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 emphasize 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 genial 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.

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THE QUEST

ST. FRANCIS AND REALITY.

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

Author of 'The Mysticism of St. Francis of Assisi.'

[On October 4, seven centuries will have elapsed since St. Francis passed from his earthly body. The following tribute to his memory treats in outline of the Poverello's deepest spiritual quest, his great adventure, the making of the voyage to Reality. For the Saint of Assisi, Reality was God, and God alone. In comparison with this Supreme Reality all else was as naught. But this ideal was in no wise conceived by St. Francis in any abstract fashion. On the contrary, he well-nigh adored the fair things of Nature and all God's creatures, as being the most fitting means whereby the truth of that Divine Reality was made manifest to mortals.—ED.]

To the confirmed traveller that was St. Francis, there was one journey which, all his life, he longed to make more than any other. It outshone his youthful dreams of splendour in Apulia, it was more vital than his incessant wanderings about Umbria and the surrounding provinces, it was more urgent even than his heroic adventure to the East; since it combined in itself the splendour, the vitality and the adventure of all the journeys that have ever been made on land or sea, and surpassed them in urgency. For he desired, with a passion which literally consumed him, to make the voyage to Reality.

And since this journey is, in its completion, the fulfilment of every man, it is of some interest to inquire what conception of Reality St. Francis had: what were the applications of it to the life of every day; and how the phenomena of the apparent world presented themselves to him in the light of it. In other words, the question resolves itself into the three aspects of idea, action and perception.

And the greatest of these is, of course, the idea.

In trying to extract from the records of his life the idea of Reality which he held—which to an even greater degree held him—it is necessary to proceed with caution. St. Francis was not an intellectualist. The erection of complex systems, the flight of the creative imagination of man into the high places of philosophy, or the slow and logical piecing together of scattered evidences into a coherent scheme,—all these things not only held out to him no attraction, but seem definitely to have repelled him. He had, in the modern sense, no use for them, for the simple and adequate reason that he sincerely believed them to be useless. And of this dislike the records are full of evidences, to a few of which no more than a passing reference is necessary.

The incident at Bologna, when he expelled all the brethren—including even the sick—from a house which had been built there during his voyage to the East and was, he believed, intended to encourage a then growing desire for learning, is well known.[1] His malediction upon Peter Stacia, whom he regarded as responsible, expresses the strength of his feeling, and *The Mirror* contains a passage of even more direct statement.

> And the Lord said to me that He wished me to be a new

[1] Celano, ii. 58; *Mirror*, vi.

covenant in this world and He would lead me by another way than by this science. But God will confound you through your wisdom and knowledge, and I trust in the Sergeants of the Lord that God will punish you by them, and that you will yet return to your state [of simplicity] with reproach, will ye, nill ye.[1]

In face of this, as in face of such other remarks as his answer to a Minister: "I am not going to lose the book of the Gospel which I have promised to obey, for the sake of thy books,"[2] it would be unreasonable to attribute to St. Francis a system of philosophy. But it would be equally unreasonable to suppose that, because of it, he was not as much directed and informed by a central idea as other men. His difference from the majority of them is rather that his idea was at once more central and more coherent than theirs, and possessed of a more vividly dynamic power.

His idea was, in short, that Reality was real, and that in comparison with it nothing else could seriously be regarded as having any real existence at all. A disturbing doctrine, it may be believed, for those of his —and of any—time who held as closely precious many things which St. Francis regarded as having no traceable connection with Reality. A disturbing doctrine, but also one of unexpected consolation to those the horizon of whose world was filled with inadequacies or distresses which had no part in the Franciscan scheme of Reality. To them, it is easy to see, the appeal to put aside their belief in, and therefore their trust or dependence on, such apparent phenomena, would come as a new call to freedom, with the promise of a deeper and a wider life as a result.

Given the indisputable facts about St. Francis,

[1] *Mirror*, lxviii. [2] *Mirror*, iii.; Celano, ii. 62.

there is no need to seek far afield for a synonym of his idea of Reality. To him Reality was God, and God was Reality: the continuing truth, as well as the beginning and the end, of his existence. Indeed it is difficult to see how, in view of his ardent belief in the Catholic Church and his temperamental dislike of subtleties, his idea could have been anything else. It needs a mind of a less orthodox temper, or with a greater skill in confusing the issue by qualifying dialectics, to conceive Reality otherwise. As God and His incarnation were and are central to that Church, so they were central to St. Francis; and he took the conception with his peculiar simplicity, and—rather alarmingly—refused seriously to consider any alternative. God was as real to St. Francis, it may be imagined, as its father and mother are real to a child —with that much closer, fuller and more intimate reality than any other person or object can claim.

Since St. Francis' method of teaching was more by action than by speech, by the simple process of living rather than the more complex method of explanation, it is not to be expected that a prolonged thesis in support of his conviction will be found in the records of his words and writings. But there do exist at least two separate passages where this central idea of his broke through into expression.

The first was occasioned, according to *The Mirror*, by the adulation to which he must continually have been subjected, and follows on the surprising phrase in which he asks what would remain to him, if God should take away from him the treasure He had commended to him, except body and soul, which even infidels had. He continued, after a passage of self-deprecation :

As in the picture of the Lord and the Blessed Virgin painted on wood, the Lord and the Blessed Virgin are honoured, and yet the wood and the picture take nothing of it to themselves, so the servant of God is in a manner a picture of God wherein God is honoured on account of His goodness. But he ought to take nothing of this to himself, since, in respect of God, he is less than the wood and the picture, nay he is pure nothing.[1]

From this antithesis his secret escapes. God is not only the supreme Reality, but nothing else can claim that reality at all. "In respect of God . . . man is pure nothing." Unless the phrase be put aside as rhetoric without meaning, it is as definite a statement as could well be made. Indeed, if it were sought to find words in which to express the opposite of Reality, it would be difficult to suggest any apter phrase than 'pure nothing.' It leaves the mind with a sensation of blank, of complete non-existence, against which the sole Reality, God, stands out in startling contrast. Its very curtness is eloquent of the immense distinction.

It may well have been a recognition of this unaided inadequacy of man that spurred St. Francis on to the realization of that which would endow him with real being. The journey to Reality was no fantasy of the religious imagination, but the condition precedent to his genuine existence. Imbued with this conviction, all else must have been to him but the delusion of a dream, parading an apparent existence in the place of truth.

'All else,'—for if man were, in respect of God, pure nothing, and yet man were capable of this tremendous passage from nothingness to being, it would seem to follow that to St. Francis the remaining

[1] *Mirror*, xlv.

creation had even less claim to Reality. Or, if it be objected that it could not be less than nothing, then equally without any right to be considered as real. It must have been a world of phantasms supposing themselves, or at most supposed by man, to be real: an illusory universe galvanized into a deceptive resemblance to reality by the errant belief of man.

There is ground for supposing that St. Francis discounted the normal view of mankind about itself and its existence, and placed these errant beliefs in their due place. For there is a passage in which he seems to draw the inevitable distinction between man's own belief as regards himself and the truth of him which is visible in the light of Reality. It suggests a distinction of being, as though, in spite of having apparently good foundation, one conception fades away in the light of the other. "What a man is in the sight of God," he said, "so much is he and no more."[1] Man's view of himself, therefore, does not clothe him with a real existence, for the reason—it would seem—that it is not that of Reality. He *is*, so far only as he is in the eyes of God; so that it would seem that what is not visible to the eyes of God could not, to St. Francis, seriously be regarded as existing. The phrase suggests a whole world of shadow-shapes falsely believing that they constitute Reality, and being dispersed when the light from that final region of consciousness strikes upon them. It implies an illusory conception of human phenomena which must include many which seem real, as well as actual, to the normal consciousness of the world. And in the end it leaves no shred of Reality to any detail of the

[1] *Admonition* 20. Cp. Bonaventure, *Life* vi., 1.

vast panorama which normally we accept as existing in the most solid and obvious sense possible.

In such a disillusioned universe, then, what remains? St. Francis would seem to reply, with an almost incredible simplicity,—'God.' But he does in effect make a further implication, as, indeed, every mystic must. For it is an essential conviction of the mystic that man is capable of ultimately becoming conscious of God in the most definite and intimate degree. But if man be, in a defined and literal sense, nothing in himself, how is this possible? Is nothingness to be clothed upon with Reality, the temporal suddenly vested with the dignity of the Eternal?

The usual answer of mysticism, in one form or another, amounts to the postulate that there exists in man some part or spark which is divine, and that by virtue of this the final consciousness is possible. St. Francis, in the passage already quoted, puts it in a slightly different way. "The servant of God," he says, "is in a manner a picture of God." Now if man is in himself pure nothing, the implication seems to be that he has real being to the extent to which he represents God. In other words, man acquires Reality to the exact extent to which, from amid a cloud of illusions, he allows it to be shown forth through him. He is, in fact, a means of showing forth Reality as a picture shows forth that which it represents, to the precise extent to which he is a servant of God. He is a means whereby God is manifested and (incidentally) honoured, and it is to the extent to which this manifestation takes place that he gains an existence which is of such a nature that it persists even 'in the sight of God.' He becomes, it would seem, a reflection or representation of those qualities which are postulated

of Reality. And progress in such representation, in being 'a servant of God,' is the progress made on the urgent and vastly adventurous journey which constituted the real life of St. Francis.

The application of this central idea to the concerns of daily life must obviously produce something of a revolution; since it entails a reversal of values which, though it may vary in detail from age to age, must in all ages be both startling and fundamental. The assumption—and statement—that various eminent concerns are essentially unreal, in the sense of having only an apparent existence 'in respect of God,' does not easily become a doctrine of universal acceptance.

But since to St. Francis it was vital, his application of it followed with that whole-hearted directness which governed all his life. And whether or not he visualized the situation clearly to himself, his action in regard to it was definite enough. For, if he did not set himself to review the chief pre-occupations of the world and then deliberately level against them his heroic accusation of unreality, he did in effect adopt and recommend a way of life which in its result strikes directly at the root of certain of them. And it does not seem unreasonable to suggest that the three pre-occupations against which he quite calmly and definitely set his face, may have seemed to him fairly to represent the main concerns of a deluded humanity. In any case they are unquestionably the three which are regarded as essential, real and quite indescribably precious.

For the three unrealities which St. Francis treated with a certain directness of contempt were: property, marriage and individual liberty. It is not suggested

that in doing so, as such, he was putting forward a novelty, since the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience were none of his invention. But it does clearly seem that his adoption of such principles, while remaining in the world and steadily refusing to institute a monastic order, suggests a comprehension of the quite remarkable unimportance of the institutions which they exclude. Instead of retreating into a beleaguered castle, he carried the warfare into the very centre of the enemy's camp. His life, and that of his followers, was a constant demonstration, which could not be overlooked, of the contrast—and the gulf—between false and true Reality.

Since St. Francis did not seriously believe in the reality of the institutions against which his life was in some sense a protest, he cannot be regarded as having set out to attack them directly. His was not a nature to battle with shadows. But he can without question be regarded as combating that more subtle and insistent thing which is man's belief in their reality. While they remain—either one or all of them—as central to the life of any man, absorbing his interest, retaining his attention, being the chief focus of his emotion and his care, they are—for him—real. And this in a sense which is not metaphorical but actual. They do constitute, in the most definite sense possible, the reality of those whose vital concern they are. And for St. Francis this may well have seemed the most pathetic of mistakes.

For the attribution of reality is a matter which each man decides for himself, and he decides it in action and not in theory. St. Francis, convinced of the truth that where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be also, was urgent as to its application.

With his insistence on the vows, and his attempt to adapt them for universal use as far as possible by his regulations for the Third Order, the application was direct and effective. It was not possible for the Lesser Brethren to make the easy—and normally attractive—compromise of affirming their belief in the sole reality of God, while in fact they set their hearts on, and so attributed reality to, the treasures of property, marriage or liberty. They were faced with the necessity of a final and definite choice; and with a vastly perturbing simplicity St. Francis expected them to act directly on the choice they had made. If God were the only Real, the only True, what purpose could there be in their retaining a link with the false realities in which, by the hypothesis, they had expressed their disbelief?

Actuated by this fundamental principle in his dealing with existing substitutes for Reality, St. Francis applied it with no less rigour to a more interior question. Having ruled out the chief concerns which preoccupy mankind, he turned to the habits of mind which, though less visible, are no less potent. It remained possible for his followers, in spite of—or even, it has to be admitted, because of—their renunciation, to attribute the good of it, or of any other deed, to themselves as a matter for congratulation. But in St. Francis' eyes this was little else than a grotesque error, if he were faithful to his idea. How, he seems to have reasoned, could good come out of that nothing which was man; how could the imperfect by its own activity produce the perfect?

The answer is contained in many incidents and passages, of which two must suffice in the present instance. It was, inevitably, to the effect that no

such thing was possible; and in a strange passage in one of the Admonitions he wrote:

> One eats of the tree of knowledge of good who appropriates to himself his own will and prides himself upon the goods which the Lord publishes and works in him, and then, through the suggestion of the devil and transgression of the commandment, he finds the apple of the knowledge of evil.[1]

The peculiar implication that the knowledge of good is connected with pride in the good worked through him, suggests that the knowledge of good is in itself undesirable because a man, seeing it worked through himself, can hardly refrain from regarding himself as the author of it. It is better, St. Francis seems to suggest, for a man to be so incapable of conceiving himself as productive of good that he should not realize the good which is worked through him by God. Since it is none of his work, it is preferable that he should remain ignorant of it rather than that he should run the risk of attributing it to himself. The good, it may be assumed, will not suffer therefrom.

The same point is brought out in the First Rule, where the expression of it is less involved.

> Let us acknowledge (it was written) that all good belongs to Him, and let us give thanks for all to Him from whom all good proceeds.[2]

For if good be real and man conceive himself as capable of producing it, he must inevitably go on to one of two conclusions. Either he must believe that he himself is real—and St. Francis held, as has been seen, that God alone is real, while man is pure nothing—or he must believe that the unreal is capable of producing Reality. And of acceptance of this second

[1] *Admonition* 2. [2] *First Rule*, chap. xvii.

and impossible belief St. Francis must certainly be acquitted. His belief rather, emerging here and there from the records, seems to have been that apparent man only becomes real man as, and to the extent to which, he manifests God and, as a servant of God, becomes His picture.

The perception of the external world of phenomena, resulting from this rigorous view of Reality, must differ from the normal perception as much as that view itself differs from those more usually held as central. It will decline to accept at their face-value the most evident actualities, and will seek in all things for some witness of the Reality which alone gives them being. It will interpret appearance according to this witness, and translate it into terms which are those either of Eternity or of nothingness. It will, in fact, reduce the apparent to its essence, and extract from it only so much as is consonant with the postulated qualities of Reality. What seems, in a word, will give place to what is.

It was in some such process of essential reduction that St. Francis was an adept; and there is evidence that his perception of the real values of phenomena increased towards the end of his life. His contemporary biographers bear continual witness to it, and indeed express his attitude with remarkable vividness. Celano, for example, speaks of him as "in a surpassing manner, of which other men had no experience, discerning the hidden things of creation with the eye of the heart," and remarks that he "ceased not to glorify, praise and bless in all the elements and creatures the Creator and Governor of them all."[1] Similarly, Brother Leo wrote that he

[1] Celano, i. 80, 81.

"discerned perfectly the goodness of God not only in his own soul . . . but in every creature,"[1] a phrase which suggests admirably the way in which he must have looked past and beyond the surface to the essential Reality behind. A final passage from Celano must suffice for the moment. He speaks of him as using the world

> as to the princes of darkness, indeed, for a battlefield: but as to God, for a bright mirror of His goodness. In every piece of workmanship he praised the Craftsman; whatever he found done he referred to the Doer of it. He exulted in all the works of the Lord's hands, and penetrated through those pleasant sights to their life-giving Cause and Principle. In beautiful things he recognized Him who is supremely beautiful: all good things cried out to him, "He who made us is the Best."[2]

In the light of what has gone before, this penetration through that which is seen to the Principle lying behind, this recognition of the supremely beautiful in things which are beautiful, seem to represent literal if startling facts, and can hardly be dismissed as the fancies of a pious rhetoric. They are too apt, they are also too unusual, to appear as coincidences in the description of one whom, on the hypothesis of his central belief, they so peculiarly fit. The phrases, indeed, might stand without their context as descriptive of any man to whom this shattering and desirable conception of Reality was vital. For they are all varying ways of saying that St. Francis saw that Reality through and behind and—it may be—in spite of appearance. To be able to see the supremely beautiful in a thing which is beautiful, is to insist on its unique and perduring claim to Reality, and to pass by, without unnecessary concern, the unessentials

[1] *Mirror*, cxiii. [2] Celano, ii. 165.

which are more usually taken as constituting its very essence. It is indeed, perhaps, the only appreciation of beauty which does not fail; since it is an appreciation of that which can neither change nor decay.

Our knowledge of this concentration on the essential, and this unconcern with the accidental, does not, however, depend on the opinions of St. Francis' biographers. They relate incidents—innumerable incidents, indeed—which uphold their statements, and would in fact be scarcely intelligible if those statements were not true. Again it is only possible to instance a few from among many.

Water, in this way, seems to have been to him not so much water as purity or chastity. He saw the quality it represented rather than the thing which it appeared to be. For it is, normally, that which purifies, while to St. Francis it was in itself pure. He uses of it, in *The Canticle of the Sun*, the entirely unexpected word '*casta*,' which is a quality startlingly inapplicable to the apparent thing. But if he was concerned not with the apparent thing to any serious extent, but with that which he saw as constituting the Reality of which it was a manifestation, the employment of the word is comprehensible enough. Indeed, in the *crescendo* of adjectives which he applies to water, it is possible to see him as working up through the thing as it seems to that which he knew it to be. '*Utile et humile et pretiosa et casta*,'—and with the last word he has left the region of appearance and proclaims the quality of its Reality.

In the light of this, it is intelligible that Brother Leo, after attesting that "he most singularly loved water," should add that "when he washed his hands, he used to choose such a place that the water which

fell should not be trodden by his feet."[1] For this love and this care, it is suggested, while comprehensible as the outcome of a naturally symbolic mind, are more comprehensible if the sight and the fact of water stood to him for the quality they represented. To tread underfoot an element which brought immediately to his mind the immense purity of God, would be an offence and almost an insult of which he was literally incapable. It was not merely, it seems, his unfailing courtesy which moved him on such an occasion, but some deep and far-reaching realization of water's essential being.

Similarly with fire, he went to the scarcely credible extremes which are well known. It may well be believed that the Eternal Light was to him no mere phrase, but a tremendous and continuing reality which nothing could obscure. It was indeed, it seems, the essential of which earthly lights and fires were representations with added accidents; and his reverence for the one was so great that he would not have the other put out or dimmed, lest even the representation of this primal treasure should cease to show forth what it could of the Reality.

"He refused to put out lanterns, lamps, or candles," Celano reports[2]; and there are the famous cases when he would not extinguish the flames which had caught his clothes or help to put out the fire which was burning one of the cells on Monte Alvernia.[3] And in recounting these incidents Brother Leo adds that "he would not that a friar should throw out fire or smoking wood . . . but they should simply set it on the ground on account of the reverence for Him of

[1] *Mirror*, cxviii. [2] Celano, ii. 165. [3] *Mirror*, cxvi., cxvii.

whom it is the creature." And this last sentence has so much the ring of accuracy that it can hardly be taken as a pious comment. This reverence for Reality was to St. Francis essential, for it pointed to the eternal aspect of all temporary phenomena.

Finally, in the sun which—fittingly—inspired him to write and name his immortal song, he saw a picture or representation of God. '*De te Altissimo, porta significatione*' he wrote, and it was this penetration behind the apparent to the eternally Real which led him to place the sun in the forefront of the Praises.

'*Spetialmente messor lo frate sole*,'—for in the sun he saw the divine qualities of Reality through the fewest veils.

D. H. S. NICHOLSON.

THE HOBBY-HORSE DANCE IN ROUMANIA.

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ALL readers of THE QUEST have, no doubt, heard of the old English dance called the Hobby-horse. Once widespread, it had already begun to fall into oblivion in Shakespeare's time, as *Hamlet* testifies:

"For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot."

But in Roumania the dance continues in its original form even to this day, being closely connected with the feast of All Souls. I shall first deal with the latter; seeing that the feast not only throws light on the meaning of the dance, but is also in itself of high importance. For the All Souls' festival involves the people's conception of life-beyond,—a conception too deeply hidden in the affections to be reached by cold reasoning and queries. The seeker has to look for a solemn, rare occasion when it may burst upon him unexpectedly, as happened to myself once.

One summer afternoon, whilst journeying along the highlands of Macedonia, I beheld through the trembling sunlight men and horses gathered round a certain spot. I enquired of a muleteer who passed me running:

"What is it?"

"A dead traveller. I am taking the news to the monastery."

I then drew near to see. Among high ferns lay the dead—a man with a fair, large face. His lips were tightly closed; the upper lip, slightly turned in, gave him a bewildered expression, as if he were asking: "What has come to me?" The men standing around began to tell how it happened. While on the road they saw someone making desperate signs with both hands. They hastened up. But when they arrived it was all over. Then they shut his eyes and turned his face eastwards. One of them added, pointing to the dead: "Strong he was a while ago and full of plans. . . . . As for death, no thought. But who thinks of death?" The others gave no answer. Over their faces there passed a dark shadow of perplexity.

"As if he never existed!" remarked one. "And who knows, had he any pain? There are people who suffer . . ."

"Yes, in case of illness. But when death takes one suddenly, one opens his mouth and out the soul flies."

"I have often wondered," began a rather shy man, who had hitherto kept silent, "what might the soul be? A breath? And does it feel? They say it meets other souls gone before, and they recognize each other. But how is one to know? Whoever has come back to tell? Besides, where do they dwell, since people have died and died for ages?"

"You think there is little space up there!" observed another, raising his hand towards the sky.

The sun was just setting and tinged with crimson the clouds that seemed to shape a giant entrance to the world of mysteries. Beneath the clouds numbers of birds came into sight. One of them detached itself from the others, flew nearer and, in silence, scarce

moving its wings, circled above us. An old man whispered: "It might be the soul of the dead. Thus they hover till they pass the bridges."

The last sentence is reminiscent of the ancient idea of the soul's taking on the form of a bird, in which guise it wanders about and visits the places known to it in life. Naturally, it haunts first its own dwelling. Therefore, for three consecutive nights after burial the peasants are careful to put out for the deceased, on the very spot in the house where his body was laid, a vessel of wine or water and a cake. This fact points to the folk-belief in the preservation of the soul's individuality and, to a certain extent, of its continued earthly needs. What is this belief, may be dimly apprehended from the following Roumanian folk-story.

Death once came to take away a man who was very unwilling to go, and who begged successfully to be allowed to live a little longer. After a year Death appeared again, and now drove him forcibly away through the woods. He wept bitterly all the time and all the way. He looked at himself and said: "Oh, poor body, how I have nourished you, bathed you and clothed you, that I should now perish!" Thus he grieved; for outside the body, he thought, the soul could never live. They arrived thus at a great water. Here the man begged to drink once more. But, as he stooped, Death took his soul away. The body fell down in the mud.

It happened some time after that the soul was taken back to the same water by a guardian angel. The angel asked:

"Do you recognize what is there on the other bank?"

"No, my angel, it looks like a corpse."

"Let us cross!"

When they drew near, the soul was in mighty fear of its own former body. The angel said: "Now, enter it again!" The soul then began to cry aloud, praying not to be put back in the corpse. "Oh, how foolish I was, wishing to remain in it! How ugly it is, and how free am I now!"

The water in this tale reminds us of Acheron. Other Pagan suggestions, coloured mostly by an Orphic influence, can be gathered from the funeral dirges. It is still the custom in Roumania for women to dress in black and chant beautiful improvised lamentations. One by one they approach the dead; seizing the occasion, they advise him as to the right path to take; they tell him of such things as a cool fountain under a great apple-tree in blossom, where he may enjoy resting a little and refreshing himself with a drink; for very hard and far-distant is the journey to the other world. Several sky-zones stretch out one above the other with their bridges and toll-houses, where malignant demons lie in wait to snatch the dead from his course.

But once arrived at his blessed, last abode, he does not altogether sever connection with those left behind. He returns sometimes in the shape of a snake or, according to a still stranger belief of the Macedonian Roumanians, in the guise of a spider. Both these creatures are looked upon by the folk with great awe. One would prefer to see the dead as his own self. In spite of the oft-repeated saying: "The dead with dead and the living with living,"—when the departed is accompanied in solemn procession to the churchyard, the mourners bid him be mindful, not of the running

rivers perishing in the sea, but of the sun that goes down and rises again. They even point out the most propitious days for such visits. Some of the dirges expressly say:

"Come, dear one, at All Souls; for the day is then long
And you have time to commune with us."

The feast of All Souls falls on Whit Sunday, when people go to the cemetery after the church-service. It is both touching and picturesque to catch a glimpse of the scene on such an occasion: groups of women in black amidst clouds of burning incense and lighted candles; rich tributes of flowers, especially roses, laid on the graves; offerings of drink and food, chiefly a dish of boiled grain. In Macedonia they also bring a special cake covered with walnut and rose leaves.

But the most characteristic feature among the Roumanians everywhere is the display of variously-shaped rose-bedecked pots. These take us back to the Roman *Rosalia*,—hence our own *Rusalii*. This term, I suppose, has passed from the Latin-speaking element in the Balkans to the Byzantines and to the Slavs. It does not follow, however, that the festival itself originated in Italy and nowhere else. For to the present day certain regions of Thrace are famous for the growing of roses; and, when they are in flower, it is an enchanting experience to journey down the Struma Valley towards ancient Philippi. Great rose-gardens lie on all sides, as they did once in bygone times, when the perfumed beauty of the rose, no doubt, predominated in the Orphic mysteries with their central belief in immortality. The rose-festival has even left a number of tokens on the funeral monuments.

As more significant I would mention a Greek

inscription of 138 A.D., discovered in Histria, Dobrudga, —a region famous for the immigration of Thracian colonists, called Bessi, who may have brought hither the Dionysian rites. It tells of one Artemidor, donor of a thousand dinars to the council of elders in Histria 'for the adorning with roses' (*εἰς ῥοδισμόν*).[1] For this purpose special, richly-endowed associations were also formed, which are again testified to by numerous inscriptions, all showing how highly the *Rosalia* were esteemed in the eyes of the people. The rose was a fitting symbol of life's brief span; and, as in its fading the rose kept some of its perfume, so did the remembrance of the departed endure. They were invoked and prayed to share with the living the food and drink brought over,—a strange repast this of life and death together, considered as two aspects of the same endless, unknown process.

Identical scenes are witnessed now-a-days at our own feast of All Souls, savouring often of too much jollity. But we have to remember that the revels of Dionysos were also held at the Greek *Anthesteria*,— essentially a festival of the Dead. This feast lasted for three days, one of which was considered unlucky; for then it was that ghosts went about, and by way of protection people used to chew buckthorn.[2]

This side of the *Anthesteria* is also reflected in our *Rusalii*. A number of malignant spirits, bearing the name of the feast itself, haunt the place, ready for every kind of mischief. They are generally figured in the shape of three female divinities. Once upon a time, so runs a rather simple tradition, they were

[1] Vasile Pârvan, *Ţara Noastră*, p. 101 (Bucuresti, 1923).

[2] See Jane E. Harrison's *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, pp. 39-40 (Cambridge, 1922).

three damsels at the court of Alexander the Great. When the Emperor gave his horse drink from a bottle of living water, they drank too; and so they became immortal. Another tradition says that deep resentment embitters them against mankind; for, when maidens in their former life, they were not paid sufficient attention. And thus to-day at the *Rusalii* they wander about, chiefly round the fountains and the crossways, raise whirlwinds and sing to lure folk to their doom. As protection against them, people are warned to hang on the doors or windows a bunch of wormwood or to wear it in the belt. Some other plants can also be used with good effect, such as lovage and hedge-hyssop.

But the highest magic power is possessed by the Hobby-horse dancers, whose chief characteristic feature is being grouped into a sort of brotherhood under a leader to initiate them. As to how this initiation is managed, I will mention two of the most important proceedings.

At early morning the dancers meet out in the country at a certain mound at the crossways. Here the leader raises his sword and crosses it with the club of one of the dancers. Under sword and club a sculptured horse's head is shown. Then, all together, to a special bag-pipe tune known as the sunrise-song, they dance three times round the mound. In some parts of Roumania the dancers meet at nine boundaries, and fill a jug with water from nine springs, halting at the far side of the crossways. The leader then ties a garter of bells to the ankles of each dancer. Then in a circle, whilst the leader sprinkles them with the water brought from the nine springs, they all pray to a certain Irodeasa, supposed to be their guardian

goddess. Afterwards, during the dancing, whenever they are offered drinks, they empty their first glass out as a libation to this Irodeasa.

In both methods of initiation there is a number of striking elements, of which let me mention for the present only that of the flag-making. The dancers cut a pole from the woods, and decorate its upper end with multi-coloured ribbons; they also attach to it a handkerchief with wormwood and garlic,—sure charms against evil spirits. That the flag itself has a magic purpose is seen by the fact that it is thrown into the river after the nine-days' dance.

When all preparations are completed, the dancers go round the streets from village to village, all attired in their best national costumes, with such additional adornments as laces, flowers and many bells. They must always be in odd numbers, from seven to eleven, and include the following principal characters, besides the leader:

(1) A Flag-bearer. (2) A Dumb Dancer, so-called on account of his keeping silent during the dance. He often wears a mask and dresses in accordance with his part, corresponding to that of the English Fool. He also carries, like the leader, a sword or a whip, which he lashes round the dancers to scare away the spirits. (3) A Hobby-horse,—that is, a wooden horse's head borne by a dancer and entirely or partly hidden under a kind of framework. Rarely seen to-day, it must once have been general.

In addition, we learn from old records that another animal, usually a goat, was likewise represented, a relic of which is still to be observed in the form of a hare-skin fixed on a piece of wood to resemble a beak, and displayed by one of the men. As for the

dancing itself, the strangeness of the figures, which are now and again accompanied by a brandishing of clubs, is really surprising.

At a certain point the dance turns into acting. The leader touches with his sword one of the dancers, who at once feigns dizziness and falls down. All then gather round and exchange remarks to show that the dancer is dead. Accordingly they take him away a short distance, one or two performers being left behind to lament him; and the dancing resumes when the supposed dead man comes to life again.

The last scene here carries us back to that world-wide god of death and resurrection,—in our case no other than Dionysos. It is well known that this god was worshipped by various associations, which, under the name of Kouretes in Crete, Korybantes in Phrygia, Salii in Italy, Satyrs in Thrace, constituted special colleges endowed with magical virtues. They enacted, mostly in pantomimic dances, the life-story of their hero who, being connected with the idea of fertility, had passed through many and various shapes, from a humble tree-spirit to the splendour of a sun-god. It is to this latter that we found our dancers devoting their initial dance, as the Korybantes once did, and were for this reason called by Strabo 'Children of the Sun.'

Dionysos was also closely associated with a mother-goddess, who is represented on many vases as rising out of an earthen mound. I think it is her own shadow that lingers still in the Roumanian Irodeasa, mentioned above, together with sprinkling of water, libations, dancing in a circle round a mound at cross-ways; for all of these particulars entered into the ancient Dionysian religious practices. To the water-

rite particularly Euripides refers in the *Bacchæ*, which I mention for the reason that it so vividly reflects a form of worship practised by women,—the Mænads. In the *Descriptio Moldaviæ*, a book of the Roumanian historian Cantemir of the eighteenth century, moreover, the following passage refers to the Hobby-horse dancers:

"They dress like women; on their heads they put crowns of wormwood leaves and flowers. They speak in a thin, feminine voice and, in order not to be recognized, cover their faces with white veils."

Now what was the meaning of all this? Were the dancers, without being aware of it, trying to impersonate the ancient Mænads, as to-day they impersonate the male followers of Dionysos,—the half-horse, half-men Satyrs? There is certainly no better explanation. Out of the motley crowd of Dionysian worshippers it is the Satyr-element that has prevailed in our own survival, and left behind, as it were a symbol, the hobby-horse, and its very name as well, derived as it is from the Roumanian *căl-uš*, little horse, and the suffix *-ar*,—*călušar*.

This contention of mine becomes clearer when compared with the same custom as practised by the Roumanians of Macedonia. Here it occurs in winter, between New Year's Day and Epiphany, a period dreaded for the appearance of *Calicanzari*,—monstrous creatures, vaguely conceived as half-men, half-beasts, no doubt the counterpart of the *Rusalii* in Roumania. There is a complete similarity of name,—*aluguciar*, the Roumanian for little horse, being replaced by the Greek *alogo* with the diminutive *uciu*.

The organization of the Hobby-horse dancers consists of small or large bodies, never in even numbers.

Each member goes about with a club or a wooden sword, except two of them who carry real swords,—the leader and the so-called *bubušar*. May not this last term come from *babutzus*, the Byzantine *babutzi-carius*, meaning 'mad,' 'fool'? My interpretation would perfectly suit his part; for this character wears a skin mask, a peasant cloak and numerous bells round his waist, and his task is to make as much noise as he possibly can.

Other leading characters are: (4) A Bridegroom. (5) Someone in feminine attire, representing the Bride. (6) A Doctor, in the sense of a primitive magician. (7) A woman with a doll in her arms, supposed to be her baby. (8) A man with blackened face. (9) And a few others, masked as goats, bears and so forth. It is clear that such disguises are made to serve some other purpose than a simple dance. Indeed, they go with a mumming drama.

The man with the black face tries either to steal the baby doll or to pay improper attentions to the bride, which infuriate the bridegroom. A combat follows. The bridegroom is killed; and, while he is being lamented, the doctor intervenes and brings him back to life. There is even a more complete version of the performance. The baby doll seems to have something supernatural about it. Suddenly, as in fairy tales, he grows into a young man and wishes to get married. A bride is found for him, and a priest also appears for the wedding, when a quarrel ensues between the two protagonists, the rest proceeding as above: the bridegroom is killed, then restored to life, and all ends happily in a merry dance.

Here we have the ancient god of fertility in a regular folk-play, which, containing all the elements of

a Dionysian ritual, has survived down the centuries; for it has always possessed magical intention and been in keeping as well with the taste of the people. Both the dancing and the queer disguises have helped them to forget themselves, taken them away from every-day life and restrictions and brought them closer to nature, plunging them into rapturous joy, such as one might catch an echo of in the beautiful lines of Euripides:

"And all the mountain felt
And worshipped with them, and the wild things knelt
And ramped and gloried, and the wilderness
Was filled with moving voices and dim stress."[1]

M. Beza.

[1] Professor Gilbert Murray's Translation of the *Bacchae*.

THE WISDOM OF THE ḤASIDS.[1]

PAUL P. LEVERTOFF, Litt.M.

THE founder of Ḥasidism has left nothing in writing (with the exception of some letters). This is the case also with most of the leaders of the first generation of the Ḥasidim. They could all say, with the great Kabalist Isaac Luria: "As soon as I want to express in words something of what is going on in my soul, the ideas begin to fill me so much, and the waves of thought come on with such profusion, that they break through the boundaries of words. Then I seek and seek after some means to conquer the thoughts, and to find a narrow outlet through which I could impart them to you; I seek for words in which to concentrate the mysteries which move me so deeply." To the Ḥasid, a stammering movement of the tongue, a hinted suggestion simply, is of more value than a clearly defined system.

Most of the Ḥasidic writings (about two hundred) are collections of sayings or reports of miracles of the great Zaddikim. Those writings that describe the sayings and miracles of 'Besht' (Baalshem Tob) are the most popular (*Shibḥe ha-Besht*, Kopyst, 1814).[2] Also R. Naḥman of Breslau attracted a certain literature around his life and doings (*Siḥoth Harran*).[3]

[1] Martin Buber, *Der grosse Maggid und seine Nachfolge* (1922, 242pp.) and *Das verborgene Licht* (1924, 214pp.). Rütten und Loening, Frankfort a.M.

[2] Cp. Buber, *Die Legende des Baalschem* (1907).

[3] Cp. Buber, *Die Geschichten des Rabbi Nachman.*

A collection of some sayings of the Zaddikim is contained in the books called *Leshon Ḥakhamim* and *Derek Ḥasidim* (Lemberg, 1876). The crude colours, a mixture of rabbinical casuistry with kabalistic realism in describing supernatural relationships, as we find them especially in the 'Ḥabad' writings, are things which could scarcely be translated into any other language. Buber has not touched on these (for instance, *Tanya*, or the mystical commentaries to the O.T. of Rabbi Senior Salman)[1] but has gathered up many of the legends about the Zaddikim from the other simpler sources, and tells them in his excellent German in the former book, while the latter contains their pithy sayings drawn from the same sources; and, as I read, my mind sets the stage, as it were, to frame them.

It is springtime, and the long flat roads are soft and slushy with melted snow, which the spring rains have not yet cleared away. To-morrow is the Eve of Passover, and along these roads for the week and more pilgrims have been travelling from far-out-lying villages and little towns to the famous Zaddik of B.

They are now almost in sight of their destination, and the throng of footsore and weary ones has been added to by some in carriages and on horseback.

Here, in a well-upholstered landau drawn by a pair of high-stepping, swift-footed, Russian horses with glossy black coats and long tails, lolls one of the wealthy. To his credit, may it be said, he has taken up into it also two women and their babes, in spite of their evident muddiness. The spirit that prevails among the Ḥasidim is, especially at these times, one of real fellowship.

[1] Cp. P. Levertoff, *Die religiöse Denkweise der Ḥasidim*, and *Love and the Messianic Age*; cp. also 'Ḥasidic Parables,' THE QUEST, Jan. 1925.

On two heavy mounts are two elderly Jews, their long caftans tucked up round their waists out of their way, their fur caps well rammed down upon their heads.

In a large farm-waggon drawn by two oxen sit at least three families with their belongings, and their voices are shrill with excitement at the prospect of visiting the Zaddik, tales of whom have enlivened the whole of the long tedious journey for them all.

Plodding in the mire are men and women and even some older children, for to make this pilgrimage on foot is of special merit. Their clothing is in a sad state, bespattered and frowsy with travel, but their faces are full of expectant rapture.

Repeat these types many times and the procession is before your eyes. Each side of the sodden road are deep ditches, full of dirty snow and water, and beyond, stretch the acres of brown earth with here and there a patch of brilliant green, denoting the tender shoots of winter-sown barley. Overhead is a sky of April blue. In the river the ice-floes are bumping and cracking as they travel to the distant sea. The villages through which they go are unspeakably dingy and sodden, but that mysterious feeling of awakening and promise that Spring brings, is in the air; and even the most unwashen peasant feels it, much more so this multitude of seekers and potential mystics.

Psalms are sung to lilting tunes, and joyous hymns of praise. Merry jokes and quips greet them in the villages and are returned in good measure. Kindness and friendly curiosity follow them even among the non-Jewish population.

At last, on the outer edge of the last village, a little wood is reached, and through the trees the

friendly chimneys of the Zaddik's mansion can be seen. Louder and gayer are the tunes the sight draws forth, until they fain must stop for want of voice to sing with.

As they draw near the wide-thrown hospitable doors an awe-struck silence falls, and those who have anything to say speak now in whispers, as though this was indeed a sanctified spot.

The wife of the Zaddik is there in silk attire, and gems gleam on her hands, her neck, and in her ears. This arouses no envy, for what subject envies the queen? All the splendour of the mansion only fills each breast with pride, for each one feels it belongs also to him; he has helped, he, the poorest there, to contribute to its splendour, and intends to contribute still more as long as he has life and health to do so.

The women and children go off to the women's apartments with the Zaddika. The men are conducted by the numerous servants to the baths and to their rooms; and then all is silence while preparation is being made for the evening meal.

The evening sky darkens, the evening star shines out, and the faithful gather in the great hall set with tables literally groaning under the abundance of the fare. The gourmet views it all with delight, not less than that of the poor peasant who has never seen such wonderful food even in his wildest dreams.

The Zaddik is not yet present. He is alone in a room set apart for prayer and contemplation.

By and by, when he comes, the entry of him they have come so far to see, is dramatic.

The door opens at the top of the room, and a frail figure in white stands framed an instant in the doorway. He scans the multitude with his keen black

eyes. Someone catches sight of him, and in a flash the news goes round the room in some imperceptible manner. There is silence, then a long rustle, a sound of chairs being pushed back, and everyone is on his feet. The slight figure glides softly to the head of the central table and seats himself on the throne-like chair that has been awaiting him.

Again he flashes his piercing glance over all, then drops his eyes, and in silence they all resume their seats.

Rapidly he makes the blessing, breaks his unleavened bread, takes his glass of wine and, blessing it, takes a sip. His nearer neighbours almost fight to serve him; but his meal is very frugal.

Suddenly, without any preliminaries, he begins to expound the scripture of the day, or some point connected with the feast they are celebrating.

In the breathless silence he goes on talking rapidly in snatches, with long silences between. Sometimes his listeners are bewildered at this flow of language, in which he strives to express the deep and mystic thoughts that rise within him. Yet, a word, a snatch of a sentence, even the stammer of the tongue, has its significance here. Only the initiated can really follow his thoughts, and even they, not always. But then, what matter? Can they understand all the works and words of the Creator? Is not the Zaddik practically divine? He has lived so much in the presence of God, that His spirit lives in him to such an extent that it raises him even above the angels.

When he has ended, he rises to leave the table and retire to his room again. They all rise. He blesses them with outstretched hands.

As he turns away, the remnants of his meal, every

crumb of it, are carefully gathered up by the adoring ones. Does not every crumb touched by him now contain a small spark of the Divine, to assimilate which in the body, is gain in sanctity? The scramble for these scraps is an eager one.

This table is as an altar to them all, ever since the master has come to it—the meal a sacrament. From his line the Messiah may perhaps come. To sip from the wine his lips have touched, brings the life of the soul (the Zaddik) to them—the body.

The fortunate ones rejoice, and faith works miracles in these devoted ones; their sorrows are lightened, their sicknesses, physical, mental, or spiritual, are healed, and the life of their souls is deepened by this mystical agency.

Tales are told of the powers of speech, wisdom, and healing of the master. He comes from a family of Zaddikim, and tales of his ancestors are mingled with tales about himself. As the years go by, the tales get intermixed and enlarged.

Then, with prayer, praise, joyous hymns and ecstatic dancing, the evening draws to a close.

Some of the pilgrims are guests of the house—a much sought-after honour; while the greater number sleep in the adjoining village.

The Zaddik sleeps little from habit. He roams about among the sleepers, blessing, watching and praying, as he goes.

On the third day the Zaddik holds his court, and there the pilgrims come to lay their gifts at his feet and to tell him their troubles.

Solomon has a daughter to marry off and she has no dowry, something must surely be done for her. And it is done. Solomon goes away satisfied. Mother

Rachel leads little Miriam by the hand; she suffers from twitchings of her whole body, poor child. She begs an amulet and a special blessing for the little one. She retires with a radiant face.

Mendel has some business trouble; he unfolds it to the master, who ponders on it, asking a few piercing questions. With a parable he makes the whole thing clear, and ends his advice with some pithy words which become a proverb from that moment.

So the scene goes on. The faithful feel they cannot be born, married, die or be buried without the holy Zaddik. He must share their every joy and sorrow. He says: "I carry each one of you written upon my very heart. You are all always with me."

The journey home is one of joyous satisfaction. The history of it will make ample conversation for a whole year.

Another scene comes before me. It is night, and the hall is alight in the Zaddik's house. Here, the most diligent students are remaining to pass the night in study, prayer and contemplation.

In one corner sits a young man, his head thrown back, his face rapt, his eyes fixed. So he will sit for hours, meditating on some deep kabalistic sentence, and seeing, probably, wonderful visions.

Bending over a table in another part of the room is an old, old man, all shrivelled and yellow with age. His rheumy eyes are dim as he searches the pages of the *Zohar* open before him in his near-sighted manner. His body sways to and fro and his lips move soundlessly, but in his head runs the music with which he had intoned all this long, long ago, when he was young. Yet he is not sad. Fresh treasures come to the surface

at every new search, and the new mystical life is almost within his grasp now, when his strength will be renewed as the eagle's.

Here, also swaying to and fro, but with much energy and vigour, is a group of men in the prime of life. Their voices rise and fall as they chant.

Beyond them is a pair of children, boys who have just reached their teens. They scan the page before them with sleepy eyes. They strive to conquer outraged nature by listening to the chanting of the enthusiasts, but nature has her way ere long, and the heavy eyelids drop, and their heads fall on their arms upon the open books. Their breath comes soft and evenly.

The lights grow dim. The fire dies down. It grows cold, the enthusiasts have dropped to an undertone. Only the old seeker after truth, with the sleeplessness of extreme old age, outlasts them all. The door opens softly, and the Zaddik comes in to visit his disciples.

The air is heavy with sleep and breathing. But do the dim lights really flame up? Is there really a breath of perfumed air like the fresh spring breeze? His disciples would swear to it. They rouse themselves, sleep flies away, leaving them refreshed and strong to continue. He calls them to him, the old and the young, and seated in their midst, he exhorts and expounds, and thrills them with his teaching. They almost worship him. He is the mediator between them and God. He brings the Holy One near. It seems as though the heavens open and angels come down and mingle with them. The grey dawn comes all too soon, when warm and happy they retire to their beds for a few hours' sleep.

Scenes of village weddings, circumcisions, miracles

worked at sick-beds, festivals and funerals, at all of which the Zaddik plays the central *rôle*—on these space forbids my entering. So the next I select is this :

The Zaddik is dead and has been buried now, these many years. His son reigns in his place, and is gaining in fame, as the years go by.

The old Zaddik's grave is apart from the rest. Over it to-day a tent is erected. To it a procession of pilgrims is wending its way. What is it that troubles the faithful ? Is it plague or persecution ? Some trouble it must be. They come singing, as usual, and in their hands are lighted tapers. As they reach the tent, as many as can do, enter. The grave is as an altar in the midst, and on it the tapers are placed and petitions laid. Amid a torrent of prayer the departed one is besought to listen and lend aid to his faithful followers ; he is begged to intercede for them favourably. The service over, those who had failed to get in, take the place of those who come out, and lay their petitions and place a taper on the altar.

Perhaps it is the anniversary of the Zaddik's death ? Then they come to the synagogue where he was wont to attend worship.

What is this ? The place is full of light and colour —gay draperies and thousands of candles. Death is no hideous angel of mourning here. Death opens the mystic door to Life Eternal. Great the knowledge with every evidence of joy.

The faithful shout and sing the most happy hymns and psalms. Then they gather close and listen to tales of the wondrous words and works of the old Zaddik from those who knew him ; and, as time goes on, these tales are told by old men who were once the children of the pilgrims of long ago.

As they talk and compare the present Zaddik with his ancestors, it seems to them that the whole long line of these holy ones is present, too, and awe falls upon them.

The hour grows late and, as the mysteriousness of the midnight quiet falls upon them, they shudder together in a rapture of mystic joy and fear.

PAUL P. LEVERTOFF.

(The above paper is of special interest. The author has not only written the most systematic account of the doctrines of the Ḥasids, based on first-hand acquaintance with their by no means easily accessible literature, which we possess, but he was also brought up among them, and so knows intimately the spirit of this mystical Jewish Messianic movement from within.—ED.)

AN INDEX TO THE LIBERATION SECTION OF THE MAHABHARATA.

H. C. Hoskier.

I do not suppose that many people have waded *verbatim* through the dozen large volumes (as generally bound) of the devoted Chandra Rāy's English translation of the Mahābhārata (Calcutta, 1884-1894). But it is not necessary to read all the volumes of the Great War. Turn up volume ix (as bound in my edition), comprising the Mokshadharma Parva, and you will be astounded to find suddenly put into the mouth of Bhishma—as he lays transfixed at last with arrows—the whole history of Indian theosophy, as it were, from the origin of the worlds and of primary Vedas to a consideration of the end of the Ages and return to primeval Darkness.

It was such a revelation to me that I started to make an index of a few hundred places for future reference. I had no sooner done this than I realized that other people might want to refer to other things; so I began again and produced about 5,000 entries. This necessarily was incomplete; so I tried a third time, and then a fourth time. To-day I have over 60,000 entries I think. I am having it multigraphed and will give a copy to any owner of the book who will notify me.

Meanwhile, may I try to convey to readers of The Quest something of the valuable character of this

synopsis of Hindu or Brahmanic wisdom, which traverses the whole ground of their religion and mythoses?

In the first place one is struck by the *honesty* of the text. No difficulties are shirked. If the disciple be not satisfied with an explanation, he says so and the *guru* tries to elucidate further.

In the second place nothing is *forced*. Up to the very last page *new* entries are always crying out for admission to the Index. Even seemingly-stereotyped titles or phrases, in ordinary use, are ever reproduced with some slight modification, showing that there was nothing 'dead' about their religion, that everything was luminous with 'life,' that all was fluid, straightforward and genuine.

In the third place, the learning or 'knowledge' displayed is at times 'up to date,' and in my Index I have had to recognize this by entering certain things in capital letters where capital matters are involved.

Thus you will find entries on: Circulation of the blood; Change of bodily corpuscles; Atomic theory; Etheric theory; Einstein theory; Evolution, and so forth. It was a matter of joy to find so much included in the 887 pages of this volume, all worthy of careful indexing for reference.

As to the Vedas, the Great God himself (p. 775) is made to say to Narada, during his famous interview:

"When the auditions in the Vedas disappeared from the world I brought them back. The Vedas with the auditions in them were recreated by me in the Krita age. They have once more disappeared or may only be *partially* heard here and there in the Puranas. Many of my best appearances in the world have become facts of the past. Having achieved the good of the

worlds in those forms in which I appeared they have re-entered into my own Nature."

A sub-title of 'Order,' covering many pages, is given, which embraces all the places where the 'order' of creation or the 'order' of things is given.

Let me give some striking captions, without which the importance of the volume will not be recognized:

Absence of coveting heaven in the best men (an apparent paradox).

Absorption into Brahma *optional*.

A *little* religion, a *little* cleansing of the heart, useless.

Animal-sacrifice undesirable.

Animals, Plants, *desire* to be sacrificed.

Ascertainable or not ascertainable, the fact remains the same.

Attaining uniformity with an element.

Aura (Jiva's colours).

Bodies of all embodied creatures in the three worlds hold a similar combination.

Brahmā knows well that Narayana is very much superior to him.

By imparting High Knowledge to unfit receptacles no advantage or fruit can arise.

By thinking of sorrow one can never dispel it but only enhance it.

Cause of hearing.

Companionship of good men coveted by the Gods.

Creation by fiat of the will.

Creation by modification.

Creation, thenceforward evolution.

Creator places in all creatures the same five Great Essences in the proportions that he thinks proper.

Deity can only be beheld by 'the eye of Knowledge.'

Deity is really One and only One.

Deity's description of the origin of Brahmā.
Different bodies for different environments.
Direct revelation.
Disputers barred, *ipso facto*, from High Knowledge.
Do in the forenoon what was planned to be done in the afternoon.
Doctrine of Harmlessness. (Very frank discussion as to its validity.)
Do not blindly follow the established customs of the world simply because they are entrenched in antiquity.
Doubt is the *function* of the Mind.
Doubts raised by Mind, settled by Buddhi or Understanding.
Elemental difference between Pravritti (Way of Acts) and Nivritti (Way of Knowledge). By Acts a living creature is destroyed, by Knowledge he becomes emancipated.
Emancipation is independent of all Refuge.
Engaged in acts but not seeking fruits.
Enquiry after Knowledge must be pursued with reverence.
Entire mobile and immobile Universe composed of the five Essences in varying proportions.
Entire Universe under the control of *One* Divine Being.
Existence of Emancipation. (Request for information and argument for.)
Existence of attributes does not cease because they become invisible.
External World is a modification of Self.
Eye, aided by Mind, sees forms, but never by itself.
Eye derived from Light.
Failure to understand that this World is only a field of probation.

Faith and Works.
Faith the Key.
Fallen Deities.
Fasting an impediment to the acquisition of Knowledge.
Form of the Universe is that of Deity.
For the sake of earning merit one should *not* allow the body to languish, suffer pain or be destroyed.
'Greatest Friend,' appellation of Deity.
Heaven and Emancipation, search for is a paradox.
Heedlessness is the water which irrigates the tree of Desire.
High Knowledge imparted direct from on high.
High Knowledge passed on unchanged from teachers.
Higher and higher in the upward scale of new forms of existence.
'I AM.'
Ignorance is the root of all Sorrow.
'In the World yet not of the World.'
Incapacity for producing resistance. (Property of Space or Ether.)
Iniquity sometimes assumes the form of Righteousness and the reverse.
Injury of living creatures forms no part of sacrifice.
Intellect consumed by the science of disputation.
Interdependence.
Intermediate Space=the Ears of Deity. (Wireless!)
'In Truth alone Immortality dwells.'
Invisibility does not necessarily correlate complete destruction.
'Inward Light' for discrimination.
Jiva's recollections by sudden irradiation.
Knowledge alone the Key.
Life arises from the effects of the attributes coming together.

Matter (Original) an unknown Essence.
Medicine for sorrow is not to think of it.
Men of real Knowledge do not perform sacrifices.
Mighty efforts required to purge the Soul during but one life.
Monogamy enjoined.
Never possible to emancipate oneself if one dwells with pleasure on the past.
No creature is eternally subject to the fruits of good or bad acts.
No need for slaughter of animals.
No one competent to understand the greatness of Deity. (Not even Brahma nor Govinda nor the ancient Rishis.)
No penance like the practice of Truth.
Nothing higher than Truth.
No status superior to that of Humanity. (For we are natives impartially of all the worlds.)
Not necessary to visit sacred waters and perform sacrifices for those who can properly differentiate between Nature and Spirit.
Not to emasculate oneself by abstention from every enjoyment.
Not unlimited are the stages of existence through which Jiva passes.
'We too are His offspring.'
One chief foe—Ignorance—and how to meet it.
One should always seek to find out the faults of those things to which one begins to become attached.
Only means of reaching Heaven. (Through Truth.)
Origin of good conduct traceable to very early times.
Other bodies are prepared for us.
Parable of the talents confirmed.
Parthenogenesis.

People never recollect in their next lives the acts done by them in previous ones.
Performers of sacrifices have to continue on a round of rebirths in *consequence of those very sacrifices.*
Performing the sacrifice which consists in the acquisition of Knowledge.
Perpetual change in the body's corpuscles.
Phases of existence.
Possibility of leading a harmless life without wasting the body.
Power of Truth. (Alone capable of resisting the army of Death.)
Pravritti (Religion of Acts) to last throughout this Age.
Preciousness of Contentment.
Preferable to incur the wrath of Supreme Deity than boons from another.
"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his Soul."
Proportionate use of the Five Basic Elements.
Pure in body and acts, but lacking faith.
"Purified as by fire."
Rarity of persons truly conversant with *real* sacrifice.
Reasons for the various names given to Deity.
Rebirth possible as long as the principle of Desire exists.
Reincarnation, limit of.
Renunciation flows from Knowledge only.
Result of man's earthly striving for progressive advancement does not agree with his wish.
Rewards are terminable.
Rishis are responsible for the Scriptures.
River of Life rises in the Unmanifest.
Ruler of the World must indeed be a single King without a second.

The best of all sacrifices is that of self.
Sankhya and Yoga systems are one and the same.
Sattwa (Soothfastness) flows from and centres in Deity.
The search of Emancipation is above and beyond and not to be confounded with the search for Heaven.
Self-restraint supreme.
Simple desire for a laudable thing brings fruition.
Simplicity synonymous with Deity.
Sin and virtue exist together only in man.
Soul in divers forms migrates but changes not .
Space is filled by emanations from Deity.
Substance is the conjunction of attributes.
Success is indicated by a white aura.
Summary description of Hindu Religion and Aspirations.
Summoning by Thought-power.
Sun-worshippers really are adoring true Deity back of it.
Supreme Nature is pure Consciousness. She is immortal and invincible and is called the Soul of the Universe. From her flow all the modifications of Creation and Destruction.
Taker and Giver equal.
Tangible Brahma not found in any place however holy.
Temporary Association never obliterates distinctions.
Time = Eternity.
To-morrow's work to be done to-day.
Tripartite nature of man.
True understanding of the Greatness of the Supreme quite impossible.
Truth and Deity synonymous.
Two kinds of Emancipation.
Ultimate Deity is adored in *all* sacrifices.
Union with things and persons is the begetter of sorrow.
Unity of Deity. (Variety of Deities only apparent).

Unoccupied apertures or portions of the body are pervaded by Ether.
The Unseen fruit of Knowledge.
Unwavering firmness is the root of all benefit here and hereafter.
Value of words.
View of Deity reserved for those who in the course of long ages have been wholly and solely devoted to him.
Wandering to visit Tirthas (Holy Places) quite unnecessary for a well-governed person.
What is the secret of being always contented and happy?
Who is the Deity of Deities?
Why do people fail to attain Heaven?
Why do the Scriptural admonitions differ?
Words of God Himself.
Wrong-doing, even when wishing to do right, if not possessed of clear vision.

The headings are subdivided where important, and under the following heads many hundred entries will be found, as under Body 133 sub-entries, under Brahma 193, Comparisons 97 and Similes 71 (together 168), Creation 118, Duties 121, Jiva no less than 280, Soul 237, Knowledge 118, Success 110, Time 85, Understanding 98 and of Speeches of actors brought upon the scene at least 122.

This paper will be found perhaps very 'dry' except to the enthusiastic. Bear in mind, however, the advice given throughout the book to 'Seek Knowledge,' and, when you have found some, to go on knocking at the portal and seek *more* and yet *more and more*. Not to be discouraged if my lady Wisdom sometimes (or often) comes to one in crooked ways and in strange

and unexpected clothing. "Seek Knowledge and ensue it."

For those who would glimpse at what the book really says I will touch on two points in its own (translated) words.

Let us see first what the book says on the Atomic and Electronic Theory:

"*Each subsequent element possesses the attribute or attributes of the preceding one besides its own.* . . .

"Urged by the desire of creating, Mind, which is far-reaching, which has many courses, and which has desire and doubt for its principal indications, begins to create divers objects by *modifications of itself*. First springs from it Space. Its property is Sound.

"From Space, by modification, arises the bearer of all scents, *viz.* the pure and mighty Wind. It possesses the attribute of Touch. From Wind, by modification, springs Light endued with effulgence. Displayed in beauty and called also Çukram, it starts into existence thus, possessing the attribute of Form. From Light, by modification, arises Water having Taste for its attribute. From Water springs Earth, having Scent for its attribute. These are said to represent the initial creation. These, one after the other, acquire the attributes of the ones immediately preceding from which they have sprung.

"*Each has not only its own special attribute, but each succeeding one has the attributes of all the preceding ones*" (p. 238).

"That which is produced becomes merged in the producing cause. Created by the Supreme Soul one after another, these principles are destroyed in reverse order" (p. 607).

"When the principles become merged each into

its progenitor then the one that remains is Prakriti " (p. 611).

As regards Einstein, note this (p. 312):

" All the three states that exist, *viz.*, Sattwa, Rajas and Tamas, inhere to these three, *viz.*, Mind, Understanding and Consciousness, and like the spokes of a car-wheel acting in consequence of their attachment to the circumference of the wheel, they follow the different objects (that exist in Mind, Understanding and Consciousness)."

To this the Translator adds the note:

" The speaker here combats the theory that the qualities of S., R. and T. inhere in the objects themselves of the Senses. His own view is that they inhere in the Mind, the Understanding and Consciousness. The qualities may be seen to exist with objects, but in reality they only follow objects in consequence of their permanent connection with the Mind, the Understanding and Consciousness, *which have agency in the production of objects*."

" Like the spokes of a wheel, which are attached to the circumference and which move *with* the circumference, the qualities of Sattwa, etc., attached to the Mind, Understanding and Consciousness, *move along with them*, *i.e.*, follow those objects in the production of which the mind, etc., are the causes."

Here I regret we must part, but not before I say one word on Creation and Evolution.

In this great Indian record we have the most clear distinction between creations and subsequent evolutions. While evolution is scientifically dealt with, there is always in the background the ' Creative Hand '; in other words there is involution shadowed before any possible evolution.

At the same time note this: *viz.* that creation and evolution are scientifically entwined, showing *how*, by combination of primary elements and later differentiation and redistribution of succeeding elements, the 'Creative Hand' wrought (or allowed to be wrought by attraction and repulsion) the later combinations, which, ever in ascending scale, comprehend the values of all the preceding elements which enter into their composition. And that 'Creative Hand' has established the laws of attraction and repulsion, by which we can recognize the transcendent power and, so to speak, 'personality' of the Creative Power.

This is only a ship speaking you briefly as it passes in the night. But give heed to it.

The last word to date (July, 1925) in the West on this high subject is to be found in Sir Oliver Lodge's delightfully lucid little work, *Ether and Reality* (Hodder & Stoughton, 1925) and in Oswald Murray's treatment of psychical impressions concerning *The Spiritual Universe* (Duckworth, 1924, 1925). A study of these *together* will show how with some the pendulum is gradually swinging back—owing to a new attitude of humility amongst scientific men—towards certain positions of the 'wisdom of the East.'

H. C. HOSKIER.

(Mr. Hoskier is laborious indeed. He has compiled this Index so to say as a pleasant change from his exhaustive work on the text of the Apocalypse, part of which has been published in the Bulletin of the John Rylands' Library, Manchester. It is the most complete textual survey of any book of the Bible which has yet been attempted by a single pair of eyes. See 'Some Very Rare Readings in the Apocalypse,' in THE QUEST, July, 1925.—ED.)

PERSONALITY AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON, M.A., L.-ès-Lettres.

I SHOULD first like to thank Professor Belot and Dr. Adler for their several contributions,[1] which illustrate the particular qualities—and may I say personality?—of their respective races and cultures. Both seem to me highly enlightening, truly catholic in their aims, while pleading each to a certain extent *pro domo sua*, whether it be in the cause of general education, the basal postulate of French education, or in favour of an enlightened pragmatism of the American type. The one in fact seeks to bring down, to use the Socratic phrase, spiritual things into daily life, if not into the market-place; the other wishes to impress daily life and the market-place with a leaven of spiritual things.

To my own mind the problem presents itself under the following form. If man be a microcosm of the universe, then personality is that part of his being which in the realm of here and now is visible either to himself or to the external world,—the twofold complex, if I may use that term, which is temporarily uppermost. This then involves the realization of self, according to the modern one-sided theory, and the fitting of self into the social *milieu*, which in its ordinary traditional form is equally one-sided, as it implies that the social *milieu* is a sort of unchanging cast-iron system of

[1] A contribution to the two reports by Professor Belot and Dr. Adler on 'Personality and its Development,'—one of the two subjects set down for discussion at the International Congress on Moral Education at Rome, October, 1926.

organization, whereas it is being perpetually modified by the individual and his contemporaries, being in fact in a perpetual state of flux or development, similar to that of the individual, though the rate of change is less rapid. *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis;* but the individual, being on the inside of the spiral, gyrates more rapidly. The dual aim of education was stated once for all by the Christ in its simplest terms, as consisting in the duty to God and duty to one's neighbour; and it can still be accepted by all, for it is clear that the term God may be variously interpreted, according to the belief of the particular holder, to imply anything from the orthodox Christian view down to the simple ideals of the ethical believer, who even if his God be an 'unknown God' equally firmly believes there is no real and lasting progress of individual or nation without moral values. Or, to put it in another way, the duty towards God of the Christian comprises by implication a duty to self (not the selfish self but the true self); while the ethical believer's duty comprises by implication a duty towards something Higher.

To promote duty to self, or self-realization (to use the phrase of the moment), and to promote duty to one's neighbour, or social service, *esprit de corps*, solidarity (call it what you will), are the two main aims of education.

But self-realization does not mean realization *in vacuo*. Even for childhood there is no uncharted freedom. The child, like any other creature, can only realize his dreams by understanding the materials at his disposal (the world he is born into) and respecting their limitations. There are all sorts of materials that are either unprofitable or dangerous; and Madame

Montessori has shown her wisdom in limiting the matter for experiment in the small world of school into which her pupils are thrown. It is indeed a very simplified edition of the real world. Within it they have comparative freedom, though even here the steps are *graduated*, while the element of tradition, or the accumulated experience of the race, also comes into play in the hovering presence of the teacher, ready to give *guidance* when a little one is puzzled or at fault. And so it goes on; it is always only a bit,—often a very tiny bit,—of the world that the older pupil is studying, even if he be working on the Dalton method in its extreme form. Even if we threw open the Vatican Library or the British Museum for our children to educate themselves in, it would still be only a fragment of the world; and therefore the fragment of the world under study must always be a *selection* by some grown-up person, however great the choice within it for the pupil may be. A well *selected* and well *graduated* selection of the subject-matter is, therefore, half the problem; though when the hour comes for specialization, a narrower choice is imperative.

So much for the subject-matter necessary for self-realization in the narrow sense of the acquisition of knowledge, which taken by itself could only lead to the growth of pride and self-conceit. But the child is a creature born into a human community; and hence the duty to his neighbour (including father, mother, comrade, countryman, human being) comes into play. Here we touch the most burning of questions,—that of rights and duties. A legal Debating Society in England recently decided that parents had no rights. Possibly they were not entirely serious; but on the face of it they have endorsed the doctrine that, having

committed the crime of bringing children into the world, parents must take the consequences. An Irishman once refused to do anything for posterity. Now it looks as if posterity would do nothing for him or his kind. This sort of *deferred* responsibility, as if each generation were only responsible for the next, would be comic, if it were not tragic. It is nothing more than the morality of the wolf-cub towards the wolf-mother,—in short, the morality of the beasts that perish—a bestial reversion, in fact. But one cannot discuss it here. One can only, on the contrary, lay it down as a postulate, based on many years' experience, that education is or ought to be a *gradual* apprenticeship of liberty. The helpless little child starts under the beneficent autocracy (not tyranny) of the mother. As it grows older, it comes under the limited monarchy of the two parents. It enters next the hierarchical republic of school, where, as it mounts from class to class, it holds the various offices of State (monitor or prefect). And finally, passing through the university, it attains full manhood and liberty. All through its career, at least at school, it finds that each new access of liberty has a greater amount of responsibility attached to it. That is of course the English manner of developing personality, Naturally it has its shortcomings. It would be far more perfect if we could somehow increase in our public schools that training in intellectual clearness and æsthetic *finesse*, so evident in Professor Belot's paper, which render the French such interesting personalities, and that regard for preparation for the business-side of life (too much ignored in our schools), the devouring zeal to make business itself a step towards fuller life, that distinguishes Dr. Adler's paper. Indeed it is such

weighty contributions as these that render such International Reunions as the present one so valuable to the world at large.

And for this reason I should like specially to thank the Italian Government for having convoked our Congress in this old, yet eternally young, capital of Western civilization, with its long line of illustrious educationists,—from Cato, who summed up the old Roman model, to Quintilian, who summed up the new, down to Signor Gentile himself, who, if I understand his reforms aright, has replaced the ideal of knowledge for its own sake by the older one of personality through culture.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

THE MYSTIC BAPTISM AND ASCENSION OF JOHN THE BAPTIZER.

[FOR introduction and translation of all the *John-Book* Yōhānā-pieces see: (1) my recent volume *The Gnostic John the Baptizer: Selections from the Mandæan John-Book*—'Together with Studies on John and Christian Origins, The Slavonic Josephus' Account of John and Jesus and John and the Fourth Gospel Proem' (Watkins, 1924, reprinted from THE QUEST, 1923-24); (2) the articles by Mrs. E. S. Drower on the present-day Mandæans, entitled 'The Mandæans: a Peculiar People' (Oct. 1924) and 'A Mandæan Baptism' (Jan. 1925,—the only description by an eye-witness); (3) my article on Prof. Bultmann's Parallels (mainly Mandæan) to the Christian John-Gospel, entitled 'A New Background for the Fourth Gospel' (Oct. 1925), and a full translation of these striking Parallels, illustrative of a widespread Oriental Pre-christian Saviour-myth, under the heading 'Mandæan and Other Saviour-lore Parallels to the Fourth Gospel' (Jan. and April, 1926). The Mandæan documents (as also the Slavonic Josephus passages) have now become an integral part of Background of Christian Origins material in Germany, owing chiefly to the labours of Lidzbarski, Reitzenstein and Bultmann. In this country, however, the general public has only within the last few months been informed of the existence of the Slavonic Josephus passages, which have been set forth and discussed so fully in THE QUEST, while the now at last scientifically translated Mandæan material has been treated nowhere else than in our pages, which have so far been completely ignored. The following strikingly poetical, important and arresting excerpt is now Englished for our readers,—firstly, in completion of what may be called the 'biographical' pieces of the Mandæan scriptures as excerpted from the *John-Book* (it being the only such piece in the just translated *Ginzā*); and, secondly, as a parallel (at the extreme 'mystical' end of the scale) to the Christian version of the 'historic' Baptism of Jesus by John in the Synoptic Gospels. Between

these two types comes the semi-mystical standpoint of the Fourth Gospel. The translation is from the German version, by Prof. Mark Lidzbarski, of *The Treasure* or *Great Book* of the Mandæans, entitled *Ginzā, der Schatz oder das Grosse Buch der Mandäer* (Göttingen, 1925), pp. 190-196.—ED.]

('THE BAPTISM OF GNOSIS OF LIFE BY YŌHĀNĀ.—THE BAPTISM OF THE LIVING WATER.—YŌHĀNĀ'S ASCENSION.')

In the Name of Great Life !

THESE are the utterances (or sayings) of Yōhānā the Baptizer, when he took the Jordan of living water, baptized with the living baptism and uttered the name of Life thereover.

Gnosis of Life (Mandā d'Haiye[1]) went to Yōhānā the Baptizer and spake to him :

"'Tis well, Yōhānā ! Baptize me with thy baptism with which thou baptizest, and utter o'er me somewhat of the name which thou art wont to utter."

Thereon Yōhānā spake to Gnosis of Life :

"My belly is hungry for food and my body thirsty for drink. I gather herbs and keep silence. I yearn for rest, yet the souls[2] throng me. Soon will morn break; come, then will I baptize thee."

When Gnosis of Life stood there, he raised his eyes to the region which is altogether glory, to the great region which is altogether light, and uttered a prayer that was very great, no small one. He spake :

"To you I send up a petition,—to First Life, to Second Life, to Third Life, to Yōfīn-Yōfafīn, to Sām, the well-guarded Vessel (*Mānā*), to the Vine that is altogether life, the great Tree that is altogether healing, to Oṣar-Hai and Ptā-Hai[3] who bring Life's creation into existence and plant Light's planting,—to you I send up a very great, no small petition.

[1] The Mandæan Heavenly Messenger and Saviour.

[2] The faithful who would be baptized.

[3] That is to O. of Life and P. of Life. Can O. and P. be Osiris (Ausar) and Ptah? But if so, no one has yet discovered any objective ground for assigning an Egyptian element to the otherwise completely Oriental Mandæan tradition. I translate the hierarchical list of the Great Powers, but the proper names have not yet been identified or explained.

"Touching this hour in which I stand, I pray, touching the twelve hours of the day and the twelve hours of the night, touching the four-and-twenty hours,—[I pray] that they be equal to one hour. Let the wheels of the day be those of the night, the wheels of the night be those of the day. May sleep and slumber come upon the eyes of Yōhānā. May he slumber and lie there, and his soul be like the Good Enōš (Enoch) in his splendour. Straightway will I question him, and speak with him concerning the baptism with which he baptizeth, in this hour in which we stand."

Gnosis of Life goeth and cometh out of the region which is altogether glory, out of the region which is altogether light, out of the region where it had been granted him touching the twelve hours of the day and the twelve hours of the night: they became as one hour. The wheels of the day were removed; they became those of the night. The wheels of the night were removed; they became those of the day. It was evening, it was morning, it was night, it was day. Sleep and slumber came upon the eyes of Yōhānā. He slumbered and slept. Then he awoke, sneezed, put his right hand over his eyes and rubbed sleep from his eyes.

Then spake Gnosis of Life:

"Salutation unto thee, Master Yōhānā, venerable father, great in honour!"

Thereupon spake Yōhānā to Gnosis of Life:

"Come in peace, little boy, whom I have already yesterday given appointment for the Jordan. To-day I will not deceive thee."

Then spake Gnosis of Life to Yōhānā:

"'Tis well. Let the Jordan flow free, stretch out thy arms, take me, baptize me with thy living baptism with which thou art wont to baptize, and utter over me somewhat of the name that thou art wont to utter."

Thereon Yōhānā answered Gnosis of Life:

"Two-and-twenty years[1] I have taken the Jordan, I have baptized people in its water; and yet hath no one called *me* to the Jordan. Now will I go with thee, little boy of three years and a day, to the Jordan."

[1] This mystic number occurs frequently; for instance, Yōhānā begins his mission at the age of 22. When he is conceived, his father is 99 and his mother is 88. But so far no one has given a key to this mystical psephology. So also with the '3 years and 1 day' below.

Then Gnosis of Life asked Yōhānā:

"How is the baptism with which thou baptizest?"

Thereon spake Yōhānā to Gnosis of Life:

"I cast men into the Jordan as sheep before the shepherd. With my staff I draw water o'er them, and o'er them utter Life's name."

Then did Gnosis of Life ask Yōhānā the Baptizer:

"Whose name dost thou utter o'er them in the baptism with which thou baptizest?"[1]

Then all the disciples opened their mouths as one, and spake to Yōhānā:

"For two-and-twenty years didst thou perform the baptism; and yet no one hath called thee to the Jordan save this little boy. Disdain not the words that he spake."

The disciples pressed Yōhānā. Then Yōhānā arose, stepped into the Jordan, let the Jordan flow freely, stretched out his arms, welcomed Gnosis of Life and spake to him:

"Come, come, little boy of three years and a day, smallest among his brothers and oldest among his fathers, who is little, yet whose words are great with meaning."

Thereon Gnosis of Life went to Yōhānā in the Jordan. When Jordan beheld Gnosis of Life, it leaped and jumped towards him, and leaped over its shore. Yōhānā stood in the water, above his first mouth and below his last mouth, 'midst [lit. between] the waters.[2]

He swimmeth and hath not strength to stand. Gnosis of Life beheld Yōhānā, and was troubled about him. The glory of Gnosis of Life pressed down on the Jordan. And when Jordan beheld the glory of Gnosis of Life, it turned itself back; and Yōhānā stood on dry land.

Gnosis of Life went then up to Yōhānā, and spake to him:

"Baptize me with thy pure baptism, and speak o'er me somewhat of the name which thou art wont to utter."

Thereon to Gnosis of Life spake Yōhānā:

[1] This question is evidently here out of order.

[2] This strange phrase seems to mean that Yōhānā was swept off his feet,—his mouth only above the surface of the water, while his legs were drawn forward by the rush, and he sat on his seat (the lower mouth) in the water between the surface and bottom. The whole drama is of course enacted in a mystic *topos*.

"A thousand times a thousand men have I made to descend into the Jordan; and ten thousand times ten thousand souls have I baptized in water. [But] a Man[1] like thee has not yet passed through my hands. Dryness hath now been made here. Wherewith shall I baptize thee?"

Then spake Gnosis of Life to Yōhānā:

"As far as the water goeth, go thou too, and I will go with thee. Baptize me with thy pure baptism with which thou art wont to baptize, and speak o'er me somewhat of the name which thou art wont to utter."

As far as the Jordan withdrew and the water was dried up, Yōhānā went down, and Gnosis of Life went with him. The glory of Gnosis of Life spread itself over Jordan and [over] its banks. The fish opened their mouths from the sea, the fowls from the two shores of the world-sea. They praised Gnosis of Life and spake to him:

"Gnosis of Life, be thou blessed; blessed be thy region from which thou art come, praised and confirmed be the great region to which thou goest."

When the voice of the fish from the sea and the voice of the fowls from the world-sea's two shores reached the ear of Yōhānā, he knew it is Gnosis of Life who is going with him.

Then spake Yōhānā to Gnosis of Life:

"Thou art the Man in whose name I baptized the living baptizing."

"In whose name dost thou baptize?" he asked him.

Thereon Yōhānā answered Gnosis of Life:

"In the name of him who revealed himself to me,—in the name of the Future one [Messenger] who is to come, and of the well-guarded Vessel (*Mānā*) as well, who is of himself to make revelation. Lay now thy hand of fealty (*kušṭā*) and thy great right hand of healing [pl.] upon me, and o'er me, thy planting, whom thou hast planted, utter [thy name]. In thy name shall the first and last [things] be confirmed."

Thereon Gnosis of Life spake to Yōhānā:

"Lay I my hand on thee, thou departest out of thy body."

Then spake Yōhānā to Gnosis of Life:

[1] This term signifies not an ordinary mortal but a Perfect or a Heavenly Man.

"I have seen thee; now would I no longer be here. I have seen thee and reached [? the goal]. Now beg I thee for the truth-grip (*kuštā*). Dam me not away from thee, from the region out of which thou art come. Arm me, and give me commands for the great region whither thou goest. Be gracious unto me, and reveal unto me the mysteries of the kings [*sc.* of the Light], of the great fruit of the Light, of the anvils and fruits of the earth,—(to wit) wherefor they are oppressed,—of the anvils of the water, from which the living fire spreadeth forth,[1] wherein Life dwelleth, —(to wit) [he] who is earlier and greater than the other [*sc.* Second Life]."

When [Gnosis of Life] heard this * * * * * * Yōhānā to its banks . . . . . .[2] He stripped off his garment in Jordan, he stripped off him his flesh-and-blood garment; he clothed him with a vesture of glory and covered his head [lit. him] with a good, pure turban of light.

The fish from the sea and the fowls from the two shores of the world-sea gathered together over Yōhānā's body and covered it. When Yōhānā beheld his body, he was troubled about it.

Then spake Gnosis of Life to Yōhānā:

"Wherefore art troubled about the flesh-and-blood which I have stripped off thee? If thou desirest, I will again bring thee back into it [lit. the same]."

Thereon Yōhānā spake to Gnosis of Life:

"Blessèd and praised be the Man who hath stripped from me the blood-and-flesh vesture, released me and freed me therefrom. Praised, glorified, confirmed and honoured be the chosen Man who hath clothed me with the vesture of glory and covered me with the good, pure turban of light <in which I was.[3]> Nay, I am troubled about my children, who are full of zeal, whom I must leave behind, without there being any who can instruct them."

Then Gnosis of Life made answer unto him:

[1] The anvils of the earth, on which it rests, are often referred to (but never explained). The fruit of the Light is understandable as being its primal container.

[2] The text (Petermann's) is unfortunately illegible here. Perhaps Dr. Gaster's MS., which Lidzbarski has not used, although a loan of it was generously offered him, may be able to restore the passage.

[3] Presumably out of place, and should follow the 'blood-and-flesh vesture.'

"He who dwelt in thy sense and in thy heart [= mind], will dwell too in the sense and the heart of thy children. My son, I know why thou art troubled."

Thereon Yōhānā spake to Life's Gnosis:

"Even, thou knowest the hearts and seest through the senses. Hearts, livers and kidneys are spread out like the sun before thee. Thou splittest a hair, and seest what is therein. Thou perceivest what is in the light, and what is in the darkness."

Thus spake his mouth in splendour from the foam of the water and from the whirls [lit. wheels—*ōphanen*] of the water.

Then [Gnosis of Life] took sand from the sea and from the two shores of the world-sea, went and cast it o'er Yōhānā's body. From that day forth the covering of the bodies took place.

Gnosis of Life proceeded on his way to the region which is altogether glory, to the region which is altogether light; and Yōhānā went with him. He went and came to the guard-house of holy Ptah-il, who, bare of glory, hath been cut off from the Light, whom Life hath cut off from himself and let depart from his community. He (Life) set him apart in a desert and let him sit there alone.

When Ptah-il beheld Gnosis of Life, his throne bowèd beneath him. From it he arose, praised and blessed Gnosis of Life, and spake to him:

"Praisèd be thou, Gnosis of Life, blessed be thy region out of which thou hast come, glorified and confirmed be the great region unto which thou goest. Be gracious for me before mighty Life in the height, who hath hurled hurling and fettering upon me, and suffereth me not to ascend, to look on Life in the height."

Thereon spake Gnosis of Life to Yōhānā:

"Tell this pre-eminent [Treasure], that Life's forgiveness hath been apportioned unto him. Thee, too, the human, have I made equal to one of the Kings, equal to the great Treasures from the house of the splendour. Go, convey the words to him."

Then spake Yōhānā to Ptah-il:

"Life's forgiveness hath been apportioned unto thee, and to thy father [sc. Aba-thur], the Treasure, the Man, who hath equipped [or armoured], commissioned and sent thee hither."

Gnosis of Life proceeded on his way to the region which is altogether glory, to the region which is altogether light; [and

Yōhānā went with him]. He went and came to the guard-house of high Aba-thur.[1] A thousand times a thousand [stand there] to raise their eyes to him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stand before him [for his service]. They hold on high his throne, which is lofty and whereon he sitteth.

When Aba-thur caught sight of Life's Gnosis, he stood up from his throne.

Then Gnosis of Life spake to Aba-thur:

"Remain, remain, Aba-thur, a-seat on thy throne, which is lofty, stately and guarded, which mighty Life hath bestowed on thee in the height."

Thereon spake Aba-thur to Gnosis of Life:

"When thou goest, have me in remembrance in Life's presence."

Then Gnosis of life spake to Aba-thur:

"When I go there, speak and relate, they will come and raise aloft thy throne 'midst the Men, the Sons of Salvation. If I go there and speak and be well heard, then will two Angels come out of the height. They will raise the lofty curtain between the summit of thy dwelling (*škīnā*) and mighty Life. They will make thee hear and speak to thee; and they will make mighty Life hear, and say that Gnosis of Life hath gone and reached Aba-thur Kušṭā [=the Leal]."

Gnosis of Life proceeded on his way to the region that is altogether glory, to the region that is altogether light; and Yōhānā went with him. They went and came to the Four Men, the Sons of Salvation: Ïn-Hai (Source of Life), Šum-Hai (Name of Life), Zīw-Hai (Glory of Life), Nhūr-Hai (Light of Life).

The Man of righteousness put to the test [*i.e.* Gnosis of Life] took him [Yōhānā] and set him in the region of safety. He clasped Yōhānā by the hand and set him in the region of safety. The Treasures showered on him orders of prayer, prayers, masses and hymns, and spake:

"Come, we will go and see the Man who hath come out of that world [Tibil], the Man of righteousness put to the test, who hath remained true and of firm faith 'midst the wicked plots and beneath old Aba-thur's throne."

[1] He of the Scales, the World-judge, throned just below the Light-region at the world-summit.

Each several one clad Yōhānā [lit. him] with a part of his glory, each several one clad him with a part of his light. They leaped up and clothed him with garments of [that] living fire which is without end and number.

Yōhānā stood now in the region which is altogether glory, in the region which is altogether light. He stood there in a faith that was exceedingly great, not little. And Yōhānā spake:

"To you make I a petition,—to First Life, Second Life, Third Life, to Yōfīn-Yōfafīn, to Sām, the well-guarded Vessel, (*Mānā*), to the Vine which is altogether light, to the Great Tree which is altogether life, to the Great Tree, which is altogether healing [pl.], to Oṣar-Hai and Ptā-Hai who bring Life's creation into existence, who plant Light's planting and found the first image in Life's house,—to you I make an exceedingly great, no little petition:

"Touching this hour in which I stand, touching this ascent wherewith I have ascended, may all true and faithful humans ascend, who have been signed with Life's sign, baptized with the pure baptizing and over whom the name of mighty First Life hath been uttered."

Praisèd be Life! Life is victorious, and victorious is the Man who hath come hither.

(Tr.) G. R. S. MEAD.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL ADVENTURE IN SPAIN.

W. Moritz Weston, Ph.D., D.D.

In the course of frequent journeyings in many countries I have been impressed by the number of what I may describe as derelict libraries, I have encountered in regions off the beaten track, containing perhaps priceless treasures of lost classics.

In the Northern Balkans, for instance, and in Southern Russia, I have visited monasteries containing numerous manuscripts which, I have reason to believe, represented in part some of the literary salvage after the fall of Constantinople. It is hardly to be believed that more than a small fraction of the Byzantine libraries reached Western Europe with the fugitive scholars who gave the first great impetus to the classic renaissance of the fifteenth century.

Again, there is a persistent tradition that large numbers of Greek MSS. are stored away in the cellars of the palaces of Stamboul.

But it was in Spain and Portugal that I was most impressed with the vast number of books which, as a consequence of successive revolutions and the accompanying inevitable sequestration of Church property, have been in many cases crowded together in unsuitable receptacles, where they have been mostly neglected, or in others have been simply locked up and left in deserted buildings, when these have been situated remote from towns, and the labour of transporting

them was deterrent. It is of one of these that I have here to tell.

During a residence of many years in the Peninsula, it was my habit to spend some weeks of the autumn in wandering through regions not usually of any account to the tourist. One year I turned my steps, not figuratively but really, as I did most of my journeys on foot, towards the province of Estremadura.

It was whilst exploring the defiles of the Sierra de Montanchez that I was told of a deserted Cartuja, or house of Carthusians, in a remote place known as Añago.

I found the monastery situated at the confluence of two streams and, as usual with such places, in a solitude. The place was partly in ruins, and was approached only by a considerable journey through beechwoods infested by multitudes of black swine, for which the province is famous.

The vicinity still showed traces of the former cultivation of the monks, though very greatly neglected.

I was admitted by an aged man who, on learning of my interest in the place, proceeded to inform me that in his early youth the house was still occupied; and he began to enumerate the various fathers whom he could remember. He described the visit of a marauding band of revolutionary guerillas from Cáceres and the ejection of the monks, the wanton destruction of buildings, especially the church, and the pillage of the portable things of value.

I found myself listening to his narrative much as a traveller might have done in the reign of our own Elizabeth when visiting the objects of her father's greed and plunder.

The old man conducted me through a cloister, the

walls of which were frescoed with subjects from the history of the order rather crudely designed. Among these I was interested to see representations of the martyrdom of the English Carthusians of Sheen, and a view of the Tower of London with a background of lofty mountains, very similar to those visible from this monastery—the Tower of London itself being a typical Castle of Spain!

But the reward of my journey came when, on passing a large double doorway, my guide muttered something about a *bicicleta* (a bicycle). Somewhat puzzled by the suggestion of such a modern machine on these premises, I questioned him, and speedily discovered that he meant *biblioteca* (a library); whereupon I immediately enquired: "*Hay libros?*" (Are there any books?).

"*Que si!*" he replied,—"*millones!*" (millions!).

Needless to say I at once sought admission, only to find that the doors were locked. My guide assured me that they had never been opened since the departure of the monks, and that he had no idea where the key was to be found. This was a keen disappointment. However I impressed upon him that I must get in, and begged him to search for keys. The promise of a reward sharpened his intellects, for he recalled that there was a number of keys in some cupboard or other. These he proceeded to fetch. When brought, they proved to be so rusty that I realized the need of a good soaking in oil before they could prove of any service.

As the day was darkening to its close, I decided to seek the old man's hospitality for the night, and was provided with a deserted cell and a straw mattress last slept upon doubtless by one of the recluses.

I rose early and began trying the keys; and shortly to my delight found one which fitted the doors of the library.

I could quite believe the old man's statement as to the length of time during which the place had been shut up. Everything was inches deep in dust and festooned with cobwebs, from which I disturbed hoary spiders.

According to my reckoning there were upwards of twenty thousand volumes in the place; and after several hours of inspection, I emerged in a filthy condition with the conviction that some days were needful to get any idea of the contents. Somewhere I have notes made on the spot as to my discoveries.

There were of course the works of Fathers, schoolmen and divines in great numbers. But what attracted my attention was the very considerable number of incunabala from the Valentian presses of Spain's earliest printers, which from a typographical standpoint would be of great interest and value. The crown of my discoveries was, however, a large collection of Hebrew and Arabic MSS., probably brought here about the beginning of the seventeenth century on the final expulsion of Moors and Jews from Spain.

My acquaintance with Arabic is but slight and I was unable to do more than copy some titles, which I subsequently compared with Casiri's Catalogue, in which most of them were not contained. They would, therefore, make a good addition to the Escorial Collection.

Book-lovers may imagine the entrancing time I spent there, and with what reluctance I tore myself away. One find gave me great amusement: it was no less than a copy in English of the works of David

Hume, on the title-page of which was written: "*Liber damnatus, iterum damnatus, iterumque damnatus*" ! ! ! No doubting there. My guide hung around me for the whole of the first day under the impression, I believe, that I had come really to seek a treasure otherwise than literary. But seeing that my preoccupation with the books was unfeigned, he left me undisturbed during the rest of my stay.

After my departure I paid a visit to Cáceres, endeavouring to interest someone in my discovery, hoping to bring about the removal of the library to more suitable surroundings and to better care. But I fear I made little or no impression.

This was thirty years ago, so something may have been done in the meantime.

I have often looked back and thought what a glorious time a bibliomaniac hermit might have, retiring from the world to that peaceful and remote spot.

W. MORITZ WESTON.

NATURE AND ART.

[In this study the writer takes as an illustration an artistically-designed rock and water garden, such as may be seen, for instance, in the grounds of Kew Gardens, and discusses its status as a 'work of art' in the light of the views advanced that Nature and Art are but one—instead of at variance as held by so many.]

Nature the Inspiration of Art.

Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean: so o'er that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes.

SHAKESPEARE: *Winter's Tale*.

OBSCURE as these lines of the greatest student of Nature and of man may seem at first, they are, none the less, as I shall show, the absolute truth. Nature cannot be outdone by Art, for the simple reason that Nature, whether in the formal or the natural types of Art, is at once the source of that art. Nature, in other words, inspires Art in every avenue of its many-sided activities.

Gardening itself is an art, and there is an art in the making of gardens. But

God Almighty first planted a garden.

BACON.

There are, moreover, gardens on formal lines, such as the Dutch gardens, the garden of geometrical design and parterres. But Nature too has her avenues, and her parallel roads of Glen Roy, her Giant's Causeway, with its hexagonal honeycomb-like basaltic columns. And she has, too, her wild grandeur, as in her Alps and her Swiss Lake and sea scenery, her archipelagoes and coral islands, her woodland groves and jungles.

In the making of gardens, however, we have, as in

all forms of Art, the departure from the formal towards the natural; and so we have the landscape-garden, with its natural effect, its park-like aspect. In this natural scheme the rock-garden figures widely to-day. Rock-gardens are the natural homes for the but lately included beautiful alpine, sub-alpine or rock plants, the rare and choice primulas, gentians, saxifrages, androsaces, soldanellas, ramondias, stonecrops, sempervivums, pinks, dwarf alpine shrubs and a host of others.

Only by copying or reproducing the natural habitats of such plants can the rock-garden become possible. Nature is here the inspirer in this field as in all else. The modern rock-garden has been inspired by the wild alpine flower-gardens, where the rock-ledges and crags and boulders, covered with choice flowers, suggest to the landscape-gardener the ideal for his rock-garden. The garden-artist in creating his rock-garden has not evolved something new. He has only culled from Nature's vast resources something novel to us, something found only under particular conditions which appeals to the craving of man for the rare and the ideal. In apparently improving upon Nature he has but copied Nature's own art—if subconsciously.

Nature and Art, Servants of their Source.

Now Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with Nature, they being both servants of his providence: art is the perfection of Nature; were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos; Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for Nature is the art of God.

Sir Thomas Browne: *Religio Medici.*

In the illustration selected for demonstrating the similar sources of both Nature and Art, the rock-garden is an artificial structure, adapted from Nature to repro-

duce as naturally as possible the proper conditions for the plants grown. These plants include the saxifrages, aubretias, alpine cerastia, campions, heaths, ferns, shrubs, etc., that have been obtained from natural sources. The form and conception of this rock-garden is an artistic one; but it is based on natural, wild conditions, and the flowers grown have been transferred from a natural habitat to another chosen by man. Art has played a part by selection. But it is a natural effect, and is not at variance with Nature. Comparing this rock-garden picture in the foreground with the fields in the background, there is at once seen to be a perfection, which alone can be ascribed to man's power of taking Nature's most ideal forms and adapting them to his ends. The field-picture is, however, illusory. It is equally artificial, as are the hedges, which date from the eighteenth-century enclosures of land. These field-formations are utilitarian, and not adapted by man's artistic selection.

This rock-garden is again combined with a water-garden, in an artistic manner. In Nature the two are often combined, as on the high moorlands where there are tarns or bog-pools with water-lilies as here. The pool itself is constructed on natural lines without regard to formal detail. Art here has been modelled on Nature. By the construction of the combined rock and water garden in a spot where neither existed before, man has used his art to perfect the natural beauty of the spot.

Art, in fact, is the effort of man to express the ideas which Nature suggests to him of a power above Nature, whether that power be within the recesses of his own being, or in the great First Cause of which Nature, like himself, is but an effect.

BULWER LYTTON.

Here Bulwer Lytton has expressed what I wish to say, emphasizing that the beautifying of this spot by the gardener's art is not an invention of the originator of the scheme, but a carrying out of the suggestiveness of Nature, by the copying of the natural rock-plant forms of vegetation and the bog-pool of the upland moors.

> For Art is Nature made by man
> For man the interpreter of God,

as Owen Meredith concisely summarizes it. And as Pope in his *Essay on Man* concludes :

> All Nature is but art unknown to thee ;
> All chance direction, which thou canst not see.

Natural Art.

There are no grotesques in Nature ; not anything framed to fill up empty cantons, unnecessary spaces.

Sir Thomas Browne : *Religio Medici.*

There is a natural art, and there is an artificial art, if one may so distinguish them. We are at once led to make this reservation when the sense of fitness, the conception of the ideal, or in a word what we call our artistic sense, receives a shock or a jar.

We feel at once that some things are out of place, as where a hoarding is set down in the midst of rural scenery of natural beauty, and impresses us distinctly as a disfigurement of the countryside. The advertisements displayed on it may be of the conventional or rococo type. Here is an association of the natural art of the countryside with an artificial art or debased craftsmanship, which inevitably clash. There is an abyss between the ideal and the other end of the effort, to be assertive. In place of a hoarding a figure on natural lines symbolic of the article or the firm advertising it might have been displayed. Reduction

of scenery or other objects not in one plane to representation on one plane, as in a picture or drawing, must ever at once mark as with a dividing line the original and the representation, as sharply as an action is divided from words or sentences describing that action. What is tangible, or a figure of the tangible, is as distinct from the abstract, or intangible, as a scene and its painting. Here we have the difficulties that distinguish all true art from the commonplace. A good picture of a piece of scenery or an object appeals to our sense of the artistic as it approaches the ideal or the true and natural. Admitting it is not the original or the real, it is the next best thing as a counterpart, and so satisfies our sense of what is true Art—and yet artificial, whilst the purely artificial devoid of Art or Truth or Nature does not.

The one thing that marks the true artist is a clear conception and a firm bold hand, in distinction from that imperfect mental vision and uncertain touch which give us the feeble pictures and the lumpy statues of the mere artisans on canvas or in stone.

O. W. HOLMES.

As with pictures, so with all other forms of Art, with the art of the landscape gardener. There is a natural art which reproduces Nature accurately, and an artificial which travesties Nature, as seen in some of our parks and public gardens, that repel instead of attract us.

MAN'S CREATIVE POWER.

By fate, not option, frugal Nature gave
One scent to hyson and to wall flower,
One sound to pine-groves and to waterfalls,
One aspect to the desert and the lake.
It was her stern necessity; all things

Are of one pattern made; bird, beast and flower,
Song, picture, form, space, thought and character
Deceive us, seeming to be many things and are but one.

EMERSON: *Xenophanes.*

NATURE has her own laws, which are immutable, save by the working of Nature's own means of change, or methods of variation. Nature and man being but effects of the same cause are both subject to the same conditions and limitations.

Just as Nature seems at times to depart from her chosen path and to make new departures, so man may in the same creative spirit seem to create the new.

But there is no deeper truth than the universal household adage that "there is nothing new under the sun."

A new discovery is hailed as a creation. The publication of the *Origin of Species* by Darwin has been regarded as epoch-making. It was simply a masterly elaboration of ideas as old as the hills, but illustrated with a wealth of detail, and based on extensive collections of facts.

So man in his creative efforts in Art is only adapting, if he may in a sense be allowed creative power, ideas conveyed to his mind by what already exists in Nature. He himself is never the creator save indirectly, but only the adapter and artificer, in words, objects or movements.

NATURE'S EMPIRICAL METHODS.

But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation, lines 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.

NATURE herself in advance of man's advent has provided all the material necessary for man's creative achievement in every single department of human activity of thought and action.

And, as I have shown, in the end what art can equal Nature's? For Nature's art-methods are empirical. Nature is in fact always ahead of man.

> Divine Nature gave the fields.
> Human art built the cities.
>
> VARRO.

It may be easy to build cities, even great imposing cities, but only Nature can give us green fields.

Otherwise how could one write?

> Oh Brignall banks are wild and fair
> And Greta woods are green,
> And you may gather garlands there
> Would grace a summer queen.

as with Scott, or with Shenstone, exclaim?

> My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
> Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
> My grottoes are shaded with trees,
> And my hills are white over with sheep.

It is by Nature's empirical methods that spring-time precedes summer and summer autumn, followed by winter. It is by her own unique means that seed-time precedes summer-growth, and harvest follows.

Man with all his creative power in Art, as he holds, can only look on and copy Nature. He cannot precede her. He must follow, as one season inevitably follows the last.

A. R. HORWOOD, F.L.S.

TWO WOMEN WEPT.

THE spring day wanes. The village street is cleft
By a long furrow, black and silver weft.
The sun drops down : higher the shadows lift
Up the white walls of Magdala. A drift
Of wind comes from the hills to the lake-shore
Of Galilee, above whose waters soar
Stars and the moon. The scent of almond flowers
Comes through the night, the petals fallen in showers
Make white pools in the darkness. Lilies tall,
The dream-wrapt maidens of the night, the small
Narcissus-buds that hold the wine of spring,
Asphodel, gentian and the rainbow-wing
Of soft ranunculus,—all fill the sense
With a wild dream of passion, and the tense
Life of the year awake and over-brimmed
Calls. Like a flute or pagan carol hymned
In a deep woodland, comes a woman's song
Rising and falling, lingering along
The darkened street, now luring and now wild.
Stirring the pulses rose the notes, beguiled
The wayfarer with subtle sweetness. Sin
Wrought at the web, and drew the careless in.
    Framed in an open window-space there hung
A woman's face, and from her lips she flung
An elfin music, and the eyes seemed fire
In the still light, kindling a fierce desire
To taste the coolness of the lips below.
Her hair hung loose ; a lamp's dull golden glow
Set in the room made a great aureole
About her head. From her deep throat there stole
That siren song that shivered through the dusk.
Her white hand idly dropped a bloom of musk.
"Mary of Magdala" the passers-by

Muttered, and upwards cast a wanton eye
That she snared in her net; and guiltily
They crossed the threshold. Waters of Galilee,
Touched with the moon, clean-washed the fisher's feet;
Night-winds made fresh the daytime's marring heat;
Only man's sin and woman's made unclean
God's beauty. Such was she, the Magdalene.
Suddenly through the village street there came
A Man whose presence filled her heart with shame.
She could not tell the reason, only knew
It was even so; and trembling she withdrew
Her moon-kissed face within the darkened room.
Outside men whispered. Women from the gloom
Of low-roofed houses soft into the night
Came moving and they said: "Jesus, the light
Of the dark world, the healer of our woe,
Is come." His voice fell as the morning glow
Of sunlight shafts, pure, quivering, on the sea
To fisher-folk that vigil-wearied be.

"Yea am I sharer of your weariness.
I know the endless toil, the dark distress
Of hunger when your babes die comfortless.
I have been with the fishers on the lake
When stars are quenched, and the jagged lightnings shake
Their spears. Thirst, toil, the wild beast and the snake
Have maimed my body; searing wind and scar
Of frost upon the hillsides, things that mar
Man's joy, have wrought on me. Foul sins that bar
The path to God lurked in my way, lust, pride,
When I all-wearied was. One opened wide
His arms and I was sheltered safe inside.
Come unto me, ye toilers, ye who tread
The way in which I go; look overhead!
My hand will lead you on. The dark has fled.
No man too outcast for my love to win,
No woman stained but I will take her in.
Mercy and love can blot out deepest sin.

Faith and a lowly heart is all I crave :
Then will I bear your burden past the grave,
For I have wandered far to seek and save."

He ceased. And one, the poorest of the crowd,
Pressed near him, bearded-black and swarthy-browed,
Offering him rough bed and rougher fare.
And Jesus went with him. The golden stair,
That links the earth and heaven, night-long gleamed
Above the village. Unseen angels streamed
Upon its bars. While all men peaceful slept,
One anguished woman hid her face and wept.
The night-born dews still lived their little span,
When on the road that by the lakeside ran,
Jesus went forth with fasting lips. He knew
The little store from which the housewife drew
Her best for him ; not his to take away
The children's bread. Lo, at the break of day
They wake. He is not there. A meal lies spread—
Whence come, they wonder and they bow the head.
That self-same hour when the sun rose up,
Came sleep to Mary. She had drunk the cup
And found the bitter lees. Where now the draughts
Of guilty love that flamed the cheek, the shafts
Of silver-seeming passion turned to steel
Stabbing the soul? Nothing was there to heal
The torture, when her reckless mirth—the wine
Of hopeless lives—had lost its anodyne.
Higher the sun flamed. Still she slept. The noon
Stole past. She woke as one from out a swoon
With aching limbs and trembling ; but her will
Was strong and burned like fire, dull and still.
No more for her the sweets of sin, no more
The wanton's ease. Into her heart's deep core
His words were driven, and all the past was dead
Save for its tortured memories. She shed
No tears ; but putting on the rough-spun dress
That once she wore in girlhood's spotlessness,
She sought the market-place. There fisher-girls

With sun-brown faces cased in raven curls
Stood till one came and hired them to stitch
The storm-frayed sails and nets. In the dim niche
Of a stone doorway leaned she. Carelessly
A master-fisherman took her, to be
His servant. Hard the toil and small the gain:
She treasured both, and grief grew numb through pain.
To Bethany amid the hills that gird
Jerusalem went Jesus, and his word
Brought peace to weary hearts. There Lazarus
Welcomed him to his home; solicitous
His sister Martha for the quiet guest
Who seemed like one upon an unknown quest,
Seeking and sought for, priest and traveller
To a far country. Early and late astir
About the house she was, while shadow-still
Her sister Mary sat within. The thrill
Of his low voice went through her soul. He told
Of mercy shown in wonders manifold,
Of life and death made sweet by sacrifice,
Of love that paid and counted not the price.
She heard. Outside the twilight swiftly fled
And the soft stars stole in. She heard. She spread
Her unseen hands out in the dark and yearned
For God's grace; yet within her heart there burned
A golden light that made her being seem
Rapt to some place, where in a mystic dream
Body and soul were not, but all was his,
And on her maiden brow the Bridegroom's kiss.
This was the Bethany where Jesus came
Apart awhile, the torture and the flame,
That spent his strength for man's atonement, stilled
A little space. The garden lilies filled
The house with their rich odours; softly played
A fountain in the courtyard and the shade
Of a tall plane darkened the waters. There
A quiet home was his, and his to share
Their grief at Lazarus dead. The bitter sting
Of death he could subdue. As Lord and King

Of Life he raised him; but while Lazarus slept
Heart agony was his, and Jesus wept.
And the year ran its way. Judæa's hills,
Samaria, and Tyre whose market fills
With merchant sailors, crag-strewn Galilee,
All heard of him. The Roman legionary
Stood by perplext, and watched; but Jesus knew
The Calvary that swiftly nearer drew.
Nor he alone. For now once more the street
Of Magdala is full of those who greet
The holy Preacher. In the lofty halls
Of Simon is a feast spread, and he calls
Indoors the Christ, not as an honoured friend
But as some curious wanderer, to spend
An idle hour in questioning. So they sate.
But outside stood the sinner near the gate—
Mary the Magdalene. The toil from dawn
Till dark had made her body like a fawn,
Strong, lithe and clean; but in her eyes a light
Burned like a lantern in a windy night,
Now rapt, now dimmed with pain and misery,
Then vague with hope or quenched in memory.
For since the night when God's great mercy fell
Upon her heart and drew her soul from hell,
A vision had been hers. She saw the Son
Of God upon the earth. None knew, save one—
Herself, the harlot, ay, but now forgiven.
Yet must he pay the price and anguish-riven
Die on the Cross. She saw it and her eyes
Were scorched with grief, tear-barren. Woman-wise
She sought how she might give the uttermost.
Not hers to spread a feast like this rich host;
But with a little hoard, that day by day
Was heapèd up and garnered safe away,
She bought an alabaster cruse most rare
Of spikenard perfume, fragrant as the air
From the spring hills. Like Eve outside the door
Of Paradise she stood. No janitor
Kept watch with flaming sword. The gate was wide,

And Jesus' love was waiting her inside.
Through pride once woman fell; now spirit-meek
Came Mary. Through the street she heard the creak
Of an ox-wain. Her shadow from the west
Lengthened at daylight-going. To her breast
She caught the cruse and, when her image fell
Across the threshold, passed the trance-like spell.
Into the cool dim room she moved. The host
Simon turned round in wrath and idly tossed
A coin. It clanged upon the marble floor,
And silence fell. She halted not. A score
Of eyes gazed at her curiously; but he
Looked with a pity infinite. The sea
Shimmered outside in the last sunset's gold
And lit up all her hair, where fold on fold
It rippled round her; and upon his face
The light shone, resting there a little space.
She broke the cruse, and on his brow she spilled
The fragrant spikenard, and the house was filled
With its rich perfume. Tears without all stint
Fell on his dusty feet. She kissed the print
Of shadowy nails, and with the fine-spun silk
Of her soft hair she washed them white as milk.
Then was there muttering among the guests—
"Who is this Holy Man, to whose behests
We all should hearken? One who does not know
The harlot's sin-stained hand and shameless brow?"
Then Jesus turned him: "Simon, I would speak
A word to thee. Thou seest this woman, weak
And sinning. Lo, I came in from the street.
Thou gavest me no water for my feet;
But she hath washed them with her tears, and dried
Them with her hair. Yea, when I passed inside
Thy gate, thou gav'st me not one kiss, the least
Boon to the stranger, while she hath not ceased
To kiss my very feet. Upon my head
Thou did'st not pour the oil, but she hath shed
Rich ointment on my feet. Therefore I say
Her sins so manifold are washed away

In my forgiveness; for her love was great.
His love is light for whom sin hath no weight."
And then He turned to Mary, and he saith:
"Thy trespass is forgiven, and thy faith
Hath saved thee. Go in peace." Her head was bent
Beneath his upraised hand. She bowed and went.
Then Jesus travelled on and came again
To Bethany and to the sisters twain.
And Mary, all unwitting of the rare
Gift that the Magdalene had cherished, bare
A priceless vase of balsam, that she poured
Upon the head of the all-loving Lord,
Who spake, while Judas counted up the price
Of the rich perfume's idle sacrifice:
"Against my burial day is this prepared.
All that she could has Mary done, nor spared
Her stored-up wealth. Where'er my gospel-word
Is preached there also shall men's hearts be stirred
Hearing her story." When he ceased, a sob
Shook her as winter wind that comes to rob
The autumn of its gold. In patience she
Must watch her Lord led forth to Calvary.
(And Jesus travelled on once more. Death's sting
And the grave's victory were shuddering
Hearing his footfall nearer and more near.)
Then someone journeying to the Passover
Told in the inn at Bethany the tale
Of Jesus in Magdala, how a woman frail
But fair as Lilith washed his feet with tears.
Quickly the story spread and to the ears
Of Mary someone idly bore it. Shame
Smote at her heart, and anger like a flame
Kindled within her at the sinner who
Had stolen the fresh bloom of her deed. She knew
A wounded spirit's bitterness, and pride
Shut fast the door while pity stood outside.
But Jesus' wanderings were ended. He
Had passed the darkest hour. Gethsemane
Was now of yesterday. The spirit's fret

And anguish had been overcome, though yet
The scorn of men, the hate, the crown of thorn
Awaited him. Lo, on the Cross is born
The World's new hope; but he, ay he, is dead.
Earth shook. The heavens were darkened overhead,
While near him stood the Magdalene. Dumb fear
Had drawn her there. She saw the soldier's spear,
The dying thief forgiven, and in the gloom
The silent forms that bore him to the tomb.
That evening sped the tidings. Countryfolk
Passed through the gateways, and their weeping woke
The sleeping villages like gusts of wind.
The mountain hamlets knew the tale. The blind
Wept for the Lord of Light, and children learned
That he would come no more, and sobbing turned
To clasp their mothers' necks. The sun was high.
One said in Bethany: "I saw him die
And fled the accursed city." Mary heard.
She neither wept nor from her corner stirred.
A numbing pain made life seem death, and she
In spirit died with him on Calvary.
Now came the third day; and the Magdalene
Went to the sepulchre while still the sheen
Of moonset made the sky a silver grey.
She looked and saw the stone was rolled away;
And then she called the apostles. Entering
They saw the empty tomb, and sorrowing
Left her alone. The sunrise filled the world.
The dew was on the grass, the olive pearled
With night-born bells. It seemed that Eden's door
Was opened in this garden; that once more
Mankind had entered in. But Mary stood
Outside the tomb and wept. The golden flood
Of sunlight fell within the rock—a spear
That slew the darkness. As she stooped to peer
Within, she saw two angels; and they spoke:
"Woman why weepest thou?" Her sobbing broke
Into a storm of tears, as she replied:
"Because they stole my Lord, the Crucified,

Nor can I find his body. I am worn
With seeking." And she ceased. The early morn
Had changed to mid-day and her eyes were weak
With sunlight and with tears. She heard One speak:
"Woman, why weepest thou, whom seekest thou?"
She deeming him the gardener, wondering how
His step had come unheard, said: "Sir, I pray
If thou have borne him hence, just shew the way
Where he is laid, and I will bear him thence."
He spoke not and she waited, mute and tense.
Then Jesus turned to her, and with one word
The spirit's Paradise was hers. She heard
His voice call, "Mary!" and her answer rung
"Rabboni!" And the gates of Heaven were flung
Open again to the World's wayfarers:
The crystal streams and tree of life were theirs.
Then Mary tarried not. The shining gate
Must welcome all who loved the Lord, and straight
She left the garden for the dusty road.
There was no weariness, no heavy load
Upon her heart, but gladness that all pain
Was gone from him, the King who came to reign
And none to give him homage, but the weak
And sinning—so she dreamed. The endless streak
Of the white road ran on to Bethany.
She followed it. She held a secret key
That could unlock the heaven, and she would bring
Another soul inside to see the King
In glory and in peace. She came unto
The quiet home, within whose courtyard grew
The tall plane tree and the fountain fell.
She tarried not. The shadows threw a spell
About her, and the glory of her hair
Flashed in the fleckered light. She was aware
Of Mary softly weeping with bowed head;
Then with a voice that seemed wind-whisper said:
"The Lord is risen." Mary saw one lean
Athwart the sunlight. "'Tis the Magdalene,"
She thought, and pity came with memory

Of Jesus' love for sinners—"and for me,"
She murmured. Then she rose and kissed her brow
Leading her in, and, ere she questioned how
Such joy was in her eyes, she bathed the feet
Road-weary and she gave the outcast meat.
They spoke of him, and at the evening hour
They felt his presence like the noonday shower.
The peace of God was on them. Day by day
They learned the love of Jesus and the way
That he would lead them on. No woman torn
With sorrow for her sin, no mother worn
With weeping for the lost, no foundling child,
But found with them a haven. When they smiled,
Men said in after days: "The holiness
Of Jesus blossoms here. His tenderness
Dwells in their faces, though their eyes grow dim;
For they knew Jesus and still live with him."

G. C. DUGGAN.

ANY MAN TO ANY MAN.

How stood the Great Wheel at thy birth?
What vast conjunctions stablished thee,
And in the little corner of this earth
In minute intricacy
Set thee thy declination and thine hour?

Oh, if the very movements of thy mind
Are airy planets, poised and swung
Around that central fire of thy true self,—
And yet not atoms blind
Or heedless of the skies they swing among,
But marvellously attuned
To every skiey system (elf to elf
Of mannikin thoughts, to angels' heavenly notions,
And these to God, in vast communal motions)
Rendering their dues diurnal
In horologic chimes and aspects sure
To God who is eternal,
Through all the stellar ladders that endure—
His hierarchies nine!—
So that no littlest act or word of thine
But on those flaming levels of His thought
Repeats in signs and motions, fused in fire
Of joy, of pain, of ire,
Its stellar counterpart;—

Why will He not deliver unto me,
Who strive with all my art
To understand thy ways, a magic key?
For lo! thy moon, to my all ignorant gaze

Hath no returning path : I cannot tell
By ebb or flow, her obscure wandering ways,
And, till God break these bars,
And teach me words to weave a sundering spell,
Runes of lost avatars,
I have no clock to mark thy highest stars,
No sextant for thy sun.

ERIC CLOUGH TAYLOR.

THE AINOKO.

LONG have I sought the meaning of God,
And of myself—my own soul.
But, perhaps because I am an Ainoko,[1]
Neither of the East nor the West
(Or am I of both ?),
Things trouble me. Nothing is clear ;
No God reveals himself
For all my striving.
In agony of spirit I have cried to this God and that,
Praying belief to help unbelief.
But all Gods mock.
That which one side of me accepts,
The other rejects,
Laughing at the one side's simplicity.
Is it so Gods joke ?
For my soul's sake I have striven to live.
"Keep clean from dust the mirror of the soul,
If thou wouldst know God's truth," priests teach.
To do this I have wrestled with the flesh,
Spent nights of agony, days of strife ;

[1] An *Ainoko* is one who is half Japanese, half Caucasian,

But God has given no sign,—
Nor any of God's prophets
From any of the races
From whose loins I am sprung.
The passing of the years,
The subduing of the flesh,
Have brought no crystal clearness,
Such as priests promised,
To the mirror of my soul.
And that mirror!
Can it be that the soul
Is but the mirror of the races
Whose blood makes up my being?—
That 'I'——am not;
That that which men call Me
Is but the breath commingled
Of many ancestors,
Breathing for a play grotesque
Upon Life's mirror,
Obscuring its clearness
With that mist
Which for a little time is Me?

J. B. MONTGOMERY MCGOVERN.

A WATERFALL.

O WATERS calm and clear and noiseless-gliding,
O placid, dreamy waters, heedless-sliding,
All-heedless of the next, the fateful moment,
For which I stand and wait with watchful comment!
Now o'er the brow abruptly bending,
Now faster, faster sheer descending,
You pour and, dashed upon the rocks thereunder,
An instant sound the never-ceasing thunder;
Then on with wild commotion, raging, toiling,
And round each crag and boulder boiling,
Till, gathered up in volume swift and strong,
But foaming, chafing yet, you sweep along—
Such here your changeful play of parts unending.

O cataract falling, falling, ever falling,
With roar of waters calling, ever calling!
The form that now I see, the voice I hear
So looked, so sounded to the tribesman near,
When Israel out of Egypt came
Or towers of Troy went up in flame;
And such to distant ages may'st thou be,
The same throughout, yet viewed how differently!—
A form divine now, next a mode of force,
Then world-lines meeting in their course.[1]
But to myself Time's image be, his dim,
Still presence bodying forth. For thou, like him,
Dost, passing, yet abide and, changing, keep the same.

P. J. HUGHESDON.

[1] Theory of Relativity.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Science and the Modern World.

By Alfred North Whitehead, F.R.S., Sc.D. (Camb.), Hon. D.Sc. (Manchester), Hon. LL.D. (St. Andrews), Fellow of Trinity College in the University of Cambridge and Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University. Lowell Lectures, 1925. Cambridge (at the University Press); pp. 296; 12s. 6d. net.

THE short-sightedness of our Academical authorities has deprived us in this country of Prof. Whitehead's inspiring presence for five years. They could not find him a chair here, so Harvard wisely snapped him up, and we philosophical Britons have to depend now solely on his written word. Of this we have a notable instalment in his last volume, and that too in more outspoken language and incisive phrase than usual. *Science and the Modern World* is a great book. It is not only in all ways worthy of the Lowell Lectureship, but one of the most important pronouncements in the world of modern thinking and philosophic valuation that has for long appeared.

In Whitehead we have the rare combination of a mind highly trained in scientific theory and the severely exact discipline of mathematics with a lively apprehension of concrete reality, over against such abstractionism, and a saving sense of the prime importance of æsthetic and ethical values in leavening it. Accordingly, his review of the changing fortunes and development of scientific, philosophic and religious thought in the Modern period (the last 300 years), and his tracing of its roots to Classical times, is marked with an impartiality and directness, acumen and insight, quite out of the common. Granted that it is the task of science to arrive at the 'irreducible and stubborn facts' of our existence, what may be 'irreducible and stubborn' for one period, may prove reducible and yielding in another. Thus there is record of factual progress together with deeper insight into the order of nature, marked by successive changing theoretical 'climates of opinion.' The modern problems are, however, still fundamentally

the ancient problems, though in new and subtler disguises. Thus "Fate in Greek Tragedy becomes the order of nature in modern thought" (p. 14) . . . . "The laws of physics are the decrees of fate" (p. 15). Abstraction we cannot do without; but it is only a convenient method, not an end. "Thought is abstract; (but) the intolerant use of abstraction is the major vice of the intellect." Mathematics is admirable, for it is 'the most original creation of the human spirit' (p. 28); yet let us never forget that it is abstractionism *in excelsis*. Concrete reality for ever confronts us, and the flux is never contained in the net of mathematics, no matter how minute and subtle the meshes may be. "The point of mathematics is that in it we have got rid of the particular instance, and even of any particular sets of entities" (p. 30). . . . "Mathematics is thought moving in the sphere of complete abstraction from any particular instance of what it is talking about" (p. 31). Yet "nothing is more impressive than the fact, that as mathematics withdraws increasingly into the upper regions of ever greater extremes of abstract thought, it returns back to earth with a corresponding growth of importance for analysis of concrete fact" (p. 46); but the end is ever not yet.

Modern thought began to arise contemporaneously with the Reformation. "In religion it meant the appeal to the origins of Christianity; and in science it meant the appeal to experiments and the inductive method of reasoning" (p. 55). Prof. Whitehead calls this the 'historical revolt,' which deserted the method of the unrelieved rationalism of the schoolmen (p. 61). In this respect Modern thought was 'ir-rational,' a revolt against the logical doctrines which had come down from Aristotle. "These doctrines said to the physicist '*classify*' when they should have said '*measure*'" (p. 64).

One of the greatest revolutionary ideas marking our present 'climate of opinion' over against that of the latter half of the 19th century, is the dethronement of matter (as then conceived) from its tyranny. "What I mean by matter, or materials," writes Whitehead, "is anything which has the property of *simple location*" (p. 69). It is, to coin a word, the locus of the 'here'-ness of things. The crude, naïve notion of an abstract something —matter—abstract space, which served our fathers, is to be replaced by a progressive realization of concreteness. Now it is true that "the volume is the most concrete element of space," nevertheless volume is not the ultimate fact of experience. This prime fact, if I understand Prof. Whitehead rightly, is psycho-

logical; it is "the *unity* of volume . . ., the voluminous span of this hall, for example" (p. 91).

And if our lecturer is opposed to the old notions of matter, equally is he in revolt against the idea of the determination of things solely by their external relations,—the theory of mechanism. In this regard he pertinently remarks: "The only way of mitigating mechanism is by the discovery that it is not mechanism" (p. 107). In brief, in general and especially in evolutionary theory, he would dethrone matter and set up in its stead the concrete reality of 'organism.' "The doctrine I am maintaining is that the whole concept of materialism applies to very abstract entities, the product of logical discernment. The concrete enduring entities are organisms, so that the place of the *whole* influences the very characters of the various subordinate organisms which enter into it" (p. 111). For there are of course organisms of organisms (p. 156). With this fundamental change of point of view and the reëstablishment of the true concrete on its rightful throne, and with the consequent re-entrance of value into the universe of scientific theory from which it has so long been exiled, Whitehead speaks with sympathetic appreciation of the Romantic Revolution of the poets and imaginative writers of the 19th century as 'a protest on behalf of value' (p. 133). On the other hand, he gives the century its mechanistic due, and characterises its greatest achievement as 'the invention of the method of invention' (p. 136). But the 20th century is more vital; it is already prominently distinguished by its research into the nature of the organism as of permanent importance. "Science is taking on a new aspect, which is neither purely physical nor purely biological. It is becoming the study of organisms. Biology is the study of the larger organisms; whereas physics is the study of the smaller organisms" (p. 145). This is the chief trend of the new departure of science in the 20th century. The death-knell of the now classical materialism of the latter half of the last century has been sounded; it is, to-day, not only unphilosophical but unscientific. "The aboriginal stuff, or material, from which a materialistic philosophy starts is incapable of evolution. This material is in itself the ultimate substance. Evolution, in the materialistic theory, is reduced to the *rôle* of being another word for the description of the changes of the external relations between portions of matter. There is nothing to evolve, because one set of external relations is as good as any other set of external relations" (pp. 151, 152). What then is

the neglected other side of the evolutionary machine? It is, says Prof. Whitehead, in this doubtless following Bergson, 'creativeness.' We don't like the word; transformativeness would be better. But let it stand. Thus "the organisms can create their environment. (But) for this purpose, the simple organism is almost helpless. The adequate forces require societies of coöperating organisms. But with such coöperation and in proportion to the effort put forward, the environment has plasticity which alters the whole ethical aspect of evolution" (p. 158). The great change in scientific theory that has come about in our own time is that "the notion of material, as fundamental, has been replaced by that of organic synthesis" (p. 219). Consequently "a complete organism in the organic theory is what corresponds to a bit of material in the materialistic theory" (p. 185). Whitehead thus in a measure looks with favour on Leibniz' theory of monads, only—and it is a big 'only'—he endows his monadic organisms with internal relations; he will have nothing to do with the 'windowless.'

One of the great services our lecturer renders to the lay reader is his faithful and clear dealing with the theory of relativity, and another the way he brings home to the layman the mysteries of the quanta-theory, as necessitated by electronic facts, by the use of simple analogies. Thus, in regard to the latter we read: "It is as though an automobile moving at the average rate of thirty miles an hour along a road, did not traverse the road continuously; but appeared successively at the successive milestones, remaining for two minutes at each milestone" (p. 15). And again: "It is as though you could walk at three miles per hour and at four miles per hour, but never at three and a half miles per hour" (p. 181).

Philosophy, in Whitehead's treatment, is next allowed to come into its own in scientific theory; for over against, or rather coöperative with, science, "philosophy . . . is the critic of cosmologies" (p. ix.). What then are philosophers in the present 'climate of opinion' of the Modern world? "Philosophers are rationalists. They are seeking to go behind stubborn and irreducible facts: they wish to explain in the light of universal principles the mutual reference between the various details entering the flux of things. Also, they seek such principles as will eliminate mere arbitrariness; so that, whatever portion of fact is assumed or given, the existence of the remainder of things shall satisfy some demand of rationality. They demand meaning"

(p. 197). The philosophical schools of this century have a great and honourable *rôle* to play in the future: it is no less than the task of ending the divorce of science from the affirmations of our æsthetic and ethical experience (p. 218).

Finally, a word on Whitehead's reverent attitude to religion—of the undogmatic variety of course. If we regard the 'concrete' as 'that which has grown together,' God may be looked upon as precisely its underlying reality,—as, in fine, what may be called the Principle of Concretion (p. 243). "God is not concrete, but He is the ground for concrete reality. No reason can be given for the nature of God, because that nature is the ground of rationality" (p. 249). If this be thought an inadequate conception, then let us reflect that "among medieval and modern philosophers, anxious to establish the religious significance of God, an unfortunate habit has prevailed of paying Him metaphysical compliments" (p. 250). But what is religion? Whitehead's answer is as good as any of the many hitherto set forward. It is that: "Religion is the reaction of man to his search for God" (p. 266). It is an inescapable fact in pursuit of an ever more sublime ideal. Thus, in an eloquent passage, we read: "Religion is a vision of something which stands beyond, behind and within, the passing flux of immediate things; something which is real, and yet waiting to be realized; something which is a remote possibility, and yet the greatest of present facts; something that gives meaning to all that passes, and yet eludes apprehension; something whose possession is the final good, and yet is beyond all reach; something which is the ultimate ideal, and the hopeless quest" (pp. 267, 268). But to-day, in the West at least, religion is sick and in a bad way. For "religion will not regain its old power until it can face change in the same spirit as does science. Its principles may be eternal, but the expression of those principles requires continual development. This evolution of religion is in the main a disengagement of its own proper ideas from the adventitious notions which have crept into it by reason of the expression of its own ideas in terms of the imaginative picture of the world entertained in previous ages" (p. 263). And so Whitehead is a good Modernist, and yet a Fundamentalist in the true sense of the word,—namely, a sturdy holder on to the basic reality of what is good and beautiful and true.

As we said at the outset, so we repeat at the outcome, *Science and the Modern World* is a great book.

A Vision.

An Explanation of Life founded upon the Writings of Giraldus and upon Certain Doctrines attributed to Kusta ben Luka. By William Butler Yeats. Privately printed for Subscribers only. London (T. Werner Laurie); pp. 256; 63s. n.

In the exposition of his very occult theme Mr. Yeats has, in our opinion, fallen between two stools, either of which might have supported his reputation, had he chosen to sit on one or the other squarely. The matter purports to be a scheme of lunar astrology, which claims to throw light on individual life and general history. Mr. Yeats tells us repeatedly that he holds it in highest estimation, that it has fascinated him, obsessed him even, for years. If there be any such real value in it, surely it would have been better if the exponent had told us quite frankly how he became possessed of the information. If he has actually any original documents, printed or written, in expository or note form, why not make them directly accessible? Students could then have a chance to judge for themselves how far Mr. Yeats is justified in his forth-setting and speculation. As it is, they cannot follow systematically the genesis of his lunar scheme; and above all they are left entirely in the dark as to the authority for the values assigned to the several phases and moments in his selenic time-symbolism. If, on the contrary, Mr. Yeats bases himself on psychic communications, then we might as well be told so, and accordingly be able to assign the many dogmatic statements to their proper source. Had this open course been followed, we might have had some material of interest either in the one case to students of astrology acquainted with the lunar aspects of the art, as set forth, for instance, in its development in India, or in the other to students of psychical research. Unfortunately the author has chosen for his narrative and forth-setting the form of romance, the success of which, *in such a case*, depends, not on the free flight of the imagination only, but on a good equipment in science, philosophy, history and scholarship, so that the fiction may 'intrigue' the educated as well as the casual reader. True it is that Mr. Yeats excuses himself from being a scholar, historian, philosopher or scientist; but why then enter such fields at all? Take his mythical Giraldus. If he supposes that the famous Humanist of that name, Gregory of Ferasa, the friend of Picus de Mirandula, could supply sufficient *camouflage* for his purpose,

he is greatly mistaken. For though Gyraldus did address to his friend an 'Interpretation of the Symbols of the Philosopher Pythagoras,' and though he has a monograph on the Calendar,—'On Years and Months,'—there is not a word in the two fat folios of his works that can make him serviceable for Mr. Yeats' purpose. We have also a woodcut portrait of G. facing *The Vision's* title-page, which will doubtless impress the unwary. But, as we are assured by a student of such cuts, the 'hatching' is not mediæval, but characteristic of modern German reproductions. This would perhaps be of little moment if a genuine original exists; but unfortunately the portrait bears the legend: 'From the Speculum Angelorum et Homenorum.' Now Gyraldus wrote good Latin and Mr. Yeats' fictive hero should at least write 'inferior Latin.' But 'Homenorum' is a 'howler' for which Smith Minor at a Preparatory School would receive condign punishment. Nor is this mitigated by Mr. Yeats' 'Hominorum' on p. xvii. But indeed our author's Latinity is disconcerting, to say the least of it. Witness, for instance: *simulacrae* for *simulacra* (p. 222), *arcon* for *archon* (p. 242), *sybil* for *sibyl* (p. 248). Proper names not infrequently follow suit. Let us excuse 'Heroditus' as a printer's error, perhaps even also Ammonius 'Sacca' for A. 'Saccas' (p. 189); but what, for instance, of 'Diotime' for 'Diotima,' not once but twice (pp. 248, 252)? Modern names again are far from impeccable: for example, 'Homell' for that of our veteran Assyriologist's Prof. Fritz Hommel—or 'Furtwingler' for that of the well-known critic of ancient art, Prof. Furtwängler.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Yeats did not get some competent reader to go over his proofs so as to remove such palpable blemishes. There are again no references to quotations anywhere. But as Mr. Yeats has chosen the form of fiction it is not worth while trying to verify passages we cannot 'spot' at once, even when we are morally certain they do not reproduce the original. When, however, we do remember the original, we find our author embroidering it. Take, for instance, the famous reference of Epiphanius to the Epiphany æon-ceremony in the Koreion at Alexandria. In this regard we find Mr. Yeats saying (p. 163) that the symbolic processional image was marked on the forehead, hands and knees, not only with a cross, but also with a 'star,' which is not in the text of the Church Father, and that the worshippers in carrying the image round the shrine cried out: "The Virgin has given birth to the God." But Epiphanius says

that the explanation given (*sc.* by the priests) was: "To-day at this hour the Virgin hath given birth to the Æon." In all such classical references indeed our author shows clearly that he has for the most part not got his information from full versions, but from quotations or phrases out of their context. When, moreover, we come to his schematic working out of Western history according to his symbolic lunar plan, we are little content with its adequacy. If critical moments there be in that history, surely two such outstanding events as the Discovery of the New World and the Beginning of the Reform cannot be omitted; and yet there is not a word about either of them. Oswald Spengler might have helped Mr. Yeats to a more plausible survey. Some friend might have given him the gist of this stimulating work from the German original, and conveyed to him some idea of what the philosophy of history means and what enormous labour must go to acquiring a knowledge of the facts to be analyzed. (Spengler's *Untergang des Abenlandes*, we are glad to know, has just been made accessible in English.) There is, it is true, something in our author's use of the symbolism of the mutually interpenetrating equilateral triangles (the so-called Solomon's seal), when taken up into the sphere of the 'Platonic solids' and then made to live in the form of progressively interpenetrating twin cones, or 'gyres,' as Mr. Yeats calls them; but until he lays all his cards on the table, it is useless to deal with his treatment of it. It is distasteful to criticise a work to the perusal of which we looked forward with keen expectation. But when we are asked to subscribe £8 8s. for a copy of a book, we expect it to be either one that contains some very valuable reliable information or a literary masterpiece; and it cannot be said that *A Vision* as a whole comes up to either expectation. This is a pity; for lovers of Mr. Yeats' poetry will find some fine verse-pieces in it.

'THEREFORE.'

An Impression of Sorabji Kharsedji Langrana and his Wife Franscina. Oxford (The University Press); pp. 86; 7s. 6d. net.

AN account of two such outstanding personalities as the subjects of this anonymous memoir—which is apparently the work of a member of the family—inevitably suffers to some extent from the fact that it is written with deep personal feeling. One

cannot but think that the life of the distinguished Parsee of whom it treats, and the character and social work of his wife, would have created a still greater impression if presented from a more detached point of view. But the story is certainly one of deep interest. Descended from one of the Parsee families who migrated to India in the seventh century on the Moslem conquest of Persia, in order that they might continue in the faith of their fathers, an only son, heir of two important families and carefully educated as a strict Zoroastrian, the sudden conversion of Sorabji Kharsedji to Christianity at the age of sixteen was of course to his relatives a disaster worse than death; while to himself it appears not only to have been a change of belief but to have partaken of the character of a mystical experience. It was morover a matter of public concern, by which the whole Parsee community in Bombay was deeply moved. The history of the persecutions which he suffered reads like an Oriental version of some tale of the early Christian Church. An attempt was first made to ship him out of the country, but he escaped, after a perilous race with the pursuing enemy round the outskirts of Bombay, and took refuge with his friend Mr. Valentine, head-master of the Robert Money School, who had been instrumental in his conversion. But the Zoroastrians were resolved, if he could not be brought back to his hereditary faith, either to get him out of the country or to slay him. Imprisoned, scourged, stoned, forced to be continually on his guard against attempts to poison him, on one occasion mobbed by two thousand Parsees and escaping only by a miracle, he passed several years in constant danger of his life, seldom venturing out of doors in the daytime; till at length the Zoroastrians, resolved to put him to death but not by their own hands, actually sent him to sea in a small boat without sail, oars or rudder, and without food. Tossed on the waters for four days, he was only rescued at length, spent with hunger and almost unconscious, by some fishermen who had chanced to notice his boat. After this, in order to place him beyond the reach of his enemies, and as he was now twenty-one, he was appointed interpreter on the staff of the Bishop of Bombay, and accompanied him on the tours which he made through the diocese.

The history of his wife, Franscina Santya, who was born of Christian parents and had received an English education, under the care of Lady Ford, wife of Sir Francis Ford, though

not so eventful as Sorabji's, is an interesting presentment of a character trained under the best influences of England and India combined, and distinguished not only by intellectual gifts, but by a remarkable power of intuitive sympathy, and an almost entire selflessness. The desire of both Mr. and Mrs. Sorabji was to work towards a perpetuation of the connection between England and India. They established the Victoria High School at Poona, an international scheme for the co-education of races, and also of boys and girls, which grew till it numbered nearly 400 children, and their home became a kind of international centre where Hindoos, Parsees, Moslems and English could meet on common ground, and under an influence which seems to have been remarkably successful in sinking surface differences and bringing into light fundamental unity. Of the two it appears to have been Mrs. Sorabji whose influence was more felt in public life, but there can be no question that they both had that grace of the spirit (a characteristic described from another point of view as 'something abnormal') which causes a human being to be regarded as a bringer of divine gifts to his fellows.

S. E. HALL.

THE PHILOSOPHIC BASIS OF MORAL OBLIGATION.

A Study in Ethics. By J. E. Turner, M.A., Lecturer in Philosophy and Psychology, University Extension Board, University of Liverpool. London (Macmillan); pp. 277; 12s. 6d. net.

IN this well-written and ably-argued essay Mr. Turner has to deal directly or indirectly with some of the most fundamental problems in philosophy. He is well read in the most recent philosophic thought and psychologic theorizing in this country and America, but tackles his subject-matter in his own way. He would find a definite point of departure for ethics, an assured basis of ethical theory, "in the conception of the universe as an endlessly evolving, organised and systematic Whole, ever advancing in heterogeneity, in richness and in value." There is nothing really static in the conception of such a universe; the apparent static is but an aspect of an underlying dynamism, and it is only on this assumption that "it becomes possible to perceive continuity running through all these infinite grades of complexity which characterise various individual systems." But if for philosophic ethical theory such a universe must be pre-supposed, moral

experience itself stands also in its own rights as immediately real; it is "as real an element in the universe as are perception, thought and emotion." And so our author claims that ethics rests ultimately "on precisely the same general—though not the same specialised—experiential basis as logic or æsthetics." Mr. Turner will have nothing to do with dualistic quandaries or absolute antitheses. Thus, for instance, he is critical of Bergson when writing: "Intuition and intellective thought are, in reality, united by an imperishable bond; to suppress one is to destroy the other. Intuition is undoubtedly synthetic, but it is not therefore simple; similarly, intellectual thought is analytic, but not therefore altogether debarred from employing its own forms of true synthesis." In treating of value our author contends that its essential characteristic as objectively real is "contributiveness to the completeness of some mode or other of organisation or system." Such value confirms the implications of the other principal modes of experience—"of Art, as being inexhaustible in its content and mode of expression; of Religion, implicitly basing itself on the concept of Perfection; and of Science, which also partly implicitly, but still more and more explicitly, reveals a systematic unity beneath and within all perceived phenomena." Before tackling the principal *crux* of the whole enquiry—namely, the meaning of freedom—Mr. Turner thus tries to establish three preliminary principles: "(1) that as individual and social development proceeds action comes to be freely directed more and more towards the acquiring and the maintenance of objective value; (2) that objective value consists in completeness or perfection, or the means thereto; and finally (3), that the ultimate standard of completeness, and therefore the ultimate criterion of value also, is the dynamic nature and process of the universe as a whole." Finally the antinomy of freedom and determinism is sought to be solved in supposing that 'freedom' in its highest and most characteristic forms is true self-determinism; but this can never be absolute within finite experience. Absolute freedom can be attributed only to the Whole: determination is thus universal. The essay ends accordingly in an endeavour to set forth how "the evolution of freedom implies a relevant change in the modes of universal determination, so that this becomes operative no longer as *mechanical*, but as *moral* necessity—as moral *obligation*."

The Text of Acts.

By James Hardy Ropes, Hollis Professor of Divinity in Harvard University. Being Vol. III. of Part I. ('The Acts of the Apostles') of 'The Beginnings of Christianity,' edited by F. J. Foakes Jackson, D.D., and Kirsopp Lake, D.D. London (Macmillan); pp. cccxx.+464; 30s. n.

THE earliest Text of the Acts is apparently so difficult to get at, that there seems little likelihood of a satisfactory approximation being reached before far more preliminary detailed work of a very exacting nature has been done than is yet the case; and this in spite of the enormous amount of labour that has been already expended on the subject. This, at any rate, is the purport of the 320pp. of tightly packed and admirably documented survey and acute analysis of Prof. Ropes' Introduction. He, therefore, abandons any attempt to supply a conjectural reconstruction, and contents himself with printing a critical text of the Vatican Codex on the left-hand pages and one of the Bezan Codex on the right-hand for the convenience of students. Moreover the critical apparatus in the footnotes does not aim at being complete; it deliberately limits itself to a useful gathering of select readings. The main utility then of Dr. Ropes' wide-reaching and painstaking labours is, that he indicates clearly for those who follow him, the nature of the problems to be solved, and the work to be done before the vast material is sufficiently ordered to justify any but tentative inferences. The reason why Prof. Ropes selects the Vatican and Bezan texts for printing is as follows. The main witnesses fall into three groups, which he calls: (*a*) The Old Uncial Text, of which Vaticanus (B) is the chief representative. (*b*) The so-called 'Western' Text, of which Codex Bezæ (D) is the most important example. (*c*) The Antiochian Text. The last (*c*) is so-called as less misleading than the 'Syrian,' of Westcott and Hort. It is the recension made, probably early in the 4th century, at Antioch largely by a selection of existing readings. It came to exercise a vast influence over the Greek text of the N.T.; and as the earliest printed editions were based on it, the Textus Receptus is representative of a late accommodation, and not of early readings. The designation of the (*b*) group as 'Western,' is retained from W. and H., though unsatisfactory, for it has its representatives also in the East. It was an ancient rewriting

(*c.* 150 A.D.) and not an attempt to select the best among extant variants; nevertheless underlying it are ancient renderings of value. The term Old Uncial (*a*) is used to cover what W. and H. included in their 'Neutral' and their 'Alexandria' text. It is thus evident that, if Prof. Ropes' view is to be established,—namely, that B (Vaticanus) is the best representative of this type of the oldest text,—he has to show that it is not only not 'Alexandria,' but also not 'Neutral' in the sense of what remains over when the other types are cancelled out. What lies back of Vaticanus, on his theory, is in any case the main *crux*; but this, he thinks, we are not in a position at present to determine. It is not very satisfying: we must 'wait and see.' Probably we shall never know; but it is a moral certainty that whatever the text was it differed from any of the main types.

DIE DUENOS-INSCHRIFT.

Von Emil Goldmann. Heidelberg (Carl Winter); 1926; pp. xiii. and 176; M.10.

IN this book the author offers a new interpretation of a peculiar old Latin inscription found on three bowls. This inscription has engaged the attention of a large number of prominent scholars, and it is an interesting study to see how widely they differ from one another in their interpretation. Whether the one which is now offered, with profuse learning and keen philological insight, will be the finally accepted one, is still open to some doubt; but that it assists towards a final solution will in all probability be the verdict of all those to whom these problems appeal. It is not, however, the philological aspect which gives to this inscription its greatest value, but the fact, which the author fully proves, that the inscription is a charm, and in all probability, a love-charm, which was to act, at the same time, apotrepticly and prophylacticly. It was intended to draw the girl to him who made that love-philtre or charm, and, at the same time, to destroy the counter-charm. The letters are running from left to right, and, curiously enough, they stand on their heads; and Dr. Goldmann suggests that they are engraved in this way to be read easily by him who looked over the rim of the bowl. This, unquestionably, is the best explanation; but he has not drawn the proper conclusion, since he suggests that these three bowls were used for fumigation. This is out of the question. The real explanation must be that these three bowls were used for mixing

the various drugs used in the preparation of the philtre, which, no doubt, was drunk by the man. While so doing, in lifting the cup or bowl to his mouth, he let his eyes fall on the inscription, and read it while turning the bowl round, thus closing the ring, for the inscription is in a closed ring. As the author shows, the date of these bowls cannot be later than the middle of the 5th century B.C.E. We have thus here one of the oldest charms, and an important contribution to that remarkable literature which has flourished ever since. Prof. Goldmann, of Vienna University, is a sound Hellenist, and is also fully conversant with classical literature. It might, however, have been profitable, when dealing with charms and conjurations, to go outside the narrower sphere of classical tradition, and endeavour to find parallels in the much more ancient Oriental. Presumably it lay outside his purpose to enquire fully into the antiquity of such charms and their probable origin. But, as it stands, the book shows excellent workmanship, and very careful examination of all the theories hitherto propounded, to which this new and more satisfactory solution has now been added. The book is beautifully printed, but is somewhat expensive.

M. GASTER.

GILLES DE RAIS.

The Original Bluebeard. By A. L. Vincent and Clare Binns. Introduction by M. Hamblin Smith, M.A., M.D., Medical Officer of H.M. Prison, Birmingham. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 221; 8s. 6d. net.

THE actual history of Gilles de Lavalle, the high-born and extremely wealthy religious fanatic, but secret pervert and monster, a contemporary of Jeanne d'Arc, and at one time deeply influenced by her, is far more gruesome than are the legends of his enormities—a rare case. The subject has been extensively written about in French and also in German (though not mentioned in the bibliography), but the present is the first monograph in English. Personally, we should have preferred fuller treatment and documentation, especially for the trial. The book, however, will indubitably be of service to the general reader, and the student can go to the original or printed records. The subject offers of course rich material for students of morbid pathology; and Dr. Hamblin Smith, in an Introduction, indulges himself in a theory of out and out Freudianism. But at the end of his

disquisition appears the legend: "The authors accept no responsibility for the views of Dr. Hamblin Smith." Why, then, did they ask him to write an Introduction?—or was it the Publishers? On pp. 79, 80 the authors write suggestively in this connection:

"We may regret that Joan's ennobling influence had no permanence, but that it was even allowed to fall upon such barren soil must be wonder enough. In his end, too, there was an echo of Joan's spirit. Modern psychologists, with some notable exceptions, will have nothing to do with the phenomena of sanctity and seek a physical explanation for everything in the universe. We accept the influence of Joan of Arc upon Gilles de Rais as possessing a distinct supernatural value, incapable of rationalistic solution.

"When we remember Gilles' fanatical dislike of women, his epicureanism and egotism, and above all, the evil depth of his nature, and find that his whole soul, happiness and fame were pivoted on the Maid, no other inference is possible.

"The sensualist and potential murderer, the ego-maniac, whose falcon-like spirit derided all other dominance, was completely subjugated by the simplicity of the saintly peasant girl. For the fatality which dogged the rest of Gilles' life we must blame his own moral weakness, and, in contributory degree, Joan's execution. The problem of evil is not to be explained away by any psychological ingenuities. It will always remain an individual problem, to be fought by weapons not found in any laboratory or scientific text book."

Aberrations of Life.

A Sequel to 'The Appearance of Mind.' By James Clark McKerrow, M.B. London (Longmans); pp. 107; 6s. net.

As we have not read *The Appearance of Mind*, and as Mr. McKerrow in the present volume does not tell us what it is all about, we are not able to review his 'sequel' systematically. We can notice only a point or two. He is bold to affirm of automatic writings, for instance (p. 35), that "what is true in them is not new, and what is new is neither true nor well-imagined, and that there is no reason to suppose the sense, contained in the writing, to be other than 'automatic sense,' not that of a fully conscious Thinker." This is simply not true of a number of automatic scripts of the better class, and only shows that Mr. McKerrow is not abreast of the times in psychical research matters. Knowing,

our author contends later on (p. 45), never determines action. "When a situation is entirely novel [a man] acts by 'instinct'; and when a situation is entirely familiar, he acts by 'habit.' What room is left between these for action by knowledge? All the intermediate 'state of mind' can be described as 'so many parts "instinct," so many parts "habit."'" Yes—by one of 'automatic sense,' not by a 'fully conscious Thinker.' Our author seems ignorant of the classical works of the great mystical philosophers, such as a Plotinus or an Eckhart. Hypnosis, Mr. McKerrow opines further, is easy to describe in his own terms (p. 61)—namely, as "a state in which the individual's psychological tendencies are in abeyance." We can hardly think, however, that this is very illuminating, to say the least of it. A term of very frequent occurrence used by our author is 'viability.' Unfortunately we have not been able to get at his meaning; perhaps it is explained in *The Appearance of Mind*, as so much else we find difficulty in orienting ourselves towards. On the whole, finally, it would appear that Mr. McKerrow favours a modified form of Buddhist psychology, as when he writes (p. 92): "It seems one may expel the Subject from one's philosophy, but 'Spirit,' like cheerfulness in another case, 'keeps breaking in.'" This is a point of fundamental importance; it perhaps indicates the main contention of *The Appearance of Mind*.

The Migration of Symbols.

And their Relation to Beliefs and Customs. By Donald A. Mackenzie, Author of 'Ancient Man in Britain,' 'Myths of Pre-Columbian America,' etc. With 16 Plates and 53 Text Illustrations. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 219; 12s. 6d. net.

That Mr. Mackenzie should have used the same title as that of Count Goblet d'Alviella's well-known volume shows a lack of inventiveness. But this is in keeping with the theory of the origin of symbolism which he out and out adopts—namely that of the 'Diffusionists.' Our own preference is to allow that, in general, like conditions and similar minds may invent similar symbols, at any rate in the case of the simplest of these, with which indeed Mr. Mackenzie deals—namely, the swastika, the spiral, ear-symbols and tree-symbols. For smaller areas, distribution or diffusion may of course also take place. We agree with our author in his polemic against the purely artistic or decorative

origin of symbols—the 'pretty' theory, as it may be called. 'Prettiness' could never be a general stimulus for the reaction of primitive man; he required something stronger by far—something wonder-making, more inspiring, numinous. The volume is packed with interesting quotations from many sources, and the plates and illustrations are helpful. But, like all books on the subject, it leaves us with far more problems on our hands than it, we will not say solves, but even clarifies. With regard to the swastika, we notice that Mr. Mackenzie follows the seasonal revolution interpretation, and holds that the circum-polar 'pointing' of the Great Bear gave rise to the arms of the symbol. This latter theory was, we believe, first mooted in THE QUEST (see Correspondence, April, 1925); but it does not seem really to fill the bill. We are a long way yet from any fundamental working hypothesis of these 'origins of symbolism.' But though Mr. Mackenzie is here and there helpful on points of detail, his main theme is the 'migration of symbols' and, as far as the very general ones dealt with are concerned, it is very difficult to believe that they each spread from one definite centre. This is Adam and Eve over again.

JOHANNES SCOTUS ERIGENA.

A Study in Mediæval Philosophy. By Henry Bett, M.A., Handsworth College, Birmingham. Cambridge (The University Press); pp. 204; 10s. n.

THIS is the first monograph in this country devoted to that great 9th-century schoolman and philosopher, the Irishman John the Scot. France and Germany shame us badly in this respect, if we are capable of blushing over our many delinquencies of a similar nature. We have read Mr. Bett's study with much pleasure and profit. It is a thoroughly sound piece of work, and we note with satisfaction his intimate acquaintance with what has been written on the subject on the Continent. Most people know of Erigena solely that he was the translator into Latin of the Greek 5th/6th century mystical treatises falsely ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite; and so he became the purveyor from the East to the West of a tradition that most profoundly influenced the great subsequent period in Occidental Christendom of 'classical' mystical experience and theology. But his own system of philosophy, as contained in his greatest work, *On the Division of Nature*, is now recognized by scholars as a treatise of very high merit, the *magnum opus* of one who, in the words of Mr. Bett (p. 18) was

'the greatest thinker of his own day, and one of the greatest metaphysicians of all time.' The major part of the book (pp. 19-149) is devoted to an admirable Summary and Exposition of the Philosophy of Erigena. The first 18 pages contain what little is known of his Life and Writings, while the last two chapters deal with Sources and Authorities and the Influence of the 'Scot' upon Later Times. Mr. Bett's treatise is an informative and valuable piece of work, and we are glad to note (p. 193) that he proposes to give us shortly a monograph on the Philosophy of Nicolas of Cusa, in the 15th century, who was profoundly influenced by Meister Eckhart and a 'direct disciple' of Erigena.

LIFE AFTER DEATH.

According to Christianity and Spiritualism. By Bishop Welldon, D.D., Sir Oliver Lodge. Rev. F. W. Norwood, D.D., Principal H. Wheeler Robinson, M.A., Rev. G. Vale Owen, Rev. C. Drayton Thomas, Robert Blatchford, Rev. C. Spurr. With an Introduction by the Bishop of London, edited by Sir James Marchant, K.B.E., LL.D. London (Cassell); pp. 176; 6s. net.

THE editor of this volume has already presented the public with two team-work collections of essays on *Immortality* and *Survival* respectively, which have been duly noticed in our pages. The present volume is a continuation of the same general topic in Western tradition. Its title immediately roused our interest, and its bevy of writers led us to hope that such an opportunity of addressing the public from a common platform, so to say, would be taken full advantage of, and the deliverances be all worthy of the occasion. But we lay down the volume with the feeling that it is not altogether so. Truth to say, some of the papers on Spiritualism are decidedly thin, and some of those on Christianity could easily be improved. The most unhappy writer is the Bishop of London, who quite honestly disapproves of Spiritualism in the good old fashion, and finds himself in a predicament when writing a preface he had promised before knowing the full contents of the volume.

THE SCIENCE OF PRAYER.

By Ludovic de Besse, O.S.F.C. London (Burns, Oates & Washbourne); pp. x. + 180); 6s. net.

IT is regrettable that the reader is left to find out, and with some difficulty, in this book that the author died in 1910, so that his

relationship to and influence on l'Abbé Saudreau is not easy to determine. Fr. de Besse's work, however, is a popular exposition of the essentials of the teaching of St. John of the Cross on Interior Prayer. It will not of itself send many readers to the fountain head, being disjointed, too full of extracts from many authors and too uncritical of that wearisome classification of states regardless of modern psychology which characterizes so many manuals of devotion. In this book prayer is variously an exercise of faith, a grace and a science. Yet it contains some sound teaching and many telling and brief sentences. "To have a low idea of prayer is to pray badly." "A simple 'Our Father,' if the disposition be perfect, can lift us to a great height." De Besse engages in a technical dispute with Saudreau concerning the legitimacy of the phrase 'contact of substances' in speaking of the unitive way; and he insists upon freedom for individuals to engage in contemplative prayer without necessarily undergoing prolonged discipline in meditation. He is particularly helpful in c. xiv. On p. 175 'library' is misspelt as 'literary.' ALBERT A. COCK.

TWO GLASTONBURY LEGENDS.

King Arthur and St. Joseph of Arimathea. By J. Armitage Robinson, D.D., F.B.A., Dean of Wells. Cambridge (The University Press); pp. 68; 2s. 6d. n.

THE Glastonbury Legends are just now psychically, and among the credulous, having the time of their lives. But the 'communications' of monkish memories of legends which the brothers honestly and implicitly believed to be actual history in their lifetime, must not be confused with their memories of the actual buildings that once existed on the sacred spot. We, therefore, welcome heartily this scholarly treatment of the genesis and development of the legend-material by Dean Armitage Robinson, who has done so much to win our confidence and respect in cognate fields of research. Any student of the only too abundant records of religious romance and hagiographical legends, from the earliest years of Christendom throughout the centuries, will at once find himself at home in the carefully-documented recital of the beginnings, sources and growth of the two main legends of Glastonbury, as set forth by the one-time Dean of Westminster, and have no difficulty in drawing with him the necessary conclusion of a late (early 12th century) emergence of their connection with the ancient Abbey.

Will and Willer.

By Mrs. Rhys Davids, D.Litt., M.A. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 240; 2s. 6d. n.

THE subject the 'will' and the 'Willer' has for long pre-occupied the attention of Mrs. Rhys Davids, especially in her studies of Buddhism. She is very earnest in the matter; and certainly it is a subject of great importance. These concepts are doubtless fundamental in any consideration of the nature of the 'self'; but it must be confessed that the answer to the problem of what is 'will' proper still evades adequate psychological explanation. The term is for ever being used in different senses in one and the same exposition. As to the literary form, which is as a rule so good in our colleague's writing, we cannot but feel that she would have been better advised to have kept out of her treatise the constant reiteration of plays on such terms as 'will,' 'willer,' 'well,' 'worth,' 'word'; it holds up the progress of the current of thought quite unnecessarily. But, apart from the main thesis, the book is eloquent on the necessity of taking serious notice, in any adequate discussion of psychological principles, of the extra-normal mental phenomena of psychical research; here our distinguished exponent of the psychology of Buddhism writes with a first-hand knowledge which makes her contentions more impressive.

The Land of Mist.

By Arthur Conan Doyle. London (Hutchinson); pp. 294; 9s. 6d. n.

THOSE who like to have their information on mediumistic phenomena and the doctrines of spiritualism conveyed to them in the guise of fiction, will have here a sufficiently good story from the pen of a skilled and popular writer of romance. The illustrative incidental cases of phenomena will doubtless seem startlingly improbable to the ordinary run of readers, and they pile themselves up in breathless sequence for the impressionable. But for the instruction and discomfiture of the sceptic Sir Arthur adds appendices in which chapter and verse are given for similar cases which have actually occurred under competent observation. This distinguishes his work from the ordinary psychic novel, and it will thus prove more effective as an *œuvre de propagande*.

THE RELIGION OF HEALTH.

An Examination of Christian Science. By Sir William Barrett, F.R.S. Completed by Rosa M. Barrett. London (Dent); pp. 149; 3s. 6d. n.

WE have in this short, but sufficient, account of Christian Science an impartial survey of its rise and history and an instructed examination of its claims by our old friend and colleague, who did so much during his long life of useful labour to further the interests of psychical research. The outcome of the inquiry is, more or less, what any student of such matters who uses common sense and the comparative method must come to. The success of Christian Science depends mainly on its dogmatism and on the abstraction of the attention of its followers from anything that can interfere with its *à priori* assumptions. Many cures do undoubtedly occur but at the price of a narrow faith in the infallibility of Mrs. Eddy and her fantastic interpretation of scripture.

THE ETHICS OF BUDDHISM.

By S. Tachibana, Professor of Pāli and Primitive Buddhism at the Komazawa-Daigaku, Tokyo. London (Oxford University Press); pp. 288; 15s. n.

THIS is in the main the thesis for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Oxford which was presented by Prof. Tachibana in 1922. Recently we have had two works by Western Orientalists on the Ethics of Hinduism, one of which has been favourably and the other unfavourably reviewed in our pages. Dr. Tachibana treats of the Ethics of Buddhism from inside the faith, but without any definite propagandist or apologetic bias. He tries to set forth and order what he finds in the Pāli records, but does not touch on Mahāyāna developments. He would have been then better advised to have retained his original title,—namely, 'Ethics of Pāli Buddhism.' An element of value is the brief setting forth under various headings of the ethical conceptions of Brahmanism prior to and contemporary with the rise of Buddhism. The work is that of a careful scholar and is well and clearly written. Buddhism is theoretically throughout ethical, and a better idea of its spiritual religious value can be obtained from the study of the subtleties of the working out of its *moral* conceptions than by any other of its aspects. The volume is a valuable contribution to the subject.

PYRRHO.

A Historical Novel. By Bartram Tollinton. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 416; 7s. 6d. n.

THE main incidents of this instructive novel take place at Alexandria and Rome at the end of the 2nd century. This convention gives Canon Tollinton, whose careful work in *Clement of Alexandria: A Study in Christian Liberalism* (2 vols., 1914) assured us of his competence as a historian of the religious and philosophical thought of that period, an opportunity to show himself well qualified to treat of the political and social history of that time as well. His hero, Pyrrho, tries out the chief religions and philosophies of the time and eventually becomes a Christian under the influence of Origen. Pyrrho, we fear, was emotionally a bit of a stick. Why couldn't he have made love properly to Festa, the Valentinian lady and she-philosopher, instead of the pair of them formally and coldly arguing themselves into a matrimonial alliance? But apart from this, the clash of the competing thought-currents of the time is well brought out.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

A History of Religious Architecture and Symbolism. Illustrated. By Ernest H. Short, Author of 'A History of Sculpture,' etc. London (Philip Allan); pp. 342; 30s. n.

THIS well-illustrated volume, though frequently somewhat wearisome by page after page of guide-book matter, carries out sufficiently the two main purposes of the author. They are, on the one hand, to trace the development of 'House of God' building from most primitive times and in all lands and, on the other, to relate the main types of buildings to their environment. As the author himself says, his story "seeks to show how the chief manifestations of religious art are connected with outstanding social, political, and geographical circumstances; to gauge the emotions and thoughts embodied in various types of building, and the actions and reactions which created the different national styles; always striving to penetrate through the artistic production to the intellectual and emotional circumstances which shaped and vitalized it." It is an educative and instructive volume and there is nothing in it to offend any religious susceptibilities owing to the wide sympathies of the writer.

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PROBLEMS OF MODERN PSYCHOLOGY.

HANS DRIESCH, Dr.Phil., LL.D., Dr.Med., Ph.D.,
Professor of Philosophy in the University of Leipzig,
President of the S.P.R.

SINCE the beginning of the present century the science of psychology has entered a new phase of development,—a phase for the most part as yet unknown to the general public.

Until about 1900 there were two kinds of psychology, so to say: (1) The first was formulated by the philosophers for their proper use, and consisted almost entirely of very general and rather vague remarks about memory, thinking, feeling and willing, as faculties or activities of the mind or soul. (2) The second was the well-established association-psychology, scientifically enunciated from the time of the first great modern British philosophical authors. These two forms of 'classical' psychology had little to do with one another.

The so-called laws of association are interpreted as follows: The 'ideas' or 'images' of our interior life come into conscious possession according to two different principles: (1) The principle of spatial or temporal contact: that is to say, an image which stands before the conscious mind, will be followed by

an image that had been in some way connected with it when both have been originally experienced in the state of sensorial perception; (2) the principle of similarity or contrast—that is to say, an image may also wake into a state of consciousness other images similar to or dissimilar from the first.

The second of these principles is very indefinite; the first cannot account for the well-established facts of scientific, artistic and technical invention. Neither principle gives the least explanation for the experience of what is called 'truth' or 'falsehood.'

Thus the whole psychology of association is, though not directly wrong, yet certainly incomplete and insufficient. It is not what a full psychology ought to be. It is for this very reason that the other form of psychology, which we have called the philosophical, came into being. Philosophers felt that there must be some other laws of mental life besides those of association simply; but they were not able to say in a really scientific way in what these laws consisted.

The very core of our psychical life is meaning, understanding, accepting as true, rejecting as wrong. Now these phenomena can never be explained by any psychological theory unless they have already their foundation in its very elements; and this is precisely where the psychology of association has failed.

The first task of modern psychology, therefore, has been a consideration of what are the real elements, or 'indefinables,' or 'irreducibles' of our conscious life. The outcome has been that these same elements are found to be by no means simply 'sensations,' but that 'meaning,' in different forms, is among them.

The question to be solved is obviously: What are

the real elements of the various complex objects which the ego consciously possesses? There are at present distinguishable at least six groups of elements of this kind, namely: (1) pure qualities, such as red, warm, tone, etc.; (2) the relations of space and time; (3) pleasure and discomfort; (4) the indefinable, primordial logical meanings, such as 'not,' 'this,' 'different,' 'so many,' etc.; (5) the marks or signs (it is difficult to find better terms here) of 'being true,' 'being wrong,' 'being already known,' 'may-be,' etc.; (6) the marks or signs of 'being perceived,' 'being imagined,' 'being dreamt,' etc.

Here we have *meaning*, or 'rationality,' in an elementary form among the very objects of conscious life; and this is just what the association-psychology failed to give us and what the philosophers were unable to formulate properly.

But this has all been preparatory to real psychology —*i.e.* to the science of the laws which govern the 'coming and going' of our conscious contents in the time-series.

In this field, again, it has been found that a 'mechanistic' theory of becoming pure and simple, as the association-theory had been, is entirely insufficient for an explanation of psychical life as it really is. Psychical life is directed toward the appreciation of richer and fuller 'understanding,' 'possessing of truth,' or whatever we may call it; the best terms being, perhaps, 'appreciation of order' or 'solving tasks.'

Psychologists now speak of 'determining tendencies,' which make use of the stream of possible associations and direct it. All these tendencies, and other psychical factors like them, are, of course, 'un-conscious.' There is a something at work 'un-consciously'

whenever, speaking popularly, 'we' are said to 'think.' This something it is that acts: 'we' do nothing, but only experience consciously the results of the acting.

Let us give to this something the good old name of 'my soul.' But let us not confound the meanings of soul and ego. The active soul is the unconscious foundation of the inactive conscious ego. And the acting of the soul is acting with direction to a goal which is consciously experienced as order.

In conclusion, let me briefly mention some other problems of modern psychology.

The problem of so-called 'psycho-physical parallelism,' which was already regarded as solved by the last generation of psychologists, has been taken up again. And this with the result that psychical life is seen to be certainly *not* a complex of mechanical events in the brain 'seen from the other side.' A sort of psycho-physical parallelism indeed may exist; that is to say, every state and event in the realm of mind may be related to a certain state or event in nature which corresponds to it. But this statement does not imply that the corresponding natural state is mechanical, as the old Parallelistic school pretended. There are at work in nature other agents than the purely mechanical. Here, as you will see, modern vitalistic biology enters the field.

The problems of so-called 'sub-consciousness' and 'un-consciousness,' which are studied in particular on the ground of experimental hypnotism and of mental disease, are another great task for modern psychologists. There may be several 'egos' related to one 'soul'; such is the chief result of this very important branch of modern research.

Finally, there is parapsychology or psychical

research, to avoid the obsolete name of 'occultism.' British and French investigators were the first workers in this field, but now a good deal of good work is being done in Germany.

The British Society for Psychical Research has a large share of the merit of raising the study of telepathy, mind-reading, etc., to a scientific level. These facts are now no longer 'occult'; they can stand the bright light of science. But, of course, all *à priori* reference of them to 'specialistic' theories must be given up, and is given up. People know well in our day that facts come first and theories after.

To sum up in a single sentence: Psychology is the science of the future.

HANS DRIESCH.

A HISTORY OF MENTAL HEALING.

H. C. FOXCROFT.

To heal is not a human prerogative. Life is the only healer; man can but stimulate or release its recuperative energies. To do this he has employed various methods, not always differentiated. For primitive man does not discriminate; he is concerned only for results. At length, however, three ways emerged from the aboriginal chaos. Disease might be treated: (*a*) *religiously*—by appeals to powers regarded as divine; or (*b*) *magically*—by control over powers thought to be superhuman, but not regarded as divine; or (*c*) *physically*—by expedients presumed to react directly upon the physical organism.

Magic, historically speaking, means the rites of obsolete religions. It was thus essentially conservative, in the stricter sense,—the natural receptacle, not only for outworn rubbish, but for goods left behind in the 'forced march' of Progress. It embalmed curious experimental facts, for which later dogmatisms, religious and scientific, could find no place; and which they discarded in consequence as impious or fictitious.

Of these the more salient really centred round those less obvious powers of the human spirit, which science, even now, sometimes refuses to recognize. A taut twig, a ball of glass or crystal, do really reveal—if only the mind of the holder. The mind, and through the mind the bodily functions, can be affected by the use of symbolic agencies—of talismans or charms. Mind can communicate with mind in ways which transcend sense;

though the organs of sense may be commandeered as means of expression. It is possible to evoke, by artificial means, a partial somnolence or trance, which resembles the spontaneous, if morbid, states of catalepsy, somnambulism and so-called 'possession.'

Turning to the civilizations on which our own is based, we find primitive Israel almost ignorant of physic, occasionally cognizant of religious healing, sternly condemnatory of 'familiar spirits,' of 'wizards that squeak and gibber.' It did well. Essentially monotheistic, essentially, if primitively, moral, the religion of Israel shrank from practices which belonged to the amoral idolatrous past.

Magic evokes faculties which act most freely in the abeyance of self-control; and appeals therefore most to the morally undeveloped. In the more developed characters, the practice of proscribed rites saps the foundations of morality; while the lure of illicit power attracts those avid of illegitimate joys, illegitimate gains, illegitimate revenge. Science dares tamper with the 'occult'; ignorance is demoralized by it.

The Græco-Roman civilizations present another picture. There the priest, the wizard, the physician, 'practised' side by side. The stele of the Epidaurian temple might stand, *mutatis mutandis*, to-day at Lourdes. The Pythoness or medium, the exorcist and practiser of *peri-erga*, or by-arts, smack rather of autochthonous wizardry; while the rites of more primitive nations (Persia, Egypt, Chaldea) retained a perennial fascination. Yet it was amid this welter of religious and magical practice that there arose and flourished the earliest schools of medicine which we dare describe as scientific.

In Hellenistic Judæa the ban on sorcery persists, but the physician has come to his own; while religious healing seems to have fallen almost into disuse when

the Great Healer arose, whom His followers acclaim as divine.

It is clear that He asserted for His powers an immediate divine origin and validity over all ills, physical, mental or moral; that His insight, His sympathy, His authority, appeared equally supernatural; that His commands, verbal or symbolic, took effect at a distance; that He required faith in either friends or patients, as a precondition of success; and that His cures included cases of congenital blindness, paralysis, leprosy, insanity, 'possession,' etc. Similar powers, together with immunity from poison,[1] were claimed by His immediate followers, who unflinchingly opposed the sorcerer, but honoured the arts of physic, surgery and nursing.

The Middle Ages saw a relapse. Among races imperfectly leavened by a superior civilization and religion the 'prayer of faith' was supplemented by superstition of every kind.

To the vestiges of classical 'magic' accrued fragments of Celtic, Teutonic, Scandinavian, Slavonic and Gypsy lore; with additions perhaps from that primæval phallic worship to which Miss Murray ascribes the Witches' Sabbaths. These were, of course, banned by ecclesiastical authority; but practices indistinguishable from magic crept into orthodox religion. The use of relics, or religious talismans, and the 'dancing processions' of St. Vitus and St. Willibrod, are examples.

The cure of the sick by normal medical means remained a special Christian duty; but the medicine of the Dark Ages, despite Arab and Monastic research, had declined greatly from the Græco-Roman standpoint. Its magical element—the effect of its often fantastic remedies on the mind of the patient—was as a rule its most valuable part.

The beginning of the seventeenth century saw a change. The exact physical science, of which Bacon

[1] Still observed in the hypnotic trance, in physical frenzy and in moments of religious exaltation. Lloyd Tuckey, pp. 16, 220; Schofield, *Faith-healing*, p. 178.

was the prophet, put forth its buds; the medico-surgical, or purely physical, method began thrusting into the background all other curative agencies.

The Maxwells, the Van Helmonts, still clung confusedly to the belief in cures other than material; but they strove in vain. The truths underlying magic were undermined by the principles and triumphs of renascent physical science. It sank into the custody the obscure, but dangerous, custody, of charlatans and petty witches.

Religious 'miracle,' even when still officially accredited, underwent a similar eclipse. 'Miraculous' cures indeed still persisted, especially in the more intense atmosphere of proscribed religious minorities. A few cases, such as those of Gassner and Greatrakes, were critically examined, and are fully authenticated.

But these sporadic phenomena were in general ignored; and for over two centuries (about 1660-1875) it was medically heterodox to treat disease by means other than physical. The difference (to quote the caustic Dubois) between the veterinary and the physician was purely one of *clientèle*.

Cases of mental aberration meanwhile (ignored or concealed till they became a public danger) were, till after the beginning of the nineteenth century, drastically controlled; and even when milder methods came in, brain-disease was still the only admitted explanation, physical treatment the only orthodox method of palliation.

As for the morbid obsessions which haunt, without overwhelming, the reason and the will, these were almost always hidden, lest they should be dubbed incipient insanity. It is only Boswell's garrulity which betrays to us the agonies they inflicted on a mind so masculine as Johnson's.

But during the second half of the period, reaction simmered beneath the seemingly rigid surface. Three currents converged in one direction.

1. In the first place it could not be denied that the state of mind does affect for good or ill the working of certain bodily organs.

The mouth waters or grows dry, as fear or desire prevails. The hair may blanch or 'stand on end' as the consequence of terror. Violent or prolonged emotion can produce complete invalidism or sudden death, even if the organs themselves remain intact.

2. Again, experiment made it certain that instances occur of purely mental cure. We do not of course deny that cases of physical disorder, clearly attributable to mental emotion, profit by physical treatment.

For violent emotion usually subsides with time; secondary physical symptoms then lie open to the restorative influences of purely physical remedies—food, tonics, rest—especially in the intensive form introduced by Dr. Weir Mitchell. But there remained a large residuum of cases, impervious to physical treatment, yet curable, as the event showed, by counter-shock, by sudden happiness or by the prescriptions of a trusted quack. Symptoms, again, which had no apparent mental antecedent, often yielded to treatment which could only be described as mental. The famous Breda elixir, which cured multitudes of the scurvy (a disease closely associated with imperfect nutrition) was really inert. The fictitious administration of powerful drugs has often produced appropriate physical results; and homeopathic doses are often so small as almost to negative the possibilities of a really physical operation.

Facts of these two orders were sufficient to affect the views and practice of a few men, great enough to resist the incumbent materialistic atmosphere, and of many a humble general practitioner, too intimately in touch with life to be bound by the dogmas of the schools. Among the pioneers we may reckon (besides the sagacious German physiologist Unzer) Hunter, the famous surgeon-physiologist (1728-93) and his distinguished successor Paget (1814-1899).

For Hunter's great doctrine, "there is not a natural *action* in the body, whether voluntary or involuntary, that may not be influenced by the state of the mind," Paget's equally pregnant pronouncement, "there is not an *organ* the nutrition of which may not be affected by the mind," strike at the root of a purely materialistic medicine.

Men of light and leading began to realize that the personality of the physician is often more potent than his drugs; and the foundations were thus laid of an important modern school which finds in personal influence the solvent of obscure disease.

3. But this significant movement was checked in two directions. The very simplicity of the thesis militated against its general acceptance; and the success of the new method was by no means universal. The tact and authority of the greatest 'nerve' specialists are still often at fault; and phenomena of a more drastic order were needed to shake the general indifference. These were provided, shortly before the French Revolution, by the agency of Mesmer.

This versatile Viennese, doctor, pseudo-scientist, quack, remains a striking apparition. If his physical science is a rehash of Van Helmont, with a flavouring of Franklin to bring it up to date,—if his 'magnetic fluid' proves a fiction,[1] his 'passes' and '*baguets*' a fertile source of hysteria,—he had, at any rate, the qualities of his defects. In the first place, he cured. In the second place, he did realize that phenomena, ignored or ridiculed by contemporary science (cures without drugs, intensified sense-perception, alternating memory, intercourse without words), must be brought

[1] This is by no means so certain. Boirac in France has for well-nigh forty years been showing by the most careful experiments that there is something of the kind involved in a large class of psychical phenomena. The account, moreover, given in the present issue, of M. Raoul de Fleurière's personal experience should make us chary of negative dogmatism.—Ed.

within the domain of natural law. Last, but not least, he was a magnificent advertiser, with your true publicist's *flair* for what touches the public imagination. He might be condemned; he could not possibly be overlooked.

It is difficult to censure the scientific strictures of the French report (1784), to which both Franklin and Lavoisier appended their names; but we can and do blame it for one salient omission. There was no attempt to investigate the authenticity of reputed cures, numbered by thousands, including cases of paralysis and burns, rheumatic affections and skin-diseases, tumours and 'putrid' fevers. "If Animal Magnetism be a chimera," retorted a grateful ex-patient, at least it "ensures us against your sinister realities."

Professional jealousy and his own irritable vanity soon drove Mesmer from France; but he left behind ardent disciples who soon out-distanced their master. The Marquis de Puységur was the first to study the phenomena of the 'magnetic' (or, to use the modern term, the 'hypnotic') trance. Faria, the Indo-Portuguese priest, at least adumbrated the modern hypothesis of 'suggestion' and 'auto-suggestion.' The able young physician Bertrand experimented in Paris hospitals, investigated historical evidences, and in his brilliant *Traité du Somnambulisme* (1823) anticipated Braid by one and Bernheim by two generations.

Unfortunately such serious studies were few and far between. The fanatical devotees of Mesmer ostracized the enquirers; the scientific world, in general, involved both in a common condemnation. Even the able French report of 1831, which evinces a true, if cautious, scientific spirit, and first called attention to the surgical possibilities of mesmeric anæsthesia, was deliberately burked.

Outside France, meanwhile, progress was even less rapid. In Italy and Germany, though 'mesmerism' was largely employed, by medical men and others, in

the treatment of obstinate disease, there was no theoretic advance. The 'od-force' of Reichenbach was but another version of Mesmer's 'magnetic fluid'; and those who abandoned this theory were usually attracted, by the phenomenon of 'double personality,' into a belief in the intervention of disembodied spirits.

These two theories developed rapidly when the 'mesmeric' wave reached America, to be enthusiastically welcomed by a population eager and intelligent, if not very highly educated.

Mediums, 'magnetized' by others or by themselves, proclaimed themselves 'controlled' by the spirit of some dead physician as they now claim the 'control' of less professional *revenants*.

Others remained faithful to the 'fluidic' creed of Mesmer; and among these was a Mesmerist of humble birth and education, Quimby by name. The medical advice of his 'medium' was highly effective; but Quimby, becoming convinced that the man was simply a thought-reader, whose diagnosis reflected the fears and hopes of his patients, abandoned the practice of mesmerism. How, then, could he account for a number of undoubted cures? The patients, he concluded, had been really '*saved by their faith*.' So far, so good. But he took a 'deadly leap,' when he deduced from his premises the following illegitimate conclusions:

1. That want of faith had originated the disease.
2. That this axiom applied to all diseases.
3. That all disease—all matter indeed— is a figment of the human imagination ('mortal mind').

On this basis, reinforced by a summary study of Berkeley's metaphysics, he founded a gnostical idealism,

which he entitled 'Christian Science'; though, as the sardonic observe, its Christianity seems as questionable as its science. From 1859 to 1866 he 'healed' on these lines; and his sincerity, benevolence and success seem indisputable.

His doctrine has two offshoots. It attracted many disciples of Swedenborg and of Emerson. It thus gave birth to the 'Mind Cure' and 'New Thought' movements, associated with the names of Dresser, Trine and Marden, and sometimes described as the 'Gospel of Healthy-Mindedness.' This does not adopt the extreme 'idealism' of Quimby; it admits the existence of the material and the co-operation of the physician, and is said, on good authority, to show a high percentage of cures.

The more orthodox 'Churches of Christ, Scientist,' owe their inception and development to Quimby's unscrupulous disciple, the famous Mrs. Eddy.

Selfish, pugnacious and despotic, her organizing and oratorical gifts were yet of no mean order. An advertiser of genius, she was the first to excite a general interest in the phenomena of mind-healing. Her methods include instructions, oral or written, and public treatment, tending to induce the preliminary form of hypnosis. Such explanations would have infuriated Mrs. Eddy, who, like Quimby, repudiated 'animal magnetism.' How far the good effected by her doctrine in cases of functional disorder counterbalances her denunciation of medico-surgical treatment, it is impossible to say. Christian Science stoops to nothing so mundane as statistics.

In England, meanwhile, the Mesmeric movement made very little way. Disciples of Mesmer had crossed the Channel before Hunter's death in 1793; for he was present at a *séance* and, as unhesitatingly as characteristically, ascribed the phenomena to the action of mind on body.

But the Napoleonic wars nipped the movement in the bud; and when, in the early thirties, a fresh influx occurred, its exponents were ignorant wonder-workers, who fascinated terrified amateurs, or swayed without remorse semi-servile mediums, reduced by long submission to a state of almost animal obedience. Thence sprang that belief in the fatality of mesmeric 'glamour,' which was to dazzle the credulous, repel the scientific and deter the conscientious for at least three generations.

An exceptional few took up the question seriously. Chenevix the philanthropist, an Irish pupil of Faria's, gained a cultivated advocate for the cause in one of the Luss Colquhouns. Another disciple, the celebrated Dr. Elliotson, fell a martyr, professionally speaking, to his truculent zeal for a somewhat crude form of 'magnetism.'

Far less excusable was the opprobrium showered on Esdaile, of the Indian medical service, who, long ere the days of physical anæsthetics, so strikingly demonstrated the value of Mesmeric anæsthesia. Mesmerism, he found (under the name of *jar-phoonka* or *stroke-breathing*) had been known in Hindostan from time immemorial. The absence of fear or suspicion on the part of the patient conduced to profound trance; and enabled him to perform with ease, and without suffering, the most alarming operations. But from the profession he received nothing but obloquy and contempt. The introduction of chloroform soon superseded the Mesmeric method; and even the great Simpson, its discoverer, could not obtain public attention for the results of Esdaile's experiments.

Scarcely better was the fate of the yet abler Braid. Attracted by the feats of a travelling showman, he soon condemned the 'fluidic' theory, invented the term 'hypnotism' and rose, from his earlier conception

of the state as conditioned by physical strain, to the hypothesis of mental 'suggestion,' which anticipated, if it did not outrun, the subsequent Nancy theories.

His labours had little direct influence. But, indirectly, he had a considerable effect on contemporary thought, through the agency of two important publications, which really mark the turn of the materialistic tide. Hack Tuke, the distinguished alienist, in his famous *Illustrations of the Influence of the Mind on the Body* (1872), is, like Hunter, mainly interested in the normal action of the former upon the latter. But he quotes freely from Braid; and includes hypnotism in his plea for a reasoned system of psycho-therapeutics. Still more influential was the *Mental Physiology* of Dr. Carpenter (1874), which 'threw down the gauntlet' to the narrow materialism of the Tyndalls, Huxleys and Cliffords. If his theory of 'unconscious cerebration' involved fierce controversies with 'Mesmerist' and 'Spiritualist' opponents, his quotations from Tuke and Braid, his advocacy of mental healing, his use of the term 'suggestion,' cleared the way for the approaching advance.

For while theorists wrangled, a provincial practitioner acted. As a medical student, Dr. Liébeault had come across a work on 'Animal Magnetism' and had found he could 'magnetize'; as a country doctor, he had realized that the physician's simple *dictum* influences, for good or ill. The thrifty French peasant was secured as a 'subject' by the prospect of cures without medicine—and without fee; and in 1860—the year in which Braid died, and Quimby began the practice of Christian Science—he opened a free dispensary at Nancy. His practice, being among the poor, attracted no attention; of his first work, which shewed

a width of reading extending to Carpenter and Braid, he sold but one copy. It was not till 1882, that Dr. Bernheim, a well-known Nancy physician, came in contact with the humble colleague of whom he became the disciple; and it was Bernheim's work *De la Suggestion* (1882) which made them both famous. Its success was the more rapid, as its appearance almost coincided with the foundation of the English Society for Psychical Research, which provided Europe with a clearing-house for students of these obscure topics, and Myers with the basis for his valuable hypothesis of the 'subliminal self.'

From this 'first school of Nancy' descend all existing schools of medical hypnotism; including that 'second school of Nancy,' of which Coué was the prophet, and M. Baudouin is the scribe; and which lays special, perhaps exaggerated, stress on the subjective side of the 'suggestive' process.

But there remained, and still remains, a variety of cases recalcitrant even to 'suggestive' and 'hypnotic,' no less than to simply 'persuasive,' treatment.

These methods seem most applicable to the neurasthenic or simpler forms of functional disorder, in which the normal interaction of mind and body is simply intensified, and the attention unduly concentrated on morbid issues or processes. They seem less efficacious in the 'psychasthenic' disorders—hysteria, obsessions, phobias and many forms of mental derangement. In these cases the exciting cause is often obscure; and there seems to be less an excessive concentration of attention than a tendency to 'dissociation,' to partition of consciousness, to the total suppression of certain original characteristics, to the alternation of conscious and subconscious elements, each with its own train of memories.

Such cases sometimes belong to the hystero-epileptic class, on which, during the eighties, Charcot and his school conducted such startling experiments

at the Salpêtrière. Cure was not their aim or their result. Their theoretic conclusions are long since exploded; but they supplied a basis for all subsequent students of 'abnormal psychology.'

Among these was the Viennese alienist Sigmund Freud. Experiment led him at last to the conclusion that in such cases there were always 'repressed' emotions and memories, which, secluded from the normal consciousness, exist subconsciously as what we may term an often malignant mental growth, which poisons or saps the vitality of both body and mind. By methods of singular ingenuity, by treating involuntary words, gestures and dreams as 'autoscopes' or self-revealers, he learned to probe and finally to open these festering internal sores. This constitutes the much-discussed method of 'psycho-analysis,' which has incurred unnecessary opprobium owing to inappropriate application, and to Freud's own theory that the 'repressed' is always sensual, often criminal in content. But the teachings of the late War, and the studies of Dr. Jung (Freud's ablest follower) have demonstrated that any conflict of elemental passions may lead to the morbid 'suppression,' rather than to the wholesome 'transformation,' of one of the opposing factors.

Methods of mental healing may thus be arranged in a descending scale. From the scientific point of view we must place in a single category Religious healing[1] and the Persuasive practice of those distinguished nerve-specialists who renounce the aid of hypnotism. Among these we may specially mention Dubois of Berne and Dejerine of Paris, remarkable no

[1] Whether practised under the auspices of 'Churches of Christ, Scientist,' of bodies such as the American 'Emmanuel Fellowship,' or the English 'Guild of Health,' or by devout individuals in all religious communities.

less for the brilliant monographs they have published, than for their practical successes. For in Religious and Persuasive cures the *modus operandi* is the same. The recuperative energies owe their revival to an ardent confidence in a person or a thesis. The person may be human or superhuman, the thesis mystic or scientific. *Pace* Dr. Jung, however (whose dogmatic 'atheism' contrasts strangely with his scientific modesty), it is difficult to see how purely scientific argument can reach the depths of a consciousness once awakened to a thirst for the Divine. To this Dr. Dejerine would at any rate subscribe; since he finds in mystical and, when these are absent, in metaphysical motives the final method of appeal.

But such treatment, whether Religious or Persuasive, demands exceptional exponents and very often that expenditure of time, which for many spells money.

'Persuasionists' deprecate with extreme emphasis the resort to hypnotism, as an appeal to 'inferior' faculties, as a presumptuous and hazardous tampering with the unity of consciousness. Nevertheless, the direct intercourse with the 'subconscious' or more primitive mental layers which even slight hypnosis involves, is often an invaluable assistance. In 'persuasion' the curative ideas themselves receive a special emphasis and are thrown into vivid relief; 'hypnotism' attains the same end in more rapid fashion, by the relative and temporary 'lowering' of all possibly conflicting interests. Most consultants do not hesitate to combine the two methods.

And lastly, for those profound mental lesions which evade external observation, the skill of the trained psycho-analyst—the 'surgeon of the mind,' as we may call him—must be called into requisition.

In conclusion: To what diseases do psychotherapeutics apply? In some sense to all; for in all disease, if we accept Hunter's *dictum*, a mental

element is involved. "I killed five," cries the Plague-goddess of the fable. "Fear killed the rest." When the *vis medicatrix naturæ* is knitting the broken bone, the state of the mind can retard or hasten the process. There is strong reason to believe that repeated functional disturbance may initiate organic disease; and what mind has caused it ought to be able to alleviate. The origin of cancer is unknown; but its growth accelerates, once the victim has recognized his foe. On the other hand, if the fractured ends do not correctly approximate, the *vis medicatrix naturæ* cannot repair the fault; nor can any amount of mental treatment enable it to do so. The value of psycho-therapeutics must vary according to the amount of organic injury or the violence of toxic infection; and their supreme *champ de bataille* must ever remain that of the 'nervous,' *alias* 'functional,' *alias* 'mentally induced,' disorders.

H. C. Foxcroft.

SOME JOTTINGS ON THE SLAVONIC JOSEPHUS.

THE present writer has followed with keen interest the successive articles which have appeared in THE QUEST on the subject of the John-and-Jesus passages in the 'Slavonic Josephus.' Students of Christian Origins are once again deeply indebted to Mr. Mead for rendering accessible to English readers additional material for their consideration on this important topic.

Readers of THE QUEST have already had very lucidly presented to them the main issues of the problem, and it is with a view to supplementing what has been said, rather than to criticize, that the present article has been written. The writer feels that insufficient stress has been laid on the internal evidence of the Old Russian Josephus passages, and the following jottings are intended to elucidate the language of the passages by reference to the more striking parallels and allusions which they present. If these in any way help to determine the vexed question of authorship, the writer will have been amply repaid.

Piece i. 3-4.

He came to the Jews and summoned them to freedom, saying: God hath sent me, that I may show you the way of the Law, wherein ye may free yourselves from many holders of power. And there will be no mortal ruling over you, only the Highest who hath sent me.

Compare with these verses of the Old Russian version the Greek *Antiqq.* xviii. 1.6:

But of the fourth sect of Jewish philosophy, Judas the Galilean was the author. These men agree in all other things with the Pharisaic notions; but they have an inviolable attachment to liberty; and they say that God is to be their only Ruler and Lord.

John clearly avouches himself an adherent of the Galilean party. Can he have believed Judas to have been the Messiah, when he cries: "He that cometh after me is mightier than I, etc."? It is difficult to believe that he had no person in his mind. The application in the Gospels of *Isaiah* 40 to John tends if anything to increase this possibility, as very distinct allusions are made in this chapter to the sovereignty of God. Should this surmise be correct, the beginning of the Baptist's ministry would date *circa* 3-7 A.D.[1] The position of the passage in the Old Russian Josephus, following *Wars* ii. 7. 2, is then quite natural. It might be added that John's doubts concerning Jesus (*Matth.* $11_{2\text{-}3}$) may have arisen from a 'once bitten twice shy' policy.

For verse 3 cp. also Jn. 1_6:

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.

Piece i. 5.

And when the people had heard this, they were joyful. And there went after him all Judæa, that lies in the region round Jerusalem.

The latter part of this verse is nearly identical with *Mk.* 1_5:

[1] The Ebionite Gospel began: "And it came to pass in the days of Herod the King of Judæa there came John baptizing a baptism of repentance in the river Jordan" (Epiph. *Hær.* xxx. 13). This is another testimony to the earlier date of John's ministry. In Matthew's Gospel again, the statement of Archelaus' accession (*Matth.* 2_{22}) is followed by: "In those days came John the Baptist," obviously leaving it to be inferred that this took place in the reign of Archelaus.

And there went out unto him all the land of Judæa, and they of Jerusalem.

Piece i. 9.

And to this he made answer and spake: I am pure; (for) the Spirit of God hath led me on, and (I live on) cane and roots and tree-food.

The word which Mr. Mead renders tree-food, and the German, *Holzspäne*, was probably in the original *meli agrion*, wild honey, an exudation from the bark of certain trees. Reland (*Palæstina Illustrata*, i. 59) writes:

Here, honey, besides that which the bees make, is produced in large quantity in the woods and oozes from trees.

According to verse 11 John lived in the woods. While commenting on this point we may note that in the Old Russian Josephus (Piece iii. 10), John refrained from animal food; and similarly in the Ebionite Gospel locusts are omitted from John's diet, and we read that:

His food was wild honey, whereof the taste was of manna, like a cake made with oil. (Epiph. *Hær.* xxx. 13.)

Piece iii. 7.

Now when Herod heard (this), he was filled with wrath.

A mediæval Hebrew MS. of Matthew's Gospel uses these identical words in *Matth.* 2₃.[1]

Piece iii. 9.

Just like a bodiless spirit.

In the Ebionite Gospel Jesus after his resurrection says to his disciples:

I am not a bodiless demon (*daimonion asōmaton*).

[1] Du Tillet, *Evangelium Matthæi ex Hebræo fideliter redditum* (Paris, 1555).

Piece iv. 6.

And all that he (Jesus) wrought through some kind of invisible power, he wrought by word and command.

Compare *Lk.* 4$_{36}$.

And they were all amazed, and spake among themselves saying, What a word is this! for with authority and power he commandeth the unclean spirits, and they come out.

Piece iv. 21-24.

This passage relates the first arrest of Jesus, his examination by Pilate and subsequent release, and finishes by stating that:

He went to his accustomed place and wrought his accustomed works.

One of the *Toldoth Jeshu* has a similar story so alike in its essential details that it is difficult to believe that both accounts do not depend from the same tradition. In the *Toldoth* Queen Helena takes the place of Pilate, and there are several other differences, but the story finishes on the same note:

So Jeshu went speedily to Jordan; and when he had washed and purified himself, he declared again the Name and repeated his former miracles.

Both in the *Toldoth Jeshu* and the Old Russian Josephus the second arrest and execution of Jesus follow shortly after.

Piece v.

This deals with the early Christians, and there are many similarities to the *Acts of the Apostles* narrative. The disciples speak about their teacher:

That he is living, although he is dead, and that he will free you from your servitude. (Cp. *Acts* 2$_{22-40}$, 3$_{12-26}$, 25$_{19}$.)

The governors say:

In the plain course such wonders do not occur. But if they do not issue from the counsel of God, they will quickly be convicted. (Cp. Gamaliel's speech, *Acts* 5^{38}.)

Piece vi.

At it (the barrier of the Temple) were columns . . . . and on these inscriptions in Greek and Roman and Jewish characters publishing the law of purity and (proclaiming) that no foreigner should enter the inner (court).

The inscription relating to foreigners presents no difficulty, one such in Greek having been found in 1871; while for the other, concerning the law of purity, the following passage from the Talmud may be adduced:

Queen Helena made the golden candlestick which was at the entrance of the Temple. She also set up a golden tablet with the inscription of the portion of Scripture relating to the Trial of Jealousy. (*Yoma*, fol. 37 A.)

Piece vi. now goes on to speak of another inscription concerning Jesus, to the effect:

Jesus has not reigned as king; he has been crucified by the Jews, etc.

This of course may be no more than a garbled account of the inscription put up over the cross; but it seems worth mentioning that Paul writing to the Galatians, says:

Who hath bewitched you . . . . before whose gaze Jesus Christ has been publicly placarded as crucified. (*Gal.* 3^{1}.)

In concluding these few jottings the writer would like to remark that two sources seem to lie behind these Old Russian Josephus passages: (1) Judæo-Christian, represented by Ebionite documents such as the *Gospel of the Hebrews*; (2) Jewish, represented by

the *Talmud* and the *Toldoth Jeshu*. These two sources may in reality be one, as the latter traditions may well have been derived from the former. In the early Christian centuries intercourse was frequent between the Judæo-Christians and their non-Christian brethren; and it is the writer's personal opinion that the original *Toldoth Jeshu* was a counterblast to the *Gospel of the Hebrews*. This is all the more likely when it is remembered that it was the Jewish custom to name their books from the opening words. Thus *Exodus* is in Hebrew *Shemoth* from the opening words of this book '*we-eleh shemoth*.' The title *Toldoth Jeshu* (*Generations of Jesus*) must then have been taken from a book beginning with these words. The only known Gospel which does so is of course *Matthew*, which opens with: "The Book of the Generations of Jesus." Now it was commonly held that the *Gospel of the Hebrews* was the lost Hebrew Gospel of Matthew; and it is possible that if this work should ever be recovered entire, it will show itself to be the basis of many of the *Toldoth* stories.

One of those who used the *Gospel of the Hebrews* was the great Judæo-Christian historian Hegesippus (Josephus) who flourished *circa* 160 A.D. Most of his works have unfortunately been lost; but he is known to have written *Memoirs of Christ and his Apostles* in five books, fragments of which have been preserved in Eusebius' *Ecclesiastical History*. The tone of these fragments, especially that relating to the death of James the Lord's brother (Euseb. *Eccl. Hist.* ii. 23), is strangely like the Greek and Old Russian Josephus passages relating to John, Jesus and James. This Judæo-Christian Josephus covered much the same ground as the Jewish Josephus; and while the former

may have incorporated much of the latter's writings in recounting the last days of Jewish Independence into his own book, it is not improbable that passages concerning John, Jesus and James, written by the Judæo-Christian historian, were inserted more or less *en bloc* in the Jewish Josephus.

Whiston may not after all have been wrong in believing that the Josephus who wrote the Christian references which appear in his Histories was an Ebionite.

HUGH SCHONFIELD.

SCIENCE AND PRECONCEIVED PERFECTION.

Professor D. Fraser Harris,
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Attempts have been made to hinder the progress of science by many things but by none more than by preconceptions. These ideas were very often assertions purporting to embody some religious opinion or doctrine to which anything new must conform or forthwith be rejected.

For instance, it was assumed by the early Greek philosophers that, since the circle was a 'perfect' figure and the heavenly bodies were also perfect—as seemed then self-evident—these heavenly bodies must revolve in circles. The Ptolemaic system in astronomy was based on this assumption. There was thus considerable opposition to the demonstration that the planets revolved in ellipses. These perfect bodies moving in perfect circles were supposed to make perfect harmonies—'the music of the spheres.' No one had heard it; but that did not matter; it must be perfect music since it was produced in heavenly places.

Galileo was greatly worried over these preconceived notions about perfection. The sun was perfect—that was self-evident; yet Galileo had been rash and irreverent enough to discover 'spots' on the luminary. These spots were physical appearances discernible by the telescope; but Galileo's critics, choosing to take

the term in the sense of moral blemishes, condemned the astronomer as a thoroughly impious person.

This ascription of moral worth to inert objects has been the cause of a good deal of trouble from time to time in the history of progress.

In the case of Galileo, it was not simply that he asserted the earth moved round the sun, but that he had declared the heavenly bodies, like this terrestrial globe, 'corruptible.'

He might have been warned by the fate of Copernicus, whose work, disproving that this small planet was the centre of the universe, was placed on the Index. The theologians seem to have been very sensitive about astronomical heresy. Bruno was burnt because, amongst other things, he had speculated on the 'plurality of worlds.'

The orthodox view was geocentric and anthropocentric: this planet was the most important in creation, and man the most important being in it.

This sort of thing we find also in Aristotle's view of animal heat. Aristotle regarded the heat of the animal, and particularly the heat of the human body, as of a far finer essence than heat of non-vital origin. The heat in the human body was supposed to be something allied in its essence to the energy displayed by the stars, which, regarded as sentient beings, were held to preside over human destiny. The expressions 'ill-starred' and 'my stars!' refer to this belief.

The view lingered for very long, although the acute mind of Shakespeare evidently doubted it, for he makes Cassius say:

> **The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars**
> **But in ourselves that we are underlings.**

Notions of preconceived perfection troubled the

great William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. It is of course of the essence of the Harveian doctrine that the blood, the same blood, which leaves the left side of the heart by the arteries for distribution to the body, returns by the veins to the right side of the heart. It is like the procession of stage-warriors: there may be only a dozen of them; but as they go out at one door and come in by another, they create the impression of a never-ending procession; yet it is always the same twelve men.

One of Harvey's correspondents, Dr. Caspar Hoffmann of Nüremberg, had objected to the idea of the circulation, because he considered that Harvey had

impeached Nature of folly and error, had imputed to her the character of a most clumsy and inefficient artificer in suffering the blood to become recrudescent and making it return again and again to the heart in order to be reconcocted, to grow effete, as often, in the general system, thus uselessly spoiling the perfectly made blood merely to find her something to do.

Hoffmann's amazing criticism amounts to this: The blood cannot keep on returning to the heart, because that indicates an imperfect arrangement; now the arrangements of the heart are perfect; therefore there is no circulation. The results of experimental research could not be correct because, forsooth, Hoffmann believed that the heart works 'perfectly' in some manner other than that involving a circulation of blood through it. This is the *à priori* argument *in excelsis*. It is extremely typical of the sort of reasoning that proceeds from preconceived ideas. It was employed to quite within our own day.

Another excellent example is the criticism which Stensen had to endure for saying that the heart was a muscle. Nicholas Stensen, the Dane, was a doctor

of medicine and an eminent man of science who studied anatomy and biology experimentally with great success. His dissections showed him that the heart was a complicated arrangement of muscular fibres; that it was, in fact, a hollow muscle. His critics, however, held that as the soul was in the heart, it was impossible that the heart could be a 'common muscle'; the mere suggestion was rank impiety. Stensen was duly censured for such irreverence. To us to-day it seems ludicrous that such puerile criticism should have stood in the way of physiological discovery; but the strangling power of preconceived ideas is vast.

The progress of anatomy in the Middle Ages was very much impeded by the ban placed upon dissection by the Mohammedan injunction against it. The Koran decreed that to touch a dead body made a person ceremonially unclean; dissection, especially of the human body, was consequently impossible. The Jews had no greater liberty in this respect than the Arabs. The result was that the Jewish and Arabian doctors of the Middle Ages kept on repeating the statements of the Greek and Roman writers on anatomy. They verified nothing and they discovered nothing.

It was one of the minor results of the Renaissance that the study of *practical* anatomy was revived and introduced first into the medical schools of the Continent and then after a due interval into England.

The case of Tagliacozzi is typical of opposition to science through preconceived notions about theoretical perfection. Gasparo Tagliacozzi was an Italian surgeon who flourished in the middle of the sixteenth century, and who had specialized in those operations known as 'plastic,' whereby he repaired noses, ears and lips by grafting skin from the arm. The operation for a new

nose (rhinoplasty) was his most famous achievement. He had plenty of opportunity to perform such operations; for both in duelling and in the perpetual wars of that period the most prominent features of the face were apt to be mutilated.

By his scientific brethren his work was thought very highly of, and he is commemorated by a life-size statue in the anatomical theatre of the University of Bologna. But in other circles it aroused the fiercest opposition: he was denounced for his impiety in daring to alter the human countenance 'made in the image of God'! The excitement even outlasted his life; for after many years in the grave, his bones were dug up and scattered by order of the Ecclesiastical authorities. The gravamen of the charge against Tagliacozzi was his irreverence in interfering with the human face; it would seem to have been quite allowable to mutilate this sacred part of the body in war, but thoroughly immoral to try to remedy the damage.

Benjamin Franklin demonstrated the identity of lightning and electricity and recommended the use of lightning-conductors; but he had the greatest possible difficulty in overcoming resistance to his recommendations on the ground that he was interfering with the divinely sent thunder and lightning.

Yet another case of the same sort of thing is the opposition to Jenner's discovery of the efficacy of vaccination against small-pox. Jenner had many trials to bear; in some quarters it was not thanks he got for his trouble in showing mankind how they might avoid one of the most dreadful scourges that had ever afflicted it.

A Rev. Dr. Rowley, who otherwise would have remained unheard of, evidently imagining himself

honoured by special participation in the divine counsels, declared:

> Small-pox is a visitation from God, but cow-pox is produced by presumptuous man. The former is what Heaven has ordained, the latter is a daring violation of our holy religion.

Such nonsense is intolerable. How could Jenner possibly be responsible for cow-pox, when, as a disease of cattle, it was in existence æons before he was born?

To concoct theoretical, *à priori* statements about the supposed divine or other origin of disease was nothing short of an outrage on an investigator who was endeavouring to discover a remedy for a world-wide scourge, that had preyed upon mankind from the very dawn of history.

But before the time of Jenner there was similar trouble over inoculation of small-pox itself. This practice was based on the fact, familiar enough to everyone in the reign of George I., that anyone who had had small-pox was extremely unlikely to get it a second time. The Turks, Circassians and Chinese had for long inoculated small-pox in the hope that by having it mildly they would be immune from it when an epidemic came.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague, wife of the British Ambassador at Constantinople, had been so impressed with the immunity from serious small-pox conferred by the previous inoculation of it, that she caused her infant, born in Constantinople, to be inoculated there.

But as Voltaire, in his *Letters on England*, says:

> The chaplain represented to this lady, but to no purpose, that this was an unchristian operation and therefore that it could succeed only with none but infidels.

Truly a discriminating specificity of action—a new test for believers! As is well known, Lady Mary

introduced inoculation into England and undoubtedly saved thousands of lives thereby.

The story of the opposition to the views of Franz Joseph Gall, the founder of the pseudo-science of phrenology, is another case in point. Gall was not objected to because he taught an absurd system of cerebral physiology, but because he had outraged religion in Vienna by teaching that mental and moral qualities had their physical basis in the brain. He was 'materialistic' because he asserted that mental and moral states were conditioned by (brain) matter; and to be 'materialistic' about 1800 was the next thing to being an atheist. It was as well for Oliver Wendell Holmes, when he published his *Mechanism in Thought and Morals*, that he did not live in Vienna in 1800.

Gall was groping after what we now call the localization of functions in the brain; and he was the first to hint that there was a centre for speech in the grey matter, a region of the organ of the mind devoted to the expression of ideas by appropriate words. All subsequent work has confirmed his contention. The title of his objectionable work was: *The Anatomy and Physiology of the Nervous System in General and of the Brain in Particular, with Observations on the Possibility of Recognizing Various Intellectual and Moral Dispositions of Man and of Animals by the Configuration of their Heads.*

To attribute man's moral qualities to any physical organ was reprehensible in a high degree; and so Gall was driven from righteously scandalized Austria and took refuge in Paris, where he practised as a physician and lectured on the brain until his death in 1828.

Had the experimental physiology of the brain and nervous system been in a more advanced state when

Gall was studying cerebral localization, the chances are he would not have lost his way as he did in the intellectual morass of phrenology.

One of the best examples of attempts to obstruct the beneficent progress of medical science, by alleging it contrary to nature and to religion, is that of the introduction of chloroform.

It was assumed that pain must not be removed by any 'artificial' means, that to abolish pain even of childbirth was 'contrary to Nature.' Just as Tagliacozzi had been denounced as sacrilegious for tampering remedially with the human countenance, so Simpson was villified for endeavouring to mitigate human pain. When a lady told him that it was contrary to Nature for him to remove the pains of childbirth, he replied:

> It was contrary to Nature for you to come over the water in a steamer to see me.

When the Scottish clergy quoted from Genesis the curse on Eve—"in sorrow shalt thou bring forth," —Simpson quoted against them: "And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh instead thereof." From this Simpson argued that prior to this very early case of resection of a rib there was due preparation made for it by general anæsthesia.

If we did nothing except what is conformable to a state of Nature, we should still be wrapped in sheepskins and be living in the caverns and dens of the earth.

D. Fraser Harris.

SPEAKING WITH TONGUES IN EARLY CHRISTENDOM.

THE EDITOR.

(SUMMARY: Tense state of excitement and expectation of early Christian communities. The world-end terror. Confirmed by supposed fulfilment of prediction of outpouring of spirit in last days in vision and prophecy. Spiritual favours of the early years in general and speaking with tongues in particular. Paul's description and evaluation of the phenomenon. The Pentecostal wonder essentially different and belonging to another order of ideas. The Acts-account most probably a dogmatically conditioned after-thought. What light, if any, can the modern phenomena of psychical research throw on the two accounts? Gradual suppression of 'prophecy' in the Early Church. The Montanist protest and its support by the orthodox Tertullian.)

IT is a great effort for the modern mind, with its so different modes of thought and moods of feeling, to picture to itself with sympathetic understanding the extraordinary tensity of the mental and emotional atmosphere in which the earliest Christian communities grew up. The prosaic mind of to-day, hardened by the hammer of history, cannot re-live the poignancy of the birth-pangs of the then new faith. Least of all can we react uncritically to what was then the all-powerful stimulus of an unquestioning conviction that the end of all things was at hand. In those earliest days this was a tremendous, indeed the chief, driving power. In the nature of things, however, such an abnormal state of high pressure could not be

maintained. The everyday course of events, the ever recurrent actualities of world-continuance, could not fail gradually to damp down the intensity of its ardour. Though even to this day the notion is retained as formal dogma in theology, it has practically sunk into invisibility beyond the most remote horizons of expectation. The starkness of its original outlines is now veiled in symbolic guise, and allowed to re-emerge only in such sublimated and spiritualized forms as that of the great 'far-off divine event.' How different was it then !—world-doom inescapably close at hand, awaited, well-nigh momentarily, with fear and trembling, in the fullest objective physical sense.

What a waste of emotional energy apparently! And yet at the same time, in spite of this grossly erroneous miscalculation in world-outlook, a great world-faith, instinct with spiritual values, was being born.

The transmuting power of the spirit seems almost to require hiddenness for its work. It is hidden from us by our ignorance and false imaginings, the latter especially with regard to our ultimate destiny. And this will doubtless long continue to be so; for even the most reasonable view conceivable in our mortal state must in the nature of things be far removed from the truth. In those distant days, when world-knowing was incomparably cruder than it is to-day, the wise power of the spirit was nevertheless assuredly at work in the heart, and perhaps all the more unimpeded because of the very vain imagination of the head. Lives and characters were regenerated and reformed,—not that the faithful might face in safety the 'trials' and terrors of a miraculous universal doom or world-judgment, as they supposed, but rather to fit them the better for continuing service here and hereafter. Had it not been for this deeper sanity, the over-tense psychic atmosphere of the new fellowship would have proved dangerously upsetting to the vast majority of the converted. And even so, it is highly probable that the ever-present sense of

the immediacy of the imagined coming catastrophe did actually strain some of the most emotional to breaking-point.

Of this, perhaps naturally enough, we have no direct word in the New Testament records. But, from elsewhere recorded facts of history, we know that such breakdowns not infrequently occur in times of far more pedestrian local popular revivals; while regular epidemics of religious fanaticism have broken out from time to time throughout the centuries with disastrous results on a larger scale. Distasteful enough as such comparisons may be even for the 'modernist,' they are quite intolerable for the 'fundamentalist'; for the latter must perforce look back on these early days as being quite uniquely under the inspiration and guidance of the Divine Spirit in all ways and in all things. But for all of us, no matter how progressive we may be, the ways of the blowing of the wind of the spirit are beyond our present powers of proper comprehension. The 'transliminal' has only just begun to be studied. As yet we know almost next to nothing of the 'logic' of the emotions which play so decisive a part in the life of religion. Nevertheless we know that reasons of the heart pay little attention to what seems of primary importance to our work-a-day common-sense reasoning. It may then be that, in this case also, what seems, and legitimately, to our present-day positive-mindedness so gross a miscalculation, should in the scale of spiritual values, which envisage the greater life of which our earthly existence is but a cross-section, be judged of as an error of relatively little moment compared with the permanent good of change for the better in life and character, which indeed, paradoxically enough, the emotional stress occasioned by the fond hopes and fears of the faithful fostered.

To-day, however, we can no longer react to such a stimulus; for it was conditioned essentially by an unquestioning belief in miracle. For us moderns the world-order is throughout a realm of law; law is the foundation of the whole creative economy. Were it not so, all hope of the intelligibility of the world-process would have to be abandoned, and therewith any attempt to vindicate the wisdom of the divine operation stultified. But even so, theoretically, it is quite a secular possibility that our small solar system might suffer collision with some other stellar body in the relatively densely populated fields of space. Such collisions

do occur, and the wonder for students of astral physics is that they are not more frequent. The body of our insignificant planet might then very well be disintegrated, and comparatively suddenly, in the natural course of events. But again, even so, would the life of our humanity be as catastrophically determined for ever together with its earthly habitat? By no means; it might quite conceivably continue otherwise and otherwhere, if at any rate we may, not unreasonably, use the analogy of what most of us hold happens to the lives of its individual units, whose bodies are daily destroyed by violence, disease or old-age. As inescapable fact, no one of us can definitely count on his continued existence from day to day, from hour to hour, even from minute to minute. But if we were always dwelling on this thought, for ever imagining death close at hand, we should, most of us at any rate, be rendered quite unfit for work in the world. Nothing in which we are usually so keenly interested, would seem worth while. Why then are so few obsessed with such a phobia? Presumably, either because the deeper life in the ground of our being imposes a beneficent forgetfulness upon our ephemeral consciousness; or because this greater and wiser life, in which we all share, dowers us with a deep subconscious instinct which knows that the activity of the true man, the work of the spirit in man, is not limited to this earthly existence, and cannot be cut short by the death of the physical body. We all of us thus instinctively carry on. So in those early days, too, when the world-end terror obsessed the general mind of ancient Christendom, they still continued to carry on; and this is perhaps a proof not only that the normal spiritual nisus was in play, but that it was at work with intensified energy.

And yet the early Christians were by no means without excuse for their besetting eschatological conviction. The general notion was of course not a novelty. The ground of it was taken over, like so much else, from Jewry. No doubt Christianity wove all the relevant threads together into the pattern of a characteristic scheme of salvation of its own. But the yarns of this tissue were supplied in the first place by the prophetical and apocalyptic industry of genera-

tions of Jewish thinkers and visionaries, some of whom were tinctured by the influence of cognate ideas in Persian religion. Christianity emerged out of an already peculiarly distinctive and highly developed tradition, possessed of a wealth of scriptures of very unequal value. It claimed to be itself the finest flower of this tradition. By its heredity Christianity was equipped, as to the past, with what it whole-heartedly believed to be the unique record of all world-history, composed and written down under the authority of divine warrants, and, for the future, with a mass of prophecy, replete with promises and threats similarly warranted. The whole was conceived of as working together under the guiding principle that world-history was world-judgment. For Israel moreover world-destiny depended solely on the behaviour of one specially chosen race,—namely themselves. But already before the birth of Christianity, among the Jews in certain circles a more spiritual view had emerged; the 'race' must mean the 'righteous' of all the nations apart from any question of blood-descent. To this more enlightened belief Christianity succeeded; but unfortunately at the same time it retained the ancient arrogance by claiming that it was itself in fine that righteous race.

But if Judgment-day was close at hand, what chance was there of the 'righteous' being more than a mere handful? Perhaps this did not distress them over-much. Second Adventist self-styled 'saints' have not infrequently been of that way of thinking and with complete satisfaction to themselves. However this may have been, from the thought of the near approach of the Day they could not get away. The corrupt state of 'the world' appeared to these over-strung pious to be past praying for; they could see no other way out than by its violent disruption. Not only so, but they were doubly convinced they were right, seeing

that the most characteristic sign of that End was being manifested abundantly among them. Had not the Prophet Joel foretold that in those days there would be a miraculous outpouring of the spirit in manifold vision and prophesying?

The early Christian communities lived in daily assurance that the Holy Spirit—the Spirit of God or of his Messiah, for it was all one—was manifestly present with them. The new members were at a very early date formally made partakers in the Spirit by the sacramental laying on of hands. Thus admitted to communion with the faithful, they were held to have entered into a general state of 'grace,' in which spiritual 'gifts' or 'favours' of various kinds and degrees were bestowed on them from on high according to each recipient's capacity. The canonical documents leave us in no doubt that, not only mystical experiences of a high order, but also a welter of psychical phenomena, objective and subjective, were a marked—indeed the most characteristic—feature of the new way. The commonest psychical manifestation of the reception of a spiritual favour, which sometimes followed immediately on the laying on of hands, was what is known as speaking with tongues or in a tongue.

Our earliest and fullest source of information is supplied by the First Letter of Paul to the community at Corinth, which seems to have been inordinately proud of its tongue-speaking. To enlighten the ignorance of his gentile converts the Apostle admirably instructs them concerning the diversified nature of spiritual favours and their comparative value.

Paul clears the way by first declaring (ch. 12) that the decisive proof of speaking in the Holy Spirit or Spirit of God is the confession that Jesus is Lord. But within this general confession there are numerous

diversities of spiritual gifts, of services, of in-workings all proceeding from one and the same spirit. Every gift, however, is intended for the benefit of the community and not for private satisfaction.

From such favours he specially selects for mention: the gift of speaking a word of wisdom or a word of (spiritual) knowledge (*gnōsis*); of (arousing or strengthening) faith; of (various supernormal—supernatural, as they believed) powers; of prophesying; of judging or testing spirits; of kinds of tongues and of their interpretation. (Thus, though it comes in the last place, glossolaly, as it is technically termed, is definitely included by Paul among spiritual gifts.) All such favours are proofs of the recipient's sharing in the one Spirit, which is now symbolled forth as the (mystic) Body of the Christ. Of this Spirit-Body there are distinctions of powers, figured as 'members' or 'limbs,' all necessary one way or another for its proper functioning. The diversities of gifts are as the distinctions of powers; all who possess them, thus share in a common spiritual membership. But as the limbs of the body have not all the same dignity, so the gifts have not all the same value. This may be seen more clearly from the way in which Paul arranges his second list,—namely: apostleship; prophesying; teaching; (supernormal) powers; healings; apprehensions; guidings; (and again last of all) kinds of tongues. They who possess the last gift only, should strive to be worthy to receive one of the greater favours.

Thereupon we come to the truly spiritual heart of the whole matter, when Paul bursts into his magnificent Hymn of Love, beginning with the words: "If I speak with the tongues of men and angels,[1] and

[1] So even in the Revised Version. But to both 'men' and 'angels' the Greek prefixes the definite article, suggesting strongly that some far more distinctive meaning must attach to the words. For Paul, a 'tongue' in this connection was never a comprehensible human language. Accordingly 'tongues of men' here are nothing to the point; the phrase is a feeble banality. But what if the Apostle, as frequently elsewhere, is using technical terms familiar to his hearers or readers? What if he intended dramatically to begin his pæan with the strong and striking phrase: 'the tongues of the Men, yea of the Messengers'? The celestial Men and heavenly Messengers, the perfect Men, were, as a matter of fact, very familiar terms in certain 'Gnostic' circles, as students of Mandæan and some other allied documents are well aware.

have not love, I have become ringing brass or clashing cymbal." Even, he goes on to say, if he is a prophet and knows all the mysteries and all the gnōsis and has complete faith to remove mountains, and has not love, he is naught. And so he continues to soar to ever greater heights in praise of Love. Prophecy, tongues, gnōsis may cease; Love alone eternally abides.

Later on (ch. 14) Paul declares that he who speaks with a tongue, does not speak to man, but to God, for no one hears (intelligibly); but he speaks mysteries either to the Spirit or in spirit (for it is not clear what the precise meaning is). Paul desires, however, to put the practice in its proper place: though he would that all the Corinthians speak with tongues, they should value it only as a preliminary stage in the development towards the higher gift of prophesying in an understandable language. Let then the 'tongue-speaker' pray that he may be able first of all to interpret his own incomprehensible ecstatic utterance. And so their wise mentor continues: "If I pray in a tongue, my spirit prays, but my mind is barren. What then (is to be done)? I will pray with my spirit, but I will pray with my mind also." And he concludes with the remarkable words: "I thank God I speak with tongues more than ye all (? in private); but in church I would rather speak five words with my mind, that I may instruct others also, than ten thousand in a tongue."[1]

From these exceedingly interesting concluding words then, we learn that Paul is a very exceptional authority on the matter. He is speaking of a phenomenon, not only that he had witnessed very frequently in the case of others, but of which he had had very abundant experience in his own person. Now Paul was by no means a fool, and he would not have indulged in tongue-speaking, even in private, if it had been simply babbling. It must then have been something

[1] Though in other Pauline Letters there are some further references to spiritual gifts in general, nothing more is said about speaking with tongues in particular.

else. But whatever else it was, the one clear fact that emerges, is that it was always incomprehensible to those present.

Such being the case, it is quite impossible, in my opinion, to believe that Paul would have failed to qualify this repeated statement, had he known of the grandiose account of the Jerusalem Apostolic speaking with tongues at the Pentecostal theophany as given in Acts 2.[1] Here we are face to face with a totally different happening and evaluation. If the speaking seemed to the scoffers to be the confused speech of drunkards, it was not only comprehensible to the impressed, but each of them miraculously heard one and the same utterance in his own language. It was thus no speaking with the spirit apart from the mind, in the Pauline sense, but rather with an enhanced rational power of polyglot intelligibility.

I cannot see how any but a radical fundamentalist can get away from the very strong impression that the account, in the form we now have it, belongs to a far later age. Let it be, if you will, early in the second century; but an age that was losing all touch with actual history and adorning and sublimating early accounts in the interest of ever more rapidly developing dogmas. The thought that the Twelve could have been tongue-speakers in the ordinary sense was now no longer to be endured. It thus became necessary to differentiate straitly the now dogmatically necessitated first manifestation of glossolaly from what had long become one of the commonest phenomena in the Church. There must also have been considerable conflict before the accommodated account was generally accepted; for it was directly in face of the testimony of Paul and his personal confession—the confession of one who had done more than any other to spread the faith—that he thanked God he spake with tongues more than them all.

[1] In the same document, moreover, there are two other instances of speaking with tongues, and yet in both cases we have precisely the same phenomenon that Paul describes.

It is not possible within the space at my disposal to reproduce a detailed critical analysis of the Acts-account. It has been frequently made, and most recently by Loisy in his exhaustive commentary.[1] Within the usual canons of research it is exceedingly difficult to rebut the many objections to the authenticity of the narrative. But can present-day knowledge of psychical phenomena, which classical commentating ignores, in any way help us to a more favourable view of the Pentecostal wonder? Before hazarding an answer, a brief consideration of glossolaly in general from this point of view must be essayed.

It is possible that all rudimentary attempts at speaking 'under control' may have been lumped together as 'tongue-speaking' in the 'supernatural' climate of opinion of those days. In what are called 'developing circles' among the Spiritualists it is usual for the first manifestations of automatic speaking to be inarticulate. If, however, Paul's account can be relied upon, and personally I see no good reason to doubt it, tongue-speaking was of a more articulate nature. This is also borne out by present-day evidence.

It is well known that a special characteristic of the Irvingite communities, as they are commonly called, or of the Catholic Apostolic Church, as they themselves claim, was, and is still to a lesser extent, speaking with tongues. Unfortunately for our present purpose, these modern Second Adventists are whole-souled 'supernaturalists,' and have never recorded or investigated the phenomenon critically; they would consider such a proceeding as an act of gross impiety.[2] I have, however, personally known two

[1] A. Loisy, *Les Actes des Apôtres* (Paris, 1920), pp. 963ff.

[2] The first tongue-speaking in Edward Irving's congregation was at prayer-meetings (and not at a public church-service), from March to September in 1831. At the Sunday services of October 16, 23 and 30 it broke out in public, and gave rise to the greatest confusion and disorder in the now packed Scotch or Caledonian Church in Regent Square. The Press fanned the flame into a conflagration, and overwhelmed Irving with

of their members, both ladies of uncommon psychic endowments, one of them being herself not only a prophetess and a very fine ecstatic speaker, but also an interpreter of tongues. Both of them have affirmed that the tongue-speaking has all the appearance of being a form of very fluent articulate speech and not mere babbling. It is also not all of the same kind, not stereotyped; there are different tongues varying with the different speakers or even in one and the same individual. But, as in Paul's account, no one can understand the language. According to the personal experience of one of these ladies, both of whom have been close students of psychical matters, interpreting meant first getting into sympathetic *rapport* with a deeper stratum of the speaker's transliminal possessing a thought-content.

As to the general mediumistic phenomenon of speaking foreign languages, it is frequent enough when a knower of the language is present; but there are also numerous cases of speaking a 'tongue' unknown to any one at the sitting.

This is not surprising; for most of us are very poor linguists and quite unable to 'spot' any but one or two languages at most. Moreover it is difficult to record such utterances, so as to submit them subsequently to the judgment of experts. I have myself heard not only simple speaking but sustained conversations in languages quite unknown to the medium, but familiar to one or more of the sitters. I have also heard trance-speaking and singing in languages apparently articulate in every way and fluently poured forth, which were claimed to be tongues no longer spoken.

abuse and threats. He wrote a letter of defence to *The Times*, but was refused publication. In a very expanded form this was printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, in the January, February and March nos. of 1832. This *apologia* is full of theology and highly rhetorical, but to the actual tongue-speaking there is but the remotest reference. Irving had not the slightest taste for psychical research, although already a member of the congregation, a certain George Pilkington, who had thought he had been inspired to 'interpret,' had written a pamphlet of 36pp., entitled *The Unknown Tongues Discovered to be English, Spanish and Latin; and the Rev. Edw. Irving proved to be erroneous in attributing them to the Influence of the Holy Spirit* (end of 1831). G. P. gives a sentence or two which he had taken down phonetically, and which he thought he could explain in the sense above stated. It is not very convincing. But if such was really the case in the beginnings, the form of the 'speaking' certainly changed in later years.

At the same time I have witnessed the automatic writing of lengthy scripts in characters I have not been able to identify or get identified. They were by no means vague scribblings; but the signs or hieroglyphs were finely and rapidly formed by what appeared to be a skilful and practised hand.

In this connection it may be recalled that among the Shaker communities of North America in the 'forties of last century there was much 'controlled' speaking of Indian dialects, some known but others unknown to those present. The good folk took it all very seriously, trying to help with their prayers the 'earth-bound spirits,' as they thought them, and their ministry seems to have been successful. A 'control' speaking an Indian dialect, or some other 'primitive' speech, is quite a familiar feature to-day in spiritualistic circles.

Much other evidence of a similar character could be cited in proof of the supernormal speaking of genuine languages. But there are also cases of faked languages, which may be set down to the inventive ability and vivid imagination of the transliminal of the medium.

The best example is given in the well-known study by Flournoy of the remarkable mediumship of 'Hélène Smith,' where he carefully analyzes her 'Martian' language as an instance of glossolaly, and comes to the conclusion that it was not pure jargon, but a not unclever linguistic artifact, though on a purely French basis.[1] On the contrary, Harnack thinks that glossolaly, in spite of Paul's evidence, must have been babbling; for he has contended that the jargon-element in the vowel-permutations and alliterative (and otherwise) syllabic confections of the magical invocations in *Pistis Sophia* and the allied literature is a relic of Early Christian glossolaly. We shall perhaps never be able to get at what this

[1] Th. Flournoy, Prof. de Psychologie à la Fac. des Sciences de Genève, *Des Indes à la Planète Mars: Étude sur un Cas de Somnambulisme avec Glossolalie*, Genève, 1899, now in its 4th edition.

early tongue-speaking really was; but a comparative study of psychical phenomena lends no support to Harnack's contention.

Let us now turn to the Acts-account. Here we move in a very different atmosphere, indeed in one of what is clearly intended by the writer to be a plenary miracle of the most dramatic kind. It purports to be the description of the fulfilment of the promise of the Sending of the Comforter, of the Holy Spirit, to the first community of Christians. It must therefore have been written subsequently to the Fourth Gospel, in which that promise appears for the first time; and very few knowers of its manifold problems will venture to date this document earlier than the opening years of the second century. In his setting forth of this now necessitated fulfilment of the Sending of the Comforter in power and might, certain associations and analogies dominate the mind of the writer.

The 'rushing mighty wind' or 'strong blast blowing' is as the 'great rushing' of the Voice in Ezekiel (3¹²); the pouring out of the Spirit on the Twelve is as the 'taking of the Spirit,' that was upon Moses, by Yahve and putting it upon the Seventy Elders (was not Jesus the second Moses?); the confusion of tongues at Babel was at long last to be ended, and the first fruit of the new dispensation is that every man should hear in his own tongue the one Voice of the Spirit.[1] In this account glossolaly of the common kind has entirely fallen into the background; history is swallowed up of doctrine, and tropes, figures and symbols are at work.

Many easy-going folk who know something of

[1] Rabbinical exegesis hands on the same notion. Thus, Rabbi Yohanan (3rd cent., in Tiberias): "When God spake, the Voice went forth and was divided into seventy tongues in order that every nation should understand it in its own language" (*Ex. Rab.* v. 19). In an earlier account (*Siphre Deut.* §343—prior to 200 A.D.) we are told that "God revealed the Torah in four languages,—namely, Hebrew, Latin, Arabic and Aramaic." (I owe these references to the kindness of Dr. A. Marmorstein.)

spiritualistic phenomena, are strangely ignorant of the difficulties of commentators who are methodical students of documents and of the history of the development of dogma. They think that *they* at least can now easily 'explain' all cases of the so-called 'miraculous element' in the Bible. So because they have witnessed or heard of photisms at *séances*, they at once conclude that the 'tongues as of fire' must have been 'spirit-lights.'

But the writer of the Acts-narrative moved apparently in a very different order of ideas. For him 'tongues as of fire' were the most appropriate symbolic prelude to the disciples each speaking in the one Voice of the Spirit, now miraculously become an understandable tongue for many others in their own languages. Perhaps in the first draft there were just twelve tongues (not fifteen as in the present confusing list), one for each of the twelve tribes whether in Judæa or scattered about among the nations. The 'tongues' were not 'divided' flames, as rendered usually in translation and depicted in sacred art, but 'distributed' so that on every disciple a fiery tongue of inspired speech settled.

But have we in present-day psychical phenomena anything that at all corresponds to this very unique kind of speaking a dozen understandable languages at once? Yes and no.

The commonest reports received through communications that purport to come from the hither hereafter, affirm that *there* to a very large extent thought-transference replaces the use of ordinary speech. The earthly languages of any two excarnate denizens of the hereafter-state may be mutually entirely incomprehensible; but their thought-streams are quite intelligible to one another, and can automatically be translated by each into his own tongue. This notion may be brought into connection with the Acts-accounts. But will it really apply? Not unless

each one who heard the disciples speaking the one new tongue, was in a supernormal psychic state and so become an 'interpreter' to himself. This is not outside the range of possibility; for one has learned to be cautious of dogmatizing about the impossible in the ever-widening fields of psychical happenings. But is it probable? Each must answer the question according to his lights; but he can do so with a clear conscience, only when he has disposed of the critical objections to the make-up of the whole narrative as being dogmatically conditioned throughout.

But even if we can satisfy ourselves in this respect, and so clear the way for believing that something of the kind really happened, we shall not be able to invoke the help of psychical research in support of its probability. For though it is the commonest thing for a medium or the 'control' of a medium to say that he or she is sympathetically 'translating' the 'thought' of a 'communicator' who purports to be Russian, Chinese or Arab into English, there is no instance of one and the same utterance by or through a medium being heard simultaneously by several sitters in a different language—say, by one in German, by another in French and by a third in Italian.

Taking then all things into consideration, for my own part, I am forced to conclude that the Acts-account is almost entirely an accommodation to later doctrinal necessity. The original happening, if there was one, has now lost well-nigh every historical feature.

But as time went on, a more sober mood succeeded to the earlier excitement, and not only speaking with tongues but also prophesying in general fell more and more into the background. In the first century, when as yet there was no generally authoritative 'scripture' except the Old Testament, the 'living voice' of the Spirit was valued as the most precious possession. But in the second century, *pari passu* with the gradual

fixation of the canon of the New Testament scripture, manifestations of the 'living voice' were more and more looked at askance. They had frequently led to abuses, and were gradually damped down by increasingly repressive regulations; till with the last quarter of the century they were practically banned from the general church.[1] The bitter opposition to the Montanist movement, which adhered to the old prophetic practices, but was otherwise by no means orthodoxly extra-vagrant, is our best witness to this drastic change. The Montanists were protestants against the reactionary ban that was being put upon progressive revelation, against the crystallizing process which would replace the 'living voice' by the pedestrian industry of commenting upon an arbitrary selection out of a huge mass of new scripture as being the now completed 'deposit of the faith.'

Yet even so fertile a formulator and furious a defender of orthodox dogma as Tertullian was in complete sympathy with this protest, and that too well into the third century. To show what this prophesying was like at first hand, I can do no better than bring this short study to a conclusion by translating a passage from the *De Anima* (c.9) of the Carthaginian Father, which not only gives his own personal experience, but is the clearest indication we possess of the sort of thing that went on in earlier days. The reader, who is a student of similar phenomena to-day, will at once find himself in a familiar atmosphere. Tertullian writes:

[1] This is the general view, but not quite the historic fact. For as late as the end of the 4th century Chrysostom upbraids the church of Antioch with introducing the manners of mimes and dancers at the holy table itself. They gesticulated with their hands, danced with their feet, flung the whole body about and spoke with tongues. (*In illud, vidi Dom.* Hom. i. 1; Migne, vi. 1, 97.)

We have now amongst us a sister whose lot it is to be favoured with certain gifts of revelations, which she experiences in spirit ecstatically in church during the sacred rites on Lord's day. She converses with angels, and sometimes even with the Lord; she both sees and hears mysteries; of some she discerns the hearts; she prescribes medical remedies for those in need of them. Whether scriptures are being read or psalms chanted or sermons preached or prayers offered,—all serve as materials for her visions. It may have been that we (T.) have discoursed on some point concerning the soul. At the termination of the rites, when the congregation has been dismissed, as is her wont, she tells us what she has seen, for her visions are most carefully examined in order that they may be confirmed.

So Tertullian, who was a lawyer by training, was on the look out for what might prove evidential or veridical. It is really astonishing to find a psychical researcher among the Fathers! What a pity he did not think fit to go into detail. He accepted the 'spirit-hypothesis' naturally, though of course not in the modern sense, since belief in the possibility of communication from the 'dead' was barred out by Christian dogmatics. For elsewhere (*ib.* c. 6) he writes:

We have shown . . . that the soul when it prophesies, is actuated by some one else (? within it), and that when it loses control, it is certainly due to some outside influence.

We have not heard the last by any means of 'speaking with tongues'; and it may well be that in the future psychical research will be able to throw clearer light on this interesting phenomenon. But that scholarship will be able to get at any new facts to add to the miserably few remaining records of the early days is highly improbable.

G. R. S. Mead.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE: A full bibliography would be a long business, and perhaps scarcely worth while; for everyone who has commentated on *The Acts* or on *The Corinthians*, must perforce say something on the subject. Monograph studies are few. Of these may be specially mentioned: (1) ('Prophesying' in general in the Early Church) Heinrich Weinel (a pupil of Gunkel, Harnack and Krüger), *Die Wirkungen des Geistes und der Geister in nachapostolischen Zeitalter bis auf Irenäus* (Freiburg i. B., 1899, 234pp.). This is an excellent though incomplete study, for only two of the four projected parts have appeared; and this is to be regretted, for W. makes a number of interesting comparisons, such as with the visions of the 'Seeress of Prevorst,' though he knows nothing of more modern spiritualistic phenomena. (2) (Tongue-speaking in Early Days) Eddison Mosiman, *Das Zungenreden* (Leipzig, 1911, 65pp.), a thesis for the doctor's degree at Heidelberg. A painstaking summary, mainly on historical lines; for though M. says he is dealing with the subject also 'psychologically,' he neglects entirely all comparative work. There is a good bibliography, pp. v.-ix. (3) (A Recent Outbreak in Germany) Paul Fleisch, *Die Zungenbewegung in Deutschland* (Leipzig, 1914, 261pp.), being Part I. of Vol. II. of his *Die moderne Gemeinschaftbewegung in Deutschland*. Pt. II. has not appeared. The outbreak began on July 7, 1907, and gradually spread far and wide in numerous communities. It was an importation originally from the U.S.A., where it started in Los Angeles, and was brought by Thomas Ball Barrett to Norway. Two women with the gift (*Zungenrederinnen*) were imported thence to Hamburg. Heinrich Dallmeyer, who had first opposed the movement, was convinced, introduced it to Kassel and stood at the centre of the subsequent movement in Germany. (4) H. Dallmeyer, *Die Zungenbewegung* (Schaumburg-Lippe, 1926). This is a contribution to its history, as seen from the inside of the tongue-speaking movement, and a characterization of its spirit. H. D. seems to be now entirely disillusioned, and criticizes the tongue-speaking as due to very varied influences and on the whole decidedly unhealthy. I have not seen the book, and owe my information to Fleisch's short review of it in the *Theologische Literaturzeitung* for April 17, 1926. It is, however, clearly an important document for the historian of tongue-speaking.

HOW I EXPERIENCE THE FUNCTIONING OF MY CLAIRVOYANCE.

RAOUL DE FLEURIÈRE.

(A SHORTENED version of the descriptive and analytic account of the author's exceptional gift, given at the Institut Métapsychique International, Paris, May 9, 1926, and printed in full in the pages of our excellent and scientifically conducted contemporary *La Revue Métapsychique* (July-Aug.).—ED.)

OUT of philosophic and scientific curiosity I have often been asked my personal opinion of my humble faculty: whether I could follow it in its movements, methods and modes; in brief, whether I could form any clear and precise, if not adequate, idea of it. I have always said I could; for I am convinced that on very numerous occasions I have been able to surprise it in its most typical and curious manifestations.

If I have hesitated to accept the invitation of our Director, Dr. Osty, to attempt so delicate an analysis in public, it is because I must speak of my insignificant self, and my natural repugnance from doing so is easily understandable. It is not however due to false humility. In virtue of my former profession of teaching, if I have tried to give instruction, I have above all tried to learn. Every day I am learning that I know nothing, that we know nothing, that even if we could fathom all the mysteries of the soul and of nature, there would still remain incalculable numbers of things we shall never know. This said, I come to the matter in hand.

Those who know me, are aware that, in order to get into supranormal communication with someone I have not met before, I usually lay my left hand

lightly on his arm or fingers; for this left hand is, I believe, somewhat exceptionally hyper-æsthetic, infinitely more sensitive than my right. Once this contact is made, I have the instantaneous impression of being flooded, to the very depths of my physical and moral being, by a mysterious fluid.

It is clearly to be understood that, as far as my experience goes, this fluid is the external and palpable radiation of vast and innumerable energies which constantly stream from the human being,—I was about to say, the human furnace. Judging by its reactions, this fluid appears to me to be at the same time both material and immaterial; it is composed of elements that make one feel dizzy. In it are light, heat, tremors, electric and magnetic currents, sometimes even fragrant perfumes.

The elements of this fluid are, of course, never equally presented; their proportions are infinitely variable according to the subjects of experiment. Generally, one or two are in the foreground, while the others remain on a secondary plane, or are sometimes even scarcely distinguishable.

The sensation of heat from the fluid is localized in the chest, heart and great arteries; its electro-magnetic reaction in the cerebellum, spinal cord, solar plexus and, especially, in the papillæ of the hands and fingers.

As for the radiation of light, which is the most powerful and wonderful of all, it affects particularly the apex of the brain, the forehead and the eyes, the last through tightly closed eyelids; for, paradoxically enough, I have never been able to see it by the usual means of normal sight.

In a general way, as soon as it issues from its human laboratory, I always see this fluid as having a very brilliant, exceedingly transparent, golden white

appearance, in intense vibration, somewhat like the quivering ground-haze of summer-heat.

Owing to this luminous property of the fluid, sometimes the psychical interior of a person's brain appears to me to be entirely lit up, like a fine hall brilliantly illuminated, in which all the objects are set off in marvellous relief as clear as crystal. At other times the light seems to be sifted, so that you have the impression of looking at a landscape bathed in the moonlight of a fine summer night.

On the other hand, there are odd cases when the light is so weak that I seem to be looking into the dark, as it were into the dimness of a cave where objects are only slowly distinguished, but yet in the end come out clearly, as the eye becomes gradually used to the surrounding obscurity.

This fundamentally golden white fluidic luminosity is but the synthesis of an infinity of other colours stored in its essential nature.

For, just as the white solar ray, in passing through a prism is split up into seven basic colours, so this fluidic light divides up into distinct colours as soon as it enters the physico-psychical environment capable of dissociating it.

The fact seems to be that from man's whole make-up there is set free an incredible number of special fluids whose ensemble constitutes the general fluid, while at the same time they are none the less perfectly distinct streams.

For myself it is indisputable that there exist in us highly specialized fluids, as, for instance, those that are liberated by brain, liver, heart, intestines, kidneys, —in fact all organic centres of fundamental importance. The colouring of every one of these distinct fluids is absolutely different.

Indeed it is to be noted that the fluidic light of the brain always seems to me to be of a red or purple tone, that of the liver yellow or yellowish green, that of the physical heart more or less

rosy, while the action of the moral or affective 'heart' is marked by a light or deep blue radiation.

But, apart from their respective colourings, the curious thing about these special fluids is that on entering one they seem to separate, in order immediately to make for different clearly marked-out directions.

Thus, by the law of elective affinity, the cerebral fluid of the person I am touching, goes to my brain, that of his liver to my liver, of his heart to mine, and so on of the other special fluids. This may explain why the reaction of these fluids on my own organs has often supplied me with such an abundance of valuable indications about the pathological state of my subject.

On the other hand, as, in the transmission of the fluid, a source of energy causes the passage of a perceptibly predominant element, I am conscious of the fluid having different modes, therefore different qualities; and then it becomes in turn: nervous, sensitive, sanguine, lymphatic, muscular, bilious, choleric, melancholic, atrabilious, neurasthenic, affective or emotional,—to mention only some of its most usual modes.

As for the combinations resulting from their blending,—the colours of the rainbow in infinite mixture could not give any idea of them; they are such that I frequently cannot find words to express their incredible tints and modifications.

Moreover, just as one has never seen two faces absolutely alike, so I have never met with two exactly similar fluids.

There are some that are gentle, agreeable, sympathetic, as delightful as the caress of a breeze in the spring, light and transparent as the azure of the sky, which seem scented as with aromatic perfume, calming and beneficent as dittany.

On the other hand, there are those which are keen, piercing, violent, repulsive; you might call them sharp as needles, lashing

as a hail-storm, explosive as gunpowder, hostile as a squall, embodying as it were a soul of uneasiness and antipathy.

But of all the revealing fluids of a personality the most astonishing is perhaps the magnetic, which I so term by analogy with the action of the electro-magnet. For, just as the latter attracts iron and steel, so the magnetic fluid seems to act physically on the metallic globules of the blood; and its power of attraction is so great, from the moral standpoint, that it seems well-nigh impossible to resist it.

It is rare to meet with except in women. With them, when used by a virtuous soul, it draws all their surroundings towards the beautiful, the good and sublime; but in the case of a vicious soul, it turns its user into a woman of doom, a veritable vampire of souls and hearts, strewing her path with tragedy, misfortune and ruins.

Generally speaking, the fluid of every individual is so personal to himself that he cannot be confounded with anyone else. So much so that frequently I have been able to recognize a person, five, ten, even twenty, years after his visit, simply by the examination of his fluidic radiation.

Once in possession of the essential elements of such or such a fluid, you are undoubtedly already weightily, sometimes absolutely, documented on the person whose radiation it is. And that is understandable; for this fluid comes completely charged with the human make-up which emanates it; and so it radiates in its very essence the person's character: his passions, habits, ideas, aspirations, all that constitutes his physical, moral, intellectual and even biological existence.

But, in practice, I almost at once lose sight of the fluid properly so-called, in order to fix my attention

more particularly on the mysterious phenomena of which it is only the preparatory stage, the real or contrived raising of the latch.

For, the instant contact is made, supranormal sight already begins its work, and thereafter a new life takes possession of one's psychical being, which is quite a revelation in the way of its behaviour, comprehension and inference. The complexity of these processes is so vast that it is impossible to give any version, so to say, of it.

In my own case, as soon as psychical vision begins, I am clearly conscious that my mental state has nothing in common with my usual physical condition. I at once pass into a kind of secondary state, in which I am no longer the same man; I no longer see or feel in the same way as before. There takes place in me as it were a splitting in two of personality; or rather it is as though a person hidden in the inmost depths of my being, over and beyond my normal self, had suddenly emerged.

It is not that I feel my habitual psychic activity absolutely evicted or abolished. No; I have the impression rather that now there are two entities who share in my being, two intelligences super-imposed one on the other, like two mysterious lodgers who live on two different floors: above, the self-conscious, for the moment more passive, intelligence; below, the subliminal intelligence, boiling over.

That is to say, below the normal intelligence, which guides my habitual life, I feel alive and busy an intelligence which is somehow new,—swifter, subtler, keener than the former, and which as such instructs it, schools and completes it. Indeed, while the subconscious entity — the inapprehensible — runs, comes, goes, dashes about and frisks in feverish activity, the other, the normal intelligence, seems to sit high on a throne like a calm and attentive queen, who observes, controls and registers.

until, furnished with all the points of information she wants, she gives a harmonious and sometimes masterful version of them.

But what is beyond all power of expression, is the fantastic or imaginative activity of the subconscious. It is the Protean being, *in excelsis*, who assumes all forms, the matchless Frégoli who infinitely dissociates, divides and multiples himself, and who for the work in hand assumes the most unlikely forms of activity. His fecundity is stupendous; and you might say that out of his own substance he begets mysterious forces, internal senses to suit the circumstances, new undefinable faculties which defy all analysis and classification. Out of these ceaselessly reborn elements he seems to form an army of labourers who work for him in every sort of way, everywhere at once. You might call them a legion of detectives, reporters, explorers, dispatched by him in all directions with orders to bring back every item of information they can pick up. To accomplish their task, there is not a recess, not an atom, of the psychical realm which they do not lay under contribution. Thanks to them, the whole interior of one's being, blood, breast, brain especially, gets into an indescribable state of effervescence.

At such moments I involuntarily think of Virgil's phrase about the hive in full work, '*fervet opus*,' as if I too had a buzzing hive in my head,—that is to say, millions of different elements madly at work to bring about the supranormal vision. Is it surprising that at such times I seem to be plunged into a veritable state of intoxication, as though I had emptied glass after glass of champagne without stopping? And this tipsy state is so strong that I often lose the idea of time and place, of even the forms of the objects surrounding me.

This mental exaltation is not without pleasurable feeling. In any case, nothing is more conducive, not

only to increasing tenfold the scope of the faculty in play, but also to discovering the source to which it goes to get its information, and the methods it uses to achieve its work.

The realm of information open to psychical faculty is immeasurable; for it is in reality the whole content of the human self—body and soul—, and over and above this the relations of this microcosm with the whole of the world in space and time.

It goes without saying that supranormal vision could have no loftier object, none more worthy of itself, than the examination into the mystery of another soul, —of soul in short, that is to say the immaterial principle animating the body, the substrate of the most brilliant intellectual and moral faculties. Now it is this soul, thus understood, that I have at times the sensation of seeing directly, not in its attributes, however wonderful they may be, but intrinsically, in its substance, its life, its tremendous power, which transcends all the contingencies of matter, time and space.

At such times, in certain cases, I have the feeling that between this soul and my own there is communication which is not inter-mental, but inter- or intra-psychic (*intra-animique*), if I may use the term, as though in each of our souls there was the *Logos* of Plato, the substantial (or hypostatic) *Word* of St. John, assigned by them to the very essence of God, but in this case *logos* or *word* of the soul, speech without words, complete revelation of its substance, entire translation of its nature, whereby the soul gives itself out and confesses itself wholly; and thus two souls see one another, so to say, face to face by means of the very depth of their individual essence.

And so sometimes, in contact with certain souls out of the common, I see or feel in them as it were an immeasurable magnitude and brilliance, a blaze of

energy and light. And then I feel so closely and powerfully interblended with them, that I would remain thus as in ecstasy, without any need of speaking, with the feeling of an absolute understanding beyond all comparison. No other experience can give a clearer notion of the 'beatific vision' of theology; and this transcendental seeing of one soul by another is assuredly the most wonderful that there can be down here.

But it is more usual for the supranormal seer to perceive the human soul by the manifestation of its moral powers and the activity of its intellectual faculties. And here again it is an impassioning sight to see the soul, no longer in its essence indeed, but in the radiation of its most enchanting gifts, sparkling on its surface like the brilliants of a queen on the radiance of her beauty. What a magnificent spectacle indeed to behold goodness, justice, love, shine forth in a soul, to see in it such splendid faculties as reason, intelligence, judgment, will, memory, imagination and so many others, all more mysterious the one than the other!

Set, so to say, on the periphery of the soul, like the facets of a diamond on its sparkling surface, these faculties seem to me to be in direct relation with the brain, which is the instrument of their activity and means of their transmission; and, naturally enough, it is not difficult to ascertain their strength and development by the place they occupy in it and the energy they manifest.

It is thence that, from the psychical-brain point of view, the subconscious derives its most indisputable information. For you will never imagine the infinite diversity which thousands of different brains can present. Thus, and to recall only the general impression, there are psychical brain-centres which seem brilliant as suns, bubbling up like molten lava, deep as whirlpools, vast as oceans, of stupendous power and richness.

But often the intellectual faculties, the gifts,

aptitudes, the particular stimulus given to the scope of the intelligence,—all this is delineated with amazing precision. And in this respect I should like to mention a strange fact: many faculties appear to me to be localized in definite, absolutely invariable, parts of the brain. Thus memory seems to me to be seated (or to be active) behind the eyes; imagination and poetic activity behind the temporal curve; will behind the top of the forehead; religious aspiration below the apex of the skull; the love-faculty, both physical and moral, at the base of the cerebellum, etc.

Naturally my best means of documentation is the brain's intrinsic activity when stirred by thought. Like everything that lives and moves, the cerebro-psychic system is in continual movement. And when you remember that the sense-impression caused by the colour violet, judged by its intensity, is the resultant of from six to seven trillions of atomic vibrations a second, you ask yourself what fearsome figure of vibrations can produce man's brain-activity, which is perhaps the most tremendous to be found in nature!

That the vibrations of one person's brain are felt by another brain harmonized with it is, I think, the usual thing in the exercise of psychical vision. For my own part, I have had hundreds and hundreds of times the impression of hearing my physical brain vibrate in tune with a neighbouring brain, like the first string of a violin in unison with the corresponding note struck sharply on a piano.

Here we have, I believe, the origin and explanation of the majority of auditory hallucinations. Indeed, when the subconscious is clearly aware of anything, say a figure, a date, the name of a person or a street, the number of a house, of a cab or a telephone, I am convinced it is to a large extent due to the vibrations

produced in the brain of a person in the neighbourhood by the action of his actual or habitual thought, whether conscious or unconscious.

Evidently, in this kind of perception, as in most others, the hallucinations are not only auditory; they can be simultaneously or successively visual, affective, indeed even olfactory. How many Christian names, for instance, have been revealed to my subconscious simply by their resemblance to a flower, like Marguerite, Lilian, or again by the calling up of a scent, like that of Rose or Violet!

There is not much merit in this; but there is great merit of another order when the subconscious succeeds in penetrating to the heart of another, into his intelligence, his moral or material struggles, in reconstructing a whole life, its past turns of fortune, its present difficulties, its general or special future.

I should like now briefly to set before you the state of soul the subconscious can produce in a subject possessed of the faculty of paranormal understanding.

Frequently I have the impression that the whole of my cerebro-psychic being is like an atmosphere furrowed with millions of electric waves, and that among them there are numbers which attach themselves to microscopic receivers scattered about in every part of myself and in tune with them; hence a complete service of telegrams centralized in the subconscious and transmitted by it to the normal intelligence.

Sometimes these dispatches appear visibly to the mental eye, shining like light-signals; sometimes they are audible like listening-in by wireless. And in the latter case they are really voices speaking, echoes which reverberate on the soul-substance, and then on the brain-fibres, till they reach the ear from inside.

It is to this order of ideas that we should attach what I would like to call the caught or picked-up waves, or if you like the 'intercepted messages,' that is to say, the feelings, the soul-motions, thoughts, news, addresses, frequently from a long distance, sent not to myself, of course, but to the person who happens to be in contact with me.

In certain circumstances I often have the impression of being a permeable material; that mysterious communications surge up from the depths of the subconscious and, passing through its lower strata, continue to rise till at last they burst into the domain of normal consciousness,—just as in a glass vessel of water over a gas-jet you see silverish bubbles of air rising through the liquid mass to burst at the level of the surface.

In place of this feeling of permeability I frequently have the impression that the whole of my soul has become a sensitive plate on which thousands of photographs are being taken, and that, from time to time, they are put into a developing bath which makes them come out alive and brightly shining.

But how frequently does the photographic plate alter and change! In a moment, you would say that it is transformed into a magic mirror in which a multitude of multi-coloured figures and images are reflected. God knows if there can ever be an end of them in this wonderful glass! They are the very essence of supranormal vision; they burst open everywhere in it, from when vision begins till it ceases, and numerous as the spark-showers of a fire-work display. It is they which create and give life to the stage, which make up the show, a spectacle often more enthralling than the most pathetic incidents of the theatre or cinema.

But where is the show-room, where the spectator? Here is a great mystery.

Sometimes I get the impression that all I see and

feel, all that is connected with the person I am studying, is centred in myself. And then I am affected, in my body and soul, in keeping with the physical or moral state of the person in question.

At other times, I have exactly the inverse feeling; as if my soul, my brain, my sensitivity, had emigrated into the vital centre of the person who at the time is near me. I thus get the impression that the whole of my sensitive being is as it were blended into his, and that it is in his person that I am conscious of the unfolding of his life, his joys and sorrows, his physical well-being or his spells of sickness. Owing to this transference of my whole being I have the strange sensation, not only of observing, but also of feeling in the person present, and that too in his very body, certain diseases, such as tumours or cancers, or certain morbid affections of the head, liver, heart and kidneys. It is as if, for the moment, I had the strange faculty to be at once myself and another person.

Yet again, I have the feeling that the vision takes place neither in myself nor in the person present but entirely outside the two of us; that is to say, that suddenly the vision is altogether exteriorized, especially when the action that is being unfolded is strikingly dramatic and moving. Then it all seems to take place before me, one or two yards from my eyes, as on the screen of a marvellous cinema.

Who will ever tell all I have been able to see on so fantastic a screen? What a series of moving or gorgeous scenes! How many others profoundly sad, at times even terrible!—since I have seen on it bloody tragedies, assassinations in the past or of the future.

In certain cases the phenomenon is still more extraordinary: one feels carried on the wings of supra-

normal vision to great distances. From every show of evidence the subconscious has gone to get some information or look for a landmark. Where? Perhaps to the ends of the earth. While this is taking place, I experience the feeling of having a void scooped out in me; that, my soul being indefinitely extensible, quite a portion of it has shot out towards an unknown destination, far off, far off, precisely like an elastic which has been stretched out to the end of the world, and which, left to its power of retraction, would instantly fly back to its point of departure.

I have noted many cases where my subconscious has been translated to exceedingly far-off regions; and I have had then the insuppressible feeling of having been away, *really away*, though it be only for a few seconds.

This proves how rapid the movement of the soul and the operation of unconscious thought can be.

It is so quick that the subconscious frequently sets going the automatic movement of speech even before the intelligence has been able to be conscious of it. It is so quick that often the complete vision of a life occupies a few minutes; and if a sitting of this kind lasts half an hour, sometimes much more, articulate language requires twenty or thirty times longer to make an exact record of all that has taken place.

Though thus we have made a beginning, of a surety very much still remains to be explored in this measureless domain before we discover the key to its great mystery; for this mystery includes no less than the genesis, processes, the sum total of the possibilities of human thought, not only normal, but also psychical and transcendental.

RAOUL DE FLEURIÈRE.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

At a moment in infinitude, God smote in twain the Time-Space rock, making it Time *and* Space.

Through the cleft he poured a stream, that was a portion of himself, and called it Life, bidding it go forth, a wanderer through the universe, until such time as it produced a being, able, unflinching and self-conscious, to stand within his presence, and bear the glory of his face.

Æons long the stream flowed on, growing ever wider, deeper, evolving many forms to manifest in, elaborating each one to the utmost before a newer form was born, until at last the greatest complex of all time stood forth in—Man.

But Man only dimly sensed his god-hood, and all uncomprehending tried to use Life for his own ends, thus developing his self-hood and imprisoning himself. And gradually Man drew himself apart, and set up barriers against all other forms of Life, and put them into slavery, until they feared and hated him.

Even against his brother-man his hand was raised, so that the weak became subject unto the strong, not only individuals, but cities and, later on, countries.

Some few there were, a tiny band, who quickly realized this way was wrong; these withdrew themselves, beseeching their brethren to stop and think of their God-given oneness in the stream of Life. But 'self' was far too strong; they heeded not.

So in course of time the race of man was fundamentally divided into the Love-race and the Self-race. The sons of Love drew themselves apart, and lived on one side of the Life-stream; while the sons of Self dwelt on the other. And, although the Love-land was

planted late in time, and had such small beginnings, yet by virtue of its harmony, peace and beauty, it flourished and grew exceeding rich and prosperous. Fair and white its cities rose; green and peaceful and rainbow-hued with flowers grew its parks; and golden waved its corn, as the earth, fed by the nourishing dew and the rivulets of the stream, ever gave of its best. No storm-clouds gathered to obscure the sun; disease visited not these children of the Love-land, nor any sorrow, except when they thought of their deluded brother-men, fast bound in Self-land.

Many were the bridges they threw across the stream saying: "Come over to us and know happiness and joy; you have but to open the gate and cross." A very few, mostly little children, crossed, and found the happiness they sought.

But man in his millions only laughed derisively and said: "No, we will not cross *your* bridges; we will blow them to atoms and build our own to cross by." For they looked with envious eyes at the fair fields and green hill-sides of Love-land. But, strange to say, their weapons were of no avail; every blow rebounded on themselves, causing wide-spread havoc. Then Man tried to build a bridge. Equally useless; no hold at all could he find for his foundations. So, in despair, he turned his brains and mind to engines of destruction. Ever more ingenious these grew, but ever with the same result; they could not touch, much less destroy, the bridges built by Love and Wisdom from the further bank. They but spread and multiplied sorrow, disease, famine and misery among themselves.

And God watched pityingly and said: "They *will* learn, sometime. But how blind, *how* blind!"

BEATRICE PETTY.

A FROG AND HIS JUMP.

A FROG with a scientific bent sat by a wishing-well at the bottom of which lived Truth.

"I wish," he said, as he bent his head to the water, "to see my jump. I have heard a good deal about it but I have never seen it."

Immediately there floated up from the well four misty figures which arranged themselves in a linked row to the surprised view of the frog.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"We are your jump."

"How can four be one?" said the frog.

"One can always be any number," came a deep voice from the well.

"You four parts of my jump! Would you kindly tell me your names? You round crystal figure on the left! What is yours?"

"I am *One-Position-in-Space-after-Another* capable of producing myself to infinity."

"I won't experiment with you yet awhile," said the frog. "You second fourth—you exceptional thinness of figure! What can you do?"

"I can shorten and lengthen myself according to your wishes. I am *Duration-of-Time*."

"I am pleased to know you are so serviceable. And you indefinite thing with tiny wings floating above me! Who are you?"

"I am *Up*."

"I can see that," said the frog. "But who are you?"

"That is who I am—*Up*—the 'up' of your jump."

"You are an airy fellow."

"You fourth fourth, you flatness with neither legs nor wings! I suppose you are *Down* and therefore level to my understanding."

"You are right. I am *Down* and I sympathize with your humility."

"I am not humble," said the frog, "but I like to say clever and sometimes witty things."

Here the frog straightened his back and viewed the four ethereal creatures.

"You are an entertaining jump, but I would add variety to your piquancy. Let me see a short jump."

Immediately *One-Position-in-Space-after-Another* became a small ball, and *Duration-of-Time* shrank to tiny size. *Up* floated nearer to *Down*. In tiny voices they said: "We are a short jump."

"Not an exciting affair," said the frog. "I will not ask for a long jump; for my intellect tells me what the result would be, but I should like to see my beautiful jump."

A beautiful spirit with an atmosphere of stateliness floated serenely out of the well and stood behind the four, attaching herself to them by means of gossamer threads which floated from her person and fastened themselves to their vaporous dresses.

The frog bowed with great ceremony. "I am proud that you should share in my jump. How may I call you?"

"*Control*, Sir Frog. Without me *One-Position-in-Space-after-Another* becomes an awkward thing." The crystal ball glowed pink. "And *Duration of Time* becomes uncertain of herself." The thin figure wavered. "And *Up* may not keep right distance from *Down*."

Up fluttered on his wings considerably. *Down* alone remained unmoved. "At times I leave you suddenly."

"Don't," said the frog; and for a moment he looked quite thin. But gazing at his beautiful *Control*, he not only recovered himself but began swelling with pride.

With strong and growing emphasis he exclaimed: "I am satisfied with my beautiful jump."

"Be careful of your next wish!" was heard from the well. But the warning was too late. Already the frog was croaking loudly:

"I want to see *myself* jump."

A sudden impulse to the back of the frog made him leap high and land right in the mouth of the quack who ever lies concealed in the grasses that grow round the well of Truth, waiting for morsels of undue curiosity and unreasonable desire!

ANNE TROTMAN.

THE LABOUR LEADER AND THE BUDDHIST.

THE LABOUR LEADER:

OH, glad I were to know that half your creed
Were true: that by the fever of desire
We bind ourselves to earth and are re-born,
Ay, myriad times it may be. Joy of joys,
Repeating o'er and o'er the zest of youth
In this fair land or other; warmed again
With heavenly fires of manhood age on age,
Renewing baffled aims, unfinished tasks
Of other lives, remembered or forgot,
'T were ecstasy—to have this radiant earth
As sphere of action million, million times!
What knowledge could elude us in the end?—
Nay, end there's none. What evil could withstand
Our efforts over æons followed up?
Yea, Earth were then elect among the worlds.

THE BUDDHIST:

We were but flotsam beaten up and down
Dread waves that never into harbour flow.
Pain is the ocean, pain the distant shore.
The ships that promise rescue from our woe,
And we who rescue seek, are bodied pain.

THE LABOUR LEADER:

The sun's a-gleam and all the hills are bright,
And yet you bear a nightmare in the glow!

The song-birds ought to shame your fantasy.
Where's now the breath of Brahma, born with you?

THE BUDDHIST:

Ay, breath of Brahma! Sheerest irony!
Himself eternal, yet he gives us nought.
You breathe upon a glass, and scarcely note
The transient vapour. So doth Brahma breathe
O'er those illusive globes we call the worlds,
This māyā, this mirage. And lo! a while
The vapour-breaths are proud; meandering
They build air-castles, talk of destiny,—
The greatest, like the least, enrobed as man
Of Brahma's pseudo-personality,
Rising and fading with his thought and breath.

THE LABOUR LEADER:

If we be thoughts eternal Brahma thinks,
If we be flashes from the Light of lights,
As far from pseudo-personality
As stars from tapers we. What Brahma thinks
Is timeless, deathless, changeless. Even he
Could not annihilate us, for his thought
Is of his own eternal essence part.
It cannot in itself be pain or ill,
Nor they be ultimate realities,
Else pain and ill were share of Brahma's self.
They must be garb cast off with earthly life
Or on some cleansing intermediate plane
Far from our real home and Brahma's realm.

THE BUDDHIST:

We have no real home in any world,
Else we were real and supernal here.

Brahma's the All and cannot subdivide
His lustrous nature for the gnats called men,
Flaunting their puny pride against the sun.

THE LABOUR LEADER:

Pride! Mine's a greater pride than Lucifer's.
'Tis part of heaven, 't is pure creative joy.
Ne'er would it rest till all these lower spheres
Were sharers in the Beatific Life.
I were no God-resisting Lucifer,
But one who'd give uncounted days to till
Earth-gardens worthy of His walks at eve.

THE BUDDHIST:

Could Brahma reck our unreality,
Such pigmy vaunting—oh, 't were sacrilege,
But that 't is dreaming in the midst of dream.
Renunciation, peace, desire destroyed,
This is the path of wisdom in our world.
Feed not what seems the Ego: false it is.
Build it no mental mansions; light no fires
To keep it warm and sleek upon this earth
And make it proud, believing in itself.
It is no Being. Thoughts, sensations, acts
Are self-existent; yet grasp well the truth:
There is no *Being* who thinks, feels, and acts.
How can a man eradicate desire
If he believe the self's substantial, true?

THE LABOUR LEADER:

Oh, marvel! Then a non-existent self
Can yet exist, and pass from life to life!

THE BUDDHIST:

Illusive logic, that no bearing hath
Upon the way which to salvation leads;
'T is vain as human reason all our days.
Yea, it and reason are most specious imps,
Two of the lures the great Illusion sets
To keep us feeding on the lust of life.
'Ware them, and 'ware their minister, the brain.
The brain a playboy and an artist is:
Vibrations from the Vast—through ear and eye—
It turns to miracles of sound and hue.
Yea, it creates a universe aglow
And faëry-tones; while ever you and I
The whole enchanting transmutation take
As fact eternal, truer than ourselves!
If light and beauty are but brain-wrought dreams,
Who's fool enow to seek reality
Under or over the deceiving stars?
All might and magic are but opiates
Easing a moment all-pervading pain.
Far other—drastic, fearless, calm withal—
The doctor and deliverer we need.
Our master, Buddha, hath declared the truth:
"What do I teach? What ye need know alone—
Existence painful is; and by desire
Produced is and from life to life renewed.
Man from existence may be freed at last,
But only by deliverance from desire."

THE LABOUR LEADER:

It sounds as truth, but not the final truth.
Existence sensual and selfish may
Be painful, be created by desire,

Be ended by deliverance from desire.
Buddha thus spoke (I ween) to sinful men,
Such as we all are, save by fits and starts.
But Buddha knew there's eke a deeper life,
Where the true Self is lord: it knows not pain,
It has nor birth nor ending with desire.
'T is joy creative, sovran Being's child;
Nor tongue nor thought has given it yet a name.
Buddha, the sapient Master, understood
The primal needs, to disentangle man
From the poor travail we 'existence' name,
Its passion, fond mirage, fatuity.
Then from the nightmare we have deemed the Whole,
We wake in wonder as we face—our Selves
And sense the God-wrought universe at last.

THE BUDDHIST:

Dream-drunk! There's never Self, the Master taught.

THE LABOUR LEADER:

No common self, for such is but a part
Played by the Self in time, and then put off,
And meaning nothing in eternity.

THE BUDDHIST:

No Master-Self there is, nought but the self
Who dreams, raves, suffers, follows vanity,
Linked to the painful earth by fierce desire.

THE LABOUR LEADER:

Were there but such a self we still might make
A soul immortal and elect of it.
For by desiring, doing, loving life

Unending incarnations it ensures,
E'en on this showing of your own.

THE BUDDHIST:

Ah, me!
Such seeming lives are only change of pain.

THE LABOUR LEADER:

They're lives, withal, *and never end need come.*
And such as I, who love the lives on lives
And know—as chains are broken, mind released—
The glory we'll achieve, ay e'en on earth,
Find in the prospect sense of Paradise.

THE BUDDHIST:

Alas that men will dream upon the rack,
When our great Master's thought is as a well
In which who drinks drowns the pretender, Hope,
Surrenders this illusive universe
For the negation which is liberty.

THE LABOUR LEADER:

Who knows the Buddha's deeper thought? Methinks
'T was locked from his own age. And long 't is gone
From Asia to Nirvana. *We* must seek
The seership of the Buddhas in ourselves,
Our secret kingship, long a legend deemed.
And if we seek intensely, jewel-stones
For beautiful world-building shall be ours,
World-building outer, inner, sempiterne.
In the Self's core creative essence gleams;
Work is our purpose, Work the spirit wills
For ends august. The stars and all their spheres—

The globes and life-waves baffling count and thought—
Are Workers, too, who haply know not why
They work and gleam; but powers within them know.
And all my dream and hope, on this one earth
Of myriad earths, is of the folk set free
From crude material bonds, and finding field
For labour with their souls and shining Selves.
Thus, stage on stage, and life on life, they'll rise
To sense of higher beings, master-powers,
Who subtler gardens of the cosmos till.

W. P. RYAN.

THANK GOD FOR BEAUTY.

THANK God for beauty,—the beauty of common things;
And for that rare, ecstatic beauty which brings
Tears to our eyes, and leaves behind an ache
Within our hearts, when suddenly we wake
As dreamers to reality again, the vision flown,
The old, tired world of men
Stretching out hands to claim us, and we know
Our beauty-haunted souls must blindly go
In bitterness down sunless, tangled ways,
Searching and hungering for many days
Until they glimpse once more the vision rare,
The beauty all too beautiful to bear.

D. S. LEONARD.

THE DANCE OF SAUL WITH THE PROPHETS.

AND he went thither to Naioth in Ramah; and he went on and prophesied until he came to Naioth in Ramah.

And he stripped off his clothes also, and prophesied before Samuel in like manner, and lay down naked all that day and all that night.

SAMUEL xix. 23, 24.

AND he went unto Ramah. There he met
Of prophets a band coming down from the high-place.
Before them one bare three kids,
And one did bear wineskin and harp.
And they gave him two kids and two loaves,
Also the wineskin and harp. He took them.

Now God's spirit rested on one of the prophets,
So that he answered and said:
"Peace!
God-blessed above men, Anointed of God,
Greatest among thy brethren, doubly blessed
With the blessings of great pains and joys
And the gladness of leading thy brethren
And e'en with thy burden so bitter,
In the myst'ry wrapt of the Ruler commanding
Both life and death at his word;
While, soaked in drunkenness, a seer's drunkenness,
Open-eyed shalt thou see
The Living God's shadow.

Yet shalt thou fare farther; and thy heart shall be
cleansed,
Till it draw from the light given forth by the God-head.
But shouldst thou not hallow thyself,
Thy soul will be pained
By the touch of Infinity's wings in thy hasting
'Mid eternities pouring
Into eternities' midst
And seeking the secret of Freedom entire."

So he came unto Ramah and unto the high-place.
There was the Living God's prophet; and *he* was the
greatest
'Mong his brethren, the sons of the prophets,—a
wondrous ancient.
And he tore the kid—and they baked it;
And he blessed o'er the bread—and they ate it;
And but tasted the bread—and were filled.

Then, when they were filled, one plucked at the harp;
And they all raised their voices and sang.
As they sang, of a sudden the Spirit came o'er them;
And each took the hand of his fellow—
Gave his right hand to him on the left,
And his left hand to him on the right.
And all of them went forth together
To a 'Dance of the Pious' in front of the altar.
There they leapt in their strength and their might;
While the king, too, went forth with them into the circle.

So, hands linked together, they leapt, all the prophets;
They turned right, they turned left, arising and shouting.
The foremost came forward, but returned and went
backward,
As guards o'er a fortress, yet passing as guarded.

From second to second their Joy grew, grew greater,
And their bodies too leapt ever higher and higher.

Then the king, his crown of gold took off,
And cast away from him the mark of distinction.
And his crown fell to earth and there on the pebbles
It struck with a ring, and it rolled and again rang.
Then straightway there fell from round him the wall
Which divided 'twixt him and the whole of his people,—
That bound which each raises up 'gainst his fellows;
And he and all Israël were one.

And arms linked, they whirled, all the prophets together;
They turned right, they turned left, all calling and shouting.
In bands separating, they once more joined together
In a ring of quick movement, all springing, all leaping.
From second to second their Fervour grew greater,
Their yearnings of heart ever higher and higher.

Then from him the king put his harp made of cypress
And cast it afar, far into the thicket,
So that it fell there amid the top branches;
And rent were the strings, each string and its moaning.
And straightway there fell, too, that wall from around him
Which divided 'twixt him and the whole of mankind,—
That bound which was made by the Lord that made all things;
And he and all mankind were one.

And hands linked together, insane whirled the prophets;
They turned right, they turned left, they seemed as if flying.

They embraced one another, they held close together,
And, body as if bound to body, they kissed them.
From second to second their Cleaving grew greater,
Their being consumed, ever higher and higher.

Then he took off his sword, the sword of his proudness,
And his arms he cast from him far onto the rocks.
So the weapon of violence fell on the stone,
And it struck on the rock and it rang and resounded.
Then straightway there fell, too, that wall from around him,
Which divided 'twixt him and 'twixt all else that liveth,—
That hatred 'twixt man and 'twixt all else that liveth;
And he and all earth-life were one.

And, linkèd of body, they span, all the prophets,
Uplifted to heaven yet never attaining;
By whirlwinds uplifted they turned left, they turned right,
No longer distinguished the one from the other.
From second to second their Rapture grew greater
As their souls hasted, hasted, still higher and higher.

Then his garments he took off, his garments of might,
And onto the earth cast the royal garb from him.
So down on the pathway the beauteous stuffs fell;
And there they lay crumpled, all shimmering whiteness.
Then straightway there fell, too, the bounds that divided
'Twixt him and creation through the universe all,—
That bound which was raised by the might of creation;
And he was one with all made by the Almighty.

And in one many-faced body the prophets subdued them;
They turned right, they turned left, in dances most wondrous,

Were bruised 'twixt the trees and the stones of the altar;
They rolled in the grasses, in sweet-smelling herbage.
From second to second their Union grew greater,
And their spirit spread forth, ever higher and higher.

Thus the Spirit of God prospered on his Anointed,
And he, too, prophesied in the midst of the camp.
And he became one with the whole of existence—
One small spark alone in Godhead's infinity—
To love, and to cleave to, the whole of creation.
And naked lay he all that day
And all that night . . . naked . . . naked . . . naked.

SAUL TSCHERNICHOWSKY.

(Translated from the Hebrew by I. M. LASK.)

(Saul Tschernichowsky is one of the greatest of modern Hebrew poets. The above piece is written in the original in an irregular unrhymed metre; it can hardly be called *vers libre*.—ED.)

SOUL TO BODY.

How strangely straight and motionless it lies,
That which was I an hour ere morning broke,
And still is held as me by those sad folk
Who gazed on it but late with awed surmise,
Not knowing that I, too, marked with wondering eyes
What slept when I slept last, but never woke.

Never I knew you lie so still as now:
How great your joy, old friend, your thankfulness
When I by chance was happy; your distress
At all that scored those records on your brow!
"Ignoble flesh; most noble soul!" with how
Great unction I in that would acquiesce!

You, though my slave deriving all from me,
I chose to treat as an oppressive lord
Against whose brutish tyranny I warred
Ever in vain and, yearning to be free,
Had no discretion but to bend the knee
And do his bidding whom I most abhorred.

Had separate voice been yours you might, indeed,
With scorn have questioned what could be your gain
To soil the natural pure with wanton stain.
You tempted not, nor whispered; paid no heed
When I whose secret hand had sowed the seed
Cried out, accusing you, at reaping pain.

And now I scarce in that to which I go
Can hope to find again a means so true
To see by, learn by, reach the meaning through
Of that which now or sometime all must know;
Or help so freely given by which to grow
From weakly bud to flowering strength,—as you:

You who,—a thing so trustful and so wrought
To shrink and suffer, vexed by such wild fears
Of the dead dark,—for me with bitter tears
That perilous avail of knowledge bought
Which I, your aid withheld, perchance had sought
In vain beyond my measure of mortal years.

W. G. Hole.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

LIFE, MIND, AND SPIRIT.

Being the Second Course of Gifford Lectures delivered in the University of St. Andrews in the Year 1923 under the General Title of Emergent Evolution. By C. Lloyd-Morgan, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., Professor Emeritus of the University of Bristol. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 316; 15s. net.

THE concept of Emergent Evolution has come to stay, and to Prof. Lloyd-Morgan is due the credit of its first considerable formulation. The Gifford Lectures of 1923 are a memorable event in scientific and philosophic thinking. Emergent Evolution works on a basis of progressive wholes, or natural entities, or again organisms, for in a recent utterance Prof. Lloyd-Morgan has most warmly welcomed the extension by Prof. Whitehead of the concept 'organism' to the hitherto-regarded inorganic realm. Throughout the whole process there is gradual emergence of higher wholes and higher levels, starting from the atom. There is a somewhat of life, a somewhat of mind, be it ever so negligible for the empiricist, even in so lowly an emergent as an electron. In this regard the clean-cut classifications of 19th century scientific theorizing are no longer tolerable for philosophic thought. We must never forget that this was a make-shift to avoid the complexity of classification on the *à potiori* principle. This being so, it is somewhat surprising to find that Prof. Lloyd-Morgan, in dealing with the human organic unit, retains a notion reflective of the Spinozistic radical dualism of a thinking and of an extended attribute of the one substance, that are entirely incapable of influence the one on the other. There is for him always a mind-story and a life-story apart of the activity of every man. But there is never interaction or transmission between mind and body, nor is there parallelism, but what he would now call concomitance (in preference to correlation or even co-relation) of physical and physiological processes with mental processes.

And this is all the more strange as he allows for a class of *bioses* between the *psychoses* and *neuroses*, that is of biological changes between the psychological and physiological. And yet our Gifford Lecturer is an out-and-out monist, pleading eloquently the cause of a substantial unity as the basis of all nature. The volume is full of suggestive and provocative thought, and written throughout with great tolerance for all competing views and with exceedingly great courtesy. But what readers of THE QUEST will want to know more than all else is what significance Prof. Lloyd Morgan gives to the meaningful term 'spirit.' It must be said that he is somewhat parcimonious in assigning but one lecture of the ten in the volume, and that the last, to the treatment of this all-important subject, under the general caption 'Divine Purpose,' while of course Volume I. does not touch upon it. The Gifford Lecturer equates the spiritual attitude with the religious attitude.

"This attitude (he writes) I speak of as a religious attitude—confessing that for me it is *the* religious attitude. It is, I think, different from that towards utility, or beauty, or truth, or even moral goodness. It is, as I put it, supervenient to them; but it does not supersede them in any strictly antagonistic sense" (p. 291). Again: "There is for me (I must repeat it) one and only one realm of reality that *is both natural and spiritual*, in ultimate unity of substance, but *is not both natural and supernatural* if this imply ultimate diversity of orders of being" (p. 302). And yet again: "The net result of the considerations adduced . . . is that the prefix 'super' and the word 'beyond' may from the point of view of emergent evolution be applied to any stage of emergence as contrasted with the precedent stage. The molecular stage is super-atomic; the crystal or colloidal stage is super-molecular; and so on throughout the whole gamut till we reach the æsthetic or the ethical stage as super-cosmic (in Huxley's sense[1]) and the stage of spiritual outlook as super-æsthetic and super-ethical. But all stages fall within the rational order of the cosmos in our comprehensive sense; and for us this rational order is, in spiritual regard, no other than Divine Purpose. For us, Divine Purpose is inclusive of *all advance*—physical, vital, mental, social, and in spiritual regard. Could we but reach the acknowledged limit there would be no 'super' beyond it. It follows that for us there is in spiritual regard nothing super-rational in this

[1] When he says: "Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step and the substitution for it of another which may be called the ethical process" (quoted p. 285).

sense. But in what I venture to call the evolutionary or the emergent sense, it is our cardinal claim that such is the super-status of the Holy" (pp. 306, 307).

And at the end of these twenty lectures of scientific research and hard thinking, the Gifford Lecturer for 1923 writes, with respect to much he has said in the last of them: "I know full well that . . . I shall be charged with mysticism. So be it. In discussing emergente volution I was faced by problems many and various. In spiritual regard I am faced by mystery. And in presence of mystery, the spiritual attitude, if monistic, cannot as I think be other than mystic. That is part of its emergent character; to be emergent in some human persons falls within Divine Purpose. Christianity without any touch of chastened mysticism is not that which I find—and I must speak as I find—in the New Testament or in the teaching of the Church of which I am an unworthy member. If it savour of mysticism to say that Divine Personality shines through the Unique Individuality of the Christ, are not all who subscribe to a Logos doctrine mystics?" (pp. 312, 313).

There is thus much food for thought and no little helpfulness in this arresting volume for adventurers on the spiritual quest. And if the Church had more such 'unworthy' members, she would surely occupy a position in the estimation of thinkers very different from the present dishevelled status they are forced to assign to her.

Comparative Philosophy.

By Paul Masson-Oursel, Agrégé de Philosophie, Chargé de Suppléance à la Faculté des Lettres et à l'École des Hautes Études. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 212; 10s. 6d. net.

In the past Orientalists, in treating Eastern philosophies, have made casual comparisons and drawn isolated parallels with Western systems; but, to our knowledge, no systematic comparative treatment of the subject has so far been attempted. Indeed historians of philosophy and psychology have hitherto, almost without exception, pridefully ignored the vast stocks of subject-matter stored east of Suez. Such hemispherical prejudice is very parochial and very deplorable. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we welcome M. Masson-Oursel's pioneer work, in which he uses the comparative method in treating of three great rivers of culture: namely, the European, Indian and Chinese.

In our exceedingly well-read *cicerone* we have the rare combination of an excellent Indianist, a capable Sinologist and a deeply-read student of Western philosophy; and in addition we have a mind sympathetic to the mystical ideals enshrined in the depths of the soul of philosophy in its best sense.

In carrying out his difficult task of evaluation in this new survey of compared philosophy, M. Masson-Oursel has worked on a relativistic basis, by introducing the novel principle of 'proportional analogy.' He contends that in the domain of philosophy, as in the realm of physics, we should always consider the 'fact' under observation in relation to its *milieu* or context—to its sphere, or scheme, or frame of reference, in short. The comparison of isolated facts can yield no results of positive value. Such facts are but parts of organisms so to say; and therefore "the comparability of two facts is a function of the comparability of their contexts." Though then analogy is the chief principle to be used in comparative philosophy, it can yield a positive result only when it includes four factors instead of the usual two. The enunciation of this new principle of 'proportional analogy' is set forth by our philosopher as follows:

"The scheme of intelligibility proper to the comparative method consists neither in identity nor in distinction. In the former case it would infer like laws from a multiplicity of facts: in the latter it would specify the irreducible originality of empirical data. It would lead up either to a science or a history. Comparative philosophy, though positive, will be neither the one nor the other. Its guiding principle will be analogy, reasoning in accordance with what in mathematics is called a proportion, that is to say, the equality between two ratios:—*A* is to *B* as *Y* is to *Z*. Such an equivalence is compatible with no matter how great an heterogeneity between *A* and *Y*, *B* and *Z*. To render evident such an equivalence it is by no means necessary to state explicitly the integral content of the four terms: an even superficial knowledge of them may be sufficient. [Thus] . . . Confucius was in China that which Socrates was in Greece: he who frees the speculation of his own time from a generalised sophistry; he who, by application of a new organon, prepares new dogmatisms. But it stands to reason that, apart from the analogy in *rôle*, the one personage differs almost completely from the other, as does the Middle Kingdom from Hellas."

M. Masson-Oursel, after treating of this positive notion of Analogy and a like positive conception of Environment, discusses

the comparative study of the History of Thought and the true Critique of the Mind. Thereafter he gives detailed examples of how the method works in Comparative Philosophy, as to Chronology, Logic, Metaphysics and Psychology. And it is with regard to Comparative Psychology that our author seems to us to be specially instructive and interesting. He objects, and rightly, to the term 'comparative psychology' being monopolised by those who institute a comparison between man and animals. We are thankful for all work done in the divers fields of psychological research, normal, abnormal and primitive:

"Yet, surprising as it may seem, practically nobody has been found to enable psychology to benefit by a knowledge of people who are neither abnormal nor of lower grade, but simply men like ourselves—whether related or not to our own race. And it is inconceivable that a study of the civilization of India and China should not yield to psychology as much information as has been gleaned by an examination of the aboriginals of Australia or the patients in our hospitals."

This is a just indictment; and it is time that psychologists should set to work seriously to remove this scandal from their midst. Comparative psychology in its true scope should prove the most educative of all of the disciplines. For by it alone can we be freed from the prejudices that mask psychical reality. "It may reveal to us facts little known, or apprehended under another form in the type of humanity to which we ourselves belong. . . . Further, we may be quite sure that these very opinions which seem to us self-evident, will be those which to people of another race are suspect, or at all events held to be relative to European character."

It is not in religion alone that dogmatic prejudice flourishes; it is comfortably ensconced in philosophic and scientific circles as well, and perhaps in no discipline more securely than in that of psychology, which primarily conditions the whole of our mentality. Many of our readers then, we doubt not, will heartily approve when this capable critic exclaims: "To what a degree would relativity be increased were we to envisage real spirituality!" And no few of them will also, we think, be nodding assent, when he continues:

"Is there one law of memory, one hypothetical explanation of dreams, valid without modification from many different kinds of minds? Do not let us be in too great a hurry to reply 'yes' or 'no'; it belongs to comparative psychology alone to come to

a decision. Henceforward it teaches us that our so-called psychic experience does not agree on many points with that of other races; it leads us then to be critical of this experience which very often reduces itself to pre-notions implanted in us and consecrated by tradition."

We have selected these remarks on comparative psychology as going perhaps more deeply into the heart of the matter or, let us say, affecting the reader in a more homely way, than the other phases of the general subject of comparative philosophy. But all work together towards a widening and heightening of true culture. As we close the pages of this genuinely educative treatise, we are left with an abiding impression that it is the most helpful and suggestive of the two score interesting volumes of 'The International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method,' so ably edited by Mr. C. K. Ogden.

THE SECRET TRADITION IN ALCHEMY.

Its Development and Records. By Arthur Edward Waite. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 415; 15s. net.

ANOTHER fat and handsome volume from the capable pen of our old friend and colleague, who has done so much to throw light on the dark places of what he would perhaps call 'houses of hiddenness.' To grapple with the Proteus of alchemical tradition in the West with any hope of holding even for a brief space so slippery a customer, requires the long apprenticeship of intensive training. Arthur Edward Waite has given many proofs of faithfully serving such an apprenticeship; and therefore his workmanship is sure to be praiseworthy as far as it is at present possible to treat such refractory material as the subject-matter in hand.

The problem to which our author primarily directs his attention, is whether or no there is a 'spiritual' or practical mystical element in alchemy. After long and laborious enquiry, he decides that alchemy proper was ever and always a physical research—chiefly mineral and metallic transmutation, chrysopœia or gold-making. This holds good also for its 'elixir' of life, or universal panacea; it too was material. True, some of the seekers were men of piety, who prayed for Divine help in their endeavour; but they were not mystics or men of true spiritual quest. It was only later on, at the turning point of the 16th and 17th centuries, that men of the spirit, such as Khunrath, Jacob Böhme and Robert Fludd, used alchemical symbolism to express

the processes of that highest mystery of the ethical spiritual life, the regeneration of the soul and its baptism into the unitive life of Divine Reality. Now 'gold-making' has ever been veiled in strange disguises and hedged round with the manifold deceits of artificial secrecy. Its whole spirit was contrary to that of the search for God, which has ever been an open secret, requiring none of the unethical subterfuges so beloved of the 'alchemistical philosopher.'

So far, so good. We agree that alchemy was not a camouflaged form of quest after *mysterium Dei*, or *mysterium Christi*, or *mysterium Sancti Spiritus*. But is this the only alternative? We have ourselves believed that, as distinct from spiritual mysticism, as the highest quest of all, there was, at times at least, even in Western tradition, a psychic or psychical element in the art. And in one case even, there may have been something higher than the psychical. Indeed Mr. Waite himself is plainly puzzled to bring satisfactorily into his theory the very heterogeneous treatises fastened on Zosimus (*c.* 300 A.D.). Some of them are clearly documents based on the workshop-recipes of the Egyptian (?) craftsmen who were trying to make amalgams to counterfeit gold and silver. But there are other fragments of Zosimus of a quite different order: strange myths and allegories, in support of which this mystical philosopher quotes passages of high interest from a number of treatises of the Trismegistic traditions which are otherwise lost, so that we find ourselves in the full current of the High Gnosis. Now this mystic and spiritual tradition had nothing whatever to do with alchemy; though later on the gold-making folk exploited its name for their own advertisement with bare-faced effrontery. Here then we have very early in the metal-transmutation tradition (the earliest Greek document we have of it goes no further back than the 1st century A.D.) the same phenomenon that emerges again clearly, but in Christianized form, with the beginning of the 17th century in Rosicrucian circles.

Difficult as it is to prove,—for proof of anything whatever in a tradition that throughout rejoiced in subterfuge and deliberate concealment, is hard to find,—it still seems probable that there was a training in psychical development at times hidden in alchemical writings under the symbolism of physical processes. In the Proem to my *Doctrine of the Subtle Body in Western Tradition* (London, Watkins, 1920) I suggested that we should have to look to later 'Babylon,' or to the syncretic pre-Christian

Hellenistic gnosis, for the genesis of this psychical transmutation-element; the workshops of Egypt would not here suffice. Quite recently, owing to the labours of Campbell Thompson and Robert Eisler, the 'early chemistry' of the cuneiform-texts has been exploited, and this lends support to my conjecture. And here also, I think, comes in the link with Chinese Taoist alchemy, treatment of which Mr. Waite abandons. Its origins are early. Clear indications occur in Chwang-Tzŭ (*c.* 300 B.C.); and Chwang-Tzŭ throws back to Lao-Tzŭ (*c.* 600 B.C.). Now of late Sinologists have been persuaded that at any rate the 'elixir of life,' which plays so great a part in later alchemical Taoism (say from 3rd century B.C. onwards) has to do with 'yoga'-breathing exercises. This is highly probable; but it is equally probable that this is by no means the whole of the secret. At present we have only sign-posts set up pointing in directions for further research. But it appears already that the prospect of filling in a few features of the mapping-out of the development of the 'psychical element' in 'alchemy' in East and West is not simply a vain conceit. Some of the Gnostic systems in Hippolytus contain indications of a 'mystic' physiology and psychology. The so-called 'Chaldæan Oracles,'—that Hellenistic mystery-poem so beloved by the Later Platonists,—have an elaborate symbolism of the fountains and streams of life in the cosmos and man. Zosimus, moreover, categorically asserts that the secret of 'mystic alchemy' was identical with the 'mystery' of Mithra; and the magically over-worked 'Mithra-liturgy' is a practice of mingled 'breathings' and auto-suggestion.

Now, though I agree with Mr. Waite that the late Mrs. Atwood, who in her early years, as Miss South, wrote the much-talked-of *Suggestive Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*, was extra-vagant in her ideas of the high spiritual value of the Western tradition of alchemy, and not sufficiently informed of the literature, I think she was justified to this extent, that there was a psychical streamlet which had trickled into the sandy plains of the gold-making industry. Her major thesis, however, that the mystery-institutions of the Græco-Roman world and the religio-philosophical schools and mystical and gnostical circles of the palmy days of Alexandria, were engaged in exploiting 'animal magnetism' as their *secretum secretorum*, is, as Mr. Waite also thinks, a flimsy hypothesis, set up by a mind that was over-amazed by the hypnotic and allied phenomena that were coming into such prominence in the midst of the last century. They may have

known something of the subject; but mystical philosophers did not 'magnetise' one another into self-knowledge.

We have said little about Mr. Waite's labours in detail; but they are commendable, and show a rare acquaintance with the alchemical literature of the West. His endeavour to bring some sort of order into the hitherto prevailing chaos, and to evaluate the most distinctive types of this strangest and most puzzling of all literatures, is highly praiseworthy.

THE BOOK OF TRUTH.

Or the Voice of Osiris. With 44 Full-page Plates. London (Rider); pp. 201; 16s. net.

THE sub-title continues with the legend: "Set down in the House of El Eros-El Erua, they being male-female, born according to the Laws governing the Dhuman-Adamic Race, this being their Fourth Incarnation"; and what can be fairer than that? The contents (both script and drawings) of this imaginative deliverance were automatically received. The medium had never thus written or drawn before; knew absolutely nothing of this Adamo-Atlantico-Egyptian subject; all came out of the blue suddenly, and both writing and drawing were rapid and without erasure. This phenomenal side of the matter will doubtless appear wonderful to the inexperienced layman; he will be fascinated by it and inclined to infer that therefore there must be high value in the content. As a rule we do not notice mediumistic communications self-sponsored by a 'great names' complex. But it may be of service to utilize the present opportunity by making a remark or two on this class of pretentious 'revelations' in general. We have had a number of them already; and we shall doubtless have many more. Personally I expect a flood of them; and perhaps as time goes on their quality will improve, so that they will mislead larger numbers by their speciousness.

Now I do not think that all such romances can be set down solely to the imaginative activity of the automatists' 'subconscious'; though I grant that often we need go no further for an explanation. For any and every subconscious, or rather 'transliminal,' is a marvellous teller of tales; the dream-fantasies, which everybody experiences to some extent, are but poor specimens of what the 'transliminal' can do if it once gets properly going. This is of course phrased in the vulgar language of the

man in the street. As a matter of fact I do not hold that the 'subconscious' 'creates' anything deliberately of itself; it is the marvellous creative imagination of Nature which tricks out the emotional play of the human psyche with appropriate pictorial and audible settings. Now, take a credulous mind which has been nurtured here on the pap of artificial 'occult' initiation, in some circle or clique addicted to such conceits. As a rule, in such a *milieu* science and scholarship are to a large extent at a discount. The 'adepts' are fed on wildly speculative dogmas; where objective historic records are silent or non-existent, just there is the happy hunting-ground of the professed prophets and seers of the circle. If mediumistic means are employed, the 'communicators' are of the same quality as the mentality of the initiates and initiands. Moreover I do not doubt that some of these 'occult' fraternities carry on these particular industries on the other side of Jordan, and so constitute small complexes in the hither hereafter; just as in the wider realms of the great religious traditions, there is a distinctive Christian, or Mohammedan, or Buddhist psychical world. In that lively atmosphere vast imaginative constructs and marvels of romance constitute the natural environmental working-out of the things believed in and longed for down here. If then these things are conceived of here in the terms of artificial initiation and adeptship and all the lures of 'occult' pretension in its protean forms, the believer is most likely to pass hence into a world of such notions, where the stuff of imagination which has constituted the spoon-meat to satisfy his 'occult' appetite down here, becomes reified. He continues in his super-dream, and presumably takes a considerable time before he wakes up out of it.

What is above all necessary in these 'secret tradition' constructs, is that the topics built into them should be matters of pre-history or once carefully concealed proceedings and doctrines which cannot be controlled by the objective testimony of history. You can say what you like, for instance, about the mysteries of the mystic Atlantis and the mysteries of historic Egypt; precisely because we know nothing whatever about the former, and only what Plutarch and Apuleius tell us in Greek and Latin about the latter; the hieroglyphs themselves being practically silent.

Take then a mind that has been inoculated here with such an 'occult' germ of speculation, fed on the fattening food of free associationism; in the favourable conditions of the still 'occult'

(for it) hither-hereafter, such a mind will prove an ideal host for the rapid multiplication of that germ's kind. The sufferer's whole mentality will be invaded, and the 'adept' will soar from grade to grade, till at last he will think himself at one with the very God of his cult (Osiris, for instance) and proclaim oracularly all its dogmas *ex-cathedra*.

Once the general way of the development of this type of 'great names' industry has been grasped, it is not difficult to sort out the 'carrying' elements thus associated together, and refer each to its proper mythical, legendary or psychical-speculation heredity down here. It is of course not necessary to assume that the 'occult' compiler of such documents has deliberately fabricated his special romance from the material known to competent students; the psychical contagion of ideas is quite sufficient to account for it. Moreover, a small endowment with the gift of 'metagnomy' (as the French 'Metapsychists' call the supranormal grade of psychical 'awareness' of which 'psychometry' is one of the manifestations) can easily throw the work of the most astute conscious fabricator into the shade.

These are but a minimum of remarks on a vast subject; but we cannot conclude without warning the inexperienced to beware of claims made to read the 'records of the past' from the 'memory of Nature,' or however else the supposition may be designated. There may be such really 'objective' records; but they are hidden deep beneath many a stratum of the mal-observations and opinions of the many minds that witnessed the facts from many different standpoints and with many different interests in view, just as present-day happenings are individually observed and evaluated. The prime datum for the student is that, as actual fact, when two or more lay claim to be deriving independently their information psychically from such presupposed records, they do not agree.

The Mathnawi of Jalalu'ddin Rumi.

By Reynold A. Nicholson. Vol. II., containing the translation of the First and Second Books. Cambridge (The University Press); pp. xxiii. + 419; 20s. net.

It is not an easy task to convey to the Western reader any adequate idea of the deep subtlety of the Sufi literature. It is a mass of allegorical interpretation and mystical speculation directed towards discovering the hidden meaning of things existing, and thereby slowly to lift up the soul by intuition and

absorption into the highest form of ecstasy and forgetfulness of self. The literal sense of the words used is simply a cover for the inner meaning; and it is only through long practice that one is able to reach that high degree of perfection when all that is dark becomes light, and all that is hidden stands revealed. It is not here the place to discuss either the origin of Sufism or its gradual development up to the time of Jalalu'ddin surnamed Rumi from his life in Konia in Asia Minor (1207-1273). His greatest work is the *Mathnawi*, consisting of some 27,000 verses. The book is considered by the Mohammedans to be second almost only to the Koran. The difficulties which stand in the way of a satisfactory translation into any Western language are obvious. It is not easy to render an Oriental word charged with a deep meaning, and sometimes open to different explanations, in such a manner as to convey to the Western reader something of that peculiar character. The *Mathnawi* is full of anecdotes, Biblical stories, legends and other narratives, which are treated in an extraordinary manner. Very little of the real story is given, sometimes only a few words. The writer presupposes, doubtless, the great familiarity of the reader with the fuller story. But these are simply pegs on which to hang mystical effusions and rhetorical declamations, the connection of which with the story is often difficult to discover. A running commentary resting on Oriental interpretation and tradition is no doubt indispensable; but the publication of such a book in its entirety, together with an ample interpretative commentary, has only been undertaken once, by Rosen. An abridged translation was published some years ago in English; and the first and second books have been separately treated and translated (the *Mathnawi* consisting of six books) by Redhouse and Wilson. A new translation with an interesting introduction has now been prepared by Prof. Nicholson. He has made himself fully acquainted with the Persian literature, and has prepared himself for this task for many years. If the *Mathnawi* were now to be made popular on the one hand, and the student helped in the proper understanding of the text on the other, the author has chosen the only possible way by giving us a careful literal rendering, inserting sometimes explanatory words, and occasionally paraphrasing the sentence, thus dispensing with the elaborate commentary, instead of giving a more difficult translation with such a commentary. Prof. Nicholson has happily taken that course, and we have here therefore thus far the best translation of the first and second books. In this manner, whilst the book is

conveying on the whole the simpler meaning of the original, it is at the same time of great help to the student of Persian in general and of the *Mathnawi* in particular, just by its literalness. One must hope, however, that Dr. Nicholson will give us in a separate volume also the mystical interpretation as understood by the Sufis.

Sufism in itself claims special attention from all those who are interested in the mystic movements and esoteric speculations of the East. Though nominally Mohammedan, its roots go much deeper. Not only has the Buddhistic Vedanta contributed towards it, probably at a much later stage in its development, but much more is it indebted to the ancient Jewish Kabbala and Christian mysticism, which lie at the very foundation of these doctrines of love and ecstasy. Sufism is also the result of a certain kind of syncretism; and no doubt Persia in its wider geographical sense had been the home for many centuries of warring sects with most heterodox systems of thought and faith. Gnosticism and Manichæism also flourished there; and this Mohammedan mysticism is one of the links which connect the past with the present. Though it assumes many forms, it remains essentially the same; and it is an interesting psychological study to examine these peculiar forms, in which the national character and the influences which have contributed to mould it find their mystical expression. A study of the *Mathnawi* in this direction will also repay the labour bestowed upon it. We are therefore grateful to Dr. Nicholson for the help which he has thus rendered by this publication, and to the Gibbs' Memorial Fund which has provided the necessary means.

M. GASTER.

REICHENBACH'S LETTERS ON OD AND MAGNETISM (1852).

Published for the First Time in English with Extracts from his Other Works, so as to make a Complete Presentation of the Odic Theory. Translated Text, Introduction, with Biography of Baron Carl von Reichenbach, Notes and Supplements by F. D. O'Bryne, B.A. (Lond.). London (Hutchinson); pp. lxxii. +119; 7s. 6d. net.

STUDENTS of the history of the warfare between 'classical' science and 'progressive' science in the domain of psychical research have in this country been dependent mainly on Dr. William Gregory's translation (1850) of Reichenbach's *Researches into the Forces of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat and Light in Relation to the Force of Light* (to give the full German title in

English). This distinguished Professor of Chemistry at the University of Edinburgh in the middle of last century stoutly championed the painstaking scientific work of Reichenbach on the manifestations, properties and laws of a basic force of a mixed physical, bio-chemical, psycho-physical and psychical nature which he first called Od and then Odyle. These names were not very happily chosen, *od* being based on the Greek *hodos* (way) and *odyle* compounded of *od* and *-yle* (*hylē*, matter). Reichenbach had already won great distinction in Austria and Germany, not only as a physicist and chemist by his study of meteorites and pioneer work on coal-tar products, but also as a manufacturer, by the establishment of large metallurgical works and a beet-sugar factory as early as 1815. R. was anything but a dreamer; on the contrary he was a very practical scientist and man of affairs who made a very large industrial fortune. Nevertheless his Od-researches, carried out by means of sensitives, provoked the most pig-headed opposition on the part of his scientific colleagues, who unfairly and disdainfully turned them down. Had they been loyal to the true spirit of science, instead of wedded to their own dogmatic prejudices, psychical research would have become part and parcel of official science three-quarters of a century ago, and science have been immeasurably enriched by three generations of intensive study of the complex manifestations of that psychic force, or whatever you like to term it, which is the vital complement of magnetism, electricity, heat and light.

Mr. O'Bryne has done well, in the first place, by translating, and excellently translating, Reichenbach's *Odisch-magnetische Briefe* (1852) for the benefit of English readers; and he has done better, in the second, by writing an instructive, well-documented and methodically arranged Introduction of 72 pages and adding three Supplements (pp. 94-119) treating of: (i.) Odic Force as Explanatory of Clairvoyance; (ii.) Differences between Od and Heat, Electricity and Magnetism Respectively; and (iii.) Suggestions for Experiments to Bring the Effects of Odic Force within the Ken of Non-Sensitives. It is good to have such a careful study; for it is certain that in all systematic treatment of psychical phenomena the pioneer but genuinely scientific experiments and observations of Carl von Reichenbach, continued unremittingly for 29 years (1840-1869), must be the starting-point. Science has had many martyrs; and the saddest thing about it is that most of them have been despitefully entreated and spat upon (if not actually slain as in the good old days of Ecclesiastical tyranny) by those

who boasted themselves at the time to be her high priests. When in the future the history of science comes to be written with real impartiality the name of Carl von Reichenbach will be found adorning her 'Calendar of Saints.'

Two Interesting Reprints.

Iamblichus' Life of Pythagoras or the Pythagoric Life. Accompanied by Fragments of the Ethical Writings of Certain Pythagoreans in the Doric Dialect, and a Collection of Pythagoric Sentences from Stobæus and Others. Translated from the Greek by Thomas Taylor. London (Watkins); pp. 252; 15s. net.

Kabbala Denudata: The Kabbalah Unveiled. Containing the Following Books of the Zohar: 1. The Book of Concealed Mystery, 2. The Greater Holy Assembly, 3. The Lesser Holy Assembly. Translated into English from the Latin Version of Knorr von Rosenroth and Collated with the Original Chaldee and Hebrew Text. By S. L. MacGregor Mathers. New edition (the Fourth) with a Preface by M. MacGregor Mathers. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 360; 12s. 6d. net.

THE first volume is reprinted from the 1818 edition. It is one of the many books that Thomas Taylor more than a century ago included in his pioneer propaganda for a Platonic and Neo-Platonic revival. The fact that Mr. Watkins has to reprint it shows that even now we owe Thomas Taylor a deep debt of gratitude. It is ungracious to criticise Taylor's enthusiastic labours on the ground of our enormously improved classical equipment to-day. Single-handed, he achieved in his day a great work in the midst of an incurious and neglectful generation; and even to-day non-knowers of Greek are dependent on him for no little that still remains untranslated into English by any but himself. The volume is excellently reprinted and the edition limited to 500 copies.

The late S. L. MacGregor Mather's *Kabbalah Unveiled* (1st ed. 1887) belongs to another order of endeavour. It is immersed in the 'occult,' and dependent from Knorr von Rosenroth's crabbed and confusing volumes of renderings from and comments on the Zoharic documents. As has been previously stated in these pages, de Pauly's French translation of the Zohar, which appeared a score of years ago, and which some of us welcomed warmly, for

at any rate it gave us for the first time an understandable conspectus of the whole and an insight into the setting of this 'esoteric' midrashic collection, is now reported on very unfavourably by modern Jewish scholarship. It is found to be incorrect in many passages and not infrequently bowdlerized. It may be that the new University of Jerusalem may deal eventually with this rich Kabalistic material faithfully. Meantime some important work is being done in Germany by Jewish scholars on other mystical texts of the 'Tradition.' Our readers have had indication of this already laid before them in our pages.

THE NAMES OF CHRIST.

Readings from 'Nombres de Cristo.' By Fray Luis de Leon. Translated from the Spanish by a Benedictine Nun of Stanbrook, with a Preface by Benedict Zimmermann, O.C.D. London (Burns, Oates & Washbourne); 6s. net.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY Spain,—the Spain of the Inquisition, the Armada, of Charles V., Philip II. and Don John of Austria,—is being revealed in a new light to English students through the growing influence of Spanish mysticism. Others have rendered for us the works of S. John of the Cross, S. Teresa, and Ramon Lull; and now their predecessor, Master Luis de Leon, is given for the first time in English in an attractively rendered translation by a Benedictine nun of Stanbrook. It is not the whole of *Nombres de Cristo* which she has given, but a very good and well-connected series of readings from the large Spanish editions of de Leon's works. Father Zimmermann contributes an instructive preface, and rightly emphasizes the scholarship and poetic gifts of Master Luis, whose career from 1527 to 1591 was an epitome of the honours achieved and the sufferings endured by any Renaissance mystic. The disputation on the Names of Christ was itself written mostly in prison.

The book fully bears out its author's reputation for wide learning, both secular and sacred, but its wealth of etymology is not spiritually very edifying. It illustrates, however, the persistent mystic tendency to allegory and analogy. But Luis is not dogmatic. He offers two separate, if somewhat fanciful, interpretations of the threefold repetition of '*Converte nos*' in Psalm 79. His affection for Vergil is constantly in evidence in his reference to '*el poeta*.'

Three English authors are akin in outlook and style to Master

Luis: Blake, whose poems on The Lamb, The Shepherd, and The Muse's Song are curiously preluded in de Leon's 'Names' of Shepherd, Mountain and Lamb; Francis Thompson, who would surely have loved in de Leon the rhythm and æsthetic analogies so akin to his own *Carmen Genesis;* and Faber. Faber, indeed, may be called the English Master Luis as the latter is the Spanish Faber. Fervour of feeling and fervour of expression characterize both—'Jesus Only' in de Leon, 'All for Jesus' in Faber; a patient working out in loving detail of the Divine attributes in relation to human needs.

The *Nombres de Cristo* is indeed best read by the English student in conjunction with Faber's 'All for Jesus' and 'Growth in Holiness.' But many who dislike Faber will dislike in de Leon also the tendency to an over-lyrical sentiment. Of the robust metaphysical mysticism of the later Spaniards there is hardly a trace in de Leon.

A. A. COCK.

THE SACRED DANCE IN CHRISTENDOM.

By G. R. S. Mead. The Quest Reprint Series, II. London (Watkins); 2s. 6d. net.

AMONG the difficulties which confront a modern interpreter of ancient documents is the handicap that they have not been written with an eye to posterity. The author never contemplated any future use of his writings. He wrote to and for his contemporaries. Such writings therefore often abound in allusions and discreet references to events and incidents well known and easily understood by the reader of his time, but only of his time. Since then well-nigh everything has practically disappeared, and the greater the destruction the harder the task of recovering those details by which means alone these allusions could be fully understood. If, as in the present case, old writings of the N.T. period have become sacred writings and have been subjected to a very critical editing, as so much of a dogmatic teaching rested upon the wording, no wonder that so many an allusion or reference has of necessity remained obscure. It requires rare intuition, wide reading and an immersion into the spirit of the time to reconstruct the situation, and to obtain a clearer insight into the forces that were moving and moulding the generation of that period. Mr. Mead is easily acknowledged as one of those who have successfully illuminated many of such passages and indications, and he has, therefore, done a real service to the student by re-

printing in one volume, entitled *The Sacred Dance in Christendom*, three articles published by him originally in THE QUEST of 1910, 1912, and 1913. The progress in the study of comparative religion and religious ceremonies has now gone a long way to vindicate the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Mead, and to show the correctness of the views expressed by him twelve to fifteen years ago to the effect that Dance played an important *rôle* in the ceremonies of primitive Christianity. The practice has continued ever since; but it has never been fully understood. Mr. Mead has now collected a vast mass of material, especially from the practices of the Churches in France and elsewhere, which he has linked skilfully together with older traditions and ceremonies. He has shown that they were invested with a symbolical meaning, and formed an essential part of ancient practices. His wide reading and keen insight stand out prominently in these pages, and every student will be grateful to him for the happy idea of reprinting again his extremely suggestive and important studies.

M. GASTER.

THE PLATONIC TRADITION IN ENGLISH RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

The Hulsean Lectures at Cambridge, 1925-1926. By William Ralph Inge, C.V.O., D.D. London (Longmans Green); pp. 117; 4s. net.

THE Dean of St. Paul's, as is well known, is a devoted Platonist. In these four lectures he eloquently and incisively pleads for the recognition of Christian Platonism as a legitimate and independent type of Christian theology and practice. It stands with us in this country between Catholicism and Protestantism as containing and reconciling the best in both. There is much to be said for Dr. Inge's contention, for as he himself tells us in his Preface: "It is as the religion of the Spirit that I plead the cause of what I have called the Platonic tradition." That tradition is traced back from such of our poets as Wordsworth, Shelley and Coleridge and the famous group of 17th century Cambridge Platonists, such as Whichcote, Smith, Culverwel, Cudworth, Williams, More and Worthington, to Augustine of the Latin Fathers, and of the Greeks preëminently to the writer of the Dionysian treatises, to Origen, and Clement of Alexandria, back to the writer of the Fourth Gospel and Paul and even to Philo. It is well done, with much learning at the back of it, but never displayed. Any intelligent reader can follow, if he care to read with attention. The insight

of Dr. Inge into the true spirit of the best in Platonism is very fine. Most useful also are his summary appreciations of the many writers he has to evaluate. Of course, with such a downright and provocative pro- and con-mind as the Dean's, there are points where we cannot always see eye to eye with him. As usual he gets into a tangle over eschatology. He rejoices, and rightly, that Platonism is, as far at any rate as ultimates are concerned (but so far *only* we would add), free from the 'scandals' of orthodox Christian tradition. But it is no direct way out, and we are astonished at the suggestion from so straight a thinker as the Dean, when he writes (p. 107): "Whatever Christ Himself believed and taught about the Kingdom of God, He *allowed* (italics ours) His disciples to believe that it was to be brought in, within a few years, by supernatural agency." There are many good things in the way of *obiter dicta*; and of these we cannot refrain from quoting one to the address of the fashionable idol of Democracy, "the ingrained democratism of the age which is just passing," with its "half-formulated superstition that the ballot-box is a kind of Urim and Thummim for ascertaining the will of God."

THE CRISIS IN PSYCHOLOGY.

By Hans Driesch, Professor of Philosophy in Leipsic University. London (Oxford University Press); pp. 275; 11s. 6d. net.

Grundprobleme der Psychologie: Ihre Krisis in der Gegenwart. Von Hans Driesch. Leipzig (Reinicke); pp. 249.

THIS arresting volume contains the subject-matter of a number of lectures delivered by its gifted and distinguished author during 1922 and 1923 at the University of Peking, at Nanking and at the University of Tokyo, and also at Columbia and Princetown Universities in the U.S.A. It was written first in English, and good English; but the German 'version' is superior in its greater nicety of technical terms and expressions. Fortunately we have not to give a summary of Prof. Driesch's exposition of the present state of affairs in psychological science or of his main criticisms and contentions. Our readers may acquaint themselves with all this from his own article which heads the present number. From this they will learn the importance and value of the present volume. The four characteristics of modern psychology, which constitute its very essence, are, according to Driesch: (1) The

inactivity of the conscious ego; (2) forms of *meaning* as already present among the *elements* of psychical objects; (3) *directing* agents in the service of *order* as the main factors in psychical, *unconscious*, dynamics; (4) the critical foundation of all and the starting-point of the discussion, the *primordial fact*: "I consciously have (or know) something." Topics (1) and (4) are peculiar to Dr. Driesch's own theorizing; and (1), though novel in the West, is similar to, if not identical with, the Vedāntic theory of the *ātman* as witness solely. An exceptional feature of the work is the insistence that the science of psychology to be science must embrace the facts of abnormal psychology and psychical research. Prof. Driesch's so far main contributions to the latter may be seen in his important article, 'The Biological Setting of Psychical Phenomena,' which appeared in our pages in the July no. of 1924, and in his Presidential Address on 'Psychical Research and Academic Science' to the S.P.R. (*Proceedings*, July, 1926, German version in the Oct. no. of the *Zeitschrift für Parapsychologie*).

CHUANG TZŬ: MYSTIC, MORALIST AND SOCIAL REFORMER.

Translated from the Chinese by Herbert A. Giles, LL.D. (Aber.), Professor of Chinese at Cambridge University. Second Edition, revised. London (Quaritch); pp. 466; 21s. net.

HOORAY!—to be characteristically taoistically brief in the expression of our emotions. This is one of the great books,—a volume that some of us have battened upon with delight and fattened on spiritually ever since it first appeared in 1889. We have so often written and lectured on its contents, and expressed our heartfelt thanks to our veteran Sinologist for his spirited rendering, that we can only repeat our admiration and gratitude with a second 'Hooray!' Prof. H. A. Giles has given us a masterpiece comparable as to style, but far more accurate as to rendering, with Fitzgerald's 'Umr Khyyám classic. The contents, in our opinion, however, belong to a larger order of ideas than 'Umr attained. We have not as yet had time methodically to compare the improvements with the text of the first edition, but hasten at the earliest date to make known the appearance of the second; for the first has been out of print for so long that it has been almost unprocurable in the second-hand market, and rare copies have fetched a sum beyond the means of most students. Here we can but repeat the advice we have for many years given to

hundreds, but now fortunately with more chance of having it followed. We can now say: Get a copy of Chuang Tzŭ and you will learn to rise above the pettinesses of a bourgeois existence and the littleness of only too many systems of religion and philosophy. Previously we had to say: Beg, borrow or steal one! We are gratified to hear from Chuang Tzŭ's Western dress-maker that this revised edition "is due in great measure to your urgency." The nature of the revision is that: "Mistakes have been corrected, the running commentary improved and some parallel passages from Western literature have been inserted." We hope next term to give once more a course of lectures on the high virtues of Great Tao from a Chuang Tzŭ point of view.

PLOTINUS.

The Divine Mind, Being the Treatises of the Fifth Ennead. Translated from the Greek by Stephen Mackenna. Vol. IV. London (The Medici Society); pp. 102; 12s. 6d. net.

MR. STEPHEN MACKENNA continues courageously with his heavy task of rendering the difficult Greek of Plotinus into clear and fluent English. We have already noticed with sincere pleasure and approval the first three volumes of this great undertaking, which will be complete in five volumes (at the cost of £4 4s. for the set). A new French translation is in progress, and may benefit by Mr. Mackenna's work; but so far it is not too much to say that the version before us is to date the best. What we should very much like to see would be an up-to-date English version of all the extant works of the Later Platonic school. A century ago Thomas Taylor wrought manfully to make some of them accessible to English readers; but much water has flowed under the bridge of classical scholarship since then and we are now used to higher standards. What I mean can be seen by comparing Hopfner's recent German version of Iamblichus' *De Mysteriis* with Taylor's English translation. Why the excellent Loeb Classical Library should not include the masterpieces of the Neoplatonic genius in its volumes is a mystery. Perhaps in time it will; and then it might very well incorporate Mr. Mackenna's version of the Enneads, so that we should have it in cheaper and handier form and, in addition, what is devoutly to be wished, a new critical edition of the text. Meantime we wish all health and strength to the valiant translator to bring his arduous labours to a successful issue.

THE GOSPEL OF ZOROASTER.

Trois Conférences sur les Gāthās de l'Avesta, faites à l'Université d'Upsal par A. Meillet. Annales du Musée Guimet. Bibliothèque de Vulgarisation. Paris (Geuthner); pp. 72.

THE small compass of these lectures is no indication of their value. Written by the veteran Professor A. Meillet, a pupil of Darmsteter's, they are crammed with just such information as a studious layman who cannot read the original texts desires to have. The lecturer knows his subject thoroughly, and is well abreast of all the most recent work on it. He writes with clarity and frequently warns his hearers to suspend judgment where even the best authorities must be but tentative in the present state of our knowledge; and this especially with regard to the difficult dialect of the Gāthās, those five oldest hymns of the Avesta which bring us nearest to the life and doctrines of the historical Prophet. From this truly spiritual reform all the later documents clearly fall away. Prof. Meillet discusses the thorny question of the data of Zarathushtra, and favours the conservative and traditional view—somewhere in the seventh century B.C. The 1,000 years' date of Bartholmae and Moulton has hitherto seemed to ourselves more probable. But a layman is incompetent to tackle a specialist; all he knows is that the best authorities differ considerably on the point. The lectures on the Composition of the Gāthās and the Character of their Doctrine are the most important, and the gist of the matter in each is very clearly set forth. The importance of the Iranian religion in Background of Christian Origins Study is becoming ever more widely recognized; and accordingly everything that throws light on any phase of its tradition is welcome. The Gāthās are spiritually its most important phase, and therefore this little volume is specially welcome.

DISARMAMENT.

By Prof. P. J. Noel Baker. London (Hogarth Press); pp. 352; 12s. 6d. net.

A WORK on the subject of Disarmament is very welcome, as there is so little literature on the subject. Prof. Baker's book is full of facts, and all the chief issues that have been dealt with in recent treaties and at Geneva are discussed. The opening chapters deal with the subject generally. These are followed by

the consideration of land, naval and aërial disarmament. Chemical warfare, the arms traffic, and allied subjects are also considered. Unfortunately the author has been obliged, evidently from want of space, to omit all reference to the different standpoints of the various nations. Great Britain, a sea power; France, a continental nation; the United States, far removed from the turmoil of European politics; and lesser powers, such as Norway;—each naturally approaches the problem from different angles. This is an aspect of the question that deserves closer study, especially in view of the proposal made by France at the last Assembly of the League to work out the procedure for enforcing 'sanctions.' It must also be said that the book is marred by a number of very wild statements. But THE QUEST is not the right place wherein to point them out. Nevertheless the book contains a very great deal of information. Read with discretion it is a useful volume.

M. F. W.

A HERETIC IN HEAVEN.

Being Post-Mortem Memoirs and Reflections of 'Daddy.' London (Hutchinson); pp. 160; 4s. 6d. net.

THE nick-name of the 'communicator' was given in affection by his friends to one who was much beloved for his warmness of heart and generous nature. The matter of the book was dictated through the private mediumship of one of these friends, who was specially sympathetic to 'Daddy' when on earth. The autobiographical part, so to say, dwells on a point of special interest to those who study these mental phenomena of psychical research, when it treats of the imaginative elements which may enter the individual sphere of consciousness of those who have not yet learned to distinguish sufficiently the 'subjective' and 'objective' components in the initial stage of the Hither Hereafter.

THE HIDDEN SPLENDOUR.

By A. Scrivener. London (Rider); pp. 284; 7s. 6d. n.

WRITTEN not without ability, in a pleasing setting of narrative though devoid of incident. The main purpose seems to be to recommend a view of Reality approximating closely to the main notions of Christian Science; but there is a mystical atmosphere at times suffusing the story which is not usually associated with this now popular cult.

An Artist in the Great Beyond.

Messages from a Father in Spirit-Life to his daughter on Earth. Transcribed by Miss Violet Burton. London (Hutchinson); pp. 122; 4s. 6d. net.

The 'Artist' is William Shakespeare Burton, fellow-student with Rossetti, Millais, Holman Hunt and Arthur Hughes. A man of genius, of spiritual ideals and high artistic faith, Burton was misunderstood and hardly treated in his life-time. As M. H. Spielmann wrote in *The Times* of Feb. 7, 1916, in an obituary notice (Burton passed away in Jan. 1916), hitherto "far less than justice has been meted out to a remarkable painter and a man of high intellectual culture and artistic probity, of pure spirituality and considerable achievement." Before the father passed to the 'Great Beyond' he was already a full believer in the possibility of intra-spiritual communion and communication, owing to the fine sensitivity of his daughter. The 'Messages' are deserving of consideration, and may be used as a valuable piece of hither hereafter autobiography. The self-confession and analysis is unrestrained. Though Burton was exceptional in his taste for and study of spiritual and psychical things, while enduring the hard struggle of his artistic life, nevertheless he had much to learn and correct before he could enter untrammelled into the wider life of the unclouded Spirit.

Der Schatz des Lebens.

Zwanzig Hymnen der Mandäer. Eine Umdichtung von Hermann Haase. München (Barth), 1923; 6s.

The producer of this fine paraphrasing or remodelling of twenty Mandæan hymns was, after reading Lidzbarski's versions, so caught up into the rhythm of the great poetry of the originals that he wrote down all in a single afternoon. It was practically automatic. None is more astonished at this fact than Dr. Haase himself; and how exactly it occurred he is unable to say. In his own words: "'Es' rhythmisierte, tönte, bildnerte und schrieb. Und es waren Stunden jenes seltenen, ganz freiströmenden und selbstverständlich sichgebärenden und gestaltenden Schaffens aus den nicht berührbaren Tiefen unbewusster Quellung." There was a rhythmic flow continuing for hours; and the wording simply took form and wrote itself down without any conscious effort. 'Life's Treasure' is artistically printed and bound. We

bring it to the notice of those of our readers who are interested in Mandæan studies and who read German, as probably there is not another copy over here. It is pleasant, in any case, to know that "Life is" still "victorious," as the constantly repeated Mandæan slogan has it, for some at least, and that the power of the original inspiration has won through even to the West in the 20th century.

'But in Our Lives.'

A Romance of the Indian Frontier. By Sir Francis Younghusband. London (Murray); pp. 316; 7s. 6d. net.

This is a well-told tale of the upbringing and of the life of a young officer of high ideals spent in India and cut short practically at the outset of a most promising career. It is dedicated by Sir Francis: "In glorious memory of Major Averell Daniell, who was killed in Action on the Northern Frontier of India, 1893, and who, by his Daring Initiative and Noble Self-sacrifice, secured a Lasting Peace." It is written, as might be expected by the author, with sympathetic insight and a wide knowledge of India and especially of its fascinating Frontier.

Death-bed Visions.

By Sir William Barrett, F.R.S. London (Methuen); pp. 116; 3s. 6d. net.

This small volume is practically a preliminary sketch, the first assembling of material of a work which Barrett had in hand when he passed hence so peacefully. The point of greatest importance brought out is the value of a number of this class of visions in establishing, apart from general mediumistic phenomena, the 'spirit-hypothesis' with a very high degree of probability. Transliminal telepathic activity from the living as a sufficient explanation requires in these cases a very robust credulity.

An Outline Introduction to the History of Religions.

By Theodore H. Robinson, M.A., D.D., Lecturer in Semitic Languages, University College, Cardiff. London (Oxford University Press); pp. 244; 5s. net.

Any thoughtful book on the history of religions is to the good; for the majority of the general public is still in a benighted state as to what ought to be one of the chief subjects of general culture.

Dr. Robinson's *Outline* does not go very deeply into the matter; but it praiseworthily tries to be impartial, and to carry out the persuasion, enunciated in his Preface, that: "Christianity itself can only be rightly appreciated when it is set alongside of the world's other faiths, and treated with exactly the same detachment and from precisely the same external standpoint as the rest." With such a vast subject-matter, and especially with the subordinate standpoints from which any special territory of it can be viewed, it goes without saying that even those who make the most laudable efforts to be detached, cannot see eye to eye with one another. It is difficult to select adequately the most salient contours that determine the main features of the outline-map of the historic religious world, and it is easy for another surveyor to find fault with this or that detail of the drawing. Dr. Robinson, however, is very modest concerning his achievement, and has submitted his draft to the scrutiny of a number of specialists before issuing it in print.

HOME AND SCHOOL.

By Mrs. Hutton Radice. With chapters by Viscountess Erleigh, Mrs. Hal Fisher and Mrs. Coombe Tennant. Preface by Dr. C. W. Kimmins. London (Partridge); pp. 254; 5s. net. No index.

THIS unpretentious book contains far more useful matter and sensible doctrine than many more academic works. It should be read in conjunction with Lady Glenconner's *The Children* and Mrs. Meynell's essays on the Child of Tumult and of Subsidising Tumult. Nursery schools are fairly well described, though not in great detail, and health in schools is dealt with very fairly. The chapter on Discipline contains a good deal of illustrative matter from Continental schools and, although the serviceable distinction between government and discipline is not brought out, the general treatment is sound. New methods of organisation are described rather scantily and somewhat uncritically. The chapters on The Boy as Future Citizen, The Girl as Future Citizen and The Girl as Mother are by Mrs. Radice's collaborators and are very helpful. Mrs. Radice's own final chapter on Character-building concludes with the wise, even if cryptic, remark: "Until we weigh schools they will never improve."

A. A. COOK.

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THE EDITOR.

Homo, felix, et miser, immortalis, caducus, griphus !
Nosce te ipsum !
Man, happy, and wretched, immortal, mortal, riddle !
Know thou thyself !
ANON. (16th century).

MANY moderns detest the word 'mystery' and despise all and everything that savours of the 'mystical.' These boast themselves to be the 'tough-minded' of mankind, the very salt of the 'scientific' earth. And they are to some extent justified in their aversion; for of a truth, in vulgar parlance, these labels are indiscriminately attached to very mixed goods.

But toughness of mind is a questionable quality relative to spiritual digestion, and salt smacks of crystallization and thus suggests fossilized views. Adventurers of the spiritual quest must here be very careful to discriminate. If the false 'mystical' is as the vanity of uncensored dreams, the genuine 'mystical' nevertheless offers a foretaste of the fulness of life. It is anything but abstract and unpositive. If, again, artificial 'mystery' is the childish pastime of the little-minded, natural 'mystery' is

ordained of Wisdom herself. We may fight fiercely against the notion of mystery, dash ourselves blindly against the prison-walls of our ignorance and think to win egress to freedom by force of arms; but we cannot bludgeon Nature. The goddess will raise the veil that hides her unimaginable loveliness, only for lovers who win her with the tenderest wooing.

Now of all the natural mysteries which hedge us round on every side, the chiefest is the enigma of ourselves. The ancient mystery-saying of some two thousand years ago still speaks words of wisdom for us of the 20th century, if we would give ear, when it declares: "The beginning of perfection is the knowledge of Man." And yet, in spite of the countless attempts that have been made to unriddle this *griphus*, in spite of all the efforts of the religious, philosophical and scientific disciplines of the past and present, who but the children of vanity will venture to say they know, in any adequate sense of the word, the Whence and Whither of the mystery we think of as ourselves? If we are genuine lovers of wisdom, we are compelled sincerely to confess: God knows I know not. But though this is very truth, and the only thing we really know, there is no reason why we should be content to sit, with hands folded in lackadaisical idleness, crooning: It will be revealed to us hereafter. He who labours not, shall not spiritually be fed. So though we know we know not, we may very reasonably be persuaded, and so have a sane faith, that the only true or natural answer to the question must be in terms of vital experience, a gradual consciously lived solution. And this spiritual answer cannot be begun to be lived consciously without our being continually attentive to its presence in every happening and act of life in whatever mode of existence we chance to be.

If this be in any way a reasonable persuasion, it follows that the beginning of the path of self-knowing is ever at hand here and now for everyone who has the earnest desire to enter upon it. It is for each one to decide for himself. It is essentially his own proper business, whatever walk of life he may otherwise be treading. He need ask no one else's permission; for he is here free, if he but choose to use his only liberty in this otherwise enprisoning world. This is, when all is said and done, the sole way out of ourselves, by the inner door of self-conscious awareness that opens on the high road to our greater life.

So lofty a quest is assuredly the greatest of all adventures. It is also the most mysterious. There is no straight way on which to travel. The seeker must first make the crooked straight. We have ourselves to become the path of that progressive perfectioning, the end of which is the knowledge of God. For, paradoxically enough, in our deepest spiritual ground we already know what we seek: "Thou couldst not have sought me, if thou hadst not already found me." But knowing in faith is not the same as faith in knowing. And having faith that we are destined to know, since we are in our most distinctive human quality creatures of reason, we are compelled to strive to know. This striving manifests itself largely and naturally in 'speculation.' Man is a speculating and speculative animal. He is for ever imagining so that he may perchance hit on some discovery, and always gambling on the chance of guessing right. In science he calls this activity of his intelligence 'inference' from observed facts and the formulation of 'working hypotheses.' In religion and philosophy this active mode of speculation may at times make way for its passive mode, and so pass into 'contemplation,' whereby the mind may become patient of revelation and receptive of the inwardly given.

Let us now speculate a little on this man-mystery; and first of all concerning the Whence. Fall or rise, ascent or descent? Both have been insisted on in

isolation as the only way. Myth and revelation sponsor the one, science warrants the other. There has been for long internecine feud between their respective dogmatic adherents. The inoffensive traveller on the highway of opinion has thus been held up by the pistol of the 'either-or' gunmen on both sides, the 'logical' bandits who disturb the peace of the common-sense State and set the laws of reason at defiance. Fall and rise, ascent and descent, are reciprocals; neither exists without the other.

Heracleitus taught the a b c of this philosophy of change in becoming and the basal theory of general relativity twenty-six centuries ago. He got no thanks for his pains, but rather abuse. They called him the Obscure. For the spiritually self-evident, sun-clear 'both-and' reality must necessarily be obscure to those confined to the exclusive logical 'either-or' scope of the formal understanding.

Though we do not know what spirit is or what matter is when either is abstracted from the concrete reality of existence; what being is and becoming is apart from one another; what the one is and the many are in disunion; what the universal may be and the particular may be in separation; even what mind is and body is in isolation,—nevertheless we may be quite reasonably certain that, whatever true assertion we can make about one of these two classes of factors of Fact, about one of the twin concepts in these categorical pairs of duality in unity, we in so doing make implicitly an equally valid assertion about its complement.

If then we say matter evolves, we at the same time assert that spirit involves. But here we must be on our guard to intend by matter a dynamic reality that is in itself unknown; we use the vocable in a sense very different from that of the sensible 'original stuff'

speculation of the scientifically myopic wiseacres of the latter half of the 19th century. For, to quote from Prof. Whitehead's recent brilliant summary of the present position of scientific theory:

> The aboriginal stuff, or material, from which a materialistic philosophy starts is incapable of evolution. This material is in itself [according to its own hypothesis] the ultimate substance. Evolution, in the materialistic theory, is reduced to the *rôle* of being another word for the description of the changes of the external relations between portions of matter. There is nothing to evolve, because one set of external relations is as good as another set of external relations.[1]

The ancient conflict between spiritualism and materialism in philosophy, the once implacable conflict between theology and science, are fast being replaced by the mutually instructive manœuvres of two theoretical sides picked from one and the same army of combatants for a meliorization of our common human understanding. We are at long last witnessing the first gleams of the dawn of a new age of common sense in these matters. The old materialistic evolutionary theory, with its absolute mechanism and improvident chance-variations, is being scrapped. The new notion lying back of the term 'creative evolution,' so brilliantly first set forth by Bergson in France, has been warmly welcomed directly or indirectly by many, and pre-eminently by such thinkers as Alexander, Lloyd Morgan, Whitehead, Wildon Carr, Broad and Smuts among ourselves, and by Driesch in Germany. Moreover, direction, plan, pattern, form, dynamic and anticipatory schemes are at last being given their proper place in scientific theory. Further, the theory of 'emergent evolution' asserts the unpredictableness of

[1] A. N. Whitehead, F.R.S., *Science and the Modern World* (Cambridge, 1926), pp. 151, 152.

the characteristics of things of a higher order from a knowledge of the lower conditions in which they arise.

Water, for instance, is not simply the immixture of hydrogen and oxygen in certain proportions: it is something else. It is a whole of its own kind. From the constituents of this whole solely, the characteristics of water could never have been theoretically deduced. We may know all the properties of silver and chlorine, but no human wit would be capable of predicting from them on mathematical lines the properties of silver chloride. In brief all mechanistic summation-theories, or schemes of additive aggregation, have been given their *quietus*.

A natural whole is not the sum of its parts, but something other and *sui generis*. And if this is true within one and the same realm of nature, much more is it the case in the empire of the grand orders. No combination of physical corpuscles will ever produce life. Their configuration may condition its manifestation *for us*, but life itself is of another order,—a whole and whole-making real. So also with mind. The electron, the amœba, the human mind, are wholes, organisms, each in its own proper order. But at present the concepts that serve in physics do not serve in chemistry, and these again are inapplicable to biology, while psychology requires a still different set of ideas.

Plainly then the most pressing task of the philosophy of science is to seek for master-concepts, adequate fundamental ideas, that may make a universal science possible, and rescue present-day sciolism from the parochialism of its water-tight compartments. This high task has already been taken in hand. The main tendency of the recent scientific thinking to which we have referred, is the welcoming of the master-notion of a meliorating nisus in all evolutionary process, a principle of direction, making for the emergence of greater

wholes. The qualitatively greatest of these wholes at present known to us is so-called 'human personality.'

We may dub this general theory of wholes, with general Smuts, 'holism,' if we are enamoured of neologisms, new labels or tags; but in so doing we should not forget that the Later Platonic school, and especially Proclus, had already no little to say about this same *'olótēs* or wholeness-concept.

With regard then to the 'whole' which the present fashion is to call 'human personality,'—whence is it? Can we conceive of it, predict its nature, from its physical, vital, psychic and mental constituents or properties? Evidently not. The wholeness of our being is a reality transcending any and all of these activities of our observable nature. I would call this ultimate wholeness of our essence 'spiritual manhood.' It follows then that, until we become spiritually self-conscious, this wholeness must remain the supreme man-mystery hidden in the depths of our essential being. It is transliminal to our present possibilities of intellectual self-conscious analysis.

But if not only, as recent theory suggests, the past is gathered up into the present of Everyman, but also the future, as the unfolding of the anticipatory scheme or pattern of our destiny, broods over the hatching-out of the personal egg of our empirical egoity, we may be emboldened to speculate a little further as to what these intuitional propositions may mean.

On one side of our nature we succeed to the heredity of an immemorial past, extending back not only to the first beginnings of life on this planet, in presumably its warm marine deposits, but also to the so-called inorganic constituents of our earth; for there is similar stuff in our bodies. Every mother's son of us is thus

ancestored, for good or ill, by a line of descent (or ascent) of perchance millions of millions of years. If we cannot say that the complete whole of what has preceded and proceeded on the earth,—physical, vital, psychic and mental,—stands back of every one of us, we can at any rate hold that, even if we swim in the waters of comparatively isolated rivulets and streams of heredity, as in the case of so-called primitive and savage races and tribes, we still have a vast heredity behind us; while if we emerge in the wide rivers of so-called high civilizations, our heritage is far richer.

This is perhaps too wide a generalization; for had we the story of man on this planet before us prior to his brief known history of some beggarly 7,000 years or so, we might find that the 'primitive' and 'savage,' not only of to-day, but of any middle-period day, is in as many cases a stage of degeneration from a prior high civilization as a progressive stage of ascent towards this so very mixed blessing. It is a very complex subject.

Heredity, 'ancestral memory,'—whether physical, vital, psychic or mental,—pertains, by the hypothesis, to the empirical realm of existence. It dowers us subconsciously, or transliminally, with the powers and abilities developed in the age-long school of experience of, and experiment with, the world of particulars. According to this line of speculation, there is hidden in every one of us a 'pearl of great price'—to use a well-known figure from the past. It is the deposit of the 'wisdom of the world,' won by the experience, not only of countless generations of mankind and of all the lives preceding and accompanying man on this planet, but also of the infinite micro-organisms below the so-called life-level. This vast 'instinctual' treasure is hidden almost entirely in the human 'subconscious'; that is, it is in general transliminal to our normal

consciousness. Even with men of highly be-praised genius it emerges only in part. For if any one were able to use it wholly, consciously at will, he would transcend the man-stage and become perfected with the order of spiritual self-knowledge. So at any rate it seems to follow logically to the satisfaction of this speculative reasoning.

The term 'sub-conscious' is here used in what seems to me to be its proper connotation in spite of its philological infelicity. It is not a term referring to value, but one of pure description. For many, however, unfortunately, the 'sub' in it conveys a misleading suggestion; so also even with 'sub-liminal.' As to 'sub-conscious,' it would be better to speak of it as the 'scious,' in distinction from the 'con-scious,' as has been already suggested by E. D. Fawcett. 'Trans-liminal,' again, as proposed long ago by C. C. Massey, is indubitably a better description than 'sub-liminal,' the 'trans' signifying, as it does, simply what is beyond the conscious, or rather self-conscious, confines of normal empirical existence, without any further judgment. Recent psychological and psychical research has made it plain that, relative to the self-conscious states of any individual in the scale of human evolution, the transliminal contains endowments and constituents, powers and abilities, that are on the one hand superior to any he has consciously enjoyed or exercised in this life, and on the other elements and forces that are of a lower order than he consciously tolerates in his disciplined existence.

Again, confining our purview solely to the human kingdom, we may on metaphysical grounds advance the thesis, that every man-soul has potentially in it every other soul of man there has been, is or will be. This is of course a dogmatic proposition; but it cannot be called unphilosophical. For the fundamental notion has been treated with courtesy in modern philosophic thinking ever since the formulation by Leibniz of the general theory of monadic wholes, though of course there has been the inevitable controversy over his

definition of the monad-concept and the working out of its implications.

It is, I venture to think, in this direction we should seek for our Whence, in so far as our becoming in the realm of particulars is concerned. We turn our faces towards an immemorial past in time, eventually even to a beginningless time-series, if we can possibly form any conception of such a paradoxical notion. In any case the becoming of what we now are is a stupendously vast process to contemplate.

We now come to consider the inwardness of two ruling and ancient, if really superficial, speculations of the past which seem at first sight to be polar opposites or rather sheer antinomies. (1) On the one hand, we have the dogma of the immediate creation of the individual soul,—apparently a Semitic notion, beloved of Judaism, Christianity and Islamic faith. As hitherto conceived, this is a matter of pure miracle and bangs the door in the face of any further enquiry. (2) On the other hand, we have the notion of what has been generally thought of as a single aboriginal psychic particle or psychoid, snowballing along, so to say, in external states of pre-existence or, alternatively, of transcorporation, in the sense of physical re-incarnation. This is predominantly an Aryan idea, beloved especially of India in the east and Hellas in the west. The becoming-process, however we may regard it, is assuredly one side of the shield, mirroring for us the age-long drama of a sojourning in the world of particulars. But even on this side are we only planet-born? Have we no other lineage? May we not legitimately ask the question: To what are we *not* in relation in some phase or other of our manifold make-up? We are assuredly planet-born and nurtured;

that is our most immediate sphere of reference. But are we not also in some way creatures of the cosmos, eventually even co-heirs of what the Greeks called the universals? I think we are, in the perpetually self-transforming activity of our essential reality. But here we must seek to clear the ground of some ancient and obstinate meaning-prejudices that only too frequently obsess our thinking.

Using the latest nomenclature, we say that life emerges, mind emerges. But whence? They emerge, we say, as critical moments of evolution on or in this planet, in our speculative reconstruction of its history. But as a matter of fact *we* have never known when life and mind were not. It is generally said that they emerge from matter. But assuredly matter does not produce them, unless we radically alter all the hitherto-known significations of the term. Life and mind are indubitably logically prior to any attempt that has ever been made to define matter. Matter we are now being taught to consider as the potential energy of the world of particulars, or special universe,—a realm in which every thing is external to everything else. This is of course an abstraction for the greater convenience of analytic thinking. But whatever matter may be, it is no longer either privation on the one hand, or the prime stuff of reality on the other. It is nothing absolute; it is a relative term. As such, it is the glorious complement of life and mind. The three synergize, co-operate, in the synthetic whole which, for want of a better term, or to avoid the infelicity of a neologism, we may qualify as spiritual. Used in this sense, that which is spiritual does not stand apart from the special universe. It is no summation of particulars or of parts, but their consummation and at the same

time also the ruling principle that bestows existence upon them. Its domain is the whole or the kingdom of wholes. There is nothing abstract about it; it is the concrete universal here and now, everywhere.

We are passing through a phase of protest against the illegitimate use of abstractionism, as a purely mental or intellectual device in the use of which metaphysics in general and scientific theory in particular have in the past been too extra-vagant. It is indubitably an indispensable analytical instrument of human thinking; but no summation of abstractions ca give the concrete reality from which we start. And here we should not forget that particulars are as much abstractions as universals. Every particular organic entity, it is now taught, has a 'field' of extensibility, radiation and influence; and this field is co-terminous with nothing short of the whole.

It is then only for convenience of analytical abstract classification that we set, for instance, such concomitants as an intelligible order over against a sensible order, and these again over against a physical order. Such distinctions depend ultimately from modes of our own conscious activity; but in concrete fact these modes are never found to function apart from one another. They are always present together in every act, though of course in varying proportions; no one is ever absent, though its indication may be of the slightest. The usual abstract classification is arrived at by neglecting no little that is present in fact. We must never forget that those clean-cut divisions are convenient fictions, and that we are really working on the principle of *à potiori* classification; that is, distinguishing these activities each by the dominant element, factor or property which it has concomitantly with those of the others.

If now we abstract another analytical ordering, such as the orders of the material, vital, psychic and

mental series,—these still remain one with another in concrete reality. To say then that the last three are immaterial over against the first, and to mean by this assertion that they are in their nature absolutely different in every possible way from the material, is crude and misleading. It is all relative.

It is true we cannot in imagination bridge the gaps we find in experience, or have invented for clarity in analytic thinking; but in concrete fact there are fundamentally no gaps. The missing links are there, though we cannot find them in empirical consciousness. They are hidden in the depth of spiritual reality, the ultimate synthetic whole-making creative activity which is transliminal to every phase of standard subject-object consciousness.

So with other prime categories or general notions. If we say that 'soul,' for instance, is essentially a timeless and spaceless reality, we are not really ascribing to it a high virtue. To posit it as being entirely out of relation to all temporal and spatial events is to evacuate it of any concrete meaning and value. Such epithets as 'timeless' and 'spaceless' are void of all significance, if regarded as sheer negations. It is a vicious habit to continue to employ these imperfections of current language. 'Soul' should connote the presence of integrating life and cognitive mind. It is not fundamentally other-natured from the physical concomitants it uses for its purposes, but has the power of taking up all such into itself. They then partake of its fulness and wholeness. And if this is the sort of reality we may philosophically assign to 'soul,' much more actual is the supreme reality we venture to ascribe to 'spirit.'

To illustrate the better this guiding thought, let us take the attribute of unchangeableness familiarly fathered on Divinity.

This is generally supposed to be a metaphysical compliment paid to deity. But is it not rather in reality a pejorative epithet, that is to say in common parlance a term of abuse or depreciation? For if deity *cannot* change, it must be the most miserably limited entity in the universe, instead of the supreme omnipotent reality. What is really intended by the use of this deforming vocable, must surely be that God is simultaneously lord of change and unchange. The Supreme transcends all such bungling conceptions of mechanically-thought-of opposites.

What I am trying to get at is this: On one side of his nature man, no matter how he misuse his birth-right or hide the treasure in a napkin, is heir of all the experience of the world of particulars relative to life on this planet. This experience is conditioned physically in certain limited spatial and temporal modes,—namely earth-space and clock-time. But already here and now in such conditions many are at times conscious of psychical states, where the modes of space and time are very different, if not radically other. Here we have a door opening on the high-way of inexhaustible possibilities of other orders of experience in space-time. This points to another side of our nature. We are in this regard heirs of an interpenetrating world of experience, so to say; but this again is hidden almost entirely in our transliminal. And who can say how far this psychical mode of living may extend, or how long we may delight to live so progressive an existence, once we begin to enjoy it consciously? It is very hard in contemplating such possibilities to resist the conclusion that time and space are both relative to consciousness.

Finally, therefore, let us consider briefly the idea of eternity which is commonly set over against time. Progression in time, even though it be conceived of as endless, is to-day philosophically regarded as a 'false

infinity' notion, compared with the true infinity of eternity. Eternity is said to be wholly present at every moment of time, just as infinity may be considered as present at every point of space. Here we face the limits of speculation with regard to the concept of whole and parts. But let us avoid calling eternity 'timeless.' Let us say rather that it takes up every mode of time into itself; that it is free of time in the sense that it can make use of every time-mode at will.

If then man is the heir of the past ages, he is equally in his spiritual nature an eternal reality. So far forth, therefore, he is heir to the future ages as well. He thus stands continually between the two 'false infinities' of past and future; while the present for him mirrors in some fashion the nature of eternity. This ever-present he never knows as it is, and cannot know, according to our hypothesis, until he becomes spiritually self-conscious. For who that is existent in any time-mode can seize the immediate actuality of the present?

But the spiritual freedom for which we hope, is no fancied escape from reality by absorption into the imagined blank homogeneity of an abstract *totum simul* of sheer unity. It is rather a liberty that makes us free of the whole in all the richness and fulness of the manifold forms of all the grades of individual activity there may be. This realization in spirit, I fain would believe, constitutes our ultimate Whither.

Such then seems to me, in speculative thinking, to be a crude adumbration of the Mystery of Man's Whence and Whither. But, alas, as now it is for the vast majority of us, we are unresolved contradictions to ourselves. It is this sense of imperfection that drives us faithfully to hope that sometime we may

ourselves become the solution of all these contradictions of our mixed nature, by winning to the freedom of our true selves. For until we do so, we must wander in a labyrinth of bepuzzlement. As the *griphus*, or sphinx-riddle, quoted from at the beginning of this writing, further has it:

Man's fed upon by those whom he doth feed.
Made little less than angels, when he escapes the demon's slavery;
He, destined to become more brilliant than the sun, is now
    beclouded with the darkness of the pit. . . .
Source of justice, spring of injustice;
Brought down below to seek for highest truth,
Yet crafty, lying, vain.
He to be placed on throne of highest heaven, lies low, poor wretch,
    in ditches fouler than the foul.
He, to be set 'mid the delightsome glades of Paradise, yet liveth
    with the brutes.
Composed of clay, he is tricked out with the æthereal beams.
One with himself, yet many, same, yet other,
Exalted to the topmost height of honour,
Or thrust down to the lowest depth of ignorance,
Small he swelleth up to grandeurs, great he is contracted down
    unto the smallest.

G. R. S. MEAD.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON RABBINIC RELIGION IN ITS RELATION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.

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(SUMMARY: New Testament and Rabbinic religions both developments of Old Testament religion.—Why it is legitimate to speak of 'Rabbinic religion.'—There *is* such a thing, and its characteristics can, with care and *flair*, be more or less accurately ascertained.—Elements or aspects of O.T. religion, how developed or changed or abolished in N.T. and Rabbinic religion: (1) the Priestly element; (2) the Prophetic element; (3) the Legal element; (4) the Intellectual element.—The 'thickening substance' in N.T. and Rabbinic religion.—The Law to Paul and Christianity and to the Rabbis and Judaism.—Nationalism and Universalism in the O.T.: how maintained or developed in the N.T. and Rabbinic religion. —O.T. Conceptions of God as developed in N.T. and Rabbinic religion.—Conceptions of Future Life and of Heaven and Hell in N.T. and Rabbinic religion: their influence upon evaluation of earthly life.—Ethical teaching in the two religions. Delicate Rabbinic ethics. Principles and rules. Disinterested goodness. The love and imitation of God. Conclusion.)

CAN there be any interest at all in the Rabbinic religion? The old Rabbis are all dead, every one of them; the last of them (for my purpose) may be said to have died some 1,400 years ago. And I do not imagine that they have ever exercised much influence in the world. Perhaps we ought to let them rest quietly in their unremembered graves. Yet there are two interests about them which connect them with us: a New Testament interest and an Old Testament interest. What was the real religion of the men who appear in the New Testament in no very pleasant light?

That is the New Testament interest. Secondly, we are all familiar with the idea that the religion of the Old Testament (if there be such a thing) culminated in the religion of the New Testament. But actually it had more than one culmination. The stream branched; and both the branch-rivers flowed strongly. The second culmination, the other branch-river, was the religion of the old Rabbis. And it may be said that the one development was a purer development than the other; for no great personality stands at the beginning of this other development, and there is comparatively little admixture from without. You have no Jesus or Paul, on the one hand; you have little Hellenistic influence, upon the other. It is interesting to see what this other development of the Old Testament amounted to, what *it* made of the Old Testament achievements, splendours, incongruities.

But is there such a thing as 'the Rabbinic Religion'? Or is there only a series of sayings attributed to many individual Rabbis and a vast number of anonymous sayings? I start my 'Rabbinic religion' about 50 B.C.; I end it about 450 A.D.;—a period of 500 years. Could we speak of English religion from 1300 to 1800 A.D. as a whole? Surely not! Moreover, for specific New Testament purposes, the limits are very circumscribed, say from 30 B.C. to 100 A.D., or from 1 A.D. to 120 A.D.,—practically the first century A.D. So it is argued that when people want to draw contrasts and parallels for good and for evil, they must not use what they call an 'evil,' if it cannot be exemplified, or if there is no evidence for its existence, before the second century; and they must not adduce an excellence, if for it too there is no earlier evidence or authority. If a certain rite did not come into existence before 100 A.D., how can you use it to show the burden of life in A.D. 30? And the originality of Jesus is unaffected, if you parallel a saying of his with a saying of a Rabbi who flourished a hundred years after the crucifixion. Again, even suppose that in the vast Talmudic and Midrashic literature, a certain Rabbi is recorded to have said so and so, may it not be simply an exceptional saying, and this whether for good or for evil; just as, *per contra*, may it not be by simple chance that for such and such an opinion there happens to be no recorded evidence before 200 or 300? Again, the New Testament is a tiny booklet, a drop of water compared to the vast tumbler of the Rabbinic literature. And yet,—is there any legitimate sense in

which you can speak of the New Testament religion? Why, there are half-a-dozen New Testament religions! There is hardly a 'Synoptic Gospel' religion. The religion of Matthew is not quite the same as the religion of Mark. And are there not discordant voices in Matthew? Once more,—as regards the Rabbis and the Rabbinic literature, is it even only a question of discordancy? Not only, that is, do the Rabbis differ among themselves, not only do they not all speak with one voice, but was there not, over and above this discordancy, some real development? Can we find doctrines and opinions of which we can say: B grew out of A, and C out of B? Moreover, C was perhaps due to outside influence. And D was perhaps due to reaction against Christianity or Gnosticism or some other heresy. And so on. Is not, then, the title of this article altogether ridiculous and unscientific?

My reply is in the negative. Allowance must be made for all the objections and difficulties. Great care and great tact must be shown. Not only knowledge is needed, but a certain *flair*. Given all these requirements, and the thing can be done; for there *is* such a thing as the Rabbinic religion as a whole.

Undoubtedly there was *some* development in Rabbinic religion; yet there was, I think, comparatively little; there was some intensification, some stiffening, some modification,—yet, on the whole, the main views and ideas of R. Jochanan ben Zakkai, who lived before and after the fall of the Temple, about God and the Law, Repentance and Righteousness, Punishment and Reward, Israel and the Future Life, were probably much the same as those of his Rabbinic descendants in the second, third, fourth and fifth centuries.

Again, one can say of a given saying or teaching: "This is characteristically Rabbinic," or "This is the efflorescence or high-water mark of a tendency" (whether it be for good, as most of us now would think, or whether it be for evil). Or, one can say: "This is exceptional in either direction." Clearly the first utterance must be used in any account of Rabbinic religion in one way; the second utterance must be used in another way. Again, one can say: "This is on the line; this is off the line"; and in neither set of sayings does the date very much matter. And that is why, if one has enough knowledge, impartiality and *flair*, one can illustrate Gospel-sayings by Rabbinic passages which are much later than Jesus. For one can say: "This thought or teaching

of Jesus, even though parallels to it in Rabbinic literature are much later, and even though nothing can be cited so exquisitely and powerfully worded as he has worded it, is yet on good Rabbinic lines." *Per contra*, even if a Rabbinic saying is of the first century, it may be no real parallel to a given Gospel-passage, because it may be off the Rabbinic line and exceptional; or, conceivably, it may be a casual, whimsical utterance on the part of the Rabbi, while the teaching or spirit of it may be central and fundamental in the case of Jesus. To determine to which class—on the line or off, characteristic or exceptional—any given Rabbinic saying belongs is, I admit, far from easy.

So much by way of introduction. Let me now come to closer grips with my subject.

To the Christian, the Old Testament is the glimmering dawn, the New Testament the noon-day light; the Old Testament is the immature preparation, the New Testament is the complete fulfilment. As to the Rabbinic religion, I do not know exactly what his chosen metaphor or description would be. To the orthodox Jew, the Old Testament, and the Rabbinic religion do not stand to one another as preparation and fulfilment; they seem rather all of a piece, as if the second were but the commentary and the filling out of the first. To the historian, the three literatures do not present themselves in these ways at all. For him the Old Testament is a curious mixture of inconsistencies, or perhaps rather a combination of maturities and immaturities, or, again, an uneasy assortment of different and even opposed aspects of religion; or, again, an unharmonized union of more or less fluid religious phenomena, capable of development in more directions than one. The New Testament, moreover, develops some of these phenomena or aspects or immaturities in one way; the Rabbinic religion develops them in another way; but so far as religious doctrine is concerned, the fluidity of the Old Testament is more preserved in the Rabbinic religion than in the New Testament. There is a tendency for religious doctrine to lose its fluid character in the New Testament and to stiffen into dogma; and this tendency, doubtless due to Hellenistic influences, can be also observed when comparing Christianity with Judaism. Again, the Old Testament branches out, as it were, both into the New Testament and the Rabbinic religion; but the Rabbinic religion

is, on the whole, in much closer connection with the Old Testament, both for good and for evil: the Old Testament is both a greater burden and a greater inspiration. For the Rabbinic religion had to assume and believe that the Old Testament was always consistent and always perfect; and what could be a greater burden than this? But it had most of the finest utterances of the Old Testament and most of its sweetest fragrance always in its mind and heart; and what could be a greater inspiration?

What are the characteristics and inconsistencies of the Old Testament? I have space only to mention a few of them in a higgledy-piggledy sort of way, in no particular order. And I have space only to be broad and general; and so also space only to be inaccurate and exaggerated. The Old Testament presents to us a prophetic religion, a priestly religion and a legal religion. It also presents to us a religion of simple souls, and a religion tinged with intellectualism. Let us then first consider the Old Testament as a priestly religion. What has happened to that priestly religion in the New Testament? In the teaching of Jesus, as we find it in the Synoptic Gospels, priest and priestly conceptions have disappeared. But how different the atmosphere and outlook in the Epistle to the Hebrews and in the Book of Revelation! Even in Paul priestly ideas are not wholly wanting; so that when, beginning from the New Testament times, we trace the history of the Eucharist, when we think of certain phenomena in the Roman Catholic church, when we recall the place of the atoning blood of Christ in certain Protestant doctrines and sects, priest and priestly notions seem prominent enough; and the priests of the Old Testament might be proud of the maintenance and development of some of their most cherished convictions. What about the Rabbinic religion? The Rabbi largely supplanted the priest even before the Temple's fall; and after it the priest, for all practical purposes, disappears altogether. For though priestly ideals and ideas linger on and priestly taboos continue, they are largely transformed by legalism into so many legal ordinances and observances, of which the original foundation has disappeared, while quite another foundation—a purely arbitrary, legal foundation—is substituted; and the ultimate result is that orthodox Judaism becomes a singularly unpriestly religion. The Law has evicted the Priest.

What of the Old Testament as a religion of the Prophets? "What does the Lord require of thee, but to do justice and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" That religion, and with it, perhaps, the religion of Jesus, as we may gather it from Mark, Matthew and Luke, was too high and too simple for ordinary men and women. It failed. It needed some thickening substance to which it might cling, or with which it might be encrusted. In the New Testament we may find this thickening substance in Pauline and kindred doctrines, which indeed became still thicker and harder in growing Christianity. 'Justice, pity, love,' are the three abiding prophetic excellencies; and the Prophets would perhaps agree with Paul that the greatest of these is love. But for pity and justice Paul substitutes hope and faith. Let us think of all that faith has meant in Christianity for good and evil; let us contrast faith with justice; and in the roughest, crudest sort of way we may see the relation of the Old Testament as a prophetic religion to the New Testament and to Christianity. The religion of the Prophets was too unsubstantial for the Rabbis also, but the thickening substance there was quite different. It was the Law with its ordinances, of which many, indeed, translated the ideals of the Prophet—seek justice, love pity—into excellent maxims and delicate suggestions, but of which still more were outward and ceremonial. Dogmas and creeds on the one hand, laws and ceremonies on the other; these were the price paid for the retention of the Prophetic teaching and idealism.

But what of this Law? The Old Testament contains a legal presentation of religion, of which the two main features are: first, that it *is* legal; secondly, that the individual ordinances are partly moral and partly ceremonial. The New Testament abolished the Law. Here the break is profound and clean-cut: Christianity is not a *legal religion*, even though in later Catholicism legalism again makes its way in. What of the Rabbinic religion? Here the immature, and also priestly, legalism of the Old Testament is pushed to a full, and even to a theoretic, conclusion and development. But the result was quite other than what has often been, and, too frequently, is still often, supposed. To Paul, the Law was an evil or a burden; to the Rabbis, it was a good and a delight. And it became this through being regarded as

a tremendous privilege: by being shot through with heavenly light, by being invested with the perfections of God. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." So it happened on the one side. "Give him a glorious name and adore him." So it happened on the other. So the Law, to Paul, made God distant; to the Rabbis, it brought Him near; to Paul, it made life gloomy and burdensome; to the Rabbis, it made life radiant and gave it ease. To the Christian, it seemed to crush the moral under a mass of ceremonial; to the Jew, it helped to make the moral more clear by arranging and dividing it up to suit all the circumstances of life, and by decking the ceremonial around it as its setting and fair environment. To the one, it seemed to drive the spiritual element out of religion and out of morality; to the other, it seemed to give to religion its fragrance, and to impart to vague moral principles their fit and just, their constant and appropriate, their sweet and delicate, applications. Nothing can be more instructive, and nothing, perhaps, can be more entertaining, than to study the Pentateuchal Law and Legalism as they presented themselves to Paul, upon the one hand, and to any and every Rabbi of the Talmud, upon the other; or as they present themselves even to-day to some Lutheran theologians and to the adherents of orthodox Judaism. Those who stand above and outside the facts can appreciate the virtues of both sides, and investigate with interest the history of both developments.

The Old Testament also contains the simplicities of certain Psalmists and the religious intellectualism of the Sages. There is also a certain intellectualism even in the Law. In the New Testament there is, on the one hand, some opposition to intellectualism. Jesus joins on to the simpler Psalmists, who do not exercise themselves in great matters or in things too high for them; his revelation is for 'babes' and not for the wise. Paul also deprecates the wisdom of the world. On the other hand, there is in Paul and in the Fourth Gospel the material, or the foundation, with and upon which philosophy could build, if there is not philosophy even in themselves. In the Rabbinic religion intellectualism plays a distinct and important part, though philosophy itself is wanting. "If you have knowledge, what do you lack? If you have none, what do you possess?"—is a well-known Rabbinic saying; but the knowledge was of a peculiar

and limited kind: it was the knowledge of the Law. This love of knowledge, this appreciation of wisdom, and of the relation of knowledge and wisdom to religion, led sometimes to a certain contempt for ignorance, as in the often quoted, and sometimes too much pressed and misused, adage of Hillel: "An empty-headed man cannot be a sin-fearing man, nor can an ignorant man be pious." Yet it is remarkable that though, among themselves the Rabbis cared only for or sought for such knowledge as was, at any rate, of close relation to, or connected with, or helpful for, the interpretation and development of the Law, they did also have and feel a certain appreciation of knowledge in general. Among the blessings which they fashioned for regular use (still found in the orthodox Jewish prayer-books to-day) are these: "Our Rabbis have taught: He who beholds the sages of Israel should say: Blessed be Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who hast imparted of Thy wisdom to them that fear Thee; and on beholding the wise men of other peoples he should say: Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who hast given of Thy wisdom to Thy creatures." And it is, perhaps, a fine and unusual thing that in the central daily prayer of these Jewish prayer-books, of Rabbinic origin and early date, while the second and third petitions are for the gifts and graces of repentance and forgiveness, the first is for knowledge.—"Thou favourest man with knowledge and teachest mortals understanding. O favour us with knowledge, understanding and discernment from Thee. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, gracious Giver of knowledge." It is this reverence for knowledge, and this combination of knowledge with religion, which helped to keep Judaism alive and the Jews from degradation in the centuries of persecution and disabilities.

Now let us consider certain general characteristics of what we may, roughly and inaccurately, call Old Testament religion. It is a national religion with a national God; and yet this national God expands and broadens till he becomes the only God in heaven or on earth,—the God of the spirits of all flesh, yet known and near to only one particular people, and served by a national cult.

Here, perhaps, is the most successful instance of New Testament development. For the national cult is abolished, and the One God has no longer only a single people to know and serve him. The universalist aspirations of many prophets and psalmists

are fulfilled and realized; and in one sense they are even realized and fulfilled better than prophet or psalmist dreamed, because the universal God has lost his connections with a single people. Yahweh is God; but God is no longer Yahweh. Yet the gain is accompanied, as so many gains so often are, by a certain loss, for while the boundaries of God's impartial benevolence are not limited by race or nation, a new limit is created, the limit of faith, and outside the warm covenanted mercies of God stand shivering in the cold the unbeliever and the heretic. "There is neither Jew nor Greek"; undoubtedly, but only *then* are they children of God if they have faith in Christ. Just as here we have the best example of New Testament fulfilment and development, so here, perhaps, we have the instance where, on the Rabbinic side, there is least development at all. The Rabbinic religion as a whole is frankly particularist; and in some respects its particularism is worse than the particularism of the Old Testament, because it is more conscious and less naïve. Yet every now and then (but to tell about this in detail would take too long) the Rabbis seem to be half ashamed of their nationalism and particularism, and they seek uneasily to justify it by various more or less unsatisfactory arguments and devices. They recognize that mankind forms a unity, and that all men are the creatures of God. Occasionally, but rarely, they perceive that the chosen people can justify their special relation to God only if they were chosen for a religious purpose, for the world's sake and not for their own. And, oddly enough, as they did not add to faith in One God the further qualification of faith in Messiah Jesus, they were capable of at least pointing the way to a universalism even broader than that of Paul. *One* of their band at all events uttered the memorable *aperçu*: "The righteous of all nations shall inherit the Kingdom of God,"—a stray utterance of a single Rabbi which was to win its way at last to general acceptance, and to become, if I may put it so, a sort of article of faith in orthodox Judaism, perhaps already in mediæval, and certainly in modern, times. Deed, and not creed, became the passport to heaven; and even faith in the One God was ultimately not regarded as essential. The righteous idolator, the righteous Christian, the righteous Jew: all will be saved.

Let us now look at other features in the total conception of God in the Old Testament. That book contains an unharmonized assort-

ment of many sorts of ideas about God, high and low, common and profound. The Old Testament God is violent, and he is pitiful; loving and fierce; moody and just. He has a form, and he has no form; he is like man, and he is unlike man; he lives in a special place, and he is omnipresent; he is, to use a purely modern phrase, almost always transcendent, but he is also immanent, at least in the sense that he is near, that his holy spirit pervades the universe and can dwell within the righteous community of the house of Israel. He is served in fear; he is served by love; sinful men make their peace with him, on the one hand, by the sacrifice of animals and the mediation of priests, on the other, by repentance and amendment without any mediation at all. In the New Testament we find most of these antinomies, if indeed they are so, reproduced. For here, too, we get the simple transcendence of God, as in the teaching of Jesus himself, and also his immanence; but the immanence-doctrine is deepened and becomes more mystical in the Fourth Gospel and in some portions of Paul. Here, too, God is served by fear and also by love: and we may even say that both teachings are developed and pushed home. On the one hand: "Fear him, who can destroy both soul and body in Gehenna." Can anything be more alarming than this? On the other hand: "Perfect love casts out fear," and many similar passages. So too as to God himself. A culmination of both sides: "God is love,"—how tender! "Begone from me, you accursed ones, to the eternal fire which has been prepared for the devil and his angels,"—how violent and fierce! And other examples could be provided. Precisely the same phenomena can be observed in the Rabbinical literature and religion. There too, there is, in a sense, development both ways. As in the New Testament, the lower and cruder conceptions of God which we find in the Old Testament are either abandoned or explained away; but, as in the New Testament, just because the theatre of God's agency is wider, and death, instead of ending, only opens the tragedy, the elements of fierceness and violence become all the more painful and distressing. But, as in the New Testament, so here too, the higher side of the Old Testament teaching about God and his relation to man is confirmed and expanded, and becomes more definite. The Rabbis, *e.g.*, have become more conscious than the Old Testament writers of the

opposition between fear and love in man's relation to God, between transcendence and immanence in God's own nature, and even between God's wrath and God's compassion. They sometimes seek to reconcile these real or apparent oppositions and inconsistencies; and their attempts often show a considerable appreciation of the difficulties involved, and a considerable effort of original thought in the endeavour to overcome them. This active consciousness of difficulties and inconsistencies is more apparent in them than in the New Testament writers, as indeed would be likely. For the New Testament writers, like Jesus himself, were more creative and original, and such persons do not reflect so calmly and persistently upon the words and the thoughts of others. They are more concerned with their own. The Rabbis, or some of them, have, *e.g.*, some genuine feeling as to the differences between different sections of the Old Testament as regards the relations between God and man. Such feeling may be, and is, expressed very simply; but one must sometimes penetrate behind the childlike *naïveté* of the expression to the depth and insight of the thought. "What shall be the punishment of the sinner? Wisdom said: Evil shall pursue sinners. Prophecy said: The soul that sins shall die. The Law said: Let the sinner bring an offering, and he shall find atonement. But God says: Let the sinner repent, and he shall be forgiven." Here we find a delicate appreciation of differences, together with a clear seizing and setting-forth of the highest teaching of the Old Testament as to the relations of God and man to one another. Certainly in the doctrine of God the Rabbinic teaching, while sometimes, as in its theories of punishment and reward, developing Old Testament conceptions for evil, often develops them for good. The Rabbinic developments often run parallel with the developments in the New Testament, but often they are complementary to them. Both are interesting, and both are valuable. Sometimes the impartial student will assign the palm to one, and sometimes to the other. Undoubtedly those are the poorer who know, and who can appreciate, but one. And just as in the case of the New Testament and the Old Testament, the old oppositions, such as, the God of the Old Testament is a God of vengeance, the God of the New Testament is a God of love, are idle and inaccurate (for there is much love in the Old Testament, and a good deal of fierce-

ness in the New Testament), so, and even more, are these oppositions valueless and unserviceable as between the New Testament and the Rabbinic religion.

There is one important point in which both New Testament and Rabbinic religion present a curious contrast to the Old Testament, and also show minor differences between themselves. The latest writings of the Old Testament date from about the middle of the second century B.C. Now just about then the doctrine of the Resurrection and of a Blessed Life beyond the grave began to appear and to be taught in Israel. We find the first expressions of it in Daniel (165 B.C.). Speaking generally, however, the outlook of the Old Testament, as is now well-known and universally acknowledged, is limited to the life on earth. Before the New Testament was composed, before Jesus began to preach, —in the 195 years between Daniel and his preaching,—the doctrine of the Resurrection had spread like wildfire, and had become the generally accepted dogma of the synagogue. If, then, it is said that the Old Testament is a religion of this world, the New Testament a religion of the other world, this contrast, so far as it is true, could, with almost equal truth, be used to express the contrast between the Old Testament and the religion of the Rabbis. Here, too (though not in the same way or degree), it could be said: The Old Testament is this-worldly, the religion of the Rabbis is other-worldly. The dogma of the Resurrection became quickly a sheet-anchor of the Rabbinic religion. He who denied it was a heretic and an apostate.

There does not seem much to choose between the Rabbinic and the New Testament conceptions of Hell: as regards rigidity and unmercifulness the Rabbis apparently have a *little* the advantage of the New Testament, though even this is open to dispute. Perhaps Rabbinic views are somewhat more fluid; and certainly it is, I think, the fact that Judaism shook, or has shaken, itself free of the odious doctrine of eternal punishment sooner and more completely than Christianity. On the other hand, the fine mystic or semi-mystical doctrine of eternal life as a life which is not merely one of everlasting duration, and which does not begin only after death, but can be achieved or realized or possessed here and now,—this doctrine, as we find it in the Fourth Gospel, does not seem to have its parallel in Rabbinic literature and Rabbinic

religion. The broad effect of the doctrine that life endures beyond the grave was similar in both religions. In both, it served to encourage and to console, to strengthen and to explain. In both, the evils and sorrows of this life were made endurable and explicable by the belief in another. In this life, prosperity may be to the wicked; the beatitudes of the next life will be reserved for the good. The problem to which Job could find no answer, the doctrine of resurrection or of immortality solves with ease. To both religions this life is, and should be, the preparation for the next. The famous saying of a certain R. Jacob: "Prepare thyself in the vestibule that thou mayest enter into the hall," would be in accordance with both. Righteousness has its own satisfactions; it must be pursued for its own sake and for the love of God. But, undoubtedly also, and unavoidably if there is to be a future life at all, honesty is the best policy, and a good life on earth provides a ticket for heaven. Yet, over and above supplying a heightened motive for well-doing, an explanation of the ills of life and a comfort in affliction, the doctrine of resurrection suggested a new and fresh estimate for earthly life as a whole. Perhaps here the New Testament and Rabbinic religion show certain differences, or the beginnings of certain differences, which became more marked in certain subsequent phases of Judaism and Christianity. A tendency shows itself in parts of the New Testament to think very little of earthly life altogether, to hold, not only its idle pomps and vanities and glories, but its very joys and prosperities and interests, of small account, or even of none. To many of the New Testament teachers it was (in their belief) soon to pass away. The old order was nearing its close. The new order was shortly to begin. Of the old order afflictions and persecutions were its fitting and appropriate accompaniments. They must not only be bravely and uncomplainingly borne; they must even be matters of rejoicing. Adversity is the blessing of the New Testament, said Bacon; but the adversity would not long continue whether for the individual or for the race. And when the new order was delayed, and men no longer looked forward to a sudden and catastrophic end, the tendency still existed in certain Christian quarters, and continued to crop up again and again, to regard our earthly life as one of appropriate tribulation, and as an ordained valley of tears. Whether because they, as a rule, did not believe in the rapid end

of the old order, or because the Old Testament, with its insistence upon earthly prosperity and upon the removal of earthly ills and injustices, was more constantly in their minds, or because they were by nature more realistic and matter-of-fact, or because they were less infected than many Christian teachers by a vein of Platonic and Neo-platonic pessimism, or because of all these reasons together, the Rabbis were, upon the whole, less depreciatory of this life than some of the New Testament writers. To describe certain afflictions which God sends to the righteous they coined the happy phrase 'the chastisements of love': they asserted that man must bless God for the sorrows of life no less than, and perhaps even more than, for its joys. And yet, when Jesus bids his disciples to rejoice in tribulation, and to exult in persecution, he goes, I think, a little further than most of the Rabbis would follow him. This world was to them God's creation just as much as the world to come; and the right and normal and proper thing was to rejoice in this world as well as in the next world,—and by 'rejoice' I mean to rejoice over its joys and prosperities, and not only, paradoxically, over its sorrows. To enjoy God's gifts, even his material gifts, was a duty. It is true that the purest and highest enjoyment was to be found in the study of the Law and in the practice of the divine commandments; but many of these very commandments were concerned with the enjoyment and the sanctification of God's earthly, even his material, gifts. Though you look forward to the greater joy of heaven, where there was perchance no eating and drinking, yet you were to enjoy your food on earth; only you were not to eat it without thinking of and thanking the divine Source and Giver, and you were to eat it in moderation, and in accordance with the dietary enactments which, for his own good, if unknown and unknowable, reasons, the same good God had revealed. It was the old Rabbis, of whom one thinks more readily as rather short-sighted old gentlemen, sitting in fusty and frowsy rooms, discussing wire-drawn problems of legal casuistry, who bade their disciples, when they saw the flowers of spring and the budding trees, to speak a blessing over them, such as this: "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who hast made thy world lacking in naught, and created therein goodly creatures and beautiful trees to give delight unto the children of men." Yet it must not be imagined that the Rabbinic religion

can fitly be described as a this-worldly religion. It cannot be contrasted with the New Testament, as the New Testament is sometimes contrasted with the Old Testament. Rather must the parent Old Testament be contrasted with both its children. To both the life to come is more important than *this* life; though there is a somewhat different valuation of this life, there is agreement as to the sovereign significance, either for good or for evil, of the life to come. Perhaps the difficult and paradoxical second part of R. Jacob's saying, of which the first part has already been quoted, may be used to illustrate a certain immanent and semi-conscious straining of the Rabbis to do justice to the qualities of both God's worlds: "Better is one hour of repentance and good deeds in this world than the whole life of the world to come; but better is one hour of blissfulness of spirit in the world to come than the whole life of this world."

If something is to be gained both from the Rabbinic and the New Testament conceptions of this life and of its relation to the world to come,—if the ingatherer of religious suggestiveness from the various religions of the world would find something of value in both,—the same might, I think, be said of the ethical teaching of the New Testament and that of the Rabbis. Both are legitimate children of the common parent, both carry forward and develop—the historic student will refuse to say complete and make perfect—the highest ethical teachings of the Old Testament. Both carry them forward, but in different ways: the New Testament, in broad principles and grand sweeping conceptions, the Rabbis in admirable and delicate applications and details. There are, indeed, some exquisite details in the New Testament; there are also some noble ethical principles and conceptions in the Rabbinic religion. But the main characteristics of the two would, I think, stand as I have ventured to describe them: the fair new details for the one; the fair new conceptions for the other. The Christian theologians often declare admiringly how Jesus laid down principles, but no rules. They state this from their anti-legal point of view; but it is only another way of putting what I have just said. Only I do not, like them, depreciate the rules, or, as I prefer to call them, the details and the applications. By the new principles I mean the noble doctrines of service, of seeking out the outcast and the lost, of giving up and venturing all for the

sake of the Highest, of voluntary, deliberate and active self-sacrifice for the sake of others and for the sake of God, of love of the enemy, of love as the fulfilment of the Law. These doctrines or ideals may, perhaps, be spoken of as Jowett spoke of the ideals of Plato, "vacant forms of light," on which Jesus and, in a less degree, Paul, sought "to fix the eye of mankind." The Rabbinic religion, on the other hand, fills out the general ethical injunctions of the Pentateuch and of the Prophets, and, in filling them out, often transcends them. Religion and every-day ethics become indissolubly connected; and the ethics of every-day become refined and deepened by their association with religion. Good manners, delicate and courteous consideration for the feelings of our fellow-men, no less than loving deeds of helpfulness and charity, are connected with the fear of God. In a hundred different ways the prophetic ideals of justice and pity are brought into close relation with the varying circumstances and possibilities of actual life. He who has the ethics of the Rabbinic religion and the ethics of the religion of Jesus vividly before his mind possesses undoubtedly a two-fold treasure. Each teaching can throw light upon the other: the principles can link together and irradiate the 'rules'; the 'rules' can fill out and bring home the principles. So far as the majesty and purity of the moral law are concerned, both ethics can pass the test. It is true that both connect right-doing with reward; in that sense, like the Old Testament, both are eudæmonistic. But it is no less true that both go beyond the Old Testament in stressing the disinterestedness, in spite of the inevitable reward, of the true service of God. One of the greatest of Rabbinic 'developments' is the conception of *lishmah*,—study or goodness or service for its own sake and without ulterior or inferior anticipations of profit or reward. And yet the practical good sense or common sense of the Rabbis is shown in relation to this very conception, by their insistence that a moral action of which the motive is not wholly pure, is yet not to be despised: because it may generate a moral habit, or may lead on to action from the purest and highest motive. Co-ordinated with good action from *lishmah* is good action from the love of God. Here Rabbinic and New Testament religion are quite at one. They may also be said to be at one in the high motive or ideal of the Glory of God, or, as the Rabbis more often say, the Sanctifica-

tion of his Holy Name. This last ideal with its corresponding sin, the Profanation of his Name, which is partly on all fours with the New Testament sin against the Holy Spirit, plays a very important part in the Jewish religion from Rabbinic times onwards. And, lastly, in one final ideal the two religions may also be said to be at one: the ideal of the imitation of God. This ideal which, in Christianity, has rather assumed the form of the imitation of Christ, has, in Judaism, always retained the same nomenclature which the Rabbis gave to it. It was always, and still remains, the imitation of *God*; and by this imitation was meant, above all, justice, compassion and love. And here too the principle was constantly illustrated by details and applications, some of which, so far as *God* is concerned, seem to us fanciful, for they usually rest on strained interpretations of Old Testament texts, but all of which, so far as *man* is concerned, are wholesome and delicate.

Like the Old Testament, the Rabbinic religion is full of inconsistencies and rough edges; but, like the Old Testament, it is, for this very reason, full of life and actuality; it is fluid and undogmatic. It lives on the Old Testament, and suffers from it Like the New Testament, though sometimes in different ways, it carries the Old Testament teaching forward, and develops it. Over the Rabbinic religion the New Testament has the advantage, at its very opening, as its immediate source and inspiration, of a great, original genius and prophet, and then of two other religious geniuses, dependent on the first, less great and less original than he, but yet geniuses, and original and great. It has also the advantage of a larger measure of independence, and of the infiltration of some Hellenistic influences. Yet these very influences, which led to many excellencies, led also, in the opinion of some, to a darkening of, and a falling away from, the purest and highest manifestations of Old Testament monotheism. Nevertheless, in spite of these fallings away, and in spite of the obscurations and fallings away of the Rabbis, the two religions have much more in common than they have differences, big though these differences may be; and that is because they both depend on, and, in different measures and manners, carry forward the best and loftiest teachings of their common parent—the Old Testament.

C. G. MONTEFIORE.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN AUTOMATIC VERSE.

FELICIA R. SCATCHERD, Co-Editor of 'The Asiatic Review.'

IT was just after the publication of *Letters from Julia*, written automatically by the late W. T. Stead, that I persuaded my mother to go and see him, in order to get his opinion on certain questions that were troubling her. I took no part in the interview except to interrupt once with the question: "Which is the real Mr. Stead, —the one who is now propounding Calvinism to my mother, or the writer of what one might call Modernist articles in recent numbers of the *Review of Reviews*?"

His eyes twinkled with amusement as he replied: "Both, my child, are phases of the real Mr. Stead dealing with varying aspects of the one truth."

He gave my mother a volume of the famous *Letters* and dismissed us with his blessing, adding that the writings contained consolatory solutions of many of the vital problems of human existence.

The impression produced by the conversation soon wore off. My mother argued that as evidence of what they claimed to be, they were valueless, seeing that Mr. Stead was a gifted journalist with a vivid imagination and a religious turn of mind.

If he were to 'let his pen run on,' it was just what his type of mind might have produced. And then she went on to propose that I should try for automatic

script; because, having none of the qualifications of Mr. Stead, if I received anything of a striking nature, its evidential value would be considerably increased.

I then explained to my mother a certain shrinking horror I had of any form of automatic control, amounting to conscientious scruples against the exercise of any such faculty should I perchance possess it. My mother, not only did not share my scruples, but failed even to understand them, and was hurt, because for the first time in my life I was refusing her something upon which she had set her heart.

Then I reflected I was up against, not a choice between right and wrong, but between two evils. It was worse to hurt my mother than to go against what, after all, might be ill-founded prejudice. So I agreed to sit with pencil in hand, and paper in front of me, for five minutes, every night, the last thing before going to bed.

But nothing happened. Every morning my mother enquired, and was sadly disappointed when I failed to hand her even the 'Hey diddle diddle the cat and the fiddle,' which I warned her might be the sole outcome of thus exploring the subconscious realms.

It then occurred to me that my fundamental prejudice against 'automatic control' might act as an inhibition that would prove insurmountable. Strange to say, I had not the same invincible repugnance to my brain being thus controlled; so I said quietly, but still audibly:

"I will make my mind a blank; and if there be any power, spirit or person that can give me ideas helpful to my mother, I shall be glad to record them."

I found it was easier than I had expected to make my mind a comparative blank. I lowered the light; and,

to my surprise, my pencil began to write long sentences each on separate lines. Then suddenly it ceased; and I felt as if an invisible curtain had been lowered in my mind and had cut off all power of thought,—conscious or unconscious. I turned up the light and read:

Calm the pulses of thy being,
  Quell the tumult in thy brain;
Not in seething troubled waters
  Can the heavens be mirrored plain.
Lay aside all vague misgivings,
  Still that sense of deep unrest;
Only they who trust God fully
  Ever can be truly blest.

The one thing that surprised me was that this first result was in verse-form. In my youth I had never indulged in versification, as I had been too severely taken to task by my father for some childish attempt to 'make poetry,' which, I was assured, was an evidence of very bad taste and reprehensible vanity. I now know that a certain psychic sensitiveness, not then understood, made him fear for me any form of exercise that might stimulate a supposedly over-active imagination.

A lesser surprise was the fact that I could not go on with it, when I tried to do so just as an experiment. I gave my mother the eight lines; and the whole was subsequently finished in the sittings of the three following evenings. I carefully refrained from knowing how or where it had ended at the previous sitting; but that apparently made no difference.

Second Sitting.

Anxious probings, vain endeavours
  God's great poem of Life to scan,
Leave us weary, worn, exhausted.

Such a task befits not Man.
Full fruition waits on patience;
Onwards, upwards, all things tend.
Man, Creation's crowning glory,
Shall not he likewise ascend?

Third Sitting.

Each height climbed reveals a higher,
Death gives birth to fuller life,
Sorrow oft true joy concealeth,
Peace is wrung from toil and strife.
Fret not, fear not, faint not, follow,
Follow close the Inner Light;
That will lead thee, sooner, later,
Through doubt's gloom to faith, to sight.

Fourth Sitting.

Know the highest, purest, truest,
All that we have deemed Ideal,
All that man conceives of noblest,
Is transcended by God's Real.

Fifth Sitting.

By this time I was interested myself. Why did I get only the four lines last time, which seemed to round what had preceded into some sort of a whole? What would come next?

I sat in my usual passive attitude, my mind a blank, except for the fact of that blankness,—otherwise I might have lost consciousness. But I was soon no longer calm; I was hot, indignant, impatient. I was old and wise. I almost felt I had a beard and possessed an ancient soul!

I wrote so quickly that my hand ached; and I became conscious of writing the word *fool* with scornful emphasis. I also thought, while the lines following *fool* were being written, that it was with me

as I had heard of others. Something unpleasant was being produced; and if so, it would bring my experiments in this direction to a close.

But I was much relieved when I read the following lines, which I believe came in couplets, but were copied thus to save space.

Nay Lord! It cannot be,
Since everything I see
Subserveth various ends,
Man only, nowhere tends.
That he's the sport of chance,
The prey of circumstance,—
Adrift on Time's swift stream,—
A dream within a dream.

That all his varied powers,
Like fleeting forest flowers,
Just bloom, and then decay,
Forgotten in a day.
A meteor in its flight,
That dies away in sight,
And leaves no trace behind,—
A sigh upon the wind.

Soft shadows o'er the lea,
When summer cloudlets flee
Before the sportive breeze,—
Is he not more than these?
Away with such dull sense;
A fool would be less dense;
Knowledge devoid of love
Lacks wisdom from above.

Much thought may turn the brain;
We must come back again
To simple soulful trust.
Maker of suns and dust!
Our life Thou dost ordain,

Its pleasure and its pain.
Thou hast an end in sight,
And what Thou dost is right.

Evidently the faculty was developing. Here were thirty-two lines instead of eight, and a completed theme at one sitting. I have given these first six sittings in chronological order; so there is no selection as to what came. But too soon the first perfection of automatic production was marred on this wise.

My mother became anxious to obtain the key to the process. She questioned: Did the thoughts come ready clothed? was there any sense of verbal selection? and so on. She begged me to watch the production. In vain I pointed out that it might break the inspiration, and mar the spontaneity, reducing the faculty to a conscious happening. Her questions obtruded themselves; and I found myself in the position of the small boy who broke his drum in order to find out where the sound came from. There would be gaps in the work; just as in playing music from memory, self-consciousness will cause one to break down.

It has been suggested that the above, and similar, verses are unconscious memories of lines read or heard; that they are already in existence. For this reason it would be well to circulate such lines, so that if in existence they could be traced to their origin.

I will, therefore, give two examples in which such suppositions do not seem to hold good, seeing that the automatic faculty seized upon, and utilised, material already in the possession of the automatist's conscious mind.

During my girlhood I had been very much impressed by a story told me by an ex-judge in the British West Indies: how during a cholera epidemic he was left for

dead and was about to be carried away with other dead bodies, when his old negro nurse flung herself upon the supposed corpse and declared that her master was not dead. No dead man, she maintained, had his thumbs in that position, firmly grasping the outside of the closed fingers. Restoratives were applied and the young man recovered. He was over eighty when he related the incident. He added that infants, very nervous subjects and lunatics would often be observed to have the thumb inturned against the palm of the hand and circled by the fingers.

This incident recurred vividly to my mind when Sir Oliver Lodge, some years since, was lecturing on the duty of the application of modern psychological knowledge to criminology and penal reform. I started wondering whether criminals, as well as other defectives, had been observed sleeping with inturned thumbs; and during the discussion that ensued, I wrote automatically the lines I called 'The Hooligan':

THE HOOLIGAN.

Yells, deep-breathed curses, kicks and cuffs!
Another row 'twixt London roughs.
A fatal blow; a man drops dead.
The brutal culprit hangs his head
One moment; madly fights again
Till brought to earth by might and main.

Next morning in a tumbled heap
The Hooligan lies sunk in sleep.
A few, faint, struggling gleams of day
Thro' close-barred windows find a way,
Light up that cruel, cunning face,
Which their pale glory fails to grace.

So mused the chaplain. Deep disgust
Steeled him 'gainst his unlovely trust.

But see! Like his wee son's at rest,
That grimy hand, no toil had blest,
With fingers clasped the thumb inturned.
And straight his heart within him burned,

Suggested childish impotence,
Arrested growth, defective sense.
"Our boasted progress. Ah how slow!
To meet thy case, we only know
How to imprison, flog or hang,
With scarce one conscience-stricken pang,

"Committing, with calm clear intent,
Crimes that make thee seem innocent.
Our fierce forefathers did as much.
God! teach us how to deal with such
Fell victims of Fate's seeming scorn;
Else well for us we'd ne'er been born."

The last verses I will give were based on knowledge in my possession; but the circumstances leading to their production were peculiar, and tend to require an outside intelligence at work.

Some two or three years before the happening, an atheist had come to live in a seaside town where we were staying and the incidents recorded in the verses had happened,—namely: a district visitor had given him a conventional picture of the Founder of Christianity, under which were inscribed the lines:

Lord Jesus make Thyself to me
A living bright reality.

Shortly before his death he had had a vision of Christ, which he had told me in a quiet calm manner, when I went into his shop to buy something,—he having sent a message by my mother that he wished to see me. I used to go to Rationalist meetings and could talk on his Unfaith; so I suppose that gave him confidence.

I had forgotten even his name, and cannot now recall it; when one night I could not sleep. I felt a presence in the room, and seemed compelled to get out of bed and find paper and pencil. When I had written these lines that follow, I was allowed to return to bed and slept soundly. The inspiration broke at the xiiith verse; and I added the last two lines, which seem rather lame.

THE VISION.

I.

"Lord Jesus, make Thyself to me
A living bright Reality."

* * * *

He read the words aloud and smiled
Indulgently, as at a child;
Then thanked her for the illumined scroll,
Wherewith 'twas sought to save his soul.

II.

"That is a daily prayer," she said.
He smiled again; but shook his head.
"You folk unthinking preach and pray,
Yet scarcely mean one word you say;
And none would feel such wild surprise
Should what you ask for greet your eyes.

III.

"Dear friend, believe me, all is well.
I crave no heaven, fear no hell,
Work for my loved ones, early, late,
Calmly await my destined fate.
Aught should the future hold in store,
It must be good.—I ask no more."

IV.

He was an atheist, wan and weak,
A hectic spot on either cheek,

Coughing himself into his grave,
No earthly skill his life could save.
She was a Christian, grim, austere,
Her motive power, not love, but fear.

V.

She knew the great Jehovah's mind,
His every purpose for mankind.
This infidel defied the Lord,
Worked on the Sabbath, 'gainst His word.
What hope was there for such as he,
Accurst from all Eternity!

VI.

The mid-day sun shone fierce and strong,
The working hours seemed very long;
The o'er-wrought toiler's ebbing strength
Warned him that he must cease at length.
He gently laid his work aside,
Then closed his eyes and faintly sighed.

VII.

This living world he soon must leave;
'Twas ever so. He did not grieve.
For him the sun would rise no more,
No ocean break upon its shore;
Others would catch the whispering breeze
At hide-and-seek 'mid summer leaves.

VIII.

A pang shot thro' his inmost soul.
What mockery,—that painted scroll!
Fit emblem of this life of woe,
Where fleeting forms flit to and fro.
Reality!—an empty sound,
For ever sought, but never found!

IX.

A shaft of glory filled the room;
It dimmed the noontide sun to gloom,

And formed a gleaming, golden stair,
Athwart the shimmering heated air.
And in that iridescent beam,
Transcending e'en the poet's dream,

X.

Appeared a Form, supremely fair,
Of Godlike mien, yet human air.
All-conquering love looked from those eyes;
It thrilled him thro' with glad surprise,
Which deepened into ecstasy,
Whence vanished all perplexity.

XI.

No need to tell him that the Real
Had burst upon him. He could feel
His very heart within on fire,
Consumed with one, sole, deep desire,—
To merit, in the least degree,
That glorious love so full and free,

XII.

Which beamed a benediction mild
Upon earth's way-worn, wearied child.
Pointing aloft, it rose from sight
And vanished in a flood of light,
Leaving behind a knowledge sure
That God, and Good and Love endure.

* * * *

XIII.

When told the answer to their prayer,
The good folks gave a vacant stare,
Struck attitudes akin to fear;
The man was mad; 'twas very clear.
He only smiled, nor aught replied,
And with a radiant smile he died.

But the 'verses' were not always of so elevated a character. I believe it was Prof. Schiller who told

me that his brother had developed a similar faculty, but it manifested mainly in the form of nonsense verse. On occasions I came very near that, as when a question was put and the answer came with lightning speed thus:

Will the sun to-morrow rise?
Will its glory gild the skies?
Will the rivers rush down hill?
Flow through meadows calm and still?
"Yes, you think so." Then please hear:
There's your answer plain and clear.

Once or twice it was positively puckish and even unkind, as at a 'Higher Thought' reception, when over-hearing some decidedly 'lower thought' remarks, it began:

Higher thought! Lower dresses!
Honesty! Art-coloured tresses!
Abstinence and Eastern yoga,
Fortified with brandied soda!

But to end on another note: Where did this come from? Soon after the faculty had manifested itself a depressed friend, bewailing the mysterious ways of Providence, turned to me and said: "Cannot you give me a pleasant thought to dwell upon?" With startling rapidity the inner rhymster responded:

Thy Ways would be our ways, could we see with Thy sight,
Could we contemplate Time from Eternity's height,

Could we bridge Being's ocean with one glance and span,
From Life's birth to Death's birth, the whole course of Man.

"Thy Ways are not as our ways," murmured my friend. "That was in my mind. How strange!" And she felt comforted.

F. R. SCATCHERD.

(Our old, dearly-loved friend passed hence to a freer and wider life of joyful service at noon on March 12.—ED.)

SOME MANDÆAN NAMES OF DIVINITIES.

Dr. Moses Gaster, Ph.D.

In the excerpts from the Mandæan books, excellently Englished by Mr. Mead, and appearing in various numbers of The Quest, there occur, from time to time, names of angels and other powers, which claim special attention. The very formation of these names is characteristic. It follows the line already traceable to the Bible, since many such names are combinations with the word 'El.' Thus we have in the Bible the names of the two angels Micha-el and Gabri-el. The first part probably is the personification of an attribute of God. It remains to be examined whether this attribute was considered an emanation, or a different manifestation. But here is not the place to follow up this investigation. It is sufficient for my purpose to show how far back the tradition lies which calls angels by names consisting of the combination of a certain attribute or category with the final 'El' meaning 'God.' Thus Micha-el may mean 'Who is like unto God' and Gabri-el may mean 'The power of God'; and a large number of angels and other divinities, which appear in the later magical and mystical literature,—and so already in *The Book of Enoch*,—is mostly the result of such a combination. In my edition of the Hebrew magical *Sword of Moses* (1895) I have appended at the end a large list of such names found in the Jewish magical literature. And this list easily could have

been augmented by reference to the chapters on the Heavenly Halls and sections of the *Book of Zohar*. Nor are they wanting in the Magical Papyri, and in other old conjurations. The Mandæan literature makes no exception. It follows the same rule, but, as will be seen, with some slight difference. It is a pity that Lidzbarski, to whom we owe the publication of the *Qolastā* and the *Book of John*, in Mandæan and in a German translation, and who has given us the first reliable translation of the *Genzā*, should have failed in the interpretation of the various names that occur in these books. He was the man best qualified to do it, seeing how much he has otherwise contributed to the interpretation of Semitic epigraphy. A few such names occur in the Chapter of the *Genzā* published in THE QUEST of October, 1926, and I venture now to offer the interpretation of some of these names.

There is first 'Oṣar-Hai,' which means the 'Treasure of Life.' Here 'Hai,' or 'Haya,' is a synonym of 'El,' 'Life' standing for 'God.' Similarly in 'Ptā-Hai,' the meaning of which is the 'Gate of Life.' It is identical with the same name occurring later on under the form of 'Ptah-il,' the 'Gate of God.'

There are, besides, a few more words which might easily be explained from Biblical tradition. There is '*škīnā*,' which in later Hebrew has become a synonym for 'God.' The primitive meaning of this word, however, is 'dwelling-place,' or 'temple,'—*sc.* of God. This primitive meaning has been retained by the Samaritans. I am discussing elsewhere, in the forthcoming publication of the Samaritan *Secrets of Moses*, some affinities between the Samaritans and the Mandæans. Then there is that mysterious word '*sām*,' which is described as the 'well-guarded vessel.' This is evidently nothing else

but the singular of the word which occurs in the Bible in the plural form of *sammim*, meaning 'aromatic spices.' These were used exclusively for the preparation of the incense for the Temple. In Syriac the word *sama* means 'aroma'; but in the Mandæan tradition this *sama* plays an important *rôle*. It is kept in a 'well-guarded vessel,' and becomes almost the food of the Immortals,—like the *homa* of the Persians and *soma* of the Indians. Only the sanctity in which the spices were kept and guarded for the service of the Temple can explain the latter meaning given to it by the Mandæans.

Many an old tradition has in this way been transformed, and new meanings have been given by the Mandæans to technical terms borrowed from the Jews in their polemics against the latter. The study of these names may prove a key to a better understanding of some of the allusions found in the Mandæan literature.

One result, however, already now can be anticipated: namely, that (1) the elements found in the Mandæan literature are of an extremely archaic character; that (2) they can be explained only by reference to Palestinian religious movements; and that (3) any Egyptian influence is entirely excluded.

M. GASTER.

ELOA: MYSTÈRE.

It is easy for those who have abandoned the common religious beliefs, to substitute a very weakly idea in their stead. Through a refined form of egoism, they are apt, following an indefinite notion of sanctity, to be willing to sacrifice their own spiritual welfare for the material benefit of another.

How well Alfred de Vigny understood this kind of pity, as opposed to that compassion which is pure and not self-seeking, is shown by him in his poem *Eloa*.

Apart from its dramatic power and its descriptive beauty, its psychology is unhesitatingly true. So true that, to those who have suffered the experience, spiritual encouragement is gained from the very knowledge that another has understood the plausibility of the temptation, the pain of final disillusionment.

In the '*Chant Première*,' or 'Birth of Eloa,' we see Jesus at the tomb of Lazarus. With him are Martha and Mary. Because of their grief, he weeps. The tear divine, '*larme sainte à l'amitié donnée*,' falls into a diamond urn held by two leaning angels, who bear their gleaming treasure to heaven. There, it is laid at the feet of the Eternal, a sparkling gift, ineffable. On it is poised the power of the Holy Spirit, until the wondrous essence becomes living and endued with a soul. A voice is heard pronouncing the word 'Eloa'; and to this name the Angel, whose white

form has slowly risen from the flashing urn, makes answer: "Here am I."

Then follows a description of Eloa.

Toute parée, aux yieux du Ciel qui la contemple,
Elle marche vers Dieu comme une épouse au temple.
Son beau front est serein et pur comme un beau lis,
Et d'un voile d'azur, il soulève les plis ;
Ses cheveux, partagés comme les gerbes blondes,
Dans les vapeurs de l'air perdent leurs molles ondes,
Comme on voit la comète errante dans les cieux
Fondre au sein de la nuit ses rayons gracieux ;
Une rose aux lueurs de l'aube matinale
N'a pas de son teint frais la rougeur virginal ;
Et la lune, des bois éclairant l'épaisseur,
D'un de ses doux regards n'atteint pas la douceur.
Ses ailes sont d'argent ; sous une pâle robe
Son pied blanc tour à tour se montre et se dérobe,
Et son sein agité, mais à peine aperçu,
Soulève les contours du céleste tissu.

The angels and all the inhabitants of heaven bow down before her; and the virgins, her sisters, gather round her, '*comme autour de la lune on voit les feux du soir*,' innumerable flowers falling from their willing hands. They sing: "Oh happy is the world wherein she will tread! Passing among those who sorrow, she will bring consolation." And they question each other as to which globe awaits her coming,—or will there not be born other worlds over which she may rule?

But, later, through the imprudence of those who would instruct her, Eloa learns that even an angel may do evil; and that indeed the most beautiful and brightest among them was, even at that moment, banished from heaven,—he, 'the bearer of light,' 'the morning star,' 'the radiant diamond worn by the golden sun'!

They say that at present he is without diadem, that he is alone and that no one may offer friendship to him, whose eyes are heavy with the depth of his crime; and that also he can no longer speak the divine language, knowing it no more. Death is in the words that he utters; he burns that which he looks upon; he brands all that he touches. He is even without joy for the evil that he brings to pass.

So spake they to Eloa, thinking that she would bear hatred for one so wicked, so disgraced. But no, the serenity of her countenance was untroubled by any fear. Eloa felt no horror of such a spirit; rather a piteous desire to help. She became sad with the thought of this certain unhappiness; and, dwelling upon the unknown misery of another, a tear glistened from under her eyelid. "*Heureux ceux dont le cœur verse ainsi la première!*"—adds De Vigny. For Eloa at that moment gave of the best,—a sympathy unspoiled by any thought of self. Her spirit mourned; and, turning away from all the magnificent pageant of heaven, she sought a lonely solitude among the clouds. Even her dreams were troubled by the apparition of the despairing figure of the fallen angel, who, from afar, implored her help.

The virgins in heaven, dismayed at her grief and misunderstanding its cause, vainly endeavoured to console her. They wondered that she did not seek the loving protection of one of the arch-angels or seraphim. But Eloa ever made answer with the same words: "*Aucun d'eux n'a besoin de celle qui console;*"—adding eagerly: "But they say that there is one . . . ." She is not allowed to complete her sentence; for the angels fly from her in fear of what she would ask of them.

However, one day, alone, she opens her beautiful wings and, smiling wistfully, takes flight, seeking to find either a friendly earth or the desert planets.

De Vigny describes her journey: how she tries her uncertain strength—*'tantôt se balançant sur le front des comètes'*—and how, on reaching the lesser or inferior heavens, she finds that the air is less pure,—an air that even the strongest and most faithful angels would fear, lest because of its impurity their wings should fail to sustain them. But it was here, in this sombre vapour, that Eloa rested with the most complete confidence.

The author, with magnificent vision, speaks of her power at this moment. How those worlds that were suffering punishment, seemed to derive comfort from her very presence. The spheres listened, attentive to her flight; and if she even so much as brushed one of them with the plumes of her wings, all sorrow was stayed there for the wonderful moment. Once bitter rivals, astonished, embraced; swords fell, forgotten by those who could no longer hate; the smiling captive walked alone and without chains; the criminal returned to the temple of the law. Unless it were for joyous weeping, tears were no longer shed and, surprised by a happiness that is rare among mortals, lovers, who had been separated, were united again at the altar.

We then come to 'Chant Deuxième' with its fine descriptive opening:

Souvent parmi les monts qui dominent la terre
S'ouvre un puit naturel, profond et solitaire;
L'eau qui tombe du ciel s'y garde, obscur miroir
Où, dans le jour, on voit les étoiles du soir.
Là, quand la villageoise a, sous la corde agile
De l'urne, au fond des eaux, plongé la frêle argile,
Elle y demeure oisive, et contemple longtemps
Ce magique tableau des astres éclatants,
Qui semble orner son front, dans l'onde souterraine,
D'un bandeau qu'enviraient les cheveux d'une veine,

Telle, au fond du chaos qu'observaient ses beaux yeux
La Vièrge, en se penchant, croyait voir d'autres cieux.

At first, dazzled by the innumerable suns, Eloa could see only an abyss and shadow; but presently she perceived wandering blue fires, resembling the lights that hover over cold swamps. They fled, returned, then once again escaped. The angel smiled at the strange sight and followed with her eyes their light, circular flight. Very soon it seemed to her that pure harmony came from each flame, uniting them together; and this far sound became a supernatural chant that appeared to approach her. Within the rosy radiance a cloud could be seen slowly ascending into the air, and gradually forming itself into a balmy couch. On this a celestial form, as it were of a reclining angel, young, sad and charming, vaguely appeared.

Comme un cygne endormi qui, seul loin de la rive,
Livre son aile blanche à l'onde fugitive.

The strange youth leant gently on this bed of vapours that drifted from under him. His robes were of purple, flaming or paling, enchanting the view with opalescent tints. His hair was black, but bound by a band that might be either a crown or a burden. Its gold was as live as were those mystic fires that, whirling, burned on the ancient tripods. His wings were folded, their colouring imitating the pallor of evening mists. Numerous diamonds shone on his feet, that were encircled with gold. On his arms and on all his fingers he wore mysterious rings, dazzling the eye. His countenance betrayed anxiety; but he kept his eyes downcast, either because, knowing their power and doubtful of how his caressing glance would be received, he wished to reveal it by degrees, or else

because he feared the involuntary flame that, with one look, can reveal soul to soul.

De Vigny pauses here to make this beautiful similitude:

Tel que dans le forêt le doux vent du matin
Commence ses soupirs par un bruit incertain
Qui reveille la terre et fait palpiter l'onde ;
Elevant lentement sa voix douce et profonde,
Et prenant un accent triste comme un adieu,
Voici les mots qu'il dit à la fille de Dieu.

"Whence dost thou come, beautiful Archangel?" —he asks her. "Where goest thou?" And skilfully he draws the picture of what her mission might be; adding then:

But more likely, art thou not a new enemy, instructed to hate me,—my too powerful rival? Ah! perhaps it is thou who, offering offence to me, wilt lead my pagans to the waters of baptism. For, always the enemy opposes triumphantly,—a virgin's glance, a child's voice. I am perhaps an exile whom thou art seeking? But, if it is true, beware of your master, a jealous God. It is for having loved, for having saved, that I am unhappy, reproved. Chaste Beauty, wilt thou fight against me or absolve me? Thou descendest from this heaven that was my undoing; but thou, who appearest so gentle to my eyes, I cannot tell why thou shouldst come here from on high against me.

So spoke the spirit to Eloa. At the sound of his caressing voice, at the sight of his radiance and magic appearance, she flew upward, with backward flight, upon her starry way. But—

Autant que la colombe, en deux jours de voyage,
Peut s'éloigner d'Alep et de la blanche tour
D'où la sultane envoie une lettre d'amour,

—by the lightning of his glance, her force was broken.

Directly the seducer perceived that he had wounded her, he continued in a low voice:

"I am he who am loved and who am unknown. On man have I founded my empire of flame. In the desires of the heart, in the dreams of the soul, in the mysterious attractions of the bonds of the flesh. I am the secret king of secret loves. I unite hearts, I break harsh chains, even as a butterfly carries on its powdery wings a population of flowers to the fields, and creates for them loves without peril or tears. I took from the Creator his feeble creature. We share Nature in spite of him. I allow him, proud of the vermilion day, to hide the golden constellations under the splendour of the sun. I, I have the mute shadow and I give to earth the voluptuousness of evening and the possessions of mystery.

Sitôt que, balancé sous le pâle horizon,
Le soleil rougissant a quitté le gazon,
Innombrables esprits, nous volons dans les ombres
En sécouant dans l'air nos chevelures sombres.
L'odorante rosée alors jusqu'au matin
Pleut sur les orangers, le lilas et le thym.

It is an exquisite picture. The Angel continues:

Scorning remorse, if the virgin has left her mother's couch, these natural beacons are lit under her feet, and their clear fire guides her and does not betray her. If, feeling thirsty, she approaches the river to look for a deep shell to serve her as cup, the waters sigh and bubble and, before her bare feet, throw up the horn of Venus. . . .

Very soon the murmur of two young voices is heard disturbing the silence of the thickets. In the large elm which offers them protection, the awakened birds sing and rustle among the leaves. The hymn of love makes the air tremble. The trees have their songs, the undergrowth its concert, and at the edge of flowing waters, coos the languishing dove.

Before Eloa the Angel has spread a net of enchantment. Most skilfully he appeals to her young, untried emotions, her innocent heart.

"*Là voilà!*" he cries to her. "*Là voilà sous tes yeux l'œuvre du Malfaiteur!*"

This wicked one who is accused is, in reality, a consoler who weeps over the slave, stealing him away from his master, saving him by love from his griefs and, although himself submerged in the common evil, giving to him a little charm and, sometimes, forgetfulness.

Three times, while these words were spoken, a flush covered the young cheek of the Virgin and, battling three times against an impure glance, she veiled her azure eyes. . . .

'*Chant Troisième*' is entitled '*Chute*'; and the reader knows that a beautiful dream is to be broken.

The Tempter continues:

Whence do you come, Purity, noble Fear, O Mystery?—who from infancy has witnessed the birth of the world, flower of its first days, Rose of Paradise! Purity, whence do you come? . . . You alone can replace Innocence. But, the Forbidden Tree gave you birth. If your charm is equal to the charm of Virtue, you are also the first step to Evil. Your breast is covered with a chaste garment. Eve, before the serpent tempted her, was without it; and, if a veil of purity adorns you, it is always a veil, and crime also has its own. All troubles you; a look wounds you. But, a *child* fears nothing, it searches for the light.

Before this new power the Virgin quailed. Already almost under submission to the dark spirit, she descended, ascended and redescended into the shadow.

Telle on voit la perdrix voltiger et planer
Sur les épis brisés qu'elle voudrait glaner,
Car tout son nid l'attend; si son vol se hasarde,
Son regard ne peut fuir celui qui la regarde.
Et c'est le chien d'arrêt qui, sombre surveillant,
La suit toujours d'un œil fixe et brillant.

The Virgin at last consents and listens without displeasure to the Angel who pleads with her.

Belong to me, be my sister! I myself belong to thee. I have well-deserved thee and have loved thee long since. For, one day, I saw thee. Veiled like a winter's sun, I mixed with the children

of air. I saw once again the ineffable country, the azure land of the peoples of light, and had not one regret that I had left the place where fear always reigns among the gods. Thou alone appeared'st to me like a young star which pierces the veil of the vast night. Thou alone seemed'st to me that which one is ever seeking, that which man pursues in the shadow of his days, the god who alone knows the mystery of happiness and the queen who awaited my solitary throne. By the charm of thy presence it was revealed to me that I could love. Be it that thine eyes, veiled with a shadow of sadness, had felt mine own, that searched them without ceasing; be it that thy origin, as gentle as thou, had given thee a country a little nearer to me,—I cannot tell; but, since the hour that witnessed thy birth, I thought to know thee in all created beings. Three times, weeping, I passed through the universe. I sought thee everywhere,—in the zephyr's breath; in the ray of light fallen from the disc of the moon; in the star that flees the importuning heavens; in the rainbow, familiar passage of the angels; on the snowy couch of the glacier. I breathed the trace of perfumes left by thy flight. In vain I questioned the globes of space. I hid the axles of the chariot of the stars. I veiled their rays in order to attract thine eyes. I ventured even, emboldened by my new delirium, to touch the golden strings of the celestial lyre. But thou heard'st nothing. Thou saw'st me not. I came back to earth and put myself under the protection of man from whom thou received'st birth. I thought that I should find thee guarding Innocence, at the rocking cradle of a sleeping infant. . . . But, alone, I returned to my beautiful dwelling-place. I wept there as I did here until the hour came when the sound of thy voice moved me, made me tremble, as would a priest who feels that God is about to speak.

Eloa, raising her veil with a gentle smile, descended nearer to the Angel, contemplating with pride her immortal lover.

As you are so beautiful, you must, without doubt, be good; but why is it that what you say fills me with fear? Why is the sign of so much pain imprinted on your forehead? How were you able to descend from the holy place? And how can you love me if you do not love God?

Her looks were troubled as she asked him this. She spread the radiance of day about her, shining as a diamond would shine in the midst of shadows.

The Archangel grew afraid. He thinks that, when the end of time shall come, and he be forced to face his master, a look from God will, perhaps, break him. He remembers also all that he had suffered after tempting Jesus in the desert. He trembled. Hell begins again within his heart, and he would flee. Terror has awakened all his evils. He murmurs to himself, penetrated by an infernal unhappiness :

Sorrowful love of Sin, sombre desires of Evil, of Pride! Accursed be the moment in which I measured God. Simplicity of heart to which I have bidden good-bye, I tremble before thee, though I adore thee! I am less criminal because I still can love thee. But to my branded breast thou wilt not return. So far from what I used to be—why have I gone so many steps? And, so great is the distance between myself and me, I can no longer understand the sayings of Innocence. I suffer and my spirit, beaten down by Evil, cannot rise to so much Virtue. What have become of you, days of peace, celestial days?—when I went, the first of all those modest angels, to pray on both knees before the ancient law, knowing no thought beyond the faith? Eternity opened for me like a feast and, with flowers in my hands and rays of light about my head, I smiled, I was . . . . I might perhaps have loved!

The Tempter had almost charmed himself. He had forgotten his art and his victim. And, his heart reposing from crime for a moment, he repeated in a low tone, his head between his hands: "If I knew you, O human tears!" And De Vigny adds:

Ah! if at that moment the Virgin had been enabled to hear! If her celestial hand, which she might have held out to him, had seized him repentant, docile to ascend, who knows? Evil perhaps might have ceased to exist.

But, as soon as she saw on his thoughtful brow the pains of hell, astonished and trembling she lifted her eyes. The remembrance of the heavens came to her more strongly, and twice she raised her silver wings.

The Archangel saw her ready to take flight and, like an awakened tiger that bounds in the dust, finding within himself stronger than ever that spirit that never falters, the black Spirit of Evil, he blushed to have doubted of his power. He re-established peace on his radiant forehead, relighted suddenly the audacity in his eyes, and for a long time looked at and contemplated in silence the victim of the heavens that he had destined for his temple. And he strenghened himself to this divine glance. Without love, without remorse, in the depths of a heart of ice, he meditated on his mode of attack.

Et, pareil au guerrier qui, tranquille à dessein,
Dans les défauts du fer cherche à frapper le sein,
Il compose ses traits sur les désirs de l'ange ;
Son air, sa voix, son geste et son mantien, tout change.

Without coming from his heart, false tears suddenly appeared in his eyes.

The Virgin had never seen tears. She stopped. A sigh increased her alarm. He wept with the bitterness of a man exiled. Eloa, weeping also, approached and said :

What have I done to thee? What hast thou done to me? Here I am.—

Thou seekest to fly from me and perhaps for ever. How well thou dost punish me for having revealed myself! (answered the Archangel).

I would rather stay; but God awaits me (she replied).

He cannot do anything for me, and never may my fate change: thou alone art the god who could save an angel.

What can I do? (cries at length Eloa). Alas, tell me, must I stay?

Yes, descend to me for I, I cannot mount.—

But what gift would'st thou have?—

The most beautiful gift is the gift of ourselves. Come! Be exiled from heaven? What does it matter as long as thou lov'st me? Touch my hand! Very soon for us the good and the bad will be confounded in an equal contempt. Thou hast never understood the charm of offering one's breast to hide tears? Come, it is a happiness that I alone shall teach thee. Thou shalt open thy soul to me and I shall answer it.

Comme l'aube et la lune au couchant reposée
Confondent leurs rayons, ou comme la rosée
Dans une perle seule unit deux de ses pleures
Pour s'empreindre du baume exhalé par les fleurs,
Comme un double flambeau réunit ses deux flammes,
Non moins étroitement nous unirons nos âmes.

Eloa hesitates no longer.

"I love thee, and I descend. But, what will be said in the heavens?"

At this moment, far from their eyes, there passed in the air one of those celestial choirs whence, among their praises, are heard words repeated by angels: "Glory be throughout the universe, throughout time, to him who immolates himself for ever for the saving of others."

It seemed to Eloa that the heavens were speaking. It was too much for her.

Again, twice raising her unfaithful eyes with irresolute look, she seeks the heavens that she can no longer see.

The angels pierced the worlds of chaos, passing with terror though its profound plains, fulfilling the messages of God. They saw fall a cloud of fire. Cries of pain, cruel answers, were intermingled in the flame, whence was heard flapping of wings.

Where art thou taking me, beautiful angel?—

Come still!—

How sad thy voice is, and what a sombre discourse! Is it not Eloa who lifts thy chain? I thought to save thee.—

No, it is I who have carried thee off.—

If we are united, it little matters in which place. Name me, therefore, either thy sister or thy god.—

I carry off my slave. I hold my victim.—

Thou appeared'st so good. Oh! what have I done to thee?—

A crime.—

Wilt thou be happier? At the least, thou art content.—

Sadder than ever.—

Who art thou then?—

Satan.

V. S. WAINWRIGHT.

TELEPATHY: A LABORATORY LABEL.

GERTRUDE OGDEN TUBBY, B.S., Ex-Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research.

OURS is an age given to the use of patent names. Great manufacturing enterprises tag themselves briefly by their own initials. The biscuit we eat with our soup or our cheese, the cameras we use, the very pens and pencils with which we write, are known by their given names quite as well as are we ourselves. The name, be it ours or theirs, may cover, and frequently does cover, a diversity of quality in the product. Nevertheless, men assume a general identity underlying the variations and seldom question the label, once it has been affixed and accepted.

Diseases and disorders of mind and body are familiar in our vernacular in such fashion, too. 'La grippe,' 'moron,' 'paranoia,' 'dementia præcox,'—such words come into fashion and are used as though everyone understood and could define them; yet the medical profession knows right well that great diversities of problem and cure or incurability lie beneath these much-worn tags and labels.

Similarly, the expert knows that the handy word 'telepathy' is the title to a whole volume of mysteries little dreamed of, and not at all comprehended by, the thousands who glibly invoke it as the solver of such mysteries. A half-century since, the word was formed from the Greek *tele*, 'far off,' and *pathos*, 'feeling,' by the first scientists who made a serious study of the

transfer of thought across space, between two or more minds, without the aid of sight, sound, smell, taste or touch, the regular sensory bridges.

I have observed that the transfer of thought or feeling telepathically occurs readily between those who have lived in the same household for some time, which seems to conduce to a ready *rapport*, even after the persons thus associated have parted. But what this *rapport* involves, whether it be or be not the action of two brains, or the action of two psyches associated during the life-span with two bodily mechanisms equipped with brains, is still an unsolved problem in telepathy. As evidence accumulates, the latter hypothesis seems to be gaining strength.

The transfer of thought or feeling without the aid of the sensory bridges is observed to occur frequently amongst individuals who have other psychic capacities commonly termed 'mediumistic.' One can no more legitimately ascribe the solution to the telepathic operation than to the mediumistic. Each is but a term of classification, a name for a group of occurrences in consciousness, not an explanation of them.

An interesting item in the telepathic count is quoted by Mr. W. W. Baggally, a well-known English psychic researcher, in his volume, *Telepathy, Genuine and Fraudulent* (pp. 10-14). It concerns an experiment made by Sir Oliver Lodge, whom we have to thank for carefully recording what was *said*, as well as what was done, for the instance would otherwise have appeared to be more simple than it actually is. Sir Oliver reported the incident in *Nature* (xxx. 145), for June 12th, 1884, from which Mr. Baggally quotes as follows:

The conditions under which apparent transference of thought occurs from one or more persons, steadfastly thinking, to another in the same room blindfold and wholly disconnected from the others, seem to me absolutely satisfactory, and such as to preclude the possibility of conscious collusion on the one hand or unconscious muscular indication on the other.

One evening last week,—after two thinkers, or agents, had been several times successful in instilling the idea of some object or drawing, at which they were looking, into the mind of the blindfold person, or percipient,—I brought into the room a double opaque sheet of thick paper with a square drawn on one side and a St. Andrew's cross or X on the other, and silently arranged it between the two agents so that each looked on one side without any notion of what was on the other. The percipient was not informed in any way that a novel modification was being made; and, as usual, there was no contact of any sort or kind—a clear space of several feet existing between each of the three people. I thought that by this variation I should decide whether one of the two agents was more active than the other; or, supposing them about equal, whether two ideas in two separate minds *could* be fused into one by the percipient.

In a very short time the percipient made the following remarks, everyone else being silent: "The thing won't keep still." "I seem to see things moving about." "First I see a thing up there, and then one down there." "I can't see either distinctly." The object was then hidden, and the percipient was told to take off the bandage and to draw the impression in her mind on a sheet of paper. She drew a square, and then said, "There was the other thing as well," and drew a cross inside the square from corner to corner, saying afterwards, "I don't know what made me put it inside."

The experiment is no more conclusive as evidence than fifty others that I have seen at Mr. Guthrie's [in Liverpool], but it seems to me somewhat interesting that two minds should produce a disconnected sort of impression on the mind of the percipient, quite different from the single impression which we had usually obtained when two agents were both looking at the same thing. Once, for instance (to take a nearly corresponding case under those conditions), when the object was a rude drawing of the main

lines in a Union Jack, the figure was reproduced by the percipient as a whole without misgiving; except, indeed, that she expressed a doubt as to whether its middle horizontal line were present or not, and ultimately omitted it.

No doubt others have had certain experiences with psychics giving 'messages' and psychometrizing articles, similar to some of my own. 'Mrs. Chenoweth' has more than once in trance, in an effort to describe what she sees, made virtually the identical statement quoted above: "*The thing won't keep still!*" "It jiggles, I can't quite make it out, it keeps moving," are familiar complaints. Now, then, the question arises: Is the motion due in the case of the entranced psychic to an effort on the part of two—or more—minds to transmit an idea? If so,—and it seems reasonable to draw a comparison,—whose minds? Certainly not that of the experimenter in the instances to which I refer, for the experimenter is not holding a thought to be transmitted, but studying the thoughts presented spontaneously. The psychic, indeed, may be psychometrizing (psychically 'reading') an article concerning whose former owner and affairs the experimenter—I myself—knows nothing at all. Must we assume that one unconscious telepathist is unconsciously endeavouring to assist another unconscious telepathist to make clear a name or a circumstance to an unconscious, entranced psychic? If the effort to clear up the meaning of the wavering vision were never successful, one might postulate some such vagaries as explanatory, but the clearing up sometimes occurs and the meaning emerges. Who makes this result possible? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that conscious effort on the part of some mind or minds is the explanation? The motion was not, so far as we are informed, put

a stop to in Sir Oliver Lodge's experiment. The two agents were not co-operating, and neither knew what the other was holding in vision. Modifications of the experiment might usefully be tried, to ascertain whether, if they alternated in effort, or whether, if they focussed their mental diagrams upon one spot, definite modifications would occur, and so on. The size of the diagrams, the near-sightedness of one agent and the far-sight of the other, the associations in the mind of either with the object visualized,—such variations should be studied to see whether they, too, throw light upon the processes of mediumship. If so, one might find the long-sought nexus between telepathy and other psychic powers, so often linked in experience.

Concerning the interfusion of the two, Dr. James H. Hyslop had somewhat to say in his lifetime. In discussing a public address by the late Mr. W. T. Stead, reported in the press, in 1915, he made some valuable comments, in the *Journal* of the A.S.P.R. for October, 1915 (ix. 483ff.), from which I quote:

> Ordinarily in telepathic experiments the agent knows that he is trying to communicate with the percipient and what he is trying to send, but here (Mr. Stead's case) the agent, if agent he can be called, knows nothing about what is going on and does not know that he has communicated with his friend, Mr. Stead. Moreover, he communicates, according to the account, private things that he would not tell normally in the natural way. That is, the information comes entirely from his subliminal or subconscious. Now this is apparently the kind of telepathy which has been used by many people, without (their) giving any evidence whatever for its existence, to explain away information which apparently comes from discarnate spirits, and this once granted, the sceptic may well say that he could extend the process to all the alleged phenomena of spirit-communication, except the physical . . . .
>
> There is one important resemblance between what Mr. Stead

> . . . affirms, and what occurred in the telepathic experiments between Miss Miles and Miss Ramsden. (*J.S.P.R.*, xiii. 243ff., *Pro. S.P.R.*, xxvi. 279ff., *Pro. A.S.P.R.*, v. 673ff.) It was noticeable in those experiments that Miss Ramsden obtained some incidents that Miss Miles was not thinking about and did not try to send. So . . . Mr. Stead reports a like set of instances. The cases are the only ones within my reading that would suggest or support the kind of telepathy that can even claim to resemble the process involved in the phenomena that are explicable by supposing them from the dead.
>
> I have already shown that the phenomena of Miss Miles and Miss Ramsden were not fully investigated, and that they were isolated from their associations in order to give them the character of telepathy only between the living, and that Miss Miles, being an all-round psychic, necessarily associated her telepathic work with other phenomena that were not telepathic. Moreover, Miss Miles said that she could always tell when her telepathic message was successful by the raps that she heard! This phenomenon was not explicable by telepathy and yet was an integral part of the whole. . . .
>
> Before we have any right to form a conception of [the facts] we should have had the detailed record of them, confusions, mistakes and all. I suspect that, if that had been done (in Mr. Stead's speech), the character of them would be altered.
>
> The present writer (J. H. H.) has never been able to obtain any scientific evidence whatever for telepathy of any kind, unless the incidents in some experiments published in the *Proceedings* (*A.S.P.R.*, viii. 152ff.) may be considered that. But even though they be conceded as evidence, they do not support any claims whatever to the kind of thing that popularly goes by that name.

Mr. Baggally cites several other instances at some length, but without the full details one must demand in order to appraise the value of the facts and their weight. He does not inform us as to the psychic powers or abilities of the experiencers. He presents the case of a vision of the burning of a child accidentally. The child's uncle experienced the vision, though he did not

know that it concerned his own relative, during attendance at a small psychic circle of three persons, which met regularly, it appears, for experiment or development. One of the three had just completed a (presumably) psychic address, when the child's uncle spontaneously saw the accident occurring, after its actual happening, but several days before 'normal' information reached him. It is not stated whether this was one of a series of psychic experiences or but an isolated instance. Nor are we informed as to the powers, mediumistic or telepathic, of the members of the group. Such questions are fundamental to the understanding of the experience. To take an excerpt from its setting of psychic concomitants in the life of the subject undergoing the experience and attempt to classify it would of course be scientifically unfair, as no doubt Mr. Baggally would agree.

Telepathy is, indeed, a favourite drawing-room amusement; but until we remove it from that environment and work with it under laboratory conditions, we shall not master its intricacies and its meaning. In the handling of it, one is too often reminded of the old tricks that used to be done with electricity, illustrated in old text-books of 'Natural Philosophy' by entertaining woodcuts of long-haired ladies, standing on glass stools, undergoing electric charges which set their hair flying out from their heads in a marvellous halo. And, to-day, we turn the wheels of the world's work and progress, physically speaking, by the intelligent use of these 'charges.' What shall we be doing, to-morrow, with 'telepathy' and 'spirit messages' and 'physical phenomena of mediumship'? But such a to-morrow will not dawn for us until we have done a vast amount of careful work and drawn most careful

conclusions and hypotheses therefrom. Naming the facts is not enough. 'Oxygen' was a name thought to be well understood for years, and it was used helpfully in chemistry, long before anyone had the patience —or the insight—to study the slight, very slight, variations in its quantity in chemical reactions. They occurred persistently, of course, but were so small they were regarded as negligible. When they were finally studied, however, ozone was discovered, a most useful chemical, one beneficial to human and animal life.

Telepathy is interesting to all beginners in psychic study. Let us urge that some enthusiastic group devote itself to an intensive psychological study of the mental *content and output* of the experimenters in a few instances, together with all accompanying data of the consciousness. Only thus can we gain further light upon the real problem involved. Fragments of consciousness, isolated, yield clues to the whole. Every psycho-analyst and every psychiatrist knows this, and studies them to uncover the mysterious operation of the whole in the fragment. Telepathy, a fragment, has so long been accepted that it is too generally supposed to be fully understood. In reality, it is not a word to conjure with: it is a word whose meaning is hidden, awaiting the mind to unseal it and reveal it.

In short, 'telepathy,' a useful descriptive laboratory-label, is not yet, if ever, to be construed as a fundamental scientific explanation; its occurrence thus far having been artificially, but not actually, isolated in human consciousness. G. O. TUBBY.

(This thoughtful paper is of interest in connection with the recent Broad-casting experiment, made by some members of the English S.P.R., and so widely advertised by the Press.—ED.)

THE PASSING.

THE light hurt all my senses, in the same way as the striking of a wrong chord will give an almost physical shock to one who is finely wrought with the delicate nerves of a musical temperament. The woman I loved drew the dark curtains close across the window, and I lay in my bed in semi-darkness. I could dimly see her figure as she sat in a chair, not watching, but at the same time alert to every movement I made.

There swept through me a great warm wave of love for her. I had the sensation of being raised from my bed till I floated in the golden love-glow, contented, happy.

There was no darkness round me, no mist before my eyes. Yet I saw nothing but the figure of the woman I called wife.

The sound of a city's traffic rose from a busy thoroughfare and intruded into the otherwise silent room. But it had no power to penetrate my brain. The only sounds that had the force of impressions were the soft gentle movements of my beloved, whenever she stirred to carry out some of the doctor's orders.

I knew I was very ill; but had now ceased to consider health or sickness. For two days I was, with increasing strength, more and more conscious of my spirit; and, contrariwise, less and less was my body of importance. I lay for hours, conscious only of the presence of my wife—the one human being who stood prominent in my affections. My life had been

among money-makers and had excluded the forming of friendships.

I was content. Neither happiness nor sorrow now touched me. My business in the sordid struggle of a city's commercial life was as though it had never been a fact. Very occasionally, I dimly remembered important transactions in which I ought still to fight for a successful issue. Less than a week ago they had been supremely important—almost to the exclusion of love for my wife. They came now to me, as I lay on my bed, like one reads of things happening in the outer world with no connecting link with one's own confined life. I neither kept interest, nor ceased to care.

My *mind* seemed sleeping. *I* was alive, I was a human personality, I held my ego intact. I was not selfishly absorbed. My wife was sitting close to me. The warm glow of love held me suspended and wrapped me in its folds, protecting me from the world.

I closed my eyes, as she laid a loving hand on my pillow. The tips of her two longest fingers lightly touched my head, just above my right ear. She did not speak.

I seemed no longer motionless, suspended in the warm golden glow of human love. I was swaying, very slightly. It seemed to me I was not only testing, like a bird before setting out on a long flight, my weight and balance, but also deciding the direction in which I should go.

I then seemed to pass onward into unfathomable space, with neither swiftness nor time in the flight. Few of the earth's limitations seemed to press on my spirit. I felt no wonder, no fear. My sensations were those of a dream; yet they contained a reality the vividest dream is incapable of producing. The flight

of the spirit is ever indescribable in words which draw worldly symbols. In life there are moments when the spirit transcends its surroundings in a curiously non-understandable fashion. It may have been on account of such moments, rarely experienced in my busy money-making commercial life, that I was neither frightened nor surprised.

It is sight, not feeling, which causes fear. Fear causes pain; but pain is of little account if unaccompanied by fear. And fear is caused by mental pictures coming into sight from the subconscious mind.

I was alive. That I knew, without thought. Cords, which appeared more like rays of light, held me to life. I seemed to pass beyond the warm golden love-glow into mother-of-pearl-shaded mist. The figure of my wife was clear, but somehow less and less like something I desired to touch. After I had gazed at her —time had ceased to be—she began to move away, slowly at first, then more swiftly, and gradually became a small figure, about the size of my thumb. Then she stopped and remained motionless.

Beyond her there formed a tiny glow of light, like the moon seen through the reverse end of a telescope. It seemed to me there grew in my being an intense desire to reach this globe of light, where I felt convinced I would gain a happiness beyond estimation.

I tried to move through the opalescent ether in which I floated. The rays of light which held me to life, kept me in bonds. I seemed to have no sense of feeling, no fear, no strangeness—only a growing desire to reach the globe of light. I made an effort, without force, but strong as passive resistance would be to a man of determined purpose. I moved slowly.

As I did so, the globe increased in size, and began

to emit a light that was like silver ten-times refined; and the mother-of-pearl-coloured ether, through which I moved, began to clarify, till it was like the inner shell of an oyster twenty-times purified.

The tiny figure of my beloved remained motionless between me and the globe of light which was becoming of unexcelled purity—beyond anything I had ever imagined. I still felt the warmth of love in my being; but it had less and less of the impulse of possession, of touch. As the desire to feel myself bathed in the wonderful globe of enlarging light increased, I felt myself moving with strengthening freedom.

The globe became a glow, such as is seen in the east at the earliest hour of dawn. It was purer, more powerful, than the first break of day, which has a faint tinge of green in it. There was no dazzling brightness in that on which my mind was fixed. As I advanced towards it, the sense of quiet peace, without a trace of loneliness, grew greater. It made me feel as though I had come through stormy seas to a haven of long-desired restfulness—something I always knew I craved for, without wrapping it in a concrete thought.

The miniature figure of my wife was stencilled against the light. Her figure did not increase, nor did it diminish. It remained the size of my thumb,—a tiny spot in illimitable space. To gaze at it continued to give me the pleasure I had been accustomed to experience in looking at a great work of art, or when visiting a new spot which appealed with its unseen power of attraction and gave a friendly, intimate message.

The rays of light which bound me to life seemed thinning. As they did so, my progress through the opalescent mist increased and quickened, till I felt myself being comfortably whirled through space,—as

a star out of its appointed course, beyond the limits of its proper orbit. As I sped on, it seemed as if I would collide with the figure of my wife. That was my one sense of anything approaching fear. It was not so much the actual collision I feared, as that it would impede my progress towards the wonderful, ever-increasing peacefulness of the marvellous glow, which at first had been but a globelet of light of the size of a shell wherein is secreted a pearl of great price.

Nothing was now left of attachment to life. I sped along with incredible swiftness, smoothly, comfortably. All remnants of fear, of any mundane sensations had vanished. No longer was there any feeling of possible collision with my beloved; yet her tiny figure still remained in my direct path. But she had, somehow, ceased to be part of my existence. I looked at her now with calm pleasure, no longer with the warmth of intense love, which generates the lust of possession.

I seemed to have grown bigger in my flight, and it looked as if I would overwhelm her, absorb her into myself, as I passed on my way. I seemed to hold my breath, to give it egress with difficulty.

We were about to come into contact. She was standing motionless, while I was moving with almost the swiftness with which light penetrates darkness. I was about to overwhelm her in my great shapeless form, which increasingly seemed more like a cloud than a human being.

We were close, close. I drew in a deep breath, held it. At the instant when contact seemed inevitable, her figure moved at right angles to my flight, as though drawn by invisible cords. She withdrew swiftly a long, long distance, though, curiously, space made no alteration in the size of her form.

I let out the breath I had held. A great sense of a peace unknown came to me. I was alone, without loneliness. I was in the great light. I felt it all round me, soft as wonderful velvet to the touch of human fingers. I had no desires. I was at rest.

I felt no special love for my beloved. She had become as others I had known. Even as those I had seen in busy city-streets,—poor, homeless, solitary human creatures. It seemed I had in me only the great God-like love for humanity. Every soul was of equal importance. I understood that every human being must work for salvation. All I could do would be to try to help them to see their way, and thereby avoid births in which they must wipe out mistakes and build up truth, till each soul is able to cease its wanderings and pass onward. For it came to me that all who are born must one day find purity—the essence of truth—and cease from error.

For a space I rested. Time, in a worldly sense, had entirely ceased to be. I became conscious of possessing a penetrating faculty, that was more feeling than sight.

I was conscious of my detached human body lying in a bed, and of my beloved weeping, kneeling by its side. I felt no pity, such as I had once known. It was something she had to experience for gain to her spirit. I could not help her. I saw her end. I saw her suffering was to save her much, and was at root only great gain to her. I looked onward, not backward.

Then it was I realized I was what is called dead.

After another space—which I would once have defined as time—I became conscious. Through the new sense, which once I would have described as sight, I knew many departed souls were round me. They

were all friends; for there are no strangers, as there are no fears, no tears, only great love embodied with the tender sympathy of true understanding, in the sphere of the wonderful light of exquisite peace,—the region of the newly translated.

Through the new sense of feeling, I understood we were all waiting to be given work to do for the helping of worldly humanity steeped in error. Each of us would be given a task to accomplish, in accordance with the dregs of the great truth which we had gathered in our passage through what I once called life.

"I was dead; now I am alive," was my thought; at which my companions smiled.

"What I have so much feared has proved a simple, pleasant experience."

My companions again smiled.

"Why are we so foolish?"

To this the return thought came: "Because we judge of the spirit by our knowledge of the body. One is of the world; the other is of Life Eternal. One is built of mundane matter; the other is an emanation of the Godhead. The worldly-wise cannot discern that one is at the mercy of sin, disease, decay; the other is joy and happiness, peace and comfort."

My companions and I understood.

HARRY TIGHE,

(Author of 'Women of the Hills,' 'The Steep Path,' etc.)

BEAUTY'S COMPLEMENT.

About twenty-seven years ago I spent a couple of days on what had been, some years earlier, the battlefield of Tel-el-Kebir.

My host—a son of that genius Sir George Birdwood, was then employed in Cairo by the Egyptian Government, and had built in this desert spot a tiny holiday-house for himself, wife and child—whenever they could go so far on brief holiday.

Englishmen do not as a rule refer to their emotions; yet I own that I shall never forget mine, when at dawn of the day after our arrival I threw on an overcoat, and from the doorway looked out upon the desert—just as the sun began to show over the horizon.

Before me stretched a vast, flat plain of yellow sand covered with small stones, at the middle extremity of which the sunbeams peeped forth, increasing in number and strength with every moment.

The air was as pure as one can imagine. Of 'scenery' (in the ordinary, artists' sense) there was absolutely none. Nothing was in sight but the unadorned little building of rough-cast walls and corrugated iron roof, a smooth plain and the round pebbles just alluded to.

But as the sunrays caught these last, they turned each one into a sphere of pale shining gold.

Make all one can of this; and still it seems little enough to gush about.

Yet a joyous ecstasy seized me, the cause of which

I think lies deep, and the like of which I can recall only on two, earlier, occasions during my life-time.

The first of these found me just landed at Cape Town, on a Sunday morning, while all those to whom I came were away at church; and I had wandered out into the garden, alone,—to find myself amid a radiant peace that contrasted sharply with the tight-packed and noisy life of a fortnight on board ship. Not a sound was audible but the twitterings of birds and the distant hum of a quiet town.

The second irruption of similar feelings occurred while I was climbing the slopes of Norway's Snœhatten, on a sporting visit to an English friend. I had paused for a moment, to get breath, in front of a mound of large-fronded moss, glittering with early dew. Each green branch of moss was a miracle of diamented beauty, serene amid the Great Silences, and quietly offering its morning thanks to the Maker of all beautiful things.

Some might think it unnecessary—even, in some sort, a desecration—to search out the cause of so sudden and intense an access of feeling. "Take it: be thankful for it," they might say. "But don't attempt to analyze such a boon."

Let my, entirely reverent, curiosity balance their superior taste!

Can we not find a spiritual analogy to all beautiful *things?* Nay, and further, is not Analogy the key to Reality?—so that from the contemplation of natural beauty we may be raised to the perception of a higher, spiritual beauty—a spiritual beauty, which abides in those supreme heights of being whereto we all of us, in our best moments, strive, and stumble, and yet ever press on?

B. Compton Arthur.

THE SEAGULLS.

As we leave our cottage a fresh wind from the west is blowing noisily through the pines, stirring the air with their rich fragrance. I know of no healthier, no more invigorating perfume than this,—so fraught it seems with strength and the real tang of life.

High over our heads the dark, dull clouds are being skirled away in their disordered ranks, unwilling to hold their rain but driven uncharitably by their omnipotent master, the wind.

Climbing the rise that overlooks the station, we have a host of screaming gulls and cawing crows about us, wheeling in delirious but ever graceful flight, as they circle round a field already patterned with the black and white of their kind.

The flight of a gull is one of this earth's greatest beauties. With white wings outspread in lovely symmetry, its graceful body floats in a dream-like world, where time and space seem but incidents in a holy passage. Now they rest on a gust of wind, now ride divinely upon it. Such poetry and harmony are here that a pedestrian mortal cannot but feel his impotence, his flesh-burden, as he stands planted helplessly on this so solid earth. *There*, is freedom, an unbound height, where they tread the paths of the wind, beating out the music of eternity with white gleaming wings. *Here*, we feel the throb of the world with its teeming activities, its vitality and force. Theirs is the throb of heaven, pressing their urgent flight into the mysteries of the skies.

Though we are nearly ten miles inland, we very seldom miss the seagulls on our walks. Whichever way we take, there will be a field or two bright with their loveliness. They always recall halcyon days in Cornwall where, tramping over the downs that breast the great sea, we saw thousands of them, white and brown, sailing dizzily in that gentle summer air or skimming the pellucid waters in hungry search for fish.

The easy grace of wings, that gleam like a white prayer against a curtain of blue skies, slowly rising and falling in a calm ecstasy of movement, holds for me a thrill that little else this side of heaven can give. It is a message of beauty to a world of mortals sodden with materialistic ugliness. Getting and spending, we clasp to our hearts the baser themes of life, and so miss the beauty that sails in majesty above our labouring heads.

In memory I see again the sun-splashed surf climbing the sloping sand of Kynance Cove, while the crying of these harbingers of heaven comes dropping swiftly and hauntingly upon my ears.

JAMES S. MARSHALL.

THREE SCRAPS FROM THE TALMUD.

Bar Kippuk's Lament for Rabha.

The flame is fallen upon the cedars:
What shall the hyssop on the wall do?
Leviathan is caught in a net:
What then of the mudfish?
Drought is fallen on the stream in spate:
What of the gutter-water?

A Comforting Blessing.

Brethren, wearied and crushed by this sorrow,
Give your hearts to search this,—
Which stands ever and is marked out
From the six days of Creation:
Many have drunk; many will drink.
As the drinking of the first
Is the drinking of the last.
Brethren, the Lord of Comforts
Comfort you.

A Parting Blessing.

(To the Rabbis on their leaving the Yeshiboth[1] of Babylon.)

Mayst thou see the world in thy life,
Thy wishes for many generations
And afterward, Life Everlasting!
May thy mouth speak wisdom,
Thy lips proclaim knowledge,
And thy tongue utter rejoicings!
May thy heart be understanding

Talmudical Academies.

And thy inwards joy in uprightness!
May thy eyes shine with learning's lamp
And the pupils of thy eyes look straight before thee!
May thy face shine as the shining of the firmament
And thy steps so run that thou hear
The words of the Ancient of Days!

I. M. LASK.

A PRAYER TO THE ETERNAL.

O THOU Eternal, who in the multiplicity of voices art ever Silent, and in variety of forms art ever One; who, being infinite Steadfastness, art ever the soul of Change, thou only Sum of Existence, thou Life!—here now I throw myself open more consciously, more utterly to thee, that I may know more fully thy Silence in all sounds, thy Oneness in the many, thy Continuity in change, and through a widening, deepening consciousness live ever more vivid life, so that, filled to overflowing with thy beauty, I pour forth that same stream—a cup beneath a living waterfall.

F. H. ARNOLD ENGLEHEART.

CAIN.

1.

How still he lies.
Sweet brother, look not sadly. Brother, rise
And smite me, as thou usedst. Oh, not now
Am wroth, but still not understanding how
This thing can be: how, shepherd as thou art,
Loving thy sheep, could'st find it in thy heart
To drive one little lamb away—alone,
And frisking still so pretty—take a stone
And fling at him, mocking the poor thing's play,
Breaking one little leg, so that he lay
Crying to thee for comfort. Yet his limb—
Amazed I watched thee—didst not bind, nor him
Gather within thine arms, nor gently bear
Back to the fold. Nay, thou didst roughly tear
With sharp-edged flint his throat.
If I should use
My pomegranates thus, and their sweet juice
Thus trickle from them, oh, from out the ground
Would it not cry for vengeance? So I found
Thee passing strange, thee, shepherd.

2.

I am one
Who tills the earth; who, when the kindly sun
Has ripened all my harvest—rye and wheat—
Gather it into store. In cold and heat
We two have lived, and toiled and loved. And see,
How still he lies. Ah, woe, woe, woe is me!

3.

I thought
To please our Lord with gifts. And so I brought
My richest pomegranates, figs and corn,
The first of all my threshing. Yestermorn
It was. I laid them out upon the ground.
Then he, my shepherd brother, when he found
How I had done, took of his firstlings too.
And, lo, our Lord was pleased my brother slew
The gentle lamb. And yet he paid no heed
To corn and luscious fruits, which do not bleed.
And so with sudden anger I was filled,
And rushed upon my brother. Him, who killed
The pretty lamb, and gained our Lord's good grace,
I wrestled with, until, with darkened face,
I threw him down, and, struggling still, we fell,
As we were used to do.
How could I tell
That he would lie there, silent, till the moon
Was high? I used no sharp-edged flint.
At noon
It was, the noon of yesterday.

4.

No bird
Makes that strange sound! Was it the wind I heard?
Or can it be the accusing Voice that walked
With father Adam, many moons ago?
I cannot tell. But this I surely know:
I could no other than to bring my store
Of first-fruits, and lay them before
Our gracious Lord,—I being what I am,
Having nor sheep nor goat, nor hornéd ram

To bring him. Abel, well I knew,
Would give me of his flock, a ewe,
Or goat, or gentle lamb, for offering,
Yet liked I better my sweet fruits to bring.

5.

Following the Voice, I wander far, and sore
My heavy heart for him our mother bore.
Yea, sick I am, for that I do not know
What evil hath befallen him. Faster flow
My blinding tears. O Voice! I never dreamed
That he could lie so still and cold. It seemed
We did but strive, as many times before.
Can a man die, as lambs and flowers? No more
Shall we two meet, as in our childhood's days
And since, grown men, we went our different ways,
I to the fields, and he the flocks to keep.

6.

"Thy brother's blood cries to me from the ground."
Am I his keeper, then, as he of sheep?
"In all my earth no place for thee is found."
Listen! The Voice comes floating down the wind.
Where shall I hide? Where shall I mercy find?
"Lest any, finding thee, should think to slay . . ."
Never to die? Are these the words I hear?
"This mark I put on thee: wear it alway."
A punishment so great I cannot bear.
A fugitive and vagabond I am.
Naught now can save me, e'en a dying lamb.

GERTRUDE VAUGHAN.

JUDAS: A FRAGMENT.

JUDAS (*entering a Dark Street in Jerusalem*).

CAN he have guessed? What words were those he spake
As though he knew my purpose and intent?
And why did John, the loving eager youth,
Look at me with those sad reproachful eyes?
What were they whispering as the disciple lay,
Resting his head upon the master's breast?
Perchance this act of mine will make him see
That now's the time to claim King David's throne.
The time is ripe. The people groan beneath
King Herod's rule and Rome's hard iron rod.
Twice have the people longed to crown him king;
Why waits he then? What more can man desire?
If he would take the throne, *we* too might wield
Lordship upon the Gentiles, who are now
Polluting with their eagles this our land,
And keeping us in vilest servitude.
Oh, how I need the money! I am poor.
When first I followed him in Galilee,
And saw the wonders that he wrought for men,
I surely thought the time was ripe, and that
The kingship would return to Israel's race.
He might have claimed it, and bestowed on *us*
Guerdon for following through the heat and cold.
What boots it to have power to cure the sick
And raise the dead—unless he means to reign?

The High Priest's offer will release the land
My father left me, from its load of debt.
Yet the name 'traitor' almost makes me go
Back once again to that dim upper room.
What *is* a name? *He* will not be the worse.
Once he escaped their hands in Nazareth;
So shall he now once more escape, while *I*
Shall be the richer for the High Priest's gold.
He *must* assert his claim if sorely pressed,
And show himself the King of Israel's race.
Then he will thank me that I forced his hand,
And hurried him to his ancestral throne.
He'll drive the heathen from this city fair;
And we shall rule with him o'er all the land.

* * * *

(Outside the Garden: Christ led away.)

Gone with them! passive! not a word or sign
Of kingship! bound like a felon! all alone!
Peter alone courageously stood by,
And drew the sword for him who would not claim
His kingship, but who healed the stricken slave!
Gone with them! But surely the people will
Release the man who gave them back their dead!
And then he *must* assert his power and reign.
Hark to the cry! The people cry aloud.
They surely are demanding back their king!
What's that they cry? Barabbas they demand!
It must not be. I'll to the High Priest straight,
Demand his life, for he is innocent.
I'll give them back their gold. He shall not die,
Though he could surely take his power and reign.

* * * *

(*In the Council Chamber.*)

ACCURSED gold lie there! All, all is lost!
Death and destruction claim the traitor's soul.
Then welcome Death! The dark abyss of night
Shall close for ever over Judas' head.

* * * *

(*In Hades.*)

ALIVE! Where am I? What are then these shapes
That crowded round me as I entered here?
What! Must I see the outcome of my sin?
A cross . . . rough throne . . . a mocking crown of thorns!
Oh, I had surely thought the end would come
With that last gasp of strangling agony!
But I am here, in Hades' black abyss,
Dead, yet with life that I cannot destroy.
A shade 'mid shadows, yet with eyes that pierce
The solid earth,—and gaze on Calvary.
Oh, could I but shut out that sight, and sink
For ever into shades of Nothingness!
But I must look, must see it to the end.
Truly my punishment befits my sin.

What is the light that streams from that rude cross?—
So bright, it seems like darkness o'er the world.
What if he *were* the Christ, the Son of God,
As Peter called him once in Galilee?
If *so*, why did he die? For dead he *is*.
If *not*, oh, why these portents and strange signs?

And now they lay him in the rich man's tomb;
And dead is he, who might have free'd our land.

* * * *

WHAT do I see? Light breaking through this gloom?
A figure like himself is entering here!

What does *he* in this curs'd abode of woe,
Since he was innocent of every sin,
And God and Heaven should receive that soul,
And leave this dark abode for such as I?
But he brings light e'en to these lower depths.
Pray God the darkness may hide me from him!
He sees me! Oh those eyes, they read my soul;
And yet they pity *me*, the traitor cursed.
The shades throng round him. They would hear his
words;
And they are changed by looking on his face!
Oh, Judas, Judas! What, what *hast* thou done?
No punishment for thee is great enough.
Oh but those eyes were tender! Dare I hope?
What was it that he prayed upon the cross?
"Forgive them, for they know not." That was true.
They knew not; but *I*, Judas, might have known.
I lived with him three years in Galilee.
I might have known, had my own soul been pure.
No! *My* dark sin can never be atoned.
And yet he viewed me with such tender eyes,
As who should say, I too might trust to him.
What! I, the traitor, trust the one betrayed!
I, who have forfeited all rights of friend!
But if far off, in ages yet to come,
When suffering shall have purged my soul in love,
If once again I might be pure from sin,
Oh! that were Heaven 'neath his feet to lie,
His lowliest footstool, while he reigns o'er men,
Rules o'er men's hearts. Such must *his* kingdom be.
No earthly crown is great enough for him.
Look not on me, O Christ, not e'en in love!
Those eyes, those eyes! I cannot bear them *yet*.

E. P. CHAPMAN.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

(Unsigned Reviews or Notices are by the Editor.)

HOLISM AND EVOLUTION.

By General the Right Hon. J. C. Smuts. London (Macmillan); pp. 361; 18s. net.

IT used to be rumoured that during the Boer War General Smuts carried about a copy of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* for refreshment in his rare spare moments! It is also said that "lookers-on see most of the game." If this distinguished soldier, diplomat and man of affairs has been hitherto a 'looker-on' relative to professional players in the philosophical and scientific fields, he gives a very good account of himself when he at last enters the arena. On p. 319 of his arresting exposition he modestly writes: "This is not a treatise *on* Philosophy; not even on the philosophy of Nature; not even on the philosophy of Evolution. It is an exploration of one idea, an attempt to sketch in large and mostly vague, tentative outline the meaning and the consequences of one particular idea." Or again on p. 50: "The object of this work is to make a modest contribution towards the reform of the fundamental concepts of matter, life and mind, to assist in breaking down (*sic*) the apparently impassable gulfs between them and to interpret them in such a way as to present them as successive more or less continuous forms and phases of one great process, or as related progressive elements in one total coherent reality." The master-notion thus exploited is the concept which General Smuts baptizes with the new name of 'holism,' or the theory of wholes. The label is novel; but the whole-and-part relation has occupied the attention of numerous thinkers intensively of late. It has been found necessary to abandon all mechanical, summational, additive or aggregational theories as wholly inadequate even in the case of atomic structures, and *à fortiori* when we come to treat of wholes subsuming living cells, or of such higher units as mental wholes and human 'personalities.' The 'whole,' though never separable from the 'parts,' is something more than their simple collectivity. General

Smuts puts the dots on the *i*s and crosses the *t*s of the implications of this principle. For him 'holism' is not only the guiding factor in evolution, whose aim is to 'create' wholes and ever more highly organized wholes, but the ultimate principle of the universe. Moreover every whole has an invisible range of activity, called its 'field,' the extent of which is indeterminate. "By the whole I mean this whole *plus* its field, its field not as something different and additional to it, but as the continuation of it beyond the sensible contours of experience" (p. 110). "In their fields bodies interpenetrate each other and thus secure that continuity between them which supplies the bridge for the passage of change between them" (p. 113). The organism and its field constitutes the organism as a 'whole.' The range of this holistic notion is immense, and it would be exceedingly interesting to see how our author develops the hints he throws out on p. 244, when he writes: "A percept or an image or a concept is a holistic unity, built up out of a mass of materials, on definite principles of cohesion and co-ordination. So too is a judgment. It is the business of psychology to study these syntheses and their structures, and the principles according to which they are formed and connected with each other. Mind in its rational activity is thus synthetic and co-ordinative through and through, and its products are synthetic, organic and holistic in a marked degree." In this direction may perchance be found the long-sought-for non-atomic psychological unit. Speaking of the conscious present of the mind and the unremembered past experience, our author very wisely remarks of the latter: "In the debating chamber of the present it may not speak, but it *votes*, and its silent vote is often decisive" (p. 254). Though General Smuts does not tell us what his precise attitude to paranormal mental phenomena may be, he seems on the high-way to accepting the most necessary presuppositions of psychical research. Thus he finds that the ordinary senses do not exhaust the possibilities of sensuous intuition in the human mind. He therefore posits a *sensus communis*, or another sense from which the special senses are evolved or derived, yet without exhausting it. He thus believes that the 'obscure subject' of telepathy may fall within the 'field' of mind, and very possibly involve a form of sensuous intuition other than that of the special senses (pp. 255-257). When our author comes to treat of the relatively highest emergent in the so-far-known scheme of wholes, which he calls human personality, he urges that far greater attention should be paid to the analytic study

of the biographies of great personages than has hitherto been the case. Hitherto psychology has failed to appreciate the real and unique significance of personality. It has been content to treat of "the generalized individual, the average individual, not the real individual, but the individual which is the creature of an intellectual abstraction" (p. 278). The working out of the subject-topic and the unfolding of the general implications of the main idea is carried out with sound method and great ability. If we venture to dissent on any special point, it is chiefly from what seems to us the over-emphasis General Smuts lays on the absolute newness of the great emergents in the creative evolutionary process,—in this following Bergson too closely, and indeed contradicting his own programme which we have quoted above from p. 50, and his remark from p. 118. The absolute cleavages between matter and life, life and mind, mind and personality, must be modified, indeed removed, in these days of relativistic theorizing. The principle of classification *à potiori* has to be accepted throughout. Therefore we think that Professor Lloyd Morgan's standpoint is in this respect to be preferred, when he postulates a relative psychical element already even in the atom. The higher implications of the master-notion of the theory of wholes may be seen from General Smuts' final sentences when he writes: "The holistic nisus which rises like a living fountain from the very depths of the universe is the guarantee that failure does not await us, that the ideals of Well-being, of Truth, Beauty and Goodness are firmly grounded in the nature of things, and will not eventually be endangered or lost. Wholeness, healing, holiness—all expressions and ideas springing from the same root in language as in experience—lie on the rugged path of the universe, and are secure of attainment—in part here and now, and eventually more fully and truly. The rise and self-perfection of wholes in the Whole is the slow but unerring process and goal of this Holistic universe" (p. 345). The book is deserving of close and patient study.

JESUS.

Von Dr. Rud. Bultmann, O. Professor an der Universität, Marburg. Mit 7 Abbilungen. Berlin (Deutsche Bibliothek); pp. 204; Pap. 3M., Gebund. 4M.

IT is somewhat surprising to find so ripe a N.T. scholar, and one so unorthodox, as Professor Rudolf Bultmann, whose very important contribution to Background-of-Christian-Origins study

('Mandæan and other Parallels to the Fourth Gospel') is already known to our readers in English translation (Jan. and Ap. nos., 1926), writing the first volume of this quite popular, illustrated series, entitled *Die Unsterblichen: Die geistigen Heroen der Menscheit in ihren Leben und Wirken* (that is, 'The Immortals: The Spiritual Heroes of Mankind in their Lives and Labours'), published by the Berlin Deutsche Bibliothek. We wish we had space to make a substantive review of this valuable contribution to Life-of-Jesus study, but must regretfully content ourselves with a brief notice. At Marburg Bultmann, in his point of view, stands somewhere between the more radical position of the veteran Gunkel and the more conservative standpoint of the younger scholar Heiler,—a brilliant trio. First, then, and generally as to the method of treatment adopted by our author. Bultmann tells us that, if his exposition turns out to be more than an orientation of matters of interest in the past, more than a tour through a collection of antiquities, if it really should lead to seeing Jesus as a piece of history, in which we also have our existence or are profited by critical analysis of it, nevertheless the setting-forth can be only at best a steadfast *dialogue with history*. This dialogue, however, is not an ingenious play of the questor's subjectivity, but a real questioning of history, in which the historian straitly calls in question his own subjectivity, and is ever ready to give ear to history as authority (pp. 8, 9). This, it will be admitted by all lovers of truth, is a sane and sound method; and Prof. Bultmann, in our opinion, loyally endeavours to keep to it. The result is a remarkable study, characterized by clarity of statement and lucidity of expression,—a very high compliment to pay in a matter of so great difficulty and importance.

Our author's estimate of the reliability of our extant sources for reconstructing anything resembling a genuine picture of the 'Life' of Jesus will doubtless, not only dismay and horrify fundamentalists and traditionalists, but disquiet even liberals and modernists. He writes (p. 12):

"Indeed I am of opinion that at this late hour we can really get to know next to nothing of the actual life and personality of Jesus. For the Christian sources have not been interested in such matters, save in a very fragmentary way, and the historic facts have been overlaid with a rank growth of legend, and also seeing that other (external) sources about Jesus are no longer extant. What has been written for some century and a half

about the Life of Jesus, his personality, his inner development, and so on, is—so far as it is not in the sphere of critical research—imaginary and of the nature of romance. We get a strong impression of this, if we read, for instance, Albert Schweitzer's brilliantly written 'History of Life-of-Jesus Research' (2nd ed., 1913),[1] when we realize the many various estimates, made by inquirers, of the Messianic consciousness of Jesus. If we reflect how very disparate these judgments are from one another, as to whether Jesus considered himself to be the Messiah or not, and, if so, in what sense he did this, from what period in his ministry, and so forth; and if we reflect further that it would be indeed surely no small matter to think oneself the Messiah, that, rather, he who so thought, must have been in consequence absolutely certain in his whole being;—we must confess that, when such darkness reigns over this point, it means precisely that we know next to nothing of his personality."

And again (pp. 15, 16): "For the rest, there is but little to say about the following exposition. Its subject is indeed not Jesus' life or personality, but only his 'teaching,' his proclamation, his preaching. If we know so little of his life and personality, we know, on the contrary, so much of his proclaiming and preaching that we can make for ourselves a coherent picture of it. Owing to the character of our sources, however, extreme caution is here required. Indeed, in the first place, what the *sources* give us, is the preaching of the community, which, it is true, it traces back for the most part to Jesus himself. But this of course does not prove that all the sayings which it puts in his mouth, were really spoken by him. Many of the sayings attributed to him permit us to infer that they more probably first arose in the community itself; in other cases, that they have been elaborated by it. Critical research shows that the whole of the Jesus-tradition which is presented in the three synoptic gospels,—according to Matthew, Mark and Luke,—is analyzable into a series of layers, which can roughly, with fair certainty, be sifted out from one another, but whose separation is difficult and doubtful in many particulars. As a source for the preaching of Jesus, the fourth gospel probably does not in general come into consideration; it has therefore not been paid attention to in the following exposition. The dividing-out of these layers in the synoptic gospels

[1] Translated into English by his and our friend W. Montgomery, under the title, *The Quest of the Historic Jesus*. The original German title of this 'epoch-making' scholarly work was *Von Reimarus zu Wrede*.

proceeds, now, from the fact that these gospels were compiled in Greek within Hellenistic Christendom; whereas Jesus and the earliest community had their home in Palestine and spoke Aramaic. Consequently, everything in the synoptics which, on linguistic or factual grounds, can have arisen only in Hellenistic Christendom, goes out as a source for the historic proclaiming of Jesus. But critical analysis shows that the prime stock of these three gospels has been taken over from the Aramaic tradition of the earliest Palestinian community. Within this material, again, different layers can now be distinguished; but here, again, what betrays specific community-interests or bears traces of a progressive development, must be discarded as secondary. We arrive thus, by means of a critical analysis, at an earliest deposit, even if we can define it with relative certainty only. Of course, here as well there is no certainty that the sayings of these earliest deposits were really spoken by Jesus. It might be possible that the formation of the oldest layer is already referable to a complicated historical process, which we are no longer able to discover. But it is certain that the doubt whether Jesus actually existed, is groundless and not worth while refuting. The fact that he stands behind the historical movement, whose first comprehensible stage is represented by the oldest Palestinian community, is absolutely clear. But how far the community truly preserved the picture of his person and preaching-activity is another question. For those whose interest centres on Jesus' personality, this state of affairs is disturbing or annihilating; for our purpose, however, it is not of essential importance. For it is the thought-complex which is presented in this earliest deposit of the tradition, that is the subject of our exposition. We meet with it, in the first instance, as a piece of tradition which has reached us from the past; and, in examining it, we search for its meeting-points with history. As carrier of these thoughts, we get from the tradition the name of Jesus; and in overwhelming probability he was really such. Were it possible that it should be otherwise, this would in no wise change what this tradition tells us. Accordingly then, I see no reason for not giving the following exposition the title of the Proclaiming or Preaching of Jesus, and for not speaking of Jesus as the proclaimer. If any one would like it permissible for himself to put this 'Jesus' in inverted commas, and would regard it simply as an abbreviation for this historical phenomenon, he may do so."

All this in my opinion is, in respect to method, excellent. It

may be of course that, as my own previous use has been the same, I approve, though it may be, psychologically, simply a confirmation of my own prejudices in this great question. Nevertheless, if any one can point to a 'better 'ole,' I am prepared to go to it; only this 'hole' must be an objective shelter from the shells of legitimate questioning, and not some imaginary dug-out of a subjectivist apologist for tradition at any cost. There is very much more to be said about this valuable study, but we have already over-run our space, and must, regretfully, conclude by thanking Professor Bultmann for his courage and transparent sincerity. The illustrations, it may be added, are from well-known artistic masterpieces. Their artistry may be excellent; but, after reading the book, their method of treating the various subjects seems ridiculous. Prof. Bultmann must be excused from the reproach of having any responsibility for them. The Deutsche Bibliothek presumably knows its own business, and thinks that, in these days of the tyranny of the 'movies,' the proletariat must be given pictures at any cost. But, fortunately, they are all put at the end of the book; and so the discriminating reader need not look at them.

JESUS: A MYTH.

By Georg Brandes. Translated from the Danish by Edwin Björkman. London (Brentano's); pp. 190; 6s. net.

IN these days of acute and dangerous transition, when the centre of gravity of the mental and moral life of our humanity is in the process of being shifted to a new focus, the old values are at a discount and the new values have not yet been stabilized. Most things are in the melting pot, and not least the traditional forms of religious dogmas. We live in an age of lurid advertisement, and the general public, so sensitive to mass-psychology, is fascinated by the names that are most conspicuous in the newspapers and general press. The real men of science and scholarship are not read; the popularizers have it all their own way. The most curious and interesting phenomenon of the day in this respect is that these popular writers are adventuring into the field of religion. The public eagerly absorbs the spoon-meat provided by writers who cater for its crude taste, and whose study of religion is generally flimsy, to say the least of it. In this country it is of psychological interest that prominent members of the Fabian group have been the most conspicuous in taking the

field in this parade of popular religious speculation,—such well-known writers, for instance, as the late Clutton-Brock, G. B. Shaw, H. G. Wells, and G. K. Chesterton (whose recent conversion to Roman Catholicism puts him on the side of mediæval conservatism, in obedience to the authority of his new-found Church). Clutton-Brock, who had studied his subject deeply, was, and is, the best of them; sometimes he is quite excellent. The rest come after him *longo intervallo*. None of them, however, has had the nerve to enter this field of 'Life of Jesus' speculation, save Papini in Italy and Middleton Murry among ourselves. Both take the uncriticized early documents, preserved in the New Testament, and proceed to give us their personal literary and romantic impressions; and the curious, if not deplorable, thing is that their books have incontinently become 'best-sellers.' It is a sad reflection how uneducated the public is in such a grave matter, not only here but elsewhere. I remember what a surprise it was to me to discover, years ago, that in Germany, which I had been thinking was, at least comparatively, enlightened as to the main elements of religious-historical criticism, the *Publikum* was still fundamentalist and mediæval; that the 'higher criticism' had no influence on the life of the people, but was a speciality of the universities, confined to learned works that the folk could not possibly understand. Following the '*Babel und Bibel*' Kaiser-presided-over controversy, came the '*Christus-mythe*' stunt of Albert Drews, the philosopher. Drews wrote a popular book on what are called 'non-historicity' lines; and *it got on the book-stalls*. For the first time, the German *Publikum* heard of the decades-, nay centuries-old, radical sceptical positions. There incontinently broke out a flood of furious controversy, denunciation and condemnation. Lutheranism let loose its heaviest artillery; it boomed out from the ecclesiastical presses and the pulpits, and made a 'no man's land' of Drews' well-nigh solitary out-post in Germany. If on the main question fundamentalism and traditionalism were right, on many a minor point they were hopelessly wrong. In this country and the U.S.A., we had seen, among others, J. M. Robertson, the stalwart of dogmatic rationalism, and W. B. Smith, the mathematician, taking up the same position—namely, that the gospel-figure of the Nazarene prophet was the gradual historicizing of an idea. My old friend F. C. Conybeare, in the midst of the rationalistic camp itself, with the strong teeth of his fine scholarship tore to pieces the tissue of false supposition and amateur scholarship of J. M. Robertson

and Co. In Holland, the Radical Dutch School, under Van Manen and others, was also then flourishing: they would not accept even a single one of the Letters of Paul as authentic.

(N.B.—The following was written before Georg Morris Cohen Brandes, the critical, combative, free-thinking Jew, passed to the Hereafter at the death of his body, on Feb. 19, at the ripe earth-age of 85 years.)

The British public is now presented with a translation of *Jesus: A Myth*, by the Danish man-of-letters Georg Brandes, whom the publisher's 'jacket' dubs 'the greatest critic of modern times,' in the usual flamboyant style of 'we want your money' advertisements. A man may be a very competent critic of general literature or the drama (say, of Ibsen's works); but, when he presumes to criticize the greatest documents of all Western literature, instructed students of the texts and the history of religion naturally enquire into his competence to pronounce magisterially on this tangle of most complex and weighty problems. We seek to know, and it is easy to find out even by a turning over of the leaves, whether the writer knows his job. Dr. Brandes, we are sorry to say, does not know his job. For the most part he rehashes J. M. Robertson, W. B. Smith and Van Manen. He has not the faintest idea of the swift stream (of ever-increasing subtlety and accuracy) of corrective criticism of manifold details that has flowed under the literary bridges since those relatively 'pre-historic' days of the 'Christ-myth' boom. To-day, there is not a single competent and responsible scholar that accepts the fundamental position of the non-historicity school, no matter how he may judge of the host of detailed problems. It is *vieux jeu* and *ausgespielt*. We have no space to correct the manifold 'howlers' in this popular volume, nor to comment on its lack of sound critical judgment and on its transparent *parti pris* on every page. It is of no value whatever to the mature student of the New Testament and of the history of Christian origins and early development. The scholar knows already of every destructive position taken up or enunciated by Dr. Brandes; and he knows also of the 'other-side' arguments,—the 'pros' and 'cons' advanced, which he has to evaluate, as well as his impartial love of truth will enable him to come to a sound decision, or compel him to suspend judgment. But to this 'other-side,' Dr. Brandes pays not the slightest attention; he seems not even to know of it. Even his translator is compelled, in his notes, to point out, very courteously indeed, the author's

most transparent errors. If Mr. Björkman himself had had the equipment, he could very well have added scores of corrective notes for every one of the few upon which he has ventured. But what of the entirely unknowing, long-suffering public? They are, naturally, utterly unable to form any sound judgment of their own. Dr. Brandes is always cock-sure. If they are inclined to be sceptical,—and well may they be so inclined concerning many things in this most puzzling and difficult of subjects,—he will by the now known laws of the psychology of mass-suggestion impose, or tend to impose, his so frequently crude views upon their ignorance. If they are of the traditional faithful, they will, *per contra*, damn him at sight as a blasphemer of their most sacred things and a violator of their holiest beliefs. Now the main trouble is, that some of the criticisms, which the author repeats from a number of familiar positions so frequently threshed out in the past, are only too true. But the public is unable to discriminate on these questions. As a rule, they are all-or-nothing mannikins, moving between the deep sea and the devil. Nevertheless it is, perhaps, no bad thing that this *repetita crambe* should be again dished up for the general reader; for the popular mind requires to be well shaken up out of its religious lassitude. If, in these times of transition, such problems were not discussed, and discussed freely, it would argue the paralysis or death of religion,—in either case its complete fossilization.

Two Blake Books.

William Blake on the Lord's Prayer. By J. H. Clarke, M.D. London (The Hermes Press); pp. 174; 7s. 6d. net.

The Poems and Prophecies of William Blake. By Max Plowman. With Notes and Introduction. Everyman Library. London (Dent); pp. 439; 4s. net.

So many Blake books have recently appeared year by year, and even month by month, that we are all a little inclined to shrug our shoulders when we see a new one; and I confess that my inclination, when I received Dr. Clarke's little book for review, was to return it unopened. If I had done so, I should have missed a good thing. The author uses Blake's pencil-notes in a copy of Thornton's translation of the Lord's Prayer as the text of an interesting exposition of Blake's religion. What he says is not only inspiring in itself, but is all very good Blake. The essay is written well and modestly, and with genuine fervour for its

subject. Its value is increased by a transcription of Blake's important pencil-annotations to Bishop Watson's *Apology*, hitherto accessible, if I remember rightly, only in Keyne's expensive volumes.

The book has only one serious defect. Blake loved to put things emphatically, challengingly, not to say exaggeratedly; and in certain moods he lets out at the Jews in a way that does not represent his whole mind, and taken by itself is little better than vulgar anti-semiticism. Unfortunately, Dr. Clarke misses the opportunity of showing how unfair Blake becomes to himself on these occasions and, though he quotes, does not always appear to remember that:

"All must love the human form
In Heathen, Turk or Jew."

Fortunately (or unfortunately), our Jewish friends are so much accustomed to our bad manners, when we talk about religion, that they forget to notice them, and listen to us with understanding, despite our habit of contrasting the materialism of Judaism with the spirituality of Christianity, as though Judaism was without the one and Christianity without the other. Dr. Clarke himself knows it is not so, and I wish he had said so a little more emphatically and conspicuously; for his contention itself is profound and beautiful and, in my opinion, not only Blake but in the main truth.

Another modest Blake volume, just published, is Mr. Max Plowman's 'Everyman' Blake. If it were complete (which the size of the series precludes), it would be—not excepting both the Nonesuch and the Clarendon Press texts—the best text of Blake yet published. Every page bears evidence of Mr. Plowman's accuracy and scholarship and of his editorial judgment.

The Introduction is an admirable short essay on Blake, full of suggestion and able criticism, and at the same time enthusiastic and readable. Three features of the work distinguish it from all other editions. By giving greater prominence to the engraved works, as being those which Blake authorized and published himself, it puts the note-book MSS. and the printed, but not 'corrected,' poems in their right place, as works Blake was probably less prepared to be judged by, even if he did not actually reject them.

A new charm, and even importance, is given to this reprint

by reproducing the various large and small types Blake used in his titles to the 'Songs of Innocence' and of 'Experience.' The Nonesuch Blake publishes every title in block capitals, thereby sometimes losing interesting, and probably significant, variations—as when Blake makes the four verses of 'The Little Boy' in 'Innocence' into one poem, by writing the two titles thus:

'The Little Boy lost.'
'The Little Boy found.'

Or as when in 'Experience' he contrasts

'A Little BOY Lost'
with 'A Little GIRL Lost.'

Here the spiritual disasters described are in each case appropriate to what Blake considered the spiritual characters of boys and girls.

Lastly, by beginning with the little engraved booklets of philosophy, often called the 'Tractates,' instead of with the immature and only half-authenticated 'Poetical Sketches,' Mr. Plowman starts us with the absolute Blake at the moment of his genius attaining its first maturity. From that hour Blake developes, but never goes back, never becomes something else. In these three series of plates Blake lays down the fundamental theme of his mighty, ecstatic labours, which is essentially the same as he sets forth in his latest creation, the designs for Dante's 'Paradise.' Mr. Plowman is to be congratulated on having accomplished a beautiful tribute to his teacher, and the public upon the fact that the cheapest Blake text is now probably, within its limits, the best.

JOSEPH H. WICKSTEED.

PERSONALITY AND REALITY.

By J. E. Turner, M.A., Ph.D., Reader in Philosophy in the University of Liverpool. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 190; 7s. 6d. net.

A STIMULATING interest is evoked by this book by reason of the tone of *enquiry* that pervades it. The writer is a philosopher by profession, but he appears before us as eminently interrogative and as having found out something which he did not know when he began it. He says as much himself, and we can testify to the impression upon ourselves that we are dealing with a genuine questioning and a real finding. Sir Henry Jones in his Gifford Lectures leaves us still enquiring; Dr. Turner is landed upon a rock of conviction.

His two questions are: (1) Are we men real selves? (2) Is there a Supreme Self?

Previous to this book came Dr. Turner's *Theory of Direct Realism*, in which he satisfies himself as to the real existence of the material world, and his book on *Moral Obligation*, which is similarly regarded as philosophically established. With these attained results he advances to the study of the two problems now before us.

Dr. Turner specifies five marks of 'reality': there may be more, but he takes these into his philosophical laboratory to work with. They are: definiteness, complexity, plasticity, continuity and activity. Examining the individual mind, he is satisfied for himself as to complexity, plasticity and activity, and thinks that the weight of competent philosophical study is with him. So he does not so much fight for these as expound them. But the first and the fourth, definiteness and continuity, are less obvious; so he engages in close investigation of them, and his argumentations can be strongly recommended to the reader.

The author's result is no bare self apart from its content; no quasi-geometrical point, or *focus imaginarius*, but a self which is actively dominant in the concrete individual mind. A very apt illustration is given by him (p. 83) in the British political Cabinet, which offers a five-pointed analogue well worth pondering over.

We have then to ask: Is there a Plurality of such minds? His enquiry leads to a mind superior to ours, and onwards to the height of a mind which is supreme, perfect, absolute, and is both immanent in and transcendent to the plurality of finite minds, and finally to the conviction that such a mind must be single: "The wholeness and unity (of the evolving universe, physical and mental) necessarily involve the singleness of its Source" (p. 178).

Dr. Turner does not include at this stage of his enquiries investigation of the further determination of the Supreme Self by reference to the attributes connoted in the conception of Deity: this constitutes a further task. But he appends a chapter on the further considerations which arise when we come to deal with the qualities of a tertiary order, of which he selects the Beautiful for exposition. And this leads to some brief but pregnant reflections on Creation, and on Freedom, which indicate the course his thought is likely to take when he proceeds in the study of Theism.

The enquiry is carried forward in close contact with the leading philosophies of to-day. Sometimes our author cites them in aid of his own contentions; at other times he has to draw

sword and carve his way in combat with divergent or opposing champions: Bradley, Bosanquet, Alexander, Pringle Pattison, Webb, Bergson and others.

It should be added that Dr. Turner's guidance along the roadway of philosophy is made thoroughly enjoyable by his consistency in the usage of language and his sharing the gift of lucid expression, which happily marks so much of the philosophical literature of our day.

A. CALDECOTT.

THE LIFE OF THE WORLD TO COME.

By Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B., Abbot of Buckfast. London (Burns, Oates & Washbourne); pp. 168; 5s. net.

THIS little book on a great subject must be taken in accord with its provenance,—*viz.* articles in a Roman Catholic magazine for the instruction of the faithful. As such it may well stand with a volume of similar scope and intention for Anglican churchpeople, published (1917) under precisely the same title by the late Dr. Swete, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. Both are essentially based upon the New Testament; but while Dr. Swete does not disclose what philosophy or what psychology he makes use of for interpretation, the Abbot of Buckfast works by the official *Summa* of S. Thomas Aquinas, as might be expected. The outstanding difference, we think, lies in this: Swete makes the future life depend upon personal attachment to the Risen Christ, while the Abbot makes prominent the attainment of membership of a City of God collected out of the whole human race, with Christ as Head thereof, of course. Inasmuch as they both stand by what is known as Natural Immortality in the one case, and as General Resurrection in the other, they both are confronted with the insoluble problem as to why the Many who do not find Christ, have been called into being. But in neither is there a continuance of the attitude towards these which found expression in the *Tartarus* of Virgil or the *Inferno* of Dante.

Dom Vonier has one passage which points to a wider thought than his Thomist dogmatic, when he says that ultimately a man's best guide to belief in Paradise rests upon his own 'true, permanent, deep-rooted longings,'—a judgment which is somewhat temerarious, to use a Scholastic term, for an official Romanist.

The Abbot adds a chapter, in which he allows himself some independence, upon the resurrection of the body. It is interesting

and suggestive, but is still too much entangled with Thomist doctrine on Matter, Soul and Spirit to be dealt with in a few lines. Suffice it to say that, whilst allowing the possibility of a re-collection of atomic-material particles of our present bodies, he thinks this to be improbable, and in any case of no importance. It is resumption of the stream of *life*, suspended at death, which he is concerned to vindicate.

At a height above the Physical and Metaphysical discussions, we should like to commend the high-toned and inspiring chapters on the World of Love and on the Conception of Eternal Rest.

A. C.

Origen and His Work.

By Eugène de Faye, Directeur d'Études à l'École Pratique des Hautes Études, etc. Authorized Translation by Fred Rothwell. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 192; 5s. net.

THESE eight lectures, given under the auspices of the Olaus Petri Endowment at Upsala (1925), anticipate the main substance of Dr. de Faye's forthcoming large work on Origen. Few are better equipped to carry out such a task than the Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Protestant Faculty of Theology at Paris. For many a long year Alexandria and her schools, philosophical, religious and gnostical, have been his special study, and his fine scholarship and liberal-mindedness have recommended his researches and made his judgments worthy of respect. In Origen, the most cultured and philosophical of the Church Fathers, he has naturally found an ideal subject for intensive study and enlightened exposition. Nor is the matter solely of historical interest; quite the contrary, for no little of the life-work of this great thinker, who laboured so assiduously to combine the best in the high philosophy of his time (especially the Platonic and Stoic traditions) with Christian doctrine, is still of value to-day, especially for those who recognize the debt that Christian theology owes to Platonism. Some of Origen's views were formally condemned 200 years after his death; and since then he has ever been regarded with suspicion and only too often misrepresented, bowdlerized or depreciated. It is high time that justice should be done to this so long neglected genius. Prof. de Faye is, therefore, to be heartily commended for reopening his case in the higher court of the informed judgment of to-day; for in Origen may perchance be found valuable help in solving some of the formidable theological difficulties that beset us. His distinguished advocate,

fully convinced of the innocence of his illustrious client, after an illuminating summary of the evidence, ends his plea with the arresting question: "Who knows but that, after a prolonged silence that seemed like the peace of the tomb, Origenism will not bring to the Christians of this present age, the consoling and luminous message for which they wait?"

In his day Origen was a 'Modernist' in the best sense of the word. Where, however, the present-day representatives of this enlightened effort to reformulate the spiritual essentials of Christianity in terms consonant with the highest knowledge and thought of our own times, part company with Origen, is in their distrust of the allegorical method of exegesis. In this Origen was the most distinguished continuator of Philo. But long testing of this method has shown that, without practising the severest economy and restraint in its use, it flies off into the airy realms of subjectivism and loses itself in the most arbitrary interpretations. Now-a-days we feel compelled to survey first the objective ground confirmed by the historical study of the genesis and development of documents, before indulging in such speculative flights. It is easy to agree with Origen when he exclaims: "Can anyone be so foolish as to imagine that God Almighty planted a garden and walked in it in the cool of the evening? Do we not all know that these things are an allegory?" But when we are asked to believe that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and their wives stand for certain high virtues, and that this was how the ancient Jewish tellers of tales 'philosophized,' we part company with the Allegorists. This is of course only one aspect of Origen's many-sided industry. He was handicapped, like all the rest of the Fathers, and indeed all Christian thinkers up to modern times, by a belief in an inerrantly inspired Bible. He thought he had to 'prove' everything by texts. But you can prove anything you like by texts, and most easily of all if you allegorize them. Fortunately, however, no few of Origen's ideas and views are in themselves independent of this artificial 'confirmation.'

THE HUMAN HIVE: ITS LIFE AND LAWS.

By A. H. Mackmurdo. London (Watts); 325pp.; 7s. 6d. net.

BENJAMIN KIDD, whose *Social Evolution* made such a splash in the 'nineties, Ruskin and Comte are the teachers at whose feet Mr. Mackmurdo has sat; but he is himself an independent and original thinker, and there is no page of his book on which there

is not to be found some remark worth meditating. The whole book is informed by a clear and steady insight into what are the constituents of true human happiness. Woman, in her 'Kiddian' character of guardian of the future of the race, is, perhaps, the central object of the author's admiration. The automatic power-machine is, undoubtedly, his favourite *bête noir*. He advocates an organization of society, based on the family and homestead, into occupational guilds, the recruitment of which will be, in practice, largely hereditary. Each nation is to be, as far as possible, a self-contained economic unit, especially as regards the staple food-stuffs. It is recognized that a drastic reduction of the population of these Islands would be entailed. A *régime* of high thinking and relatively plain living would be aimed at. Mr. Mackmurdo's own formula for his prescription is 'restrained individualism'; he would have done himself better justice if he had called it 'developed individualism,' because one of the most notable features of the book is the emphasis it lays on individuality as an element of well-being. The author sees clearly that highly individualized personalities are the only material out of which a highly organized state can be built. The economics of the book are eccentric to the verge of crankiness. Mr. Mackmurdo's views of interest, for example, are literally mediæval; he praises the Banco di Santo Spirito, which, he says (p. 128), paid no interest on deposits, but, on the contrary, charged a small fee for safe custody. Was the Banco, I wonder, consistent with this theory when it made advances? If so, all those customers whose accounts were in credit, must have been made to pay for safe custody, while the lucky overdrawers received interest to pay *them* for their responsibilities! There are numerous diagrams and tabular statements, few of which are of any real use to elucidate the text. The author suffers from a positive passion for balance and symmetry. There are no references to support the many historical and statistical assertions; or rather I believe there is *one*—to the 'Century Guild Hobby Horse'—at the bottom of the very last page. In effect, as they used to say in the war-bulletins, Mr. Mackmurdo has produced a book containing many elements of great value, no unworthy result of the time and labour he must have spent upon it. No one who reads it through, pen in hand, will feel at the end that he has misspent his time,—no one that is except an orthodox economist with a tendency to apoplexy,—*he* would never get to the end alive.

GERALD CATOR.

THE SOUL OF JACK LONDON.

By Edward Biron Payne. Edited by Felicia Scatcherd. London (Rider); pp. 142; 5s. net.

ACCORDING to this most interesting and instructive narrative, that early-deceased, brilliant but wilful genius, Jack London, who wrote so picturesquely and powerfully, in propagandizing the gospel of Nietzsche's 'blond beast,' with its lust of the struggle for life and ruthless efficiency, has at last found his soul. The fierce language of revolt in which so many of his books were couched, he now terms the 'yawp' of blatant materialism. Mr. E. B. Payne knew Jack London long and intimately; and many an hour had he spent labouring to refute Jack's heartless 'philosophy,' and endeavouring to free him from the strangle-hold of 'John Barleycorn.' Love of his friend did not blind him to his faults. He sincerely admired his genius, but more for what it might become than for what it was; for always he had faith to behold deep down in him a soul of gentleness and goodness, at which the steel-like mentality of London was for ever jeering and mocking, just as does Wolf Larsen in *The Sea Wolf*. This careful analysis and criticism, both approval and condemnation, of Jack London's work and character, is extremely well done and well written; it is quite a piece of literature. Mr. Payne's judgment is sound and discriminating throughout, especially when he comes to set forth and treat of the subject-matter of Part II. This deals with communications purporting to come from Jack London after he had passed from his earthly body and the limitation, of his physical brain. Here Mr. Payne is soberly restrained and most considerate for those of his readers who are strangers to psychical happenings. Nevertheless he makes plain his own personal view, as of one too who was previously sceptical, that with all his intimate knowledge of his friend, he cannot get away from the strong conviction that he has come again into living touch with the soul of Jack London. This has been brought about through the unexpected writing-mediumship of a lady "of education and with a talent for public speech on economic subjects, and in demand for the programs of liberal organizations." Miss Margaret More Oliver had previously been a militant materialist, in full sympathy with London's work and ideas; she was as scornful of survival as can well be imagined. The whole account of her change-over must be read to be appreciated. If the materialist sneers on hearing of this

conversion, let him read first, before he 'yawps'; for the content of the 'communications' is intended precisely for those of Jack London's earthly way of thinking. In brief, the man who was, is now repentant in sackcloth and ashes, and longing to do all he can to correct the ill-effects of his cock-sure earthly gospel of 'devil take the hindermost.' This little volume is indeed a very favourable specimen of Hither Hereafter biography.

The Birth of the Gods.

By Dmitri S. Merezhkovsky. Translated from the Russian by Natalie A. Duddington. London (Dent); pp. 226; 6s. net.

This is an excellent version by Mrs. Duddington (the translator of Losky) of *Rozhdenie Bogov*, first published at Prague in May, 1925. Merezhkovsky's masterpiece is a highly imaginative 'historical' romance, in supposed antique Minoan setting. It is moreover a novel with a purpose, designed to show that (in more restrained language than M. himself uses) the mystery of the Christ was hidden and prefigured in the high God-myths and God-cults of the past. The novelist has evidently been greatly disturbed by the 'Non-historicity' school. "Modern atheistic scholars . . . ," he writes in his Introduction, "are doing their utmost to destroy the historical personality of Christ. But to destroy it, means to destroy universal history, for the whole of it is *about Him*." Merezhkovsky is a bit out of date; for, though the 'Non-historicity' extravagance may still be exploited by a Brandes and Soviet secularism, it is an utterly dead issue among scholars. Such a sentence as the above-quoted well exemplifies the same extra-vagrance at the other end of the scale. However, M. is a novelist and not an historian; and romance is 'licensed' to soar fancy-free, where history is tied down to the pedestrian level of fact. We have then a gorgeous tale about: The Mother of the Gods; The Labyrinth; Pasiphaë; The Bacchante; The Minotaurus; and The Cross,—the last an act of self-sacrifice. It must be admitted that Merezhkovsky's vivid imagination has been skilfully at work, deftly dove-tailing together mythical and legendary material. But that the cult-elements of his story, in spite of his declared programme and purpose, have anything really to do with the Christ-mystery, we are exceedingly doubtful. It should be added that the novelist is known to have laboured assiduously to acquaint himself with the existing documentary 'historical setting' of the times he describes so picturesquely.

Observed Illumination.

By W. Winslow Hall, M.D., Author of 'Hebrew Illumination.' London (Daniel); pp. 191; 10s. 6d. net.

This arresting volume contains subject-matter that will be of interest to the psychologist as well as to the student of religious phenomena; and perhaps especially those who have followed the path of mystical revelation, will rejoice to find a book wherein are related the experiences of others, who have been similarly chosen. In a former book on illumination, mentioned above, Dr. Hall has examined his subject from the point of view of tradition, taking the great Hebrew seers as his examples; and he has arrived at the conclusion, that the experience of illumination is not confined to a select few only, but is of very widespread occurrence in the religious evolution of a people. In the present volume, some twenty-one cases of illumination are considered, men and women, from all walks of life, from the humble worker of the lower-middle class to persons of greater distinction. Each case is fully described, the facts of the biological and psychical characteristics of the person in question and his environment being considered, as well as the after-effects of the illumination, and whether or not there was a recurrence and a re-induction of the experience. The facts in each case are followed by a commentary, many of the subjects being personally known to Dr. Hall. This scientific method applied to a profound personal experience is really extraordinarily interesting, as is also the inference we draw from this book,—namely, that illumination is a state in which more people will share as the spiritual consciousness of our civilization deepens. Illumination would seem to be, indeed, the first necessary stage on the path towards a higher understanding. There is a danger, however,—and it is only fair to stress this point,—that people may regard themselves as having had an illuminative experience without sufficient basis for their conviction. These self-styled illuminates easily adopt a smug, though well-meaning, attitude towards the world, and thereby deter the more honest and conscientious from believing in a phenomenon that is the key to so much of the mystery of all religions. There are, however, some cases that cause us to doubt the genuineness of the experience in question, especially when the state of mind leads to a universal pantheism of the later Buddhistic variety. On the other hand, there are interesting,

suggestive passages that show the relation of Illumination to 'Spiritualism' and 'Spirit Guides,' which tends to prove that many different forms of Illumination seem possible. At the end of his book Dr. Hall pleads for a new Twentieth Century Gospel, which will, no doubt, have the sympathy of many readers: Illumination full and free; Illumination here and now; Illumination for all; Illumination as a step to higher heights.

GERARD HEYM.

THE ZOROASTRIAN DOCTRINE OF A FUTURE LIFE.

From Death to the Individual Judgment. By Jal Dastur Cursetji Pavry, A.M., Ph.D., Sometime Fellow and Lecturer in Indo-Iranian Languages, Columbia University. The Columbia University Indo-Iranian Series (ed. by A. V. Williams Jackson, Prof. of I.-I. Languages), Vol. XI. New York (C. Univ. Press); pp. 119; $2.50.

THIS is a systematic, scholarly and praiseworthy contribution to Zoroastrian research. Moreover its appearance is most timely. For it is just what has been wanted by those of us who are engaged on the Background-of-Christian-Origins study, and who are especially interested in the intensive cultivation of the newly-opened-up field of Mandæan literature. Dr. Pavry has been trained, as Dr. Dhalla before him, in the methods of Occidental scholarship, by our veteran Iranist Prof. Williams Jackson. He has had moreover, in his present commendable undertaking, the advantage of seeing the MS. of that ripe scholar's long-expected (and we hope soon to appear) work on the Manichæan literature. As with so many other books sent in for review, so in the case of this important volume, we should like to go into details; but ever the excuse for our short-coming has to be the paucity of space, and not unreadiness to perform, within the measure of our ability, so pleasant a task. Persian doctrines have directly and indirectly (*i.e.* Hellenistically) left a deep impression on the religious thought of Hither Asia, Syria, Palestine, Alexandrian Egypt and also the Eastern Mediterranean area. The general history of this '*Ausbreitung*,' as the Germans call it, has yet to be written. Meantime we congratulate and thank Dr. Pavry on and for his valuable contribution towards this desirable end, and look forward to the remaining two parts of his trilogy, which will treat respectively of: The Future State (in Heaven, Hell and the Intermediate State), and the General Judgment. Here we have a Parsi scholar

with modern equipment treating critically his own tradition. And this is a great advantage; for some of us, at least, think we have had a considerably disproportionate amount of disquisitions on the subject written by alien pens.

THE MANICHEES.

As Saint Augustine saw them. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. London (Burns, Oates & Washbourne); pp. 56; 1s. 6d. net.

THIS short study is clearly intended for the purposes of propaganda. Father Rickaby is outraged at what he chooses to regard as a recrudescence of Manicheeism in certain modern movements, such as Neo-theosophy, Christian Science and New Thought. The faithful must be warned of the danger of this hateful heresy into which they may slip unawares. Well, doubtless there are certain elements of the complex and synthetic religion of Mani that may be brought into relation with these modern movements in certain degrees; but if criticism is to carry weight it should be soberly set forth. Unfortunately, this tractate is written in the spirit of the Inquisition. It is a strange anachronism in these days of scholarship and the effort to form impartial judgments on the facts of religious history. Here we have Augustine's fierce controversy with the followers of Mani in the West intensified by Father Rickaby's diatribes. Doubtless the Manichæans were wrong in some of their tenets; but they were not utterly vile, not an unmitigated brood of Satan. Father Rickaby assumes that Augustine must necessarily be right on all points; he never dreams of questioning his information or his judgments. He breathes no word that could lead his uninformed readers to infer that within recent years the whole study of Manicheeism has been transformed; that now at long last, owing to the Turfān finds, we have a not inconsiderable body of direct Manichæan documents and fragments; and that one of the chief results of the analysis of the new material is precisely a controlling of Augustine's statements, *pro* and *con*. It should be remembered that Augustine's was a very mixed character. Great in some ways, he was little in others. And the greatest of his littlenesses is that he was the first to invoke the secular arm to dispose of his theological opponents. He engineered the martyrdom of Priscillian the Gnostic (not Manichæan as Fr. R. says); and was therefore practically the Father of the Inquisition.

THE DRAGON OF THE ALCHEMISTS.

By Frederick Carter. With an Introduction by Arthur Machen, and Thirty-eight Wood-cut Designs. London (Elkin Mathews & Marrot): pp. 53 text; 21s. net.

OUR contributor Mr. Frederick Carter is a clever and capable designer and has long been a lover of symbolism. Mr. Arthur Machen introduces this handsomely got-up art-volume, and writes discursively in his usual, pleasant style. Then follows the author's own essay, which discloses his point of view and opinions on symbolism in general and the alchemistic dragon in particular. Naturally enough on such an evasive theme, we cannot always see quite eye to eye with him. But our general estimate of alchemy and views on and of its history are already sufficiently familiar to readers of THE QUEST not to require repetition. The designs which follow are quite interesting, and boldly and clearly drawn. Some of the figures, however, are, to our taste, too Blakeian. As with William Blake we find his Michael-Angelo anatomy too muscular for ethereal beings; so with Frederick Carter we find the limbs of both his male and female figures sometimes too thick and heavy, too reminiscent of those early Mediæval wood-cuts which bring the soaring and sublimating imagination and fancy too roughly down to this pedestrian earthy state of our every-day consciousness. But by no means all of these genial and ingenious designs are open to this criticism; and our fecund artist gives promise of doing much fair work of this kind in the future.

CONTEMPLATIVE PRAYER.

By Père de la Taille, S.J. London (Burns, Oates & Washbourne); pp. v.+29: 1s. net.

THIS is an important, though short, essay, not suitable for novices or beginners in the interior life, but offering a very careful and sound analysis of the degrees and methods of contemplation. It supplies a useful brief text to illustrate Fr. Besse's *Light on Mount Carmel*, and is a useful prelude to the fuller study of the treatises of S. John of the Cross. The interior sufferings of contemplatives are subtly analysed in Section 3.

ALBERT A. COCK.

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THE QUEST

THE KING'S SON'S KNIGHTLY QUEST.

A ROMANCE OF THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT.

THE EDITOR.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN the last number I ventured to suggest some very general speculations concerning the central mystery of our common human nature,—that enigmatic problem of our man-life, the sphinx-like riddle which great Mother Nature perpetually propounds to Everyman, at every moment of his self-conscious existence. I strove at least to make the problem plain; yet I surmise that, in all probability, no few of those who have done my passing mood the honour of perusing this peering into Questland, will have straightway deemed so temerarious a venture vague in conception, void of discerning, vastly impractical, and vainly abstracted from the concrete realities which hem us, common-sense folk, round on every side. *Soit!* A blessing on their 'tough-mindedness,' and good luck to their better way of hunting, if they have one! Doubtless, and quite naturally, I have failed to 'put it over' into the field of general comprehensibility. One generally does, when trying quixotically to tilt at great themes beyond

the borders of our common, humdrum mental-parish. But such adventure may, perchance, be excused sympathetically by the more 'tender-minded'; for the attempt was of guileless intent at any rate. It was designed so as to stress, as emphatically as may be, the prime fact of facts,—that the truly spiritual is never abstract, but ever, here and now, concretely present in every thing or thought, in every act, event or happening, occurring in the living of our ever-changing, finite lives in passage through Great Life's infinitude. It is, I firmly hold, the immanence of this Perpetually-creative Spirit that constitutes the deepest reality of our living, in every state and mode and grade of our existence, whether we be self-consciously aware of it or no. Moreover, part at least of what has been written, I venture to think, is not entirely out of the present fashion of thinking in progressive philosophical circles, with their striving to clarify the now basal notion of 'wholeness,' and also of what has most recently been referred to as 'form,' or by similar synonymous vocables, in essays of the most advanced psychology.

The main significance of this psychologic principle is: that the reality behind what we variously speak of as idea, concept or notion is, as it were, the life (in all its relative modes) that inwardly conditions, directs or determines the general characterization of all the manifold members, or particulars, that manifest the essence of such a mental or natural whole. There is ever a 'wholeness,' of superior order to its content of particular instances, which determines the class to which each several one of these is assigned. This 'wholeness' over-notion, as it were, 'takes up' (to use Hegelian diction) each particular instance into itself, and is at the same time immanent in every member of its special family. As to terms, we may christen this so necessary concept of *idée-force* (or *? idée-vie*) with such names, for instance as 'dynamic scheme' (with Le Roy, years ago, when developing

Bergson's philosophizing on the theme), or 'anticipatory plan' (with Driesch), or 'pattern' (with Whitehead), and call the kind of thinking that makes use of this general notion, as a guiding principle in psychologic theory, *Gestalt-psychologie* (as do Koffka and Werthheimer in Germany), and agree, perhaps, that the neatest English equivalent so far of *Gestalt* is 'configuration."[1]

So much, then, by way of introduction, and as a linking up with the last paper. This latter was, I grant, perhaps too metaphysically conceived for what our greatest poet calls 'the general.' But Quest-folk, at any rate, I like to believe, cannot with easy conscience dispense with such treatment. 'Metaphysical' method (in spite of the cheap sneers of the self-fancied superiority of the too concrete-minded many of our day, who dislike so intensely the trouble of calm, clean, clear thinking) should be the prime discipline in philosophy. For *philo-sophia*, in its first and most fundamental sense, was, and ought still to be, the straight way of thinking (and behaving) of those who love wisdom more than knowledge, and who esteem 'bio-logic' (as the most recent neo-logism has it) as highly as any of the half-dozen modern sorts of mental logic in the realm of formal ratiocination.

Of Song and Saga, Symbolic Myth and Allegory.

I propose in what follows to envisage somewhat of the same high theme as before, but now set forth

[1] For the best exposition at present in English of this leading concept, though perhaps of a less general phase of it, and the working out of it in practical particulars, see the recent volume of Robert Morris Ogden, Professor of Education in Cornell University, entitled *Psychology and Education* (London, Routledge, 1926, pp. 864). Prof. Ogden's explanatory note on p. 127 reads: "*Configuration*, a term we shall use extensively in the following pages, is a translation of the German *Gestalt*, signifying any mental or physical structure the unitariness of which defies analysis. Configurations are transposable, like melodies, and when they appear or disappear they do so 'altogether.' What we have previously termed the 'pattern of behaviour' is a configuration; but we shall employ the new term more broadly, especially in describing the unique coherence of certain mental phenomena."

in a far different mode, or medium, of expression,—looking at it, not 'from another angle' (as everyday journalese would phrase it), but from another point of view (not 'view-point'). This may, perchance, enable such minds as are more sensitive to beauty than the all-too-common bourgeois 'brains' that arrogate the right to determine the present ephemeral standard of what they call common sense,—to apperceive the vivid, vital under-meaning of a certain high quest, portrayed in finely fair, romantic form, within the measureless, uncharted domain of man-soul's hidden nature. It is set forth in a song-saga which I would recall to QUEST readers' minds,—a mythic allegory, replete with words and phrases of symbolic import. Our saga, it should be noted, was so written and intended from the start. It may, therefore, legitimately be made a theme for the exercise of whatever power of spiritual meditation we may possess. I say 'legitimately'; for there has been in the past only too much industry of 'allegorizing,' and even 'philosophizing,' what was intended by the original writers (of what came subsequently to be believed in as 'scripture') to be taken as sheer history and description of physical happening and behaviour. We have had I repeat, and we have still I may add, among the retrograde far too much of this uncensored and uncritical rioting in free-associationizing.

I do not, however, intend to attempt an 'interpretation' of this spiritual poem. I fell into that temptation some nineteen years ago, and it remains on printed record for any to consult who may be curious to do so. Now, at this later hour of one's this-life time-span, I deem that, if the saga has a genuine spiritual content (as I firmly hold it has), it follows from the hypotheses

put forward above and in the last article, that it may be legitimately interpreted in many distinct (let us here not say different) ways. The virtue of the true poet is that he sets forth in fair words and fitting phrases some reflection, or imaging, in words of the spiritual theme, or dynamic supra-sensuous scheme, which the seeing or hearing of his mind (not of his physical eyes and ears) has inwardly caught,—or better still, spiritually discerned. If then we, in our turn, on reading his words, are able in some measure to sympathize, or become 'empathic,' with his vital vision or audition, we may begin to feel and think with the poet's mind, by responding to his suggestive spell,—the power of his 'just' words, cast on the complex functioning of our psychic nature,—and thus perchance we, too, may contact somewhat of the inwardness of rhythmic life to which he had, in wording his verse-piece, the good fortune to 'tune-in' his mind, or tune himself,—when the music of the spiritual 'world' burst on his astonied inner sense, 'heavenwards' inturned.

If now a subsequent commentator should try to bring the poet's vision down to the pedestrian level of prosaic flat-land, for the benefit of his fellow wingless bipeds, he may often show every sign of much learning within our common frame of intellectual reference, and give us valuable information about the matter. Such a commentator, as a rule, is a prosaically-minded mortal as well as a prose-writer. Yet at times his 'sympathetic magic' and the charming of his fine, formal intellect may spell-bind the unwary reader in the shackles of the exegete's peculiar and particular understanding. The more cautious seeker will look out for this, and prefer to turn again and yet again to

the poem itself. He thus, perchance, may get from it what he requires for the present state of his own private inner world,—what is most appropriate to the present phase of his individual natural make-up, and, therefore, spiritually helpful to him at the stage where he may happen to be in the gradual growth of his native power of understanding.

I shall, then, not attempt to interpret, but content myself, if not my readers, with saying a little, of all that might be said, about some cognate notions in similar, and comparatively contemporary, circles of mystic endeavour, so as to give our saga-poem some kind of setting or framing.

"How vague you are!"—some '*doulx lecteur*' may exclaim, Yes, and naturally so. For who but a charlatan that babbles dogmatic irresponsibilities—nay, who but a very fool,—would venture to be precise?—when the recorded literary facts are comparatively so few, and these not infrequently so deformed by the misconceptions of unfriendly recorders, *plus* errors of careless scribes, hidden beneath a rank growth of the weeds of verbiage so beloved by the wrathful denunciators of the past or the self-satisfied criticism of later days? For that is, for the most part, the sort of literature we have to turn to, when any reference is made to the conglomeration of the many divers and disparate movements, schools and teachings, round about the early years of our common era, which are generally so crudely heaped together, for lump-indication, under the present popular, and contemptuously thought-of, epithets 'gnostic' and 'gnostical.'

THE THOUGHT-ATMOSPHERE OF OUR POEM.

In common Christian tradition, it has been by far the most general habit symbolically to represent man's soul as feminine, and to consider this supposedly woman's part to be the most pious *rôle* for it to play. This may be appropriate enough when we experience

ourselves as longing for salvation, yearning for the desired Other to come to our aid, and rescue us from all our dangers, trials and afflictions here below. In this mood, we conceive the soul as striving to be pure, to re-become a chaste virgin, worthy of her divine bridegroom-to-be, and now fain to abandon her harlotry and turn from all lewd and low pursuits and interests. Here, the graphic terms employed reflect a very common phrasing of symbolic diction, found first in prophetic and apocalyptic Jewry, and subsequently appearing in the figurative speech of its daughter, Christianity, the underlying idea of which the meaningful story of the Magdalene so beautifully depicts and illustrates. But before that touching tale came to be told, we find already the high doctrine of the virgin-birth finely set forth, or referred to, on many a page of the 'philosophizing' and spiritually-minded Philo,—that distinguished Platonizing Jew of Alexandrian fame. Repeatedly he tells us of the pious soul that strives to purge herself of vice, so that, in regained purity, she may receive, and conceive, the seed of those high powers, the virtues, sown into her by God himself; that thus she may divinely give birth to her own highest self in spiritual self-consciousness. It is the mystic 'birth from above,'—spiritual birth or regeneration. And this Philo, we should remember, overlapped at both ends the life of the Galilean prophet, so called because he taught chiefly to the mixed population of the Gālīl, or Border-country, to the north of Samaria.

But there is another, equally fundamental, and necessarily complementary, aspect of the soul's spiritual life. Man's spirit in itself undoubtedly (for religio-philosophers) transcends the limitations of sex.

But in its life-mode, which we personalize poetically as soul, it can, within, in its higher psychic activity, manifest the functions of both genders, while without, in lower psychical states and in the physical body, those functions appear in marked distinction or in entire separation. Accordingly, the soul may be, symbol-wise, conceived as playing a masculine or virile part, to complement the feminine *rôle* above referred to. Soul-saga and high mystic drama, therefore, require both hero and heroine for their full forth-setting.

In this regard, a soul-romance (*mythos*) which plays-out the dynamic plot of man's age-long spiritual drama, his true story (*logos*), as Plutarch would have called it, has ever an object of quest,—a prize to win, a hidden treasure to find, a mysterious test to pass, a searching trial to meet, a marvel of beauty to espouse. The spirit here plays a princely, or knightly, or even a saving part in soul-quest adventure. This is the hidden fount, or spiritual type, of all high chivalry, first in the East and after in the West.

Who does not love the fascinating mythic tale of princely Perseus, full-armed with magic weapons (that sublimated 'armour of sounding light,' as some unknown Hellenistic bard calls it), battling to free his fair lady and destined bride, princess Andromeda, chained to the rock and beset by the foul dragon of the deep in far-off Ethiopic land, darker still than the Egypt of our later saga? And was not Andromeda the mother of the Perseids, the mythic ancestress that later Hellas gave to Persia, in legend going back to ancient Tiryns, in her own domain, and to the far more ancient Crete of Minos? The St. George and the Dragon story is but a variant of this hoary tale, accommodated to the needs of far later centuries. Or, again, what of the

knightly Bellerophontēs, astride winged Pegasus, slaying the Chimæra monster? How many a tale of faërie and popular legend, dim echo and *detritus* of once great myths, reflects the spiritual *motif* clothed with, or hidden beneath, poetic diction or the simple language of the folk! A wealth of volumes has not exhausted the comparative study of such dispersed vestigial traces and far-flung memories of the soul, in every age and clime we know about to-day.

One of the most arresting (dare I say 'intriguing'?) instances for students of the wide-spread Gnosis of Hither Asia, Syria, Egypt and the Eastern Mediterranean, is the story of Simon the Magian and his beloved Helen.

The tale is now all-tangled-over with the scandalous glosses of bitter theological controversy, so beloved of Patristic heresy-hunters and equally by their tit-for-tat opponents to boot. This intensive pejoration is characteristic of what I would call 'bazaar' theology, that so familiar pastime in the East, and in 'Semitic' religiosity especially, where tellers of tales were, and are, an immemorial institution, as they have indeed been also, though more one-sidedly, in the West till not so very long ago.

The chief point of interest here is that the 'Simon and Helen' story links up, as I think, with the Oriental (chiefly Persian or, better, Irano-Chaldæan) psycho-gnostic background whence, later, issued our saga. But in the scandalous forms in which the Simonian romance has been handed on to us by Christian polemics, the purely Oriental stuff of it had already been Hellenized. The general Hither Asian saviour-myth which dynamically conditioned the Simonian gnosis, could very well give birth to many a tale of similar mystical and psychical purport.

Sun-and-moon symbolism and allegory, with all the mutual interplay of their activities, could easily be personified and dramatized. The 'Simon' (Simeon —Shīmūn—Shamash—Sol—Sun) and 'Helen' (Shalum —Selēnē—Luna—Moon) of the cult-drama could be, hellenistically, dubbed Zeus, the sky-lord, and Athēna, lady of wisdom, his mind-born daughter, and also his spiritual spouse, in the sublimated and super-sexual region of the interplay of these supra-personal celestial powers, as afterwards set forth in Later Platonism, especially by Proclus. But the intolerant spirit of heresy-hunting, which 1,200 years later flowered so pestilentially on the upas-tree of the dread Inquisition, would have nothing of all this,—but to spit upon it. (It conveniently forgot that the crude and cruel God of the early Torah-documents had been, *viâ* the Prophetical books of the Old Testament, sublimated into the Christian God.) Simon of Samaria (where so many syncretic cults flourished at the beginning of our era) was for this uncultured spirit of fierce invective, indulged in by so many popes, or *papa's* of the Church, nothing but a vulgar charlatan and vile practiser of magic arts and sorceries, a lewd fellow, devoid of all shame, who openly paraded round with him a bawdy strumpet he had picked up at Tyre.

Mayhap some of the followers of this way did have 'sister-wives,' or 'lady-sisters,' as those we hear of in Paul's day in connection with 'the Cephas' and 'the Brethren of the Lord,' and as Paul himself had, of whose like story the 'Doings of Paul and Thecla' tell more fully. And if there were scandals about these '*mulieres subintroductæ*' (γυναῖκες ὑπεισακτοί), the saints who indulged in so dangerous a practice, though innocent, could have no valid defence against outside suspicion, seeing that things are what they are in this everyday world. However this may have

been, it was, presumably, for both Gnostics and Christians alike, six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. But my pen is running away into side-issues, and must be restrained.

Judged more benevolently, the spiritual *logos*, underlying the scandalous 'Simon-Helen' stories, conceives of a saviour or helper, an envoy or knight, sent forth from heaven to earth, to find her who was lost, the radiant hidden beauty, for so long held captive and enprisoned by the demons of the darkness of this world, that they might rob from her her light of knowledge and her gnosis of the Light,—the instinctive apperception and intuitional insight of 'Wisdom Without,' daughter of 'Wisdom Within,' or on high, the Mother of all living here below, the Eternal Eve, Woman *par excellence*, the Ewig-Weibliche of Goethe's immortal poem.

This hidden power of Wisdom is, perchance, from another point of view, distilled by the soul from the stored experience of life, in all its grades, in this world of particulars. For the life-and-light 'spark,' as one of the most frequent of Gnostic symbols has it, the seed of man's hidden, or potential, spiritual self-consciousness, has, according to soul-fable, been enprisoned here below from the beginning, that so, presumably, it may get to know the mystery of the darkness, as well as the mystery of the world, through age-long contact with the world-life's process. This experience, lived through by the passible light of life, is thought of as being stored, or entreasured, in the depths of what to-day some call man's transliminal nature. For a 'grown man' to become self-conscious of this mystery hidden within the depths of his 'scious' (but 'un-*con*-scious') nature, it is necessary (in the language of symbolic drama) that another,

still more unknown, reality of his being should 'descend' within, from the heights of his spiritual nature, to rescue his counterpart, twin-soul, or syzygy, from its depths, that so the two may be at-oned, completed and perfected in true spiritual self-consciousness,—the far-famed mystic spiritual marriage.

I shall not pursue further the very extensive theme of the typic ideology and allegoric phrasing in our poem, save to say that the figures of the 'pearl' and 'robe of glory,' and such like, may be found in abundance in the cognate literature. Of this latter it is sufficient to mention the Mandæan collections, the Odes of Solomon, the Acts of Judas Thomas (and other still gnostically-tinged, apocryphal Apostolic Doings), the Pistis Sophia miscellany, and the new-found direct Manichæan documents and fragments,—not to speak of the earliest stratum of the Trismegistic literature, and the so-called Chaldæan Oracles, that famous Hellenistic poem so frequently commented on by the Later Platonic School.

Let us for the time let all this go, and turn to the saga itself, in such English rendering as for the moment must content me.[1]

[1] The previous English versions have been: (1) Wright (W.), *Apocryphal Acts of the Apostles* (London, 1871), ii. 238-245; (2) Bevan (A. A.), *The Hymn of the Soul*, in *Texts and Studies* (Cambridge, 1897), v. 3; (3) Burkitt (F. C.), *The Hymn of Bardaisan* (London, 1899, The Press of the Guild of Handicraft, Essex House,—300 copies only); (4) Burkitt, *Early Eastern Christianity* (London, 1914), pp. 218ff.; (5) Mead (G. R. S.), *The Hymn of the Robe of Glory*, in *Echoes from the Gnosis* Series, vol. x. (London, 1908)—contains a bibliography of prior German versions and studies; (6) Burkitt, 'The Hymn of the Soul,' in *The Quest* (July, 1914)—a revision of his version in (4); (7) James (M. R.), *The Apocryphal New Testament* (Oxford, 1924), pp. 411-415.

The apocryphic *Acts of Judas Thomas*, in which our poem is found, retain patches of their first 'gnostic' colouring. Judas Thomas (the Twin) is fabled to be the twin of Jesus. Their original text was Greek; this was subsequently translated into a Syriac which betrays all the signs of such version-work. Our 'hymn,' on the contrary, is written in a fine, pure Syriac, showing that it is an original composition in that cognate tongue to Aramaic. It thus must have been inserted into the Syriac Acts after their translation from the original Greek. Of this lovely Syriac verse-saga we have again, reciprocally, a later, full Greek version and also the summary of yet another Greek translation, which seems to have been made from a somewhat different Syriac text. My Englishing in (5) was based on a minute comparison of all the then existing English and German translations. This I have now revised, mainly with the help of Prof. Burkitt's last revision, which at my request he so kindly made for *The Quest* thirteen years ago (6). His authority I value highly, for his Syriac scholarship is of the finest. I have

The Heroic Saga of the Life-King's Radiant Son.

i.

When still but a little child I was in the house of my father,
Upreared in luxury, a-joy in my upbringers' glory,
From the East, our home, my parents sent me with journey-provision;
From the royal treasure they made-up for me a load.
Ample was it, yet light, so that all alone I could bear it.

ii.

Gold there was from the land of Gīlān,[1] and silver from Gazzāk the Great;[2]
Agates[3] were there from Ind and iris-hued opals[4] from Kūshān;[5]
With adamant armour, moreover, they girt me, far stronger than iron.
But first they took off the gemmed robe, in which their love had adorned me,

also consulted Dr. James' most recent version (7); but it is from the Greek entirely, and very wooden at that. The translation of our poem is thus manifestly in parts somewhat problematical; and unless some good chance should put into our hands another Syriac MS., to collate with the solitary one we possess (Brit. Mus. Add. 14645) and which is faulty in a number of places, we cannot be quite sure of what our poet originally wrote. No inconsiderable body of learned opinion once attributed the piece to the most famous of all the Gnostic poets, Bardaiṣān (Gk. Bardesanēs) himself (154-222 A.D.), who was brought up at the court of Edessa, and later on Christianized the Abgar kingdom to a Gnostic form of the faith. (It is, however, now questioned whether Bardaiṣān himself wrote the Bardesanist psalm-book. See Burkitt in his completion of C. W. Mitchell's *S. Ephraim's Prose Refutations of Mani, Marcion and Bardaisan*, vol. ii., London, 1920, pp. cxxix.-cxxxi.) If not by Bardaiṣān, it is certainly of the Bardesanist school. The unabridged Greek version, though at times paraphrastic, is nevertheless, or rather precisely on this account, of high value for the exegete. It was evidently made by one who knew the tradition intimately and also, doubtless, some of the allied, or cognate, literature. I have, accordingly, been here and there influenced by it. What is now desirable is that some real poet should take the main ideas of the thought-scheme of our song and clothe them in a fitting English dress for present-day lovers of such fair themes.

[1] Gk. 'from the region of them of the height.'

[2] Gk. 'of the great treasures,'—may-be reflecting the 'treasuries,' or even 'treasures' (*uthra's*), of Mandæan tradition.

[3] Gk. 'chalcedonies.'

[4] Gk. 'pearls.'

[5] Burkitt has: "Median gold . . . and silver from Atropatēnē,/Garnet and ruby from Hindostan and Bactrian agate."

And the glorious mantle of purple, that was woven to match with my stature.

iii.

They made then with me a compact; in my heart wrote it, not to forget it:
"If thou goest down into Egypt, and bringest thence the one pearl,
Guarded there in the sea, where dwells the all-swallowing dragon,
Thou shalt then be reclad with thy robe and in thy mantle of purple,
And with thy brother, the viceroy, thou shalt be heir in our kingdom.

iv.

Thereon I quitted the East, two couriers guiding me downwards.
Hard was the way for a child, and of danger the journey to travel.
Quickly I skirted Maishān, the mart of the Eastern merchants;
I traversed the land of Bābēl, passed by the mazing of Sarbūg.[1]
Arrived at the borders of Egypt, my travelling escorts departed.

v.

Straightway I made for the dragon; near to his dwelling I settled,
Till he should sleep and slumber, and the pearl be snatched from his keeping.
All alone was I there, a stranger,[2] subject to a foreign dominion.
None in that region I saw of the freeborn race of the Dawnland,
Save one noble youth out of Maishān, who thus became my companion.

vi.

I made him the friend of my bosom, and told him the tale of my questing;
I warned him against the Egyptians, against their ways of uncleanness.
Natheless, I had clad me as they were, so as to escape recognition;
Lest, should they find-out me a stranger, one come from afar
For the pearl, they should rouse the dragon against me.

[1] Gk. 'labyrinth.'

[2] Cp. the Mandæan technical term for a heavenly being in exile on earth.

vii.

Yet from him it may be they learnt I was not of their country ;
And, crafty, they gave me to eat the deceit of their unclean dainties.
And so I forgot my own royal race and became a slave of their ruler.
I forgot moreover the pearl, for which my parents had sent me ;
And from the weight of their victuals I sank down into deep slumber.

viii.

All this that befell, my parents beheld, and grieved for me sorely.
It was then proclaimed in the realm, that all at our gate should assemble,—
Kings and officials of Parthia, and all the great ones of the Dawnland.
And this is the plan they devised that I should not be left down in Egypt :
They wrote out for me a letter, which was signed with the name of each noble.

ix.

" From the king of kings, thy father, from thy mother, queen of the Dawnland,
And from thy brother, our second,—to thee, son, down in Egypt, be greeting !
Up and arise from thy sleep, and list to the words of our letter !
Thou art the king's son. By whom art thou held down in slavedom ?
Bethink thee now of the pearl, for which thou wast sent down to Egypt ;

x.

Bethink thee of thy gemmed robe, thy glorious mantle remember !
Thou shalt don them again when thy name has been writ in the book of the heroes ;
And with thy brother, the viceroy, thou shalt be heir in our kingdom."
Such was my letter, be-sealed with the king's own seal on the cover,
'Gainst the children of Bābēl, the wicked, the tyrannous demons of Sarbūg.

xi.

It flew aloft like an eagle, of all the sky-wingers the king-bird,[1]
Flew and alighted beside me, and spake in the tongue of my country.[2]
Thereon, at the sound of its discourse, I waked and arose from my slumber.
Unto me I took it and kissed it, and found, as I read from within it,
E'en as it was writ in my heart, were the words of the letter written.

xii.

I remembered my kingly race, remembered my freeborn nature;
Remembered also the pearl, for which they had sent me to Egypt.
Forthwith I began to charm him, the fearsome, all-swallowing dragon;
And down into slumber he sank,—at the chant of the name of my father,
Of the name of my brother, the viceroy, and name of my mother, the Dawnqueen.

xiii.

Quickly I snatched up my pearl, and homeward I hastened to travel.
The foul garb I had worn in Egypt, I left down there behind me.
I headed then straight for the Dawnland, straight for our radiant light-home.
On the way I found there before me my letter that had aroused me:
As with its voice it had waked me, so now with its light it on-led me.

xiv.

Like to a royal standard it shone, fair on the road I must travel.
With its voice and its guiding 't was cheering my hastening footsteps,
Lovingly drawing me onwards across the perilous passage;
Until I had passed through Sarbūg, left Bābēl-land behind me,
And came unto Maishān the Great, the sea-washed haven of merchants.

[1] Both 'letter' and 'eagle' appear frequently in similar connection in Mandæan literature.

[2] Gk. 'turned into speech altogether.'

xv.

My robe and my mantle of purple, that of old I had vested about me,
Thither my parents now sent me, from the far-off high-lands of Hyrcân,
Borne by the hands of two treasurers who, trusty, were with it trusted.
I was but a child when I left it behind, and could not remember its fashion;
But suddenly, when I saw it, the robe took my form and my likeness.

xvi.

I saw myself myself facing, as though it were in a mirror,—
That we were twain in distinction, and yet one only in likeness.
No less were we like than were those two twin treasure-wardens,
Who were bringing my robe, each stamped with the royal impression,
Ministers both of the king, whose troth now restored me my treasure.

xvii.

A kingly treasure, good sooth, appeared my robe in its glory.
It sparkled with gold and with beryl, with agates and iris-hued opals,
While over its divers colours was flashing the glory of sapphire,
And all of its seamings were fastened off with adamant jewels;
Over all this, moreo'er, was depicted the king of kings' very image.

xviii.

As I gazed thereupon, it grew quick as a creature of gnōsis;[1]
I perceived it moreover was dowered with speech and with hearing.
I heard, too, its musical tones, as it sang to the wardens:
"I am his,[2] for whose sake I was reared by king-father himself.
I, too, have felt in myself, how with his deeds waxed my stature."

[1] B.: "It sprang into life as a sentient creature"; but Gk.: "I saw moreover all o'er it the motions of gnōsis abounding."

[2] Gk. adds: "the Man's greatest hero of all (men),"—which re-echoes the chief technical term of the John Baptist Nazōrœans or Mandœans.

xix.

And now with its kingly motions my robe was coming towards me,
Forthpouring itself as though hasting to hasten its bringers.
I also, in longing, ran towards it, embraced it and drew it upon me.
Once more was I clad in my robe, and all bedecked with its glory;
My splendrous mantle also was once more wrapped all about me.

xx.

Envestured therewith, straight to the palace's gate I ascended;
And there to my father's viceroy[1] did homage for his protection.
For his charge I now had accomplished, and he had fulfillèd his promise.
And so at the gate of his house-sons I mingled myself with the great ones;
And he[2] received me with gladness, to be with him in his kingdom;
While all his servants sang praises that he had preserved me in safety.
And now to the king of kings'[3] self he has promised to take me,
So that with my gifts[4] and my pearl I may stand by his side in the presence.

And so I leave our soul-saga poem, on this occasion, to speak for itself to those who have ears to listen to such spiritual intimations, and at the same time to reinforce in poetry somewhat of the speculations I ventured to set down in prose in my last paper.

Postscript.

It remains only to add that in my little treatise on this theme, written in 1908, I dissented from the then 'popular' scholarly theory, that the very short Parable of the Pearl in the Gospels was the *fons et origo*, the precious creative nucleus, from which

[1] Or 'second'; but Gk. has 'glory.' The viceroy was over-shadowed by the 'glory' of the king,—his *hvarenō* (in Avestan). In the Mandæan tradition Great Life, the Supreme, is called also First Life, while the King of Light is named 'Second Life.'

[2] *Sc.* the viceroy or King of Light.

[3] The King of Life.

[4] Reminding us, perhaps, of the *charismata* of the Pauline Letters.

the main *motif* of our saga was derived and developed. In my view, this guess was quite beside the mark, and utterly insufficient to account for our elaborate poem. The notion of a man selling all his possessions to purchase a costly pearl has but the remotest resemblance, if any at all, to the Knightly Quest of the King's Son. I suggested, on the contrary, that, if there was any connection with Gospel-discourses, it should, rather, be sought in the Parable of the Prodigal Son (pp. 38-40).

This idea has lately been reconsidered and that, too, in connection with the Rabbinic Parable of the King's Son, which presents one main feature resembling the 'spending all that he had' in riotous living by the Prodigal in the Christian parable, and another paralleling a leading characteristic of our saga. This Rabbinic *hagāda*-parable is attributed to R. Meir, a pupil of the great Akība's, and therefore belongs to the 1st half of the 2nd century, thus falling within the Tanna-period, the oldest deposit of the now written Talmud. Its general *motif* was most probably derived, or adapted, from the general stream of popular Oriental legend circulating in the mental air of those days. But in both Rabbinic tradition and in our poem, based on general Oriental Gnostic notions, the father seeks out the son ; and this is distinctly a different point of view from that of the Gospel soul-story. Nevertheless, the latter also seems as though it contains certain elements of some pre-Christian Oriental folk-tale which had been called to mind and recombined to fashion what is, perhaps, the finest of the Gospel-parables.[1]

G. R. S. MEAD.

[1] For some remarks on this question, see Otto Michel's notes, entitled '*Zur Frage des Seelenliedes*,' in *Zeitschr. f. d. neutest. Wiss.* (Giessen, 1926), Hft. 3/4, pp. 312, 313.

THE HYPOTHESIS OF KARMA.

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(I. HYPOTHESIS of Karma an attempt to account for the inequalities and contradictions of human life: history of origin and development in India; formulation of theory by the Vedāntic thinkers; its justification; doctrine of moral causality conditioned by past existences; lack of explanation in speculative systems of the West; the kārmic law in relation to the Creator. II. Criticism of criticisms of theory: as regarding retribution; release; punishment of criminals; self-sacrifice; progress; the more restrictive doctrine of the *Gītā*—the gospel of work.)

INDIAN philosophy is as yet a *terra incognita* to many contemporary thinkers of Europe and the New World. Its doctrines are either misrepresented or misunderstood, couched as they are in a highly intricate Sanskrit which has developed a metaphysical technique of its own. The Doctrine of Karma especially affords a striking illustration of the deep-rooted tendency of many European scholars to misrepresent Indian philosophy. In the following pages, accordingly, I propose to attempt a brief exposition of the doctrine, and to examine critically some standing and persistent misrepresentations of its real philosophical significance.

I.

The theory of karma is purely a speculative hypothesis, formulated to explain such glaring inequalities and contradictions in life as tend to undermine human faith in Divine Justice. Even the most robust type of optimism here seems insufficient. To begin with,

a firm stand must be taken on the concrete facts of experience. Philosophy is but an attempted rational interpretation of experience's various aspects and phases. Experience is replete with inconsistencies, inequalities and contradictions. The ascertained laws of heredity and the transmissibility, or the reverse, of acquired characteristics do not adequately explain these. The popular example is the sinner not infrequently flourishing like a green bay tree while the virtuous suffers. Virtue has often here and now to succumb to vice. The standards employed are empirical. Society by common consent looks upon certain individuals as embodiments of virtue and condemns others as vicious characters. Why then do the virtuous suffer and the sinful and vicious prosper? Can such an inconsistency exist in a 'best of all possible worlds'?[1] Is it compatible with the view of the governance of the world-process being in the care of a just and all-merciful Providence? Differences and inequalities abound, not only in congenital aptitudes, inclinations and the general stock of inherited equipment, but in the opportunities presented to the individual. Some happen to be born with the proverbial silver spoon in their mouths and wallow in the luxuries of mundane existence; others are obliged to earn a scanty living by the sweat of their brow. Lack of proper opportunities has blasted the hopes of countless promising lives. In the keen struggle for existence some get very hard knocks; others hardly a hit at all. A philosophical theory is bound to explain why such anomalies should exist in a cosmos presumably ordered, controlled and regulated by Divine Intelligence.

[1] The Vedāntic thinkers never raise the question: Is this the best of all possible worlds?

The Vedāntic thinkers accordingly advanced a hypothesis, and supposed that the temporary or transient prosperity of the sinner, and the equally transient and temporary adversity of the virtuous, might be due to their respective *karma* (deeds or behaviour) in an earlier existence. How else could it be possible to explain such phenomena as appear to lay the axe to the very root of Divine Justice?

Such inconsistencies and inequalities have been dismissed as being morally and ethically colourless and devoid of any significance; but honest metaphysical endeavour and a sincere quest after truth demand that an attempt should be made to explain them satisfactorily. Summary exclusion of the phenomena from the realm of ethical and metaphysical speculation can be due only to culpable intellectual indolence or moral perversity. The Vedāntic thinkers accordingly formulated the Theory of Karma.

In the history of Indian speculation antagonistic tendencies have been developed and have existed side by side, each tendency having its own sponsors and adherents. In the preëminently ritualistic and naturalistic thinking of the Vedic period we are able to detect currents of poly-theism, mono-theism and even a-theism. The later Upanishadic thought bears eloquent testimony to the existence of conflicting tendencies also. Internal evidence reveals that the prominent characteristics of a particular period of such speculation have been questioned, challenged and controverted by subsequent writers. The karma-hypothesis owes its first formulation to these conflicting tendencies. So long as a system of thought is openly and avowedly a-theistic, as that of a section of the Sāṅkhyas, it is under no obligation to discuss the question of any justification of God's ways to man. The Chārvāka or sceptical system represents an adroit type of a-theism and materialism, whose champions have counselled such a tenacious clinging to the pleasures of life and the joys of the flesh as is hard to come across even in the writings of the much-maligned Sophists.

By it the karma-hypothesis is caricatured. The Buddhists also resorted to this a-theism; but the denial of a Deity from their point of view is perfectly compatible with the theory of karma, as I shall try to show.

Prominent discussion of this problem is found in the works of the Vedāntists, who have attempted to harmonize the notions of Karma and Deity. Let me give the context where the karma-theory finds a clear and unmistakable formulation.[1]

The problem of creation is universal. The Vedāntists rejected the modified form of evolution of the cosmos from primitive matter suggested by the Sāṅkhyas. They held to an intelligent agency responsible for creation. If God be regarded as responsible for creation, two vital and powerful objections have to be answered.

(1) He cannot escape the charge of imperfection, seeing that the world of his creation is full of contradictions and inequalities. He is to be accused of favouritism or partiality, seeing that the distribution of equipments and opportunities in life is so glaringly unequal.

(2) He should be also accused of hard-heartedness and pitilessness, as he destroys everything created by him.

It is to be presumed that these objections are urged by the opponents of the Vedāntists; for they are thus answered:

God cannot *in any way* be accused, as the contradictory elements and inequalities in creation are the result of karma, individual or collective, as the case may be. But if karma be the cause of it all, what of the *first* creation prior to which there can obviously have existed *no* karma? The Gordian knot is cut by making *karma*, *saṁsāra* (the cycle of existence), etc., beginningless (*an-ādi*) in a time-series.

This is necessarily a very brief summary of an elaborate and rather technical discussion of the problem by the Vedāntists.

It is impossible for a consistent thinker to repudiate the obligation of explaining the inequalities in

[1] *Brahma-sūtras*, with Saṅkara's Commentary, chap. 2, sūtras 34-36, pp. 407-410, Bombay Edition (Sanskrit).

creation; he has to face the facts squarely, and may not fight shy of them. How then can a system of speculation explain adequately the inequalities in creation? Two courses are open. In either case the facts of concrete life cannot be brushed aside or dismissed as being ethically colourless and devoid of moral significance. Either the blame and responsibility have to be fastened on (1) the creator,—and then you have to believe with 'Umr Khāyyām that he is a good fellow and everything will be right in the end; or (2) on the individuals themselves,—and then you must believe that a moral agent is endowed with freedom of will and the power of discriminating the right from the wrong. Now the whole spirit of the Vedāntic quest is a protest against the shifting of responsibility for evil on to the shoulders of the Deity. Tendencies to such a shifting were early rampant, and the need for their effective counteraction was acutely felt. The Vedāntic thinkers affirmed that the inequalities in creation must be due to the karma of the individuals.

The term *karma* comes from a root which means to do or to perform. Vedāntic psychology early recognized the importance of volition and the conative aspect of consciousness. All action involves previous knowledge—however vague or nebulous—of the course or plan to be adopted and the ideal or the goal to be realized. Man never acts without his actions producing some tangible influence on the social order of which he is a member. Action in complete isolation is a myth. A moral agent is perpetually forging a chain of causality around him. Each new venture, each fresh initiative, indicates only a new link in the formidable chain of moral causation. The law of Cause-and-effect is exacting; it is even inexorable. The performance of any and every act entails its own consequences. Acts from which the elements of conflict, deliberation and a free choice of a course of

response from several tempting and equally attractive alternatives are absent, nevertheless leave their own effects and consequences, which persist in the shape of dispositions relegated to the realm of the unconscious. Effects and consequences are of course bound to be more telling and striking in the case of deliberately planned and willed courses of action. But the agent cannot escape from them. He has to pay the penalty of his own acts.

The persistence of the consequences of a person's acts in such a marked manner as to influence, regulate and determine his future course and career in the spiritual and moral realm, is the essence of the karma-hypothesis. I should like to know what is illogical or irrational in the formulation of a hypothesis of this kind.

The two objections against the view of regarding the creator as responsible for the creation as it is, with all its imperfections and inequalities, have I think been easily and logically answered by the Vedāntists. They hold that the individual has been granted sufficient freedom of choice. If he abuse or misuse the freedom, he alone is responsible; and he should be ready and prepared to reap the consequences of his acts, however unpleasant they may be. This law of moral causation demands peremptorily that escape from the consequences of an act, good or bad, is unthinkable.

It is also the view of the Buddhists advanced in opposition to the Vedic ritualism which involved the offering of sacrifices. Such sacrifices were regarded by the Buddhists as so many attempts to circumvent or bribe the gods. But Buddhist criticism of Vedic ritualism is based on a misapprehension of its real significance. Into the causes and merits of this, however, it is not now necessary to enter. In any case the inexorability of kārmic law was seen and realized by Buddhists and Vedāntins alike.

The law has a definite psychological and ethical

background. If this law is inexorable, if it is not possible to free oneself from its clutches, then the next best thing is to adjust oneself efficiently to its operation. The psychological value of habit-formation and of persistence in the same course of action is accordingly realized by the Vedāntists, who emphasize the need for an initial discrimination and an intelligent anticipation of the consequences prior to launching into any course of endeavour or action. Persistence in the practice of the socially accepted right and avoidance of the wrong are strongly counselled. No wonder that the determination of the contents of the moral ideal is insisted upon as a preliminary requisite.

A single life (*janma*) is quite insufficient. The allotted span of human existence is too limited. Consistently then we are obliged to fall back upon the past. But in all speculation we must take our stand on the bed-rock of concrete experience; and the present existence often affords no clue. To the best of the knowledge we have, an individual may appear to be the embodiment of virtue; yet he suffers. His present acts are all scrupulously moral; so reference to past existence alone will explain his present misery. Since no other explanation is satisfactory, the Vedāntists accordingly framed the hypothesis of continued persistence of personality through several lives.

We have thus in the karma-doctrine the formulation of a theory of moral causality with a view to explain the problem of creation and the inequalities therein.

The speculative systems of the West have not so far, I fear, succeeded in offering any convincing alternative hypothesis. The Naturalistic philosophy[1] of ancient Greece, just as the Vedic

[1] Zeller, *A History of Greek Philosophy*, i. 152.

speculative-system, never endeavoured seriously to solve the problem of creation at all. The inquiry was rather directed towards the determination of the constituent element or elements of Nature. With the advent of the *Nous* of Anaxagoras investigation changed its course towards the Subjective, and it was not till the time of Socrates that moral problems came prominently to the front. The Platonic theory of Ideas and the idea of the Good do not take us much further. The position of the creator is very dubious in the Platonic system.[1] The Archetypal world of ideas and the Objective world of reality and the Deity have not been brought into an intelligible relationship. Aristotle has no theory to explain the inequalities in creation. The Cartesian system has nothing better to offer. The Spinozistic monism may regard the finite objects of creation as illusory, but the inequalities stand unexplained. Instances of this lack of explanation are not wanting in Leibniz, Kant, Hegel and modern Absolutist thinkers. Bradley and Bosanquet offer their Absolute as the only panacea. This being so, there is nothing in the karma-hypothesis so inherently irrational or inconsistent as to make it stand self-condemned.

There is only one more relevant question that needs some discussion. Is Karma set up as a rival Absolute against the Creator? The answer to this will depend on the exact status assigned to the Creator. Is the Divine law identical with the Kārmic law? In a sense it is, and in another it is not. Theistic systems furnish a sort of compromise between the two extremes. The Kārmic law may be exalted and deified. In that case the connotation of the term *karma* has to be made more comprehensive.

The Pūrva Mīmāṁsā school, which inquires into the ritual portion of the Veda, holds the doctrine of Karma-Brahma. In this school they admit no ultimate principle or agency other than Karma. Difficulty is experienced only in those systems that accept a Deity or Lord. If the Divine law be regarded as identical with the Kārmic law, the old objections will recur; for such

[1] Schwegler, *History of Philosophy*, p. 81.

identity will imply interference with the individual's freedom of choice. But that can never be. An ingenious alternative has thus been suggested. The Kārmic law and its inexorability do not in any way militate against the supreme power and authority of the Creator. If he only exercise his volition, he can even set at naught the sway of the Kārmic law. Rather crude analogies have been drawn. The Kārmic law is likened to the law of the land. The Creator is the supreme ruler and overlord of the universe. The ruling potentate retains all his power intact, even though he may permit the smooth working of the legal and the administrative machinery of the land, according to certain laws and regulations, obedience to which is implicitly demanded. Analogies do not, and need not, run on all fours. I have here simply summarized the suggestions of some prominent Theistic systems. Spinoza spoke of an infinite number of infinite attributes of God. One such attribute is perhaps the toleration of the Kārmic law, which is not a rival Absolute, but which represents, in however rough a degree, the Divine Ordering of the Cosmos. The compromise consists in this. If the Deity is to be interposed at every step of the moral and spiritual evolution, like a *deus ex machina*, the Kārmic law would lose all value, as individuals then act only under the compelling drive of some agency, at the door of which all the blame of imperfection and inequalities in creation must be laid. Such a state of affairs cannot be countenanced by any system of religion, even though the logic of circumstances may compel a system of metaphysics, like that of the Sāṅkhyas, totally to deny an intelligent First Cause, or to entertain a pious hope for the final harmonization of all conflicting principles and tendencies in the Absolute, as is the case with the modern Absolute-idealists. The Bradleyan *somehow* may here come in quite handy. *Somehow* Karma is not a rival Absolute set against and in opposition to the Creator. Both are indispensable. The Creator is as necessary as the Kārmic law. If the Creator is dispensed with, as in the system of the Buddhists, there is no problem for discussion. The Nyāya or Logical school offers another solution. Primitive atoms are set in motion by Divine desire. When once they have been set in motion, their subsequent career is determined by themselves and the laws of motion.

The existence of a keen conflict between the requirements of consistent thinking, with the obligation and readiness to accept whatever conclusions are arrived at after rational speculation, and the requirements of religious life, with a preponderance in it of the emotional element and a peculiarly-constituted temperament which finds deep spiritual satisfaction in a complete and voluntary surrender of its individuality in the service of a Supreme Power, in the Monistic and the Pluralistic systems respectively of the Vedānta, is sufficient evidence in support of the fact that ancient Vedāntic thinkers did make honest attempts at systematic thinking. It seems difficult to challenge the position and status of the karma-hypothesis as a provisional generalization warranted by the facts of experience.

II.

Let me now examine some of the misrepresentations of the theory.

(i.) It is urged by many that the conception of Karma is inseparably associated with that of retribution. Others have said even that Karma is on a par with the *lex talionis*.

The question of retribution can arise, if at all, only in Theistic systems. Here the position of the creator can be compared only with that of a judge who is called upon to punish or reward people according to the laws of the land. Neither the judge nor the creator should entertain any vindictive feelings. But where there is no vindictive feeling there is no retribution. The doctrine of karma does not contemplate, or even vaguely suggest, an eye-for-an-eye and a tooth-for-a-tooth type of punishment.

As pointed out in the foregoing discussion, the karma-hypothesis is intended to cover the inequalities and imperfections of life and creation. It lays down

a comprehensive causal generalization in the realm of morals. A detailed tabulated list of moral causes and effects and the establishment of one-cause-one-effect relationship are beyond the scope of the hypothesis. It would be interesting to inquire how Christianity or any other Non-Vedāntic system attempts to account for the apparent or real imperfections and inequalities in creation. The doctrine of vicarious suffering may be made to appear like a theory of retribution by a slight torturing of terminology. But as a matter of fact neither in the theory of karma nor in the doctrine of vicarious suffering are there any, even the slightest, traces of retribution.

(ii.) It is sometimes suggested that the philosophy of release represents a reaction against the too rigorous theory of karma. But it is not a reaction at all.

In all systems of Hindu speculation—whether or not avowedly metaphysical—release (*mukti*) from the phantasmagoria of metempsychosis is, in the words of Gough, the ultimate goal for the realization and attainment of which all spiritual aspirants strive. That such a goal naturally suggests itself to every earnest inquirer needs no elaborate proof or justification. The existence of pain and misery in the world is bound to make an uncomfortable and disquieting impression on our minds, and to suggest that the highest goal of man's spiritual endeavour is release or freedom from them. In this sense the term *mukti* is peculiarly significant.

The search after the causes of life's inequalities led the Vedāntic thinkers to the formulation of the doctrine of karma. Side by side with all the innumerable imperfections of creation there is the acute and burning desire to escape from them. They accordingly considered release (or *mukti*) to be the final goal. The outlook of Karma is essentially and fundamentally *retrospective*, though a correct apprehension of the theory cannot but serve as a warning to persons

regarding future conduct. The outlook of Mukti on the other hand is *prospective.* Karma alone has to determine whether a person is or is not eligible for Mukti. To term the latter a reaction against the former is gross misuse of terminology.

(iii.) There is yet another curious comment: namely, that the theory of karma clings to the primitive and childish notion that virtue is rewarded with prosperity and vice punished with adversity. It has been maintained that the *Book of Job* definitely rejects this childish notion; yet people somehow hold fast to the belief that adequate justice will be done to every human soul.

Personal belief, however pious and sincere, can never be the substitute for a reasoned philosophical theory. A religion or a moral code which makes the barefaced confession that vice is not punished, is sure to exercise a highly demoralizing influence and create a favourable atmosphere for sophistry and casuistry. A blind belief in Divine righteousness is not a whit better than the Cartesian belief in Divine veracity. Strangely enough such a holiday belief is very liberally entertained by natures or characters anything but moral.

(iv.) It is also contended that belief in Karma is inconsistent with the modern ethical conceptions of (1) punishment for the purpose of reforming the guilty or the criminals, of (2) self-sacrifice, and of (3) progress.[1]

(1) The reformative theory of punishment, which alone lends some force to the aforesaid contention, is rejected by many a writer. The primary duty of a State is the maintenance of law and order and the protection of its citizens. This object can be, and is being actually, achieved by the infliction of preventive or deterrent punishments. It is not the duty of any State to metamorphose criminals and delinquents into saints; and no State, however powerful and resourceful, is seriously attempting

[1] J. N. Farquhar's article in *The Hibbert Journal* for October, 1921, contains such misrepresentations.

any such impossible task. The glib talk of reforming criminals is beyond the pale of practical politics or statesmanship. Retribution is simply out of the question with regard to karma, seeing that the trying authority is free from prejudice and bears no malice or ill-will towards the accused. Nevertheless there is no use in fighting shy of retribution in the sense that an evil deed is sure to recoil on the perpetrator.

(2) The theory of karma does not at all rob self-sacrifice of its moral fervour, for the simple reason that the spirit of self-sacrifice itself is the direct outcome of good karma.

When a man is drowning, karma *does not* tolerate standing self-complacently on the bank with the cynical thought that it is 'his karma' to be drowned. We do not know what the precise karma of anyone is. Nor do we know even our own. Karma is said to be *paroksha*,—*i.e.* not a matter of immediate apprehension or of our cognitive grasp. That is why so many jump almost instinctively into the water to try to save a drowning man. We are justified in invoking the aid of the karma-hypothesis only after we have done our best. If, in spite of this, we do not succeed, only then may we say the fate of the unfortunate person is due to his 'past karma.'

It is, therefore, preposterous to contend that Karma robs self-sacrifice of its moral fervour. Whether at any given moment we have or have not exact knowledge of the consequences likely to overtake us or our neighbours as the result of our respective 'past karma,' is the *crux* of the whole problem. We have obviously no such knowledge at all.

The organized relief that is given in all civilized countries to persons affected adversely by Nature's calamities, such as floods and earthquakes, proves that a man's belief in karma is compatible with his active participation in relief-work and charity-organization. The theory of karma only endeavours to explain such widespread misery by attributing it to past deeds or misdeeds. The theory does not interfere with anybody's freedom to

organize relief. After all, charity-organization, all the world over, does not succeed in revolutionizing the destinies of the afflicted people. It may be the karma of a beggar to wander from door to door; but how does it prevent me from giving him a coin? And in the case of rare and precious lives dedicated and consecrated to social service, it is difficult to see how belief in karma can rob self-sacrifice of its moral fervour. Far from it; it may well, on the contrary, enhance any such fervour and add zest and a distinctly pleasurable feeling-tone to acts of self-sacrifice or social service.

(3) It is further objected that, as Karma is only another name for predestination, it is inconsistent with the notion of progress. But Karma has nothing to do with predestination.

The two questions: (1) Whether we are free in the exercise of our volitions, or whether our willed acts are predetermined by circumstances over which we have no control and which cannot therefore be modified; and (2) whether the acts and tendencies and volitions of human beings are bound up in a causal chain—should carefully be kept distinct from one another. We are not faced with a block universe. No thinker now-a-days holds the cosmic evolution to be simply the mechanical unwinding of a clock-work.

Whether there be freedom of will or predestination, Karma as a law of moral causation stands secure on a safe footing.

The karma-hypothesis is sufficiently plastic and accommodating. It does not deny progress.

And what indeed do we exactly understand by that elusive term? The contemporary reign of relativity extends to the regions of progress as well, and the problem of progress is viewed with violent difference of opinion. If progressed states or conditions connote increased efficiency and a better and more refined type of adjustment to environment, then surely it can be asserted that marked progress has been generally achieved in the material realm. Yet thinkers are not wanting who vehemently denounce the so-called progress of to-day, and deplore the ethical degeneracy and degradation that are also undeniable.

But whatever the verdict regarding progress may be, Karma does not prevent the discovery of newer and more deadly types of poison-gas by means of which the largest number of persons can be destroyed in the shortest interval of time. Progress or decay, the significance of the karma-hypothesis as a provisional hypothesis does not in any way suffer.[1]

(v.) In the history of the Later Vedānta the connotation of the term Karma was narrowed down; and there is a very interesting and exhaustive discussion of the question in the *Bhagavad-Gītā* (iv. 16-18). The central doctrine of the *Gītā* constitutes an emphatic protest against an acosmic metaphysic with its concomitant ethical implication of a flight from the evil-ridden world. The terms *karma*, *a-karma*, and *vi-karma* are clearly explained, and their significance elucidated. The performance of one's own duty in a cheerful and ungrudging spirit, whatever may be the sphere of work or station in life, is the essence of the narrowed connotation of the term in the *Gītā*. The state of passivity and inaction brought about by morbid scepticism and an eternally recurring series of doubts and difficulties, is what is meant by *a-karma*. *Vi-karma* stands for the performance of definitely anti-social and immoral acts. We need not wonder why there has been such a narrowing down of the connotation of the term. A general affirmation of the existence of a law of moral causation simply, would have been considered insufficient to supply the adequate motive-power for sustained moral activity. So the exemplification of the general law amidst

[1] The notions of Individual and Collective Karma should form the subject of independent treatment. The Buddhist and Vedāntic doctrines are technical, but deserve prominent attention.

a number of relevant particulars became essential. An enthusiastic devotion to the discharge of one's duties, with the well-known watchword, "My station and its duties," and the pursuit of a dynamic moral ideal, are the nearest approach to the term as used in the *Gītā*. The definition and the fixing of the respective duties relating to the various spheres of life and orders of society led to the formulation of the theory of *sva-dharma* (a moral agent's duty) as distinct from *karma*.

In conclusion: as insisted on in the foregoing discussion, the theory of karma is a speculative hypothesis formulated to explain and elucidate the problem of the inequalities and contradictions that are to be met with so plentifully in creation. It would be hard to deny that some such hypothesis is indispensable. Can it be held that the All-merciful Father is responsible for the Panjab tragedy and the violation by the German army of Belgian neutrality and all the soul-sickening vandalism perpetuated during the war? A retrospective regress into the past is not illogical. Whether the theory is considered as originally formulated simply to explain the inequalities in life, or as later modified, its value is undoubted. Perhaps the narrower *Gītā* connotation may make a more ready and striking appeal to the minds of Western nations. Work is worship. A life dedicated to the cause of service is nobly lived. That is the substance of the theory of *loka-saṅgraha* (social service with a view to setting a norm for humanity or world), so fascinatingly sketched and developed in the *Gītā*. Progress in the positive, as well as speculative, sciences can be possible only by a steadfast adherence to the gospel of work and beneficent constructive activity.

R. NAGARAJA SARMA.

KNOW THYSELF: LOSE THYSELF: FIND THYSELF.

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In the light of the swift and apparently illimitable expansion of modern knowledge the ancient maxim 'Know thyself' has acquired an unexpectedly profound significance. In its origin it was a principle of limitation —a call to the restless mind to cease wandering in the byways of being and to return upon itself. Man must learn to solve the problems generated by his own experience, not by enlarging his researches to include Nature, but rather by concentrating them upon himself. Such was the keynote of the Socratic dialectic, and also the basis of the later belief, both religious and philosophical, in the uniqueness of humanity, to whom the rest of creation was but the humble minister. Thus man was regarded as in great measure self-sufficient. All his difficulties,—not only as personal, but equally as political and economic,—were at bottom matters of religion and morality. Natural calamity and catastrophe were retributive; and his narrow, but at the same time definite, universe was both geocentric and anthropocentric. The 'self' that man must know became his soul, which, for philosophy and religion alike, was immaterial, 'simple' and imperishable,—a belief which finally crystallized into the Kantian doctrine of the real, but noumenal, *ego* as the disproof of the scepticism of Hume.

The modern reaction from this anthropocentricism has been rapid and drastic, equally in science and in philosophy. Despite their thoroughgoing differences, Materialism and Idealism have agreed at least in denying any permanence to human personality. The first regarded it as epiphenomenal; the second as self-contradictory. For the former its existence ended with that of brain-processes; while for the latter it became, at best, 'absorbed' or 'transmuted' into some mode of experience far higher than itself. But, in both cases alike, selfhood was powerless to maintain its independent existence once the delicate complexity of its underlying conditions was destroyed. It is true that recent psychology, in marked contrast with the epiphenomenalism of last century, dominated as this was by the spirit of the physical sciences, insists on the essential reality of all forms of mind. Although mental processes (disregarding for the moment abnormal phenomena) are somehow intimately connected with nervous changes, still consciousness can no longer be accurately described solely as an effect, or shadow or by-product of the material realm. It is no purely passive sequence, as the familiar phrase 'stream of consciousness' unfortunately suggests. On the contrary, it is highly dynamic, definitely influencing the environment in its own distinctive way. This fundamental reversal of the earlier point of view, approaching as it plainly does the ancient estimate of mind, must however be balanced by that marked decline in the *value* of personality, which is generally regarded as the logical outcome of the 'new' psychology. For even man's highest impulses,—his purest ideals and noblest motives,—appear to be contaminated by tendencies whose actual origin must vitiate his whole being.

Thus the status of humanity has once again been thrown into the melting pot; and to 'know thyself' proves to be a much more intricate task than has hitherto been realized. The unsuspected factors that must be considered, show the self to be connected by countless invisible, but nonetheless inseverable, links with not only its present environment and past history but even its remote ancestry. In view then of the problem's incalculably increased complexity, how can man still be bidden to 'know himself,' so as to discover his actual function and status in the scheme of things?

We must begin by regarding the entire evolution of mind as being always an advance to higher and higher *forms of unity*. It was perhaps some prevision of this truth that sought expression in the classic principle (already alluded to) of the 'simplicity' of the soul. For this 'simplicity' did not imply (as is too often assumed) a complete absence of internal differences, the soul thus becoming as it were a transparent, but empty, sphere; but only that all its elements were so essential to its existence that their unity was indestructible and therefore eternal. But, however this may be, there can be no doubt that the persistent evolutionary tendency welds together an increasing number of widely diverse psychical factors into a compact unity, which acts, in principle and apart from disturbing influences, as one whole. This age-long process is characterized throughout by a feature which at first sight appears to conflict with the governing tendency towards unity,—that is, the growing *complexity* of mental structure. So many new elements arise, or 'emerge,' and these operate in such markedly different ways, that the final result seems to be nothing better than a loose mosaic. Such

an interpretation is however quite misleading. For not only the bodies of living things, but equally their minds, undergo the stern and bitter tests of 'the struggle for existence.' Only thus can the psycho-physical organism 'win its spurs' and prove itself worthy to survive. The mind, like the body, must achieve a harmony at once structural and functional. It is this that constitutes the essential unity whose attainment is always arduous, if not indeed hazardous. For the steadily increasing complexity, just referred to, constantly tends to produce combinations that are only loosely held together. But equally in natural history as in national history 'unity is strength'; and the consequence is the ruthless weeding out of all organisms whose bodies or whose minds, as the case may be, lack this indispensable quality of dynamic unity.

But just as with primitive forms of social organization, so in the earliest types of mind this necessary unity proves to be inseparable from an extreme rigidity; and thus the fixed conventions of patriarchal and military societies are closely paralleled by the familiar features of instinctive action. Like its associated nervous processes, this also is reflex, automatic, unvarying and to a great degree subconscious. Both animals and species,—again like soldier and army,—are fast gripped by a relentlessly effective discipline, which permits few lapses and constantly resorts to capital punishment. Only as this severity of itself generates still higher levels of organization, do any faint gleams of intelligence illuminate the situation; and thus while the sway of instinct succeeds in elevating the animal kingdom to anthropoid rank, its members acquire only the veriest rudiments of prevision, will and

purpose. They certainly fulfil the purposes of Nature herself; but they do so without any consciousness on their own part of the *rôle* they blindly play.

With the slow transition to the human level, however, the unity of mind gradually becomes *self*-conscious, even though it remains burdened with that heavy heritage of animal instincts and impulses, passions and appetites, which its evolutionary origin inevitably entails. Thus man rises, once and for all, above the barriers which confine his animal kin. His expanding reason brings with it foresight and volition, which in their turn generate his æsthetic, moral and religious capacities; and so he learns to 'know himself,' which the animal can never do.

From the deep slough of animality, then, man emerges fouled with the slime of his primal origin. But to interpret this as a source of fatal weakness (as is so often done) is radically wrong. For we may in this respect quite safely concede all that the most extreme of the 'new' psychologists assert. We may, if we care to do so, analyze the finest human traits into their lowest and rankest elements. Such an attitude has an unquestionable basis, and may on occasion serve a good purpose; but it in no degree impairs that final result, which is, after all, the essence of the situation, as we can readily see when we turn to more familiar instances. The most gorgeous sunset may be described as nothing more than a mass of dense mist, just as exquisite perfumes and dyes are produced from coal-tar. But, again, it is never the root, but the fruit, which counts; not the base origin, but rather the miracle of beauty or of good into which this has been transformed. It is quite correct, therefore, to regard much that we have inherited from our pre-human

ancestry, together with all that we care to ascribe to the 'unconscious,' as tending to drag personality down to its primal levels. From the very conditions of the situation this peril must threaten each of us. But it by no means follows that the danger must destroy us. Every liner sails in peril of shipwreck from without, and of explosion from within; still we assume that she will reach her port, guarding against mishaps by insurance. Exactly so is it with ourselves. Every personality includes high-powered disruptive and degrading forces; none the less the final end of mental evolution remains what it has always been,—that is, a unity so complete that even these disruptive agencies devote their energy to its service, just as the liner's engines drive her to her port or a nation's armed forces maintain its order and constitution. The unconscious and the animal,—'the ape and tiger,'—are ever present, but not therefore always victorious; and just as the living organism has been seen to 'win its spurs' in its fierce struggle for existence, so man's moral nature can 'win its spurs' only by effectively controlling the 'ape' and 'tiger' which lie hidden beneath the surface of his being.

It is this alone that can make the resultant psychical unity a powerful unity, able not simply to maintain itself but (still further) to influence, and finally to dominate, its environment, as every great personality plainly does. Nor is this unity of selfhood in any degree exceptional, since its close parallels may be found throughout all existence. At the two extremes of the material world, for example, both the atom and the star are sustained by an internal unifying power which binds together the intense forces each of which, acting alone, might disrupt its entire structure. In

radioactive atoms, of course, such a gradual destruction incessantly occurs; while an analogous process of energy-radiation marks the long course of stellar evolution. But, in both cases alike, the final result is the production of elements that are chemically stable, thus providing another analogy to a personality which maintains its integrity under 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.'

To 'know thyself,' therefore, in the light of modern knowledge, has come to mean the recognition (first) of the extremely high, but none the less unified, complexity and dynamic energy of the self, and (secondly) of the secret of its control and direction; and this may be either purely practical, as in the statesman or commercial magnate, or largely theoretical, as with the psychologist and moralist. Now the maintenance of the self's well-being is so difficult that there arises a strong and perfectly natural tendency to concentrate all one's powers on this alone, subordinating to it all other factors both material and social,—a tendency that is modified, firstly, by the animal's instinctive concern for its progeny and group (and thus in the end for its species) and, secondly, by man's discovery that a certain degree of co-operation is indispensable for even his own personal welfare. On the other hand, apart from man's inheritance of instinctive social tendencies, he tends to reduce his deliberate co-operation to the minimum consistent with his own well-being; and only very slowly does he realize that this is impaired by every injury to the general good.

Even then, however, it seems more logical to maintain the general good by pursuing each individual's good as such. But the value of this method depends on the true meaning of 'individual good'; and here it

is fatally easy to give it much too narrow an interpretation. The increased wealth and power, knowledge and morality, of each *individual*,—are not these the surest basis and safeguard of the *general* good? Unquestionably so, if only in accord with the rules of multiplication; and to 'know thyself' means, in the end, at least this. But it only raises two more difficult questions: (1) What actually is individual good? And (2) when the individual is called upon to sacrifice his own good, what are the grounds and the limits of such sacrifice?

Again the answer depends on 'know thyself,'—know, that is, the true nature of selfhood. We must recognize that the necessity for sacrifice is never arbitrary, but arises from the very character of personality as such. To appeal here to the widespread sacrifice of animals for the sake of herd and offspring may be seriously misleading. For this often entails the complete destruction of the individual as such; while still further, the pure instinctiveness,—that is, the absence of reflective deliberation,—deprives the action of much, if not indeed of all, its moral value. From this point of view it is but little removed from the automatic explosion of a bomb in defence of an army; and although much of man's heroism approximates to the same conditions, and would otherwise perhaps be far rarer than it happily is, still we feel that an act of *deliberate* self-sacrifice always ranks far higher than such impulsive nobility. Now this estimate has a sound theoretical foundation; for it is of the very essence of selfhood, and therefore of man, to act rationally or deliberately, since developed rationality distinguishes him uniquely from animals, who possess at best only gleams of intelligence. The

deliberate self-sacrifice of man demands, therefore, conditions fundamentally different from those attending the instinctive sacrifice of animals. For it becomes possible only after he has made the sternest demands upon his whole being,—has strenuously disciplined himself to forgo much that to him is unquestionably precious for the sake of the higher good of others; and it is plain that for this to be done, man must 'know himself' almost completely. He must first be able to assess his own motives and abilities at their proper value in the light of the given situation; and this, again, must be fully and accurately comprehended.

Thus the final paradox arises that 'know thyself' often involves the imperative dictate 'lose thyself.' The contradiction, however, is purely superficial. For the deeds entailing this loss are always the only means whereby the self can advance to its own higher levels. Here, however, the fatal mistake is generally made of considering the *final* act of heroism in itself, as isolated from the fierce self-discipline which alone makes it possible. The poignant details can be known, of course, only to each individual for himself. But, in all cases alike, they call forth, not only his highest moral, but equally his intellectual, powers. Thus alone can the nobler self be created from the lower, and thus alone can its potentialities attain actual form and being; never by aspiration alone nor by the mere search for the best alone, but only by deliberately willing the loss of one's very self whenever the highest good demands this. 'Know thyself,' therefore, irresistibly impels us onward to 'lose thyself.' But so to 'lose thyself' is in truth to 'find thyself.'

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'RABBINIC RELIGION.'[1]

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BEFORE raising the question whether there can be any interest at all in 'Rabbinic religion,' we ought to get a clear idea as to whether there exists such a thing as 'Rabbinic religion' at all. It is no good to dogmatize on a question like this. Those who are convinced that such a title or name is 'ridiculous and unscientific' (p. 243), want stronger proofs for this new denomination, more telling arguments for this creed, than those advanced by Dr. Montefiore in the last issue of THE QUEST.

We can speak of Greek or Roman, Buddhist or Moslem, Chinese or Japanese, monotheistic or polytheistic, primitive or civilized religions. Can we name a religion after Patristic teachers or Apostolic writers? Mutazilite thinkers or Mutakallimun theologians? or theosophic theorists? Surely not!

The title of 'Rabbi' is younger than the destruction of the Second Temple. The so-called Rabbinic religion begins, therefore, with the year 68 C.E. In what way was the religion of these Rabbis different from the religion of the Scribes before that date? We are perfectly aware of the fact that the introduction of the new title of 'Rabbi' was due to important internal and external changes; but are we right in assuming

[1] A Reply to Dr. C. G. Montefiore's paper,—'Some Reflections on Rabbinic Religion in its Relation to the Old Testament and the New Testament',—in the last number.

a change of religion? Further, are these post- and pre-rabbinical religions not identical with the religions of the writers of the Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha? Thirdly, what was the religion of Jesus and Paul? Were they not adherents to Rabbinic religion? What else were they? I can understand terms like Jewish and Christian religions, but not Rabbinic religion. I doubt whether we may speak of Pharisaic and Sadducean religions; but surely Rabbinic religion is an abuse and misnomer. Seriously and scientifically, a term like 'Rabbinic religion' cannot be considered and accepted.

Again it is neither theoretically nor practically true that the *dead*[1] Rabbis have *never* exercised *much* influence in the world. Millions of Jews are to-day influenced in life and thoughts by them, 1,700 years after their death. Their lips, to use a phrase coined by one of them, are daily moving in their unknown graves. Of course, if we look upon and judge the history of the Jews since the destruction of the Second Temple till this very day, through the dark spectacles of Church history and the myopism of Liberal-Reform Judaism,—well, then, we would like them to be as dead 'as a doornail.' Then we have in them no other interest than a New Testament interest. I suppose the Old Testament also has for such viewers no other than a New Testament interest. Jewish life, national feelings and hopes, religious development and ethical advancement, manifest in these Rabbinic contributions to religion and theology, history and thought, more and greater interest than dissident trifling and ecclesiastical short-sightedness would like to hear of or dream of. No student of the problems of religion

[1] Italics stress words taken from Dr. M.'s article.

or science, law or medicine, folklore or poetry, history or astronomy, mathematics or philosophy, can pass by these sanctuaries without entering there. Is that not the same, I shall be asked, with Pliny's *Historia Naturalis?* What is the difference? The volumes of Talmud and Midrash may serve as useful sources of antiquarian research or historical guidance; but are they alive? Do they exercise *much* influence? Talmud and Midrash are only with a small minority of Jews crowded cemeteries of dead Rabbis; to the vast majority of Jews all over the world the Rabbis are up to this present day teachers and guides in belief and action. People who know little, or nothing, of the Talmud, want to be freed from the Talmudic doctors; therefore they look upon these works as on epitaphs in great catacombs. There are still thousands of schools and hundreds of thousands of scholars daily teaching and learning, interpreting and studying, reviving and handing over the thoughts and words of the 'dead' Rabbis to the growing generations. Neither the New Testament nor the Church Fathers are as alive as are those 'dead' Rabbis, who "never exercised much influence in the world." Wherever Jews are dispersed, whether here in England or in Australia, in the Caucasus or in Mexico, the 'dead' Rabbis are alive. Jews, who gather under the wings of the Shekhina,—and not of opposite Lords,—in their assemblies drink in readily the utterances of the old, 'dead' Rabbis. The sayings and the legends of the Rabbis impress the visitor of the Synagogue more than the Old Testament. Addresses without Rabbinic knowledge are looked upon by worshippers as second or third rate Hyde Park orations. Take the Jewish Prayer Book, the Jew's attitude to life and death, his relation to God

and world, to State and education,—are they not the living influence of the 'dead' Rabbis?

To Dr. Montefiore and a small handful of other Jews there are only two interests about the 'dead' Rabbis: a N.T. interest and an O.T. interest; and primarily a N.T. interest, because the O.T. would not be worth looking at, if it were not for the N.T. By the way, we are told to be sceptical about such a thing as 'the religion of the O.T.'; yet we are taught to be positive about a non-existent 'Rabbinic religion.' However illogical the doubt on the one side and the affirmation on the other may be, we will now come to grips with more serious matters.

The O.T., we are told, has more than one culmination. One is the N.T.; the other is Rabbinic religion (henceforth abbreviated as R.r.). No impartial judge, we are assured, can see why one culmination should or could be higher or purer than the other. Both have almost the same excellencies and more or less the same amount of shortcomings. There is no reason for an honest Jew not to think: "My culmination is higher and purer"; while the average Christian may hold the same view about his own creed. A searcher into the religious problem, however, may climb a little higher than the average Jew or Christian.

Reviewing the situation from a higher *pedestal* we must ask ourselves honestly: Why should the N.T. culmination appear higher than that of R.r.? In spite of all the 'yets' and 'buts,' so familiar to writers who do not yet know their own minds, R.r. is surely equal to, if not higher than, N.T. religion. Then, what is the difference? History does not show the superiority of N.T. religion, and surely does not bear out the inferiority of R.r.

We are told that the N.T. has great personalities, R.r. none. Can this old sophisticated platitude stand the fire-proof of historical criticism? The N.T. has Jesus and Paul. I ask, not as a Jew, but as a humble theologian and an unworthy student of history: Why should Hillel or R. Joḥanan ben Zakkai, not to mention scores of other teachers, not be regarded as such great personalities as Jesus or Paul? Of course, the former never aspired to be God or even divine beings; but were they not as god-like as Jesus and Paul? It is a fallacy to assume that Hillel or R. Joḥanan ben Zakkai made less impression on their pupils and contemporaries or did not influence posterity in as great a degree as Jesus or Paul. The memory of the latter does not live clearer in the mind of the average Christian than that of the former in the thoughts of the average Jew. Jesus succeeded, where Theudas, Judas of Galilee and others of the same type failed. Jesus' great personality is not to be seen in his miracles, —driving out demons, walking on the water, feeding crowds with a few loaves, etc. On such grounds Apollonius of Tyana, Alexander of Abonotichus and many other wonder-workers of the last 19 centuries could also be regarded as overwhelming personalities. Besides, are there not other great personalities standing beside the cradle of R.r.? What of Moses, Isaiah, Amos? Are they to be forgotten? are they not the very basis of such personalities as Jesus and Paul? Jewish heresy of modern times supplies material enabling us to understand the detestation felt by the Talmudic doctors and Rabbinic religion against the then Jewish sects, and furnishes a most successful apology for the antipathy of the old scribes against their enemies. It is gross injustice to belittle great-

ness and exaggerate mediocrity. There is nothing in Paul's teaching which was not proclaimed more eloquently partly by his teachers, the Scribes, and partly by their enemies, the antinomistic Gnostics. Where is the surprising genius, originality and personality? The teaching of Jesus and Paul led to the overruling of pure monotheism. No wonder the Jews rose in self-defence. What is man not capable of in self-defence?

There is another point to be mentioned. The secular knowledge of the Rabbis is too much underrated, and the Hellenistic influence on Jesus and Paul too much overrated. Both problems are at present under discussion. The views vary and the opinions are too much divided. Without going into details, to dogmatize in a popular paper is misleading. A student of Rabbinic literature, especially if his knowledge is based on the original sources, and not on translations, cannot avoid seeing that, intellectually and scientifically, the Rabbis of the first four centuries in Palestine and Babylon were not at all behind the general culture and civilization of their times. It is not right to look upon men like Hillel, R. Joḥanan ben Zakkai, R. Joshua ben Ḥananja, R. Meir, R. Joḥanan bar Nappaha, R. Levi, R. Abbahu, etc., in the same light as obscure, world-estranged, one-sided Hungarian or Polish Rabbis of the last three centuries. Historically, we are not entitled to consider one of these two contrasted religions as a purer, and the other as a poorer development. Light and shadow are equally divided in both 'culminations.'

Dr. Montefiore gives the history of 'Rabbinic religion' in a nutshell. He begins it about 50 B.C.E. and ends it about 450 C.E. Since the title 'Rabbi' was

not known 50 B.C.E., R.r. is predated by at least 120 years. The teachers at that period were called Soferim (Scribes), or later, Ḥakamim (Sages). There surely must have been cogent reasons for changing the names and titles of the teachers among the Jews. Scribes, Elders, Ḥakamim, Rabbis,—these names are all remarkable milestones in the development of intellectual progress. Surely, the religious outlook of the Rabbis after the destruction of the Second Temple varied a good deal from that of the Scribes before that great catastrophe. Take, for instance, the attitude towards sacrifice and its consequences as to sin and atonement. They must have experienced radical changes. Yet we are told that there was no remarkable new departure in religious thought or a line of demarcation between the two dates (50 B.C.E.-450 C.E.). Really? In another essay of his, Dr. Montefiore makes the statement that between 350 B.C.E. and 50 C.E. no change took place in the religious teachings of the Jews, except as far as the conception of a future life is concerned. Is it at all likely that Jewish religion during eight hundred years with all their activities and reactions, defeats and triumphs, victories and humiliations, foreign invasions and internal tyrannies, false hopes and true disappointments, should have remained immutable? Why not lengthen the life of R.r. from 350 B.C.E. to 450 C.E.? No, R.r. is a misnomer. Why not say simply: 'Jewish religion in the time of Jesus,' as the Germans do? Is the term 'Jewish' really so obnoxious that we must invent something which did not, and does not, exist at all?

I cannot follow Dr. Montefiore's egg-dance in trying to avoid stepping on pedantic scholarly toes by using half a dozen 'undoubtedly—yet's,' and 'there was some,

etc.—yet's,' and 'but on the whole's.' It is no use discussing these very serious matters in such a way. Such theological jugglings, taught by German theologians of the Weber type, and unconsciously adopted by Bousset-Gressmann, arouse doubts as to the authors' first-hand acquaintance with the material of which they are speaking. Dr. Gerhard Kittel, in his very valuable work on 'Late Judaism and Early Christianity' (Stuttgart, 1926), who is one of the very few Christian theologians who can read the Hebrew texts of the Rabbinic writings, admits, with praiseworthy frankness, this default of his *confrères* without hesitation.

Dr. M. blows hot and cold in the same breath when seeing in the attitude of R.r. to the O.T. a greater burden and a greater inspiration. For, he says, the R.r. had to *assume* (why 'assume'?) and believe that the O.T. was always consistent and always perfect,—and what could be a greater burden than this? Was Jesus or Paul, were the worshippers of the earliest Jewish-Christian synagogues and the Pagan-Christian assemblies, the Apostolic writers and Apologists, the early and later Church Fathers free from this burden? Take away the O.T. from the N.T.,—Gospels, Acts and Epistles,—what remains? No student of these branches of literature can lift this burden from them. Comparing the two burdens, which is lighter? and which is heavier? As far as the inspiration goes, the N.T. is inspired frequently by falsified texts. The accusation of the early Fathers that the Jews falsified or forged the texts of the O.T.,—by the way a common trick of all sectarians,—is dismissed as untrue even by writers who do not look sympathetically on Jews and Judaism (*e.g.* Harnack). However, the burden was the same in one religion as in the other.

The O.T. represents to the historian of R.r. five different religions. As to the Priestly religion,—the Law has evicted the priest. That sounds nicely, and is often repeated; yet it is a fallacy. Jewish actual life shows that priestly descent carries with it certain prerogatives in vogue up to this very day. The priest is called up *first* to the reading desk; he blesses the community with the blessing of Aaron on festivals, and in some countries every day, Sabbath included; he redeems the first-born children of the Israelites; he does not defile himself with the dead. The priests enjoyed the priestly gifts, tithes, etc., long after the destruction of the Second Temple, during the period of the Tannaim and Amoraim, Saboraic and Geonic ages. Apart from sacrifices and temple-service, the 'holiness of Aaron and his seed' is kept alive in Jewry up to this day. Christian religions copied some of these priestly elements of Judaism. They retained, externally and internally, the original *tabu* character of the priesthood, to which they were accustomed in the early days of heathendom. In Judaism, on the contrary, all traces of such primitive conceptions have been removed, become refined and thoroughly rationalized.

The religion of the Prophets is a failure, we learn. Justice, love of mercy and walking humbly with God,—is too much for Jews and Christians alike. It required *thickening*. Christians did so by love, faith and hope. The Jews? By laws and ceremonies. It sounds as if the Rabbis had not taught justice, love, hope and faith, as eloquently, if not more so, than Gospels and Epistles? As if every average student of Rabbinics could not compile series of sayings on each subject, faith and love, justice and hope, which would fill the space of half a dozen Gospels, and surely outweigh the

best part of the most genuine Epistles of Paul! Whatever shortcomings those Rabbis may have been guilty of, whenever they may have failed through human weakness, which was duly acknowledged by them, it is a gross injustice to say, in face of the real facts, that those quiet and modest sages failed in their attitude towards the teachings of the Prophets, that they substituted outward ceremonies for inward piety, that they commercialized the Law and Prophetic ideals. Jewish history, compiled from the evidence of Gentile and Jewish witnesses, teaches differently. Aristides of Athens describes Jewish religion as follows:

> There is only one God, who is the creator of the universe, who is omnipotent, and none should worship others but the one God. They (the Jews) *imitate* God's loving-kindness by charity, by redeeming the captives, by burying the dead,—and so forth" (14. 2-3).

But what of this Law? The question is by now a platitude of the first order. Did the N.T. really abolish the Law? Before later Catholicism legalized religion, did not scores of Christians keep the Law as strictly as the followers of the so-called R.r.? We will not speak of Jewish-Christians who adhered to the observances of Sabbath, Passover, Circumcision, dietary laws, etc., but of Christians from among the Heathen who worshipped and lived according to the O.T. rites. No student of Patristic literature can deny that the 'immature and also priestly legalism of the O.T.' exercized a great influence on honest Christians, whose conscience was not satisfied with half measures. John Chrysostom asks in one of his sermons:

> What business have you to go to the synagogue? To celebrate the Passover? Well, we also celebrate Easter, come to us!

In another sermon he says to his Christian hearers:

I know what you are going to tell me. You will reply: 'There are the Law and Prophets'!

About 380 the Christians in Antioch still adhered to the Jewish Law. There is more in the Law than a good or a bad name, or the commonplace wisdom of "adore him or hang him." Paul adopted antinomistic doctrines of the early Apikorsim or Gnostics, who were hostile to the Law. If that was the only sign of his personality or genius, then there must have been scores of such. For R. Eleazar, of Modium, says:

He who profanes holy things and despises the festivals, and shames his associate in public, and makes void the covenant of Abraham our father, and interprets the Law not according to the Halakah, even though he possess Torah and good deeds, he has no portion in the world to come.

There was nothing new or original in Paul's teaching. He simply continued the antinomistic propaganda which existed long before his time. There is no new idea in Paul, just as there is nothing in Jesus' ethics which was not taught or developed by Jewish teachers long before both of them. The long row of diatribic antitheses between 'Rabbis' and Paul does not hold water. The Jew was just as anxious as the Christian that the moral aspect of religion should not be crushed under the weight of ceremonies. The fence around the Law must not be higher than Religion itself. The theory of the 'burden of the Law' is defeated by the well-known rule of not decreeing burdens which people cannot stand. The Law must not become a burden. To the Jew the Law is not an amusing play-ground between Paul and the Rabbis, Lutheran theologians and orthodox Jews (whatever that means?); it is the question of questions,—'to be or not to be.'

Lawlessness in spiritual life, in religion, is far more dangerous than in political or economic life, and a greater misfortune in the former than in the latter. The spiritual welfare of men or communities is much more important than physical or material order and rules. The history of the Church on the one side and that of the Synagogue on the other bear eloquent testimony to this. The Church is a living witness for the triumph of polytheism over monotheism; the Synagogue, in spite of alleged immaturities of the O.T., remains of primitive ways of thinking, inconsistencies, etc., etc., stands as an indestructible pillar of purified, higher religious ideals and teachings.

Surely the Rabbis helped in the long run more than Jesus and Paul to remove darkness from the horizon of religion, and bring man nearer to God and God nearer to man; to make the divine human and the human divine. This has been accomplished by the *Law*. Where the Law disappeared, was felt as a burden, there a substitute was found by cold philosophic thought, by theism, but not God, after whom mankind is longing, desiring and yearning. It was not knowledge, the reverence for it, or the combination of knowledge with religion, which kept the Jewish nation alive, and saved the Jew from degradation, but the very *Law*, which is to some an unbearable burden. Knowledge may bestow blessing only on a small minority; but the Law regulates the life of men and women, young and old, humble and high, rich and poor, strong and weak, learned and ignorant. The Law with its guidance and purification, tenderness and discipline, love and sanctification, solemnity and charity, faith and hope, has kept Jews alive up to this moment; and Providence will "not allow the destroyer

to approach the House of Israel to smite." For there is no substitute for the Law. Take away the Law—and what remains?

We arrive now at the general characteristics of the 'three religions.' Here again we have the many 'it is—and yet's'!

The O.T., it is said, teaches a national religion with a national deity. The N.T. has abolished, killed the national God, finished the national cult. R.r. is frankly particularistic, and in some respects even worse than the O.T. Yet these coins have two faces. The national God of the O.T. expands and broadens, till he becomes the Only God. The N.T.'s blessings are limited to those who have faith in Jesus; others are promised terrible gnashings of teeth, and many others awful threats of Sheol. What of the drawbacks of R.r.? They are painted so black that even Balaam of old would change the curse into blessing. R.r. preaches universalism 'even broader than that of Paul.' What can be broader, higher, wider, and nobler than Paul? Yet, it is so. Paul, of course, was a Jew of strong national consciousness. "I also am an Israelite, of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin." "God hath not cast away his people which he foreknew." "The gifts of God are without repentance." Naturally; how could a man who saw with his own eyes R. Gamaliel I. a worthy grandson of Hillel, and other Scribes, whose nobility of thought and outstanding personality could not be without wide influence, deny the greatness of Israel? To such Israelites pertained the adoption, the glory, and the covenants, the giving of the Law, the service of God and the promises. The reminiscences of youth cannot be blotted out. Even after many disappointments, after being turned out of

the synagogues, stripped in the assemblies and stoned by the crowds (*Col.* i. 27), Paul would rather be the Apostle of the Jews, than that of the Gentiles! Present-day apostles have been unfortunate. They have never beheld or met saintly pious Rabbis of the old type.

We come now to the 'unharmonized assortment of many sorts of ideas about God.' O.T., N.T. and R.r. share the same contradictions. Jesus is more creative and original. A genius has the liberty of not reflecting so calmly and persistently upon the words and thoughts of others. If that is a sign of genius,—well, children and uneducated people share this characteristic. Why are the creative and original ideas and thoughts of Jesus not registered? What was the attitude of Jesus to the O.T.? According to Dr. Montefiore, it would seem that the faithfully believing peasant of the Catholic or Lutheran denomination is a greater genius than Julius Wellhausen, the learned professor in Göttingen. The latter has worried himself over the difficulties and inconsistencies of the O.T.; the former does not reflect 'so calmly and persistently upon the words of others.' Jesus perhaps never saw these difficulties; just as hundreds of his Galilean brethren and friends did not dream of them. It is only natural that Jews educated and brought up in the old ways of the Torah should adhere to and abide by their Law. We know that there is a world of difference between the quest of Truth and the possession of Truth. But external influences, discussions with sectarians, disputes with pagans, life in different surroundings, —raised doubts, called attention to inconsistencies, opened the eyes to things otherwise hidden and sanctified by daily usages and practice.

Space does not allow me to deal here fully with the attitude of *our* religions to the doctrines of immortality, hell, eternal life, value of earthly existence, ethical problems and the imitation of God. In details, some of these doctrines differ; on the whole there is no contrast. Generally speaking this verdict is just, although *in partibus* there are some inaccuracies. It is not our aim to pick holes. There are contrasts between the Rabbinic doctors themselves. Doctrine and belief were not the dividing wall between Church and Synagogue. Neither the inferiority of the one nor the superiority of the other caused the breach between Judaism and Christianity. It was the supposed, or imagined, divine character of Jesus that erected an insurmountable division between the two communities, which have otherwise so many things in common with each other. Jews, who have followed in the last two thousand years so many true and false 'Saviours,' could not have rejected Jesus without good reasons. Some of them saw the danger clearly, others by intuition. The new religion without the corrective influence would have plunged the world into greater darkness and barbarism than that which it actually did. If there is a proof needed for the existence of God, for the Providence of an Almighty Power, the unique history of the Jewish People, and not the annals of the Church, will provide such. The old Rabbinic preaching still holds good, which connects the perpetuity of Israel with the doctrine of an Everlasting God.

A. MARMORSTEIN.

THE AGE OF THE SPIRIT.

JESSIE L. WESTON, D.Litt.

THERE must have been many to whom, as to the present writer, the announcement of the subject of last year's Church Congress, 'The Eternal Spirit,' came as a welcome surprise. Could it be that the Church was at last awakening to what had been, for so long, the great defect in her teaching? From the prefatory notices published in the papers it seemed as if this were indeed so; and the impression was confirmed when, in answer to the criticisms of *The Church Times*, which devoted a leading article to the demonstration of the unsuitability of the proposed programme, the spokesman of the Congress Committee did not hesitate to express his opinion that the teaching of the Church of England on the Person and Office of the Third Person of the Trinity had, up to now, been wholly inadequate.

That he was expressing a truth which has of late years impressed itself deeply upon many minds can hardly be gainsaid. Theoretically the Church of England is Trinitarian: we express in the Creeds, recited in our offices day by day, our belief in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life, who with the Father and Son is to be worshipped, and glorified. On certain special days we are more explicit; and, in the language of the Athanasian Creed, we proclaim our belief in the full and absolute equality of the Three Persons of the Trinity. They are co-eternal and co-equal; a quality predicated of any one Person is *ipso facto* predicated of each and either of the others. No statement could

be more precise and categorical. The theory is unimpeachable; what of the practice?

Saving for the Feasts of Whitsuntide and Trinity, when the subject is forced upon our attention, in how many churches, from one year's end to another, is any definite teaching upon the Person and Office of the Holy Ghost to be heard? How many of the young people who are to-day being taught to make the Angelic Salutation a part of their daily devotions, are ever encouraged to use the Collect for Whitsunday? Among the Masses daily celebrated in our Anglo-Catholic churches how many are Masses of the Holy Ghost?

We frequently read in the Anglo-Catholic papers criticisms of the League of Nations, as not being a definitely Christian organization. "Its sessions are never opened with a Mass." Has any one ever seen a suggestion that they might with advantage be opened by a recitation of the '*Veni Creator*'?

If we were really honest with ourselves, would we not admit that, whatever be our theory, we are in practice *Uni*tarian?—that we concentrate more and more exclusively upon the worship of the Second Person of the Trinity, upon the doctrine of the Incarnation and its extension in the Sacrament of the Eucharist. We hear to-day curiously little about the importance of Baptism,—so supreme a preoccupation for the Early Church,—and ignore, more or less completely, alike the Father and the Holy Spirit.

The extraordinary result in which such defective teaching may issue was strikingly exemplified by a statement in an important work upon Mediæval Romance, recently published by a scholar now deceased, whose name, under the circumstances, it may be more charitable to withhold. The writer in question, a firm

upholder of the Christian and mystical interpretation of the Grail Legend, did not hesitate to identify the Aged King, sustained in life by the Host, with the Holy Ghost. Nothing but the most habitually inadequate teaching on the subject could account for such an extraordinary aberration.

But what is the reason for such inadequacy? Most probably one of the principal grounds is to be found in the familiar artistic representation of the Holy Spirit under the form of a Dove, while the First and Second Persons of the Trinity are similarly represented in human form. Add to this the fact that probably not one person in a thousand really understands the force of the symbolism.

To the general nine hundred and ninety-nine, the Dove connotes the idea of gentleness, of peace. "Be ye harmless as doves" expresses the general view. But to the originators of the symbolism the idea was that of quickening, of fecundity. Dove and Fish, the most prolific of living creatures, were ancient Life-symbols, and were, as such, taken over by the Christian Church.

The early Gnostic sects were in no doubt as to the *rôle* of the Third Person of the Trinity as the Giver of Life. In some systems the Third Person was regarded as female; and we even find in certain texts Christ represented as speaking of 'My Mother the Holy Spirit.' It was this essential life-giving, quickening, power which was embodied in the form of the Dove.

The Middle Ages seem to have been more sensible of the importance of the Holy Spirit than we are. I referred above to the fact that among the multitude of Masses celebrated to-day we but rarely hear a 'Mass of the Holy Ghost.' It is curious how frequently in Mediæval Romance, when the hero, having passed the

night at a castle, hears Mass before riding forth at dawn, we are told it was a Mass '*du Saint Esprit.*'

One of the most remarkable of the religious movements of the 13th century was that associated with the name of the Abbot Joachim of Flora, in Calabria. Born about 1132, he received, during a voyage in the East, in 1158, on Mount Tabor, on Easter Eve, what he believed to be a revelation as to the true meaning of the Scriptures. Becoming a Cistercian monk, he broke away from the main Order, founding a stricter branch at Fiore, or Flora, in Calabria, where he died in his Abbey of San Giovanni, in 1202. Previously to his death Joachim had issued, to the Abbots and monks under his rule, an encyclical directing them to submit his works to the judgment of the Holy See after his decease.

Joachim's main theory was a curious, and most striking one. According to him there were to be Three Ages, or Dispensations, corresponding to the Three Persons of the Trinity. The First Age, the Dispensation of the Father, the period from Adam to Christ, in which the people of the Lord were living under the Law, and had not attained to liberty, was already passed. The Second, the Christian Dispensation, under which Joachim himself lived, was passing; it was liberty in comparison with the Past, but not with the Future. The Final Dispensation, that of the Spirit, the reign of Love, should be that of perfect liberty. Its teaching would be that of the 'Everlasting Gospel' referred to in the Apocalypse: "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth" (Rev. xiv. 6). Like most of the seers of the Middle Ages, Joachim anticipated this final Dispensation, which would usher in the end of the world, to be near at hand; by elaborate

calculation he fixed the date of the coming in of the New Age for the year 1260.

The effect of Joachim's writings was remarkable. The period was one of turmoil and unrest, of wars and rumours of wars; and many souls, grievously vexed by their distressful surroundings, seized eagerly upon the promise of a coming release. Especially was this the case among the Franciscans (Joachim was said to have foretold the coming of the Friars) and a number of the 'Spirituals,' those who adhered faithfully to the rule of the Founder, were professed Joachites.

Joachim's works were condemned by the Holy See; but he himself was never held to have been guilty of more than 'unconscious heresy,' and Dante does not scruple to place him in Paradise, and to ascribe to him prophetic gifts:

> *Il Calabrese Abate Gioacchimo*
> *Di spirito profetico dotato.* (Par. xii. 140, 141.)

There may be some among us to-day who wonder whether Dante did not perhaps speak truly. The perspective of the old Abbot was indeed mistaken; but was the vision false? Is it not possible that we are to-day standing on the threshold of that Age of the Spirit to which Joachim looked forward as the hope for the crying ills of his time?

Frequently as we hear complaints of the materialism of the day, there is, I think, strong evidence of a keen and growing interest in spiritual things. That such interest may take a curious form and seek uncharted paths, may be readily admitted. The growth of Spiritism, the eagerness with which people probe into the various forms of 'Occultism,' are sufficient proof. But there is also undeniable evidence that the same forces are at work within the field of Orthodoxy. Any

book on Mysticism is pretty well assured of a good sale; the works of the Christian Mystics issue from the press in a steady stream of new or revised editions.

And there are more practical signs. I doubt if there has ever been a period in our history when there was a more genuine spirit of good-will abroad, so real a desire that justice should be done to all, that every man should have his chance, and that all forms of oppression and injustice should be discouraged. That this very widespread feeling sometimes takes unwise forms may be true. Because public opinion to-day will not tolerate the sight of men and women starving through lack of employment, it does not follow that a dole, which removes the incentive to work, is a wise remedy. The Spirit of Goodwill may operate in advance of the Spirit of Wisdom!

It may be objected: But what of the bitter spirit of hatred and envy informing the Class-war, of which we hear so much? Does not the undeniable existence of such a body of feeling, such a demonstration of organized Ill-will, disprove any argument for the growing force and activity of the Spirit of Good? On the contrary, I believe we have here a direct proof of the soundness of the theory advanced above. If the Spirit of Good exists, so does the Spirit of Evil; and activity on the one side is bound to be met and countered by activity on the other. In the 13th century the followers of the Abbot Joachim held that the New Dispensation would be heralded by the appearance of Anti-Christ; and they recognized the Enemy of God in the person of the Emperor, Frederick II. To-day we should probably hesitate to identify any given personality with this embodiment of Evil; but we might well recognize the enemy, alike of God and man, in

a movement which was manifestly informed by the Spirit of Ill-will and Hatred. The very existence of such a movement is in itself a challenge to that Holy Spirit whose fruits are Love, Joy and Peace.

In such a discussion it would be unfair to ignore that movement which, under the name of Anglo-Catholicism, is ostensibly bent on bringing about such a reunion of Christendom as shall secure Peace and universal Brotherhood. It may be doubted whether, in spite of the manifest earnestness and sincerity of many of the leaders, the results are not likely to be the very reverse of what they are aiming at. Unfortunately, behind the movement, and inspiring its advocates, is an entirely mistaken, and wildly fantastic, historic conception. They have painted for themselves a glowing and roseate picture of a Catholic Europe which never existed, to whose imaginary joys they believe it possible to return. It seems impossible, when we read their utterances, to realize that these men, responsible leaders of souls, can really be so ignorant of the conditions of life in Mediæval Europe; of the utter spiritual degradation which drove the righteous, from time to time down to the Reformation, to a conviction that the end of the world must be at hand, that God could no longer tolerate such wickedness in his holy places.

We are assured that, were the nations once more at unity within the Catholic Church, they would dwell in peace and brotherly concord. Did they ever do so? Was there ever a period when brother was more at variance with brother, when internecine wars were more prevalent, than in the years preceding the Reformation? Let those who dream of a vanished Paradise, read the records of the Italian cities, with their appalling stories of cruelty and slaughter inflicted by one

group of good Catholics upon another. The whole of history gives the lie to these fond and fair imaginings.

Let us concede freely, as any Christian will do, that the Sacrament of the Eucharist should be, was intended to be, the Sacrament of Unity; but, in fact, did it not prove the Sacrament of Disunion? So long as the Church accepted and received the Sacrament in the sense expressed in the well-known lines:

> Christ was the Word that spake it,
> He took the Bread and brake it,
> And what that Word doth make it,
> That I believe, and take it—

there could be peace in the Household of God.

When, a thousand years after the Institution, the Church definitely committed herself to a theory which, as understood by the people, led to the grossest material conceptions, but as intended by its promulgators involved a philosophical and metaphysical conception only to be grasped by trained minds, religious unity received its death-blow.

From that conception the Reformers freed us; to that conception we are bidden, in the name of Brotherhood and Unity, to return to-day. Are we not justified in arguing that to return to these Mediæval conceptions is to put the clock back? Nay, rather, that we are being urged to return to that which never had existence; that real progress lies in recognizing the ever-growing force of that Eternal Spirit, which worketh where it listeth and can mould social, as well as ecclesiastical, institutions to its will?

Very many years ago I came upon, first a translation, then the original, of Heine's *Berg Idylle;* and the impression it made upon me has been enduring. Heine is little read to-day; and I have found, when referring to the poem, that my hearers are never familiar with

it. Yet it seems to me to be a fine, so far as I know, unique, expression of a profound truth. It runs thus:

The poet finds himself one evening astray in a mountain forest. He comes to a wayside inn, and asks shelter for the night. There are father, mother and young daughter. The elder couple retire to bed, leaving the poet and the girl beside the fire. They fall into intimate conversation, and the girl asks the poet what is his faith,—does he believe in the Blessed Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost? The poet avows his belief, showing how, with each stage of growth, belief in one Person after the other has been entwined.

As a child, conscious of the loving care of his parents, he learned to believe in God, the All-loving Father. As he grew to manhood and was conscious of temptation, sin and repentance, he realized the love of God the Son, who took manhood upon him and redeemed us from our sins. Now that he has grown to full manhood, has lived much, travelled much, his heart swells with ardent belief in the Holy Ghost, whose Office it is to right the wrongs of this world. It was the Holy Spirit that destroyed the strongholds of the knightly robbers; it is the Holy Spirit that, wherever men are battling for right against wrong, is the inspiring force. All true reformers are knights and servants of the Holy Ghost. And the poem ends with an inspiring picture:

> See, their thousand swords are gleaming,
> And their banners wave in fight.
> What, thou fain would'st see, my dearest,
> Such a brave and noble knight?
> Well then, look upon me, darling,
> I am of that noble host;
> Kiss me, I am an elected
> True knight of the Holy Ghost!

JESSIE L. WESTON.

THE TWO JACOBS.

AN IMPRESSION OF JACOB EPSTEIN.

It was right in the middle of the War, on a mid-summer's day of the year 1916 of the Christian era. The War-lords had still, according to their calculations, to drink up another measure of blood. And the Profiteer-lords had still to stuff with money the other halves of their cellars.

And as each day passed, the streets of London became more and more thickly thronged with the youth of the great Empire, mobilized to give their bodies up to wounds, and to surrender their lives to death, so that England should remain free, and freer.

In those heroic days when I, together with millions of my race, felt that our National Liberation was dependent on England,—on the sacrifices she offered up to victory,—at such a time I was standing in the middle of my glass cage, with an aching conscience, buying and selling jewels, beads, images and crucifixes of all religions; and I was modelling, with passion, rings, ear-rings and pendants, with which to ornament and beautify still more the already too beautiful ladies.

Day after day, and night after night, many newspapers were inciting the people against aliens, and particularly against those aliens of aliens,—the Russian-Polish Jews. Therefore it was, at that time, extremely difficult for a Russian-Polish Jew to breathe in the broad, open street which was burning with

wounds, choking with hate and resounding with the footsteps of heroes.

Then, it came to pass that a young couple came into my shop. (One can easily recognize a husband and wife.) They began searching amongst my ear-rings, scornfully discarding all the machine-made absurdly tiny little ones. But they lingered over the richly-coloured, long-living ear-rings.

It seemed to me that the woman was a Christian, and the man—a Scotchman! Whilst thinking this, I noticed that the man was beginning to be interested in me. And he asked me in a quick voice, like one who dares:

"What nationality are you?"

My heart began to pound as rapidly as the latest French gun, the '75.' And my nose became as pale as a poor Ghetto looking-glass. So I scraped together my last reserve of courage, and burst out:

"I am a Russian-Polish Jew."

He stretched out to me a strong, heavy, warm hand, and said;

"Shake hands! So am I."

"Who are you?"

"I am Jacob Epstein," he answered.

As I write these words, sentimental tears are streaming from my eyes. And there has come up to me a little white-black kitten, who has begun to lick me in consolation. And I think to myself: "Israel is not widowed."

This was my first meeting with the mighty sculptor of our heroic time.

In the ten years which have elapsed since then, Madame Epstein has come to me very frequently. If she had money, she felt happy. She bought of me the

most beautiful rings and ear-rings. But when she was feeling depressed, and when her husband was being adversely criticized, I lent her many beautiful things, so that there should be enough for her and for Epstein's models; but not for the pound of flesh, and not for the pint of blood—to spite the Bard of Stratford-on-Avon.

I saw Epstein but seldom. But every time we met, we grew nearer to each other.

At the beginning of this year, Epstein happened to be standing at my counter, running his fingers, which still had fresh clay in their pores, through a new collection of old and antique rings. And he was very little inspired by them. But now and again he lifted up his eyes, and they swung like a twin cradle over my face, from my chin right on to my high forehead, from my right cheek-bone to deep into my left ear. And his face grew brighter and brighter.

"All right," said I to him. "If you like you can have my head, and make a 'somebody' of it."

Said he:

"Come to me. That is what I should have liked."

A few days later I was already sitting in his studio in Guilford Street, with my exile-scarred head on my shoulders—sitting on the creative dais of our sculptor.

Ten years I had known him as Jacob Epstein, as the assimilated English-American sculptor—him, who looks like a sort of Jewish bricklayer, his face pale with the clay and ruin-dust,—him of the black curly hair, like our Jewish caligraphy,—him of the pure, dreamy, festival eyes, and with his lips in a pose, as of sucking. And I had the illusion that his trousers were a little too long.

But I saw him now in his full stature, when he

flung off his coat and his waistcoat, tucked up his shirt-sleeves, tore off his collar, bared his chest and betook himself to his work.

It was as if he had thrown off himself an entire starched civilization. His whole appearance was transformed into that of a severely-majestic Jewish saint. His eyes grew deep and large, his forehead wrinkled in the breadth and in the length. And his lips were murmuring prayers.

I saw before me a Jacob Epstein who was searching for some sort of order in our life of the flesh, and who yearned to put an abundant soul into the chaotic clay of the 'graven image.'

Springing about like a leopard, around his helpless model, excited and breathing heavily, he held a piece of clay which trembled and vibrated, and which he was kneading between his fingers, in the same way that the rabbi kneads the scrap of bread, with ecstasy, the while his disciples are singing hymns of praise. And as he moved about he kept ejaculating a bitter oath:

"Damn! Since the war one cannot get a good bit of clay. Damn!"

And he continued to work with enthusiasm, force and swiftness, pouring holiness and passion into the dull clay, whenever he found the opening, the opportunity, as was befitting a great, stern father of the coming generations of creative artists.

And when do his prayers and curses reach the highest pitch of ecstasy? Only at such times as he is searching for the Divine Spark of the innermost being of things. At such times he shakes the universe; he breaks locks, and storms gates; begs, robs and plunders from the Almighty himself a soul for the clay which has become narrow, shrunken and debased. At such

times, Jacob becomes a tearing, devouring lion, with the strength of immortality in his loins.

But, when it comes to modelling and polishing the superficiality of limbs and skin of the man, then, he, too, becomes human and limited. All his movements, all his attitudes are courteous and sympathetic. His childlike eyes lick one and comfort one, in the same way that my kitten licks and comforts me. They lose their wild ancient-Hebrew prophetic power, their cosmic expression. They become Christian-like, and very, very kind.

At such times Jacob is a sweet, gentle little lamb. It is a pleasure to touch his warm fleece.

Off me he flayed the shaven skin. And he set me down bleeding, raw, just as I am. He tore open wide my little-business eyes. He placed before me the mission of my ideal.

"See what you are living for!" my eyes seemed to cry aloud.

Of my curled ears, he cast a pair of bells which are ringing aloud with joy and exultation.

My weak lips he propped up with a chin-pedestal; and he locked and sealed them, so that they shall carry in themselves the full measure of flames of sorrow and joy, He bent my ugly nose to look like my grandfather's ram's-horn. It trumpets in lordly fashion, out of two nostrils.

And from the firmamental brow there grows down a thick, wild forest of prickly hair.

And although the entire bronze structure stands on a foundation of a delicate little neck which now, now seems to be bending under its insupportable load, now, now seems to be on the point of collapsing and

getting shattered to fragments,—nevertheless, Jacob will remain for ever the Messenger of a diviner Image.

MOYSHEH OYVED.

THE EMBRYONIC CINEMA.

THE CINEMA: THE ART OF CHILDHOOD OR THE CHILDHOOD OF ART?

RAYMOND SCHWAB.

I HAVE been to the cinema. This is the third time in a life which, I am happy to think, may not have run more than two-thirds of its allotted span. The first time was after the Balkan War of 1912. Friends just back from Epirus took me off with them to a dismal hole. There, on a vertical screen of very doubtful white, I saw wriggling about shadows that could be distinguished from the screen only because they were of dirtier tint. Daguerre and Niepce in their graves must have wondered what leprous splashes were these that discoloured the photographs. That we might not remain under the faintest illusion we were witnessing battle-scenes, crackers exploding from time to time behind the screen made us at least blink. One of my companions said to another: "Don't you remember?" But it was only the printed description that brought back anything to their memory.

After this, long convinced that the new art did not appeal to me in the least, I lived in a state of sadness

befitting the abnormal. About the year 1919, my friends said there was no need to despair of me so long as I had not seen *Forfeiture*, a masterpiece, which would prove a decisive test. The result was no more satisfactory.

But time passes and the glories of the cinema-world change their sphere of action. By the Northern railway lines there pour into Paris American screen-celebrities, who have come to take the measure of the Eiffel Tower and to judge Michel Angelo by a gold standard. Shall I confess that I was so ignorant as to wonder, when the press extolled them to the skies, whether they were popular assassins or millionaires who had cornered the market? The awful position was becoming untenable; under the pressure of actual facts I felt myself yielding once again.

This time, however, I took every precaution I could think of. I made arrangements with three experts on the following conditions: 1. When a landscape is beginning to prove interesting, it shall not suddenly disappear. 2. As accompaniment to the opening of a school or a college, the orchestra shall confine itself to *The Ride of the Walküre*. 3. I shall be made to laugh without being shown persons running after one another or beating one another on the head. Yes, these promises were actually made!

Needless to say, not one of them was kept. What madness to insist on doing away with running legs and fighting fists, the very salt of life! One must also be resigned to the fact that the cinema, being mainly intended for practical demonstrations of ophthalmology, shows us eyes that are to be found in no other ethnographical collection. Remember too that the cinema-business is carried on in lands where, between

the native tribes and the white settlers, the only common language is that of the apes: hence the necessity to attribute fresh values and meanings to blows and grimaces. Still, might not the task of the spectators be facilitated if they were given lists indicating which category of glance belonged to which particular character?

Indeed, efforts have been made along these lines: bills and descriptions anticipate—and surpass—our desires. As may be seen when honoured clients have difficulties with the alphabet, it even happens that the descriptions remain on the screen longer than the pictures, the latter not requiring to be spelled. On the average, allow 25 *per cent.* of picture for 75 per cent. of description. You first see this notice: "The king is about to tell the young lady that he loves her." Behold the noble sovereign and the girl at a distance from you of fifteen paces, fourteen, thirteen and a half, and so on, until you receive the enormous splash full in your face. Owing to my lack of experience I even looked to see if it were behind me! From time to time, you may quite easily attend to your own personal affairs; for not once or twice, but thirty-three times returns the description: "He tells her that he loves her. She says that she does not love him."

A thrill of excitement fills the breasts of the spectators. The young lady thinks of killing the king. Luckily on the screen appear the words: "She has a dagger; but he has a coat of mail, etc." And these sentences are so simple that you hear your neighbours practise translating them into various tongues. That you may not lose the thread of events, you are reminded that you were informed that the king was on the point of telling the young lady that he wants her; that he

has told her so; that she has said she will have nothing to do with him; that she has a dagger, but he has a coat of mail like everyone else. In proof of which, you are shown the dagger, the hand that holds it and the dealer who sold it . . . also the coat of mail, and the museum from which the model was taken, and the tiny insect prowling about the king's body! And then you are invited to note that you have just seen the Fifth Episode (*five*, 5, V, 2+3, 4+1, 5×1), in which—repeat it, write it down, learn it by heart—there was a young lady who wanted to kill the king.

Summary actions and rudimentary feelings; few and conventional types which obviate the necessity of any mental effort; a perpetual commentary on a spectacle that cannot be made self-sufficing in spite of everything (in Japan, it appears, they even have the humbug and patter of a man to explain the pictures, word for word);—what an encouragement to stupidity it all is! Varieties of national stupidities can be catalogued according to the several film-producing countries. Old nations, those that have a long artistic tradition behind them, seem particularly clumsy and inept, condemned to failure and ridicule; they resemble grown-up people lisping to make themselves understood by children. The younger nations, on the other hand, are quite unembarrassed. This puerile art is of the same age as themselves; they will help each other to develop, and we might almost be tempted to attribute to the cinema some possibility of progress.

Perhaps, indeed, an art should not have a future unless it be at the same time—and to the same degree—as a people. Perhaps every art in its infancy seems intended for infants. Beyond a certain rather brief childhood does not art begin to die, when the nation

that invented or rediscovered it has come to the end of its own childhood? Does not childhood imply ignorance, artlessness and faith, qualities henceforth lacking in the whole of our æsthetic productions? No doubt it is because they feared this, that our contemporaries are about to appeal to be made young again by stammering academies of a polytonic or super-realistic character.

The reproach we bring against the cinema—that of restricting its ambitions to the representation of invariable and petty adventures, to pleasing people by trivial and puerile means—is not one that should deprive us of all hope on its account. The various arts, whether in their first simplicity or when they attain to a degree of technical perfection which turns the head of the artist himself, delight in images that show close pursuits or hand-to-hand encounters. Think of the numerous swarm of India's multiform gods, the combats between the hundred-armed deities on the walls of Angkor. Enter certain museums or churches in Italy, S. Pantaleone of Venice, S. Ignazio of Rome, S. Martino of Naples: by what means do the *virtuosi*, who took such frantic and childish joy in painting,—Tiepolo, Luca Giordano, Father Pozzo, Fumiani, Solimena,—compel our admiration and amusement? Here too we see nothing but whirling arms and capering legs. There is something irresistible in these intertwinings of human limbs, whereby man plunges into free space in complex multiplied forms, surrounding with movement his apparent and central captive state.

The indiscriminate verbal wealth of explanatory descriptions raises a smile. Why did the Gothic sculptors, when depicting the best-known characters

and scenes of Holy Writ, think it their duty to accompany them with phylacteries which would remove from the minds of the faithful all doubt as to their identity? Equally fore-seeing were the Greek potters: who, indeed, in sixth-century Athens, was not acquainted with the story of Atalanta and Meleager? The creator of the François vase, having to paint the Calydonian boar hunt, nevertheless distrusts either his own skill or the intelligence of the public; and so he adds the name of each of the characters, and even, I believe, of the boar itself!

Are we to despise an embryonic art because of the monotony of its forms and representations? But then, all art has invariably dealt with few subjects; each art seeks after its own stock ideas and begins to decay once it has found them. The Pagan frescoes we see at Naples and Pompeii reproduce *ad nauseam* a few inevitable themes, and the same thing happens with ceramics and sculpture; Christian painting has scarcely changed from the times of the Catacombs. To stereotype and make conventional a mere handful of human beings, a few situations, has been the object of the theatre at all times and under every clime.

The reason why connoisseurs gave so cordial a reception to Jackie Coogan and Charlie Chaplin, was because they welcomed a date when, for the first time with any prospect of duration, two actors set forth a tradition. How did their good fortune come about, seeing that the former is a child singularly qualified to synthesize the charm of boyhood, and the latter a clown whose main object is to draw special attention to the childish element in every human action or attitude? It resulted from the fact that they found themselves in harmony with the essential nature of the cinema,

and at the same stage of thought as itself: hence the unity, coarse though suggestive, of the spectacle. Through them the cinema contacted art, for it passed from puerility to childhood; it carried us back to times when dancing and shouting round a fire thrilled a savage tribe into ecstasies of delight. But does not this very success imply that every effort made by the cinema to go beyond this primitive stage is condemned to failure?

One fact cannot be denied: Whenever *scenari* or interpreters aim at something higher than trained animals or children, their ambition seems out of place, their position untenable. In sheer lassitude, we have all reached the stage when we have longed to find some new power of persuasion and helpful contagion, when we have hoped that some spiritual enjoyment was about to be born. Whereas our old arts, tottering with too much erudition, fail to revive by means of ever ephemeral—because partial—revolutions, here we have a candidate for their succession asking outright the æsthetic question, taking it up at its very beginnings,—the games of a child. Shall we not promise it the same evolutionary development as its predecessors? Well, I am afraid that the principle of the cinema is the negation of the principle of art.

In order to dethrone plastic action chained to inert matter, the cinema claims to represent movement, to be nothing but movement. But is it not true that the essential effect of a canvas or a marble statue is to instil within us sensations of effort, of a change of place, to call upon us to prolong, by a sort of interior imitation, the events of which these sensations are no more than the starting-point? The finished product itself is motionless; but it creates mobility in us. The

cinema, on the other hand, imperiously forbids all personal action; this it alone would assume. Into a sequence of facts it calls upon us to introduce nothing of our own initiative; never does there take place in our mind—where it must take place—the action which links a future on to a past. Hence it comes about that nothing seems to happen, but something is going to happen, and then has just happened: the apparent movements of the cinema are but the jerkings of immobilities ousting one another. The representations remain isolated in our consciousness, as are the negatives on a film; by arbitrarily imposing on us the many disunited moments of some wild action, our entire experience of life has been baffled; our personality, which alone could effect a recomposition, has been neutralized; the collaboration of the spectator, on which æsthetic enjoyment depends, has been eliminated. It is an irreparable error to imagine that the unfolding of a spectacle can be elsewhere than within ourselves. A fault of life itself, which cannot come from matter placed beneath our eyes, these tracings and imitations of reality are but collections of instants immediately dead.

To what necessity, then, does this invisible development which we call æsthetic enjoyment correspond? The plastic arts appear simply spatial; and we possess no adequate knowledge of our sensations in space alone, but only in time also. Now, it is actually this prolongation of images within ourselves that places art outside of space; it would be confined therein did we not introduce the element of duration. The cinema undertakes to hold and absorb this element; but, as we have just seen, it confines itself rather to translating duration into extension. And

also, from the outset, in order to restore the illusion, it calls to its aid music, the very art which lives wholly in duration. Whilst our eyes are registering a series of fixities which, as they succeed one another, do not create movement within us, the rolling strains of music give to the whole body the indispensable sensation of mobility. But is it not a preliminary abdication to add one more to so many other subterfuges? Here one might dread that the child were too precocious, and henceforth incorrigible.

In conclusion, the cinema on principle abdicates the very first condition of all art: the intellectual activity of the public. There has been no attempt to introduce any question of morals into this brief examination. All the same, it would not be without interest to note that our old European culture, whilst a spirit of pure destruction threatens it from the East, is menaced in a more secret, perhaps a more dangerous, fashion, by seeing the world's spiritual centre of gravity removed to the West, and the scale of values there prevailing, along with the many ways of adorning and improving life, imposed.

RAYMOND SCHWAB.

(Authorised Translation by FRED ROTHWELL, B.A.)

THE MIDDAY OF THE WORLD.

Ages have gone,
And ages yet shall be,
While we,
At the meridian
Of this mystic world,
Standing in song,
Unleash a symphony,
A massive music beyond right or wrong.
For now has come
The Midday of the World.
The Sun,
On high,
Balances the Past,
Upon this point, the Present,
'Gainst Futurity.

And now the mountains
Of the Night and Day,
The giant Kuen-Lun,
Divide both East and West;
While, from their summits,
All the waters run
To Past and Future,
Till the Day seems vast,
Like an immeasurable ocean,
Dazzling clear,
With myriad diamond points;

Above whose blaze I hear
The great winds carrying, on their eagle wings,
Sound
Of the World's New Scripture.

BARNETT D. CONLAN.

FERN FRONDS.

LIFE's twilight comes softly,
Like a mist shutting out the glare.
The day has been long ;
I am weary of the market-place,—
Its heat, its fret, its hate :
The crepusculing greyness brings rest
A little before night's blackness.
I lay down the burden ;
I am free to seek,
As I did at day's dawning,
That which I loved—
Ere the call of the market-place came—
Uncurling fern-fronds, grey-green,
Hiding, like bonneted children, life-shy,
By the side of the whispering brook.
In the upward thrust of tiny, tender things
Through cumb'ring clods of earth down-pressing
(Power unconquered and gentle, life over clay triumphant)
In the unbonneting to greet God's glory,—
In this shall I find life's secret, its mystery and purpose ?
The secret sought in life's noon-tide,
In passion, in lust and in pain,
In pride, in humility, in despair,
Cried for, demanded, prayed for,

And in the glare of the noon-tide ever denied,—
Will it unfold for me now in the twilight,
Here by the whispering brook,
The mystery ever displayed,
Yet, in innermost essence, ever withheld,—
As I watch the fern-fronds unfold?

J. B. MONTGOMERY MCGOVERN.

REVERSION.

IT may be that some old bequest
Of faith or love, some undivined
Unchanging spirit, is possessed
Still of the background of my mind.

For, though by reason fortified
To face the thing that needs must be,
And even to take a dreary pride
In being from all illusion free,

When Death so near me passes by,
My comrade hears and follows his drum,
I can but—wondering how shall I
Acquit myself my own turn come—

Suspect that forth upon my way
I shall not sally strong of heart;
That on the threshold I shall play
No bold, no philosophic part;

But with a childlike meekness fare
To that Unknown awaiting me,
Upon my lips the simple prayer
Learnt long since at my mother's knee.

W. G. HOLE.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

(Unsigned Reviews or Notices are by the Editor.)

JESUS CHRIST AND HIS REVELATION.

Fresh Evidence from Christian Sources and Josephus. By Vacher Burch, D.D., Lecturer in Theology, Liverpool Cathedral. London (Chapman & Hall), pp. 177; 9s. net.

WE could wish that our well-equipped and amazingly industrious colleague had stated his thesis and conclusions in less fluent diction or, alternatively, with more prosaic precision. As it is, with the best will to understand, we fear that we may misrepresent his finer contentions. On the one hand, we seem to be asked to believe that the key to the understanding of the nature of the revelation of the founder of Christianity is to be sought by tracing back the method of the 'proof from prophecy' Testimonia-collections ultimately to himself. Now it is true that the work done by Prof. Rendel Harris and Dr. Vacher Burch in disinterring and tracing back the mass of O.T. 'proof-texts,' or alleged 'prophecies,' used by the earliest and succeeding Christians of the first centuries in their controversies with the Jews, to prove that Jesus was, not only the Messiah, but also the fulfilment of a large number of other allied types of prophetical utterance,—is of immense value. It does no less than restore to us the first Christian 'book,' edited and expanded as it grew, but already in existence when Paul and the later evangelists wrote. Dr. Burch, if we do not misunderstand him, seems further to contend that this method originated with Jesus himself, and discloses the very essence of his own self-revelation. This may be historically true. But if so, we seem to be enmeshed in a maze of 'scripture' and its strongly particularistic interpretation from the very beginning, and to move in a world where the free inspiration of the Divine Spirit is hampered at the start by the religious thought-sphere of a special nation's hopes and fears. And yet Dr. Burch is ever dwelling on the 'anti-Judaism of Jesus Christ' and 'the inherent power of Christ's revelation to overthrow the religions of the ancient world.'

It would seem, moreover, that our author holds not only to the 'divinity' but also to the very 'deity' of Jesus. Otherwise what are we to make of the following, which succeeds to a very interesting treatment of one of the Talmud Jesus-stories or rather name-play pieces? "We are unconscious that we talmudize the figure and teaching of Jesus Christ. We acutely complain that the book of the Arabian religion kûranises Jesus Christ. And yet Mahomet only did what the Jews and we, in our various ways, have done. Let us put the New Testament in the place of the Kûran, and then review our parable. If the Talmud depraves the nature of Jesus Christ with cynicism, and the Kûran talmudises Him so that He becomes an inferior Jewish prophet, then we are guilty of a double talmudisation of the One we are said to follow. We commit that offence, firstly, as accessory to the fact, and, secondly, by concerted deed. And yet what Talmud and Kûran do consciously we do doubly, not knowing that we do as they. There is nothing that seems so natural to us as that we should fill Jesus and His teaching with Old Testament values, in order that He might fulfil Moses and the prophets. We judaise Him even when we call Him Son of God and Redeemer. He is shaded off into the ancient scheme of thoughts and practices, as if it were impossible to believe that the New had superseded the Old Testament! We talmudise Him with reverence; the Talmudists did that with obloquy." We confess we are here puzzled at what seems to be a fundamental self-contradiction in our author's exposition, which is otherwise illuminated by a number of instructive side-lights.

As to the newly discovered so-called 'Slavonic Josephus' material,—Dr. Burch argues out and out for its authenticity. It should not be forgotten that, speaking generally, after a brief discussion in Germany, following on the introduction of this material to the world of scholarship by Berendts in 1906, the subject was practically put into cold-storage, being dismissed *en gros* as an instance of later interpolation. In this country practically no notice was paid to it until I wrote in THE QUEST, in 1924, an article based mainly on Frey's judicious treatment of the subject in a volume (Dorpat, 1908) that had never been previously mentioned in English. Since then the sticks have been crackling under the pot, and it is now boiling furiously. If the pieces in the Old North Russian version, which are missing in the classical Greek text of the 'Wars' of Josephus, are authentic, —that is, if they were written by the historian himself,—then

they constitute the most valuable earliest external evidence we possess concerning Jesus and the first Christians. It is therefore a matter of the very first importance. I am personally still undecided. Though, on the whole, recent research on the subject is tending towards clarifying a number of important points, the main hypothesis, without which there can be no question of authenticity, —namely, the existence, when the Slav version was made, of the original Hebrew or Aramaic text of the Josephean 'Wars' (or of a Greek unbowdlerized version from this original)—is still *sub judice*. Dr. Burch appears to rely on the existence of MSS. in Serbia (which he promises to get made accessible in translation in the future), claiming that they represent an earlier stratum of translation into early Old Slavonic (South Russian) prior to the Mediæval North Russian MSS. which are the only ones hitherto known. On the face of it, it seems somewhat strange that users of *Old* North Russian should not have been able to read ecclesiastical Slavonic quite easily. A couple of points in Dr. Burch's treatment of the text of the main Jesus-passage in Old North Russian may be mentioned. He dismisses the bribing of Pilate with 'thirty talents' as unhistorical. But if this statement was really made by Josephus, or even derived from floating tradition by some Jewish redactor, the incident seems on the face of it to be more probable than the familiar 'thirty pieces of silver' story. Again, the text reads, with regard to Pilate: "He (Jesus) had healed his dying wife." Everybody but Dr. Burch has previously so translated it. We therefore do not understand what authority Dr. Burch has for rendering 'healed' by 'heeded.' Here again the 'Josephus' statement seems to belong to the class of the more probable. Finally, I can find no trace of the 'Slav Josephus's' account in the heavily Christianized Latin 'Hegesippus.' The reference to Jesus there is, in my judgment, based entirely on the famous Greek 'Antiquities' passage, the authenticity of which has been for long so highly disputed. Dr. Burch would find peculiarities of 'S. J.' in 'Hegesippus.' However, every contribution by a competent scholar to this fascinating subject is of value; it always tends to clarify some of the subordinate problems or remove some of the minor difficulties. The main issue of this battle of literary history, however, in my opinion, has by no means yet been fought to a finish; for in such a contest powerful subjective factors are always at work and are very difficult to overcome.

RELIGION IN THE MAKING.

By Alfred North Whitehead, F.R.S., Sc.D. (Camb.), Hon. D.Sc. (Manchester), Hon. LL.D. (St. Andrews), Hon. D.Sc. (Wisconsin), Hon. Sc.D. (Harvard), Prof. of Philosophy in Harvard University. Lowell Lectures, 1926. Cambridge (University Press); pp. 160: 6s. net.

IN our last October number we reviewed with the highest appreciation Prof. Whitehead's Lowell Lectures for 1925, entitled *Science and the Modern World*. And already now, at so short an interval, we have before us another contribution to philosophical thinking from his fertile pen. We have, unfortunately, no space to review at length this distinguished thinker's views on *religion*; we must perforce, therefore, content ourselves simply with a brief consideration of one or two general, but fundamental, points in the first Lecture. The four Lectures are respectively entitled: (i.) Religion in History; (ii.) Religion and Dogma; (iii.) Body and Spirit; (iv.) Truth and Criticism.

In contrasting the mathematical and religious disciplines, our author writes (p. 15): "You *use* arithmetic, but you *are* religious." Is this, we venture to ask, really so? Could it not as well be said: You *are* mathematical, but you *use* religion? Indeed, we find lower down, on the same page, the paragraph: "A [? high] religion, on its doctrinal side, can . . . be defined as a system of general truths which have the effect of transforming character when they are sincerely held and vividly apprehended." The last clause refers to the final sentence of the preceding paragraph, which reads: ". . . The primary religious virtue is sincerity a penetrating sincerity."

Again (p. 16): "Religion is the art and the theory of the internal life of man, so far as it depends on the man himself and on what is permanent in the nature of things." We could wish perhaps it were so. But, unfortunately, it is only too often nothing of the kind. Moreover, the inner life of man, in higher religion, should ever depend on God and not on one's self. In this connection, Prof. Whitehead speaks of the 'internal life of man' being the 'self-realization of existence'; and we are sorry to confess we can give no satisfactory meaning to the phrase.

Yet again on the same p. 16: "Religion is what a man does with his own solitariness. It runs through three stages, if it evolves to

its final satisfaction. It is the transition from God the void to God the enemy, and from God the enemy to God the companion." Here, in our opinion, the author stresses too weightily personal religion over against its very necessary, complementary, social (institutional) elements; and that, too, when he himself writes later on (p. 137): "Each entity requires its environment. Thus man cannot seclude himself from society." The author follows this up (on p. 17) with the declaration: "Religion is solitariness"; and adds: "If you are never solitary, you are never religious." Both these over-generalized statements are *dogmata* that one is surprised to find in so careful a writer as Prof. Whitehead generally is; especially when we find, lower down on the same page, the obvious, but sorrowful, statement of inescapable fact: "Religion is by no means necessarily good. It may be very evil."

Speaking (p. 18) of the external expression of religion in human history, our Lowell Lecturer finds that the four factors or sides of its manifestation are: (1) ritual, (2) emotion, (3) belief, (4) rationalization. But we have ourselves been wont to regard the main factors or elements of a highly developed religion as: (1) the institutional, (2) the intellectual, (3) the mystical, (4) the side of service (which is only sometimes included). Following on this (p. 19), Whitehead says that, when the emotional factor takes the lead, then belief "makes its appearance as explanatory of the complex of ritual and emotion, and in this appearance of belief we may discern the germ of rationalization." Here he raises the thorny problem as to whether the origin of 'myth' is the explanation of ritual or of customary rites. Personally, we do not think it is so generally the case. We find as often, to say the least of it, that the rites play out the myths. In this regard, our author remarks (p. 25): ". . . We can observe ritualism even among animals, and presumably they are destitute of a mythology." But here we have, I think, a confusion of things only apparently similar, for they are in fact referable to two distinct emergent levels. So-called 'animal ritualism' is due to animals' instinctive response to the play of the life-flow; human religious rites, on the contrary, though sometimes equally instinctive, as in dancing, are frequently consciously determined; and this intervention of the intellect only too often makes havoc of nature's spontaneity.

Continuing (p. 25): "A myth will involve special attention to some persons or some things, real or imaginary. Thus in a sense, the ritual as performed [p. 26] in conjunction with the explanatory purpose of the myth, is the primitive worship of the

hero-person or the hero-thing [*sic*]. But there can be very little disinterested worship among primitive folk—even less than now, if possible. Accordingly, the belief of the myth will involve the belief that something is to be got out of him or it, or that something is to be averted in respect to the evil to be feared from him or it. Thus incantation, prayer, praise, and ritual absorption of the hero deity emerge."

This is more or less the case, in our judgment also. But we are forced to call a halt, when our philosopher adds:

"If the hero be a person, we call the ritual, with its myth, 'religion'; if the hero be a thing, we call it 'magic.' In religion we induce, in magic we compel. The important difference between magic and religion is that magic is unprogressive and religion is sometimes progressive; except in so far as science can be traced back to the progress of magic."

The last sentence seems, to our understanding of it, to be self-contradictory even. Both religion and magic, varying as they do both geographically and chronologically, like everything else in process, progress and retrogress in their manifold phases. If open science replaces artificially secret magic in the general course of evolution,—religion in its historic sense, while in its manifold forms ever, and naturally, patient of ups and downs, shows, on the whole, signs of now evolving, at any rate in the Western world, to an emergent level that, to our present ignorance, has to be represented by the proportional analogy: As science is to magic, so is x to religion. The fundamental, or essential, difference between religion and magic is that: the former (does not 'induce,' as Prof. Whitehead phrases it, but) worships and submits itself to higher and beneficent forces, or propitiates maleficent ones; whereas magic strives to dominate and lusts after the 'will to power.'

But we must conclude. There is no little in this volume to which we can heartily say 'Amen'; but there is also much from which we venture to dissent. Where science is concerned, though unprepared even here to swear by the words of any teacher (remembering that profound, but almost unknown, saying of Rāma Kṛishṇa's: 'Of masters there are many; the trouble is to find a disciple'), we are always glad to 'sit under' Whitehead. But in regard to religion, we venture, with 43 years of close study in matters religious at our back, to think his authority must, necessarily, be less in this frame of reference. But we must spare the reader our detailed criticisms and queries which are

pencilled on many of the pages of these provocative, but always arresting, Lowell Lectures. They will throughout make the reader *think*, and think deeply; and this is a high virtue anyhow.

REALITY: A NEW CORRELATION OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

By B. H. Streeter, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, Fellow of the British Academy. London (Macmillan); pp. 350: 8s. 6d. net.

IN this volume we have the result of some good, hard thinking by a scholar who has won repute in more than one area of the field of Christian theology. Dr. Streeter, of Oxford, has published work on the text of the New Testament, especially on the Synoptic problem, which has placed him high amongst the numerous scholars who have furthered that study. But he has also devoted himself to deeper themes: the Spirit; Prayer; Immortality,—sometimes working with others in the production of group-volumes, sometimes independently. And common agreement has acclaimed his election as a representative of theology in the British Academy. Wisely diversifying his studies, Dr. Streeter has concurrently been ranging over surrounding territory, and this volume gives us his results.

At the outset we have to confess that we are unable to accept the legitimacy of his title, which is, in bold simplicity, *Reality*. Except in the sense that every study deals with Reality in some shape or form, the term is not truly descriptive here; for neither in comprehensiveness nor in system is a study of Reality before us. Inspection of the titles of the chapters shows a selection of topics, whilst frequent endeavours on our part have failed to discover what could be called a system or orderly whole.

The principal topic we may take to be what Dr. Streeter has put down as a sub-title,—the *Correlation of Science and Religion*. This is treated from the side of epistemology: Science and Religion are regarded as two 'ways of Knowledge.' In the one, we take the road of pure Cognition: the cosmos lies before us in sheer objectivity; we must not permit intrusion of ourselves in any other way than that of perceiving, with some scope for imagining and logically working our perceptions and imaginations into system. In the other, we bring our personalities into action: our emotionality and our purposive activity. The outcome of this is as requisite for knowledge of Reality as the outcome of pure Cognition is. Dr. Streeter makes a claim for novelty for this;

and he invents a title for it,—*Bi-Representationism*. But we are surprised that his wide reading and conference with other minds, at Oxford and elsewhere, have not shown him that this duality has already been estimated as the most prominent gain of recent epistemology, on the Continent as in Britain and America, under the form of setting side by side the conceptions of *existence* and of *value*, each of them fundamental and ultimate. At the same time we may say that Dr. Streeter states this dualism with all the freshness that gives a bloom to important matters which we have discovered for ourselves; and the general reader whom he has mainly in view will benefit accordingly. But we wish that he had not adopted the terminology of *Anthropomorphism* in place of the more appropriate *Personalism* employed by many of his Oxford friends.

We regret, however, that Dr. Streeter has been beguiled into expressing the distinction between Science and the other way of Knowledge as that between Quantity and Quality. How can science deal with quantities apart from qualities? and how can qualities be entirely divorced from quantitative treatment? The distinction is in vogue in some quarters, under the influence of the successes of the very abstract sciences of Mathematics and Physics. But surely Biology, Psychology, Sociology, History, are 'sciences' using logical method in the investigation and explanation of phenomena in which quantitative treatment has a function, though of very various degrees of efficacy? Experience, all of it, supplies the basis of Science; and Calculation serves as tributary as Boutroux told us in THE QUEST of October, 1924.

Dr. Streeter's conspectus of the Cosmos is inexplicably incomplete. He names Matter and Life; but he does not locate Mind with equal conspicuousness, though of course he cannot fail to take it into constant account. And indeed he seems to be somewhat perplexed as to its place, as a consequence of his dividing knowledge between Science and Religion with Art. That Psychology is the science of mind, he sees clearly; but he regards it as a 'mixture' between the two kinds of knowledge. A glance over the contents of Ward's *Principles* and McDougall's two volumes should suffice to show how fully entitled Psychology is to be designated a science, with an object-matter of its own as truly factual as are any natural phenomena.

Dr. Streeter includes an adventure into the field of Metaphysics in a chapter in which he briefly indicates some inferences from Science and some features of Religion in respect to the

Absolute and to Deity. In an appended chapter he expounds and judicially examines some of the recent extensions of Psychology into the Subconscious and the Unconscious phrases of mentality. But it is curiously belated in its position in the volume, due to his not having explicitly located Mind in his conspectus of the cosmos.

Amongst interesting discussions we note his contention that aberrations in Religion are correlated with pathological aberrations in the mental structure or functioning; whilst, obversely, healthy mentality and saneness of religious beliefs are similarly connected. He applies this to the values which should be assigned to the operations of Auto-suggestion; to the significance of Prayer; to the power which comes from 'Vision,' and to the expression of Feelings, single and in complexes, in Art and Symbolisms of all kinds.

It will easily be seen that our author is in full sympathy with the prevalent association of Religion with Art rather than with Science; but we are surprised that he does not conjoin Morality on at least an equal footing. In his own mind he does so, time after time, not least in a strong chapter on the conflict with Evil, but it should have been exhibited more conspicuously and systematically.

A word as to Dr. Streeter's position as a Christian believer as set before us in this volume. It is an interēsting feature of his mental history, as he tells us in an autobiographical passage of his Introduction, that he has passed through a sceptical period—not indeed in such depths as the Tophet period of Carlyle, but with evident need to fight his way upward. In this he has had the advantage of intimate contact with a great variety of minds—"philosophers, scientists, and others whose interest was mainly in art, literature, or practical life, as well as theologians of many Christian denominations, and students and adherents of the great religions of the East" (p. viii.). And not least in value has been a long-standing association with Youth by active participation in the Student Christian Movement, the effects of which we can trace in a pervading buoyancy, and indeed radiancy, in the general tone and temper of all that he writes.

He summarily states his position as that of holding that he finds in Christ the highest known 'portrait' of Reality within human limits and with human features—expressing the supreme quality-character or constituent of Reality, and therein of Deity, as Creative Love.

A. C.

Le Peyotl.

La Plante qui Fait les Yeux Émerveillés (Echinocactus Williamsii Lem.). Par Alexandre Rouhier, D. en Pharm. Préface de M. le Prof. Ém. Perrot. Paris (Librairie Doin); pp. 371; 35frs.

THIS is an extraordinarily interesting book. Probably most of our readers have heard of *mescal* and its very curious properties, and some of us have dipped into the matter casually, and desired to hear more. This we can now do with the help of the excellent monograph of Dr. Rouhier, which is a model of accurate research and by far the best treatment of the subject which has yet appeared. This remarkable species of (largely Mexican) cactus is called by early Spanish writers by such native names as *peyotl*, *hicouri*, and in its dried form is popularly known as *mescal buttons*. Of all the means yet known of inducing what William James called 'toxic ecstasy,' peyotl is the most attractive and the least (if at all) deleterious. It might well be called the 'psychic' drug *par excellence*. This 'vision-fascinating' plant, not only bathes physical objects in a marvellous iridescence, but also produces clairvoyance of happenings at a distance, exquisite visions and (as the Indians believe) contact with denizens of the invisible. Among the Mexican Indian users of it, who are of distant Aztec descent, it is *the* 'sacred' plant, marvellous and numinous, whose cult-use goes back to hoary antiquity. Everything connected with it is holy, and the pilgrimages for its finding, its preparation, the communicating of it to the faithful, are supreme moments in the life of the tribe. It is, in fine, their 'eucharist' and the central hallow of their ancestral religion. It has also extraordinary sustaining power physically, and marches of weeks on end can be accomplished on it, without touching food.

The study of this plant by the young French *savant* Dr. Alexandre Rouhier of Lyons is most praiseworthy and methodical. It is divided into three parts. First, we have a full account of the plant's origin and geographical distribution, of its botanical characteristics, morphology, histology, etc. In the second part, which is of more general interest, we are presented with the legend and history of peyotl, and are told much concerning its cult in Mexico and among some of the tribes of Indians in the United States proximate to the Mexican frontier. Lastly, we have a scientific treatment of its chemistry, pharmacology and its present-day

therapeutic possibilities. This last part contains a number of detailed cases where the drug has been personally experimented with in France by scientific observers, who have all been quite fascinated with their experiences. In the second part a number of the sacred chants with their music is given. We have had these latter played to us on the piano by a brilliant young musical colleague, who is delighted with them and thinks they might well supply themes for a glorious symphony: they require naturally more subtle means of expression than the piano affords. In our excursions into psychical research experimentation we have also heard what purported to be some of the more ancient hicouri chants; they were very beautiful and impressive, but did not include any of those recorded in the printed volume. Dr. Rouhier's study is furnished with very full documentation, and includes a bibliography of 186 items; unfortunately there is no index. Doubtless already many of his readers are trying to procure 'mescal buttons' or 'beans' and experiment for themselves. But these are not easy to get. In the U.S.A. peyotl in any form is strictly prohibited, chiefly owing to the agitation of over-busy pious folk, who will have it that this numinous drug is worse than 'fire-water' for the Indians, and is fast wiping out those of them who can get hold of it. But the whole of Dr. Rouhier's researches tend to show that this is not true. It is not prohibited in Mexico, and no one there apparently has mounted the tub of self-complacent righteousness against it. It is apparently never taken for 'secular' enjoyment, its use being hedged round within strict religious taboos. Unfortunately, we Western folk can abuse anything.

The volume is prefaced by a eulogy from the pen of Prof. Émile Perrot, of the Pharmaceutical Faculty of Paris, which ends as follows:

"And now there remains only to congratulate M. Rouhier on so felicitously making himself the learned historian of this little vegetable god—Peyotl. I believe his work will be known far and wide; and, to use the style of the author, I will say, like the old Teshu Lama says to Rudyard Kipling's Kim: 'Thou hast loosed an Act upon the world, and as a stone thrown into a pool so speed the consequences thou canst not tell how far!' The fine volume of M. Rouhier is one of such 'Acts' and not the least. . . . Who can foresee the destiny that such an Act carries in its bosom?"

THE HINDU VIEW OF LIFE.

By S. Radhakrishnan. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 133: 5s. net.

FOUR lectures were delivered by this learned Professor at Oxford last year, and are now included in this little book. Their topic is an attractive one and, in spite of its immensity, is handled very well. The author, who is well known for his earlier Indian studies, seems to have read everything from Augustine to the Blue Books, from Boehme to Bradley, from Eckhart to Einstein. And all this, surely, has made him a modernist and a universalist, while remaining a Hindu. Having assimilated so much of the West and the recent, and added it to his original store from the East and the past, he was fitted to instruct the students of Manchester College and the larger audience which now reads his book.

As we follow the careful argument through its several stages we admire the way in which Professor Radhakrishnan builds up a structure of what he calls Hinduism, out of old and good material, fitting in the dubious parts of the fabric where they will look nice —or not so nasty as they would in isolation. He is continuing the work of the Upanishads, the Vedānta and the Gītā. The first supplied the original concept of one Sole Reality behind a multiplicity of transitory and illusory manifestations, put forward by the Forest sages, and made our author's lectures inevitable. The Vedānta 'Higher Knowledge' for the seers and 'Lower Knowledge' for the unilluminated faithful worshippers unified all Indian religions long ago. The Bhavagad Gītā took up the theme where Krishna told his devotees to approach him by any road or by all. True, the sectarians stuck to their sects, preferring here Vishnu, there Shiva and elsewhere Kālī. They knew very little about the unifying process which had been prepared for them, and cared less. Still, it must have been pleasing to a Kālī-worshipper to learn that the Sanguinary Mother was only an aspect of Absolute Deity. He could look at her or through her as he pleased. And when the West met the East—even in unfriendly manner—it was possible to include all Western religion in the same tolerant embrace. That is what our author does. "What is built for ever is for ever building," he says.

The first lecture is on the nature and content of Religious Experience; the second on the Hindu attitude towards the Conflict of Religions; the third and fourth on Hindu Dharma.

What, then, is the Hindu view of Life? It is based on

'experience' which can be reconfirmed to-day; it is strengthened by logic which few, perhaps, can follow; it is defended by continuous tradition which it is difficult to break. Hindus view life not as a gift, a boon, but as a task imposed, or rather an infinite number of tasks, to be successively performed by the race of mankind. Blessed be he who understands his *dharma* and devotes himself to it with all his powers. If he neglects it his *karma* becomes heavy; otherwise it lightens until Liberation from the life-process of birth-and-death is attained. Happiness is the reward of duty done at any point on the long journey, and such happiness is not clouded by such suffering as belongs normally to transient life. 'The whole duty of man' is then not a simple task, but a long one which is never finished until it is well done. Therefore 'religious experience' penetrates every period of existence, and is not confined to auditions, ecstasies and *samādhi*.

Such, in brief, is the essence which we distill out of this little book.

W. L. H.

BUDDHISM: ITS HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

By T. W. Rhys Davids, LL.D., Ph.D. New Edition. London (Putnam's); pp. 230; 7s. 6d. net.

THE American Lectures of Professor Rhys Davids were delivered at Cornell University and first printed in 1896. After thirty years they still have great value, and give in short and lucid form the main views of one of the greatest scholars of Buddhism and the foremost English translator of the Pāli Texts. The third lecture, entitled 'Notes on the Life of the Buddha,' shows how little and how much there was of historical certainty in respect to the Buddha's career; and though we have not heard of any great discoveries during the last thirty years, we can well believe that the chapter could have been usefully extended, if that were permissible. It is surely a mistake to print in 1926 the list of the Pali Text Society's publications as it was in 1895 and to give 'its present address' as it was in 1908. The whole of the Pali Canon has now been printed and much of it translated, and we think the Publishers show too much respect for their stereotype plates and too little for their new readers' instruction. The 'new edition' tells us that 5,885 pages of the Canon are still unprinted!

It is too late to review such a standard classic as the volume

before us. We cannot but admire the decisiveness of the author in respect to the round dozen controversies connected with Buddhist study. The paragraph on 'the various Buddhisms' (p. 187) reads now as inadequate and does not clear up the battle of the two *Yānas*, *Hīna* and *Mahā* respectively. They were not originally two 'churches,' one little and the other great; the differentiation arose when it was believed that certain teachers, Ashvaghosha leading them, had discovered that the Dharmakāya or 'Truth-body' was itself the Great Vehicle of salvation, leaving man's unaided ethical efforts a long way behind in efficacy. It was in essence, though not in form, a reversion to Brahminical mysticism, enclosed in the dominant Buddhist terminology, and in time was bound to divide the followers of the Buddha into two great bodies. But we can hardly believe that those who 'work out their own salvation' regard themselves as travelling in the 'little vehicle.'

W. L. H.

THE MIRROR OF THE BLESSED LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST.

By Nicholas Love, Prior of Mount Grace, Charterhouse, 1410-1421. *Edited by a Monk of Parkminster.* The Orchard Books, No. 10. London (Burns, Oates & Washbourne); pp. xxvi.+ 322; 5s. net.

PRIOR LOVE'S free adaptation and abbreviation of the *Meditationes Vitæ Christi*, ascribed to St. Bonaventure, was edited in 1908 by Mr. Lawrence. The learned Carthusian who now edits it, in the Orchard Series, has done well to print it in modernised English, with an instructive preface in which he places Love's treatise in due relation to the defence of orthodox teaching on the Real Presence against the Lollards.

The *Mirror* is in seven parts, adapted for reading on successive days of the week; its purport is "to draw out the life of Christ more plain, in certain parts, than is expressed in the four gospels." Dom Nicholas does this in the manner, familiar to the schoolmaster, of 'picturing out'; and very charming are his pictures and cunningly embodied his doctrine. For we see first with what sincerity and personal application to his own experience does the Prior paraphrase the gospel-story, assuming, as was justified, that his readers, known and unknown, would be familiar with the gospels themselves. Then we observe with what earnest-

ness and charity he contends with the 'lewd Lollards,' relying for his faith not so much upon authority as upon the witness of the light within, of his own 'growth in holiness' as Faber would say. There are glimpses in Love of an *attrait* towards the Passion that would link him very close to S. Francis, although we do not know (so scanty is the record of his life) whether he received the *stigmata*. A few charmingly narrated 'miracles' from the Saints, illustrating his devotion to the Sacrament, are followed in conclusion by a 'devout prayer,' a beautiful expansion of the *Salutaris hostia*. We would ask the Monk of Parkminster to add to our indebtedness to him by editing and reprinting Gerlac Petersen's *Fiery Soliloquy with God*. For the *Mirror* and the *Soliloquy* are complementary to each other, and may well become as popular in our day as they were in their own, and even rank, for many souls, with Thomas à Kempis.

ALBERT A. COCK.

LIGHT ON MOUNT CARMEL.

By Ludovic de Besse, O.S.F.C. Translated by a Monk of Parkminster. London (Burns, Oates & Washbourne); pp. vii.+76; 2s. 6d. net.

THIS admirable primer on the works of S. John of the Cross deserves a very wide welcome. It is modest in its aim,—to encourage people to read the works of S. John himself and to do so with understanding,—and it is excellent in its execution. It consists of a series of short chapters on aridity, mortification, the dark night, the spiritual canticle and the divine union, and each is illustrated by pregnant quotations direct from the Spanish treatise (in Lewis' translation). In these quotations (which in themselves make this primer valuable) may be found the *fons et origo* of more than one of Francis Thompson's more notable images in the 'Hound of Heaven' and the 'Mistress of Vision.' Fr. Besse is, moreover, sanely critical in his exposition of the essential teaching of S. John of the Cross, and he vigorously refutes the opinion of Godescard (in 1824) that the saint wrote only for the few initiates. As if to reinforce this, the wise Monk of Parkminster who edits the English version, opens on the title-page with a fine poem by Egbert Sandford (whose name should be added to the poem in the next edition of this primer), and closes his translation with the penultimate passage of the 'Hound of Heaven.' It is a very interesting and suggestive conjunction to find in so small a space

and so unobtrusive a book the poetry of untutored mystical experience, written by a storehouseman in one of His Majesty's dockyards, the passion of the Patmorean school in Francis Thompson's apostrophe and the philosophy, conjoined with the poetry of the Spanish school of transcendental mysticism, — S. John of the Cross, Francis Thompson, Egbert Sandford, at one in their dark, and in the dark light.

ALBERT A. COCK.

CONCERNING THE INNER LIFE.

By Evelyn Underhill. London (Methuen); pp. 93; 2s. net.

IN this book we have something of Evelyn Underhill at her best, addressing a group of clergy in a friendly and intimate way upon the 'Art of seeing all things in the Universal Light.' She stresses, after considerable culling of *obiter dicta*, from Ruysbroeck to von Hügel, from S. Augustine to the Curé d'Ars, four essentials in a full and healthy religious life: right attitude, right nourishment, right growth and right vocation or service; and for each of these she suggests an appropriate type or bias of prayer: adoration, meditation, affective prayer and intercession. But chiefly Mrs. Stuart Moore emphasises adoration, and not petition, as at the heart of every prayer. This seems to us not indisputable. Even the act of adoration continues to contain a tension for retention which is in itself petitionary. Waste in prayer the author ascribes chiefly to distraction and dryness; and here, despite the many authors she quotes, we miss the name of Faber. The reference to the James-Lange 'law,' so-called, seems to us misleading and the treatment of aridity is somewhat sketchy. The concluding chapter, however, on intercession, is well written and serviceable.

ALBERT A. COCK.

THE MASTER.

A Poetical Play in Two Acts. By W. G. Hole. With an Introduction by Stephen Phillips. London (MacDonald); pp. 55.

IN this interesting play the idea of a visit from the unrecognized Christ received by human beings, a favourite subject in allegory, is realistically worked out as an incident in the world of ordinary

men and women, towards the end of the seventeenth century. In the Introduction the author of *Christ in Hades* notes the silence which is maintained by the Master throughout the play as 'suggestive and impressive'; and indeed the fact of this silence is one of the chief impressions left on the mind by its perusal. The subject is one which makes a strong appeal at a time like the present, when there is a general expectation of some new development in the religious life. There is psychological truth both in the experience of the Almoner, when overwhelmed by an emotional crisis, and in the introspective and conflicting efforts of the Cardinal to solve the problem by reason. The poem is enlivened by not a few flashes of creative imagination, as in the picture of the crowd listening to the preacher outside the Cathedral,—"The very porch seems narrowing to an ear,"—and of true insight, such as when the bereaved mother speaks of the house which her dead child had "made his own," of which the furniture seemed "to join his laughter," and, when he slept, to grow "fiercely silent," lest he should be waked. It is a play that the reader does not soon forget.

S. E. HALL.

VISIONS OF THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

A Brief Description of the Spiritual Life, its Different States of Existence, and the Destiny of Good and Evil Men as Seen in Visions. By Sadhu Sundar Singh. London (Macmillan); pp. 69; 2s. 6d. net.

THIS little book is translated from the Urdu of the now so widely known 'Sadhu.' There is a Foreword by the Bishop of Lahore, who considers it 'a very great privilege' to write it. In the Preface the Sadhu makes some uninformed and ill-natured remarks on Modern Spiritualism. And yet, after all, what do we find? The same kind of thing at bottom, if tricked out in a more orthodox dress, that we find in hundreds and hundreds of similar Spiritualistic 'communications.' Sundar Singh's visions are of course for him spiritual and reliable, while "spiritualism . . . presumes to produce messages and signs from spirits out of the dark, but they are usually so fragmentary and unintelligible, if not actually deceptive, that they lead their followers away from, rather than to, the truth." This is the commonest of all the delusions among sensitives and visionaries. *Their* visions are

spiritual and lofty; the other folks' *psychic* and low. But we have learned not to expect any unprejudiced, comparative or critical, treatment of a subject from the Sadhu.

DHYĀNA UND SAMĀDHI IM MONGOLISCHEN LAMAISMUS.

Vol. xxiii. of 'Untersuchungen zur Geschichte des Buddhismus und verwandter Gebiete. Von Prof. A. M. Pozdnejev. Aus dem Russischen übersetzt u. eingeleitet von W. A. Unkrig. Hannover (Orient-Buchhandlung Heinz Lafaire K.-G.); pp. 48; M. 1.60.

THERE is much painstaking work on the intricacies of Northern Buddhism hidden away in the Russian language. We have, therefore, to thank Prof. Unkrig for making accessible to us in German translation Prof. Pozdnejev's description and analysis of the practice of Dhyāna in Lamaistic lands. It is found on pp. 202-209 of P.'s classical work 'Sketches from the Life of the Buddhist Monasteries and of the Buddhist Clergy in Mongolia' (St. Petersburg, 1887), and is very frequently referred to by Grünwedel in his famous 'Mythology of Buddhism in Tibet and Mongolia.' The tractate is most useful to study in connection with F. Heiler's remarkable treatise on Buddhist contemplation or recollection (*Die buddhistische Versenkung*, Munich, 1918) which he wrote as a companion study to his wellnigh exhaustive volume on prayer in Christianity (*Das Gebet*). We should very much like to devote an article apiece to Heiler's and Pozdnejev's informative studies of what lies at the heart of the best in Buddhism, in spite of the many abberrations and even absurdities of no few who attempt to become proficient in the practice, but time and space do not serve.

APOLLONIUS.

Or the Future of Psychical Research. By E. N. Bennett, M.A. Late Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 95; 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is a contribution to the so frequently brilliantly written series of 'To-day and To-morrow' books. Capt. Bennett, who is on the Council of the S.P.R., is not only a diligent student of the literature, but also a widely experienced observer of the phenomena. Within a small compass we have the historic gist of the matter judicially presented by him. Yesterday's forty years

of scientific spade-work have cleared the way, and the to-morrow of psychical research is to-day bright with hope. "Amid the limitless possibilities of the next fifty years—great developments in surgery, bio-chemistry, tele-vision, lighting and transport—it may be that not the least of the discoveries which glorify the new age will come from the scientific results of psychical research. 'Hardly as yet,' said William James a year before he died, 'has the surface of the facts called "psychic" begun to be scratched for scientific purposes. It is through following these facts, I am persuaded, that the greatest scientific conquests of the coming generation will be achieved.'" And that seems to be still James' opinion, if we believe even a fraction of what is said to be 'communicated.'

THE SPIRITUAL ARMOUR.

By S. Catherine of Bologna, together with The Way of the Cross, by Blessed Angela of Foligno. Translated from the Italian by Alan McDougall. London (Burns, Oates & Washbourne); pp. xi.+39; 1s. net.

MANY readers weary perhaps of larger guides to and about the interior life will welcome this small edition of two little masterpieces of mysticism. Less well known than her namesakes of Siena and Genoa, S. Catherine of Bologna is worth reading for the direct and practical nature of her counsels. In language reminiscent of that used by the author of the 'Fiery Soliloquy,' she describes herself as a "poor little dog that barks beneath the table of the most excellent Sisters of the monastery of the Body of Christ in Ferrara." Her spiritual armour consists of diligence, self-distrust, hope, holy scripture, *memoria passionis*, *memoria mortis propriæ* and *memoria gloriæ Dei*, and she rises to poetic heights in discoursing on the *memoria passionis*. There is a troublesome error in the date printed on p. 21: 1538 should read 1438.

The Way of the Cross, ascribed to Angela of Foligno, consists of sixteen injunctions and apostrophes on the way of suffering, the gospel of pain, such as would delight the lovers of S. Teresa.

ALBERT A. COCK.

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