mean that spirit is *incapable* of using any or every mode of time at will, but the very opposite; otherwise it would be bound negatively. Spirit creates time.

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existence of the soul, we do not mean the simultaneous eternal life of spirit which is the essence and not the existence of the soul. Spirit is immediate and perpetual life in itself, divine creative potency; spiritual life determines and is not determined by existence in time. Pre-existence and post-existence are temporal concepts, and apply only when the soul is envisaged as involved in temporal limitations. Moreover time proper, as real duration, is a psychical and not a material order of existence. In one state of embodied existence the soul may live a few years, as reckoned by our conventional space-defined body-time scheme of reference, in another state perchance an æon of such years.[1] But time for the soul is not measurable in this mechanical fashion.[2]

Is the soul again to be conceived of as dependent solely on the physical organism for its experience of sensible existence? I venture to think it is far otherwise. The senses are not body-powers; the physical organs of sense are limitations to the sense-powers of the soul. Physical embodiment limits their activity to

[1] Body-time is reckoned mechanically by our clocks, and clock-movement is determined by the spin of our little planet on its axis and its orbital movement round the sun. We reckon earth-time by the recurrent motion of the common body with which our little bodies are continuous and which limits our perspective of all the other great bodies in the universe. If we were on Sirius our clock-time would be very different.

[2] There are many soul-experiences recorded in which clock-time is found to be utterly inadequate as a means of computing the possibilities of psychical time. For instance, the events of a life-time may be revived as it were in a flash under the stress of some intensely emotional crisis. Objective earth-time may be immensely shortened or lengthened for the individual experient. Take such an instance as the well-known one of a daughter reading to her father, and pausing simply the normal clock-time to mark the full stop at the end of a sentence before resuming her reading. Yet in these two or three seconds she lived through the details of what seemed to be another life of very considerable length, and it was not the recollection of her past life. It will at once be said that all this is purely subjective, and these striking soul-facts will be dismissed as of no utility for practical existence. Such facts are indeed subjective in relation to the world-perspective mediated to the soul by our physical organism. But is this physical limitation to be deemed the only criterion of reality and truth for the soul?

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a special field of reference, and in so doing deforms reality. Our normal experience here is determined by a physical instrument that gives the innate powers of the soul comparatively little scope, and makes us the slaves of a mode of time and configuration of space that is exceedingly restricted.

But further, when soul is free of the physical body, is it to be conceived of as an utterly bodiless entity? By no means. The commonest persuasion of antiquity, confirmed in our own day by a wealth of facts which are now being methodically observed and analyzed by psychical research, make it clear that survival is still in an embodied state; there is a subtle embodiment of the soul 'within' the physical organism, here and now, and this condition persists when the outermost physical carapace is stripped off. In speculating on this immensely important factor in post-existence the philosophy of antiquity formulated a doctrine of subtle bodies of various degrees or orders, issuing from a principle of embodiment which was as it were the originating seed-ground of all the vehicles of consciousness used by the soul in whatever regions or states it might chance to have its existence, during its circlings in the ever-changing flux of becoming in the universe, visible and invisible.[1]

Both in the East and the West (apart from the Jewish-Christian dogma of immediate creation) the doctrine of the post-existence of the soul, and therefore of its pre-existence, for both Orient and Occident were

[1] It was hotly debated by the Platonic thinkers of the later period whether or not the human soul was destined to be at long-last utterly free even from the universal body of all things, which was held to be eternal, in the sense of lasting as long as time endures. Some affirmed that the human soul in its essence, as the *nous*, or spirit, was in this possibility superior to the world-soul, in that it could finally be utterly free of body of every kind, including the one universal body of all things; whereas the world-soul was for ever bound up with the world-body. Others held a contrary view.

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equally logical in this respect, was a question which involved a series of transmutations of an *embodied* life or soul, and not simply the adventures of a naked spirit minus a body of every conceivable kind.[1]

It will be said by many that this is an extremely materialistic doctrine. It depends, however, on what we mean by matter. The idea of matter may be conceived of as increasingly dynamic, energetic, capable of sublimation to an incalculable degree, to its very prime in protyle,—perchance in light. Matter is an integral factor of the whole sensible universe, visible and invisible. The sensible universe is not only the show of things we perceive through our earthly, dense, gross or crassified physical organism; it is rather a system of worlds within worlds, of orders within orders of existence, of ever rarer, more delicate and more subtle ranges of æsthetic apprehension. Therefore at the back of a speck of protoplasm there are not only life and mind, which are not of the material order, but a series of subtle material dynamic schemes, force-systems or -frames as it were, a conditioning chain of determinants governing the evolution of the physical

[1] The terms used for this transmigration-theory sometimes stress the body-side of this duality in unity, sometimes the soul-side of the partnership, sometimes they are indifferent or neutral. Thus the general term re-birth (Sk. *punar-janman*, Gk. *palig-genesis*) denoted the simple idea of again-becoming, it mattered not in what state of existence. One of the earliest Pythagorean terms was *met-aggismos*, a metaphor from the material process of pouring water out of one 'vessel' into another—a 'change of vessels.' But the commoner designation was *met-em-psychōsis*, signifying 'change of en-soulment.' This was complemented from the other side by the somewhat rarer term *met-en-sōmatōsis*, or 'change of em-bodiment,' and became in Latin translation *trans-corporatio*. 'Transcorporation' is little used in English; but it is so strongly indicative of the fact that the determination of the soul's activities in time and space is due to the nature of its various embodiments, rather than that these are metamorphoses of the soul itself, that I have used it in my title as a reminder that the principle of embodiment, no matter how potent, or subtle or extended it may be thought to be, reaching up to the notions of auric surrounds and glories, is held by the supporters of this theory to be the fundamental condition of existence in the world of becoming.

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germ. The soul is conceived of then, in this theory, as witness of a continuous process of 'descent' or condensation or externalisation of embodiment before its coming to be here, and a corresponding 'ascent' or sublimation-process in reverse order after it gets free of its earthly dwelling. Transcorporation in its simplest form may thus be thought of as only one circling of this nature. Man as spirit is conceived of as one with eternal reality, logically prior to all psychic conditioning in time and material embodiment in space, however manifold the modes of such conditioning or the moments of the genetic process or ways of becoming may be thought to be. Within the great process of things soul and body are a concrete duality in unity, changing without as to body quantitatively and changing within as to soul qualitatively. The soul is the continuum that organizes and stores the experiences of the body-changes.[1]

Setting aside the probable origin of the naïvest idea of reincarnation as traceable to primitive notions connected with dream-phenomena and the striking physical resemblance of some descendants to their deceased forebears, we come to the historic fact that the doctrine of reincarnation emerges as a *philosophic* tenet, at a period of considerable culture, simultaneously in both the East and the West. When thus clearly enunciated, some seven or eight centuries B.C., we find it bound up

[1] It is, however, somewhat of a remarkable fact that the non-recurring theory of pre-existence, that is that the earth-stage is only once experienced in the cycling process, is seldom found among the transcorporationists. From the East I cannot recall a clear instance, unless the Sūfic poetical formula, "The stone becomes a plant, the plant an animal, and the animal a man," is held to be a case. In the West few in the past have advocated pre-existence simply. It might have been thought that the one earth-life form of the transcorporation-theory would have been the favourite persuasion, and that the recurrence of a number of births on earth would have won the adhesion of but few believers. But this is historically not the case.

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with the rational notion of a fundamental law ruling the whole body of world-phenomena, a law of orderly recurrence, of cycles of time, figured as the turning of the great wheel of becoming. The multitudinous gods and nature-powers are no longer thought of as acting arbitrarily, each according to his own good pleasure, but all are subordinated to a unitary divine rule and power of necessity. This is the first dawn of that comprehensive idea which is the fundamental presupposition of all scientific thinking. The whole world-process is conceived of as going on within a determined system of law—the uniformity of nature; the universe is fundamentally conditioned by a divine ordinance. All things in the time-space order change their form and state within the measures of a closed system.

Now the ancient world did not know that our planet was a speck in space compared with the countless gigantic bodies of the stellar hosts. For the ancients the Earth was set over against Heaven as a complementary being of equal dignity. The Earth was the foundation of the universe. Therefore if there was a circling of the soul, it had to be conceived of as a passage from one hemisphere of existence into the other and back again. And so the 'back-again' meant here, as the return to a vast territory, the half of the sum total of things. The combination of these naïve notions made the idea of return to embodiment on earth a comparatively simple conception. If there was recurrence, and the great law was fundamentally a law of recurrence, then the soul in its circling came back to this half of things very frequently. And so we have the notion in the East—in India—of countless births here on earth in the past. In the West, however, Plato, following on the lines of Orphic and Pythagorean

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belief, does not set forth the doctrine of innumerable rebirths here, but only of a restricted number.[1]

In the East, again, there has never been a time when the transcorporation doctrine has not affirmed that the great danger to the human soul is that persistent ill-doing will cause it to be reborn in an animal body. This view also obtained in the West till the time of the Hermetic thinkers and the philosophers of the Later Platonic School. In opposition to the more primitive view, the former squarely denied that the human soul could in any case suffer such indignity; while the latter were at pains to explain that the rational soul, when reborn to an existence comparable to that of an irrational life, was never reincarnated in the actual body of an animal, but was attached to the 'life' of an irrational creature. It was a psychic and not a corporeal insinuation or companying. Modern theories in the West are equally anxious to deny that the human soul can retrogress into the animal kingdom proper, no matter how brutalized the man may have become.

In working out this doctrine of transcorporation the rigid determinism which was believed to obtain in the realm of physical Nature and to govern all its phenomena, was carried over into the realm of the soul and taken up into the moral order. And indeed the mechanism of Nature is still the fundamental presupposition of all physical science; action and reaction are here ever equal and opposite. This principle of evenly balanced action and reaction throughout Nature was extended by the thinkers of India into the

[1] This is presumably because his thought was so taken up with the original glory of the soul. It was a fallen star, and the discipline of three or four (? typical) births at most here in the prison of the body was thought to be sufficient to restore to it the memory of its erstwhile celestial state.

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domain of morals and formulated as the law of the deed—*karma*. A man's future was rigidly determined by his acts. And, therefore, how the soul can free itself from the consequences of action in the state of becoming became the great problem of the religious life. The embodied soul must act, for even refraining from acting was an act. Moreover good acts of thought, word or deed bound equally with evil acts; that is, they still bound the soul within the wheel of becoming. The merit of good deeds carried the soul into states of bliss of protracted duration; but sooner or later this merit would become exhausted, and it would be compelled to start on its cycling path again. How then to get free? Of all the attempts at an answer the best seems to me to be the famous doctrine first clearly enunciated in the *Gītā*: Act, but without attachment to the fruits of action.[1]

Now most people do good to enjoy the fruit of merit,—in other words to gain a blissful future existence. And indeed it is no contemptible happiness to enjoy the intense and protracted bliss of the higher states of existence within the great process,—to live a god-like life in the deva-worlds, as they are called in India, that is, the world of the 'bright ones.' Nevertheless such celestial well-being has ever been held by the Indian sages as falling short of true spiritual liberation. From such deva-states, it has always been held, there must inevitably at some time, even though this be reckoned as after many millions of years, be a return to more confined conditions, and the cycling

[1] Action there must be, for without it the world would cease to exist; its existence is the activity of the Supreme. It is desire for, or its converse, aversion from, the results or fruits of action that binds the individual soul to the world-wheel. But if a man acts selflessly without desire for fruit, his action is one with the creative activity of Deity, and so is utterly right morally and one with the will of the Lord.

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pilgrimage must be renewed. Such states of bliss are never fully immortal. But as the centuries rolled on, thought penetrated more deeply into the problem, and the mystery of the heart of compassion was gradually revealed. And so in later Buddhism the doctrine of the great sacrifice became the central tenet of the faith; and we find it affirmed that those who win the prize of perfect enlightenment and of emancipation from every constraint of the world-process, those who have become karma-less, as it is said, the arhats and buddhas, refuse to enter the nīrvāṇic state of consummation so long as, not only a single human soul, but even a life of any kind, is overpowered in the ignorance, and therefore accompanying 'misery,' of the perpetually changing order of transmigratory existence. It is a grandiose ideal,—this concept of a universal community eschatology, and involves the moral mystery of self-sacrificing immanent divinity.[1]

As we have seen, the doctrine of transcorporation is always found bound up with the doctrine of rewards and punishments in after-life states. But what seems to me never to have been made clear, either in the East or in the West, is the question of justice in respect to unfortunate conditions of birth here, when already the fruit of misdeeds has, by hypothesis, been experienced in the prior excarnate condition. The common view in the East is to explain a man's apparently undeserved misfortune here as being due to his past karma,—*i.e.* to his past misdeeds here on earth in a previous existence; he is thus said to be 'working it out' in his present life. But the doctrine

[1] In the West the reincarnationists never succeeded in formulating the ideal with such clarity, though some of the Gnostic schools, who combined the tenet with the Christian ideal of the saving sacrifice of the Christ, are well set in this direction.

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of rewards and punishments lays it down that the results of the evil deeds of this life are worked out in the after-life in some intermediate state. Now if the after-life states are designed for settling the accounts of the deeds, good and bad, that are done on earth, it would seem that the entries should be balanced before the soul returns to rebirth here. Why then should a debit or credit still stand over to determine the goodness or badness of body and disposition and environment in the new birth? It should rather be supposed, on the hypothesis of a post-mortem settlement, that the souls all start once more in earth-life without handicap.[1] The only thinkers who put forward a shadow of reason for the soul's still being disciplined for its past evil deeds in a rebirth here, after they had already undergone correction in the after-state, are to be found among the Later Platonists. They suggest that *there* the soul is punished by necessity; it has no choice. But the noble soul scorns such an enforced purgation; and so it volunteers for a life of struggle and misfortune *here* in order that it may of its own free will discipline and purge itself. It is a lofty appeal to our better nature, and lays down the principle that you cannot be made good or made wise by compulsion; you must make yourself good of your own free will through love of the Good. But unless you happen to be a moral hero, it seems very much as though you were 'doing time' twice for the same offences.

Again it is generally asserted that after-death conditions are all states of result and not causative, that

[1] Plato was alive to this, and in the Er myth makes the souls choose the mode or type of life they wished to live, according to their experience in the prior after-life state. For he humorously suggests that the souls who had undergone punishment were far more cautious and sober in their choosing of lots than those who had enjoyed a good time; hell was more educative than heaven!

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you cannot make 'fresh karma' in such states. This seems to me to be an unevidenced dogma. The better modern view, that we continue to act in a state of responsible activity after death, that post-mortem existence is a purifying and progressive process designed for betterment and not a mechanical retribution, is more consonant with belief in divine justice. The law of the deed should obtain there as fully as it does here, though in all probability the conditions of existence there are such as more immediately to bring home to us the results of action.

But the greatest problem in the whole transcorporation question is that of memory. Reward or retribution for deeds of which we have no knowledge seems to be an irrational and immoral arrangement. If there is any answer, it lies hid in the 'unconscious'; for in the consciousness of the vast majority memory of past-births is non-existent. Moreover in Western antiquity there is hardly anything recorded that makes the presumption of such reminiscence credible. When we are considering a belief entertained by many millions for centuries, we might expect to find instances of 'memories' of anterior birth frequently cropping up, whether the 'memories' instanced were individual 'recollections' or not. But the paucity of cases even in the Pythagorean tradition is remarkable.[1]

In the Hindu and Buddhist East all the technical treatises of yoga-practice lay it down that one of the abnormal psychic powers attained by the illuminate is precisely this 'recollection of past births.' We should then expect a wealth of witness to the exercise of this

[1] They are almost entirely confined to the romantic story of Apollonius of Tyana or the later legendary Lives of Pythagoras; they can be counted well-nigh on the fingers of one hand and are vague in the extreme.

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power and abundant records on which to base enquiry. But the idea of systematic psychical research in this topic seems never to have entered the Oriental mind. We find no treatises devoted to the subject, no collection of texts, no comparative and critical study.[1]

What we require is a collection of all the material bearing on the question. It is doubtless extensive. In Hinduism the Purāṇas, Great Epics and Tantras should contain much. In the later Buddhism of Tibet, Mongolia and China we are told that the great Lamas, for instance, even up to the present day are reincarnated immediately without any intervening post-mortem period in the body of a new-born babe, who is frequently identified as the reincorporation of the deceased worthy. Here it might be possible to find a number of cases to which some measure of evidential value could be assigned. As to the Buddhism of the South,—Ceylon seems to be dumb on the subject. But Burmah has of late furnished some interesting cases of 'winsa,' as it is there called, which have been

[1] Can any one who reads the Buddhist Jātaka-tales, intertwined with the folk-lore of the centuries, or the somewhat similar recitals among the Jains, *e.g.* in the Life of the Jain Saviour Pārçvanātha, and who has any acquaintance with vivid psychical picturing, persuade himself that he is here in touch with genuine revivified memories, and not rather with compilations, formal monkish exercises or adaptations? Even in statement of theory, have we anything more than the mechanical application of a rigid logical formula to the question? Consider, for instance, the following, put into the mouth of the Buddha in the *Saṁgiti Sutta* of the *Dīgha Nikāya*:

"There are four conditions of entrance of the embryo into the womb:

"Brethren, in this world, one comes into existence in the mother's womb without knowing, stays in it without knowing, and comes out from the mother's womb without knowing; this is the first.

"Brethren, one comes into existence in the mother's womb knowingly, stays in it without knowing, and comes out from it without knowing; this is the second.

"Brethren, one comes into existence in the mother's womb knowingly, staying in it knowingly, and comes out from it without knowing; this is the third.

"Brethren, in this world, one comes into existence in the mother's womb knowingly, stays in it knowingly, and comes out from it knowingly; this is the fourth."

Could anything be more mechanically *a priori*?

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investigated for the Government; and it may be that Siam and Cambodia could do the same. Speaking generally, however, the belief in reincarnation is so instinctively, so unquestioningly, held by these hundreds of millions in the East, that they seem to have hardly any interest in trying to authenticate it in the only systematic way that can appeal to the scientific mind.

The initiative in the application of methodical enquiry into the psychical basis of the ancient doctrine will doubtless have to be taken by the West, now that the notion is receiving once more an ever-increasing attention among ourselves. During the last forty or fifty years the theory has emerged from the subconscious of the Occidental races and has now gained credence among very large numbers; to-day it is one of the most familiar notions in circles and among individuals influenced by the widespread present renascence of interest in psychical matters.[1] There is in Spiritualism a striking agreement as to the most general features of post-mortem existence, but as to return to an earthly embodiment sharp dissension. The going-on is not conceived of as a being born into a new and undeveloped body, as in the case of an incarnating soul, but as continuance in a developed subtle body which has already existed 'within' the now abandoned earthly tenement. Thus memory can be thought to continue without interruption. But reincarnation envisages a totally different order of change

[1] Neo-theosophism has been chiefly instrumental in popularizing the tenet; it constitutes one of the main planks in its platform. But before the modern Theosophist movement arose, the French Spiritist Alan Kardec vigorously preached the doctrine, so that in France and in adjoining Continental countries, and also in South America, Spiritualism is very favourably disposed to it, and there is consequently an abundance of confirmatory 'communications.' On the contrary, in this country and in America of the North, Spiritualism as a whole is strongly opposed to the belief, and the 'communications' are accordingly, with few exceptions, non-reincarnationist.

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of embodiment, and consequently a very great interference with, if not a complete break in, the memory-continuum owing to the embryonic and infantile condition of the new physical body.

In some Hindu scriptures we may read gruesome meditations on consciously experiencing the foul conditions of inter-uterine life; and this is held *in terrorem* over the aspirant, so that he may strive the more strenuously for liberation. Such a prospect is not entertained in the West, as far as I am aware. It is generally supposed that the reflective self-conscious ego is not in rational contact with its future vehicle till some seven years of its development have passed; prior to this it is a question of the instinctual workings of what we should now call the 'transliminal' or 'sub-conscious' energies. Clairvoyants have frequently observed, or claimed to observe, the extrication of the subtle body at death and described its appearance thereafter, and there is fair agreement on the matter; but as to what is the condition of the subtle body before birth and what takes place at birth, clairvoyance seems at present to have little or nothing to say.

But apart from the 'how' of exit and entrance, I have come across hundreds of people who are firmly convinced that they have lived before on earth, either owing to some general vague impression, or to some vivid psychical experience, through vision or dream, or a feeling of recognition of places they have not visited before in this life, or because they have been told by a sensitive that they have lived before and been furnished with details, and incontinently believed the report. All this may of course be accounted for on some more general theory of phases of hyper-sensitivity and the rationale of psychical picturing,

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and the reincarnation inference be deemed erroneous or unnecessary. Nevertheless the special problem of the possibility of 'reminiscence of past births' cannot be fairly dismissed simply on *a priori* grounds, and theoretically barred out as an utter absurdity. Psychical problems and possibilities, in our present state of ignorance, are not to be dealt with in cavalier fashion; it is better to keep an open mind. There must be 'something' at the back of a doctrine that is so ancient and widespread; and the underlying truth, whatever it may be, does not depend on whether we like or dislike the idea. Some people like the general notion immensely; others as strongly detest it. But neither prejudice helps us to take up a reasoned attitude on the subject.

I have had described to me by a number of sensitives some score of what purport to be past incarnations of myself; but I have never *felt* any conviction about them.[1] Nevertheless because this is my personal experience, I do not presume to say that it *ought* to be the experience of others. I have thus always been keen on trying to find out from the convinced what especially is it in the vision or dream or description that has made them believe it really is a picture from a past birth. So far I have been unable to discover any satisfactory criterion.[2]

[1] I have tried to shut off my critical mind and let my presumably more ancient feeling-self decide; but have never been able to evoke from the transliminal any sense of recognition, of 'experienced before.' Now if I had been affectively convinced by some such recital, doubtless I should have allowed the picturing to become deeply impressed on my psychic make-up, and then other sensitives could have easily redescribed it. But this has not happened; and I have never been told the same story by two clairvoyants.

[2] In certain sensitive states, as *e.g.* in very vivid dreams, I know it is quite easy to identify oneself with the chief actor in a drama or with a character that has especially attracted one's attention. But this does not seem to me to give the required assurance. For instance, in vivid dreams I have had the experience of being blown up in the explosion of an ammunition-

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The uncritical revival of interest in the 'recollection of past births' notion has given rise to a welter of absurdities. Numbers of obscure or quite average people indulge in a veritable *folie des grandeurs*, and imagine they have been in the past people of pre-eminent historic distinction. I have known, for instance, three 'Marie Stuarts' and two 'St. Johns the Divine.' There have even been published fantastic psychic genealogical trees of certain present-day worthies and unworthies. Now we all can be classified under certain types of feature and character, of disposition and interest. As moreover the associational play of psychical picturing is well-nigh unlimited for the imagination, it is presumably easy for sensitives to find pictures or representations of the past, either of their own past or it may be thrown up from collective racial mnemic deposits or ancestral memories, automatically composing or associating themselves with similar events or incidents, or the psychical presentations of dispositions and tendencies, in the life of an individual of to-day.[1] But this association-play of the imagination with memory-stuff and the superposition of pictures on pictures are the commonest phenomena of all dream-work and come forward prominently in all quasi-dream or hypnoidal states.[2] So then, I take

factory on a mud-flat or of being run over by a lorry. Or again, if I have seen a child fall in the street and hurt itself, I have, so to say, felt the fall and the hurt. But all this is due simply to sympathetic identification; it does not prove the proposition before us.

[1] For instance, most of my clairvoyant informants concerning past-births would have it that I had been a 'priest' in antiquity, however differently they depicted the scene of my supposed former ministrations and studies. That of course was the very first occupational type they would think of, as I have spent most of my present life studying the religions and religio-philosophies of the past.

[2] I remember once in such a state of marginal consciousness passing along one of the lengthy subways near the Bank. The many different types of faces of the people I met streaming towards me were by a flick, so to say, of the associational play of the imagination transformed, every one of them,

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it, in very many cases advanced as evidence for the recollection of past births some very similar process may be at work; and what may completely satisfy the naïve believer and make him thrill, will leave the more sober investigator cold.

Nevertheless, because in the vast majority of cases the claims of recollecting an incident or incidents from a past birth are highly problematical, the theory cannot reasonably be dismissed as nothing but a fond absurdity. The power of recollection of the things of the present life is a very variable equipment even for people who are said to have 'good memories'; and as age advances it becomes with most very feeble. And yet we know from recent research that the memory-deposits or impressions themselves remain integral and undimmed; incidents of the most trifling kind and long utterly forgotten, as we say, can be recalled in hypnotic and other abnormal states with startling vividness of detail and emotionally re-experienced. It may then also be possible that under similar conditions there may be a tapping of wider areas and deeper measures of mnemic deposit. I forget so easily now so much I know I have known and which I would gladly recall for practical purposes, that I am by no means surprised that I have no access to deeper memories.

But have 'I'—the present 'I' that is interested in all those over-problems and is endeavouring to realize what the spiritual activity that constitutes my deepest self may be—ever existed before as such in the time-space order? This is a profound problem

into the faces of people I knew personally. I was meeting a stream of friends. Of course I did not for a moment suppose this was really the case; but it was a very interesting form of hallucination. I was critically conscious of what was going on all the time and trying my best to analyze the experience.

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indeed. The mysterious entity I would grasp as my present self-reflecting 'I' and which ever eludes me, seems to be in the most contradictory fashion the simultaneous link between and separator of two opposed transliminal orders of reality with which I am continuous,—the supra-conscious and the sub-conscious order. The one is a timeless and spaceless spiritual reality of universals, a wholeness of being; and the other is a psychical entity of perpetual change in temporal and spatial conditions, of metamorphoses of life amid the manifold of particulars. I am continuous with the former as with a creative potency of illimitable possibilities, and with the latter as a treasury of particular experiences, the sub-memory of which enables me to react, I will not say efficiently, but for utilitarian purposes, to the environing stream of events in which my life flows. The one order remains ever subjective to the most persistent scrutiny of the 'I'; the other becomes to some extent objective as the result of reflection upon it. But even with respect to the latter, I cannot think of it legitimately as the special heredity of the present ego-centre I call myself. There is so much in it that I cannot earmark as indubitably 'mine.'[1]

Now whatever may constitute the continuum or monadic basis of a pre-existing soul, it cannot be conceived of as a transmigrating substantial entity. It must be that in some fashion the ever-varying 'I' of one existence is due to our limited consciousness of the play of the sunlight, as it were, of the spiritual

[1] Even if I look back on my childhood, I find nothing whereby I can identify my present I-consciousness with that of the child. There is a little body that is presumably 'my' body, but it is as completely otherly objective for my recollection as every other object in the scene. My present 'I' seems in no way to be the 'I' of the child; personally I can call up no memory of how it thought, and but a vague general reminiscence of how it felt, and I do not see the scene through its eyes or view it in its perspective.

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wholeness of our being upon the ever-changing waves of the ocean of our becoming; but how this is brought about we cannot conjecture from any scheme of trans-corporation that has yet been put forward. Instead of the sunlight of spiritual day we have a substitute search-light playing in the night over the waters, illuminating an ever-changing small area of them, and leaving the rest of the vast expanse in the dark.

To my mind the greatest opposition in the history of the world-religions is the fact that, whereas in Hinduism and Buddhism transcorporation has been postulated as a fundamental factor in the world-process, and all ethical instruction and religious discipline are based upon it, the religion of the West has developed in entire neglect of this principle. I regard Gotama and Jesus as the wisest of mankind religiously; if any can be said to know, surely they are pre-eminently to be credited with spiritual knowledge? Yet in this respect they are, as far as I can see, irreconcileable in their doctrine. It is improper, I think, to contend, as some do, that reincarnation was an original element in the teaching of Christianity, and that it has been jettisoned.[1] There are a few scattered texts in the Bible that may be interpreted as referring to the pre-existence of the soul; but in the New Testament there are only two passages that can be advanced in

[1] All that can be advanced legitimately is that a number of Christianizing Gnostic schools, all of which were furiously condemned by the General Church as pestilentially heretical, advocated the doctrine. It is true that we find it asserted by popular writers on the subject that some of the Church Fathers taught reincarnation; but this error has arisen by uncritically repeating a loose statement made in the work of an American journalist, E. D. Walker, a generation ago, which thoughtlessly confused reincarnation with the more general notion of pre-existence. Origen, and one or two other of the Fathers following him, advocated pre-existence; but at the same time Origen scathingly denounced reincarnation. The Origenistic view of pre-existence even was formally condemned by the Council of Constantinople (A.D. 553); *à fortiori* reincarnation came under the ban, and indeed it is included in the anathema recorded in the Acta of the Council.

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favour of reincarnation without doing violence to the context, the historic setting and the plain intention of the gospel-writers.

The John the Baptist-Elijah saying is the one on which chief reliance is placed. But Origen, who believed in pre-existence, is at great pains to explain that it means that the prophetic spirit and power which worked in Elijah was active also in John; it was not the coming again of the same individual. It was believed by the pious among the Jews that Elijah had never died; he had been translated bodily, taken up corporeally into heaven. Yahweh would send him again in the same miraculous way in which he had been taken up, to be a herald of the Messiah in the Days of the End. Elijah ought then according to this expectation to have appeared suddenly full-grown, no man knowing whence he came. The very fact that John's birth and childhood were known, would strongly militate against his being thought of as the fulfilment of this prophetical promise in the mind of the orthodox Jew. By Christian exegetes other than the Gnostics Jesus is thus thought to have given a spiritual significance to the popular expectation, and not to have endorsed the doctrine of reincarnation. If he had intended to do so, surely he would have laid it down as a general principle in unmistakeable fashion; it would have come up for consideration frequently. His eschatology, however, looked to no repeated and varying reincorporation of the soul, but to one general miraculous resumption of the identical, if transformed, once-worn body by all souls at the Last Day.

Again as to the apparently ironical conundrum concerning the man born blind,—it might be held to include the doctrine of pre-existence as one of the

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alternatives, but not of reincarnation. It is, however, more probable that it was put forward as a derisive logical dilemma. The man had been born blind. Such a physical disability was generally supposed to be due to sin,—to the sin therefore of his parents. Or would Jesus, a Rabbi, an expert in the Law, adopt the alternative of the idolaters and support the heresy of pre-existence.[1] Jesus refuses to be impaled on either horn of the dilemma put to him; he brushes it on one side. In the case before him, he replies, neither supposition is correct. His answer is more startling to rationalism than if he had accepted one of the alternatives. He tells his opponents that the man was born blind by the immediate providential act of God in order that the special wonder that had been wrought upon him through Jesus might be worked. And yet the writer of the fourth gospel, to whom alone we owe the narrative, immediately forgets the answer he has written, when he makes Jesus say (v. 14) to the man on meeting him some days later in the Temple: "Sin no more, lest a worse thing befall thee,"—and therefore the man must have sinned before birth. This 'sin no more,' however, has all the appearance of the automatic repetition of a well-known formula in gospel-writing. But even if it is taken to be an historic utterance, it indicates a belief in pre-existence and not in reincarnation.

It may be that as research into the buried levels of memory advances and we learn more about the

[1] On another occasion apparently he did so. His reputed saying concerning himself, "Before Abraham was, I am," was a complete stumbling-block to his Jewish contemporaries, according to the gospel-writer. But Christians have never referred this to any notion of reincarnation; they have received it as an utterance appropriate solely to the unique case of incarnate deity.

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hidden nature of the human soul, we may discover some ground of reconciliation between the contradictory theories of one life only on earth and of recurrent lives here in different physical embodiments, and find that the at present crude notions which generally obtain among the advocates of both views, may become so sublimated that a common spiritual truth will emerge to harmonize these polar opposites in over-beliefs.

G. R. S. MEAD.

The hope of the far Horizon is better to us than Rest,
Dearer than all Attainment the splendour of the Quest.

From 'The Merchant Adventurers.'[1]

[1] These lines, which are so appropriate for our venture, were read by a colleague some score of years ago in *Harper's Magazine;* but whether in a then current or in an old number, recollection cannot recover. If any reader, therefore, can supply us with reference and author's name, we should be thankful.—ED.

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THE ORIGIN OF THE LAST SUPPER SYMBOLISM.

II.

ROBERT EISLER, Ph.D.

OF course the reconstruction, given in the first part of this paper,[1] of Jesus' last Passover-*derashah* or -discourse is inconsistent with the assumption of such modern critics as Dav. Fr. Strauss,[2] that Jesus could not have foreseen his own martyrdom. But this hypercriticism is based simply on an imperfect understanding of the historical situation, especially of the revolutionary character of the so-called 'purification of the temple.'[3] If a reformer had aimed such a deadly blow at the vested interests of the national hierarchy without the backing of a strong secular power, he could hope to escape the wrath of his enemies and his death at their hands only by a direct miraculous intervention of God; and as a matter of fact it is just such a miracle that Jesus is earnestly praying for and expecting against hope in his last hours. If however, on the other hand, he was strongly convinced that the suffering and death of the *Messiah ben Josef*, the martyrized 'servant of Yahve,' the vicarious sin-offering for the guilty people of Israel, was willed by God as

[1] Continued from 'The Cup of Wine Symbolism of the Last Supper' in April No. See also 'The Broken Bread Symbolism of the Last Supper,' October, 1922.

[2] *Leben Jesu* (Tübingen, 1836), i. 396, 442.

[3] Cp. THE QUEST, January, 1921, 'Jesus and the Blood Sacrifices.'

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the essential part of the pre-ordained final redemption-drama of the world, he could not but foresee most clearly his own immediately impending passion. Besides, Jesus obviously expected some other kind of death at the hand of his enemies[1]—probably the death of the Messiah in the Messianic battle, an honourable but bloody death in some fair fight, and not a legal execution on the cross of the hangman. The crucifixion is indeed not a kind of death where blood is shed, and as a matter of fact the Synoptists do not mention any wound inflicted on the crucified sufferer. John (20$_{35}$) is the first to see the divergence between the Synoptic Last Supper prophecy—not reproduced in the fourth gospel—and the synoptic accounts; therefore he adds the story of the lance-wound, taking good care to make blood and water—typifying the eucharistic mixture (*krama*) of water and wine—gush forth from the mortal wound.

The idea of the suffering 'servant of the Lord'—as Jesus is intentionally called in the Apostolic prayer over the wine—leads on also to Jesus' words about 'my blood of the covenant'; for in the '*ebed Yahve*' ('servant of the Lord') prophecies of Isaiah (42$_{6}$) God has said he will give 'the servant,' his 'elect,' 'for a covenant (*berith*) of the people, for a light of the Gentiles.'

Whichever of the two readings be preferred, the words refer in any case—as all expositors know—to the ancient prophecies (Jer. 31$_{31\text{-}34}$, 32$_{40}$; Ez. 16$_{60}$, 34$_{25}$, 37$_{26}$; Is. 55$_{3}$, 61$_{8}$) about the new everlasting covenant which

[1] K. G. Goetz, *Das Abendmahl* (Leipzig, 1920), p. 17, has acutely observed, for the first time, as far as I know, that the body of Jesus was in reality afterwards not 'broken' like bread on the cross. So this figurative prophecy cannot be qualified as a *vaticinatio post eventum*. Did Jesus expect to be hewn or torn to pieces by his exasperated foes, or did he expect to be stoned and thereby bruised to death?

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God will establish with Israel in the days of the Messiah. The author of Hebrews (9$_{19ff.}$) is our oldest witness to the fact, that the words of Jesus about his 'blood of the covenant' allude to Exod. 24$_8$, where Moses, after the revelation of the Law on Mount Sinai, pledges the people to obedience and sprinkles them with the blood of the covenant-sacrifice, saying: "Behold the blood of the covenant, which the Lord has made with you concerning all these words." Consequently one should suppose that the quotation which Jesus adapts to the situation, would also have been accompanied by an act of sprinkling, or at least touching, the participants of the Pascal Supper with the blessed wine of his cup.

Indeed it is quite possible that this was the case. For curiously the *kiddush*-wine was believed to have a beneficial healing-action upon the eyes (*Berach.* 43a), and we have a statement,[1] that in the Babylonian synagogues of the ninth century A.D.—under Natronai Gaon—the *kiddush*-cup was handed round in the synagogues for everyone to dip his finger in and to moisten his eyes with the wine. Although no earlier mention of this custom is known, and although we hear that it was soon abolished (under Gaon Hai), it looks as if what would be felt as a rather unsavoury abuse in the public worship of the synagogues, was a very ancient and primitive feature of the private family *kiddush*-ceremony. Hence it may be that it was this moistening of the disciples' eyes with the *kiddush*-wine by the hands of the great Healer, which prompted Jesus to recall Exod. 24$_8$, and to say, that through the contact with this sacrificial blood of him—poured out for them—they would be received into the new covenant. As

[1] *Seder di R. Amram Gaon* (Warsaw, 1865), p. 26.

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a matter of fact *dam berith*, the 'blood of the covenant,' is a familiar name for the circumcision (*Shabb.* 135a; *Yer. Yebam.* viii. 9a; *Kerith* 9a), the rite through which Jews as well as proselytes were received into the old Abrahamic covenant; so that 'my blood of the covenant —shed on behalf of many'—would have had the connotation 'my (new) initiatory rite for many,' 'my (new kind) of circumcision for the new Israel' (cp. Ephes. $2_{12, 13}$).

Even as Josuah ($5_{2, 3, 10}$), the *Jesus* (LXX.) of old—had circumcized the Jews at the Passover-feast in Gilgal, when they entered the Land of Promise, so the reborn Jesus, the Redeemer leading Israel into the eternal 'Kingdom,' sheds anew 'on behalf of many' the 'blood of the (new) covenant,' before they are to enter into the 'world to come.' As a matter of fact in 'the blessing over the land' (*birkat ha'arez*), which follows the 'blessing of food' (*birkat hamazon*) in the Passover-*seder*, there is a special clause of thanks for 'the covenant God has sealed in our flesh' (*bib'sarenu*)—a covenant which Jesus now replaces by the seal of the covenant in 'our glad tidings' (in our gospel).

In a Messianic connection the phrase 'blood of the covenant' occurs indeed in Zach. $9_{9\text{-}11}$, in the famous description of the 'lowly' one, who 'cometh riding upon an ass.'

> In his time, saith the Lord, I will cut off the (war) chariot from Ephraim and the horse from Jerusalem, and the battle-bow shall be cut off, and he shall speak peace to the heathen: and his dominion shall be from sea to sea and from the river to the ends of the earth. As for thee also (O Israel) *by the blood of thy covenant* I liberate thy prisoners out of 'the pit wherein is no water.'

It is quite probable that Jesus alluded also to this

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passage and meant the 'blood' of his 'new covenant,' as a pledge for the imminent redemption of the 'prisoners' in the pit of the present godless æon.

As a result of the foregoing analysis we can now definitely resolve in the affirmative sense the age-long controversy, whether the Last Supper was a Passover-meal or not. The proof for the correctness of the Synoptic tradition against John's Paulinist tendency-chronology, and for the general historic authenticity of the Synoptic accounts, is the fact, that we can now assign to each one of Jesus' sayings during this Supper its exact place in the Passover-*seder*, even where the Synoptic authors are somewhat vague about the original setting of the respective words within the Jewish Passover-ritual. A vagueness is not at all surprising, if we consider that neither these Greek writers nor their readers were learned Jewish scribes, not even orthodox Jews, but '*anomoi*,' 'Law-less,' free-living former Israelites, who cannot be expected to have known every nicety of the Passover-ritual of their fathers and grandfathers, any more than, let us say, a modern assimilated, ceremonially uninstructed or even converted Jew of London, New York or Berlin.

The uncertainty of the earliest Church in these matters is evident already in the present text of Lk. 22_{18}, which attaches the saying, "Amēn, I say unto you, I shall not drink any more of the fruit of the vine until I drink it new in the kingdom of God,"[1] to

[1] Or 'until the kingdom of God cometh'—a vow of a short nazirite abstinence, and at the same time a way of saying 'the kingdom will come before I drink the next drop of wine'—which Mk. 14_{25} and Matth. 26 appropriately relate at the end of the meal, that is in connection with the well-fitting blessing after the fourth cup of the *seder*: "Blessed be Thou, Lord. our God, King of the world, for the vine and the fruit of the vine and for the longed-for good land, which Thou hast given to our fathers, to eat its fruits. . . Rebuild speedily and in our days Thy holy city of Jerusalem . . . and make us rejoice over its restitution. . . . Let us rejoice over this feast of

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the first of his two different cups. And this regardless of the fact that through this shifting of place the whole sense of the words is perverted to convey apparently the—absolutely unlikely—meaning, that Jesus himself abstained at least from the last of the four obligatory cups, if not from all of them, and even from eating the bread he brake for the disciples,—a proceeding which would conflict not only with Jewish law,[1] but even more so also with all psychologic probability. For who should believe that what was called almost from the first 'the *Lord's* Supper' in the Church, was in reality a—moreover absolutely purposeless—fasting of Jesus, who had always rejected the fasts of the Baptist and his disciples?

If we leave out, however, with certain very good MSS., vv. 18b, 19, 20 (Westcott-Hort's 'Western non-interpolation') as a later harmonistic addition derived from Paul, the saying appears to be logically attached here too, even as in Mark and Matthew, to the fourth cup at the end of the meal. In this case Lk. 22_{19}—the breaking of the bread—would *follow* the drinking of the last cup; and this bread broken and eaten by all the participants at the extreme end of the Passover-meal could not be understood as anything else but the *afiqomen*,[2] after which nothing was to be eaten, as it has been correctly, but without any proof,

unleavened bread. . . . Blessed be Thou, O Lord, for the land and for the fruit of the vine." This blessing for the vine and for the temporal realm of Israel calls forth Jesus' promise, that the 'realm of God,' Israel's free eternal possession of their land, will be a reality before Jesus drinks the next drop from the 'fruit of the vine.'

[1] *Rosh-hashanna* 29b: a man must not "break (and bless bread) for guests unless he eats with them." *Pesach* 105b and 107a: it is imperative for a man to drink out of the cup over which he has 'pronounced the blessing.'

[2] See my paper 'The Broken Bread Symbolism of the Last Supper,' October, 1922.

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supposed to be, among others, by the late Dr. Alfred Edersheim.[1]

Luke alone has in vv. 15f. a parallel saying to this v. 18 in v. 16:

"With desire have I desired[2] to eat this passover with you before I suffer. For I say unto you: I will not any more eat thereof until it[3] be fulfilled in the kingdom of God."

These words—to the effect that Jesus expects to eat the next unleavened Passover-bread in the then established kingdom of God—no more in the present state of bondage under the yoke of the heathen—are Jesus' personal comments either on the ritual of the elevation of the 'bread of misery,' where he has to read: "This is the bread of misery, which our fathers ate in the land of Egypt. All that are hungry, come and eat; all that are needy, come and keep the passover. This year here, next year in the new Jerusalem; this year bondsmen, next year free!"—or, equally possibly, his personal *derashah* on the blessing preceding the consecration of the second cup, which contains the prayer that God "may let us live to enjoy further feasts and following holy-days, joyous through the rebuilding of Thy city and glad in Thy service."

A third appropriate starting-point for Jesus' promise, that the next Passover was to be the first one in the new better world, could be found with Edersheim (*l.c.* ii. 496f.) in the third clause of the initial 'consecration of the day,' the so-called *shehekeyanu*: "Blessed be Thou, Lord, our God, King of the world,

[1] *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah* (1883, 11th ed., London, 1901) ii. 504. Cp. Bickell, *Messe und Pascha* (Mainz, 1872) p. 84.

[2] This is obviously translated from a Semitic *verbum finitum cum infinitivo*: '*ḥamod hithḥamadthi*.'

[3] Namely, the final redemption foreshadowed by the Passover-redemption from the bondage of Egypt.

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who hast preserved us alive, sustained and brought to this feast-time." In any case this place of the saying in the ritual order of the *seder* would well agree with its not too exactly determined place in the Lucan account.

The last feature of our tradition, which is obviously to be explained with reference to the Passover-rite, is Jesus' ordinance (Luke 22_{20}, I. Cor. 11_{26}): "Do this unto my remembrance (*anamnēsin*)."

For, even as the ritual of each holy-day or new-moon night, the Passover evening-service contains—between the filling and the blessing of the third cup—a special prayer reminding God of the coming Messiah: "Remember, O God, the Anointed one, the son of David Thy servant," etc., and later on a prayer for the speedy arrival of the Messianic age: "O all-merciful God, mayest Thou beautify us with the days of the Messiah," etc.

If Jesus revealed—as we could show—during the Last Supper his peculiar Messianic self-consciousness to the disciples, if he taught them that the breaking of the '*aphikomen*, the 'coming' Messianic bread, purported the breaking of his own body, and the pouring out of the blood of the grape from David's Messianic vine, the spilling of the blood of the suffering Messiah, as a vicarious offering for the benefit of his people,—it is but natural that he should teach them to do this in future 'unto my remembrance': As often as you break the bread of blessing and as often as you pour out the wine from the *kiddush*-cup, you do this unto my remembrance, until I come again (I. Cor. 11_{26}); you herald (*katangellete*) my death (cp. Exod. 13_{8}), you relate the new *haggadah* of the suffering Messiah's passion.

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The authenticity of these words about the *anamnēsis* or memorial celebration for Jesus[1] through the 'breaking of bread' and the 'blessing of wine'—contained only in Paul and Luke and missing in Matthew—may be questioned, and has been questioned, on the ground that, as he expected his return in glory after so short a time, Jesus could not be interested in the institution of a perpetual memorial service commemorating his death and suffering. But this too is probably due to hypercriticism. In accordance with the Jewish belief that the Messiah would come on Passover-eve, Jesus foretold quite clearly his return in glory *for the very next Passover-eve.* He will not eat another Passover in 'this world,' for the next one will be the first Easter-supper of the 'new æon.' He will not drink wine any more until he drinks the new wine in the 'coming kingdom of God.' But in the one year between his death—from which he expected to

[1] *Anamnēsin poiein* means—as also in the language of Pagan antiquity (B. Laum, *Stiftungen in der griech. röm. Antike* (Leipzig, 1914), ii. 141, 102)—'to celebrate a memorial service or sacrifice' for a deceased friend or relative. Consequently Jesus would have instituted, according to Paul and Luke's above quoted words, immediately before his death a perpetual memorial sacrifice, by directing that henceforth each 'cup of blessing' should be drunk 'unto my remembrance,' in memory of the dying Messiah, 'till he come again.' This is perfectly plausible, since the drinking of wine—up to ten cups—and the eating of bread were considered essential consolatory features of a funeral meal (Krauss *l.c.* ii. 485, n. 494). On the other hand there is a standard Jewish memorial formula: "May his memory be for a blessing, for a life in the world to come" (*Kidd.* 31b), which may have been added to the customary verse, Ps. 116$_{13}$: "I will take the cup of Joshua and call upon the name of the Lord"—"may His memory be for a blessing and for eternal life." Finally there is a special canon that no monuments are erected to great teachers and pious men: "*Their words are their memorials.*" To remember the teachings of Jesus about the significance of the *kiddush-cup*, whenever the disciples bless and drink it, is to celebrate his memory for ever.

On the contrary we learn from I. Macc. 12$_{11}$: "We remember you on behalf of whom we offer the sacrifices and (remember you) in our prayers, as it is our duty and right conduct to remember our brethren," that, in praying and sacrificing, he for whom the sacrifice was offered should be 'remembered.' So Jesus may have meant simply: Whenever you bless bread and wine, remember me and offer this prayer on my behalf, till I am again reunited with you.

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rise again as another Jonah after three days—and the second advent of the 'Son of Man' on the clouds of heaven, there are many sabbaths and new-moons and feast-days. And on each of them the disciples will celebrate with broken bread and blessed wine the *kiddush* of the day, remembering the mystic interpretation of this rite given by the Master in his *derashah* on the eve of the Last Passover-Supper. Even if he had not specially ordained such an *anamnēsis*, how could they help thinking of the beloved Teacher and his allegoric explanation, whenever they blessed the broken bread and poured out the *kiddush*-wine?

It was always one of the great problems of the origins of the Eucharist, how a rite instituted as a Passover-ceremony could become first a weekly—*i.e.* sabbatic—and then a daily rite. If things happened as the story is reconstructed in the preceding pages, this problem is now solved; for the interpretation Jesus gave to the broken bread and poured-out wine of the Passover-*kiddush* would of course be remembered at the celebration of each sabbath and holy-day *kiddush*. What applied to the broken sabbatic 'bread of blessing' (*barkhath*) and to the consecrated sabbath-wine, would then be remembered whenever the 'daily bread' was broken and the appropriate grace said over it or over an ordinary cup of wine at the daily meal. Very soon such formulas as we have quoted in the beginning of these papers from the *Teaching of the Apostles*, would become the ordinary graces at the daily meals of the new Messianistic community, the liturgical token of recognition for the Jewish believers in the Messianic dignity and consequent glorious return of Jesus.

It is a state of things presupposed in the *Didachē*, since the graces given there are not characterized in

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any way as graces for Passover-eve, for the Sabbath or the new 'Lord's Day' mentioned in ch. 14. Thus the sacred action (*ta drōmena*) is nothing else but the customary old Jewish sharing-in-common of a piece of bread—broken and divided among the participants of a meal—and a cup of wine, both having been blessed before with a formula of thanksgiving (*eulogia, eucharistia*). The accompanying words (*ta legomena*) of the rite—which Jesus had not changed but only allegorically explained, so as to make the sacred action appear as a 'likeness' (*mashal*, we should say a 'symbolic' action after the manner of the prophets of old) had now undergone a characteristic Messianistic or 'Christian' modification, so as to embody permanently the peculiar Last Supper teaching of Jesus in the very formulas of thanksgiving at meals. They thank the creator, no longer for the physical gift of the vine and its fruit, but for the symbolic 'vine of David,' that is of Ps. 80, revealed through and in the person of Jesus: that is to say, they do not give thanks for a drink of wine, but for having experienced the divine grace to know the 'coming' Messiah—the *aphikomenos*—face to face and to benefit by the world-redeeming vicarious sacrifice of his shed blood. They do not give thanks any longer for the real piece of bread, but for the living knowledge of the future bliss in the Kingdom of God, which they have received through Jesus, for the certainty of the immediately impending reunion of the dispersed Israel into the coming Kingdom of God.

ROBERT EISLER.

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A SUBCONSCIOUS ADVENTURE.

II.[1]

HELEN H. ROBBINS.

COMING world-changes are continually alluded to, also alterations and upsets which must not be feared, however uncomfortable. They are but a section spied by us through our 'peep-hole' as we shiver, endeavouring to draw back from the inevitable. What appears disastrous foundering of precious things may yet be recognized as surge of life expanding ancient forms to breaking point; new wine bursting the old containers as it is poured in.

"Let changes come and fear not. He who fears change cannot be called to universal gatherings. Humans fear change as limpets to their rocks cling tightly. Life fears no change, for life is onward pressing and remakes itself. Meet changes as they come, and swinging to them so shall ye build your atoms translucent to the light, transparent for the fire to course through. . . .

"Shiver the past to fragments and embrace the future. You humans cling to wreckage and your tears are shed for things that have no value. Laugh with the gods, and thrust your open arms out heavenwards. Kick the hell of rigid things from 'neath your feet—and leap through space. And space shall hold you with the thrilling flux of life ascending, and hold you more complete in every part than did the rigid coil ye flung behind you."

It must always be remembered, if what is said

[1] Concluded from the last number.

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appears to some a little hard on human beings, that the 'control' claimed full human development for itself. It was therefore in a position to judge us from experience. Any sympathy when expressed is certainly of the bracing rather than the soothing order, and all throughout eighteen months in varying words resounds the same rousing appeal for flexibility of mind and extended vision.

"Go free! Go free! and watch the great earth-movement as it swings in space. The earth too treads a measure, and circling on through space encircles round the feet of Him who called her forth, and the circling sets the measure of her rhythm. And the changes that beset you are born of onrush past mighty Forces playing upon the ball which ye inhabit . . . Out into space! and see the mad rejoicing of the atoms. Constraint is put upon them when they form a world like yours,—constraint the dawn of evolution. See! ye are free, and wild life courses through you, did ye but know it. But hands and feet are bound by evolution."

How intensely difficult to drop this human habit of clinging to out-worn purposes! The very nature of our daily round fixes us firmly into settled grooves of custom and thought. We evidently think too much in fragments and of our personal movement, too little of that of the great Whole. From outside we are seen lacking in lofty purposes, running round and round, unable to surrender ourselves to the unfamiliar or cast aside ossified forms, which have ceased to express the life-impulse originally contained therein. Small wonder that existence often seems slow and heavy to us; but

"No winding way is evolution's mighty force, though human minds translate it so. It is a gladsome

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penetrating thrill. The Heart of Him who gives you birth is quickened. His mighty movements of extension are to the stuff within His grasp as age-long æons of transfiguration. Seen from outside the movement is not slow, but mighty thrusts in space accomplishing deliverance."

Though a high standard was placed before us by this dweller in a world of joyous energy, it spoke with understanding of our present position, touching upon its link with mankind.

"I too was once as ye are, and I know the toils. I know their origin and outcome. I once was in the quivering mass, yet felt my living soul stirred by the gods, who called me forth and set my feet upon the path of mighty forces. I was that; I now am this; and I call you. Help the quivering mass of mortals by making a channel for the radiant force to play within the body I am building. . . . I serve the lesser gods, and such as I connect the link between the great gods and humans. . . . Non-human—yes, as well as fully human, working with either side as it comes uppermost."

Suffering is touched on from a wide survey but is no wise denied or belittled. It is no platitude of cheap optimism that is handed out to us. The messenger merely asks that we consider pain otherwise, and always in connection with joy.

"Pain reaches far, and joy upholds; and when they melt in one you find the union. It is the secret of your human world, and when ye learn that pain and joy, and tears and laughter, are but the phases of a mighty force which works in harmony, *then* shall ye stand triumphant.

"The man is out! Earth circles at his feet and he

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is free! The gods call to him and he comes. The earth calls to him and he stoops. Come out with me, O square! and see the universe dance through space, and see the whirling of the atoms, and know that ye are out, and *out*, and OUT."

Sorrow and happiness envisaged thus shew as two counterparts of one great energy, leading mankind, not only towards liberation, but actually engendering a new creative power in the human race.

"Pain is the fire and joy the water. Beyond your world they are not two but one. Without them ye were caught whirling in endless revolutions. They form the way to wander out, and stand beyond the little world and see the stars dance, and the great suns bow down before HIM—HIM WHO IS ALL.

"For when ye are revolving within your little coil of revolution, ye cannot sense the uses of your pains, ye cannot understand your joys. But mounting souls see further; to the end they look and it is clear. And of your pain joy is born, the upward movement, and power to fling yourself upon the spaces, and there give form to that dark substance waiting a redeemer. . . .

"The whole is not as parts, and when ye touch the whole, life is transfigured. For parts are weariness and toil and slow. The whole is simple, and yet complex. The whole is all, and yet is nothing. And when parts melt in whole, ye too shall bow before the gods as I have done, and be partakers of their being."

The gods that are continually spoken of appear to be intelligent forces, disruptive in action, yet ever working under the will of The God or Divine Creator, and "a great light shines when they move." The gods, so long forgotten or travestied, save by a few, in the coming future perhaps again to be accorded

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popular recognition; not as lustful and capricious entities to be feared and placated, fashioned by man after his own image, but acknowledged as conscious impersonal forces working through mankind and the universe, embodied in its process and partaking therein as surely as we ourselves, though otherwise. Left to itself humanity would stagnate. The normal human impulse is to crystallize, conforming in fact to the destiny of the planet which gives birth to our physical bodies. As the earth ages, she solidifies. We tend to do likewise, unless stirred with blasts of emotion or upheaved by cataclysms.

"Although the gods move, the measure is set by Him who sent them forth to do His mighty will.

"The seething movements of this churning world cover the footsteps of the gods. As they move through it, they give the impulse, and ye work it out. They do not work. They do His bidding, and then they stand and look. And humans scratch and turmoil and rush headlong here and there; yet is it progress, progress towards that mighty end—that consummation. . . . When separation as ye know it seems great, then dawns fresh spurt towards consummation—gathering of effort, the harvest of the foot-prints of the gods."

They are shown as the energizing agents of our turmoil and difficulties.

"Needs must sore striving be as force rays out, and cries from writhing souls in agony of birth float upward. Mingled with shouting of the gods the human load down-blends itself, and to non-hearing ears the crash discordant lies. Never ways were made save through discordance, for harmony stands too compact for thrusts of life to penetrate. . . . I too have passed along that way, yet left it, joining myself

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unto the dancing throng of sportive gods thrusting sheer life through space. . . .

"I beckon from the heights, and point a hand to regions outward. The voices of the gods are raised in action; and now upon your world is uproar, confusion and bewilderment. Amid the vibrant energy stand firm, though swinging loosely, and realize the Great Beyond from whence comes efflux. Thus only can ye comprehend the tide that bears you outward. So as the struggle goes ye gain the great intake.

"I see the world a struggling, quivering, moving mass; and, as the flash goes through it, it heaves the more. It is your chaos; it is our move towards consummation."

That stupendous Divine Existence, developing through and with us, is constantly referred to, as well as our part therein.

"The mighty symphony is played round His unfolding, and the chorus of the shouting gods is oft-time heard most clearly in bewilderment. Himself is dual,—coiling to great end, yet thrusting to the outermost. Within Himself humanity grows great, accomplishing its end. Yet ever are there born of Him some daring sons whose path leads outward. And as they outward go they bring in life from further states of His becoming.

"I touch upon an aweful mystery—the mystery of the travail of The God. And I do find my medium has not words to speak that grand and wonderful sublimity. A hint is all I give of how that mighty Being turning on Himself goes outward, and thus unites the product of Himself with further reaches of Infinity." .

The gods, it will be noticed, differ not only among

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themselves but again from the Outer Presences occasionally spoken of, especially as the climax of the communication is reached. Also the Unknowable Absolute is referred to.

"Eternity's great heart is beating, and in its beat the worlds swing to and fro. And He who called you forth, swings on His mighty progress. . . . But many paths stretch forth through space. Myriads of mighty Lives and Suns flash on their way. . . . INTENSITY OF EVER-CHURNING STILLNESS,—that is the Source from whence the Logos sprang. I touch on the world's greatest mystery.

"I find it difficult to voice in human speech what I would show you; for That—that I would make you see, stands far beyond human speech or comprehension. For all can comprehend Him who has sent you forth and made you beings; but That which is beyond is so outside, I find that human words do not avail well to enshrine my meaning."

Mankind is shewn as partaking in a very real sense in our deity's creative effort. We are intimately connected with it, helping or hindering according to our attitude and purpose. We can move forward on the fresh impulse received by the Artificer of our universe, or stand against it. Thus man's conscious and subconscious objective largely determines the operation of this force,—spiritual in its genesis, but resolving into mental, emotional and physical energy as it passes downward through the various planes of being. According to what of real purpose is in each individual, so do we respond.

"It is a time for stir. Humanity lies open to it and powers press through; the fruitage of the outside press, wherewith all such as I are most concerned.

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All levels feel the influx of this breath, and bow before it. Things mighty and things foolish hear the call, and uprise at it. It is a time of subtile penetration, and the great nature-hosts are active. The life of Him who bears you in His bosom now beats faster, and the uprush of His sons is quickened. There is recoil as well as forward movement. Earth gathers to herself the harvest of the intake. Her sons are borne aloft or massed yet closer.

"His thrill reflects itself on all the swirling atoms of His content. Sunshine or shadow may it be as human choice receives it, yet is it life. All life it is to Him who passes on His way, drawing Himself unto Himself with shout of victory.

"Intake and output melt in one, resolving finite things into Infinity. Nourished by such the Heart of Him who bears you with Him. For, as the mighty Being passes on His way, conforming to the universal law of life, He opens outward, and seeks to thrust those children of Himself out into greater contacts, thus drawing through travail of His vast work through product of Himself much sustenance.

"Now, humans, learn that all your coils are His in miniature. And, as your coiling turns upon itself and you can draw the centre of your being outward, ye closer cling to likeness with that Thing which brought you forth and gave you utterance."

So, if we desire liberation, we must greatly dare, facing existence boldly; must think sincerely and independently, flinging aside our multitudinous false values.

"Rise up, I say, and spring with me. Leap to the air, and snatch the winds of heaven, tossing the mud of earth behind you. Luminous vision can be yours, and scales shall drop from off your eyes, if ye will turn

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them sunward—Sunward, I say—and greet the coming light with a full stare."

"From outermost to innermost there comes a call, singing of mighty voices; and innermost to outermost opens its heart in glad reception. Now leap!—casting all backward fear behind you. Leap to the wondrous splendour of my world, snatching a glimpse of vision. . . . Come! thrust ye out behind the stars and force the bolts still hindering you.

"Flash flame from outer depth to hidden space; loosen the human soul engulfed in pettiness, and bear it forth beyond the region of the stars into the limitless. Thus sweep ye free from all the little ties of days, letting the passage of your years break down the hedgerows."

Efforts to disentangle ourselves and see beyond the tragic difficulties of the obvious bring free happiness. Unshakeable optimism for the future will become our possession though standing amid the present depths. We have the power, and there is nothing between us and the Infinite if we will look up and embrace it.

"Far shores sun-lit with dusk-encircled noon-day welcome the feet of those who stray beyond the confines of the visible. . . . Come further as I call, and tear away those closely clinging bonds of petty selves holding you from the Infinite. Scattered must be the hoard of things ye prize. Fling all into the fire, yourself included. I would have you snap all ties of earth,—then turn around and clasp them to you. Give all you have. Empty yourself upon the spaces; and when the spaces shall be fed from that you fling upon them,—the spaces fling themselves upon your soul, bringing its consummation. Listen and look!—

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for day-spring breaks. Look! Look!—and see the wondrous beauty breaking on your world. The tide of life uprushing with all its myriad eddies of becoming. Be not confused, but purposeful. Rise up! Pass on your way ever with glad rejoicing; for power is nigh you. And this great power—if ye co-operate—brings you to freedom of the universe."

In one of the earlier sittings we were asked to "swing" and "leave our measuring-tape of human mind." Several months later this point was taken up more fully. The 'control' evidently shares Bergson's opinion that "human intellect is characterized by a natural inability to comprehend life," and that "we are at ease only in the immobile and the dead, always treating the living like the lifeless."[1]

"Hampered the feet of those who cling too much to measurement. Now measurement, as I did say, is of your human mind a quality. It hinders and it helps, it binds and lifts; and all who grow the mind, must ever seek to balance it. . . .

"But mind can hold as well as loose, can bind as well as lift. It clouds the far horizon. It shapes the nearer things with swift precision, yet flings a veil before the far-off reaches of Infinity. Infinity and mind cannot agree; for one is boundless essence of the universal inrush, and the other is but form-producing power to snatch the shadows from the universal radiance and melt them into images.

"Fare forth from mind knowing its uses. . . . Taking your leap through space, cast all you have behind you; and naked hurl yourself upon the stars. There, robed in universal covering, ye then shall stand—part of

[1] *Creative Evolution*, p. 174. Nothing of Bergson's work had been read at that time (1910) by the three colleagues.

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that great company who sense THE LORD OF ALL, with glowing vision of His GREAT COMMAND,—who made your world to spin, and gives to all the worlds and manifested universes power to pronounce the words of His COMMAND in regulated movement. Free, yet harmonious, swing the words in space, and form a mighty syllable.

"Your human mind has not the power to see—noble and useful as it is—for limitless beyonds cannot be cut in lengths or laid in rows and stacked in heaps to sit upon! The touch of fire ye had from Him—your heritage and kinship—alone can sense the thrills of His becoming. Your mind may shape the shadows, it is true; but never can it seize them. . . . Cast all the shapened shadows that surround you far from your feet. Uplift your hands and eyes . . . and plunge—plunge without fearful looking backward. Forget—yet hold,—and thus you find the centre."

The whole purport of the communication is summed up in these concluding paragraphs, singing the forward promise of to-morrow beyond to-night's welter of decay and death.

"The Outer Presences bear down on evolution's winding coils, churning the contents. They force the sparks you call disruptive energy into the coiling life and send it outward. The fire they give plays on your earth. It both consumes and vivifies. Great phases of incoiling life meet phases of outcoiling (and this is true of little souls as well as mighty peoples)—resistance always of the two one to the other—but come great moments of impact when host meets host in equilibrium. Then is there clash while cries resound, and the light lays prone the individual.

"The lightning of that flash breaking upon the

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inset life is oftentime too powerful for its comfort. Thus changing circumstance holdeth its moulding pains for every soul that passeth through it. Yet are these moulding pains but touches from the fingers of the hosts who work to carry on His laws. They touch the lives of men with burning fingers, searing and scorching, letting free the life that will not be denied but ever pushes onward. And when you human things have learnt to bend and sway with circumstance, you learn in fashion dim something of His great power to thrust Him closer to Himself—yet onward.

"The gods leap shouting on their way sowing disunion; and helpers from the heights—who seek to touch mankind—gather disunion, and transmute it. I from my world may enter into either part, and know the sense of what is there becoming, and how unfolding life bubbles and breaks along the pathway of your universe.

"The flood sweeps down the human things, yet also bears them upward. They fall and break, and pant and rise, and struggle blindly onward. They know not why. They feel the seething touch of acting gods, and comprehend it not. Swept on the turbid torrent of becoming, they find their uses,—and it is *grand*, that surging uprush of the life unfolding. Ugly and stressful to poor human eyes,—but to the vision of beyond a leaping rush of height to depth and quickening of unfolding. It is the leap of souls unnumbered towards the heights, where veils are rent and flashes from Infinity grow wider.

"Voiceless I pause. . . . Words of your speech may not be found to shape the outer truths I utter. It is to soul I speak; and soul can hear me through the halting words which ofttime cover me.

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"From far—though near—they come, the Outer Presences, lending their note to fill the tide of chant onswelling.

"The vibrant energy now playing on your world smites it with larger purpose; and nameless, wider substance now takes shape more firmly than of heretofore. The changing rhythm in the world-beat now in progress marks a stage gained by Him in His humanity.

"New modes of coiling come to birth. New sounds are heard. New faculty is formed to catch the echoes from world-spaces, and harness powers which lend themselves to further knowledge.

"The rush may not be stayed of the great One's extension. He swings His arms in space; and all His gathered offspring share in the universal tide of confluent energy. Great moods are born within His mighty content; and in those moods the human atoms swing, and speeding on their way are brushed about with varying energy.

"Transplendent light irradiates the shadowed mystery by which humanity ingathers to its core the lesson of existence. For coiling life while turning on itself is agonized. Itself it gives to suffer of itself, thus winning inner force of self-sufficiency. Viewed from within the winding wheels, shaping new powers to thrust creation's stars through space, shew anguish unendurable. Only as man soars high, resting his gaze beyond the writhing coils of his becoming, may he go free.

"Yet ever as an Outside Presence passes by some mortal sees the movement of its feet, or feels a stir of living breath within his ear. Thus labour's pangs are lightened. For only humans coil and are unwound. The radiant gods move straight upon their path of power."

HELEN H. ROBBINS.

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JOHN HANCOCK: PROPHET-ARTIST.

MADELEINE KENT.

"I AM not just an ordinary teller of tales or painter of pictures, setting out to amuse you or give you half-an-hour's thought. I predict the coming of the Change, the instrument through which man shall become individual in Body and Mind, the joining up at last of all dual natures in a complete self-comprehending whole."

So John Hancock, the young artist-poet, whose death in 1918 at the age of twenty-two brought to an untimely close an output of work no less amazing for its originality than for its quantity. They are bold, and should be arresting, words. And yet they are only too likely to be 'explained away' by one of those idle reflections wherewith the average mind defends itself against whatever is beyond its easy comprehension. 'Another mystic!' will be the spoken verdict of the majority; 'Another crank!' its inward thought. Blake will occur as the obvious analogy to the better-read; 'theosophy' or 'spiritualism' be claimed as the founts from which the artist drew inspiration. And there the matter will rest, neatly docketed, shelved and forgotten.

The trouble is that none of these explanations can be made to fit John Hancock. Impressing those who knew him in life as a being profoundly sane, he has left behind him hardly a sentence that is incoherent

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or even vague. His written work is, considering its transcendental character, surprisingly logical; his symbolical drawings have the cool precision that pen and ink (latterly his favourite medium) alone can give. His work is never formless or chaotic; never frenzied or 'dreamy.' He was indeed a seer rather than a mystic. He claimed no especial mission from, or relationship with, God. Neither did he, though of Celtic origin, linger, like most Celtic poets, in the shadowy borderland between the material and the spiritual, where grows the dark flower of romance. His delight was in simplicity rather than in obscurity. He described the world of the spirit as simply as Wordsworth wrote of Nature; which proves how intensely real it was to him. If he did dream dreams and see visions, he did not weave them into any nebulous veil of mystery. Rather, he rent the existing veil which, though it obscures rather than reveals the purpose of existence, is generally accepted as the authentic stuff of poetry. He rent it and, finding behind it what he believed to be the eternal verities, he set down what he saw in plain black and white.

There are some who will be repelled by the starkness of this simplicity. Hancock's tone may seem to them altogether too stark, too positive. On the whole, mankind prefers the poet to express its own "obstinate questionings of sense and outward things," rather than make affirmations which suggest that "there is more in heaven and earth" than it has hitherto dreamt of. Moreover, there is a general prejudice against any such over-familiarity with 'sacred' matters as that which could lead Vaughan to remark, as it were casually: "I saw Eternity the other night." It is because of this almost universal feeling

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that Hancock's marvellous depiction in black and white of the God who created this world gazing out into Infinity in search of *his* God, to whom he must aspire, will be eyed dubiously even where it does not arouse actual aversion. Nevertheless, Hancock, though daring, was not, like Blake, dogmatic. "This scheme that I have created," he wrote, "is the necessary one for *me*." And he left it at that; he did not seek to proselytize.

Mention of Blake brings us back to the supposed similarity between the two artists—a similarity which is to a certain point sufficiently striking. The use by any creative artist of note of two mediums of expression, the one employed to supplement and amplify the meaning of the other, is sufficiently rare to place Blake and Hancock in a class by themselves. The fact that it was with transcendental ideas and their symbolic expression, whether in verse or design, that both were almost exclusively concerned, will still further link them together. There are, too, certain biographical similarities. Both were children of middle-class families; both manifested before the age of twelve such artistic promise as resulted in their being sent, Blake to 'Mr. Pars in the Strand,' Hancock to the St. John's Wood Art School; both loved the simple things of life, homely music, flowers and little children; both were from earliest youth prodigious workers; and both showed in art technique on the whole superior to their literary ability, and were aware of the fact.

There is little here, however, that may not safely be ascribed to coincidence. More striking, and certainly more provocative of thought, is the spiritual isolation of both these visionaries. Far from being the natural

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product of deeply religious or poetic periods, they start up, solitary, inexplicable rocks, from exceptionally well-cultivated fields of materialism. Neither reflects the spirit of his age: both, indeed, run directly counter to the general trend of its thought. Blake, whose lyrics prove him a true child of the Elizabethans, whose religious fervour would have fitted him to be the friend of Milton, lived in the 'age of prose and reason,' the contemporary of Johnson, Voltaire and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Hancock, who might well have been the companion of Shelley in Italy or watched the miracle of the changing seasons together with the youthful Wordsworth at Grasmere, must make his bow to posterity from the same platform as Freud, James Joyce and John Sargeant; must do so, even in spite of a growing public interested in 'occult' philosophy; for his contemporaries, in the eyes of future generations, can only be those whose creative work has made its mark, and from these, with a few noteworthy exceptions, he is hardly less remote than was Blake from the pedants of the eighteenth century.

The book that shall explain why the flower of mysticism flourishes best where it is least tended, has yet to be written. Here there is only space to suggest that cynicism, blighting though it may be, is from time to time extremely necessary. If it creates a desert, it at any rate kills the weeds,—and of these both the seventeenth and the nineteenth centuries left a remarkably heavy crop. It was not until a little hard common sense had killed 'sensibility,' realism had superseded sentimentality and rationalism cleared the soil of superstition, that the flower of true spiritual experience could lift up its head again without fear of being choked. It is unfortunately the tendency of truth to be continually degenerating into cant, and

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while this is so the Sheridans and Bernard Shaws will be as necessary to its advancement as even the Blakes and the Hancocks. The modern craving for realism at all costs, however sordid and ugly the reality may prove to be, is in this respect a far better thing than the desire for romance at all costs; for it is only in what is most real, most fully itself, that the quality we term spiritual is present at all,—which is perhaps why both realists and seers are able to be matter-of-fact, while the sentimentalists talk only in symbols.

Symbolism is so far from being Hancock's mode of expression that it is really at this point that he parts company with Blake. For it cannot be denied that in the work of the older poet there is much of which the meaning is so obscure as to be for all practical purposes non-existent: even the ingenuity and poetical insight of Swinburne was able to interpret satisfactorily only a relatively small portion of the prophetic work. The fact is that Blake was not, in the modern acceptation of the term, a philosopher; and it was thus not incumbent upon him to be explicit. He had no special system of thought or scheme of life to propound. That he accepted the general ideas about heaven and hell much as he found them, can be seen from his great design of the Last Judgment and others of his Biblical subjects. Reflections upon the purpose of life are never the essential part of his work, and are rarely of a more positive nature than the often-quoted remark: "I cannot think of death as more than the going out of one room into another." He was in fact less concerned with theories than with persons, less with spiritual ideas than with spirits. His visions revealed to him souls once upon earth rather than the future state of his own soul. Nearly always his

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inspiration came from the past. Not only scriptural, but mythological and historical, figures were the subject of his drawings. It was upon their exact appearance and behaviour that he grew ecstatic or dogmatic, not upon the case for immortality which they represented.

Of Hancock the reverse is true. With the exception of a symbolic drawing of Blake himself and two others of Walt Whitman and Pater, the bulk of his work seeks to express what he himself believed to be the way each soul must tread. It is both didactic and prophetic. It deals not with the past but with the future. That this point is of the first importance, if Hancock's attitude towards his work is to be understood, his own words go to prove. "The object of all work having any relation to the artistic," he writes, "is to be prophetic. It startles the slumberous awake by revealing something that lies in the future." Again, he speaks of himself as one "to whom To-morrow and the course of his journey are as important and hold as much place in his thought as the life of To-day." More speculative, because perhaps less of an ecstatic, than Blake, his whole life may be seen as a groping after a faith that he could declare before he died. His quest was not made the easier because the religious had not swamped the intellectual part of him; he retained the power to perceive that "in a world of Transition there may be yet no Truth, but that there *is* Truth." That he reached a point which at last in a measure satisfied him, a point where he was able to see life as a whole, revealed to him through the 'eternal verities,' Beauty, Truth and God, was only due to a passionate persistence that feared no form of mental agony or discouragement. "My pictures are

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truly my children," he said, "for they are born with blood and tears."

What, then, is life as seen through the eyes of this youthful visionary? The question involves another. How far is what he saw a unique revelation, how far is his system original?

Now there are very few ideas, very few inventions even, for which one mind alone is responsible—certainly no complete philosophies. If there were one,—a philosophy which had never presented itself, however dimly, to a single human consciousness but its creator's, it would be so fantastic, so purely arbitrary as to be incredible. We believe only what we have always, subconsciously, known. Remembering that one or other of the tenets of Christianity itself can be found in practically all the religions that preceded it and certainly all that have followed it, we should be rash indeed to claim in these latter days absolute originality for the entirety of a creed at once so plausible and so profound as Hancock's. That he evolved it independently out of the turmoil of doubts and questioning which beset him in early life and from the dreams that illumined his last days, those who knew him best are convinced. That none of the possibilities he suggests have ever before presented themselves to the human mind, it would be idle to assert—and nothing would be gained by so doing.

Originality is, after all, only the stamp which a creative mind puts upon the raw material of thought. Its workings are seen in the selection of that material, in the unity of purpose which guides the choice, in, above all, the arrangement, the peculiar stress or emphasis given to one or more of the component parts. How often, where the same elements are present in

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two differing creeds, has it been this matter of relative stress which has separated them to the point of persecution! Take, for instance, the theory of eternal damnation for the unrepentant, inherent in all Christian teaching, and note how the emphasis upon it has weakened with the years. Once it was a dogma of prime importance: now it is little more than a tacit assumption even among the most orthodox; where it has lapsed altogether, it is only because the stress is no longer upon it, not because the creed has been changed.

So with any system of thought. It is less in the discovery of its origins,—origins which, as has been said, must exist or the system will be found to be without roots in human experience,—less in this than in the examination of those features of it on which all the emphasis rests, that the interest of the student should centre. Given that completeness, that unity in complexity, which it must possess to be worthy of serious attention, because by that may be measured the breadth of the seer's vision, a philosophy is striking just in so far as those of its elements on which the philosopher lays all the stress are striking.

To no single philosopher of our day, it may be said, can belong the credit of applying the theory of evolution,—once regarded as the worst affront materialism could offer to the idealistic conception of life,—to the spiritual as well as the physical growth of man, and so returning by way of modern science to the ancient belief in the re-incarnation of the soul. In using this theory (which he calls the Way of the Existences) as the basis of his system Hancock is representative of the general tendency of contemporary mysticism. That at the first state of the evolutionary process (the

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first incarnation, according to those who believe in this method of growth) the physical side of man is in the ascendant, while the powers of mind and soul are dormant, and that with every step towards a higher type of existence comes a re-adjustment of this state of affairs until a complete reversal is attained, most thinkers, scientists as well as mystics, are now agreed. If Hancock has here done no more than to express in his own way a theory held by many others, his contribution is none the less valuable; for it gives a permanent artistic form to what has hitherto been a purely intellectual conception. I refer to his three symbolical representations of Walt Whitman, Pater and Blake,—the first expressing that state of being when the individual learns through physical experience, the second where the mind intellectualizes upon the experience previously gained, and the third where the soul, set free by the lessons learnt by the mind and body, is about to pass on to a higher form of existence.

I have said that it is in the point which is stressed rather than in the general conception that a philosopher's individual contribution to the trend of thought is to be found. Here, as elsewhere, in Hancock's work that point is undoubtedly the importance of experience. The mind cannot reflect until the body has lived; the development of the soul depends upon that of mind and body. Its freedom is attained, not by their suppression, but by their free expression. The Blake picture shows, not the soul crushing the body or even elevating the mind, but the outstretched arms of the physical body and the mental body pushing back the doors through which the soul-body must pass. In his written work the same point comes out. Of so-called wrong-doing he writes: "The point of view to be

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adopted towards these things is consideration of them, not as things actual in themselves, but as values ever-changing upon a progressive way,"—meaning that what might be a necessary form of expression for one would be "a falling back in the evolutions" for another. Again, he writes of the desires of the body as the means "through which man becomes free of the world, through having been indeed of the world, tree with every tree, man with every man, earth with the earth and mother with every mother."

That phrase 'tree with every tree' is important, for it should be taken literally. To Hancock it was not only possible to 'experience a tree'; it was a great soul who really and fully did so. The soul was not in his eyes an attribute of which man was the only possessor. 'The lower forms of existence,' as a term applicable to plant or animal life, had no meaning for him. He believed indeed that "man had assigned to himself a place and a significance that were not his; and not only this, but had aggressively stepped into a high place and was building a power which had killed his humility and stunted the growth of his own soul." He did not see the soul as a unity independent of the flesh in which it was temporarily imprisoned. He saw every living thing as a trinity of body, mind and soul. In so far as that triune being was completely individual, absolutely itself, so was it in the path of progress, whether the temporary form were that of man, of bird or of flower. None of these forms of life were to be regarded as any more 'spiritual' than the other. A soul was not degraded by passing from the body of a man to that of a tiger; its selfhood might indeed, while in that form, become stronger, more intense than in any previous incarnation. He states it in fact as

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the 'Privilege of God' (the title of a poem in which he strives to express this ultimate freedom of being to which he believed we are moving) to pass with the joy of complete self-realization from one form of life to another as naturally as mood succeeds mood.

But Hancock's Way of the Existences does not cease with the ultimate triumph of the soul over the mind and body. He believed that the soul will then, after an interval of repose, brought by a being called the Husher-to-sleep, pass beyond the plane of the earthly existences to the 'childhood' of the mental existences, and by way of these to the spiritual existences, and so to the first of the God-states, where at last the triune nature of man, continued throughout the mental and spiritual existences, becomes a unity, and creation an activity of the soul rather than of the body. "Kingdoms do not become a God; each man becomes a God," he wrote, thus boldly proclaiming the final lofty goal to which man must aspire. Yet not the final goal. For the Way of the Existences, without beginning, is also without end, and God Himself is not, as the ancient Hebrews liked best to think of Him, "the same yesterday, to-day and for evermore," but a Being who, having in spirit created Adam and Eve, has passed, and will be for ever passing, to a higher state, and is thus the last and greatest link in the chain that binds all created things,—a Father indeed, of the same substance as His children.

We now come to the points upon which the emphasis rests. One of them,—the importance of experience,—has already been dealt with. Three other constantly recurring ideas remain to be mentioned.

The first and most important can be summed up in the word Change. That Hancock believed it to be

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the basis of all progress can be seen from the frequent introduction of the worm, the symbol of change, into his pictures. One of them, indeed, deals with the subject so forcibly as to demand special comment, even in this most cursory survey of his work. It is a black and white symbolical design. Two figures, Tradition and Indifference, bearing in their arms Earthly Pleasure, occupy the centre: under their outspread wings plods mankind, weeping and with bowed heads. With one exception; for, right in the front, a boy with the radiance of vision in his eyes watches a grub change to a chrysalis and a chrysalis to a butterfly, and sees that change, not stability, is the true law of the universe. From either side of the design two angels smile upon his joy.

Upon the doctrine that man's chief aim should be to become individual, Hancock insists perhaps more positively than upon any other, and in 'The Leash-holder,' recently published in *The English Review*, he discusses the question at some length. "All lessons of life, its experiences, its portents, thoughts, conceptions, inspirations, manifestations, arts, revelations, visions," he writes, "all repeat the fundamental principle of the unity of man with himself."

One other point remains—the stress he lays upon the value of failure. "All revealed prophetic visions," he says, "warp the man of To-day, who, awake to their import and the vistas they disclose of To-morrow, endeavours to act as their wisdom dictates. It is these acts of the higher ideal that are the spiritual failures through which endeavour is crowned by success."

Interesting as such theories may be in themselves, it is the unity of purpose observable in all

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Hancock's work, linking up these four oft-reiterated ideas into the thesis that it is only by means of experience that man becomes individual, only through failure that the Change he predicts can be made complete, which makes his work what he would have wished it to be—a real contribution to the cause of truth. As to his fine sincerity, there is no question. That his vision of truth was as real to him as were those that visited Blake, is implied in the passage where he speaks of his pictures as but "shadows, however they may appear worthy and luminous, of what my imagination has seen." Whether vision with him was as objective as with the older seer is really of less importance; for Blake himself has said that "the Prophets describe what they saw in vision as real and existing men, whom they saw with their imaginative and immortal organs," and that "he who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments, and in stronger and better lights, than his perishing mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all."

That this is not a charge which will be levelled against Hancock, the sheer beauty of his work, upon which there has been no space to dwell here, is sufficient guarantee. Of the quality of that beauty a glimpse can perhaps be obtained from one last quotation from his writings:

"The Child of To-morrow will have crushed all illusion, the fear of passing time, of the coming of age, of death. He shall live in perpetual glory, not in night or in day. He shall forever breathe free airs, not spring breezes or winter storms. He shall possess the germ of tranquillity, the tranquillity of eternal life."

MADELEINE KENT.

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MATER MISERICORDIÆ.

The Angels keep their ancient places,
  Turn but a stone to start a wing.
'T is ye, 't is your estrangèd faces,
  That miss this many-splendoured thing.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

PORTA SALARIA is not the place you would choose where to find a miracle, and yet . . . Well, Nazareth was not the town in which to search for a prophet. So . . . perhaps . . . But it is for me to tell my story, or rather to let Peppina tell it, and leave the judgment to others.

To those who do not know Rome let me say briefly that the roads outside Porta Salaria used to be devoted almost entirely to large tenement-houses of the Continental type euphemisticly called 'palaces.' With the spread of the city a number of good houses and *villini* began to be built on the outer fringe, and better class tenants occupied the original tenements. One of the inhabitants to benefit by the improving surroundings was my little dressmaker, Peppina, who rented an *interno* flat in the biggest *palazzo* of all—that is to say, all her windows looked into the courtyard, flats with windows looking outside being reserved for more opulent tenants, though the same great archway leading to the centre court served them all.

As I passed through the main entrance one day on my way to see Peppina, a young woman almost staggered against me, not looking where she was going, her eyes blind with tears. My thoughts set on my new finery, I did not want to be reminded of sorrow; but the woman's face drove all frivolity out of my mind. This was not the sorrow that may soften, this was agony made unbearable by remorse.

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Peppina was ready enough to talk about the tragedy. Marietta had just lost her only child, a boy. The unwilling bride of an old man, Marietta had resented her coming maternity. She had taken no precautions and, when her boy was born, she knew she could never have another child. All the affection she could not give her husband, was centred on her child. And now he was dead—convulsions—a few hours only —*povera* Marietta!

That was the secret of her remorse. She could never have another child. Her arms were empty for ever. She was still so young; and she had nothing to love.

A week after, going to see my dress finished, I passed through the *portone* again. A woman's voice, crooning happily to a child, greeted me as I entered the court. Turning the angle of the wall, I saw Marietta sitting there, singing with true happiness in her voice and gazing with loving—no, not so much loving as adoring—eyes at a small brown-eyed baby held in her arms. The little thing began to whimper and Marietta's face contracted as if with pain: "*Non piangi, tesoro mio — angioletto caro — figlio della Madonna!*" 'Treasure,' 'angel'—these endearments are common; but 'son of the Madonna'! Had I heard aright?

My dress was not finished, but Peppina scarcely apologized. She was in a flutter of excitement. Had I seen the *bambino?* Marietta's *bambino*, the *bimbo della Madonna?*

"I saw Marietta singing to a child down in the *portone.* Is it an orphan she has adopted? She seems to have forgotten her own baby very soon."

"Orphan? orphan indeed! Ah, Signora, have

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you not heard? That child was brought to Marietta by the Madonna—to console her and to pardon her."

"By the Madonna!"

"But yes, Signora—and I myself saw her."

"Saw whom? The Madonna! Are you raving?"

Peppina glanced towards the tiny picture on the wall with the candle before it before she answered, rather solemnly:

"May the good God pardon you, Signora! Surely I am not raving. I myself, with my own eyes, saw her."

"Then tell me what she was like. Her face? Her eyes?"

"Her face, Signora, alas! I did not see, or did not notice. She wore a scarf over her head, like a peasant woman. In fact we took her for a *contadina* until she was gone! A peasant washer-woman! May the Lord forgive us!"

"He worked as a carpenter and will forgive," I found myself saying almost unconsciously. Then, trying to throw off the solemnity that had come on me unawares, I begged for more details. Peppina was only too willing.

"Yesterday evening, Signora, when the light was failing here, in this dark room, I took the embroidery of your dress and went to finish it sitting in the *portone*. Marietta was there, miserable as ever. She could not bear her rooms now, without the baby. Then it was that the Madonna appeared."

"A vision?" I interrupted sceptically.

"Yes. But we did not recognize her. She came round the corner, walking quickly, and carrying a baby on her arm, nearly covered with the ends of the long scarf she wore over her head. On the other arm

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she had a basket. She came to us and, seeing Marietta with empty hands doing nothing, she asked her quite simply if she would hold the baby for a moment or two while she did her business. 'I am taking some washing home,' she said. 'The lady does not know I have a baby'; adding a little sadly: 'The world thinks it strange that I should have a baby.' Always she kept her face away from us. Besides, I was leaning over my work so I saw very little. After all, Signora, what was a peasant girl to me, with a baby that perhaps she ought not to have?

"Marietta made no answer. So she stooped over and laid the child in her arms. 'Take him,' she said, 'take him from me and love him for me.' Then she stood up straight and went into the palace to take her basket of washing home.

"We expected her back within a few minutes. But the sun set, and she did not come. Then we realized how wonderful it was! She had never said she would return. We had taken it for granted. And how she had spoken to Marietta! It was the Madonna herself. Marietta had prayed for pardon for her hard heart; and surely she was pardoned since the Madonna herself has come and has given her another child!"

"But . . . but," I stammered, "do you believe that?"

"Why not?" Peppina answered simply. "La Madonna herself knows what it is for a woman to lose a son."

And who shall say that she was wrong?

L. F. E. TORRY.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: My only excuse for writing this story is that the event really happened.

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SUMMERTIDE.

A. R. Horwood, F.L.S. (late of Leicester Museum).

"Then came the jolly summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock, coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light."
SPENSER.

Child of the Sun.

Summertide! What a host of joyous and pleasant reflections does it not conjure up in the mind? Then, if ever, as Lowell says, come perfect days. The passing of Spring brings us to the inexpressible beauty of earth and sky, land and sea, when the sun in its new-born splendour gilds everything with a new brilliance. There is sunshine all the day, sunshine everywhere. There is a reluctance on the part of the golden-haired son of the sky to leave the warm earth to the mercy of the night. Summer is truly the child of the sun. When Midsummer's Day comes, there is so little night that dawn breaks in all its loveliness of tint and tone before the memory of sunset has lost its freshness.

"From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed
Child of the Sun, refulgent summer, comes
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth;
He comes, attended by the sultry hours
And ever-fuming breezes on his way."

It is the sun indeed that gives us life and health, that

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energizes and renews. Not only its brilliance and its glory delight the eye and the senses, making every object reflect its splendour, but the glowing warmth of its heat causes all the enchanting sequences of the seasons, letting new flowers appear each day, bringing summer birds back to their cherished bowers, and filling the growing ears of corn, thus sprinkling gold in broad girdles o'er the land.

Noon of the Year.

Spring is the morning of the year. When Summer comes, the forenoon of the months is reached, and Summer gives place to the twilight of Autumn, which passes quickly into Winter night. Delicate as the tints of dawn are, so too are Spring days. At Midsummer the gaiety and vivacity excel in radiance the joyfulness of Spring. Earth's bosom is decked with flowers. From maidenhood she has passed to maturity. There is no more joyous mood in Nature's many-sided nature than the magic charm of a day by the sea in the fulness of June. There is indeed something then of the wistfulness of maturity as it looks back upon the carelessness and lightheartedness of youth, as fleeting Summer days follow the eager youthfulness of Springtime. A joyful note is struck by Longfellow; it altogether heals the suggestion of pain which comes ever with days of too great happiness:

> "O summer day beside the joyous sea!
> O summer day so wonderful and white,
> So full of gladness and so full of pain!
> Forever and forever shalt thou be
> To some the gravestone of a dead delight,
> To some the landmark of a new domain."

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Magic of Sweet June.

With all its flowers, and all its roses, there is in truth a magic charm that is felt at no other time save in sweet June. How fair are June days, withal how fleeting; and it is the swiftness of their coming, the shortness of their lingering, that makes us love them all the more. How we treasure that which is rare, which is transient and hard to lay hold upon. How fanciful, too, are her moods. Yet her days are full of delightful surprises. If she disappoint, as a wayward maiden she sinks radiantly. There is in the wide world no Summer like ours. The rose tints of dawn, the softly tempered scent-laden breezes and golden glow of sunset skies, the flower-clad earth, the leafy woods, cool avenues, the glistening lakes and distant hazy view, the sheep and cattle feeding in the mead, the over-arching roses by the way, the golden fields,—these are enough to prompt the poet's thought, the artist's brush. And somehow Scott has caught these moods:

"The summer dawn's reflected hues
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirr'd the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy."

Music of the Winds.

How can we not love winds? To listen to the organ-notes of the wind outside from the silent stillness of

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an inner room, and most of all at night when there is no other sound besides, is to hear the grandest of all music,—and that is Nature's. He who listens for this melody of the spheres, the music of the Beyond, becomes at once in some sense in tune with the Great Harmony. Upon the breeze come thoughts, come messages from the eternity of space.

There is no other music like the wind. To compare it with the unearthly, not to say inspired, music of an organ, is but to make an imperfect analogy. We know how the swelling, impressive notes of a well-played organ stir the emotions. As at those moments in life when great decisions have to be made in a moment, when, to descend to a gross figure, the imprisoned life-force to be set in motion, as though it were an ether-wave, has made some response, so does the music of the wind awaken in one a like echo. After the stillness of the Summer days and nights, when on a sudden the breeze freshens and gathers in strength till with the rising storm it mounts to a crescendo, then most does it with impelling insistency touch chords that answer only such calls from the ideal.

THE RADIANCE OF NATURE.

THERE is too in Summer so dazzling a radiance shed by the golden sunbeams, spread over the earth with the galaxy of the flower-tints and reflected from the depths of the changing ocean, nay everywhere, that the nature-lover is unable, amid the wealth of life, colour and movement, to dwell on the details. It is the whole face of Nature that casts so great a spell upon the mind responsive to beauty. Summer passes as a great fire that sweeps the prairie.

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"O thou who passest through our valleys in
Thy strength, curb thy fierce steeds, allay the heat
That flames from their large nostrils. Thou, O Summer,
Oft pitched here thy golden tent, and oft
Beneath our oaks hast slept, while we beheld
With joy thy ruddy tints and flourishing hair."

BLAKE.

A. R. HORWOOD.

THE SPHINX-RIDDLE.

IT is nearly two years ago that he went to the Sphinx asking her to open her mystery to his mind and heart. . . . Long she remained silent. But again and again he faced her, asking, pressing, forcing her, with all the power of his soul, to revive and to speak. He was relentless. He saw her bathed in the soft light of the setting sun; he came to her with the first rays of the morning; he returned frequently in the dark of the night. His desire grew, invaded his mind, permeated his body, flashed in the fire of his soul. . . .

Deep spoke to the deep, in silence, without words or thoughts or form. And the Deep answered. She became animated. She spoke.

"What wouldst thou? Knowledge? Take it. I have the royal uræus on my head; the serpent of understanding is my slave. Dost thou want it? . . ."

He firmly said: "No!"

"What then? My breasts? I am the mother of the race. All passions and feelings of men and women are in me. Dost thou want to become master of them? Goods of the flesh would be thine. . . ."

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"No!"

"Thy aspirations are higher and greater. Thou wouldst ask from me courage and fortitude to face all life, and death at the end? Take them. They are in the shape of my body. Take the claws too; with them thou shalt tear to pieces any who rashly would come and face thee. . . ."

"No!"

"Art thou mad to ask for my wings? Dost thou intend to dare, with thy miserable soul of a mortal, to draw aside the veil and fly up to the unknown? Thou darest to ask for thy doom?"

"No!"

"What then, O madman? Why hast thou called me to life?"

"I want thee all,—thy mystery, thy nimbus, thy riddles. . . ."

He stopped; his voice failed him. Deep in his soul he felt a dawning shadow of doubt, a deadly forerunner of fear. With a silent desperate cry to his Father to come to his aid, he forced the doubt to vanish, raised his eyes to the Sphinx and spoke:

"Yes, I want thee, all of thee. . . . Men, like myself, in the ages gone by, have fashioned thee in their minds and their hearts; have made thee, their creation, in forms of stone, brass and wood, to stand on the ways to their temples. Yes, on the ways to, but not in the place of, the Sacred. . . . They called down for thee, from their Father, intelligence, strength, fortitude, feelings and passions; even they called down for thee the wings of their mind. They called down all that, received it and gave it to thee. But the heart, with its love of the Father, that spark of the Divine which unites them with Heaven, they kept it from

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thee. . . . Look down in the smooth of the water, see the reflect of thy eyes; they are sightless, open, but blind, with no loving soul to give them expression. . . . Thou seest.

"In the name of the Divine Love, which is the life of my soul, I command thee to give me thyself, thy existence, thy body, thy mystery—all. . . .

"Thy help—I need it to make men see that on entering temples they have to leave outside their knowledge and passions and feelings, to bring to the altar only the offering of Love, deep as their being, formless and humbly receptive. I need thee to help me to teach them how best to do this. I want thee, all of thee. . . . Come! . . ."

With reluctant submission the Sphinx rose, stepped down and entered the soul of the man. . . .

In his ears her last words are still ringing:

"I obey. Love compels me. But remember,—when inside, I may tear thy soul all to pieces. . . ."

Father, have mercy on him, save and protect him!

ALEXIS ALADIN.

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LINES SUGGESTED BY A SPRING SHOWER.

O FAIREST Queen, who in sweet charity
  Doth rule the realm of Nature with thy sire,
The radiant King of Light, each flower and tree
  Thou hast apparelled in a royal attire,
Decked them with glittering emblems of thy love,
  And blessed them with a kiss ambrosial;
In Zephyr's chalice, from thy courts above,
  Borne unto each thy wine celestial.

Each gem of thine transcends the sparkling gaud
  That ornaments some princely coronet;
Each tiny sphere is an immortal laud
  Unto its Maker, for therein is set—
A symbol of His glory—the whole scheme
  Of universal colour, thus with shame
Endowing greater treasures, since its gleam
  Is lovelier than the evening's dying flame.

Awakes the heart in wondering ecstasy,
  As thy fair pearls entwined with sunbeams fall.
No human lip, no earthly poesy,
  Can mould a coinage that shall so enthrall
As the entrancing vision when these twain,
  The two life-giving fairies, meet and blend
Each with the other, and the new-born grain
  Upsprings in rapture as they soft descend.

Words are but broken mirrors of the mind,
  Reflecting a dim fragment of the whole;

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All art a parody. Earth may not bind
  Among its sheaves the blossoms of the soul,
But only scent their fragrance. Rarest things
  Defy a transmutation, and retain
Their golden nature; yet their presence brings
  A joy that Love on Beauty's throne should reign.

PAUL BLACK.

THE MOOR.

I WENT alone to the wide wild Moor
  In the sombre night that held no star.
My spirit sought for Things-to-be,
  Baffled and sore with Things-that-are.

I walked alone, while the heather rung
  A thin dry dirge from its empty bells,—
A dirge for the days its purple flung
  A smoke of colour most beautiful—
A royal robe out-hung.

I walked alone with thoughts that sting;
  And the tortured darkness was full of whips.
It swept my face like an eagle-wing
  And smote the prayer from my lips.

I stretched out groping hands to find
A Hand to help me on my way
  In the troubled darkness without a star.
I had no faith, I had no creed;
Yet perhaps a passionate human need
May pierce by its very intensity
  To the Heart of the world afar.

SYDNEY SNELL.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

A STANDARD WORK OF MEDIÆVAL ALCHYMY.

Die Alchemie des Geber. German Translation with Notes by Dr. Ernst Darmstaedter. Berlin (Julius Springer); 1922: pp. vii.+ 206, and 10 collotype plates; about 10s.

THERE is a number of good books on the history of alchymy from Berthelot's *La Chimie au Moyen Age* (1893) up to E. O. von Lippmann's large work, *Entstehung und Ausbreitung der Alchemie* (1919). But the alchymic texts themselves are mostly hidden away in old and rare, generally almost unobtainable and therefore fabulously expensive, books. It is, therefore, all the more gratifying to introduce to the friends of such research this scholarly translation by the well-known Munich historian of science, seeing that the old, scientifically worthless English translation by R. Russel (London, 1676) is practically unobtainable, and that nearly every English adept of chemistry knows enough German to understand the clear and precise language into which the translator has converted the difficult, and sometimes intentionally involved, Latin of the so-called 'Geber,' deservedly famous throughout the middle ages and the humanistic period as the foremost authority on his subject.

Dr. Darmstaedter has translated the *Summa Perfectionis* (the Book of the High Art of the Perfection of Metals), the *Liber de Investigatione Perfectionis* (the Book of Testing the 'Perfected' Metals, whether they are really gold and silver), the *Liber de Inventione Veritatis* (the Book of the [alchemical] Stoves) and Geber's *Testament*. Only the first of these books is to be traced with certainty to the early middle age, for a (hitherto unnoticed) MS. of it in Munich and another in Paris go back to the 13th and 14th century only. The titles of the others, it is true, are mentioned in the *Summa*, but D., whose judgment always keeps on safety's side, does not feel sure whether it is really these works of the pseudonymous author to which allusion is made in the first and main text, or whether they are late fabrications forged in order to supply the needs of people who were searching for the famous author's other works owing to the mention of these titles.

I say our 'pseudonymous author,' because everybody seems to

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be agreed by now that the work is an Occidental literary document and not a translation of some Oriental (Arabic) book. The book itself does not, however, pretend in the slightest degree to be the work of an Oriental author—let alone of the Arabian Ǧabir al Ḥaian, an alchymist whose extant works have been shown by Wiedemann and Berthelot to have an entirely different character.

As a matter of fact the printed edition of 1541 (Nurenberg, Petreius) is the first to attribute it to the 'Arab Geber,' while an Oxford MS. of the 15th century calls it *Liber Practicus Geberis Philosophi Regis Persarum.* The title of the Vatican MS. speaks only of the *Summa Perfectionis* of the 'highly ingenious Philosopher Geber,' while an edition of 1473 calls it the work of the 'Philosopher and King of India (!) Geber.' A Danzig edition of 1682 has 'Geber King of the Arabians.' The oldest MS. (Monac. Lat. 353) has *no author's name*, and simply starts with '*incipit* (here begins) *Liber Geb(er) de Transmutatione Metallorum.*'

This confusion about the supposed author of our texts and his name can easily be unravelled a little more completely than the learned translator has been able to do on pp. 3ff. (cp. p. 134) of the present edition. The Renaissance scholars, who attributed the work to 'one *Geber*, a Philosopher of the King of the Persians,' obviously took *geber* to be the well-known Arab (derogatory) term *gabar* for a Parsee priest (see D. Menant's art. 'Gabars' in *E.R.E.* vi. 147); and their 'Philosopher of the Persian King' can be no one else than Osthanes, the Mage of King Xerxes (Pliny, 30, 8), of legendary fame, who is also an alchymist and astrological 'author' (v. Lippmann, p. 333). On the other hand, 'Geber the Arabian' is certainly meant for Ǧabir, the half-legendary author of more than 590 alchymistic books, whose historical existence, however, was questioned long ago by En Nadim in the *Fihrist* (987 A.D.). The 'Arabian King' refers to the fact that one of this 'Ǧabir's' famous books is called the *Book of the King*, because it purports to lead by the short 'King's Road' to this precious wisdom. Both learned hypotheses—for this is what these titles are in reality—have no foundation whatever. *Liber Geb'*—as the title is shortened in the Munich 13th cent. MS.—and as it was read by Vincentius Bellovacensis, *Speculum Naturale*, viii. 87 (D. p.134), does not contain an author's name at all. *Gebal* is Aramean for to 'mix,' to 'knead,' a dough or a paste, or to 'stir' a mixture; *gebal* or *gabalā* is he who kneads or stirs, the 'mixer.' Arabian *ǧabala* is *plasmare*, make or mould a *plasm*. *Geber* is simply the well-known Western—Spanish or Italian—mispronunciation of an Aramæan

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gebal, the 'mixer,' 'stirrer,'—in short = the 'alchymist'—even as the Spaniards say *Gibr-al-tar* for *ǦibeL-al Tariq*, originally perhaps *Ǧibel-al-ṭor* ('Height of the Rock').

Liber Geber de Transmutatione Metallorum is obviously the translation of a Hebrew-Aramæan, consequently Jewish, *Sepher Gebal*, 'Book of the Mixer,' or 'Stirrer,' of the mystic metallic dough or paste (D. p. 189, l. 2f. *s.v. maza;* cp. p. 181, n. 250), the transmutation of which is brought about by means of a *fermentum fermentorum* or 'leaven of leavens.' Incidentally this explanation yields an hitherto unknown medieval Jewish term for a chemist's activity. The usual Jewish word for alchymy is *ṣiruf*, 'smelting,' 'refining,' from *ṣaraf*, 'refiner.'

The book itself is highly important, for it gives, not only a straightforward and accurate account of the author's manifold experiments, but also elaborate criticisms of the views of his opponents of other schools. These descriptions—based in the main on Aristotelian ideas about the constitution of matter and about the primary constituents of metals—'sulphur' and 'mercury'—are all exactly commented upon by D. from a modern chemist's point of view. It is, moreover, highly interesting that our author has at last discovered the true nature of the 'real,' 'primary mercury,' the *mercurius philosophorum* of the alchymists, which is by no means what *we* call mercury, but the nitrate of silver and the chloride of gold. If this real 'mercury'—considered as the 'soul' and 'essence' (*anima, forma*) of the precious metals—is brought together with the supposed *materia* of lead, tin, etc., which must be, according to D.'s sagacious interpretation of the recipe for its preparation, the chloride of the base metals, *colloidal gold results*, the watery emulsion of which shows a *beautiful red colour*. This is evidently the famous mystery of the 'red tincture,' which has never before been explained and which was supposed to change the base metals into the precious ones.

The historian of mysticism will be interested to notice that the whole process is conceived, in Neoplatonian or rather Gnostic terms, as the incorporation of the (solar and lunar) soul into the terrestrial matter of the baser metals. The commentator might have traced these ideas back to the old 'Phenician swindle' (*Phoinikikon pseudos*) claiming that all the metals are contained in the human body (Plato, *Rep.* 414c, Eisler, *Weltenmantel*, 295[2]) and that the soul gets wrapped up in layers of the different metals while passing through the seven spheres.

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The plates—reproductions of ancient engravings representing alchymic apparatus—are excellent facsimiles of the rare originals. But even more valuable, indeed quite indispensable for the reader of this kind of literature, is the admirable glossary of alchymistic terms which D. has appended to his translation. If he really succeeds in identifying the author of this important work—as he promises to do in a subsequent publication—he will have rendered a great service to the history of mediæval science. For we would fain know who was this great experimenter who taught—before Roger Bacon and more energetically than the Franciscan friar—that *truth is not found in old books but in new experiments.*

R. E.

A Theory of Monads.

Outlines of the Philosophy of the Principle of Relativity. By H. Wildon Carr, D.Litt., Professor of Philosophy in the University of London. London (Macmillan); pp. 851; 15s. net.

THERE is more of Prof. Wildon Carr's individual thinking in this volume than in any other of his books. We have before us in fifteen chapters a series of informative and suggestive studies ancillary to and centring round the leading concept of a monadic theory of reality. The chapters fall conveniently and methodically into three main groups, dealing respectively with the nature of the monad (metaphysical), the activity of the monad (psychological) and the knowledge of the monad (logical). For Dr. Carr, philosophy is the science of the monad, and the mind is a monad, in the sense in which Leibniz first used the term—namely as the label for the concept of "a simple substance, 'simple' meaning that it has no parts." Every centre of living activity, and generally anything whatever that can be regarded as a subject of experience, is a monad. No thinker to-day expects a philosopher definitely to solve the great fundamental problems of existence. Philosophy is in the making, a living process of thought for ever re-adapting itself to the greater life of that whole of which it is an activity. What we look for in a philosophical treatise are signs of the liveliness or sensitiveness of the writer, of his 'being alive,' as we say, to the main trend, if not to all the turns and twists, of the great game of life played out in the manifold of human experience.

Dr. Carr is certainly a sensitive in this respect: life is for him the mind, sense and stuff of reality, the great activity that realizes itself by the interplay of its own modes. He thinks, and

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thinks rightly, that a monadic order of distinction in the unity of life is a far more hopeful perspective from which to view reality than the atomic scheme of analysis of sensible phenomena adopted in scientific theory; for him the true atoms are the monads. His great difficulty, however, is to give a satisfactory account of the rationale of the intersubjective communication of the monads with one another. If the monads are 'windowless,' as Leibniz declared, if "the mind encloses the subject in a private universe which has neither inlet nor outlet," as Prof. Carr supposes, they are more mutually exclusive than the atoms which resolve into electrical charges. If a monad continues for ever to be a 'private universe,' we are confronted with an ultimate pluralism, and not of a few principles only, but of an incalculable number of mutually exclusive existents. This surely will not do. Communication by external contact must, one would think, at some moment of development pass over into or be sublimated into an order of communion; and this again, when conceived of in a spiritual sense, must perfect itself in a state we try to conceive of as being one with another. Of course when you communicate an idea to another person, for whose consciousness it may be new, you do not transfer the idea from yourself to him; you do not give up anything, by which you are the poorer, as you do when you present him with a book, for instance. No definite 'something' is handed over in the order of spiritual things; flame lights up from flame as it were. Two people now share consciously in what is no one's private property, but is an item of the general wealth bequeathed on all minds *in potentia*. Spiritually I can give all I 'have' to another, which is indeed the hall-mark of true love, and yet am thereby the more enriched by the superfluity of the Good whose nature it is to give. The monad is not 'windowless' in its spiritual nature or essence. On the contrary, "Windows are these not eyes" is the complaint of the souls when shut into bodies, in the Hermetic myth. 'Eyes' in the spiritual state were for this tradition vastly different from the sense-powers of the soul dulled by the sense-organs of the body—the 'windows.' And when illumination came and the soul transcended the limitations, it became one with great Nature. This was a taste of true communion indeed. The spiritual self was fundamentally the 'Monas,' the 'essential Man,' —co-essential with the Mind or Spirit of the universe, that which brought the common objective universe into being. An unending 'private universe' was unthinkable for this gnostic tradition: it

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was a 'prison' from which the faithful hoped to be free, when reborn into the 'Race of the Mind,' where all were one of another. But this imperfection, as we regard it, in Dr. Carr's exposition of the nature of the monad, does not detract from the general pleasure and profit we have had in following him throughout his valuable contribution to modern philosophic enquiry. He is so keenly observant of the latest developments of theory in the realms of science, psychology and philosophy, and so eager to find an *entente cordiale* between their at present conflicting interests, that he has much of value to point out to us in the perspective he has adopted. A number of helpful suggestions are made; and of these we would instance especially his view of 're-cognition,' when he writes: "Recognition is the expectancy with which the mind grasps the novel, the unknown, the unforeseen. By this I mean not only that recognition has prospective value—the whole attitude of life is forward-looking and all value seems to be prospective. I mean more than this. The past, as from being present it becomes past, gives form and substance to the personal activity and is carried along in it. It is this incorporation of past experience in present activity, and not repetition, and also not resemblance of present experience to past experience, which constitutes recognition. And this explains why and in what way all cognition is of necessity recognition."

Transcendental Magic.

Its Doctrine and Ritual by Éliphas Lévi. Translated, annotated and introduced by Arthur Edward Waite. New and Revised Edition, including all the Original Engravings and a Portrait of the Author. London (Rider); pp. xxxiii. + 522; 25s. net.

This handsome volume is a revised and annotated edition of Waite's translation (1896) of Alphonse Louis Constant's (Hebraïzed as Éliphas Lévi Zahed's) romantic and imaginative *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie* (1856), which has been the gospel of certain 'occultist' circles, especially in France, and first furnished Neo-theosophism with its notions of 'astral light' and 'astral body' (mis-transmitted *via* Paracelsus from Later Platonism). Our respected colleague, whose painstaking historical and critical researches in the jungle of cognate camouflaged mediæval and later literature are so well known, has dealt faithfully with Éliphas and his most famous confection. Éliphas's Art Magic volume is a novelistic production, written in a most engaging and attractive

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style, and set forth with all the arts of brilliant paradox, irony, casuistry and suggestion, with great parade of the possession of high secrets. Our magus and card-juggler is ever boasting of having "revealed to the world for the first time the mysteries of magic," and asserts that the Latin Church in its rites is the archi-mage of religion.

Much of it is the creation of the 'Abbé' Constant's vivid phantasy, and the whole is determined by his theory, in part well founded, but no new discovery, that the magical agent *par excellence* is the living light of nature directed by the will and formulated by the imagination. But this useful perspective is blurred and deformed by the writer's myopic limitations; for almost invariably when Éliphas gives reference or makes quotation, it can be shown that he has blundered badly or made entirely false statements. He makes, moreover, much parade of Hebrew scholarship, and his Hebrew is contemptible; so in lesser degree with his Greek. Of German he seems to know nothing. Mr. Waite has exposed many of his blunders and false statements; but doubtless our colleague would be the first to admit that he has dealt with only a portion of them. How far Constant was an augur with his tongue in his cheek, and how far a semi-conscious charlatan, must be left to the knowledge and insight of the reader. He himself writes: "Charlatanism, when successful, is a great instrument of power, in magic as in all things else. To fascinate the vulgar skilfully, is not this also to govern them?" (*Clef des Grands Mystères*, p. 225.) He has certainly so fascinated many, and is an adept at luring on the reader with promises of great revelations to come in some subsequent chapter or other, only to break his word and leave his dupe befooled. As to Éliphas Lévi's 'occult' output in general,—in our opinion it is then of little value at its best, and for the most part highly misleading. His egregious and fatuous enthusiasm for the Tarot and pantacles, letters and numbers, and the rest, is an indication of the warping and misuse of that reason and science which he extolled so highly and professed to possess. In the Tarot question indeed he blundered more than in any other subject; here he is truly *cocasse*.

Now it happens that some thirty years ago the writer of this notice was personally acquainted with Baron Spédalieri, who was for many years Éliphas's chief pupil. The Baron was under the illusion that I was an 'adept,' and insisted that I should be his 'master.' It took years of hard work to persuade him that he was entirely mistaken, and that I meant what I said in refusing the job.

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Meantime he had presented me with the whole of his extensive correspondence with Éliphas and some half dozen unpublished MSS. of the mage. There were hundreds, perhaps a thousand, of these intimate letters of 'occult teaching' (!). A number of them I had translated, and published them in a review I was then editing. Among the MSS. was Éliphas's most secret and 'priceless' collection of magical pantacles, the supposed 'way' to all knowledge. This I gave to a young friend of mine and his wife to copy. They did so, and had a sorry time of it psychically. Indeed the only way in which I can convey the impression this precious document made on us, is to say that physically and literally it stank. Finally I gave the whole lot back to the Baron; and eventually after his death they came into the hands of the Papus group in Paris, and some of them have been published and so reached their proper heirs and assigns. The letters I published were, like the rest of his lucibrations, in Éliphas's familiar magistral, portentous and pretentious style; their content was as gaseous, and not the wonderful revelations the credulous had been led to expect. It is surprising that the Latin Church did not incontinently excommunicate the 'Abbé' Constant; he died, however, comforted and fortified by its last rites as a faithful son of the Church. Tyrrell, in all respects his superior and honest to the back-bone, was anathematized! This gives one furiously to think.

G. R. S. M.

THE SEVEN PURPOSES.

By Margaret Cameron. New York and London (Harpers); pp. 314.

THIS was published in 1918; but we have only just come across it. We therefore make a note to inform those of our readers interested in matters of psychical research and automatic script 'communications,' that it is a very favourable example of these latter and is worth, not only reading, but studying; and that is saying a great deal.

EVERYMAN AND THE INFINITE.

By L. C. Beckett. London (Fowler); pp. 172.

THE authoress has been fascinated by the Tao of the great period in China, and has written a pleasant and earnest little volume on this high theme, in the hope that its vast simplicities may commend themselves to many who are searching for light in the present obscurity of religious ideals and confusion of values. The Hon. Mrs. Beckett is confident that the fundamental spirit of the Tao

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can be brought into close connection with the essential depth of Christianity; and indeed for those of deep insight and those who have enjoyed certain forms of mystical experience, it is possible to see how they can in spirit complement one another. The Tao, as set forth by a Lao-tzŭ, a Chwang-Tzŭ or a Lieh-Tzŭ, is, in our opinion, the fairest expression of grand naturism or nature-mysticism that has been attempted; it is a truly cosmic doctrine that has not yet come into its own. To attempt to reconcile it with the very human implications of general Christian mysticism is a delicate and subtle undertaking. There is assuredly an overlapping in certain essentials; but there is also a wide territory in each external to one another. *Evergman and the Infinite* is not a volume of research, but a simple plea for the consideration of high matters of the greatest importance for all seekers for truth.

THE GLEAM.

By Sir Francis Younghusband, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E. London (Murray); pp. 297; 12s. net.

SPIRITUAL biographies are always of profound interest to the student of human nature. In *The Gleam* Sir Francis Younghusband, who has already, in addition to his many works of travel, written intimately of one of his own experiences, gives us the spiritual pilgrimage of a Panjābi friend, with whom he has been in close intimacy from the days when he was a Lieutenant. The name and identity of this seeker of God are not disclosed. But 'Niji Svabhava' was evidently a distinguished Intelligence Officer on the Frontier. Brought up in an orthodox pious family (of what sect we are not told) Svabhava received also an English education; and the chief interest of the narrative is the tracing out of the gradual adjustments made in his mind and heart by the inevitable conflict between the best thought of the West, in which he is deeply interested, and the innate spirituality of his own nature schooled in the practices of his native faith. Often he was tempted to leave the service, in which his courage and ability were highly appreciated, and withdraw to the quiet solitudes of the giant Himalayas he loved so passionately, to give himself wholly to the life of sanctity; but this he refrained from doing until after the War. Not that Svabhava thought it the best to live out his life in such withdrawal; for, on the contrary, owing to the well-nigh overmastering influxes of spiritual life which at times he enjoyed, he was strongly driven to come out publicly and lead a reform movement in religion. We unfortunately have no space to

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sketch the successive moments in the development of Svabhava's spiritual life. Gradually he has won to a truly catholic view of religion, free from dogmatism, in as much as he already sees that infinite stages of perfectioning lie ahead. One of the principal insights that has helped him is the conception of Mother-World, as the Great Life of our humanity; and this leads us to conjecture that his first faith was nurtured in the higher Shāktism. There are to our knowledge thousands in the West devoted to the Great Quest who will be able to enter with sympathy and understanding into the life-story here so clearly and simply set forth by Sir Francis; for they will find in it, *mutatis mutandis*, East complementing West instead of West complementing East, stages they have themselves been passing through on their pilgrimage to the Light and the Life—those who, like Svabhava, are not deceived by the illusion that they have come to the end of the Great Way. In addition to this arresting recital of the religious struggles and experiences of his dear friend, Sir Francis has included most sympathetic sketches of the spiritual experiences of four mystics of the past generation and of our own, because they have each in their way strongly attracted Svabhava, though he is not one of those who foolishly imagine that the life of the spirit is one of 'imitation.' These are the Bab, Rama Krishna, Keshub Chunder Sen and the authoress of 'The Golden Fountain' (published by our old friend John M. Watkins). The concluding two chapters are from the pen of Svabhava himself. They have unconsciously fallen into the form of rhythmic prose; and it may be of interest to note that the rhythm in them, especially in 'The Vision,' is very similar to that of the pieces in 'A Subconscious Adventure,' which we have just published in full and had already printed in extract in the July number, 1912. *The Gleam* is a delightful volume. If a second edition be called for—and surely it ought to be—Svabhava had better leave out his simile of the lilies (p. 288). He writes of himself in the third person: "'Consider the lilies,' we are told. He considered them straight—how they toiled and they spun." But in the gospel-narrative that is precisely what they did *not* do.

BEASTS, MEN AND GODS.

By Ferdinand Ossendowski. New York City (Dutton); pp. 325; $3. London (Arnold); 12s. 6d. net.

THE narrator of this thrilling, romantic adventure is a Polish man of science, who fled from Siberia early in 1920 to escape the ruthless, murdering 'Reds.' Dr. Ossendowski's wanderings amid

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privations, dangers and hair-breadth escapes of all kinds led him from Krasnoyarsk on the upper Yenisei south over the mountains to Uliassutai, thence due south through Outer Mongolia and over the Altyn Tag into Tibet. Thence he was forced to turn on his tracks and retrace his steps to Uliassutai again, and from there make his way eastward to Urga and subsequently to Hailar in Manchuria in 1922. The interest is threefold. In the first place it is a most graphic description of Bolsheviki dehumanised beasts drunk with blood-lust; in the second a well-painted picture of wild and little-known lands and of their Mongol and Tartar inhabitants; and in the third it gives us an insight into a state of religious and political ferment brewing in Central Asia which students of the signs of the future world-forces would be foolish to neglect. Diplomatists and statesmen will no doubt remain blind, for they are sceptical of everything that is not wholly of this plane; but those of us who know of the reality of psychic forces and what they mean, and have some inkling of what is astir among the lamas and their 'magical' adepts, will read, mark and inwardly digest *Beasts, Men and Gods*. We should very much like to write a substantive article on this comparatively slight, though highly instructive, raising of the veil which hides these lands of mystery from the West, and connect up with some other indications; but limitations of space and occupation with other matters prevent. The wonder-doings of Tāntrikas, and more saintly folk, and the official secret poisoning activities of the political lamas, the wealth of ancient 'occult' legends and hopes of the shortly expected triumph of the 'King of the World,' obscuring the spiritual ancient good and the wisdom-tradition of a remote past, make the problem one which the historian, who is quite ignorant of the underside, is incapable of unravelling. But some of our readers may profit by the indications and even learn to evaluate some camouflaged things nearer home.

Two Recent Publications of Interest.

The Visva-Bharati Quarterly. Edited by Rabindranath Tagore. Calcutta (Kishorimohan Santra, 210, Cornwallis Street); pp. 82; Rs. 6 per annum.

We have received the first number of this new quarterly (V.-B.= 'All India') published in the interests of the Shantiniketam University founded by the Poet. There is much that is instructive and arresting in it, and we freely commend it to all lovers of India and her ancient culture and wisdom.

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The *Chronicon Spinozanum* is a fat yearly volume, published under the auspices of the newly formed Societas Spinozana of the Hague, the object of which is to further the study of and interest in Spinoza. The annual subscription is 10s., and it entitles subscribers to purchase at half price the volumes of the 'Bibliotheca Spinozana,' of which the English agents are the Oxford University Press. The *Chronicon* contains contributions from students all over the world. A knowledge of the deep thought of this great mind may be said to be almost indispensable to all studious lovers of what may be called a firm metaphysical ground for 'mystical' philosophy. It is delightful to find that there is such enthusiasm for reviving interest in the works given to the world by the profound insight of this immortal Israelite craftsman of the spirit, who laboured and suffered in Holland two centuries and a half ago.

Proceedings of the First International Psychical Research Congress.

Le Compte Rendu Official du Premier Congrès des Recherches Psychiques à Copenhague, 26 Août—2 Septembre, 1921. Copenhagen (International Bureau of Psychical Research Committees, 7, Graabrödretorv); pp. 552; 15kr.

The First International Psychical Research Congress is to be sincerely congratulated on this fine volume. It is full of interesting matter, and very usefully informative of the present state of this very important new field of scientific research and the methods and policy which its foremost exponents advocate. The main attention of the Congress was fixed on the objective phenomena and especially on the importance of ectoplasmic appearances and effects. It was generally, and quite rightly, agreed that this was the side of the subject to keep in the forefront, seeing that its facts could be rigidly tested and brought within the area of positive scientific requirements. The majority of the members of the Congress, which included a large number of men of science, were insistent on excluding the spirit-hypothesis as being unnecessary; on the other hand, others brought forward very striking evidence which had convinced them that psychical research was for ever being brought up against facts which it alone could explain, so that its entire elimination was more unscientific than its inclusion among the other working hypotheses. Indeed one or two of the medical readers of papers, while declaring their disbelief in spiritualism, testified that their best therapeutic results had

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been obtained with the help of mediums all of whom were convinced spiritualists. At the end of its labours the Congress passed a general resolution as to its position and aim, of which our Englishing of the original French reads as follows:

"The First Psychical Research Congress, assembled at Copenhagen in 1921, desires to define its position in respect to psychology and science in general.

"In the first place the Congress is of opinion that, in view of the important part which so-called psychical phenomena play in all social relations and all emotions, these phenomena should be brought into the domain of official science, so as to be submitted to an objective scientific criticism with the help of every resource that science has at its disposal.

"Therefore the Congress is of opinion that scientific investigation should not hold itself aloof from the examination of these phenomena owing to preconceived notions as to their possibility. In particular the young science of experimental psychology should feel itself free in this respect, especially as a number of these phenomena seems capable of contributing, in it may be a decisive manner, to the solution of the fundamental problems of psychology.

"The Congress declares that the object of psychical science should be to eliminate everything that is not authentic, and to prepare the way for the incorporation of well-established phenomena into the general body of scientific knowledge.

"We believe that our practical mission lies in this work of preparation."

The thirty-three papers are for the most part in French, English and German: one or two in Danish are supplemented with summaries in French, which is the general language of the Congress report, edited by M. Carl Vett, the General Secretary of the S.P.R. of Copenhagen, who was the originator and chief organiser of the whole undertaking. Most of them are distinctly valuable, and we would mention as worthy of special attention the following, translating the titles where necessary.

'Résumé of the Phenomena of Materialization obtained through the Mediumship of "Eva Carrière,"' by Mme. Juliette Bisson; this contains a report of some recent very remarkable and convincing phenomena. Dr. Geley's record of the paraffine moulds of materialized hands and feet through Mons. Franek Kluski is extraordinarily well authenticated. Mrs. H. de G. Salter and the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas describe Trance-phenomena experiments made with Mrs. Osborne Leonard, the latter dealing

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with his now famous 'Book-Tests and Newspaper Tests.' Baron von Schrenk-Notzing in two papers treats of poltergeist phenomena and suggestion. Perhaps the most surprising report is that of Professor Haraldur Nielsson, the pioneer of psychical research in Iceland, who tells the story of the experiences of his Society with a most remarkable physical medium, the materializations and other very powerful, indeed sometimes dangerous, phenomena being produced at times in the presence of no less than fifty people and under strict test-conditions. Dr. Franklin Prince of the American S.P.R. treats the important subject of veridical mediumistic phenomena and telepathy, as also does Dr. Zeehandelaar of Amsterdam. Dr. Hereward Carrington of New York deals with the equipment of a laboratory for physical and psycho-physical mediumistic research; and Miss F. Scatcherd, England, presented a unique collection illustrating supernormal photography. Dr. Magnin, of Geneva, spoke on 'Some Cures of Psychiatric Medicine effected by Metapsychical Means,' *i.e.* by mediumship; in brief, cures of 'obsession.' Another paper of unusual interest was that of M. Johannes Hohlenberg of Copenhagen; under the title 'Some Experiments of the Exteriorisation of Consciousness,' he describes his experiences in the conscious projection of what is generally called the 'double.' A number of papers was devoted to the description of certain instruments to detect and register bio-physical emanations. The more theoretical and philosophical side of the subject is represented by: 'The First Teachings of Metapsychical Philosophy' (Dr. Geley, Paris); 'Supernormal Phenomena and Modern Physics' (M. René Soudre, Paris); and 'The Fundamentals of Psychic Science' (Maurice Schaerer, Brussels). On the whole the volume is the most representative presentation of the various aspects of psychical research that has as yet been attempted. The Congress may be said to have been eminently successful. The next is to be held in Paris this year.

THE IDEA OF PERSONALITY IN ṢÚFISM.

Three Lectures delivered in the University of London. By R. A. Nicholson, Litt.D., LL.D., F.B.A., Lecturer in Persian in the University of Cambridge. Cambridge (University Press); pp. 77; 5s. net.

To no one does the lover of Ṣúfism and of comparative mysticism owe more than to Dr. Nicholson, whose deep, intimate and sympathetic knowledge of the treasures of Muslim mysticism is

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unequalled by any other Orientalist. Always does he give us a feast of new things from the rich storehouse of his first-hand research, and with every new volume persuade us more deeply that Islam has a most vital and illuminating contribution of utmost importance to make to the practice and understanding of the contemplative life. In the present lectures, which, while they satisfy every requirement of scholarship, are not academical but alive with interest and beauty, Dr. Nicholson has delivered a knock-out blow to those superficial critics who would classify Ṣúfism as pantheistic in the undesirable sense of the term. We could fill pages with quotations from this arresting little volume, and then would have culled but a few fair flowers from its thickly carpeted field of blossoms. The brevity of this notice is no measure of the importance of the work; we whole-heartedly thank our distinguished colleague for his new gift, and most cordially recommend it to our readers who love the mystic quest for spiritual reality.

FIGURES OF EARTH.

A Comedy of Appearances. By James Branch Cabell. London (John Lane); pp. 288; 8s. 6d. net.

THE author of the *Jurgen* conceit[1] is endowed with a quaint and lively fantasy, which he continues to exercise with much ability of expression in his *Figures of Earth*. All but the prematurely aged and fossilized among us delight in romance, and that too of the magic castles and dragons and knightly adventures order. Mr. Cabell has well caught the trick of the mediæval tellers of tales and mingled with the telling a spice of irony and *persiflage*. Dom Manuel is the redeemer-hero of the 'Popular Tales of Poictesme' fiction and his adventures from swineherd to *grand seigneur* are mysteriously and wonderfully pourtrayed, ending with a redeemer-*motif* which mocks a certain Figure in 'Feast of Fools' fashion to say the least of it. There seems to be a serious purpose hidden under the play of the imagination; but what it may be the reader must discover for himself according to his desires and aversions. In any case he will be well entertained by Mr. Cabell's lively expansion of his conjured-up ancient text which tells us how: "Manuel made all

[1] This somewhat too Don Juanesque, Rabelesian and mocking production has been banned by the Comstock censor in Mr. C.'s native land; his second effort in the same *genre* is more discreet.

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the Goddes that we call *mamettes* and *ydolles*, that were sett ouer the Subiection of his lyfe tyme: and euery of the goddes that Manuel wolde carue toilesomelie hadde in hys Bodie a Blemmishe; and in the mydle of the godes made he one god of the Philistines."

An Introduction to the Psychology of Religion.

By Robert H. Thouless, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, Lecturer in Psychology at the University of Manchester. Cambridge (The University Press); pp. 286; 7s. 6d. net.

Our readers are already acquainted with the quality of Mr. Thouless' writing by his article on 'The Experience of Divine Immanence in Nature' in the April no. for 1921, which is included in the present volume. The 'Introduction' before us is a very useful piece of work and the most convenient manual, with which we are acquainted, for placing in the hands of the enquirer. It is written with commendable impartiality, yet is discriminating; it shows a wide acquaintance with the literature of the subject, refrains from attack on or defence of any special theory, and keeps strictly to the facts as far as they can be ascertained. This is high praise; but it is deserved. The Lecturer finds five elements or roots of religious belief which he schematizes as follows:

"(1) The influence of tradition, childhood teaching, etc. (the *traditional* element).

"(2) Experiences harmonized by religious belief.

(*a*) Beauty, harmony, and beneficence in the outside world (the *natural* element).

(*b*) The moral conflict (the *moral* element).

(*c*) Emotional experience (the *affective* element).

"(3) Processes of reasoning (the *rational* element).

These are treated of in five chapters, after which come chapters dealing with: Conscious Processes; The Unconscious; The Instincts; The Sex-instinct and Religion; The Herd-instinct and Religion; Worship and Prayer; Conversion; Mystical and Adolescent Conversions; Mysticism; A Modern Mystic (Flournoy's Mlle. Vé); and General Considerations.

We are exceedingly glad to hear that the substance of this 'Introduction' was delivered to ordination candidates during the Long Vacation at Cambridge last year. It is very pleasant to learn that the Authorities of the Church of England are at last waking up and attempting to do something to improve the so long

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neglected education of the clergy in matters psychological. Our 'physicians of the soul' have too long been left to experiment on their unfortunate patients in blind ignorance of the chief subject-matter they propose to deal with. The true health of the people depends even more on the clergy than on the doctors; they should not be licensed to practise till they have had some adequate training. Religion—as the knowledge of spiritual experience, not as theology—should be the highest of the sciences, and not a blind faithism whose methods are regarded by men of science as out of touch with present-day requirements. The 'minister of the gospel' should be the best 'educated' man of the community; if that were better understood, we should have no dearth of candidates and no empty churches.

Zoroastrian Ethics.

By Maganlal A. Buch, M.A., Fellow of the Seminar for the Comparative Study of Religions, Baroda. With an Introduction by Alban G. Widgery, M.A., Professor of Philosophy and of the Comparative Study of Religions, Baroda. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 201; 6s. net.

This is the first of a proposed series of volumes on the ethical ideas of the great religions, which was one of the chief aims of H.H. the Maharaja Sayaji Rao Gaekwad of Baroda in establishing the enlightened foundation which until recently was under the direction of Professor Widgery. It is, we believe, the first time that the ethical principles of the 'good religion' have been treated as a special subject. The book is well-planned, methodical and carefully referenced, and Mr. Buch is to be congratulated on a valuable contribution to Zoroastrian studies. The Mazdayasnian religion is essentially a practical faith; metaphysics and philosophy are eschewed, and the follower of Mazda is taught that his chief duty is to fight the good fight as a soldier of the Wise Lord and co-operate with His beneficence in warring down the machinations of the Druj, the Lie, the power of darkness that will finally be extirpated from the creation. No religion has insisted more on Truth than that of which Spitama Zarathustra was the Prophet-founder. Truth-speaking is not a modern virtue if we can believe the testimony of antiquity to the high standard of the Zoroastrians in this respect. Their ethical watchword has ever been 'Good Thought, Good Word, Good Deed.' Mysticism and asceticism, mortification and fasting, form no part of the optimistic

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way of life advocated by the teachers of Zoroastrian ethics. This-world well-being and happiness were kept well in the forefront; and the blessings of a prosperous community founded on a gospel of work and industry, of cleanliness and purity, of care of cattle and kindness to animals, except vermin, which were the creation of the Druj, and therefore to be destroyed, were insisted on as the outcome here and now of obedience to the behests of Ahura Mazda. The great interest to students of comparative religion is the close connection of Zoroastrian teachings with the Messianic and eschatological notions of Pharisaic Judaism and Early Christianity. How intimate in spirit this was may be seen from such declarations concerning the 'age to come' as: "But Ahura Mazda will give both universal weal and immortality in the fulness of his Righteous Order and from himself as the Head of Dominion (with his saints). And he will likewise give the Good Mind's vigorous might to him who in spirit and in deed is his friend" (Ys. xxxi. 2); "Then shall begin the infinite time (of happiness) and thus shall happen the final renovation, the impoverishment of the Druj, the resurrection of the dead, and the attainment of the final body and the redemption (from hell) of the people of this world; and hence mankind shall live in eternal felicity, and in splendour, and with immutable wisdom, will, action and (endless) time" (Dk. v. 332). We wish we had space to notice at greater length this instructive exposition of one of the most vigorous and sane codes of ethics possessed by any of the great faiths.

THE INTERPRETERS.

By A. E. London (Macmillan); pp. 180; 6s. net.

MYSTIC, poet, painter, agricultural reformer and Irish patriot, George W. Russell has played a prominent part in the 'Celtic Revival,' and has an intimate knowledge of his countrymen and the terrible times of these latter days of revolt and fratricidal conflict. A. E. has meditated deeply on the tragic events of which he has been a close spectator, and tried to discern and discriminate the nature of the spiritual forces hidden beneath the frantic turmoil, and to discuss the inwardness of the conflicting ideals which have animated certain types of mind engaged in the conflict. "I have," he says, "been intimate with some who risked and with some who lost life for causes to which they were devoted, and came to understand that with many the political

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images in imagination were but the psychic body of spiritual ideas. Behind the open arguments lurked a spiritual mood which was the true decider of destiny." In order to escape from the passionate atmosphere of the present-day conflict, he has imagined a similar state of affairs on a larger scale some centuries ahead, and puts what he has to say in the form of a symposium between certain leaders of thought and men of action of the revolutionary movement, who have been taken prisoners on the first day of the outbreak and are awaiting instant execution. All these men "suppose of the universe that it is a spiritual being, and they inquire what relation the politics of Time may have to the politics of Eternity." This they do with sincerity, baring their souls to one another. It is to be remarked that no woman is brought on the scene. Philosopher, historian, imperialist, socialist, communist, anarchist, all have their say; and A. E. has made his symposiasts say many fine things, for they speak A. E.'s language and it is the language of a poet. But the last word is left to the poet and seer, Lavelle. The rest sleep; he communes with himself and senses somewhat of the great peace at the heart of things. It is one of the finest of A. E.'s deliverances and the quotation of part of it will give the reader a taste of the quality of this sad but beautiful attempt at the portrayal of the riddle of what we are and what we would be.

"The poetic nature has all childhood's excess of emotion, and in an anguish such as the heart of childhood might hold he thought of the Golden Age passed away from the world and the terrible and material powers ruling in the Iron Age. Through a night of time endless to his imagination he foresaw the martyrdom of those who like himself had nourished longing for the light and an earth made gay by a laughter which was worse than sobbing. Out of this meditation arose an immense pity for life; and because the sadness was spiritual and was not for himself, was indeed self-forgetful, it was marvellously rolled away and a deep serenity took its place. He felt the universe was sweet at heart, and that same majesty which had played with him as a boy among the hills was with him and he knew it would be with him to the end, and by it all dreams would be fulfilled. He murmured to himself the words of promise 'Long lost hearts burn in the oil of the lamp of the King.' Like a spark the utterance quickened a memory which had kept his life austere for many years, and a young beauty which had been made dust gleamed before him as if it had never perished. She seemed to live

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in a luminous and blessed air, and was running to him along hills strangely like the hills his boyhood knew, and face and eyes were more ecstatic than life. 'Oh, Magic! Magic!' he whispered, calling her by the sweet name his fancy had bestowed on so vivid and lovely a girlhood. Then form and face faded, swallowed up in the Everliving out of which they came, and her last look seemed to echo back the promise of the words, 'Long lost hearts burn in the oil of the lamp of the King.' And then his yearning brought him right to the fountain in which that and all other beauty had been born; and he knew that all that was cast up by it was lovely, and if rust or decay came over the spirit they were burned away as it fell back into the fountain, where it received once more the primal blessings of youth, ecstasy and beauty. In that hour inconceivable images of life, hopes and dreams hitherto uncomprehended, causes to which he had closed his heart, men from whom he had been remote in soul, all came nigh him with some revelation of their inmost being in which they reflected the ancient beauty. In each was some ray of Eternal Mind. The Eternal Mind going forth knew itself in them, and they returning knew themselves in it."

But the book is throughout a work of art, for the best in the conflicting views is brought out impartially with sympathy and insight. There are many striking and telling phrases put into the lips of the characters. Here are a couple with which to confirm our statement and conclude: "The ideals for which men are not ready to die soon perish, for they have not drawn nourishment from what is immortal in them"; and "when most you rebel against the known God, the lips of the unknown God are tenderest upon your forehead."

Western Mysticism.

The Teachings of SS. Augustine, Gregory and Bernard on Contemplation and the Contemplative Life: Neglected Chapters in the History of Religion. By Dom Cuthbert Butler, Benedictine Monk of Downside Abbey. London (Constable); pp. 344; 21s. net.

By 'Western Mysticism' the author of *Benedictine Monachism* means "the native mysticism of the West that prevailed in Western Europe during the six centuries from St. Benedict to St. Bernard, and has characteristics of its own, marking it off

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from later kinds, and still rendering it peculiarly appropriate for Westerns." It is practically the type of Christian Mysticism which obtained in the West, as first formulated by St. Augustine, whom Father Butler considers the 'prince of mystics,' up to the middle of the 12th century, before the translation of the Eastern Dionysian mystical treatises into Latin (10th century) began to exercise so dominating an influence on contemplative practice and mystical theology. Mysticism is a modern word; the term 'mystical' did not become current until the late Middle Ages. The earlier descriptive title was 'contemplative.' Many are the definitions of mysticism which have been proposed; but the claim of Christian mystics is perhaps best stated as being 'the experimental perception of God's Presence and Being.' The treatise is an able study, breaking fresh ground, for no one previously has made so methodical an enquiry into the mystical experience of these three great Saints of the Church and their evaluation of it. They were not only contemplatives, but also immersed in the cares and anxieties of teaching, administration and public affairs, and consequently what they have to say on the Two Lives—the contemplative and active—and the claims of each of them on the individual is of great value. Moreover, they supplement one another, for they represent three types of mind. Augustine is by far the greatest in intellectual acumen; the Roman common sense of Pope Gregory the Great is conspicuous for its discerning judgment and practicality; while Bernard of Clairvaux, who was also, like his predecessors, the dominant ecclesiastical and religious force of his day, was the most emotional, loving the symbolism of Canticles and the rapture of the spiritual marriage. Dom Butler's exposition is in no sense a hurried piece of work; it has occupied his attention for a score of years. Moreover his special study of the lives and mystical doctrines of the three contemplatives he has been brought into such close association, is the ground-work on which is based a general consideration of the value and place of mysticism in the religious life. He is anxious to correct the prevailing modern idea that "contemplation is a thing practically out of reach of all save a very restricted number of specially called and favoured souls, a thing to be wondered at from afar, but hardly to be aspired to without presumption." He will have it that it is a matter of practical import not only for all priests but also for devout souls of all conditions who endeavour to live a life of union with God. "The old tradition of the Christian Church was that contemplation is open to all souls, as a thing that may

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be aspired to and grasped, being the objective of a spiritual life earnestly lived."

The mystics frequently find themselves in bad company, and the endeavour is made to distinguish the real from the false in the great experience. "Often the means taken to bring about the state of ecstasy and union are altogether repulsive—magical, orgiac, immoral; often they are hypnotic. Often a state of religious excitement and exaltation is deliberately produced by physical and psychological methods, or by playing on the religious emotions of a crowd, as in revivals. Of such methods the result is often religious frenzy and abnormal physical phenomena, akin to hysteria. Within Christianity religious excitement and expectancy frequently produce the feeling of being specially visited by God, by the Holy Ghost, by Jesus Christ. . . . In most cases the experience must be set down as purely subjective, the result of highly wrought religious emotions, nothing more than an excess of sensible devotion. Similarly, visions, revelations, locutions, audi tions, impulses, movements, experiences, are a field wherein is endless scope for illusion, self-deception, auto-suggestion," as is generally recognized by all the best authorities on the spiritual life.

Dom Butler thinks that a much-needed sobriety of view and corrective would be gained by a return to the old Western tradition, which during the past four centuries has been obscured by the Eastern. The Western tradition is stated to be as follows: "There are four elements in religion: the institutional or external element of Church, sacraments and public worship; the intellectual element of doctrine and dogma and theology; the mystical element of will and emotion and personal religious experience; and the element of service to others. A fully developed, properly balanced, personal religious life must be the result of an harmonious blending of these four elements, not one of which may be neglected except at the risk of a one-sided, distorted, enfeebled type of religion."

The book is written with the conviction that interest in the mystical element in religion is on all sides increasing so very rapidly that it cannot be neglected and left without guidance. In *Western Mysticism* we have an authoritatively approved counsel of perfection for adherents of the Roman communion, as testified to by the '*nihil obstat*' and '*imprimi potest*' of the censorship, and a study in which all students of comparative mysticism will find much to interest them. Within its own scheme of reference it is praise-worthily done.

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The Supremacy of Spirit.

By C. A. Richardson, M.A. (Cantab.), Author of 'Spiritual Pluralism and Recent Philosophy.' London (KeganPaul); pp. 159; 5s. net.

In this small volume Mr. Richardson summarizes and puts into more popular form the theses which he advanced in his *Spiritual Pluralism and Recent Philosophy* (1919), and which aroused wide interest in philosophical circles. In it he contended that neither a pure pluralism nor a pure monism can give an adequate theory of reality. We must necessarily start with some kind of pluralism, but equally have to supplement it by taking account of the monistic aspect of the world. Mr. Richardson deals first with the ceaseless quest of man in his endeavour to discover an explanation of the universe; he then shows that one of the main tendencies of recent thought is "to break down the old clear-cut distinction, such as that between mind and matter, by exhibiting them as constituting different aspects of the same thing rather than as being existentially distinct." There follow chapters on the three great problems of philosophy—the Existence of God, Immortality and Freedom, on body and mind, on the conscious and unconscious, and on the problems of psychical research. The essential points of the world-view for which the author pleads are the insistence, first, on spiritual being as the fundamental type of concrete existence and, secondly, on the reality of individual spirits. The little volume is written in a clear and simple style and is easy to follow throughout. As to psychical research, the author concludes that "the promise of illuminating the hidden secrets of the universe which the phenomena hold forth, is well worth any trouble that may be expended in elucidating them."

In a place of music pour not forth talk.
THE WISDOM OF BEN SIRA, xxii. (xxv.), 4.

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